



VOL. VIII.—No. 208.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

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

SATURDAY, 7th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by P. P. Choral Society and Orchestral Operatic Selections, admission, 3d.

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

MONDAY, 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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Lecture by Harold Spender, Esq., M.A., "Alpine Climbing." Admission 1d. Reserved Seats, 3d.

TUESDAY, 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.

WEDNESDAY, 11th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8, I.D.K. Minstrels. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.

THURSDAY, 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.

FRIDAY, 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.

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

THE Skating Rink is daily gaining in popularity, and is open as follows:—Monday, for girls only, from 7 to 10, and on Thursdays, from 9 to 10. Tuesday, Friday, and Saturdays, from 6 to 10 p.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLUB.—A general meeting will be held on Monday next, 9th, in the Gym., at a quarter to 8 o'clock.—Our dance is fixed for the 14th, and will take place in the Lecture-hall at 7.30. Members who have not yet received tickets for themselves, or gentlemen friends (who must be students or members of a Palace club), should apply to the undersigned at once, as no one will be admitted without a ticket.

ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Hon. Sec.
REBECCA JOSEPHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Conductor: Mr. W. R. Cave.—The members of this society meet on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock for the rehearsal of high class music. We have a good library of valuable music, which is lent free for rehearsal. We are now rehearsing "Elijah" and several other things for future concerts. Ladies and gentlemen playing musical instruments will find this society an excellent means of improving their musical practice.—The violins will shortly compete for a set of Mr. Cave's violin works.—The election of secretary and librarians will take place on Tuesday evening next. Mr. Stock has sent in formal resignation, but offers himself for re-election. Competitors and proposed officers should send in their names to

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' HARRIERS CLUB.—On Saturday last the members of the above club met for their

usual run. Starting from the Athletic Grounds at Walthamstow, we made our way to Chingford Church via Billet-lane and Chingford-road, reaching the church after about a half-hour's run. Turning round here we made our way for home, which we did not reach before it was quite dark.

G. W. AMOR, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor: Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—About 200 members and friends, including several members of the Ramblers' Club, responded to Lady Brooke's kind invitation to the dance last Saturday. The Lecture-hall had been tastefully decorated under the direction of Mr. Osborn, who had done everything in his power to make us comfortable. Amongst those present were Lady Brooke (Ranee of Sarawak), Countess Walda Gleichen, Miss Bradley, Miss Ethel Dickens, Mr. Crawford, and our musical director. All present seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves, and we are certain that we are only anticipating the wishes of the members in tendering to Lady Brooke our heartiest thanks for her generosity and for the kindly interest she has always evinced towards the People's Palace Choral Society.—We are now practising "Elijah" and "Acis and Galatea." We intend to perform these together with some selections early in the New Year, so members will please try to attend as regularly and punctually as possible, so as to be able to take part in the performance of these works. We have now vacancies in all parts, basses especially are wanted.—The following is the report of the judges on the Singing Competition recently held:

In announcing the result of the Singing Competition on the 20th and 23rd of October, we record with great satisfaction the marked improvement in the singing of those who took part as compared with last year. We were very sorry to find there was no competition in part-singing, as the practice of quartettes is a great help to correct reading and intonation. We should also like to urge on all the necessity for greater attention to the clear enunciation of words, all the competitors failed in this more or less. We would advise those who are not prize-winners to continue to practice systematically if possible, if only for a short time daily, knowing that they will be well repaid in the end; and those who have been successful we would urge to continue their practice, and not to rest on their laurels, as is too often the case with those who have gained distinction in any study. Competitions and prizes are only of real value when they are considered as tests of progress and prove incentives to continued improvement. The following is the list of names with the number of marks obtained:—Soprano: Miss Johnston, 161; Miss Wade, 159; Miss Humphriss, 124; Miss Good; Miss Edwards. Contralto: Miss Woodbridge, 141; Miss Sayers, 132; Miss Wisbey. Tenor: Mr. Brown, 113; Mr. Riche, 109; Mr. Appleby, 107; Mr. Houchin; Mr. Parsons. Bass: Mr. Firth, 190; Mr. Nichols, 158; Mr. Stenning. Sight Reading: Miss Firth, 1st; Miss Gibson, 2nd.—(Signed) Annie Layton, Alfred J. Layton, B. Jackson."

We hope members will profit by the words of encouragement and advice contained in this report, and that next year's competition will display a still further improvement.

J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last a party of twenty-three met to visit the Charterhouse. We were received and welcomed by the Rev. Canon Elwyn, Master of the Charterhouse, and we must again testify to his kindness, courtesy, and geniality. As a guide it would be difficult to

find his equal. We were first conducted to the Great Hall to view it before the brethren entered, for here they dine in common, unless from sickness or other cause they prefer to take their meals in their own apartments. This hall was put in its present condition by the Duke of Norfolk in 1570; and Queen Elizabeth and James I. have both been guests here. There is a side gallery extending the whole length of the hall, and a minstrels' gallery at the end, where now on "Founders' Day," December 12th, glees, etc., are sung, a party of boys from the School (removed to Godalming in 1872) coming up for the purpose. The arms of Thomas Sutton are displayed over the enormous fireplace in which a fire of proportionate size was burning. Passing from the Great Hall, and ascending the staircase immediately outside, we reached the terrace the end of which adjoins the Merchant Taylors' School. The Canon pointed out to us the spot where, when a boy, he used to climb the "coach tree" to watch the stage coaches departing and arriving on the great North road. Our guide then took us through the library to the Duke of Norfolk's drawing room, which contains some curious tapestry. Having invited us to be seated, the "Master" discoursed to us on the history of the place. In 1345-6, when the Black Death (like the plague of later times) struck down all classes, there were thousands buried on this spot (Camden says, sixty thousand of the better sort), and when the panic had passed away, it was thought a fitting commemoration to build here a religious house. Accordingly, in 1371, a monastery was founded of Carthusian monks. Charterhouse is a corruption of Chartreuse, the headquarters of the order, near Grenoble, in France. The establishment consisted of twenty-four monks besides lay brothers, and much time was spent in the Chapel, the monks having to attend not only in the daytime, but in the night, 11, 2-30, 5-30, or 6. Their time was passed in silence, except that on the first fine day of the week they were allowed to go out for walks and to converse, a privilege they would greatly appreciate if the weather then were anything like it is now. The last friar was John Houghton, who, refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII.'s supremacy over the Church, was executed at Tyburn, May 4th, 1535. His head was set up on London Bridge, and one of his limbs over the very door by which we had entered. In 1537, the monastery was dissolved, the monks being ejected and pensioned. The Charterhouse was given by the king to Sir Thomas Audley, who, in turn, sold it; several times it reverted to the Crown through charges of treason against the owner *pro tem.*, but, in 1611, it came into possession of Thomas Sutton, one of the most successful merchants of that time, who, having no immediate relatives to whom to leave his money, endowed it as a charity for "poor brethren and scholars." Before leaving the drawing-room Canon Elwyn made reference to the tapestry. One piece was in his boyhood said to represent the Queen of Sheba at the court of Solomon, but is now supposed to be Queen Philippa at the capitulation of Calais. He further mentioned that the room we were in was now lent to the popular Musical Union for the Orchestral Society to practise oratorio and other music, to be performed at the People's Palace and elsewhere. We next passed through Washhouse-court, the walls, partly stone and partly brick, being fourteenth century work, into the court surrounded by the apartments of the present brethren; the accommodation certainly seems ample. The recipients of this bounty must be over 60 years of age, bachelors or widowers, nominated by a governor, and elected by the governing board. They receive apartments, fuel, light, meals, and £36 per annum, may receive as many visits as they like, and go out visiting their friends when they like. The chapel, which next claimed our inspection, is extra-parochial, and the master is not subject to Episcopal jurisdiction. The canon showed us the original building, and how it had become necessary to enlarge it at different periods of its history. He then made a comparison of the life of the old Carthusian monks and the present recipients of Thomas Sutton's bounty. He pointed out the monument erected to the memory of the founder, and, having seen a tablet memorial of some of the boys who afterwards became famous, we heartily thanked our guide and retired.—The secretary, assisted by the committee, will be in attendance in the Club-room on Friday, Nov. 6th, at 8.30 p.m. to receive any students (ladies or gentlemen) wishing to join the club, and will be glad to answer any questions.—Saturday, Nov. 14th: Tower. Meet outside the gates at 2.45 sharp. Saturday, Nov. 21st: Temple Church, Middle Temple, and Temple-gardens Chrysanthemum Show. Meet at Fleet-street, corner of Chancery-lane, at 2.40 sharp. Saturday, Nov. 28th: Social dance in Lecture-hall.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.
PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—The club brought a most successful and prosperous season to a close by holding their first annual dinner, on Monday, the 26th ult. It is worthy of note, that the progress of the club this year has

been quite phenomenal; at the commencement of the season, the number of members did not amount to half a dozen, but at present the muster is nearly 60, and, thanks to the efforts made by the hon. sec., bids fair to be double that number next year. After the 30 members present had done justice to the good spread provided (and swimmers can put it away), a Smoking Concert was held, with the popular sec., Mr. Hugh Ellis in the chair. After the usual loyal toasts, Mr. Newman proposed "The Club," in response to which the captain, Mr. Emerson, was glad to say the club was composed of a good sociable lot of fellows who had the interest of the club at heart. They must, however, attribute the sound position of the club to the hard work put in by their secretary. To show their appreciation of his services, nearly every member had subscribed to the purchase of a valuable stop-watch, which he now had the pleasure to present. Mr. Ellis, in thanking the members for the testimonial they had been pleased to give him, was glad to think that his services to the club had borne such good fruit, and he was pleased to be able to state that financially the club was in a most healthy condition, as they would carry over the whole of the present year's subscriptions. He hoped he would continue to promote the welfare of the club so long as he remained the secretary. The talented pianist was then called upon and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Special thanks are due to Mr. Green, who generously supplied the party, and also to Mr. Emerson, who made an admirable M.C.

PLUNGER.

SEVERAL complaints have been made respecting the unseemly conduct of some young men and women in talking and laughing in a semi-loud manner during the concerts and entertainments. This was especially noticeable on Wednesday, 28th ultimo, during Mr. Hasluck's costume recital. The manager is determined that the comfort of those visiting the Hall for the purpose of listening and enjoying the music, etc., shall not be interrupted in this way, and the attendants have orders to remove at once any person or persons so offending.

True Blessedness.

IT is not blessedness to know that thou thyself art blessed : True joy was never yet by one, nor yet by two possessed. Nor to the many is it given, but only to the all ; The joy that leaves one heart unblest would be for mine too small ;

For my spirit most was blest, to know another grieved Would take away the joy from all myself received. Nor would I seek to blunt that pain, forgetting other's woe ; From knowledge, not from want of thought, true blessedness must grow. For blessedness I find this earth of ours is then no place, Where still the happiest man must meet his brother's grieving face. And only in one thought I find a joy I never miss, In faith to know all grief below will grow to final bliss. And he who holds this faith will strive with firm and ardent soul, And work out his own proper good in working for the whole. God only sees this perfect good, the way to it is dim ; God only then is truly blest, man truly blest in Him.

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

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

People's Palace Cycling Club.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1891.

President—SIR E. H. CURRIE.

Vice-Presidents—

Capt. Spencer Beaumont, L.C.C.	Lord Rothschild.
Spencer Charrington, Esq., M.P.	E. Flower, Esq.
N. L. Cohen, Esq.	J. Stewart Wallace, Esq.
T. Dyer Edwards, Esq.	S. M. Samuels, Esq., L.C.C.
Sir J. R. Jennings.	W. P. Bullivant, Esq., L.C.C.
S. Montague, Esq., M.P.	C. W. Nairn, Esq.
A. Spicer, Esq.	

OFFICERS.

Captain—Mr. J. Kennard.	Vice-Captain—Mr. H. Farrant.
N.C.U. Delegate—Mr. J. H. Burley.	
Committee—Messrs. W. P. Flanders, A. Giles, late F. Glover,	D. Jesseman, M. Moyle, R. Peel, O. Stephens.
Handicapper—V. Dawson.	
Financial Hon. Sec.—Mr. H. Bright, 68, Lichfield-road, Bow.	
General Hon. Sec.—Mr. J. Burley, Hope Lodge, Walthamstow.	

IN presenting the fourth annual report your committee have much pleasure in stating that the past year has been the most successful in the history of the club. The committee congratulate the members on the increasing numerical strength, and on the growing influence of the club in all matters pertaining to the sport.

MEMBERSHIP.—This has again greatly increased, and your committee are pleased to note that the members have taken a much greater interest in the club affairs than hitherto. Your committee think this augurs well for the future welfare of the club, as it is by the individual effort of each member, rather than by any other means, that the desired success is to be achieved. Your committee would also draw attention to the number of lady members who have joined the club during the past year, and they express the hope that these numbers will be largely augmented next season, as the presence of the gentler sex has always a refining influence.

MEETINGS.—Your committee have met twelve times during the year, with an average attendance of 8·5 members. The sub-committee (5) have met for business ten times with an average attendance of 5.

PRESS NOTICES.—The Press work has again fallen upon your two secretaries. The committee desire to thank Messrs. Cutting, Flanders, and H. Burley in conjunction with the secretaries for their literary contributions to the *Palace Journal* notes. The committee disapprove of individual members sending accounts of the various fixtures to the Press, as likely to lead to unpleasantness. The members may feel justly proud of the notices and favourable comments respecting the social events and the Woodford meet which have appeared in the various cycling and other journals from time to time.

ROAD RACES.—Taken as a whole these have been a very great success. The newly-instituted Point Races have been ably carried out, and have given general satisfaction. The decision of the final of the Team Race was unsatisfactory, although your committee are of opinion that the same team would eventually have won, barring accidents.

The Ten Miles Handicap had fifteen starters, which, considering the number of members in the club, was not satisfactory.

The order of competitors at the finish was :—

J. Clements.	W. Flanders.
W. Pearce.	G. Mansfield.
H. Raggett.	A. Shears.
W. Andrews.	J. Kennard.
J. Howard.	T. Dobbins.
C. Tucker.	F. Hunt.
J. Green.	H. Burley.
F. Hobson.	

The Fifteen Miles Handicap.—Fifteen competitors only started for this race.

The Flower Cup was won by G. Thirkettle, whilst G. Bolton received the special prize presented by Mr. Moyle, to whom the committee tender their best thanks.

The order at the finish was :—

1. G. Thirkettle.	9. W. Pearce.
2. G. Bolton.	10. V. Dawson.
3. C. Tucker.	11. G. Mansfield.
4. D. Jesseman.	12. J. Howard.
5. J. Hunt.	13. W. Burley.
6. W. Andrews.	14. A. Giles.
7. F. Hobson.	15. W. Taylor.
8. H. Burley.	

The Ten Mile Team Race received twelve starters, who were divided into four teams.

The result was a dead heat between two of the teams, and when the tie was run off, only one team rode over the course, and were returned the winners. M. Moyle, as first man home, takes a special prize.

Teams :

Clements, Hobson,	1st.	Pearce, Tucker,	2nd.
H. Burley,		W. Burley,	
Moyle,	3rd.	V. Dawson,	
Bolton,		Andrews,	4th.
Giles,		Bailey,	

The Final Fifteen Miles Handicap and Flower Cup Competition received fourteen starters.

The Flower Cup was won by J. Hunt.

The following was the order of the competitors :—J. Hunt, W. Pearce, W. Andrews, V. Dawson, J. Green, F. Hobson, H. Burley, G. Thirkettle, J. Clements, C. Tucker, G. Philips, A. Giles, F. Oxley, E. Tooole.

100 Miles.—This was the best supported competition of the season. The fast time medal, kindly presented by your sub-captain, H. Farrant, was won by E. Ransley, who accomplished the distance in 7 hours 26 minutes. The handicap resulted as follows : A. Giles, 1st ; J. Burley, 2nd ; J. Soane, 3rd.

The following obtained standard time medals : J. Green, W. Pearce, W. Andrews, W. Flanders, J. Burley.

Your committee desire to thank Messrs. Jesseman, H. Bright, and H. Farrant for officiating at this competition.

CHAMPIONSHIP.—The race for the Championship of the Club and the "Beaumont" Challenge Shield was decided on the Paddington track on August 27th. A very fair entry was received, but on account of the wretched weather only five competitors came to the post, viz., Messrs. M. Moyle, J. Howard, E. Ransley, V. Dawson, and T. Dobbins. Your committee, taking into account the sodden state of the track (one stretch being under water), raised the standard time to 32 minutes. Mr. Jackson, the secretary of the Catford C.C., undertook the responsible position of judge, and your committee are gratefully indebted to him. The committee for last year placed on record their strong disapprobation of Mr. J. Howard's conduct with regard to this competition, and your committee now desire to endorse that opinion. Before the race started, Mr. J. Howard lodged two protests against E. Ransley (his greatest opponent) starting. On both of these protests failing, the race started. At the conclusion Mr. Howard raised the third protest, on the strength of a foul, against the winner, E. Ransley. The judge, after carefully considering the evidence of the umpires stationed near where the alleged foul was supposed to have taken place, awarded the race to E. Ransley. Subsequently, J. Howard sent in his resignation to your committee on account of this decision, and your committee unanimously accepted it. The winners of Championship prizes are as follows :—E. Ransley, gold medal and holder of silver challenge shield ; J. Howard, gold centred silver medal ; M. Moyle and V. Dawson, time medals or prizes. Championship Times :—2 miles, 6 min. 2 sec. ; 5 miles, 15 min. 51 sec. ; 8 miles, 25 min. 44 sec. ; 10 miles, 31 min. 47 sec.

ANNUAL DINNER AND SMOKER.—Under the able chairmanship of C. W. Nairn, Esq., editor of *Wheeling*, this fixture was the most successful of its kind we have yet attempted. It was largely attended, and the best thanks of the club are due to the various *artistes* who contributed largely to the result.

CINDERELLAS.—These have all been very great successes, both socially and financially, and the members are to be congratulated that by this means a good sum has been added to the club's funds.

TOURS.—These enjoyable and instructive fixtures have been arranged and successfully carried out in spite of the unpropitious weather. The following places of interest have been visited :—Canterbury, Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, Brighton, Reading, Bath and Portsmouth.

GARDEN PARTY.—Your committee again hired the Royal Pavilion and gardens of the Forest Hotel, Chingford, for the Garden Party. The illuminations were the work of Leon E. Clerc, of Commercial-street, and the best thanks of the members are due to that gentleman and his assistants for the very pretty sight which the gardens presented at dusk. The party was the most successful ever held at the Royal Pavilion and gardens of the Forest Hotel, Chingford, for the Garden Party. The illuminations were the work of Leon E. Clerc, of Commercial-street, and the best thanks of the members are due to that gentleman and his assistants for the very pretty sight which the gardens presented at dusk. The party was the most successful ever held at the Royal Pavilion and gardens of the Forest Hotel, Chingford, for the Garden Party. The illuminations were the work of Leon E. 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so ably assisted in the concert. The thanks of the members are due to the sub-committee for the able and energetic manner in which they made and carried out the necessary arrangements.

CLUB RUNS.—The attendance, taking the very wet season into consideration, has been good. The runs have been very enjoyable, and the order has greatly improved. Forty-nine runs have been carried out, with an average attendance of 218 members.

GENERAL.—Your committee thought it desirable to change the club badge, as it was being adopted by so many of the minor clubs of the East End. With this end in view, Captain Spencer Beaumont was consulted as to selecting part of his crest as the club badge. Captain Beaumont readily acceded to the request, and suggested that the lion should be adopted. The medallist to the club, however, advised a lion, but not in the same position as on the crest, so as to avoid the government duty. Your committee accordingly decided upon the winged lion.

OBITUARY.—It is with extreme regret that your committee have to chronicle the lamented death of one of your most prominent members and committeeman, Mr. F. Glover. Mr. Glover was the first to interview Sir Edmund Hay Currie with regard to the formation of a bicycle club in connection with the Palace. He had been on the committee ever since the formation of the club, and always most heartily and generously supported all its fixtures. Mr. Glover was a good long-distance rider, having won three medals given by the club for riding a hundred miles in a definite time on bicycle, tricycle, and tandem tricycle. On his removal to Brighton, he joined the Brighton Excelsior C.C., and was one of the team of that club when they won the Southern Counties' Championship. When he returned to London, he was elected racing honorary secretary to the Palace club, and organised and financed the Monstre Race Meeting held at Millwall. By his untimely death the club has lost one of its most energetic and faithful members. His funeral was attended by the captain and secretary on behalf of the club.

WENHAM SHIELD.—Your committee deemed it advisable to enter a team for this competition, in order to establish our reputation as the premier East End club. There were only eight clubs belonging to the London centre that had the temerity to enter for this trophy. Unfortunate in the draw, we yet felt it an honour to be beaten by such a club as the Stanley C.C.

INFLUENCE.—Your committee are extremely gratified that the club should have had the honour of providing the Secretary and Chief Marshal to the Woodford meet of 1891. The highest position in the government of the sport is that of Secretary of the National Cyclists' Union, and your Committee are pleased to state that that post is held by a distinguished member of the club, Mr. J. Church. Your secretary has also, in the name of the club, acted as judge at two race meetings of neighbouring clubs, and also as an umpire at the Catford meeting and London Centre Championship.

YOUR committee also desire to thank those members who have upheld the name of the club on the path this season. Mr. D. Jesseman, a committeeman, has acted as timekeeper for a neighbouring club at race meetings. On the formation of the London centre of the N.C.U., your committee thought it desirable to become an affiliated club, and Mr. J. Burley was elected as the club delegate. Mr. Flanders had the honour of being invited by the members of the Unity C.C. to act as lecturer at their Camera Concert. He accepted the invitation and gave a most interesting description of the scenes depicted on the sheet.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

Names in order of attendance	Meetings summoned to	Attended
J. Burley	12 + 10	22
H. Bright	12 " 10	22
R. Peel	12 " 10	22
H. Farrant	12 " 10	22
M. Moyle	12	12
W. Flanders	12 " 10	20
A. Giles	12	8
J. Kennard	12	8
D. Jesseman	12	7
V. Dawson	12	6
F. Glover (deceased)	6	2
O. Stephens	12	2

On behalf of the Committee,

JAMES HENRY BURLEY, Gen. Hon. Sec.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

M. FLAMMARION, a popular French writer on meteorological subjects, several of whose works have been translated into English, has lately been busying himself with an inquiry into the change of climate, which, during the past few years, has made itself disagreeably felt. From statistics which he has gathered, he shows that in every part of France and the Continent during the past six years, the thermometer has been getting lower and lower, the fall being more noticeable in the spring than in the other seasons of the year. Great Britain shows a similar excess of cold weather; while, strange to say, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, which we have been accustomed to regard as cold countries, have during the past four years had a higher temperature than that to which they are accustomed. M. Flammarion goes farther back than this, and quotes history to show that in past years many trees which once flourished in Northern France are now found only in the south, while others have disappeared altogether. Among these are named the lemon, which no longer grows at Languedoc; the orange, which has deserted Roussillon; and the Lombardy poplar, which has disappeared from the country altogether. He also points out that many noted vintages have ceased to be, owing to the impossibility of growing the grapes under the altered climatic conditions. There is not now a single vineyard, he tells us, to be found north of Paris.

THE Irish story of the two cats of Kilkenny who fought and fought till there was naught left but their tails has its origin in fact. In 1798, during the Irish rebellion, Kilkenny was garrisoned by Hessians. The soldiers used to amuse themselves by tying two cats together by the tails and hanging them over a clothes-line, where they would fight desperately till one or the other, or both, perhaps, were killed. When this cruelty became known to the officers, they determined to stop it, and so sent an officer every day to watch for any offence of this kind and to punish the offender. The soldiers would keep a man on watch themselves, and when the word was given of the approach of the officer the cats would be let loose. One day the man neglected to keep a lookout, and the officer coming upon them suddenly, one of the soldiers divided the cats' tails with his sword, and the cats ran off, "leaving their tails behind them," like Bo-Peep's sheep. The officer inquired about the curious sight of two cats' tails hanging on the line, and was told that two cats had fought desperately, destroyed each other all but their tails, and the soldiers had picked up these appendages and hung them on the line. So started the story, according to Irish authorities. Brewer says, "This is an allegory of the municipalities of Kilkenny and Irishtown, who contended so stoutly about boundaries and rights to the end of the seventeenth century that they mutually impoverished each other,—ate up each other, leaving only a tail behind." "De Gubernatis," says Conway, "in his 'Zoological Mythology,' has a curious speculation concerning the origin of our familiar fable 'The Kilkenny Cats,' which he traces to the German superstition which dreads the combat between cats as presaging death to the one who witnesses it."

ONLY a faint suggestion, only a doubtful hint,
Only a leading question with a special tone or tint.
Only a low "I wonder!" nothing unfair at all;
But the whisper grows to thunder, and a scathing bolt
may fall;
And a good ship is dismasted, and hearts are like to
break;
And a Christian's life is blasted for a scarcely guessed
mistake.

"I CANNOT," says Sir John Lubbock, "but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. Everyone must have felt that a friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison. There is, no doubt, some selfish satisfaction in yielding to melancholy; in brooding over grievances, especially if more or less imaginary; in fancying that we are victims of fate. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else."

AN idler is a watch that wants both hands
As useless if it goes as when it stands.

How Men Lived in the Days of Homer.

SOCIETY, on the coasts and isles of the Aegean and the Mediterranean, was fortunate in its environment. The shores are broken into warm bays, and are studded with high and isolated rocky crests, each of them crowned by the massive Cyclopean stonework of a castle protecting a town. The poet names them all affectionately: "Pleasant Arene, and well-built Aipu, and Messe, the haunt of doves; and rich Corinth, and the strong-established Mycenæ," whose gigantic walls are themselves a testimony to the truth of the picture, for in historical times Mycenæ was little more than a hamlet. There was Dorion, where Thamyris met the Muses and challenged them to a contest in song; and there was divine Elis, and Neriton, with its tossing forest leaves; and hundreds of other cities, dead long ago. At their feet the rivers ran—"antiquus subterlentibus muros"—"rivers gliding under ancient walls," streams which were holy, and which no man might pollute, fringed with reeds where the river god hid, watching for beautiful, unhappy Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus. Around the cities lay the hills, beautiful in outline, sculptured by a divine hand, and bathed in the violet tints of the holy and delicate air. The woods still clothed them—the woods which have fallen—and therein Artemis took pleasure of the chase, easily to be known among her maidens, though all were fair. To those who do not know Greece, but do know the West Highlands, it is not hard to imagine the isles, the hills, the straits and sounds of sea, more beautiful even than ours, in a more exquisite climate.

SUCH was the setting which Nature gave to human life in heroic Greece. If we would see it closer we may fancy ourselves ascending the path from the sea-shore to some mountainous fortress. When we reach the summit, we have before us the walls about the little city, walls of gigantic stones. Outside is the house of the king. First we reach the great court (*aule*), surrounded by a palisade, but with the gates wide open. The court has built round it the huts of the slaves, and rooms where the young men sleep, like Phoenix, in the story of his youth which he tells Achilles. In the centre of the court is the altar of Zeus, lord of the Heavens. Facing us as we enter, is the portico, or *loggia* (*aithousa*) which runs along the front of the house. Here, perhaps, are men seated playing at draughts, or they may be practising spear throwing in the courtyard. In the portico, too, beds are laid for unexpected guests in the warm summer nights. Entering the hall, we cross a broad threshold of ash-wood, and, if we happen to be beggars, or not very sure of our reception, we sit down there humbly. The hall is wide and lofty-roofed, but dusky with the smoke from the fire in the centre. The walls, in a wealthy house, are decorated with thin plates of shining bronze, inlaid with patterns of gold and silver. Weapons, arranged probably as trophies, hang around the walls, swords, daggers, axes, and spears, with point and edge of steel, or more commonly of bronze. The hall is full of small tables, at which men sit eating and drinking. The host and hostess have their place of honour far up the hall, near the table on which stands the great mixing bowl, for they put water to their wine, and only drunkards took it "neat." The prince sees us, comes down from his seat, and bids us welcome. If we have come from afar, and are dusty with travel, the maidens lead us to a chamber where the polished baths are, and bathe us with warm water. Then we return to the hall, and sit at meat and drink with the host, and when "we have put away desire of eating and drinking," our host enquires as to our business, or our needs. Perhaps we present our credentials, written or graven, or a sealed or folded tablet: this is only once mentioned by Homer. The day passes in conversation, and after a dinner, for which the beast has just been sacrificed, the divine minstrel takes his lyre from its pin and chants some tale of the loves of gods, or wars of men: some legend of Troy town, or of the Quest for the Fleece of Gold. The last cup of the feast is poured out in libations to Hermes, god of good fortune. Already the chips of wood have been lighted in the brazier, or, in a wealthy house, flambeaux borne in the hands of golden statues of young men. We are led to our chamber, or our bed in the echoing portico, and the day is ended. To-morrow, perhaps, we hunt the boar in the dewy morning glades, or the young men entertain us with running races, jumping, and throwing and catching the ball. The young ladies of the house drive off with the dirty linen of the establishment, and wash it in the river bed. The hostess regulates her household, gives her women wool to spin, or sits at her embroidery of gold and scarlet, or tosses the golden shuttle through the loom. The swineherd and neatherd come in with reports from the farm; the fisher brings the spoils of the sea. Perhaps swarthy Sidonian merchantmen have landed in the bay, and arrive with their wares,—carpets from

the East, brooches, and necklets, and ear-rings of gold, bronze swords with ivory handles, chairs of cedar-wood and ivory, porcelain and scarabs from Egypt, silver cups embossed or engraved with figures of Assyrian gods, lumps of yellow amber, brought all across Europe by the Sacred Way from the strange land where, men say, the sun never sets. All these the women handle and cheapen, and perhaps a Sidonian nods secretly to a Sidonian slave-woman of the house, and she steals away the prince's little boy and gives him to her countryman to sell for a slave. Or it may be that there is a sudden clamour in the entrance, and a man staggers in, covered with dust, smirched with blood, half dead with weariness and fear. He is a man-slayer, and he comes to seek refuge from the pursuer after blood at the hospitable hearth.

THESE were among the sights that we should see in the hall of a Homeric prince. As to that hall, it did not, of course, supply all the accommodation of the dwelling. Behind the dais at the inner end were doors opening into the women's chambers, and the storerooms and armoury. The chief and his wife seem generally to have slept in an upper chamber. Perhaps the best idea of the arrangements, allowing for difference of climate, may be gathered from the sketch and plan of an Icelandic lord's house printed in Sir George Dasent's "Story of Burnt Njal." It was in a hall like this—a rude one, for the floor was of stamped clay—that Odysseus shot down the lovers of his wife, with the dread bow of Eurytus, which none but he could bend. And no doubt there were often brawls as well as revels in those chambers, and bones of oxen were hurled, and "iron drew the hands of heroes." But Homer commonly shows us the peaceful life within the royal dwellings. He dwells with especial pleasure on the life of the children. He shows us the little girl trotting by her mother's side, dragging at her gown, and crying to be taken up in her arms. He shows us the boys building sand-castles on the sea-shore, or teasing wasps, or bullying any of their number who chanced to be an orphan or friendless, or begging their fathers to give them apple and pear trees "for their very own." He shows us the old nurse bringing the baby in, after dinner, and asking his grandfather to name him. He neglects nothing—not the geese which Penelope was so fond of, nor the little "Messian-dogs" (*trapezees*) which Achilles kept for pleasure, not for the chase. He actually tells us what dressing-gowns the heroes wore when they were called up on a hasty alarm before Troy, and what leathern skull-caps they sometimes used in place of the mighty-crested helmet. He dilates on the silken tunic of Odysseus, "which many women coveted," and on its golden brooch with the device of a hound catching a hare. It is odd that he never mentions signet-rings, for many were found in the graves of Mycenæ. He is deeply interested in all arts and manufactures, weaving, embroidery, the building of chariots and ships and houses, and in the tempering of steel, and the staining of ivory, and in the performances of circassians, as we should call them, riding several horses at once. Though there were professional smiths and doctors, a man like Odysseus, though a chief, could turn his hand to everything. He built his own raft, and his own bridal chamber; he boasts of his skill in mowing and ploughing; we only do not hear that he, like Achilles, was accustomed to sing to the lyre. The heroes were all great boxers, wrestlers, and charioteers, and fond of showing their speed of foot.

IN this manly and healthy society the chief sorrows were slavery and the fortunes of war. The greatest lady might see her town beleaguered by foes. In vain the beacon burns, a smoke by day, a flame by night, to summon allies. The gates are won, the men are massacred, the women are carried away to make another's bed and to bear water from another's well, the children are dashed from the walls or are enslaved. Indeed, the day of slavery might come on any man, taken at unawares, like Dionysus in the Homeric hymn, by pirates or hostile merchantmen. As far as we hear of slaves, however, they were well treated, though "the day of slavery takes away half the virtue of a man." The dread of war and the delight of it (*charme*) are always equally present to Homer's mind. The brave man is known by not blenching in the nervous waiting of an ambush, while the coward turns pale and weeps. It is hand-to-hand war, mainly waged either with spears thrown at close quarters, or with blade and point. Archers are comparatively little esteemed. Paris, no less than Odysseus, was an archer. War is a delight and a glory, but also it is a horror. The whole of Homeric society was keenly aware of its own insecurity; the richest, the strongest, might see his city burned and his children slain before his eyes, as Priam saw them—Priam, who "endured a thing more piteous than ever man besef, to kiss the hands of him who slew his son."

The Cry of the Weary.

A STORY OF A CUP OF WATER.

Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem.—
2 SAMUEL xxiii. 15.

A MAN must be afflicted with a very unsympathetic spirit who cannot see the beauty of the incident which I have just read without any expository remarks. The central figure is the Shepherd King, whose character is so variously estimated by different writers. Some look upon him as a man after God's own heart in the modern meaning of such a phrase, while others can see nothing but the cruelties of which he was guilty, and the dark blot connected with the names of Bathsheba and Uriah.

As in most cases, the truth lies between the two extremes ; and in judging him let us at least be careful that we are not guilty of similar offences, though possessing opportunities and surroundings so infinitely superior to those of the Sweet Psalmist of Israel. Whatever he may have done or not done, at least this is clear, that he was one of those rare men, born leaders of their fellows, who was capable of inspiring amongst his comrades that feeling of devoted personal attachment that made them ready to sacrifice fortune and life for his dear sake.

The story we have just read is a noble instance of this. David was in a position of great difficulty, driven from the court of Saul, and fearing alike his own countrymen and the Philistines, he had to maintain himself now against the one and now against the other. Too loyal to add to the difficulties of his countrymen, too weak to do more than harass the Philistines, his headquarters were in a certain certain cave called Adullam, in the district now known as Engedi. To this point he retreated when the Philistines came upon him, in numbers which he could not hope successfully to resist, and occupied the neighbourhood of that Bethlehem where his youth had been spent.

To be shut up in a narrow mountain pass is dreary enough, and when, in addition to this, David's only occupation was to watch the ravages of his enemies in the home of his boyhood, it is small wonder that his patriotism was profoundly touched. In this case it took the form of home-sickness, and of a longing for a drink of water drawn from the well where he had often refreshed himself when a boy. "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem," was his plaintive cry ; and to gratify this longing, men were found ready to run the risk of life and limb for no other reward than a grateful look or a word of thanks from their leader. Three men, kindred spirits of his own as to daring and doing, burst their way through the marauding bands of the Philistines, and brought to David the draught for which he yearned.

Then comes an incident which throws some light on the devoted love with which David was able to inspire his men, and also of the character for poetic fervour with which his name is indelibly associated. He felt that the deed had been a noble one, and instantly rising to the occasion, he lifted the whole action from the plane of mere bravery to that of religious worship. He felt instinctively that these men were not offering him a mere cup of water, but something which had been bought at the cost of their own blood, and that for that reason it was too precious a thing to employ in the gratification of any human whim. Lifting up the vessel in his hand, he poured the water out on the ground as an offering to that Being who alone was worthy to be so loyally served.

It was not, however, the great beauty of the incident itself that made me select it this afternoon, but rather because I think I can hear in David's longing desire for a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, a prayer from many home-sick souls the world over, and one which everyone of us in this Hall must have felt, not once, but often. We, too, stand like David did, exiles from our Father's House. In us also, the stirring of the Divine sonship within, creates a longing for that water whereof whosoever drinks shall thirst no more. We, too, like David, know that the water is there, but between us and it are armed hosts of sinful desires and passions, standing like a wall of partition between us, and shutting us off from the haven where we would be. We deem that our sin has shut us off from the water for which our souls thirst. We think our own black ingratitude has changed a Father's love into wrath and anger, and that there are held out to us, not the everlasting arms, but a whetted sword to pursue and punish us. We are conscious often enough that the world never does and never can satisfy all the cravings of our nature, and from our soul arises the sometimes scarcely articulate cry of "Oh for a drink of the living water." If I only had, we think sometimes, the peace that passeth all understanding ; if I could only know that my sin were put away, and my iniquity pardoned ; if I could really feel in my heart of hearts that God was indeed my Father, and that the seal of His

love was upon me,—oh if I only knew it ; oh if I only believed it ; oh that anyone would give me to drink of the water of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God ! !

To turn from the Old Testament picture, for a moment, to one outlined by our Lord's own lips, we get, in the story of the Prodigal, an expression of the same longing which filled David's heart. The word Bethlehem, you know, means "house of bread," and as the outcast boy sat in the far country, with hunger gnawing at his vitals, the unbidden thought came ever and anon into his mind, "how many servants of my father's house have bread enough and to spare? Oh that one would give me to eat ! Oh that one would give me to drink !" But no man gave to him.

Am I talking to weary hearts, this afternoon, to whom no man has given to drink ? You have walked in and out amongst your fellow-men, conscious of the thirst of your unsatisfied spiritual need, yet, perhaps, ashamed to own it. Yet, thank God, we cannot shut out our heart's longings from Him. He sees what the eyes of our fellow-men are blind to, He hears what is audible by none but Himself ; and in the midst of the toil and turmoil and sin of life, there arises up unto heaven a mighty cry from the thirsty souls of weary exiles : "Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem."

Not altogether untasted was this water to David. In his youth he had drunk of it when thirsty, and it had been sweet to his lips. He had known others to come across the dry and thirsty land where no water was, and refresh themselves at "The well of Bethlehem which is by the gate," that great gathering-place in Eastern cities where whosoever would could drink. You, too, dear fellows, have known something of the taste of this water. There have been times in your life when, almost persuaded, you knelt by your bedside, longing to change your life, and to live more worthily in the future than you had in the past, and there stole over your heart thoughts of that peace which passeth understanding, and the Divine sonship within you went out rejoicing to meet its Father. Are these remembrances of the past to be the only green spots in your life ? Are the future and the present to be waterless and arid, lighted only by the mirage of the oases of the distant past ?

Do you remember that sad cry of Tom Hood, at once the most mirthful and saddest of men :—

"It is but little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than I was when a boy."

I seem to see your lips repeating these words, and your hearts admitting their applicability. From how many of you would not come the admission, were we alone together, that words and deeds had been spoken and done by you which you would have shrunk from when a boy ; or a sigh for the times when sins now your tyrant master were unthought of, and when you would have sprung up indignant against the first advances of the tempter, and have cried, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing ?" Alas, for the wasted lives, the blotted past, the tear-stained memories that separate you from the waters of the well of Bethlehem !

When boyhood had gone, and with it its innocence, the light fled from your eyes, the lightness vanished in your heart, and the weary load of sin oppressed your nature, leaving, instead of a drink of the living water, only the longing for a cup which you never hope to taste again. Oh that one would give me to drink ! Yes, there comes the point of the prayer. Others have drunk and have been refreshed. Your mother drank long ago and found in it a spring of water, the beauty of which you will never forget, and her boy, the lad for whom she would have died, is left thirsty in the world where she found a well whereat to drink.

"Give me to drink." Do you remember who it was that spoke that same prayer by another well at Samaria ? And who in answer to the rebuff that the "Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans," told the woman with whom He was conversing, that if she had known who He was she would have asked of Him and He would have given her living water. It is only to Him you can go ; it is only of Him I can speak to you this afternoon if you want this draught of water. "Give me to drink." Yes, the well is deep indeed, and the armed hosts of an accusing conscience, the memories of unnumbered sins, stand between you and the forgiveness which you would crave. Yet there is One this afternoon who will not only give you to drink, but who stands by offering you that very water which at once, and for ever, would quench your thirst. Ah, you tell me, perhaps, you have often heard that story, but how can you tell that it is meant for you. You say that you would drink if you knew how, but that you don't feel as if you deserved the water, you cannot be sure that it is being offered to you. Do you think, dear

fellow ; that David doubted when those three battle-stained men stood beside him with the water they had won at the risk of their lives ; that it was meant for him ; and can you doubt that the Saviour who in His love for you took upon Himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of man, who trod this earth of ours for 30 years, tear-stained and heart-wrung as no other being ever has been, and who closed His life by pouring out Himself unto death for your sake ; can you doubt, I say, that He will give you that water if you ask Him for it this afternoon ? "Take ye all of it," are the words spoken at the Lord's Supper, "This is my blood of the New Testament which was shed for you, drink ye all of it." The Master is saying those same words in this Hall to-day, "Drink ye all," drink in spite of your backsliding, in spite of your unworthiness, in spite of your doubts and hardness of heart, drink, and your soul shall live.

Or to turn for a moment to another picture. Do you remember the time when, in the great and terrible wilderness, Moses stood with the clamouring Israelites around him, asking if he had led them out of the bondage of Egypt that they might die in the wilderness. Do you remember the smitten rock and the outflowing river, and do you think those thirsty men and women asked how they should drink whilst the water flowed at their feet ? Be sure of this much, each drank as he would. Their claim on the water was not that they deserved it or that they were full, but rather that they needed it and were empty. It was those who had need of healing that the Master healed on earth. It is to the thirsty that He offers the living water—it is to the hungry that He divides the bread of life. Give me to drink. Yes, that He will, and the water that He shall give you shall be to you a fountain springing up within you, and supplying living waters to others. Drink ye all of it.

But perhaps you reply that you have drunk that long ago in your Sunday-school, or in some church or institute, or possibly in the solitude of your own chamber.

"You came to Jesus and you drank
Of that life-giving stream.
Your thirst was quenched, your soul revived,
And now you live in Him."

Thanks be to God if this be so, but I would ask you, dear fellows, what answer you are making to the cry of others. Here were three men found in David's little band, ready to risk their lives to give him the water of Bethlehem. Would to God there could be found three here to-day ready to devote themselves to the satisfying of thirsty souls in this Institute. Can it be that while you have drunk yourself, you are going to wipe your mouth, and stand listless, shutting out of your ears the cry of your brother's need. Is this all the answer you are going to give to Gethsemane and Calvary ? Then, I tell you you have not so learned Christ.

It was not by such lives as that, that this Institute was built up, and you have but to cast your eyes around this place to see scores of others leading lives that might well put yours to shame. It is not the perfunctory service of hired labour that has built up this Institute, but the service of those who have poured into it the most precious things they have to give—their love, their life, days of carefulness and nights of prayer. These have been the efforts poured out to provide this place for you. Are you going to be satisfied that the Poly. has been built for you ? Shall it not rather be said that in some measure it has been built by you, and that your hands and lives and sympathies have built up living stones inside this place that it might be made to many a temple of God ?

Do you not know where to begin ? Have you no friend who once ran well, but whose life is now cold and selfish ? Is there no young fellow in your shop whose purity is being shocked, and whose life is being brutalised by things you know to be evil, but which you have not the manhood to protest against and resist. Have you never seen the dumb supplication of a pained expression on a young boy's face when he first has to endure surroundings which perhaps you could remedy ? I tell you that in the sight of God that boy is praying to you to give him to drink ; the young heart is calling out for a draught of that well at Bethlehem, and it is on you that the responsibility will lie.

But there is one other voice besides all these calling out for your help. If it makes my heart sad, and yours, to see lives wasted and youth misspent, what must it be to Him who laid down His life for our sake and theirs ? Do you not hear Him saying in this Institute, "Oh that one would give me to drink." "Inasmuch as ye do it to the least one would give me to drink." You would run to do of these My brethren, ye do it unto Me." You would run to do some trifling service to titled nobility or royal personages to whom you owe nothing, and who have no claim upon you but that of common humanity, but when He, who died for you, asks

for a cup of water, when He points out to you your suffering brethren, and bids you give them to drink, you tell Him that your life is too busy, that your gifts are not suitable, that your hands are full elsewhere. The thirsty soul goes unsatisfied, and on your soul lies the guilt.

"If I had dwelt,"—so mused a tender woman,
All fine emotions stirred
Through pondering o'er the life, divine yet human
Told in the Sacred Word,—

"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,
In some Judean street
Where Jesus walked, and heard His word so laden
With comfort strangely sweet,—

"And seen the face where utmost pity blended
With each rebuke of wrong,
I would have left my lattice, and descended
And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel girdled,
Of some rich Rabbi there,
Seeing the sick, blind, halt, my blood had curdled
At sight of such despair ;

"And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet
Nor let one spark remain ;
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it,
For pity of their pain.

"I would have let the palsied fingers hold me ;
I would have walked between
The Marys and Salome, while they told me
'About the Magdalene.'

"Foxes have holes,"—I think my heart had broken
To hear the word so said ;
While Christ had not,—were sadder ever spoken ?
A place to lay His head !

"I would have flung abroad my doors before Him,
And in my joy have been
First on the threshold, eager to adore Him,
And crave His entrance in."

Ah, would you so ? Without a recognition,
You passed Him yesterday ;
Jostled aside, unhelped, His mute petition,
And calmly went your way.

With warmth and comfort you're garmented and girdled,
And by your window sill
Sweat heart-sick crowds—and if your blood is curdled,
You wear your jewels still.

You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them,
In its implorings wild ;
Or lest some woeful penitent might touch them
And you might be defiled.

Oh dreamers, dreaming that your faith is keeping
All service free from blot ;
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,
And you perceive Him not !

Do not tell me you are actuated by the spirit of the Christ who died for others, if your life contains no effort to make other lives purer and better ; rather let me say that I am persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation ; and that if not heretofore, at least from this time forth, the plaintive cry of a thirsty soul shall never go up in your presence in vain.

Come then this afternoon around the water that is in the well at Bethlehem. Those of you who have never drunk, take it as God's best gift to a thirsty world, and those of you who know its sweetness, give others to drink of the water from the river of their home.

THERE are but two ways in life, my friend,
The wrong and the right, the false and the true ;
They're counter to each from end to end,
Save that eternity limits the two.

There are but two roads in life, my friend,
The straight and narrow, the broad and plain ;
Think well which one you will take, my friend,
You never will travel this way again.

The one is beset with foes, my friend,
'Tis full of allurements, but danger is there ;
The other leads steadily on, my friend,
To a heavenly land that is bright and fair.

A Land of Love.

(Continued).

CHAPTER VII.

THE next few hours passed rapidly enough. They dined together at a Duval, and afterward went to the Hippodrome. At eleven o'clock, before the entrance of the fair tobacconist's domicile, Rue Royer-Collard, Ormizon bade her good night.

"Eh, comment?" she cried. "Oh, bi'n! Bonsoir, et merci pour une soirée très amusante."

In his own room he covered his face with his hands, and moaned aloud:

"Oh, what a low, miserable brute you are! Oh, how I loathe you! How weak you are—how base—how contemptible! If I could but recall this evening—undo it—blot it out! I—I have been disloyal to her. How shall I ever dare to look her in the face again? I have contaminated myself. I am not fit to breathe the same air that she breathes. How can I hope to win her now? I deserve—yes, I deserve to lose her. The idea! That she should love a low, weak thing like me!"

What had he done? He had given Mademoiselle Célestine a better dinner than she was accustomed to, and had afforded her a couple of hours of harmless entertainment at the Hippodrome. But if he had committed a sneak-theft, he could not have despised himself more bitterly; if he had committed a murder, he could not have repented it more passionately. Sickened by his memory of the thing, tortured by his remorse as by a coal of fire burning in his breast, he passed a most miserable night.

"Yet, if I had not loved her so," he cried, "I never should have done it. How strange! how strange!"

Tuesday morning, along with his coffee, Désiré, the garçon, brought him a letter. Its superscription was in a handwriting which he had never seen but once before, yet which he recognized at a single glance. The sight of it now did not by any means leave him unmoved; nay, indeed, it occasioned a very singular aberration in the action of his heart, causing that organ simultaneously to leap and to sink. To leap, for obvious reasons: the letter came from her. To sink, because in connection with it a hideous thought flashed upon his mind. Why should she be writing to him, unless something had happened to interfere with the arrangements that they had perfected together at their conference yesterday? If affairs remained *in statu quo*, this missive was unnecessary and inexplicable.

"Oh, yes; I suppose she has written to inform me that the doctor had a previous engagement, or—or I don't know what—and that they cannot go. Just my confounded luck!"

For awhile he held the envelope intact in his hand, and stared at it with a countenance that was at the same time savage and caressing. At last, muttering, "Well, here goes," he tore it roughly open. He closed his eyes for a moment, and sought to muster his courage. "Well, there's no use playing the ostrich. Here's my fate confronting me. I've got to grin and bear it. It won't mend matters to procrastinate," he said finally, and, with the composure of despair, proceeded to read:

"Monday Afternoon.

DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Isabel wishes me to ask, will you not come to take dinner with us to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, before the theatre? In order that we may have plenty of time, we shall dine early—at six o'clock. She has set her heart upon having you come, and I hope you are not going to disappoint her. Have you read any Browning yet?

"Sincerely yours,
DENISE PERSONETTE."

Of course the reaction was instantaneous and excessive. At first he could scarcely credit his eyesight; but a second perusal left no room for doubt. He carried the paper to his lips and kissed it rapturously. He danced about his chamber in an ecstasy, humming a merry tune, like a child with a new toy. He apostrophized himself: "Well, you are a lucky dog! Well, you'd better thank your stars! Well, by Jupiter!" He took on generally in a very ridiculous, exuberant, boyish manner. By and by he sat down at his table to indite an acceptance.

DEAR MADEMOISELLE DENISE—

No. That wouldn't do. That was too familiar. He tore the sheet up, and began anew:

DEAR MADEMOISELLE PERSONETTE,—Your note has given me greater pleasure than I can say; and I shall certainly be on hand promptly at six. Meantime, I shall try to alleviate my impatience by reading Browning, which, I blush to own, I have not yet done.

"Please express my very best thanks and compliments to the doctor, and believe me,

"Yours always,
STEPHEN ORMIZON."

But after he had sealed this communication, and addressed it, he hesitated.

"They ought not to be inviting me to dinner," he reflected. "They can't afford it. And I ought not to accept their invitation. . . . Yet I don't exactly see how I can decline it, without hurting their feelings. And besides—besides, it would be such jolly good fun. I suppose it would be awfully bad form for me to—so to speak—to turn the tables, and ask them to dine with me. Yes, I'm afraid it would. Still, they—they're not sticklers for the ceremonies; and if I employed tact—if I made the proposition gracefully—it might not do any harm. Well, I guess—I guess I'll risk it. Yes, I absolutely mustn't let them spend their money dining and wining me."

With which he commenced a third note to Denise:

DEAR MADEMOISELLE PERSONETTE,—It was quite odd that you should have sent me the very kind note which I have just received, and for which I beg you and the doctor to accept my warmest thanks. It was odd, because at the very moment when it was handed to me, I was getting out my paper to scratch off a line to you. The temptation is now strong upon me to leave what I was about to say unsaid. Still, your judgment is better than mine, and perhaps I may as well submit the matter for your consideration. Of course I shall abide by your decision. Well, then, I was on the point of writing to tell you that if you and the doctor would do me the honour of dining with me this evening at the Foyot, you would make me very happy. Now, as I say, I leave the question in your hands. To be your guest, or to be your host: it is a choice of felicities which I have not the strength of mind to make.

The messenger will bring your answer.

"Yours always,
STEPHEN ORMIZON."

He leaned out of his window, and hailed the commissionaire who had his stand on the curb-stone below. By the hands of this functionary he dispatched his questionable message.

He waited in a state of wretched uncertainty for her reply. He had written very stiffly, very feebly, he felt; and perhaps she would be offended. In somewhat less than a quarter-hour the commissionaire returned. But this time the handwriting was not Denise's:

DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Denise, having to hurry off to a lesson, asked me to answer your note. I know you'll be broken-hearted, but I can't help it. My handwriting is not so pretty as hers, I am well aware; but it is legible, and will in the present case answer for all practical, if not for all sentimental, purposes.

"Eh bien! do you know, sir, that you are most imprudent to trust 'a choice of felicities' (that phrase is immense: where did you strike it?), so grave as the one you mention, to a young and impetuous damsel like Denise? This is a text upon which I could develop a long homily; but, as the facteur is waiting, I forbear. Denise has cast the 'choice' in favour of Foyot. Which goes to indicate that she has the making of a gourmet in her; upon which indication, my young friend, reflect.

"Finally, shall we meet you at the restaurant, or will you call for us?

"En tout cas, monsieur, agréez l'assurance de ma plus haute considération.

"Toujours à vous,

"ISABEL B. GLUCK."

"Wait an instant," he said to the messenger. Then he scribbled,—

DEAR DOCTOR,—Thanks infinitely. I will call for you at a quarter before six. Meantime, I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"S. O."

Which finished the business.

In the course of their dinner, he said to Denise, "That volume of Browning you lent me—I have been reading it all day long."

"Oh, have you? Well?"

"It was a revelation to me. I had never known anything like it. I found, when I had once taken the book up, I could not put it down. It was as absorbing—it was more absorbing than a novel."

"Which of the poems did you read?"

"Well, I began with *Fra Lippo Lippi*."

"Ah, that is one of the very best."

"It is? Well, I should have supposed so. At least, I shouldn't suppose it would be easy to surpass it. It's a masterpiece. Goethe himself might have been proud to have written it. It has so much human nature in it, so much wit, so much humour, in addition to its lofty, noble poetry. Then, aside from its other splendid qualities, it contains the clearest, the most scientific, statement of the true philosophy of aesthetics that I have ever seen. I—I was absolutely carried away by it."

"Oh, I was sure you would be. Nobody could read Brown ing understandingly, and not be. He is irresistible. Well, and after *Fra Lippo*?

"After *Fra Lippo* I attacked *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, which, in its way, I liked quite as much. It's grand, sublime. It's the strongest defence that could be made for faith in revealed religion. It beats Butler's *Analogy*, Paley's *Theology*, all hollow, on their own ground."

"I think I must begin to read Browning," said the doctor, "you children rave so about him. That poem about mesmerism, that Denise read the other night—there was a great deal in it."

"Why," Ormizon continued, "there are a dozen lines or so in *Blougram* that would have made any ordinary poet. You remember, Mademoiselle Denise, where the Bishop says, 'All right. Let us, then, declare ourselves agnostics, free-thinkers, what you will, forthwith,' and then goes on,—

Where's
The gain? how can we guard our unbelief,
Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem here.
Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
As old and new at once as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol, on his base again—
The grand Perhaps !'

I don't know when I have read anything so beautiful, anything so inspiring, anything so true. He speaks right out of the depths of human experience."

"Yes, it's very fine," acquiesced the doctor.

"Oh, it is glorious!" cried Denise. "It is thrilling. I am so glad you think as I do, Mr. Ormizon."

"I am thankful to you, mademoiselle, for having put me in the way of thinking as you do. I'm going to study Browning systematically now. This afternoon I ordered his complete works at Galignani's."

"And yet," exclaimed Denise, with a scorn that might have withered the laurels on the laureate's brow,—"and yet people will go on talking about Tennyson, and calling him the greatest living English poet! Oh!"

"Oh, well, they'll get over that in time," Ormizon said, consolingly.

"On n'est jamais prophète en son pays, ni en son temps," observed the doctor sententiously. . . . "How delicious these mushrooms are!"

"Perfectly lovely," agreed Denise.

"It's true, they're not bad," Ormizon admitted.

And then, somehow, it seemed to strike each of them that there had been a rather abrupt descent from the sublime to the commonplace; and spontaneously they broke into a merry laugh at their own expense.

Presently, "I, too, have been enjoying a literary treat, since I saw you, Mr. Ormizon," Denise announced.

"Yes?" he queried. "What was it?"

"I have been reading 'A Voice from the Wilderness.'"

"Oh!" he cried, blushing.

"Perhaps you may think I took too great a liberty," she pursued. "But I will tell you how it was. I began to copy the first chapter, and I got so interested that I could not rest until I had read it through and found out how it ended. I thought you would not mind, seeing that I was going to copy it all. Now, anyway, I have confessed my sin. If you think I was indiscreet, you may scold me."

"Why, what an idea! But of course—you're laughing at me. You know it's a great compliment."

"No; honestly, I feared your displeasure. The temptation, as I have said, was so strong, I could not resist it. Yet, without comprehending precisely why, I did feel as though I had not any right to do anything but copy, without paying attention to the sense. I have been reproaching myself ever since. I was afraid you might be angry. I am so relieved. But, as I was going to say—" She paused abruptly.

"Yes?" he questioned.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you."

"Oh, on the contrary. It's your bounden duty. Tell me, please."

"I dare say you will think me awfully silly."

"Oh, no, I shan't. Go on. I'm dying to hear it."

"Well, I began it yesterday afternoon, and—and I—sat up all night to finish it."

"Did you, really? Why, how could I think that silly? It indicates prodigious wisdom."

"And—and it made me cry so, I have had a headache all day long."

"Oh!" with an expression, facial and vocal, of exceeding distress. "I'm so sorry! I—I never meant to make you cry."

This was said apparently in all ingenuousness and good faith. But his auditors seemed to regard it as a brilliant witicism, or bit of humour. First, Denise began to laugh; then the doctor speedily followed her example; while Ormizon, with a blank face, wondered what the joke was.

By and by, sobriety being restored, Denise demanded,

"But why did you make it end so sadly?"

"I tried to make it end as I thought it would actually have ended in real life."

"Why, do you think things generally end badly in real life?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that. I mean, I tried to observe the laws of cause and effect, and to make the end the natural consequence of what had gone before. I tried to make it end in the manner that the circumstances had rendered inevitable. To my mind, the ending was inevitable from the beginning. Didn't it seem so to you? Didn't the climax seem natural, logical enough, natural enough. But that did not make it any less sad, less disappointing, any easier to bear. And then, another thing: do you yourself really believe what you made Rivington say about the control of matter over mind?"

"Among the many dismal truths which modern science has forced upon us, none is more disheartening than this: that the mind, the spiritual part, of man, is not merely intimately related to, but is absolutely dominated by, the material part, his body. A local organic disease may not merely cloud and enfeeble his intellect, but may totally pervert and deprave his moral nature, as numberless instances have proven; may turn the benevolent man into a misanthrope, the truthful man into a liar; may supplant love with hatred, refinement with grossness, disinterestedness with self-seeking." Do you yourself really believe that, Mr. Ormizon?"

Was it not calculated to set any young author's heart a-palpitating, thus to hear himself quoted verbatim by the loveliest lady of her generation? So it affected Ormizon's, at any rate. She punctuated her inquiry by raising her eyes expectantly to his. At the meeting, a new palpitation swept his bosom, and a blush mounted to his forehead. Whereupon, by the strangest of coincidences, Mademoiselle's damask cheek displayed for an instant a similar red ensign; and simultaneously the two pairs of eyes were dropped upon the tablecloth.

"Er—well," he began, in a matter-of-fact key, returning to her question, "as a general thing, you know, I shouldn't like to be held responsible for the opinions of my characters. But here, in this special case, it isn't a matter of opinion; it's a matter of statistics. I don't see how any one can help believing it. As Rivington says, no end of instances prove it. The physicians' records are full of them. Isn't that so, doctor?"

"Oh, yes; that's so, undoubtedly. But the force of all that is off-set by the discoveries that are being made by the Society for Psychical Research. Their experiments have conclusively demonstrated that, while ordinarily the mind is unquestionably subject to the body, under certain conditions the mind becomes absolutely independent of the body, transcending all the limitations of matter, and of time and space. Still, it can't be denied that very frequently, as you say, a physical lesion may result in a radical change of the patient's character and disposition."

"Oh, but that is so horrible!" cried Denise. "It never occurred to me before. But if it is true—oh-h-h! It makes one shudder. But I think your—what would you call it?—not plot, exactly—your idea—your theme—I think that was beautiful. To have him long so ardently to believe in God and immortality; and yet all the time be dragged, forced, further and further, deeper and deeper, into materialism, pessimism, cynicism, and all that; and then, suddenly, forget everything, escape from all his doubts and fears, and find perfect peace and happiness in love. But why—why did you let her die?"

"Well, as I said, I thought under the circumstances her death was inevitable. But then, besides, I wanted him to realize that love isn't enough; that at best it is only a temporary refuge; that it can't permanently fill the place of religion. I wanted him to discover that the same grim, awful, relentless problems were still there, standing where he had left them, outside his lady's chamber, waiting to confront him at his exit. After she died, you know, his old longings, his old doubts and perplexities, hopes and fears, came surging upon him with more tremendous force than ever."

"Yes, I see. But it is dreadfully hard on the reader. You made her so lovely and beautiful; and then to have her die, oh, it—it was like losing one of one's own friends, almost. I thought I should never stop crying. Oh, I really do not think it is fair to your reader to make your book end badly. Do you, Isabel?"

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(9th Concert, 4th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA—Conductors: MR. ORTON BRADLEY
and MR. W. R. CAVE.

SOLO VOCALISTS—MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH, MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

SOLO VIOLIN—MR. W. R. CAVE.

ORGANIST—MR. C. H. DUFFIELD, F.C.O. (Organist of St. Michael and All Angels', North Kensington).

SELECTIONS FROM POPULAR OPERAS.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE "Poet and Peasant" ... Suppé

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

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

3. ARIA ... "Celeste Aida" (Aida) ... Verdi
MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

RADAMES. Se quel guerrier io fossi !
Se il mio sogno si avverasse !
Un esercito di prodi da me guidato,
E la vittoria, e il plauso di Menfi tutta !
E a te, mia dolce Aida,
Tornar di lauri cinto.
Dirti : per te ho pugnato,
Per te ho vinto !

Celeste Aida, forma divina,
Mistico serto di luce e fior ;
Del mio pensiero tu sei regina,
Tu di mia vita sei lo splendor.
Il tuo bel cielo vorrei ridarti,
Le dolci brezze del patrio suol ;
Un regal serto sul crin posarti,
Ergeti un trono vicino al sol !

4. VIOLIN SOLO Selection from "Faust" Alard-Gounod
MR. W. R. CAVE.5. CHORUS ... "A Vintage Song" (Loreley) ... Mendelssohn
On stave and hoop the long year through,—
We worked with will and pleasure,

A SHORT INTERVAL.

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

PART II.

8. OVERTURE ... "Bohemian Girl" ... Balfe

9. DUET ... "Parigi O Cara" (Traviata) ... Verdi
MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH AND MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

Charming Paris, once so cherished,
We now will leave our lots in union,
We no more need grieve
For what now o'erpast I offer a bright morrow,
Joy and gladness instead of sorrow ;
Breath, life, and beauty thou shall bestow,
All our future glorious shall glow.
Yes, in the future fortune bright shall smile,
Thou shalt have compensation for thy vexation,
Once more thy face shall bloom again ;
Once more thy face, now so pale and wan,
Shall with roses once more be decked,
Past afflictions give place to joy,
My } long lost health restored shall be to { me.
Thy } thee.

10. CHORUS { "Come where Flowers are Flinging" (Martha) ... Flotow

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

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

11. ORGAN SOLO ... Postlude in D ... Smart
MR. C. H. DUFFIELD.12. SONG "Walter's Prize Song" (Die Meistersinger) Wagner
MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

Morning was gleaming with roseate light,
The air was fill'd with scent distill'd,
When, beauty beaming, past all dreaming, a garden did invite,
Wherein, beneath a wondrous tree, with fruit superbly laden,
In blissful love-dream I could see the rare and tender maiden,
Whose charms beyond all price entranced my heart —

EVA IN PARADISE !

Evening was darkling and night closed around ;
By rugged way my feet did stray
Towards a mountain where a fountain enslaved me with its sound ;
And there beneath a laurel tree, with starlight glinting under,
In waking vision greeted me a sweet and solemn wonder ;
She tossed on me the fountain's dews, that woman fair, —

PARNASSUS' GLORIOUS MUSE !

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

Thrice happy day, to which my poet's trance gave place !
That Paradise of which I dreamed, in radiance new before
my face,
Glorified lay,
To point out the path, the laughing brooklet streamed : —
She stood beside me, who shall my bride be.

The fairest sight earth e'er gave,
My muse to whom I bow, so angel—sweet and grave ;
I'll woo her boldly now.
Before the world remaining,
By might of music gaining
Parnassus and Paradise.

13. CHORUS "Gaily Launch and Lightly Row" Mercadante

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

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

14. SONG "I dreamt that I dwelt" (Bohemian Girl) Balfe
MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count,
Could boast of a bright, ancestral name.
Bet I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart cou'd withstand
They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim,
But I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same.

15. CHORUS "We hail thee, glad spring time" Auber

We hail thee, glad spring-time,
Spring with warmth and flowers,
Grass with leafy bowers ;
Songs of love and glee,
Ringing merrily.

All earth and air resound
And join the joyful sound,
Then welcome !
We hail thee, glad spring time !
Azure violets blowing,
Limpid waters flowing,
She comes, the glorious spring.

We hail thee, glad spring time !
Bird-songs, as she goes,
Seem to mock her woes ;
Winter wan and gray
Sadly steals away.

All earth and air resound, etc.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1891.

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

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MR. HARRY P. CARR.

1. INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE Tinel

2. HYMN "Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him"

Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
World's His mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

3. ANDANTE PASTORALE (Light of the World) Sullivan

4. VOCAL SOLO "It is enough" (Elijah) ... Mendelssohn

5. OFFERTOIRE in D minor Batiste

AT 8. P.M.

1. ALLEGRO VIVACE (5th Organ Symphony)

2. { (a) "God shall wipe away all tears"
(b) ... "What are these?" ...

3. FUGUE in G minor Bach

ADMISSION FREE.

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

ON SUNDAY NEXT, PART I. OF "ELIJAH," BY THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA.

POPULAR LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

PROGRAMME OF

LECTURE ON ALPINE CLIMBING

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

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1891, COMMENCING AT 8.30 P.M.,

Illustrated by Limelight Views of the Alps.

SYLLABUS.

Switzerland—"The playground of Europe"—Through the valleys—Preliminary excursions—"Getting into training"—The smaller heights—The Rigi—The Pilatus—The Geenmi—The Gorner-Grat—"Going up mountains," not the same as "climbing"—Where climbing proper begins—The "snow-line"—The world above it—The glaciers—The snow-fields—The rocks—The perpetual changes, hence the dangers and difficulties of climbing—Crevasses—Iced rocks—Avalanches—Cornices—Snow-slopes—Instances of accidents, fatal and otherwise—The safeguards—The "ice-axe"—The rope—The "goggles"—Climbing irons—Whymper's methods.

An expedition up the Grand Cornice—Engaging the guide—Making up the party—"Arming"—Starting out—Roping—"Rock-work"—Stop—Cutting—Bridging—Jumping—Zig-zagging—"Rock-work"—The summit!—Under the Cornice—"Glacier-works"—The night in the hut—Over the Col Durant—Zennatt—Over the Weesther—Macugnaga, Italy and peace.

The ascent of the great mountains—The Mont Blanc—Monte Rosa—Matterhorn—Weisshorn—Gabelhorn.

The advantages of climbing, artistic, physical, and scientific.—Is it a barbarous or "philistine" pursuit?—Mr. Ruskin's opinion—Great climbers—Huxley, Tyndall, Whymper, Hukenstein, Donbain—Tyndall's opinion.

Climbing an art—Must be learnt from guides—The great restorative of London-sapped energy.

Admission—ONE PENNY. Reserved Seats—THREEPENCE.

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

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1891, BY

THE I. D. K. MINSTRELS.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE "Ride to Moscow"	I. D. K. BAND
2. COMIC SONG "Out Comes Polly"	MR. SAM BRANDON
3. BALLAD...	"Good-bye, my Lover, Good-bye"	...	MR. CHAS. ALBERT
4. COMIC SONG	"Out Californy Way"	...	MR. FRED CHALLON
5. BALLAD... "Good Night" MR. J. RICARDO
6. COMIC SONG	"De Golden Wedding"	...	MR. TED HAMILTON
7. BALLAD... "Lullaby" MASTER ROBERTS
8. COMIC SONG "Her Father's Boot" MR. GEO. NELSON
9. BALLAD	"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"	...	MR. R. McGEOERGE
10. COMIC SONG "Going down South"	...	MR. JOHNNIE ALLEN
11. BALLAD...	"The Nighthird's Cooing"	...	MR. CHAS. HOWARD
12. COMIC SONG "Five Little Pigs"	MR. JOE STANLEY

COMIC FINALE. FIVE MINUTES' INTERVAL.

PART II.

13. ANVIL CHORUS	TROUPE AND BAND
14. CLOG DANCE "A few Absurdities"	...	MR. R. McGEOERGE
15. BURLESQUE LECTURE Afflicted with Homicidal Mania	...	MR. JOE STANLEY

I. D. K. BANJO BAND.

Character Duet and Dance, MESSRS. SAM BRANDON & JOHNNIE ALLEN (Dance arranged by Mr. Sam Brandon).

To conclude with a Nigger Sketch entitled "CORNERED" (specially adapted for the Troupe by Mr. Joe Stanley).

BILSON WARRETT	...	Manager hard up for "Stars"	...	MR. JOE STANLEY
SARRY BULLIVAN	...	Heavy Tragedian hard up for Work	...	MR. MCGEORGE
SIGNORE IRVINO HENRICO	...	The Ebony <i>multum in parvo</i>	...	MR. GEO. NELSON
ROBERT ARTHURS	...	Renowned Conjuror and all round Humbug	...	MR. C. HOWARD
MAD JIMMY	...	Afflicted with Homicidal Mania	...	

Doors open at 7. Commence at 8. p.m. Admission Twopence. Students of the People's Palace Classes Admitted Free.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END ROAD, E.
In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Society of Arts.
TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1891-2.

The Session will commence on Monday, September 28th, 1891.
The Classes, with some exceptions, are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted FREE upon producing their pass. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students may enrol. STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS—Students have the privilege of using the social rooms containing the leading daily and weekly papers. STUDENTS' LIBRARY—There is a circulating library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9. Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the social rooms from 5 to 10. LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS—For the convenience of Students, there are cloak rooms and lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water. BOOKSTALL—Textbooks, 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.	DAVS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday ...	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elemen- Adv. & Hons.	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday ...	8.0-10.0	4 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele- Prac.,	Mr. D. S. Macnair,	Tuesday ...	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Theo., Adv.	Assistant	Friday ...	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Prac.,	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday ...	8.15-10.0	7 6
Inorg. & Org., Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. I	Mr. D. A. Low	M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Ele- Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Ele- Adv.	Mr. F. C. Forth and Mr. F. G. Castle	Tuesday ...	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I ...	Mr. J. W. Martin	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" II. ...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday ...	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Ele- Adv.	Mr. W. Slingsby	Monday ...	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Prac.	Mr. A. Brooker ...	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Sound, Light and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth	Monday ...	7.30-9.30	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. E. J. Burrell ...	Thursday ...	8.0-10.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	Mr. T. Drew ...	Tuesday ...	8.0-10.0	2 6

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.	DAVS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Carpentry & Joinery Lec... Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Friday ...	8.0-9.30	45 0
" " Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville	Mon. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	10 0
Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklayer.	Monday ...	7.0-10.0	5 0
Electrical Engin. Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingsby and Mr. A. Brooker ...	Thursday ...	8.0-10.0	6 0
Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Pre.) Adv. Workshop	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday ...	7.30-8.30	4 0
" " Workshop	Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Friday ...	8.0-10.0	10 0
Photography ...	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Thursday ...	8.0-12.0	5 0
Plumbing Lecture, Hons. Ord. Workshop	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday ...	9.0-10.0	65 0
" " Workshop	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday ...	8.0-10.0	65 0
Printing (Letterpress) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday ...	8.0-9.30	6 0
Tailor's Cutting ...	Mr. A. Umback	Thursday ...	8.30-10.0	6 0
Workshop Class	Mr. J. Sinclair	Monday ...	8.30-10.0	7 6
Sign Writing & Graining ...	Mr. J. Sinclair	Friday ...	8.30-10.0	5 0

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892).

* 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 Grade subjects will be given during the session, for particulars see syllabus or hand-bills.

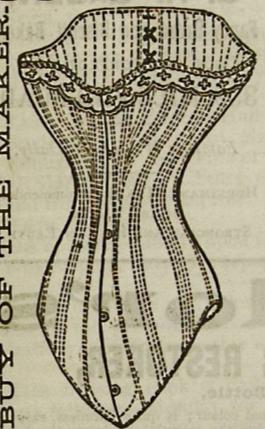
The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAVS.	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 Lecture ...	Mrs. Sharman ...	Monday ...	8.30-9.30	1 0
" High - Class Practical	"	Thursday ...	6.30-8.0	10 6
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. ...	Mrs. Thomas ...	Friday ...	8.0-9.30	2 6

* Per Course.

CORSETS.



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April ... 9, 23	Nov. ... 12, 26
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