

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

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, November 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.

SATURDAY, 14th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by Association of Tonic Sol-fa Choirs. Admission 3d. In Lecture Hall, Girls' Gymnasium Social Dance.

SUNDAY, 15th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ Recitals at 3.30 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.

MONDAY, 16th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Gymnastic Display by the Army Gymnastic Staff. Admission 3d.; Reserved Seats, 1s.

TUESDAY, 17th.—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, 18th.—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, Gymnastic Display by the Students of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.

THURSDAY, 19th.—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, 20th.—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 half-term commences this week.

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 Saturday, from 6 to 10 p.m.

THE attendance at the Organ Recitals on Sunday last were as follows: afternoon, 1,115; evening, 990; Library, 1,223; making a total of 3,328.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.—The Army Gymnastic Staff, from Aldershot (by kind permission of Col. Fox, Inspector of Gymnasia for Great Britain), will give a grand Military Gymnastic Display, in the Queen's Hall, on Monday evening, the 16th inst., in conjunction with which we are to give our first exhibition of the new exercises with dumb bells, composed by our director, Mr. H. H. Burdett. All members wishing to take part in the dumb bell exercise and running maze, are requested to be in attendance on Friday evening, the 13th inst., at 8 o'clock, for the final practice, when it is hoped they will be thoroughly conversant with each series.

E. FOREMAN, Hon. Sec.

WE much regret to announce that Mr. Fred Hunter, the genial and energetic secretary of the Gymnasium, has found it necessary to resign office, owing to pressure of business, although he will still continue a leader. Mr. Hunter is well liked by all who come into contact with him, and we are only echoing the sentiments of the members generally of the Cricket Club when we express a hope that he will not also find it imperative to resign the secretaryship of that club also.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL CLUB met the Berger Hall Football Club last Saturday, at the Old Boys' ground, at Wanstead. Result, P.P.O.B., 2 goals; Berger Hall, 1 goal. Team: Baines, goal; Palmer, Langdon, backs; Toyne, Atkinson, Bukett, half-backs; Edmunds, Oughton, McCardle, Burton, White, forwards.

H. BAINES, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Prospective arrangements are as follows:—Saturday, 14th inst., 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, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets, to admit members and friends who are *Students*, can be had of Mr. W. Marshall or

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—On Monday evening the Palace Club was once again well supported by a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen on the occasion of their last swimming entertainment of the season. Chief interest centred in a 90 Yards' Club Handicap, in which some very good swimming was seen, but it was run very close by the Technical School Boys Championship. A High Hat and Umbrella Race, Plate Diving Competition, swimming under water, High Diving Exhibition, swimming by W. H. Furneaux (captain), Alexandra S.C., and W. E. Emmerson, People's Palace S.C. A Duck Hunt and Polo Match between teams of the Finsbury Poly. and People's Palace Club were likewise included on the programme. Mr. H. Ellis was handicapper and starter, whilst the following gentlemen acted as judges: D. A. Low, Esq., H. H. Burdett, Esq., F. C. Cork, Esq., and A. H. Carley, Esq. The pianist, Mrs. M. A. Burton, played pleasing selections during the evening. Brief details:—90 Yards Club Handicap (3 prizes—first, gold medal; second, gold centre; third, silver).—Heat 1: F. Emmerson, 20 sec., 1; T. Simmonds, 15, 2; E. Goodwin, 33, 3. Won by a yard; time, 1 min. 27 sec. Heat 2: Irons, 22 sec., 1; Winter, 20, 2; Bilby, 22, 3. Won by two yards; time, 1 min. 37 sec. Heat 3: Reeves, 13 sec., 1; W. E. Newman, 17, 2; Field, 20, 3. Won by a touch; time, 1 min. 22 sec. Heat 4: Tozer, 19 sec., 1; Caralier, 14, 2; F. J. Horney, 13, 3. Won by a yard and a half; time, 1 min. 26 sec. Heat 5: Crabb, 15 sec., 1; Sanderson, 13, 2; Shafer, 20, 3. Won by three yards; time, 1 min. 24 sec. Heat 6: J. Emmerson, 6 sec., 1; Evans, 20, 2. Won easily; time, 1 min. 20 sec. Heat 7: Green, 19 sec., 1; Gardner, 14, 2. Won by a yard; time, 1 min. 28 sec. Heat 8: Webber, 14 sec., 1; W. Emmerson, 7, 2; Butler, 18, 3. Won by two yards; time, 1 min. 20 sec. Second round: F. Emmerson, 20 sec., 1; F. Tozer, 19, 2. Won on the post; time, 1 min. 26 sec. Heat 2: Crabb, 15 sec., 1; Webber, 14, 2. Won by a yard; time, 1 min. 21 sec. Final Heat: Crabb, 1; Tozer, 2; F. Emmerson, 3; Webber, 0. A splendid race, a yard covering the lot at the finish; dead heat for third place; on swimming off, F. Emmerson won. Time, 1 min. 20 sec. *Technical Boys Championship (sixty yards)*, 3 prizes: Gardner, 1; Robinson, 2; Nai Plaak, 3. Won by two yards; time, 53 sec. *Club High Hat and Umbrella Race*: W. Emmerson, first, prize, umbrella. *Boys High Hat Umbrella Race*: Gardner, 1. *Plate Diving Competition* (two tries), Snare, 9 plates, 1; Field, 8, 2; W. Emmerson, 7, 3. The thanks of the club are due to those gentlemen who kindly acted as judges, and also to Mr. C. E. Osborne, who procured the prizes. At the finish, D. A. Low, Esq., presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

H. ELLIS.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—(Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)—The concert last Saturday was one of the best we have given, and was evidently much appreciated by the audience. We were pleased to see so many in the choir; still it was somewhat disappointing to find that more than 40 members were absent. Surely some of these might have been present if they had cared to come. We give the first part of "Elijah" on Sunday afternoon. We are now practising "Elijah" and "Acis and Galatea," for performance early in the new year. Members are requested to be as regular and punctual as possible in their attendance, so that they may get these works ready in time. Our next "social" will be on Saturday, December 12th; to be entitled to a ticket for that occasion members must attend at least four rehearsals in the next four weeks.

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

I REGRET that at the last moment I have had to hold over the reports of the Day-school Ramblers and the People's Palace Day-school Ramblers.—ED.

Letter to the Editor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—It has often struck me that some institution is wanted to do for the commercial world what the London University does in the matter of higher education and the Science and Art Department in the matter of science, etc. Certainly some certificates whereby men in business could accurately gauge the capabilities of their employes, or of those applying for situations, in such matters as arithmetic, bookkeeping, languages, and shorthand, would be much appreciated. The Society of Arts does something towards this, but their examinations are not in touch with the mass of the people. I think an institution like the People's Palace might either alone, or in conjunction with other similar institutions, inaugurate a series of such examinations.

I give here a rough outline of such a scheme of examinations, and if you think well of the idea you will be able to put this scheme in proper form, and place it before the Palace authorities.

Shorthand.—Pitman's certificates might be accepted in lieu of an exam. in this, and exams. for these certificates should be held at the Palace both for the ordinary and speed certificates.

Arithmetic.—Any questions in ordinary arithmetic, particular value being placed on correct answers to questions in interest, discount, percentages, etc.; also on the thorough knowledge of the metric system, and the conversion of French weights and measures to English equivalents, and *vice versa*.

Writing and Correspondence.—To be able to answer in a suitable manner an ordinary commercial letter. Knowledge of docketing and *précis* writing. Handwriting, spelling, diction, and the time taken in doing the paper, all to be considered.

Languages.—Examinations to be held in French, German, Spanish and Italian. Elementary stage: translation from prepared author. A few simple sentences to be translated into French, etc. Some simple questions in grammar. Advanced stage: write from dictation a paragraph from a French newspaper slowly read once, and then dictated a few words at a time. Translate the paragraph into English. Answer in French an ordinary commercial letter written in that language. Give in English a summary of both letters. Show thorough familiarity with French weights and measures. A short paragraph to be rendered from English into French. Answer more advanced questions in grammar.

You will see these suggested exams. all bear on suitability for employment in an office, and the possession of any one of them would be a great advantage to a person applying for a position as clerk. The scheme, if taken up, should be conducted much on the same lines as the Science and Art Department exams., a small charge sufficient to cover expenses, being made from each candidate.

Yours truly, J. G. COCKBURN.

Life's Afternoon.

As the last touch of the artist
Gives the work its perfect grace,
As the last stroke of the sculptor
Is its crowning loveliness,
As the author's closing sentence
Of with most of beauty glows,
Be thy life, that wondrous poem,
The most beautiful at close!

Library News.

OCTOBER REPORT.

THE Library has been open every day during October; no room, however, has been available on Sundays for Boys under 16.

Seventy-seven volumes have been added, forty of which were presented; amongst the number being sixteen volumes of Dickens' works, from Cedric Chivers, Esq., of Bath.

Thirty-seven volumes were bought to replace old and worn out copies.

The Institution of Civil Engineers has presented two more volumes of Proceedings, and H. J. Galton, Esq., has forwarded some old school books. The new periodical for this month is "Horner's Penny Stories": no periodicals have been withdrawn. There have been twenty-nine names added to the Register.

The Boys' Library has been revised, and now contains 387 volumes, 267 having been issued since September 28th. There has been a tremendous rush for the Students' Lending Library, which does not contain anything like an adequate supply of literature. Fourteen volumes have been transferred from the Library to this branch, which now contains about 600 volumes. Up to the end of October, 385 names were on the books, numbers have been turned away on account of the insufficient supply.

The statistics are as follows for the Library proper:—

CLASSIFICATION OF BOOKS ISSUED.

Fiction	4,382	Medicine and Hygiene	23
Travel, Topography, Geography, etc.	318	Mathematics	51
Technology	280	Athletics, Sports, Games	83
History	185	Theology	75
Science	178	Essays and English Literature	92
Biography	177	Mental and Moral Science	75
Poetry and Drama	92	Foreign and Classics	117
Art and Music	80	General Reference	137
Law	13	Miscellaneous	205
	5,705		858
			5,705
		Total	6,563

The number of admissions in October was 42,980; in October, 1890, 35,151; and October, 1889, 38,265.

Sunday visitors numbered 4,728; in 1890, 3,947; and in 1889, 3,996.

The number of books issued was 6,563; in October, 1890, 5,891; and in 1889, 5,897.

On Sundays (open 3 to 10), 872; in 1890, 749; and in 1889, 919. These figures speak for themselves.

LIBRARIAN.

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

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

How Diamonds are Found.

IT has been somewhat cynically remarked that the wearing of diamonds and other precious stones is merely a survival of the same savage instinct which induces aboriginal tribes to deck themselves with coloured glass beads. Whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the collection of these small shining white stones, almost valueless except for the capricious adornment of youthful beauty which requires no such adventitious aids, or for the illustration of the ugliness of aged hags, is still, strange to say, provocative of more or less interest in most minds. It may, therefore, not be out of place to give a short account of the digging for, sifting, sorting, selling—and I (the I is Lieut.-Col. Henry Knolles, R.A., in *Blackwood* for September) may add stealing these stones, as illustrated by the "De Beers," the principal mine in Kimberley.

EQUIPPED in miner's slops, supplied with a bare candle, and chaperoned by one of the superintendents, I am shot down an ordinary incline to a depth of 700 feet below the surface, whence we further descend another 90 feet by means of slippery perpendicular ladders, leading down piercings just large enough to admit the body. Here we reach a widened level at the very heart of the diamond-bearing earth, which is hot, stifling, and intensely dark. Long low tunnels radiate through a scene of which the principal features are rushing trucks, flickering lights, and shouting workmen, common to all large mining operations, and calling for no special description. Only by degrees do I notice characteristics of detail so strange as to cause these mines to differ from all others. Hundreds of Kafirs are plying pick and shovel, wheeling barrows, and tilting trucks, with a might-and-main earnestness rare amongst natives.

SCANTINESS of clothing was to be anticipated; but in no part of the world, not even in Japan, have I seen a multitude of human beings so perfectly nude, and at the same time so perfectly unabashed as to be suggestive of the unconsciousness of the very beasts of the field. They work in shifts of twelve hours' duration, Sunday being a general rest day, and each native receives about 5s. a day—an enormous sum for these aborigines.

LET us turn our attention from the personal to the material for which thousands of human beings in this district are toiling day and night about 800 feet below ground. The diamondiferous earth, locally termed the "blue," is reached at a varying depth, and is found in a hardened but friable condition. It is detached with comparative ease, and the process of filling trucks, each of which holds 1,600 lb., is carried on unceasingly, on a very large scale, and with the utmost rapidity. The contents are hauled to the top by powerful steam machinery; and if we follow their further destination, the scene changes in sudden and wondrous contrast from dark stifling tunnels to bright sunshiny farms, where the soil is turned up, and watered and harrowed, and vivified by the action of wind and sun, and where the resulting crop is—diamonds. The extensive area so occupied is protected by barbed wire fencing 10 feet high, and is guarded by patrols both by day and by night. The effects of the weather cause the friable lumps to disintegrate still further, the process is aided by alternate harrowing and watering, and in about six months all but the most obdurate fragments, which are left for further treatment varying from three months to a year, are reduced to a size which admits of their being subjected to the washing machines.

THE other three sizes are subjected to a process devised at Kimberley, and absolutely charming through its efficiency, simplicity, and ingenuity. Without illustrations, a complete description of this "pulsator," as it is called, would be impracticable. The name "pulsator" is very appropriately bestowed on a very clever piece of mechanism used in the next stage. Each machine acts with such unerring fidelity that never by any chance is a diamond allowed to loiter in the top rubbish-layer. "Here," said my guide, picking out a tiny white pebble, "is a 1½-carat stone, worth about £2 in its present condition," and he flicked it away as carelessly as though shooting a pea into a pig-tub. "I congratulate your company on its affluence," I remarked with would-be irony, "since it can afford thus to throw £2 into the dirt." "You are mistaken," was the rejoinder; "that diamond will inevitably be brought to light again. To test the accuracy of our working, we are wont constantly to throw marked diamonds into the pulsating-pan, and we never fail to recover them."

ON the assumption—which is generally received as approximately accurate—that the previous processes of

elimination have reduced the original bulk contained in a truck to its one-hundredth part, the proverbial difficulty of finding a needle in a bottle of hay is applicable here, and henceforth the diamond-charged residue is scrutinised almost particle by particle. The seeking or "sorting" house consists of a long hut, with tables so disposed as to be searchingly illuminated by the rays of the sun.

EACH searcher is supplied with a common little tin box, into which he drops his findings. I peer into one of them taken haphazard: it contains about a dozen small stones, representing the results of one man's searching for three or four hours, and is approximately equivalent to the value of £1,600. The monotony of investigation naturally brings about a tendency to become careless; and in order to keep attention on the full stretch, variety is afforded by frequently changing the sorters to different-sized siftings; so that at one spell the prizes to be discovered consist of stones no larger than peppercorns, while at another they are as big as hazel-nuts. The facilities for theft by European workers are obvious, inasmuch as searching of their persons—as in the case of natives, to be hereafter described—is out of the question; and there is no doubt that the company is consequently subjected to heavy losses, which some experts estimate as being as high as 10 per cent.—i.e., £10 worth is stolen out of every £100 worth discovered. Numerous placards forbid visitors to handle the gravel. "How do you know," I inquire, "that I, a perfect stranger to you, have not already secreted two or three diamonds under my tongue or up my sleeve?" "No fear," is the smiling reply; "unknown to yourself, you are being carefully and incessantly watched." And this startling discovery that I am shadowed prompts me to be less ready to trickle handfuls of diamonds through my fingers, and to tuck up my cuffs ostentatiously, to disarm suspicion that I may be exercising a little legerdemain.

AFTER the English sorters have secured the greater part of the contained treasure—have, as it were, picked the plums out of the pudding—the *débris* is passed on to the native convicts for the discovery of the casually remaining currants. They turn the stuff over twice, and their findings are dropped into boxes with padlocked covers. One which I examined contained nine or ten seed-stones, as the result of five or six hours' work; but their total value was reckoned at about £50. The prisoners receive a special money reward in proportion to their success, amounting, so far as I remember, to 1½d. per carat. It is manifest that without some such inducement they would scamp their investigation.

Notwithstanding all the precautions, the blacks occasionally succeed in besting the whites. Some have the knack of stowing a diamond for a few minutes a short distance down the throat, and when the search is over, working it back into the mouth by a muscular movement. I am shown several tin boxes used by the natives for holding the rag or two they may possess, and wherein stones have been most ingeniously concealed behind the metal lining plate or the handle. On one occasion a liberated Kaffir was passing the last outside sentry, swinging a small open flimsy basket, such as children use in England when gathering cowslips. "Let me look at it," said the warder, without any real suspicion, and in the mere vacuity of idleness. The wicker handle was a little loose; it was lightly tacked on to a small slip of wood at the brim, and when pulled aside it was discovered that a neatly concealed cavity had been scooped out, and a valuable diamond deposited therein. Equally ingenious means have been devised for baffling the outside detectives, and for smuggling stones from Kimberley to a remote and safe locality.

A diamond is wrapped in a piece of meat and given to a dog, which is conveyed out of the district and slaughtered, when the stone is removed from the intestines. Sometimes carrier pigeons are utilised; and for a long time the parcel-post was rendered an accomplice, by means of an ordinary book with a hollow cut out of the central pages, wherein the booty was ensconced. The detective department is elaborately and effectually organised, and breaches of the diamond laws are very properly punished with extreme severity, five years' penal servitude on the Government works being a not infrequent sentence. A convict digging at one of the Cape Town forts hid a very valuable diamond, which had escaped discovery when he was apprehended, in a corner of the parapet, as the surest place of concealment. He was unexpectedly transferred temporarily to another work, and on his return found that a large mass of earth had been carted over his *cache*. The diamond had remained unrecovered up to the present day, and the four-gun battery is invested with a halo in consequence of its latent treasure, quite irrespective of its value for annihilating an enemy's ships. Again, no one is allowed to deal in the rough

stones without a special licence: only cut jewels—which exist in very small numbers in Kimberley—are open to free traffic. Were a casual wayfarer to pick up a chance diamond on a waste piece of land, the retention of it or any attempt to sell it would be penal. Yet, as I have already mentioned, the "I.D.B.," as it is called—illicit diamond-buying—is carried on to a serious extent, and I could quote one of the most prominently prosperous individuals in South Africa, who, as is generally admitted, amassed, in former days, a considerable sum by the nefarious traffic, and who is now flourishing in several public capacities, though, according to the rules of justice, he should be behind the bars of a jail. Some years back detectives lighted on a very hotbed of "I.D.B.," but were unable to obtain legal proof. At dead of night some disguised members of the force betook themselves to the thieves' den, and offered for sale a certain number of the precious stones. Only a woman was forthcoming, who handled them, admitted that they were genuine, but professing herself unable to do any business, restored them to the fictitious sellers. The detectives withdrew baffled, but were considerably more baffled the next morning on discovering that the intended victim had so cleverly exercised her sleight of hand as to have substituted her own imitation diamonds for the valuable stones originally tendered.

Do People Live Longer Nowadays?

IN an article entitled "Our Grandfathers Died Too Young," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, Mrs. H. M. Plunkett shows that statistics are not necessarily dry even to women, and that with a woman's treatment they may be made attractive to any one. She completely demolishes the superstition that our ancestors had harder constitutions than we, and that their more healthful mode of living enabled them to attain a riper old age. The statistics which throw the strongest light upon the subject are those of Geneva, Switzerland, where official vital records have been kept ever since the time of John Calvin. In the year 1600 the death-rate there was forty in the thousand. In 1800 it had fallen to twenty-nine in a thousand. The meaning of this is that the average length of life in that city has increased one-third. During this century vital statistics have been kept in other countries, with the result of showing that in no country has the duration of life been lengthened so much as in our own. To a great extent this change for the better has been due to better food supplies, better clothing, warmer houses, and better medical service.

THE discussion is continued in an article by General Emmons Clark on the sanitary history of New York. A generation ago, owing to the great inflow of immigrants, New York houses which had been built for one family were used for several families. Ground rents rose, and every landlord tried to build on nearly every square foot of his own land, regardless of the fact that he was shutting out the light and air to which his neighbours were entitled. When his neighbours pursued the same policy light and air were pretty effectually shut out from the homes of the mass of the people. The public did not become aroused upon the matter until after the outbreak of the Asiatic cholera at the time of the Civil War. Then a Metropolitan Board of Health was organised, which has gradually raised the standard of cleanliness and healthfulness in the homes which landlords must provide and tenants must pay for: the overcrowding of families has been prohibited, the access of light and air to every room has been required, open drains and closets have been closed, the inspection of the plumbing by public officers twice a-year has been imposed, slaughterhouses and stables have been assigned to certain districts, with the obligation that they be conducted in accordance with the sanitary needs of neighbours, and hospitals have been provided for the treatment of contagious diseases. The result of it all is that, while in 1865 one person in thirty died in each year, at the present time only one in forty dies in each year. This means the prevention of over three thousand deaths annually, or the lengthening of the average human life by ten years. It has been accomplished by repudiating the principle that every man should look out for himself, and recognising that the public has both rights and duties. It has been a steady fight against the landlords, who claimed the right to use their property in whatever way they could get the largest rent, and the tenants, who claimed the right to live in whatever way they pleased, no matter what the inconvenience, offence, and danger to their neighbours.

THE progression of evolution is toward the ascendancy of mental life. In the next age instead of saying that the mental is the shadow of the mechanical, it will be the mechanical which is the shadow; the mental will be infinitely the more real.

Woman's Work.

DARNING little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons;
Teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons;
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word
Other's lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
And coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
And healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—
Woman's work.

Letting fall her own tears,
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience;
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work.

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of deep repose,
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek!

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The lips know no smiling,
The noble heart no thrill:
Her couch needs no smoothing,
She craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

Fresh grave in the valley,
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not forget.
Face forever hidden,
Race forever run,
"Dust to dust," a voice saith,
And woman's work is done.

It is reported that the astronomers at the Lick Observatory, who have at their disposal the largest telescope in the world, have detected certain appearances on the moon's surface which have never been seen before. A luminous spot, for example, which appears on one of the lunar mountains, has an exact resemblance to snow; yet the orb has always been regarded as a dead world without atmosphere, and snow would, under such conditions, be impossible.

A Land of Love.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

"Well, I don't know about that," returned the doctor. "That's a question of first principles, and would admit of a good deal of debate. But there's one thing I do know, surely; and that is, if we don't start right away, we'll be late for the play."

Ormizon looked at his watch.

"By Jove," he ejaculated, "that's a fact. Well, I declare, how the time has flown!"

They hurriedly wound up their dinner, and left the restaurant. Outside, they took a cab. Ormizon helped in the ladies, and was then about to establish himself upon the little narrow front seat, facing them, when Dr. Gluck protested:

"No, no, now. We're not going to let you sit cramped up over there. It isn't at all necessary. There's lots of room here between us. Isn't there Denise?"

"Oh, yes; lots," concurred Denise.

"Oh, I can't think of crowding you ladies," he rejoined. "I shall be perfectly comfortable here,—on the strapentin."

"But you *won't* crowd us. Just *look*," cried the doctor, edging over toward one side, while Denise drew in toward the other. "Don't you see? There are oceans of room here. And we *should* feel so uneasy to see you all doubled up over there. Shouldn't we Denise? Come; do be nice, now, and do what we ask."

So he sandwiched himself in between the ladies, and throughout the drive enjoyed the blissful consciousness of Denise's arm touching his own.

They reached the theatre just as the curtain was going up. Denise and Dr. Gluck sat forward in the baignoire, and concentrated their attention upon the stage. He sat behind them, in the dark, and concentrated his attention upon Denise. It was a keen delight, thus, without let or hindrance, to be permitted to feast his eyes upon her. Far more interesting than the comedy in progress beyond the footlights he found the play of expression visible in her face and person. Now she would bend eagerly forward, lips parted, breath bated, eyes wide open, intent upon some decisive episode, anxiously watching for its dénouement; then she would lean back in her chair, and draw a deep sigh of relief, or smile at the humour or laugh at the absurdity of it, turning to the doctor for sympathy in her emotion. The bêtises of *Monsieur Perrichon* afforded her infinite amusement; but she took the sentimental business very seriously, following the devious course of the love-affair with rapt attention, and now and then allowing to escape her a soft little "Mon dieu!" or "Bon!" When the curtain dropped upon the first act, she clapped her hands with much enthusiasm; after which she turned around to Ormizon, and gave utterance to all her accumulated enjoyment in an impulsive little monosyllable: "Oh!"

During the interlude they walked about the foyer; and for the first time in his life he experienced the delicious sensation of having Denise lean upon his arm.

When the play was over, and they left the theatre, he, of course, was for taking a cab home. But the doctor would not hear of it.

"It was all right to take a cab coming," she explained, "because we were in a hurry. But we're not in the slightest hurry now; and the omnibus is plenty good enough. Isn't it, Denise?"

"Plenty," Denise responded.

So with the omnibus he had to put up. In the end he was not sorry; for it fell out that he and Denise sat side by side, with the doctor opposite; and thus, as the roar of the wheels drowned their voices to third persons, he and she were enabled to indulge in the following confidential conversation:

"I have had *such* a good time, Mr. Ormizon."

"Have you, really? I'm very glad. So have I."

Now, this may not seem like very much of a conversation to the reader; but it set our hero's heart into a wondrous flutter. For Denise employed a low, intimate, earnest tone of voice; and besides, in speaking, she brought her lips pretty close to his ear; and—oh, joy!—for an instant he felt her warm, soft breath upon his cheek!

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the morning after *Monsieur Perrichon*, Stephen Ormizon wrote a long letter to his mother. Certain paragraphs toward the end of it read as follows:

"And now, my dearest mother, I have something to tell you, which is of very grave importance. It is something which, I feel, I ought to tell you, yet which, I am afraid, you will not like. Yes, I am afraid it will give you great pain. In fact, I

know it will. But I think it would be wrong for me to conceal it from you, nevertheless. I think I owe a frank confession of it both to you and to myself. Much as it will displease you, I am sure that in the long run both you and I would suffer more if I should fail to make a clean breast of it at once. So now I will try to state the whole business to you as clearly as I can. In advance, I beg of you to give me a fair hearing. Read what I have to say through. Don't get angry, and throw it aside, or tear it up.

"Well, then, this Mademoiselle Personette whom I have told you so much about—whom I have described to you as so good, so intelligent, so beautiful—and who lives with our friend Dr. Gluck in the Rue Soufflot—well, in the few days of our acquaintance I have grown to love her with all my heart and soul. Don't for an instant, mother, don't imagine that my feeling for her is any mere passing caprice or fancy, which I shall get over. You would only be uselessly deceiving yourself. You may as well make up your mind right away to this: my love for Mademoiselle Personette is the serious love of a man for the woman in whom he discerns exactly those qualities which, he knows, his own nature will need in his wife. I love her so much that I would be willing to give up everything else in the world, to the end of winning her; so much that, if I fail in winning her, life will have lost all its value and charm for me, and I would be glad to die. Whether she cares anything for me or not; whether there is the least likelihood that she ever will care anything for me; of course I do not know. Sometimes I very much fear that she doesn't, and never will. At other times I am more hopeful. Anyhow, it doesn't matter one way or the other for the purposes of this letter. The point I wish to speak with you now about is this.

"Before I left New York last October, you told me—what, of course, I had as good as known for years—that it was the one paramount desire of your heart that I should marry Fanny—as soon as I got ready to settle down and marry any one at all. You said that Fanny, on her side, had agreed to have me; and you asked me to promise to do in this matter as you wished. In my unwisdom—for, if I had been less unwise, I should have answered very differently—in my unwisdom, not in the least realizing the meaning of what I did, not stopping to appreciate the gravity of the obligation which I undertook, I answered that, although I did not *love* Fanny at all, I did love you, and would therefore, for your sake, promise to make her my wife. I might have gone further, and said that, so far from loving her, I did not even like her; I did not even believe in her; that, with her assertive piety and self-righteousness, she was even positively obnoxious to me. But I knew that this would grieve you; I could not see that it would do any good, so I held my tongue. On the understanding, then, that I would consider myself betrothed to Fanny, I left you and came abroad.

"Well, as I say, if I had been wiser—as wise as I am now—I never should have dreamed of making such a promise. In the first place, I should have foreseen this chance of my some time meeting another woman whom I could really love. In the next place, I should have understood that to marry a woman whom you do not love, is to do not only yourself, but *her*, a great and irreparable wrong; is to bind her and yourself in a monstrous form of slavery, from which there is no escape but death. Altogether apart from the fact that I am in love with another woman, even if I were not in love with anybody, leaving myself out of the equation entirely, in the light of my more mature intelligence, I honestly think that it would be a violation of every right principle of morality and of religion for any man, under any circumstances, to enter into the peculiarly holy state of matrimony with a woman whom he did not love, in the full sense of the word love. That is my honest conviction, looking at the question from an absolutely impersonal point of view. Very well; how much more immoral and irreligious would it be for a man to marry one woman, when he actually is in love with another! Then, if the other woman loves him in return, there are her feelings, there is her life-long happiness, to be considered, too. These views which I express this way are commonplaces, platitudes. But the living truth that resides in them I never realized until I found myself in love with Denise. Commonplaces, platitudes, however, though they be, you certainly cannot have realized their truth, or you would never have exacted that promise from me. Even now, I dare say, you will be disinclined to admit their truth. But I will venture to say that if you should put this question before any intelligent, high-minded, unprejudiced man, he would agree with me.

"Well, now, to come back to our own case. I shrink from occasioning you any pain or disappointment; I don't want to be selfish or undutiful; I do want to do that which is really right and just. If I could convince myself that it would be right and just for me to renounce Mademoiselle Personette, and

come home and marry Fanny, much as the sacrifice would cost me, I believe I would do it. But I cannot so convince myself. On the contrary, I am convinced that it is right and just for me to ask you to release me from my engagement with Fanny. I feel that it is right and just to me, to the lady I love, to Fanny, and to you. For I am sure of this: that if, feeling as I do, I should marry Fanny, you also would inevitably have to bear a share of the misery that such an unnatural union would cause; you would have to suffer the consequences of it, along with her and me. Look at the facts—I don't love Fanny, I do love Denise Personette. Fanny does not love me—may very likely in the course of time come to love somebody else. Now, I say, for Fanny and me, under these circumstances, to marry, would entail untold unhappiness upon her, upon myself, upon you, upon everybody that was in any way concerned. And therefore, in all tenderness and respect, I beg of you to write to me saying that you liberate me from my promise, and giving me your consent to woo Denise."

He wrote the letter that contained these paragraphs, upon the spur of an impulse. He sealed it, and committed it to the post, at once—before he had time to consider, to repent. On second thoughts, he did repent. He was sorry that he had not waited awhile longer about making his avowal; sorry that he had not couched that avowal in softer and more persuasive phrases. But he recognized that his repentance was futile; that the thing was done beyond undoing; and so, like a sensible fellow, he shrugged his shoulders; said, well, there was no use crying over spilled milk, and determined to stifle his regret for the past, and his fear of the future, in the delights of the present.

All that day he kept up a debate with himself touching the propriety of his calling upon the ladies of the Rue Soufflot in the evening. He tried hard to convince himself that there was no good reason why he should not yield to his inclination; but obstinately a still, small voice retorted, "No, my dear boy, you mustn't run this thing into the ground. It won't do. You'll wear out your welcome if you don't take care. Besides, you'd—they'd—they'd get a pretty strong suspicion of what the matter is; and, I take it, you don't want to give yourself away yet awhile."

"But," he demanded, "if I don't go there, what shall I do with myself? How shall I pass the time?—forget this craving for the sight of her face? Ah! I have it! I'll call on Lancelot."

So, after his dinner, he made for the Hôtel du St.-Esprit. The landlady was established in an easy chair on the sidewalk near the entrance.

"Bonsoir, Madame. Monsieur Palmer, is he at home?" he began.

"Monsieur Pahmah?" returned the landlady, looking up, with a blank face. "I do not know him, sir."

"Why, it is a young American painter."

"Ah, perfectly! You wish to say, Monsieur Pal-maire. Ah, monsieur, he is gone out, since a half-hour."

He turned away, disappointed.

It was a deliciously tender summer evening. The breeze, warm and soft, bore a faint, sweet, summery smell, and murmured amorously in the listener's ear. The stars shone like a multitude of languishing, passionate eyes. There was distant music in the air. As on that balmy afternoon in the gardens of the Luxembourg, every other young fellow had his Dulcinea clinging to his arm. Just the conditions, meteorological and otherwise, to make a fond heart grow fonder still.

"Oh, hang it," cried Ormizon, "I can't stand this. I'm going to call on her, I don't care what happens."

And he marched resolutely to her house and up her staircase.

Dr. Gluck opened the door.

"Oh, it's you!" she exclaimed. "It's so fortunate you've come. We were just wishing you might."

"Ah," he responded. "It's very kind of you to say so."

"Yes," she continued; "you see Lancelot is here, with a plan. We want you to join us in it."

Denise greeted him with a charming little smile, a warm little hand-shake, and a demure little "Good-evening, Mr. Ormizon."

"How d'ye do? How are you?" inquired Lancelot. "How wags the world with you?"

"First-rate, thanks. And now, the plan?"

"Oh, the plan's a simple one," Lancelot informed him. "I was proposing to these ladies that we make up a party and spend next Sunday in the Bois de Meudon. That's all."

"That we go out by an early morning train, and come back in the evening," added the doctor.

"That we get our breakfast and our dinner there *al fresco*," Denise concluded.

"Well, now, what's your opinion of it?" Lancelot demanded.

"It's a capital idea," Ormizon affirmed. "Only, I would offer this slight amendment. On Sunday there's always a crowd at Meudon—students, shopkeepers, and such like; which would be rather disagreeable. So I suggest that we make it Monday instead of Sunday."

"By George!" cried Lancelot, "right you are. That never occurred to me; but it's pregnant with wisdom. Mr. Ormizon, you are the possessor of a remarkable brain. There's a large preponderance of grey matter, and the convolutions are deep."

"Thank you for your kind appreciation," said Ormizon.

"Oh, how droll!" exclaimed Denise.

And she and the doctor went off in one of their explosions of laughter.

"Well, then, Monday it shall be—eh?" asked Lancelot.

"We'll meet at the railway station on Monday at nine o'clock."

"Yes," they all assented.

After which, for an hour or so, there was general and desultory conversation.

Finally, "I don't believe you ladies know what a fine night it is," Ormizon observed. "It's a pity to spend it indoors. Let's go out and have an ice on the boulevard."

His suggestion was adopted; and the ladies withdrew to put on their bonnets.

Lancelot took advantage of their absence to remark, confidentially, "Say, Ormizon, I hope you won't be offended; but I guess I'll let you and the women folks go for those ices alone. I guess I'll bid you good-night when we reach the street."

"Why, what an idea! Why should you do that?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't believe I've got money enough on me to pay my share."

"But, man alive, this is my treat. I invite the whole crowd. You can't possibly object to that—just for once. And we'd all feel dreadfully to have you desert us. You'd break up the party."

"Well, I hope you won't think me a sponger, a dead beat."

"Oh, nonsense! It would be a pity if you couldn't ever accept an invitation."

"Well, it's against my principles. But, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, we won't count it this time, hey?"

The doctor and Denise came back.

They walked round to a *pâtisseries* on the Rue de Vaugirard, opposite the Luxembourg. Of course they paired off; Lancelot giving his arm to the doctor, and Ormizon his to Denise.

On the way, in a low and tender voice, "Isn't it a lovely night, mademoiselle?" he inquired.

"Oh, delicious," she replied, "heavenly!—'La brise est douce et parfumée,'—humming softly the air from 'Mireille.'"

"I don't know," he went on, with the intonation of one making a broad and important generalisation, "I don't know that I have ever seen quite so pleasant an evening before."

"I," she said, reflectively, "I have never seen one that was more pleasant."

"There is a peculiar softness in the air."

"Yes; and, while it is warm enough, it is not a bit too warm."

"No; the temperature seems to be about right. I hope this fine weather is going to last."

"Oh, I hope so. What a pity if it should rain on Monday!"

"Oh, horrible! Perish the thought!"

"Of course one cannot foresee. The weather is so capricious. It may do so."

"Certainly. Still, we—"

"What are you young folks conspiring about now?" broke in the voice of the doctor, from behind. "You have the appearance of deep and awful mystery. Come, Lancelot and I are dying of curiosity."

Thereupon, for the first time, it occurred to Ormizon that they had been talking about the weather. After all, when we are conversing with our lady-love, it isn't the *matter* of our discourse that counts.

Arrived at the *pâtisseries*, they installed themselves at a table on the sidewalk, where they could get the full benefit of the fresh, racy odours that came from the gardens across the way. Here they sat, consuming ices, and exchanging pleasantries, till about eleven o'clock. When they started for home, they paired off again. But this time there was some grave mismanagement; for Ormizon discovered that Lancelot and Denise were walking together in front while he, with the doctor on his arm, brought up the rear.

"Don't you like Lancelot?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, yes; he's a very nice fellow," he replied, absently.

"So original; isn't he?"

"Yes, very."

(To be continued.)

The True Story of "Home, Sweet Home."

ANOTHER MYTH EXPLODED.

IT has, for many years, been customary to speak of Payne as a homeless wanderer, who knew nothing of the joys of home and the love of kindred; yet the popular opinion relative to this matter has no foundation in truth. He was no more homeless than any other bachelor who lives in lodgings, or any foreign ambassador whose official duties compel him to reside in a house provided by the nation for his use. He was ardently loved by his brothers and sisters, and always welcome to share their home; but he preferred to live alone, or where he could pursue his literary avocations in the solitude of his own apartments. He was often urged by his relatives to join their home, and, in fact, did live with his brother, Thatcher Payne, for many years after his return from his nineteen years' residence abroad.

To many who make literature their profession, and who live much of the time in an ideal world of their own creation, there come periods of discouragement and privation; and such, undoubtedly, was sometimes the fate of Mr. Payne; but he generally lived well, and in a way that was satisfactory to himself. During the first years of his residence abroad he realised large sums of money from his dramatic performances; and, when he abandoned the stage as an actor, he found his pen a source of liberal income. At this period of his life, he lived not only comfortably, but often luxuriously, and numbered among his intimate friends and associates some of the most distinguished authors, actors, and artists of the time.

Many of the stories current concerning the straits in which he sometimes found himself in consequence of his impecuniosity are purely fictitious, having been invented by that class of sensational writers who rely upon their imagination for incidents which they relate as absolute facts. Of course it is poetical to write of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," as a "homeless wanderer;" which he never was, except of his own free will, and by his own act.

His natural instincts were nomadic, and he was never so happy as when travelling in his native land or in Europe. This taste for travel began with his early career as an actor, and the habit then formed clung to him through life.

He knew but little concerning the value of money, save as a means of supplying his immediate wants and of gratifying his refined literary and æsthetic tastes. Instead of saving a portion of his earnings, he would spend them lavishly in elegant living, in entertaining his associates, and in the purchase of books, pictures, and fancy articles for himself or for presentation to his friends.

As a natural result of his want of thrift he was sometimes in straitened circumstances, and obliged to appeal to his family or friends for money to relieve the necessities to which his extravagance had reduced him; and to such appeals there was always a ready response.

Of the writing of "Sweet Home" and the circumstances of its first production, Mr. Brainard gives the following account in *The New England Magazine* for November:—

"In the early part of the year 1823, Charles Kemble, who had assumed the management of the Covent-garden Theatre in London, wrote to Payne for some new pieces to be produced at that theatre. Payne accordingly sold him three manuscript plays, which he had written several months before, for the sum of £250. One of these plays was 'Clari, the Maid of Milan,' into which he had introduced the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which was written in Paris on a dull October day, when he was occupying a small lodging-room in the upper story of a building near the Palais Royal. To use his own words, as addressed to a friend, the depressing influences of the sky and air were in harmony with the feeling of solitude and sadness which oppressed his soul. As he sat in his room, diverting his thoughts with the sight of the happy crowds promenading the streets below him, the words came rushing into his mind, to lift, console, and refresh his overburdened heart. It was under these influences that he wrote the song which has touched responsive chords in the heart of the world, and immortalised the name of its author."

"The following are the words of the song as originally written:—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there

(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere,

There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair!

"An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lonely thatched cottage again!
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call—
Those who named me with pride—
Those who played by my side—
Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palaces through which I roam,
Only swell my heart's anguish—There's no place like home!"

"Payne afterwards re-wrote the song, the music for which was composed by Henry R. Bishop.

"The following is a correct version of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as arranged for the opera, having been copied from the author's own manuscript:—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!
Home, home, sweet, sweet Home,
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

"An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!—
—The birds singing gayly that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

"Clari" was produced at the Covent Garden Theatre about the middle of May, 1823, and met with a degree of success which was quite as surprising to the manager as it was flattering to the author. The part of "Clari" was enacted by Miss Maria Tree (a sister of Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean), by whom the song was sung for the first time. To the beautiful face and figure of Miss Tree was super-added the charm of a most melodious voice, which rendered her on this occasion so fascinating that she won the heart and hand of a wealthy merchant of London. The piece had what is called in theatrical parlance, 'a great run,' and for many consecutive nights filled the theatre to overflowing. The words and music of the song were so popular, that more than one hundred thousand copies were sold by the publishers within one year after its publication; but Payne was not permitted to share in the great success which followed the enterprise of the manager and publisher, as he was cheated out of the twenty-five pounds which he was promised on the twentieth night of the performance of his successful play, and his name did not appear on the title-page of the song, from the sales of which the publisher realised a small fortune.

"The air of 'Home, Sweet Home' was taken from an old Sicilian vesper, and adapted to the song by Bishop. The popular story that Payne caught it by marking down the notes he heard a Swiss peasant-girl sing, is simply a pleasant fiction, having not the slightest foundation in fact; as his varied gifts and acquirements did not include a knowledge of music, of which science he was profoundly ignorant. He had not the slightest musical taste, and could not tell one note from another."

Prevention Better than Cure.

THERE have been published within the last few years numerous alleged cures for consumption, and the last one—Koch's tuberculosis remedy—has given rise to an immense amount of controversy. But prevention is always better than cure, and those who, unfortunately, feel an active interest in the subject, either on their own account or because of some near one, will do well to study the remarks of Mr. G. W. Humbleton at the recent meeting of the British Association. This gentleman pointed out that this disease of civilised life was produced by causes which tendered to reduce the breathing capacity below a certain level. To avoid it, the work which the individual had to perform should be carried on under conditions favourable to the body. Every effort should be made to develop the lungs, both by athletics and active exercise in the open air. Occupations which involved stooping and cramped positions should be avoided, and corsets and tightly-fitting garments discarded. Close and badly-ventilated rooms, especially sleeping apartments, are pronounced against; wool should be worn next the skin; the body should be held erect; and deep inspirations in breathing should be taken through the nose. This is valuable advice; but it is difficult to persuade others to avail themselves of it. Among many classes, the fresh air of heaven is too often shut out as if it were a dangerous poison.

On the Care of the Hands.

No one need ever be ashamed of having pretty, soft, white hands. Some people have an idea that they are a disgrace, being a sign that the individual who owns them is a useless member of society, shirking all the hard work of the world, and selfishly leaving the disagreeables of life to be taken up by others. It is not so, however. Some of the most useful and capable hands in England at the present moment are soft and white. It is quite possible for hands to do a good deal of hard work and yet be well kept and far from displeasing. The fact is that the condition of the hands depends quite as much upon their being properly cared for as upon the sort of work they do. "Who sweeps a floor," and goes about it in the right way, may make it properly clean, even though her hands are agreeable to touch and pleasant to kiss; and the said hands will not be permanently injured by the task, if only the sweeper will be at least as careful of them as she is of the carpet.

It is a proof that the bestowal upon them of a little pains does much to preserve hands in good condition, that there is a difference in the hands of men who tend furnaces in iron foundries. Perhaps there is no work of which we have any knowledge that is more likely to leave its mark than is this. The coal-dust filling the pores of the skin produces griminess and discoloration, not easily eradicated. Yet those who know say that the workmen who, when washing their hands after working, rub a little oil or glycerine into them while doing so, and dry them thoroughly and carefully, have hands much softer and less "horny" than have those who take no precautions of the sort. If individuals who are thus unfavourably situated can improve their hands, surely ordinary folks might be encouraged to try what they can accomplish in the same direction.

Nor need reasonable and effectual care of the hands occupy an undue amount of time. There are people, of course, who think too much of this business. The "manicure" in these days is quite a professional, and fashionable ladies will devote much money and many hours each week to the care of the hands, hours which ought to be more profitably employed. These experts have ivory instruments to push back the skin which adheres to the nails and hides the white crescent. They have leather and a powder wherewith to polish the nails, and files for sharpening and rounding them. They produce excellent results, without doubt. A hand scientifically cared for is often very beautiful; yet busy people would say that this particular whistle costs rather too much. Much simpler methods would satisfy busy persons, and for these only a few suggestions may here be given.

The first point requiring attention for the care of the hands is that they should not be allowed to remain dirty. Many avoid washing their hands frequently because they think washing makes the skin rough. Unnecessary washing certainly is not desirable; but if the hands are washed in tepid, not hot, water, dried perfectly with a soft cloth after washing, then dusted lightly with violet powder, they would be injured less than would be case if they were left dirty. It is an excellent plan to wear gloves when possible during work. They save friction very much; and, if the tips of the fingers are cut off, they do not impede progress. Vigorous workers often have a great scorn for workers in gloves, and quote against them the proverb that "a cat in gloves catches no mice." The scorn is misplaced; a hand is not rendered less capable by being guarded from injury.

An efficacious way of making hands soft is to rub them with glycerine while they are wet, after washing with warm water and soap. Glycerine, it should be remembered, is a valuable toilet accessory. There are very few hands so hard that they will not be rendered soft by rubbing glycerine in regularly every night for ten or twelve nights. When this is done, gloves must be worn, to prevent the bed-linen being made greasy. Some people find glycerine too heating; they say it makes the skin smart, and find it very irritating. Under these circumstances, oatmeal may be employed instead. Oatmeal will not answer quite so well as glycerine, but it will be very helpful. A writer in one of the medical journals, speaking on this subject not long ago, said: "The best preparation for the hands at night is white-of-egg with a grain of alum dissolved in it. Quacks have a fancy name for this; but all can make it, and spread it over their hands, and the work is done. The Roman Toilet Paste made by quacks is merely white of egg, barley-flour, and honey. They say this was used by the Romans in the olden time. Anyhow, it is a first-rate thing; yet it is sticky, and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time, and all the tools needed are a nail-brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and sand or lemon for

the stains. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands in, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the hands clean and soft."

Next in importance to the softness of the hand is its whiteness. Glycerine, it should be understood, is valuable for softening the skin; it does not affect the colour; and it is much easier to make a hand soft than it is to make it white. Red hands are generally caused by imperfect circulation, and young girls frequently have red hands on this account. In order to make the hands white, therefore, the aim should be to improve the general health, to keep the extremities warm, and to avoid exposure. To let the hands get sun-ties warm, and to avoid exposure. For some days after the actual burn has died away, the hands which have been affected thereby retain a sort of dirty brown, which is not beautiful. To keep the hands white, therefore, gloves should not be worn in the open air; and, according to Dr. Buck, silk and woollen gloves are less valuable as a protection than kid. Yet even kid gloves do more harm than good if worn too tight.

An authority recently declared that to whiten and soften the hands, the following treatment is the best that can be recommended. Wash in tepid water always, and with a powder puff apply fine oatmeal. After washing, dry and rub the hands briskly. Use rather warmer water at night, and use a nail-brush all over the hands. When dry, apply almond paste, and sleep in easy-fitting gloves. To make the almond paste, take two ounces each of sweet and bitter almonds; pound in a mortar to a paste; mix with half an ounce of Windsor soap cut into fine shreds; add two drachms of spermaceti, half an ounce of oil of almonds, and twelve drops of oil of bergamot. Heat gently; add the essential oils last, and stir till cool.

The state of the nails has a great deal to do with the beauty of the hands. To cut nails with scissors thickens them. They should be filed, rounding them off at either side to follow the line of the finger and making them level with the edge of the fingers. If shorter than this, they would be ugly. It goes without saying that they should be kept scrupulously clean. Every morning after washing, and while the skin is still soft, the cuticle at the base and side of the nail should be pressed back gently with the hem of a soft towel. Rough treatment of this part of the skin will produce the disagreeable "hang-nails" which are a great annoyance when they occur. There are people who bite their nails. Those who have not patience to conquer the habit will not care to adopt the means necessary for making their hands pretty.

Chilblains on the hands, like redness of the hands and "chaps" are the sign of imperfect circulation. If the whole body, and especially the hands, could be kept uniformly warm, chilblains would disappear; and the best way to cure them is to prevent them. The difficulty is that in cold weather the hands and feet, the parts chiefly affected by chilblains, are the parts most likely to be cold. The *Family Physician* says: "Sufferers from chilblains should have plenty of good warm under-clothing, and should not be afraid of wearing good big gloves lined with wool. Tight kid gloves are an abomination. They may be pretty to look at, and no one can help admiring a nice little hand; but they prevent the free circulation of the blood and make the fingers horribly cold. There is another thing: do not wear elastic bracelets or tight garters. If you want to get rid of your chilblains you must take plenty of outdoor exercise."

There are many so-called cures for chilblains. One of the best is sulphur ointment, rubbed in two or three times a day, a glove being worn over the hand meanwhile. Another excellent remedy is made by thoroughly mixing equal quantities of capsicum lotion—made by soaking capsicum pods in spirits of wine—and dissolved gum, then painting the lotion upon tissue-paper two or three times. The paper may be used as court plaster.

Warts on the hands are very ugly excrescences, and there are as many remedies for them as there are for chilblains. One of the easiest of applications is strong acetic acid, to be dropped on gently with a little tube until the wart is almost saturated with it. The treatment is to be repeated for two or three days. Care must be taken to preserve the skin surrounding the wart from being touched with the acid, or it might be burnt. Many try to burn away warts with lunar caustic. After being thus treated the warts generally reappear.

THE privilege of being a young man is a great one, and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man in middle life is still greater.

TRUE love is sweeter and higher than the brightest talents; and when its pure and elevated influence refines the latter, they shine with a fairer lustre than ever.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(10th Concert, 4th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

... .. Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Grand Performance (with Orchestral Accompaniment), by the Association of Tonic Sol-fa Choirs, of SCHUBERT'S "SONG OF MIRIAM,"

And a SELECTION OF CHORUSES, PART SONGS, Etc., being the Programme of the Evening Concert of the Tonic Sol-fa Jubilee Fête at the Crystal Palace on 18th July last.

SOLOISTS—Miss AMY B. DEVONSHIRE (Soprano).

Mr. CHARLES H. SIEBERT (Bass).

Miss GWYNNE KIMPTON, G.S.M. (Violin).

PIANIST—Mrs. W. G. McNAUGHT.

ORGANIST—Mr. H. E. ELLINGFORD.

CONDUCTOR—Mr. W. G. McNAUGHT, A.R.A.M.

PART I.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM Schubert

Strike your timbrels, Hebrew maidens,
Miriam bids upraise the lay;
Mighty is the Lord at all times,
Mightier hail we Him to day.Out of Egypt, as a shepherd
Guards his flock and shows the way,
Thou hast led Thy chosen people,
Fire by night and cloud by day.Shepherd, Thou hast led us onward,
Strong Thine arm and keen Thine eye;
At Thy word the sea obedient
Parts and leaves a pathway dry.At Thy blast the floods congealing,
Stand upright as crystal walls;
Through the sea's heart pass we dryshod,
Trusting in Thy voice which calls.As we pass the sky grows darker,
Voices shout, "We will pursue;"
Armour gleaming, trumpets clanging,Pharaoh's host bursts on the view,
Lord of Hosts, this hour we perish;
Help us, Lord, our rock prove true.Voices shout, still pressing onward,
"We will pursue and overtake;"
But hark! what sighings, wailings, moanings, cursings
Hark! the storm!'Tis the Lord in all His fury,
Headlong rush the pent-up waves.
Pharaoh's chariots, horse and rider,
Mighty waters overwhelm them,
Fearfulness and dread upon them fall,
By darkness and horror are they smitten.
Drowned the captains and drowned the host.Egypt's king! Egypt's king!
As lead sinks he down
Beneath the mighty flood.
Earth hath swallowed all!
God no more her tide restraining,
All her shores the sea regaining,
Ne'er restoreth king or slave,
Her sad waste at once both shroud and grave.
Strike your timbrels, etc.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.—MISCELLANEOUS.

1. SONG "The Skipper" Jude
Mr. CHARLES H. SIEBERT.A skipper am I, no danger can my ardent spirit daunt,
As I guide my craft o'er the deep blue sea no fears my con-
science haunt.
Tho' storms arise and rend the skies, what matters it to me?
My life is as free as the wind that blows, for my home is on
the sea.

Yo ho! yo ho!

Then give me a right good craft and crew and I'll contented
be,
For there's no tack in the whole wide world like a life on
the rolling sea.But tho' I love to brave the storm, my heart with joy will
beat
When, from the deck, I see the land where Poll and I will
meet;
She is just the lass for a sailor's wife, and faithful as
can be,
For, come what may, she'll ne'er betray her skipper on the
sea.

Yo ho! yo ho!

Then give me, etc.

2. OVERTURE "Le Philtre" Auber
THE BAND.

3. CHORUS "The Spirit of Song" A. L. Cowley, F.T.S.C.

Prize Jubilee Ode. Words (by W. H. HADLEY) and music specially composed in commemoration of the Tonic Sol-fa Jubilee, 1891.

Lift high your voices clear and strong,
In one triumphant strain;
It is the jubilee of song,
For ever be her reign!
No more alone in hall and tower,
She dwells in pride and state,
Her throne within a golden bower,
Among the high and great.
But here with us full many a year
She's held her sway divine,
And teeming millions hold her dear,
And worship at her shrine.

Hark! hark! Listen to the music
Floating sweetly, light and low,
'Tis the song of happy children,
As they wander to and fro;
And there is no sweeter music
Ever falleth on the ear,
Than the voices of the children,
Singing ever bright and clear.
Sing on, ye children, blithe and gay,
May song be with you every day.

Hark! another sound comes stealing!
'Tis the rippling cheerful song
Of young men and maidens singing,
As they wend their way along.
And a pleasant sound it is withal
To hear their voices ring,
In the lanes and o'er the meadows,
In the fairy time of spring!
Sing on, sing on, ye comrades fair,
And song be with you everywhere.

But, lo, what mighty sound is this
That mounteth to the sky,
Growing ever strong and stronger,
Like an organ pealing high?
'Tis the music of the million,
In their glory and their prime,
As they sing a song triumphant,
That shall only end with time.
Sing on, sing on, from shore to shore!
Song shall be with us evermore.
Rejoice, rejoice!
Song shall be with us evermore.

4. PART SONG ... "The Song to Pan" ... Pinsuti

Let us raise a song to Pan,
To Pan our homage yield,
He the lord of every man
Who loves the wood, the field;
The shepherds far and near
Bring flocks before the shrine,
And the hunter brings the deer
For the holocaust divine.
Come, a song, a song to Pan!
To Pan our homage yield,
Ere the sun his race has ran
O'er the greenwood o'er the field
With a voice that bids rejoice.
Come, a song, a song to Pan!

Let us raise a song to Pan,
And bring the blossoms sweet,
Now the festal day's began,
And sylvan life's complete;
Bring golden daffodil,
Rose, queen of all among,

While the votive hymn to fill,
Hark, the wild bird's rapture song!
Come, a song, a song to Pan,
To Pan our homage yield,
Ere the sun his race has ran
O'er the greenwood, o'er the field,
With a voice that bids rejoice,
Wake the song, the song to Pan.

5. SONG ... "The Kerry Dance" ... Molloy
Miss AMY B. DEVONSHIRE.

O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper's tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon!
When the boys began to gather
In the glen, of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning
Made us long with wild delight:
O to think of it, O to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears!
O the days, etc.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen
In the dance than Eily More?
Or a prouder lad than Thady,
As he boldly took the floor!
"Lads and lasses, to your places,
Up the middle and down again!"
Ah, the merry-hearted laughter
Ringing through the happy glen!
O to think of it, etc.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,
And one by one the merry hearts are fled;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,
Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again!

Only dreaming of days gone by,
In my heart I hear,
Loving voices of old companions,
Stealing out of the past once more,
And the sound of the dear old music,
Soft and sweet as in days of yore:
When the boys began to gather,
In the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper's tuning,
Made us long with wild delight!
O to think of it, etc.

6. CHORUS ... "By Babylon's Wave" ... Gounod
(Psalm CXXXVII.)

Here by Babylon's wave,
Though heathen hands have bound us,
Though afar from our land,
The pains of death surround us;
Sion, thy memory still
In our hearts we are keeping,
And still we turn to thee,
Our eyes all sad with weeping!
Through our harps that we hung on the trees
Goes the low wind wearily moaning;
Mingles the sad note of the breeze
With voice as sad of sigh and groaning.
When mad with wine our foe rejoices,
When unto their altars they throng,
Loud for mirth, then they call,
"A song! a song of Sion, sing, lift up your voices!"

O Lord, though the victor command
Our captivity sad and lowly,
How shall we raise Thy song so holy,
That we sung in our fatherland!

Jerusalem, if we forget thee,
Let our hands remember not their power,
And our tongues be silent from that hour.

Woe unto thee, Babylon, mighty city,
For the day of thy fall is nigh!
For thee no hope, for thee no pity,
Though loud thy wail riseth on high.
Then shalt thou, desolate, forsaken,
Be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones;
In that day shall thy babes be taken
And dashed against the stones!
Then unto thee, O Babylon, the mighty, be woe!

7. VIOLIN SOLO { (a) Nocturne... } Chopin
{ (b) Finale. E minor concerto } F. David
Miss GWYNNE KIMPTON, G.S.M.8. PART SONG { "The Lass of } James Hook and
{ Richmond Hill" } Henry Leslie

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love,
This lass so neat, etc.

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls the nymph his own;
Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This lass so neat, etc.

9. CHORAL MARCH { "Forward Gaily } S. McBurney,
{ Together" } Mus. D., F.T.S.C.

Forward gaily together,
Let us hail the festive day;
Nature smiling around us
Bids us cast dull care away.
Friends are waiting before us,
With a welcome soon to be ours,
And our hearts are light as our footsteps
Treading quickly o'er the flowers.
Bright the sun is shining
Upon our pathway and on our future,
While joy each heart entwining
Leads us forth to brighter hours.
Hope each bosom filling
With happy prospects so pure and thrilling,
All anxious fear dispelling,
As she garlands us with flowers.
Forward gaily together, etc.
Then haste away,
Then haste to greet the joyous hours.

Happy homesteads surround us,
In peaceful verdure arrayed,
Beauty beams in the sunshine
That bedecks each verdant blade.
Gladly nature rejoices
In the brightness born of the day,
And a thousand cheerful voices
Give a welcome on our way.
Fields around are lying,
With one another in beauty vying,

The gently zephyr, sighing,
Its scented fragrance brings:
Peace our path surrounding,
In wealth of Nature and life abounding,
With happy voices sounding,
As loud our chorus rings.
Happy homesteads, etc.

S. McBurney, Mus. Doc.

10. SONG ... "Off to Philadelphia" Battison Haynes
MR. CHARLES H. SIEBERT.

My name is Paddy Leary, from a shpot called Ti erary,
The hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in,
But before the break of morn, faith! 'tis they'll be all forlorn,
For I'm off to Philadelphia in the mornin'.

Wid my bundle on my shoulder,
Faith! there's no man could be boulder,
I'm lavin' dear ould Ireland widout warnin',
For I've lately took the notion
For to cross the briny ocean,
And I start for Philadelphia in the mornin'.

There's a girl called Kate Malone, whom I'd hoped to call
my own,
And to see my little cabin floor adornin',
But my heart is sad and weary, how can she be Missis
Leary
If I start for Philadelphia in the mornin'?
Wid my bundle, etc.

When they told me I must lave the place I tried to keep a
cheerful face,
For to show my heart's deep sorrow I was scornin',
But my tears will surely blind me, for the friends I lave
behind me,
When I start for Philadelphia in the mornin'.

But tho' my bundle's on my shoulder,
And there's no man could be boulder,
Tho' I'm lavin' now the shpot that I was born in,
Yet some day I'll take the notion
To come back across the ocean,
To my home in dear ould Ireland in the mornin'.

11. MADRIGAL { "In going to my } R. Edwards, 1560
{ lonely bed" }

In going to my lonely bed,
As one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child,
That long had moaned and wept.
She sighed sore and sang full sweet,
To lull the babe to rest
That would not cease, but cried still
Upon its mother's breast.

She was full weary of her watch
And grieved with her child!
She rocked it and rated it,
Till that on her it smiled.
Then did she say, Now have I found
This proverb true to prove,
"The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love."

12. CHORAL MARCH { "Hail, bright } ... Wagner
{ Tannhäuser } { abode" }

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!

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

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 15th, 1891. To commence at 3.30.

3.30 P.M.—THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA. Mendelssohn's Oratorio "ELIJAH," Part I.
SOLOISTS:—Soprano (the Widow)—MISS ADA PATTERSON. Contralto (Angel)—MRS. GRAHAME COLES (by kind permission of R. D'OVLY CARTE). Tenor (Obadiah)—MR. CHARLES ELLISON. Bass (Elijah)—MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE. Conductors—MR. ORTON BRADLEY and MR. W. R. CAVE. Organist—MR. B. JACKSON. F.C.O.

PART I.
INTRODUCTION.—(BASS.)
Elijah.—As God the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.

OVERTURE.
No. 1.—CHORUS.
The People.—Help, Lord! Wilt thou quite destroy us? The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone, and yet no power cometh to help us? Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion?

RECITATIVE CHORUS.
The deeps afford no water; and the rivers are exhausted! The suckling's tongue now cleaveth for thirst to his mouth: the infant children ask for bread, and there is no one breaketh it to feed them!

No. 2.—DUET, WITH CHORUS.
MISS MAUD CARTER AND MISS ANNIE WADE.
The People.—Lord, bow Thine ear to our prayer!

No. 3.—RECITATIVE.—(TENOR.)
Obadiah.—Ye people, rend your hearts.

No. 4.—AIR.
Obadiah.—If with all your hearts ye truly seek me.

No. 5.—CHORUS.
The People.—Yet doth the Lord see it not: He mocketh at us; His curse hath fallen down upon us; His wrath will pursue us, till He destroy us!

For He, the Lord our God, is a jealous God; and He visiteth all the father's sins on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him. His mercies on thousands fall—fall on all them that love Him, and keep His commandments.

No. 6.—RECITATIVE.—(ALTO.)
An Angel.—Elijah! get thee hence.

No. 7.—DOUBLE QUARTET.
THE SELECT CHOIR.
Angels.—For He shall give His angels charge over thee; that they shall protect thee in all the ways thou goest; that their hands shall uphold and guide thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

RECITATIVE.—(ALTO.)
An Angel.—Now Cherith's brook is dried up.

No. 8.—SOLO (SOPRANO).
The Widow.—What have I to do with thee, O man of God? etc.

RECITATIVE.
Elijah.—Give me thy son, etc.
The Widow.—Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? etc.

No. 9.—CHORUS.
Blessed are the men who fear Him: they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate; He is righteous.

No. 10.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.
Elijah.—As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth, etc.
Ahab.—Art thou Elijah? art thou he that troubleth Israel?

Chorus.—Thou art Elijah, he that troubleth Israel?
Elijah.—I never troubled Israel's peace!

Now send and gather to me the whole of Israel unto Mount Carmel: there summon the prophets of Baal, etc.
Chorus.—And then we shall see whose God is God the Lord.

Elijah.—Rise then, ye priests of Baal: select and slay a bullock, and put no fire under it, etc.
Chorus.—Yea: and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

At 8 P.M.—Organist, MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist of the People's Palace).

1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN D MAJOR Bach
2. ... "He shall feed his flock" (Messiah) Handel

3. THEME IN A (varied) Hird
4. OFFERTOIRE IN G Wely

5. DUETTO (Lieder ohne worte) Mendelssohn
6. VARIATIONS on "All glory laud and honour" the hymn tune } Jackson

7. ANDANTE IN A FLAT Hoyte
8. ... War March of the Priests (Athalie) Mendelssohn

Elijah.—Call first upon your god: your numbers are many: I, even I, only remain, one prophet of the Lord! Invoke your forest-gods and mountain-deities.

No. 11.—DOUBLE CHORUS.
Priests of Baal.—Baal, we cry to thee! hear and answer us! Heed the sacrifice we offer! hear us! O hear us, Baal! Hear, mighty god! Baal, O answer us! Let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe! O hear us, Baal!

No. 12.—RECITATIVE.
Elijah.—Call him louder, for he is a god!
CHORUS.
Priests of Baal.—Hear our cry, O Baal! now arise! wherefore slumber?

No. 13.—RECITATIVE.
Elijah.—Call him louder! he heareth not.
CHORUS.
Priests of Baal.—Hear and answer, Baal! Mark! how the scorner derideth us! Hear and answer!

RECITATIVE.
Elijah.—Draw near, all ye people; come to me!

No. 14.—ARIA.
Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel!

No. 15.—QUARTET.
Angels.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord.

No. 16.—RECITATIVE.
Elijah.—O Thou, who makest Thine angels spirits;—Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires, let them now descend!

CHORUS.
The People.—The fire descends from heaven; the flames consume his offering! Before Him upon your faces fall! The Lord is God: O Israel, hear! Our God is one Lord; and we will have no other gods before the Lord!

RECITATIVE.
Elijah.—Take all the prophets of Baal.
CHORUS.
The People.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape us; bring all, and slay them!

No. 17.—ARIA.
Elijah.—Is not His word like a fire?

No. 18.—ARIO SO (ALTO).
Woe unto unto them who forsake Him!

No. 19.—SOLO (TENOR).
Obadiah.—O man of God, help thy people!

RECITATIVE WITH CHORUS.
Elijah.—O Lord, Thou hast overthrown thine enemies.
The People.—Open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

Elijah.—Go up now, child, and look toward the sea.
The Youth.—There is nothing. The heavens are as brass above me.

Elijah.—When the heavens are closed up, etc.
The People.—Then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin!
Elijah.—Go up again, and still look toward the sea.

The Youth.—There is nothing.
Elijah.—Hearest thou no sound of rain?
The Youth.—No; there is nothing.
Elijah.—Have respect to the prayer of Thy servant, O Lord.
The Youth.—Behold, a little cloud.
The People.—Thanks be to God, for all His mercies!
Elijah.—Thanks be to God, for He is gracious.

No. 20.—CHORUS.
Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices! The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and Almighty!

PROGRAMME OF A GRAND

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS & GYMNASTIC DISPLAY,

By the Members of the ARMY GYMNASTIC STAFF (Aldershot),

Under the Direction of Colonel G. M. Fox (Her Majesty's Inspector of Gymnasia), to take place in the Queen's Hall

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1891, COMMENCING AT 8 P.M.

MASS EXERCISES AND BOXING BY MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM (Under the Direction of MR. H. H. BURDETT, Director of Exercises, P. P. Gymnasium).

The Chair to be taken by GENERAL PHILLIP SMITH, C.B., Commanding the Home District.

EVENTS—

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| 1.—PARALLEL BARS. | 8.—VAULTING HORSE. |
| 2.—FENCING. | 9.—BAYONET <i>v.</i> BAYONET. |
| 3.—LANCE EXERCISE. | 10.—FEATS OF SWORDSMANSHIP. |
| 4.—BOXING, by members of the P. P. Gymnasium. | 11.—HORIZONTAL BAR. |
| 5.—QUARTER STAFF. | 12.—BAYONET <i>v.</i> SWORD. |
| 6.—CAVALRY SWORD EXERCISE. | 13.—SWORD (Old English). |
| 7.—DUMB BELL EXERCISES, by members of the P. P. Gymnasium. | 14.—MUSICAL RUNNING MAZE, by Members of the P. P. Gymnasium. |

Admission—THREEPENCE. Gallery—SIXPENCE. Platform—ONE SHILLING.

PROGRAMME OF THIRD ANNUAL

GYMNASTIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

By STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE AND ACADEMY OF MUSIC FOR THE BLIND, Upper Norwood, S.E. (F. J. CAMPBELL, LL.D., Principal).

TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH, 1891, COMMENCING AT 8 P.M.

GYMNASTIC PERFORMERS.

WILLIAM CLEVERLY, ALFRED CARR, JOSHUA CAWOOD, STEPHEN COCKERELL, STANLEY DAVIES, JOHN GILL, FREDERICK GOLBORNE, ALBERT GREEN, ROBERT HYSLOP, WILLIAM KNOWLES, THOMAS MAY, ARTHUR MAYES, JOSEPH MINES, WILLIAM NEWMAN, EDWIN PLUMRIDGE, ARTHUR ROBINSON.

Solo Skating—MR. LEWCOCK. Conductor and Gymnastic Director—MR. GUY M. CAMPBELL.

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| PART I. | | PART II. | |
| 1. ORGAN SOLO ... Offertoire in A Lemmens | MR. ARTHUR MAYES. | 8. SIX-IN-HAND CYCLING. | |
| 2. RECITATIVE AND TRIO from "Christus" Mendelssohn | GARDNER GLEE CLUB. | 9. PART SONGS { a. "Summer Song" } Mendelssohn | |
| 3. ENSEMBLE MASS of Dumb Bells, Double Bar-bells, and Short Wands. | | MR. ARTHUR MAYES & MR. GUY M. CAMPBELL. | |
| 4. SONG ... "Come only once more" Moir | MR. ALFRED BAGGS. | 11. VAULTING HORSE. | |
| 5. ROLLER SKATING—Solo, MR. LEWCOCK. | | 12. SONG ... "A Golden Argosy" Temple | |
| 6. SOLO AND CHORUS "Serenade" Schubert | MR. ARTHUR MAYES & GARDNER GLEE CLUB. | 13. ORGAN SOLO { "War March of the Priests" (Athalie) } Mendelssohn | |
| 7. PARALLEL BARS. | | 14. PYRAMIDS. | |
| | | GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. | |

ADMISSION—TWO PENCE. Students of the Evening 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 9.30. Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the social rooms from 5 to 10. LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS—For the convenience of Students, there are cloak rooms and lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water. BOOKSTALL—Text-books, drawing paper, pencils, and other requisites for the Classes may be obtained at the bookstall in the ground floor corridor. Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees. For Trade Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the City and Guilds of London Institute, at the end of April, 1892. For Science Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the Science and Art Department in April and May, 1892. Evening Students may enter at any time during the month of September, and are advised to get their tickets early.
 The Illustrated Calendar and Syllabus of the Evening Classes, price 1d., by post 2d., may now be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Science Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics... ..	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elem.	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv. & Hons.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele- " " " " " "	Mr. D. S. Macnair, Assist-ant— Mr. F. G. Pope	Tuesday	7.15-8.15 8.15-10.0	4 0 10 6
" " " " " "	"	Friday	7.15-8.15 8.15-10.0	4 0 10 6
" " " " " "	"	Monday	8.15-10.0	7 6
" " " " " "	"	M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem. Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem. Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low assisted by Mr. F. C. Forth and Mr. F. G. Castle	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I. ...	Mr. J. W. Martin	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	14 0
" " " " " "	"	Monday	8.0-9.0	14 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	14 0
" " " " " "	"	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Sound, Light and Heat... ..	Mr. F. C. Forth	Monday	7.30-9.30	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0

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

Trade Classes.

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

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892).
 † Per Term. ‡ Per Course.
 a Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. b 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.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Ambulance	Dr. R. Milne	M. 4 Jan. 1892	8-9.30	1 0
Dressmaking— " Intermediate ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	4.0-5.30	7 6
" " " " " "	"	"	6.0-7.30	7 6
" " " " " "	"	Thursday	6.0-7.30	10 0
" " " " " "	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	7 6
" " " " " "	"	"	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
" " " " " "	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
" " " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. ...	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 6

* Per Coc 1s.

Commercial and General Classes.

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

* For particulars see syllabus or hand-bill. † Per Course.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

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 Pianist for Musical Drill ... Miss F. A. HICKS.
FOR YOUNG MEN.
 TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY.—5.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8 till 9, Musical Drill, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, and Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Single-sticks; 9 till 10, Gymnastics. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker.
 TUESDAY & FRIDAY.—7.0 till 8.0, Fencing with Foils and Sticks. Fee, 5/- per term.
 A Boxing Club is formed among the members of the Gymnasium, who arrange the fees.
FOR YOUNG WOMEN.
 MONDAY AND THURSDAY.—6.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8.0 till 10.0, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Gymnastics and Running Maze. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker. 7 till 8, Fencing. Fee, 5/- per term.
JUNIOR SECTION.
 Boys, Wednesday, 6.30 till 9.30. GIRLS, Thursday, 6.30 till 9.30. Sixpence per month, which includes attendance at two Educational Classes.

School of Art.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw. *Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Drawing from th' Antique *Decorative Designing *Modelling in Clay, etc.	Mr. H. J. Bateman	Tuesday & Friday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Drawing from Life ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
*Wood Carving	Mr. Danels	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving *Painting in Oil & Water Color from Copies, Still Life, etc.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Tues. & Thur. Saturday	8.0-10.0 2.0-4.30	6 0 10 6

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

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Brad- ley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
Singing— Class 1. Sch. Teachers	Mr. W. Harding Bonner	Thursday	6.30-7.45	3 6
" " 2. Elementary	"	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
" " 3. Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
♫Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Tu. & Th.	6.0-9.30	415/-
♫Pianoforte	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Mon. Tu. & Friday	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced)	Mr. Orton Brad- ley	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin	Under the direc- tion of Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
" " " " " "	"	Wednesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello ...	"	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
Military Band (Old Boys) P. P. T. S.	Mr. A. Robinson	Thursday	8.30-10.0	2 0

a Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.
 b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

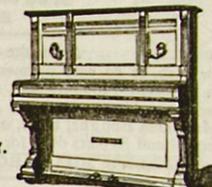
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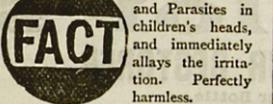
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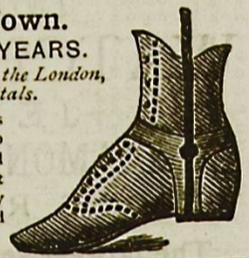
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