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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, November 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.
- SATURDAY, 21st.—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 Mr. Proudman's Tonic-Sol-Fa Choir. Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 22nd.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.
- MONDAY, 23rd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Lecture by J. E. Budgett-Meakin, Esq., "Life and Travels in Barbary." Admission 1d.; Reserved Seats, 3d.
- TUESDAY, 24th.—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, 25th.—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, Concert by the London Scottish Choir. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.
- THURSDAY, 26th.—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, 27th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

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

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

THE male students of the Ambulance Classes will be examined on Wednesday, 2nd December, at 7 p.m., by H. Percy Potter, Esq., F.R.C.S.

THE attendance at the Sacred Concert and Organ Recital, on Sunday last, were as follows:—Afternoon, 2,600; evening, 1,072; Library, 991, making a total of 4,663.

THE *Times* of Monday last says: "The Choral Society and Orchestra in connection with the People's Palace yesterday afternoon gave Part I. of Mendelssohn's Oratorio, 'Elijah.' The performers freely devote a considerable portion of their leisure time to provide enjoyment to the frequenters of the Palace. Although many of them have standing engagements at various places of worship throughout London, yesterday 120 performers were enabled to take part in the piece. At the performance, which was held in the Queen's Hall, upwards of 3,500 persons were present, and each was provided with a printed programme free of charge. By this large audience, the major portion of which evidently belonged to the wage-earning classes, the piece was followed with close attention, the only apparent difficulty on the part of the listeners being to restrain themselves from loudly applauding the soloists for the pleasure the singing manifestly afforded them. These popular musical treats are provided at intervals on Sunday afternoons during the winter months; and it is the intention

of Mr. Orton Bradley, the able conductor, to give Part II. of 'Elijah,' in about a month's time. The soloists yesterday were Miss Ada Patterson, Mrs. Grahame Coles, Mr. Charles Ellison, and Mr. Charles Phillips. Mr. W. R. Cave was the band leader, and Mr. B. Jackson presided at the organ," whilst the following extract from the *Daily Chronicle*, also of Monday last, may be of interest to our readers: "Despite the uninviting weather yesterday afternoon, the Queen's Hall of the People's Palace was crammed by an attentive assemblage, invited to hear the first half of 'Elijah.' Every Sunday afternoon there is a sacred concert—admission to which is free—and the interest taken by the East-end public in the entertainment is, of course, exceedingly gratifying to the promoters. The vocalists are frequently professional, who, however, give their services. The People's Palace Choral Society furnish the chorus, while the instrumentalists are drawn from the Palace orchestra. Music has been making such rapid strides in this section of London that a manager need be on his guard, not only as to the quality of the programme he submits, but also as to its execution. Yesterday all concerned did their best with Mendelssohn's ever-popular work, which is always enjoyable when earnestness of intention is manifested. Mr. Charles Phillips sang the part of Elijah at short notice owing to the illness of Mr. Cunliffe, and acquitted himself very creditably. Mrs. Grahame Coles gave with good effect the music allotted to the Angel, while Miss Ada Patterson was the soprano. Mr. Charles Ellison, the tenor, efficiently completed the quartet of principals. Mr. Orton Bradley conducted carefully, and Mr. W. R. Cave was a painstaking leader, whilst Mr. B. Jackson presided at the organ. In about two months' time 'The Hymn of Praise' will be sung in the hall, which will shortly be illumined by electricity."

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB.—The new Club-room in south front of Palace was comfortably filled on Friday last, when one of a series of monthly entertainments was held. The chair was taken at 8.30 p.m. by Mr. A. H. Carley. The proceedings opened by a lively recitation entitled "The Parson and the Dumplings," given by J. Edwardes, followed by J. Westlake, who came to the front with a parody on "Coming thro' the Rye," E. Moxhay then appearing in the attire of a stevedore, sang a song relating to same, which caused endless applause. The chairman, after gaining quietness, announced a cornet solo, "The Song that Reached my Heart," by W. Palmer, Mr. Osborn coming in at the time remarked that he should be looking forward to hearing Palmer play one Saturday night in the Queen's Hall, also that it gave him inexpressible pleasure in seeing so large a muster of "old boys" and such an excellent entertainment, and hoped to see these carried on month by month with as good, if not better, a programme, and members present. J. Barrett, the old favourite, gave "The Wreck" in good style, H. Baines recited "Truthful Jane," in as equally a fine form, T. W. Amor succeeded in gaining loud and continued applause with his stump oration. The following, besides those already mentioned, deserve great thanks for so kindly rendering assistance in making the evening such a thorough success: G. Willmott for comic songs, "Grass Widow" and "The Shopwalker," J. Walsh for banjo selections, F. Hart for comic songs and ballads, C. W. Atkinson for recitations, C. Cheltnam for comic songs, and the able way he managed the entertainment, and last, but not least, Mr. A. H. Carley, for so kindly taking the chair.—The next entertainment will take place on Friday, December 11th, at 8 o'clock, and will consist of dissolving views, with songs, recitations, etc., interspersed.
E. J. WIGNALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.—The absence of our worthy director at our Dance on Saturday evening was much regretted by all present, and we here wish to express to Mr. and Mrs. Burdett our sincere sympathy for the sad circumstances which prevented them being among us. As on previous occasions, our dance was most enjoyable, and for the success of the evening we owe our best thanks to the stewards, Messrs. Hunter and Laing; also to Mr. W. Marshall, who, with his usual goodwill, came to us in the hour of need, and made a most congenial M.C. Mr. A. Robinson provided a first-class band, so that with lively music, good company, and a capital floor, it could only follow a delightful evening ensued.—We wish it understood that at the meeting held on the 9th it was decided to abolish the club subscription, so that in future any member of the Gym. is entitled to attend our occasional festivities.—Mr. A. McKenzie has very kindly given an invitation for ten of our members to join the Rambling Club in their next visit to the Guildhall. Those who would like to avail themselves of this opportunity should give in their names to the undersigned.—Notice.—Mr. Burdett wishes to see the leaders after class on Monday, 23rd.

ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Hon. Sec.

WE have some good news respecting our Students' Library, Mr. Sawyer having consented to the grant of £50 for purchasing new books, which will be heartily appreciated by all who use the library.

DAY SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, 10th October, forty members journeyed to Bostall-heath, via South Woolwich. No sooner, however, had we arrived at the Heath when a heavy downpour of rain saturated our clothes, and we were compelled to return home.—On Saturday, 24th October, a party of twenty-four members, accompanied by Mr. Martin, visited the Lead and Shot Works of Messrs. Walker, Parker and Co., Lambeth. On our arrival we were placed under the charge of a workman who very intelligently described the various operations we saw going on. We saw lead sheets such as are used for roofing purposes rolled from a cast slab about 7 feet square and 5 inches deep. Lead pipes were being made by means of hydraulic pressure, from the size of gas tubing to the size of soil pipes. We also ascended the Shot Tower, from the top of which molten lead is allowed to fall, first passing round holes in the bottom of an iron vessel. The lead in this way being divided into small particles of the required size, in its descent form small spheres which are received in large tubs of water at the bottom of the tower. They are now taken from the tubs to machines which separate the badly formed shot from the good. They are now put in a revolving drum in which is powdered graphite in order to give them smoothness of surface, after which the shot are weighed and put in bags. They are now ready to be sent out. The machinery to be seen here is of a very interesting kind. There are a fine pair of compound engines which force water into an accumulator which produces a pressure of about one-and-a-half tons on the square inch. The machines used for lead "squirting" are of a highly interesting character. These are actuated by water from the accumulator. There is one machine of a comparatively new type, the invention of Mr. Darling, the engineer of the works. The men using it said that it was capable of turning out in a given time more lead in the form of pipes than any other machine in the kingdom. The grinding of white-lead was the last thing shown, after which we left, highly pleased with our outing.—On Saturday, 31st October, another party consisting of twenty-eight members and Mr. Castle visited the same works. A.G.

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.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

THE remarkable way in which both dogs and cats will find their way home from long distances has formed the subject of many an anecdote, and most of us can recall instances of this remarkable faculty on the part of domestic animals which have come under our own observation. It is not generally known that the fox also possesses this power of finding its way back to its usual haunts. But a well-authenticated instance of the kind is quoted by Mr. Harting in an interesting article in the *Zoologist*. He tells of a fox which returned three several times to its "earth" from a place seventy miles distant. The animal was caught in Yorkshire, and sent to be hunted in Lancashire, the catcher having marked it in the ear, so that there was no doubt as to its identity.

THE stars appear to twinkle because the rays of light, coming to us from those distant bodies, pass through strata of air of varying density. The ray of light is bent or refracted on passing from a rarer to a denser medium, and *vice versa*, as may be exemplified by the familiar illustration of the sovereign in the empty cup, which becomes visible when the latter is filled with water. All objects viewed through heated air—such as that arising from a brick or lime kiln, or even the vapour near the surface of the earth on a hot day—appear to quiver and tremble. The rays of light, coming from the stars, are, so to speak, shaken to and fro by passing through media of varying densities. The light of the planets is similarly affected, but to a less perceptible extent, on account of their comparative proximity.

THE first paper mill erected in England is commonly attributed to Sir John Spielman, a German, who established one at Dartmouth in 1588, for which the honour of knighthood was afterwards conferred upon him by Queen Elizabeth, who was also pleased to grant him a licence "for the sole gathering for ten years of all rags, &c., necessary for the making of such paper." It is, however, quite certain that paper mills were in existence long before Spielman's time. Shakespeare, in the second part of *Henry VI.*, the plot of which appears laid at least a century previously, refers to a paper mill. In fact, he introduces it as an additional weight to the charge which Jack Cade is made to bring against Lord Say. "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted," says he, "the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill."

THEY do nothing by halves in Germany, says the *Sunday Magazine*, and when a peril to the State, either from without or from within, is once realised, they strike fearlessly at the very root of the evil. The Bill which their Government has introduced for the repression of drunkenness in vigour and stridency goes far beyond any scheme that has been seriously suggested here. It absolutely prohibits the sale of liquor to children under the age of sixteen, to any person already drunk, to anyone known to be an habitual drunkard, or on credit; if a man wants drink he must pay for it then and there, a most salutary precaution. But it is in dealing with the drunkard himself that the measure makes the greatest advance. It treats him, if not as a criminal, yet as one who cannot be considered accountable for his actions, and takes power to appoint a guardian over any persons who are disqualified by drunkenness from managing their own affairs, who threaten to bring their families to want, or endanger the lives of themselves or other people. The guardian may in case of necessity place his ward in an asylum for inebriates and keep him there, and if he fails to act, the judicial authorities may do so in his stead. Some people may think that this is going to extremes, but with reasonable precautions to prevent the law being made to serve improper purposes, it appears to us both wise and merciful. Here in England, although we have asylums, we place far too many obstacles in the way of entrance, and if a sufferer shrinks from appearing before two justices of the peace, or has not sufficient power of will to voluntarily surrender for a time a freedom that is really a slavery, nothing can be done to help him.

It is always interesting to see both sides of the shield. For three hundred years we have taken a pride in the thought that it was the fearless and resourceful Drake, the gallant and prudent Lord Howard of Effingham, who defeated the Spanish Armada. It now appears that the Spanish Admiral's stomach and the rascally frauds of the Spanish meat and

biscuit contractors had much to do with it. Mr. Froude has been rummaging again among the archives of Simancas, and, enlightened by the papers he has discovered there, he has begun to relate to the readers of *Longman's Magazine* the Spanish story of Philip of Spain's abortive enterprise. The Duke of Medina, the Spanish Admiral—to put the case mildly—does not seem to have been of the stuff that was needed to try conclusions with Drake and his illustrious comrades. He had from the first a decided dislike to the job. "My health is bad," he wrote to the King, through the Royal Secretary, "and from my small experience of the water, I know that I am always sea-sick." He adds that the expedition was on such a scale and of such importance that the person at the head of it ought to understand navigation and sea fighting; and he mournfully observes, "I know nothing of either." The happy thought then strikes him that perhaps he could shuffle off the business on somebody else's shoulders. "The Adelantado of Castile," he suggests, "would do it better than I. Our Lord will help him, for he is a good Christian, and has fought in naval battles. If you send me, depend upon it I shall have a bad account to render of my trust." Mr. Froude's first paper does not carry us to the final disaster, but it carries us quite far enough to justify the poor Duke's foreboding, for in another despatch to the King he reports from Corunna that the weather, though in June, is as wild as in December, and quaintly adds that "is the more strange since we are on the business of the Lord." He then goes on to say that his ships are dispersed, his crews sick and growing daily worse from bad food and water. "I told your Majesty," he exclaims, "that I was unfit for this command when you asked me to undertake it." Clearly the Spanish Admiral has not understated the case.

TWO young journalists of a city that is not named Chicago were discussing the World's Fair preparations in the great City of the Lakes, when one of them ventured the remark, "But I say, Columbus was a mighty clever fellow to make that egg stand on end." "Pshaw!" said the other, "I never could see Columbus's cleverness in that. But I always have thought that must have been a mighty smart egg."

TRADITION tells of a fiery Anglo-Indian colonel, who, getting into a hot dispute with a portly clergyman, remarked, pointedly, "It is a pity that black ants should not be useful in proportion to their size." Whereon the parson at once retorted, "It is a greater pity that red ants, which are so insignificant, should yet be so offensive." Another collision of this kind between Church and State, in which the Church again had the best of it, is said to have occurred at an English public dinner, where a would-be witty officer asked a well-known colonial bishop, who sat next to him, whether he could tell the difference between a bishop and a donkey, and then proceeded to explain that the one wears the cross on his head, and the other wears it on his back. "Very good, Major B—," said the bishop, "But now, can you tell the difference between an army officer and a donkey?" "No, my lord, I cannot," replied the major. "Nor can I," rejoined the bishop, quietly. Even this, however, was surpassed by another passage of repartee between the gown and the sword which is still preserved among the society legends of Calcutta. A certain famous English general, the hero of two Eastern wars, found his health beginning to give way beneath the strain of long and arduous service, and was ordered home by his doctors. On the day of his embarkation for England he was accompanied by a vast crowd of friends, to whom he began to distribute various small tokens of his regard. "Well, general," asked the Bishop of Calcutta, who was one of the party, "have you no memento to leave to an old friend like me?" "Oh, I have not forgotten you, my lord," cried the general. "On the contrary, I have bequeathed to you my entire stock of impudence." "Ten thousand thanks, my dear general," replied the undaunted bishop. "You have given me by far the largest and most valuable part of your property." And then the bishop's wife turned to her husband, and said, sweetly, "My dear, I am glad to see that you have come into your legacy so soon."

THE decay of a dominant race is the subject of an article in the *Fortnightly*, by Mr. Oswald Crawford. The traveller to Portugal, he says, or rather to Lisbon, for hardly one in a thousand travellers to Portugal gets farther afield than the capital, is apt to be greatly disappointed by the physical and physiognomical appearance of the people, as he first looks upon them in the streets. "Can this be the race," he will ask himself, "which twice won its independence against one of the ruling

nations of the earth, which went forth to discover the hidden regions of the world, which conquered, subdued, and ruled the vast woodlands of Brazil, rounded the stormy capes of Africa and America, and for generations 'held the East in fee'?" It is a natural question, for the vociferous subservient crowds which fill the streets and line the quays have nothing of the look of a dominant race. The Portuguese, even of the great towns, are among the most amiable of the inhabitants of Europe, but even in this regard their looks belie them. Their faces are unpleasing, and their expressions sinister. Rightly or wrongly, we associate personal ugliness with personal depravity, and button our pockets or feel for our revolvers, all the world over, on the provocation of a cozening or a criminal countenance. These poor fellows, however, are, so far as my experience goes, sufferers by this common instinct in us; they are by no means so black as Nature has painted them, but it must be admitted that this instinctive mistrust has good *prima facie* evidence to go upon. The street men of Lisbon are a hangdog set, with very villainous looks. They make a crowd of swarthy, round-faced, dark-haired, dwarfish people, with deformed features and muddy complexions. The like of them are to be found in no seaport in Europe. A seafaring friend, and once a guest of my own, continues Mr. Crawford, who had commanded H.M.'s ships, and cruised in various waters of the distant East, after commending the scenic beauties of the north of Portugal, where I then resided, added with unconscious truth, "and you have a very pleasant European society." He alluded to the non-native colony of English, German, and other nationalities. Herein is the solution of the enigma, and the answer to the question of the cursory traveller. The people of the great towns of Portugal are to a large extent a non-European race, that is, an Eastern or an African one; and it is not they but the rural folk, whose blood is partly of northern origin, who have made Portugal a nation—and a famous one—at home and abroad.

THE psychological analysis of the act of gambling leads to a stern conclusion. In the making of a bet, as a man resolves to repress the use of his reason, his will, his conscience, his affections; only one part of his nature is allowed free play, and that is his emotions. The man is permitted to fear or hope, to grieve or rejoice as much as he likes, and most of his pleasure, in the heart of the true gambler, arises from the intensity with which each and all of these emotions can be roused as he looks at the one possibility and then the other, uncertain which is to be his finally over that bet. The feeling of uncertainty probably heightens the vivid imagination of the alternatives, and becomes itself a strong intoxicating emotion. He sits there only a being of strong emotions who dares not think and cannot act, chained and seeing ruin or fortune hastening upon him, he knows not which. He then who spends much of his time in this pursuit violently stops the flow of energy to those other parts of his nature which are intended to control and rationalise his feelings, and concentrates upon that one channel the whole energy of his being. The mental physiologists will tell us that this strain upon the emotions cannot but result in serious mischief to the brain and the balance of the man's powers.

ONE of the eccentricities in American society is the American tramp. Not much is known of his class, for he is peculiarly let alone by the student of sociology and the Bureau of Statistics. The newspaper refers to him only in its local columns, and the public regard him as a sort of jack-in-the-box member of society—an insignificant planet in the social orbit, having no calculable value or periodicity. Yet on almost any summer night it may be safely stated that, with about 59,999 of his co-idlers, he is sleeping in box-cars, railway shanties, engine-houses, barns, strawstacks, and on the open prairies of the States, with as definite notions of his vocation, or lack of it, as the labourers who, morning by morning, pass him by on their way to factory, field, and shop. Their life is spent in seeking labour, his in avoiding it. As yet, the number of tramps is not so large as to affect seriously the labour market if they were forced into that class which seeks work. There are hardly over sixty thousand tramps. Of course this cannot be substantiated by any scientific data, but it is not far from correct. But even this is appalling enough to demand earnest study, and practical measures of relief. So far, Americans have simply petted and fattened the tramps. They have tried the improved lodging-house system in cities, and many other superficial methods. Recently, in one of the largest cities, Chicago, they were trying the "ticket system"—distributing labour tickets amongst citizens, who are to give them to all seeking aid.

A Land of Love.

(Continued).

CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

"Do you think he's in love with her?"
 "With De—with Mademoiselle Personette? Oh, no; I don't think so."
 "They'd mate splendidly, though; wouldn't they?"
 "Well, I don't know."
 "Yes, I think he'd make an excellent husband for her. But of course, he's so poor, it's out of the question. He couldn't support a wife."

"No; I suppose not."
 "Well, I dare say she'll live to be an old maid, like me. She'll never marry a Frenchman, anyhow."
 "Ah?"
 "No. You see, she hasn't any dot."
 "Oh!"
 "Do you know my private opinion?"
 "No: what is it?"
 "My private opinion is that you are head over ears in love with her."

"Oh—why—oh, what an idea!"
 "Oh, there's no use denying it. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. It's as plain as the nose on your face. Well, I don't wonder. I should be, too, if I were a man. You've got a level head."

"I hope, doctor, that you haven't said anything as absurd as this to Mademoiselle Personette."
 "Oh, no; of course I haven't. It's none of my business. And, besides, why should I? It would only worry her."
 "Do—do—do you think—I—stand any chance?"
 "Ah, then you admit it?"

"No, I don't admit anything. I put the question hypothetically."
 "Well, then, if you don't admit it, if you merely put the question hypothetically, I don't believe you stand the least ghost of a chance—not the shadow of a shade of a chance."
 "Oh, good Lord! Really? Is—there somebody else?"

For mercy's sake, don't trifle with me about this. Tell me the whole truth, right out. I—I can stand it."

"Well, really, I don't see why you should care one way or the other—if you deny the soft impeachment."

"Doctor, I will confess to you, in confidence, since you seem already to have divined it, I will confess to you that I love her with all my heart. I adore her. Now, tell me, have I any chance?"

"In confidence, in absolute secrecy, then, I will tell you—"

"Yes—quick!"
 "You promise to make no improper use of the information?"

"Yes, yes. For heaven's sake, go on."
 "I will tell you, then, that—I haven't the shadow of an idea."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Oh, you are cruel, to torture a fellow like that!"

"There, there," she said, pressing his arm. "Have patience, have courage. There's nothing absolutely repugnant or hateful about you. I don't see why you shouldn't win her, or any other woman, if you go about it in the right way, and try hard enough. Now, mind you, I don't believe the idea of caring for you has ever entered her head—yet. But I suppose on general principles that her heart is not impregnable. And so I say, be not despondent. I'll tell you one thing, nothing could please me better."

"Thank you, doctor. Then you are my ally?"
 "Yes; that is, you have my best wishes."

"Vous voilà, enfin!" cried Denise. "Lancelot and I have waited these five minutes. How slow!"

They had reached the house in the Rue Soufflot.

"Well, good-night, messieurs," said the doctor. "And don't forget: Monday at 9 o'clock, at the Gare Mont Parnasse."

"That means," thought Ormizon, "that I am not to call upon them between now and Monday morning."

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEHOW the four intervening days dragged their weary length away, and Monday morning came, warm and clear. Denise and the Doctor were already there when Ormizon reached the Gare Mont Parnasse. Ah, the delicious heart-thrill when she gave him her tiny hand, and lifted her bright brown eyes in welcome upon his face! She wore a jaunty straw hat, that was exceedingly becoming to her; and she carried a dainty little black silk parasol, with a handle of curiously carved ivory.

"Ah, here comes Lancelot," cried the Doctor. "I was afraid he was going to be late."

"And do look at his collar," added Denise. "I should think it would guillotine him."

Lancelot came striding up, his coat-tails flying behind him. In his hand he held a long oblong wooden box, presumably containing sketching materials. His throat was encircled by a monstrously high standing collar, the points of which met under his chin; the style of collar that is affected nowadays by young gentlemen of fashion when they put on their evening suits. Its effect was decidedly incongruous with the rest of Lancelot's easy attire, especially on this sultry August morning.

"Well, young folks, here we are," was his greeting. "And now, then, en avance! Marchons! All aboard!"

They found an empty second-class compartment, into which they clambered. Next instant the doors were slammed, the bell was rung, the locomotive shrieked, and they were off. Fifteen minutes later, "Meudon, Meudon!" sang out the guards; and they descended.

"Now," said Lancelot, "I take it I express the sentiment of the majority, when I remark that the first thing in order is to seek some refreshment for the inner man. I know a restaurant in the forest, about half an hour's walk from here, where one can feast royally. Let's steer for it without delay."

Trusting themselves to Lancelot's guidance, they began their march—under the solemn old trees, over the soft green moss. Half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour, an hour and a half, elapsed; and still they had not reached the restaurant. Lancelot kept assuring them, "We're almost there." They kept complaining of extreme hunger, and threatening to die of starvation in their tracks.

"Aha!" Lancelot suddenly cried, striking a theatrical attitude; "Oh, ye faithless ones! Ye indefatigable naggers! Behold! The haven of our hopes, the goal of our desires!"

Looking in the direction that he indicated, they beheld embowered among the trees, some fifty yards to the right of the road-way, a small wooden house, scarcely more than a shed or a shanty, upon the weather-beaten façade of which, in giant black letters, was emblazoned the following device:—

"RESTAURANT DE LA CAROTTE D'OR.

"On Donne à Boire et à Manger.

"Englisch Spoken ... Man Spricht Deutsch."

For the restaurant of the golden carrot they made in frantic haste. Under the trees round about, were scattered a number of rough rustic tables. One of these they speedily surrounded, and began to rap upon it for the waiter.

"I never was so hungry in all my life before," proclaimed Dr. Gluck.

"Nor I." }
 "Nor I." } In chorus from the others.
 "Nor I." }

"Well, now, we must go in for a breakfast that shall deserve a place in history,—something at once delicate and substantial, varied and abundant. Mr. Ormizon, you do the ordering. Bring your massive intellect and your fervid imagination to bear upon the task, and effect, if possible, a result that shall satisfy the soul as well as the palate."

"I'll try," said Ormizon, modestly. "Ah, here comes the waiter."

An elderly man, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar, came shambling up.

"Bonjour, messieurs, mesdames," he greeted them, with the usual Parisian sing-song.

"Bonjour," returned Ormizon. "The bill of fare, if you please."

"Ah, monsieur, we have no bill of fare. Monsieur may command whatever he desires."

"Well, then, let us see. Voyons un peu. . . Well, we will begin with a melon; a fine one, mark you; ripe to the point. It must be as cold as ice, as sweet as honey. It must melt like sugar upon the tongue, and diffuse its exquisite aroma throughout the senses. You understand?"

"Hein, oui, monsieur. Un beau melon, bien mûr. Et puis?"

"Et puis—and then—well, and then a fried sole. Now, bestow great care upon that sole. She must be as fresh as dew upon the mountains, as crisp as the air of early morning. You may dress her with a sauce of mushrooms, and perfume her with the most delicate conceivable whiff of garlic. After the sole, a bifteck—thick, juicy, red, and tender; served with fried potatoes and string-beans. Finally, fruit, cheese, and coffee. Let that coffee be divorced from chicory. Make it as black as night, as bitter as sorrow. And now, as to wine. Well, we'll be moderate in the matter of wine. Bring us a couple of bottles of St. Emilion. There, that's all. But mind;

we are excessively difficult, we others, and shall expect great things of you. We want this breakfast to be a unique affair, a chef-d'œuvre."

"Ah, oui, monsieur; have no fear. Our kitchen is known in all the country," replied the old waiter, and shambled off.

"That's a fact," added Lancelot. "They have a great reputation; and I think we may trust them for a first-rate meal."

"It made my mouth water just to hear you name those good things," said the doctor; "especially the sole."

"And mine, too," said Denise; "especially the melon. This is just the sort of morning for a fresh, cool melon."

"And mine, too," said Lancelot; "especially the bifteck. I hope it'll be a big one, and I hope they'll hurry up."

"But why did you omit a salad?" asked the doctor. "I think a salad would be just the thing."

"Oh, to be sure. I forgot it. I'll order one at once. Hello; here's our venerable friend returning now. I say, garçon, I forgot to tell you that we should need a salad, also. A romaine, if you've got one, with a plain dressing and a chopin."

"Hélas, monsieur," the old waiter began, "we are desolated. We offer to messieurs, mesdames, all our excuses. But it appears, monsieur—"

"Yes? Well?"

"It appears that the crowd of yesterday—ah, monsieur, il y avait tant de monde!—that all our provisions have been consumed. You see, monsieur, Sunday is our day. On Monday, above all, we do not attend of the world, and unhappily we are not prepared. Those of yesterday have left, in fact, but two bottles of wine—a good wine of Bordeaux, it is true—one bread, and sixteen eggs. That is all, messieurs, mesdames."

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the consternation which this speech produced among our famished friends.

"Bon dieu!" cried Denise.

"Gracious me!" cried the doctor.

Lancelot spoke not; but he turned as white—as white as the redoubtable collar that bound his throat.

Ormizon was the first to recover a little his presence of mind:

"Well, this is really awful, you know; there's no two ways about it. Still, we must bear up under it. We mustn't allow ourselves to be crushed. Grin and bear it; never say die; don't give up the ship, you know; and all that. Maybe it's not so bad as it looks. Perhaps—wait; I'll ask him." Addressing the garçon, "Is there another restaurant anywhere near here?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes, monsieur; a very good one, in the village."

"In the village! None nearer? How long would it take us to reach it?"

"No, monsieur, none nearer. It would require perhaps two hours of walking."

"Two hours!" exclaimed Denise, aghast. Her emotion overcame her. She pronounced it, as French people will, when they are strongly moved, "Two hhours!"

"Oh, that's out of the question. It's not to be thought of," cut in the doctor. "We should never survive the journey."

"Never," concurred Lancelot; "at least, not the six hundred. I don't believe I could drag myself a dozen yards. No; the only thing to do is to put up with what they can give us here. Sixteen eggs—well, that makes four apiece; and they say there's lots of nourishment in eggs. Then the bread and the wine—oh, we shan't actually starve. We'll contrive to keep body and soul together.—Dites donc, garçon: tell your cook to make an omelette of those sixteen eggs—an omelette aux fine herbes, if you have any estragon and ciboule. Serve that with your bread and your wine; and, above all, be quick about it; make haste; for we die of hunger."

They waited in rather a dismal silence till the old man came back with the things; whereupon, immediately, they fell to, and, still in silence—for they were too seriously hungry to enliven the repast with talk—consumed omelette and bread, till not a vestige was left of either. Then Lancelot leaned back, and drew a deep breath, and declared, well, he felt somewhat better.

"Tenez," cried Denise, "what is this that he brings?"

The old waiter drew near, bearing an immense bowl of salad.

"While messieurs, mesdames, were occupied with their omelette, I have entered the fields there below, and gathered this quantity of doucette," he explained, "of which we have made a salad. We dare to hope that it may compensate a little to messieurs, mesdames, for the frugality of their breakfast."

Their joy was too deep for utterance. They attacked the doucette vigorously; nor did they rest till the last leaf had

disappeared. It was an excellent salad, moreover, with just the right proportion of oil and the proper suggestion of garlic. What with the wine that they had imbibed, they were by this time quite refreshed and cheerful. Their spirits mounted; their tongues loosened.

"After all," reflected the doctor, "we might have gone further and fared worse. For my part, I'm perfectly contented."

"For me," affirmed Denise, "I think it was great fun. It was an experience."

"It was very jolly and romantic," Ormizon said.

"Well, you folks are easily satisfied," observed Lancelot.

"But I—I own I'm haunted by the thought of that bifteck—thick, juicy, red, tender—which our friend Ormizon here so eloquently described. It was a great, a noble, a heroic conception. Alas that it should have failed of execution!"

"Why, I declare, here comes the old waiter again!" cried the doctor.

"Oh, let us trust that he has discovered something more to eat," Lancelot ejaculated, with the fervour of prayer.

"Why—why, look—don't you see?—he's got a violin," pursued Dr. Gluck.

"Oh, Lord! That's a fact," groaned Lancelot. "We can't eat a fiddle."

"Perhaps," questioned the old man, "messieurs, mesdames, would like to amuse themselves a little? I can play the waltz, the polka, the gallop—what you will. I put myself at the command of messieurs, mesdames."

"Oh, a dance, a dance, by all means," was the unanimous response.

In a twinkling they were whirling in a swift waltz over the mossy earth, while the old man lashed the strings of his instrument till they shrieked for mercy. Ormizon, clasping Denise's waist, and holding her little warm hand in his, blessed from the bottom of his soul the inspiration that had possessed the aged waiter, and determined to reward that functionary with a pour-boire that should make his eyes open. Lancelot's coat-tails illustrated the principle of centrifugal force, by standing out horizontally behind him. Round and round the dancers spun until, breathless and exhausted, for sheer fatigue they sank upon the ground. Lancelot panted like a race-horse at the finish; and the perspiration poured in streams from his forehead, down his cheek, and over his tower-like collar; which, however, appeared impervious to the moisture, retaining its pristine gloss and consistency. Suddenly he started up, crying, "By George! As sure as I'm alive, there are poppies growing in that meadow over yonder. Don't you see those points of scarlet? Excuse me for a jiffy." And off he went poppy-hunting.

During his absence, "Did you notice his collar?" Denise inquired, in a low, awed tone.

"Yes; it didn't wilt, or anything. It passes my comprehension," said the doctor.

"Wonderful," admitted Ormizon.

"There's something weird and uncanny about it," Dr. Gluck went on. "Let's make him explain it."

"Yes; it's like sorcery," added Denise. "Ça vous fait peur."

"Here he comes back. Now, Mr. Ormizon, we appoint you a committee to probe this mystery to its bottom. I shan't be easy till we have discovered the solution of it."

Lancelot returned the richer for a good-sized bunch of poppies, which he divided between the ladies. Denise fastened one of the flame-red flowers in her hair, behind her ear, where it produced an effect very Spanish, picturesque, and charming.

"Lancelot," Ormizon began, solemnly, "I have been commissioned by these gentle but inquisitive friends of ours to request of you certain information. From the moment of your advent among us this morning, we have been tremendously impressed by your collar. Its lustre, its altitude, the grace and the dignity of its architecture, have not, I assure you, been lost upon us; nor have the consummate ease and thoroughbred insouciance with which you have supported it. The emotions that it inspired, however, deepened into astonishment, not unmixed with fear, when we beheld how stanchly it withstood the consequences of your waltzing. Now, with all due respect, we are anxious to learn what the secret of it is: its history, its chemistry, all about it."

"Why, certainly," replied Lancelot. "Happy to accommodate you, I'm sure. This collar is what I call my dude collar. I got it to wear when I went into society. I'm glad you folks have appreciated it. The secret of it? Why, children, you're years behind the times. This collar is made of what the French call linge américain—in simple English, celluloid."

Whereupon they had a good laugh all round.

(To be continued.)

How Lightning is Photographed.

ONE of the most remarkable results of the modern advance of scientific photography is the application of the process to objects in rapid motion. Rigid stillness and prolonged exposure are almost unknown in these days of sensitive plates and instantaneous shutters, while half the agony of a visit to the photographer's may be abolished with the head-rest, which formerly reminded one of the tortures of the dentist's chair.

Birds in full flight, horses at a gallop, the finish of the boat-race, the rush of the express train, have all been pictured with unimpeachable accuracy by the greatest of all artists—the sun. The lightning-flash, however, offers a peculiar fascination to the photographer. A certain sense of sacrilege attaches to any attempt to “take” so awful a manifestation of the mighty forces of Nature, and opportunities are so rarely presented in this country, that the feeling never wears away by familiarity. Three hot days and one thunder-storm are proverbially said to make up an English summer; and should that solitary thunder-storm occur in the daytime, the artist's opportunity is lost.

The problem is to obtain a representation of a vividly bright object some miles in length, which presents itself at uncertain intervals, and remains for an inappreciable instant. The difficulties appear great, but by patience they may be surmounted. Authorities differ as to the time of duration of the lightning-flash; but all agree that it is less than the ten-thousandth part of a second. The experiment which establishes this fact is due to the late Sir Charles Wheatstone. A disc, divided into alternate sectors of black and white, is caused to rotate very rapidly on its axis, and by daylight it appears of a uniform gray. If lightning, occurring in the dark, render the separate sectors visible, it is plain that the duration of the light must be less than the time of revolution through the breadth of one sector. The experiment was tried with a disc of sixty sectors and making one hundred and eighty revolutions in a second, so that the time of turning through the space of one sector is the 10,800th part of a second. When the disc, rotating with this velocity, is rendered visible by lightning, black and white sectors are seen with gray ones intervening. This shows that the flash is not absolutely

instantaneous, for in this case the sectors would be seen sharply defined without any alternation of gray.

It is therefore very clear that any attempt to photograph the lightning in the ordinary way by exposing a plate upon a given flash would utterly fail; for we must remember that a most complex muscular and nervous process is gone through before the operator can attain his end. Let us for a moment consider this process, and imagine the artist waiting for a flash with the very best intentions of taking it. A thunder-cloud suddenly darts out a bright streak of light; its image impresses itself upon the retina of the observer's eye, and the optic nerve conveys the impression to the brain. A nervous stimulus is sent to the muscles of the hand, and the mechanical process of removing the cap from the camera ensues. But bodily action occupies time, and long, comparatively, before the sensitive plate is uncovered the flash is only a memory, and has actually vanished before the observer is conscious of its advent. It is therefore abundantly evident that a flash cannot be photographed by the ordinary process except by the merest accident.

But lightning-photography is a very simple operation after all. The whole secret is to wait for the lightning and to let it “take” itself. The operator knows by previous experiments the exact focal length of his instrument, and so adjusts the camera that all distant objects are in distinct focus. He inserts his rapid plate and turns the lens in the direction whence the flashes come. He then counts the number of seconds between several flashes, in order to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the interval after which a flash may be expected. Allowing this time almost to expire, he removes the cap from the lens and awaits his flash. Upon its appearance he replaces the cap, and the operation is complete. The necessity for the darkness of night is readily seen, for if the exposure were made during the hours of daylight, the plate would be hopelessly fogged, should the flash not present itself at the exact moment, and the great advantage of the background of dark sky would be absent.

The most favourable conditions for lightning-photography occur when a thunder-storm happens at night and is accompanied by vivid flashes at frequent and fairly regular intervals.

POPULAR LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1891, TO COMMENCE AT 8 P.M.,

ENTITLED—

“LIFE & TRAVEL IN BARBARY,”

Illustrated by a Selection of Moorish Curiosities, Garments, Weapons, Ornaments, Musical Instruments, Books, etc., and enlivened by the reproduction of African Street Cries, Chants, and Calls to Prayer.

SYLLABUS.

A Plunge into Barbary.—First Impressions.—Bible Scenes.—Home!—A Strange Throng.—East and West.—Street Cries.—Bargaining.—The “Cabs” of Morocco.—Our Water Supply.—An Inland Excursion.—On the Pack; off it! “Distance lends Enchantment.”—Entry into Fez.—Christmas on the Road.—Entry into Mequinez.—Bog! Bog! Bog! Exploring Forbidden Ground.—Practising for Prayer.—Dining out.—Stowing away the Ladies.—Strange Resting Places: Street, Shore, Hut, Hovel, Inn, Out.—“Doing it Grand.”—Reception by the Sultan.—Prisons.—Peeps at the Royal Quarters.—Moorish Steam Baths.—Our Neighbours.—The Market Place.—Beasts of Burden.—The Sultan and Ministers.—Horses.—Native Gentleman.—“Dipping the Hand.”—A Mechanic.—Native Education.—Public Entertainments.—“Who Wants Water?”—Field Labourers.—The Slave Trade.—Our Servants.—The Strangest Couple.—Children of Israel.—Colour Study.—“Cheapening.”—Going Home.—A Saint's House.

ADMISSION—ONE PENNY. Reserved Seats—THREEPENNY.

NEXT MONDAY, Nov. 30th, Mr. J. E. BUDGETT MEAKIN WILL LECTURE ON “GLIMPSES OF MOROCCO.”

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(11th Concert, 5th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

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

MR. PROUDMAN'S TONIC SOL-FA CHOIR.

CONDUCTOR—MR. J. FRANK PROUDMAN, F.C.O. ACCOMPANIST—MRS. JOSEPH PROUDMAN.

ORGANIST—MR. G. C. RICHARDSON, F.C.O.

SOLO VOCALISTS—MISS FLORENCE LENTON. MADAME MARY CUMMINGS. MR. ALBERT MCGUCKIN.

PART I.

1. GLEE ... “Forgive, blest shade” ... Callcott

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss;
No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

Open out thy starry store
On the mountain and the shore;
From their rocky caves
Loose the zephyrs, cool the waves,
We are sick, we swoon with light
Fall on us, O night.

Fall on us, O night,
Pitying night!
All that weary web undo
Of the daylight stern and true;
Not too clear of eye,
Feign some bliss of days gone by,
Cheat us with some new delight,
Fall on us, O night.

2. ODE ... “Hymn to Music” ... Dudley Buck

O Art! thou holiest temple of earth,
Upon thy threshold kneeleth the master, with hands silent
folded,
The ivy twineth its branches,
Coileth round thy columns fair,
And drapeth in verdure thy arches above.
Music awakes!
The glorious swell of organ tones,
Tubas and trumpets resounding;
Now breathing softly like a gentle flute to stars above;
Now rushing and roaring in tempest, arising like thunder it
rolls,
And the heart of man hears the tones so majestic,
And from his eyes unbidden the tears are shed,
Then rising in rapture all hopeful it soars
To regions of glory on high.
All this hath music wrought,
O Art! O glorious Art.

3. SONG ... “My Dearest Heart” ... Sullivan

MISS FLORENCE LENTON.
All the dreaming is broken through,
Both what is done and undone I rue,
Nothing is steadfast, nothing is true
But your love for me, and my love for you,
My dearest, dearest heart.

When the winds are loud, when the winds are low,
When the roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling is all I know,
My dearest, dearest heart.

The time is weary, the year is old,
And the light of the lily burns close to the mould,
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the city of gold,
My dearest heart, my darling heart.

4. PART SONG “Fall on us, O Night” ... Westbrook

Fall on us, O night,
Soft-voiced night!

5. CHORUS ... “The Voyagers” ... T. Faer

Hail to the homeward breezes fair,
Hail to the morning light!
Speed o'er the waves, thou bounding barque,
Leap o'er the water bright.
Raise high a song of joyous thanks,
Raise high a hymn of grateful praise,
For we are nearing home again,
The home of childhood's days.
Join all on board with one accord,
And shout the loud hurrah,
For we are nearing home, and soon
Shall pass the harbour bar.
Sing on, ye warbling nightingales,
The strains we loved of yore,
To cheer the hearts of those at home
Until our journey's o'er.
Fill out the sails, ye fay'ring gales!
Hoist the red, blue, and white!
For lo! the land we love so well,
The land appears in sight.

6. SONG ... “Ho, Jolly Jenkin” (Ivanhoe) ... Sullivan

MR. ALBERT MCGUCKIN.

The wind blows cold across the moor,
In crashing wood or frighted town,
It smites the pious hermit's door,
But not a jot cares he:
For close he sits within, and makes his merry din,
Close he sits within, and makes his merry din—
With his “Ho, jolly Jenkin,
I spy a knave in drinkin';
And trowl the brown bowl to me!
“Then, Ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinkin',
And trowl, and trowl the bonny bowl to me.”

The wind a roaring song may sing,
With driving rain and rending tree,
He whirls the mantle of a king
As 'twere a beggar's gown ;
But caring not a jot, we sing and drain the pot,
With his "Ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinkin' ;
And trowl the brown bowl to me !

"Then, Ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinkin',
And trowl, and trowl the bonny bowl to me !"

7. ORGAN SOLO March in E flat ... *Wely*
MR. G. C. RICHARDSON.

8. GLEE ... "Ye Spotted Snakes" ... *Stevens*

9. SONG ... "The Lost Chord" ... *Sullivan*
MADAME MARY CUMMINGS (Organ Obbligato,
MR. G. C. RICHARDSON).

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys.
I knew not what I was playing,
Nor what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a grand Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's Psalm ;
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife ;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It link'd all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease ;
I have sought but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again ;
It may be that only in Heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

10. MEN'S PART SONG "The Mountain Chapel" *C. Kreutzer*

What beams so bright from the mountain height,
Amidst the stars of the sober night ?
'Tis the light on the mountain chapel wall,
Inviting the pilgrim to pray in its hall.

Who breaks the sleep of the silent hour,
With songs so solemn of depth and power ?
'Tis the mountain choir in th' hymn of ev'n,
Now chanting their praise to their God of Heav'n.

What sound comes down upon the gale,
In measured beat through the misty vale ?
'Tis the signal bell to th' wand'ring guest,
Now calling the weary pilgrim to rest.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

11. CHORAL MARCH "Forward Gaily Together" *McBurney*

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 pure and thrilling,
All anxious fear dispelling,
As she garlands us with flowers.

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 gentle zephyr sighing,
Its scented fragrance brings :
Peace our path surrounding,
In wealth of nature and life abounding,
With happy voices surrounding,
As loud our chorus rings.

Then haste away to greet the joyous hours.

12. SONG ... "Come to Me" ... *Wadham*
MISS FLORENCE LENTON.

Come to me when the dreams of life are fading and thou art sad,
Come to me when there is naught remaining of what thou had,
When the hopes of youth lie withered and scattered in the blast,
Come to me when thou art weary and would forget the past.

Come to me when in weary waiting for the night to pass,
Thou art longing for the morning to arise at last,
When the light of heav'nly joy shall tear thy life apart.
Come to me whilst thou art waiting, and nestle near my heart,
For there will be one loving voice to welcome thee,
And there will be one faithful breast to shelter thee,
And a true heart that never will forsake thee ;
Then come to me when thy life is shaded and the joy is past,
Come to me, Oh darling ! At the last.

13. PART SONG "An Old Love Song" *Mendelssohn*

Outshining day in splendour
Thine eyes appear to me ;
O maiden, fair and slender,
What joys are mine with thee !
By day thou art my light,
My guiding star by night ;
Depart, and all is darkness,
Appear, and all is bright.

Thou charmest like a meadow,
With fragrant flow'rs array'd ;
I long to be thy shadow,
To follow thee, sweet maid !

To see thee I would go
Through rain, and storm, and snow,
For one of thy sweet glances
Can banish all my woe.

14. CHORUS ... "Ode to Victory" ... *Froelich*

Ye warriors arouse ye !
The foe advances.
To arms ! hark !

Hear the call to battle for the right,
We march to war in manly strength and might,
Where in fiercest battle clashes,
From the deep-mouth'd cannon crashes
Thunder, vivid lightning flashes,
We our valour prove ;
Then up, ye men ! obey the call to victory !
Come on, ye braves, to victory !
Now 'round the camp-fire of home we are dreaming,
After the roar of the battle is o'er,
Safe are the lov'd ones, safe from all harm,
Love for the dear ones strengthen our arms.
Sadly o'er the graves of all the fallen heroes
Shed we tears of pain and of grief ;
Living in mem'ry the heroes on the battle field,
Their deeds and their lives a fruitage of peace will yield ;
Loud the shouts of triumph of victory over the foe,
Like chaff before the whirlwind we drove and laid them low ;
Peace reigns once more, sweet peace ;
Oh, may it never cease.

15. SONG ... "Bedouin Love Song" ... *Pinsuti*
MR. ALBERT MCGUCKIN.

From the desert I come to thee,
On my Arab, shod with fire ;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry—
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

From thy window look and see
My passion and my pain,
I lie on the sand below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow,
With the breath of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow,
Of a love that shall not die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

16. ORGAN SOLO ... "En forme d'ouverture" ... *Smart*
MR. G. C. RICHARDSON.

17. PART SONG "The Sunny Hour" ... *Smart*

On in beauty flows the river,
Arches o'er the branches fling,
On its brink the blossoms quiver,
While the birds around it sing ;

There no thought of winter sadness
With the sunny hour can be,
All the river course is gladness
Through a valley to the sea.

Oft our life is like that river,
Joys around a beauty fling ;
There with love the blossoms quiver,
From the heart the birds will sing.
Though no thought of winter sadness
With that sunny hour can be,
Still its flow is in its gladness
Through a valley to the sea.

18. SONG ... "Three Fishers went Sailing" *John Hullah*
MADAME MARY CUMMINGS.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down,
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town !
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Tho' the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown !
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Kingsley.

19. CHORUS "Song of the Oak Trees" ... *Verdi*

Ha ! Ha ! we've stir'd the stream,
A thousand years along thy stormy course, O Time !
Sometimes in lightning's gleam,
And the waters' rousing song
And thunder crash sublime.
From mem'ry long have faded,
The nations of our childhood,
And all the works of man,
In dust have laid while we exulting toss our crown of
branches hale and free.

We've seen the gentle child at play,
The maiden fair, the lover gay,
And oft they sought at evening hour our cool leafy bow'r.
And conq'ring armies on their way
Have pass'd beneath the arches grey,
And age with slow and faltering tread,
Hath sought and blest the peaceful shade ;
Then let the world roll
Our song of a thousand years,
We'll join when wintry tempests blow
In chorus strong.
And generations yet shall know
The mighty song amid thy stormy course,
O Time, our mighty song.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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 22nd, 1891.

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

At 4 P.M.--VOCALIST, MISS CONSTANCE EGERTON.

- 1. PHANTASIE IN D FLAT (Organ Sonata, No. 12) Rheinberger
2. HYMN ... "When God of old" ...
3. PRIERE ET BERCEUSE ... Guilmant
4. VOCAL SOLO "Jerusalem" (St. Paul) Mendelssohn
5. FANTASIA ... Spark

- 6. HYMN ... "Jerusalem the Golden" ...
7. ANDANTE, WITH VARIATIONS ... Rea
8. VOCAL {Recit. "O, worse than death indeed" } Handel
9. FINALE ... (Organ Sonata, No. 2) Guilmant

At 8 P.M.

- 1. AIR, with Variations and Finale Fugato ... Smart
2. ... "Ave Maria" ... Schubert
3. ... a. Nocturne; b. Caprice. D. R. Munro
4. FUGUE IN E FLAT ... Bach
5. MEDITATION ... Lemaigre
6. SELECTION from the "Redemption" ... Gounod
7. POSTLUDE ... Tours

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

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF SCOTCH CONCERT

(For St. Andrew's Day)

BY THE LONDON SCOTTISH CHOIR, ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PART I.

- PART SONG ... "The Scottish Blue Bells" ... Sillery
SONG ... "The Skye boat Song" ... Jacobite
PART SONG ... "Wilt Thou be my Dearie?" ... Burns
SONG ... "Afton Water" ... Anon

- PART SONG ... "There grows a Bonnie Brier Bush" ... Anon
DUET ... "O wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" ... Burns
PART SONG ... "The Land o' the Leal" ... Lady Nairn

PART SONG ... "Wilt Thou be my Dearie?" ... Burns
THE LONDON SCOTTISH CHOIR.
Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,

SONG ... "Afton Water" ... Anon
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;

SONG ... "Caller Herrin'" ... Lady Nairn

PART SONG ... "The Auld Man" ... Anon
THE LONDON SCOTTISH CHOIR.

SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

PART SONG ... "Scotland Yet!" ... Riddell

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing anither sang
Ere a' my glee be past ;
An' trow ye, as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be—
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three !

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still
As they dance down the dells ;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea—
Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's vales,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three !

The thistle wags upon the fields
Where Wallace bare his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest blude,
To dye her auld gray plaid ;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee—
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three !

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang,
Gie me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang,
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That kenna to be free,
Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three !

SONG ... "Bring the bowl which you boast" ... Scott

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim,
Here's to him we love most,
And to all who love him ;
Brave gallants stand up,
And avaunt ye base carles,
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles.

Tho' he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own ;
Tho' 'tis under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honour and faith,
And a health to King Charles.

Let such honours abound,
As the times can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword,
But the time shall come round,
When 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpets shall sound
Here's a health to King Charles.

PART SONG ... "Tibbie Fowler" Johnson's Museum

ADMISSION ... TWOPENCE,

Students of the Evening Classes ADMITTED FREE.

SONG ... "The Boatman" ... Gaelic

How often, hunting the highest hilltop,
I scan the ocean thy sail to see,
Wilt come to-night, love? wilt come to-morrow?
Or ever come, love, to comfort me?

* Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
O fare thee well, love, where e'er thou be.

They call thee fickle, they call thee false one,
And seek to change me, but all in vain ;
No, thou'rt my dream yet throughout the dark night,
And every morn yet I watch the main.
Fhir a bhata, etc.

There's not a hamlet, too well I know it,
Where you go wand'ring, or stay awhile,
But all its old folk you win with talking,
And charm its maidens with song and smile.
Fhir a bhata, etc.

Dost thou remember the promise made me,
The tartan plaidie, the silken gown?
The ring of gold with thy hair and portrait,
That gown and ring I will never own.
Fhir a bhata, etc.

*Fhir a bhata means "O Boatman." "Na horo eile" is merely a call.

PART SONG ... "Annie Laurie" ... Anon

TRIO ... "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" ... Burns

Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam' to pree ;
Three blyther lads that lee-lang nicht,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou', we're nae that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e ;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw',
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And mony a nicht we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be !
For we are na fou', etc.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae high ;
She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,
But by my troth she'll wait awee.
For we are na fou', etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A silly coward loon is he ;
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He shall be king amang us three,
For we are na fou', etc.

PART SONG ... "Duncan Gray" ... Burns

SONG ... "Mary Morison" ... Burns

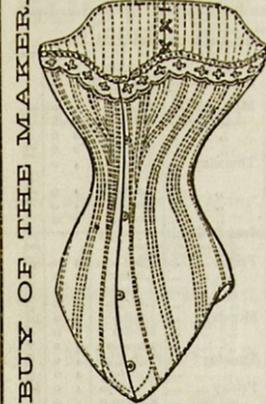
PART SONG ... "Last May a braw Wooer" ... Burns

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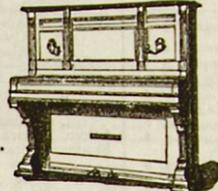
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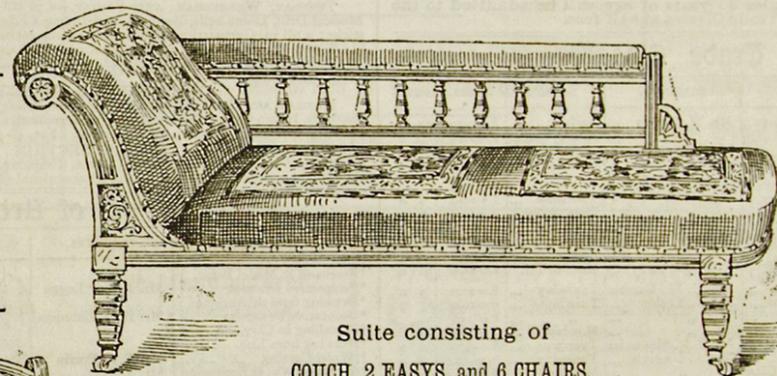
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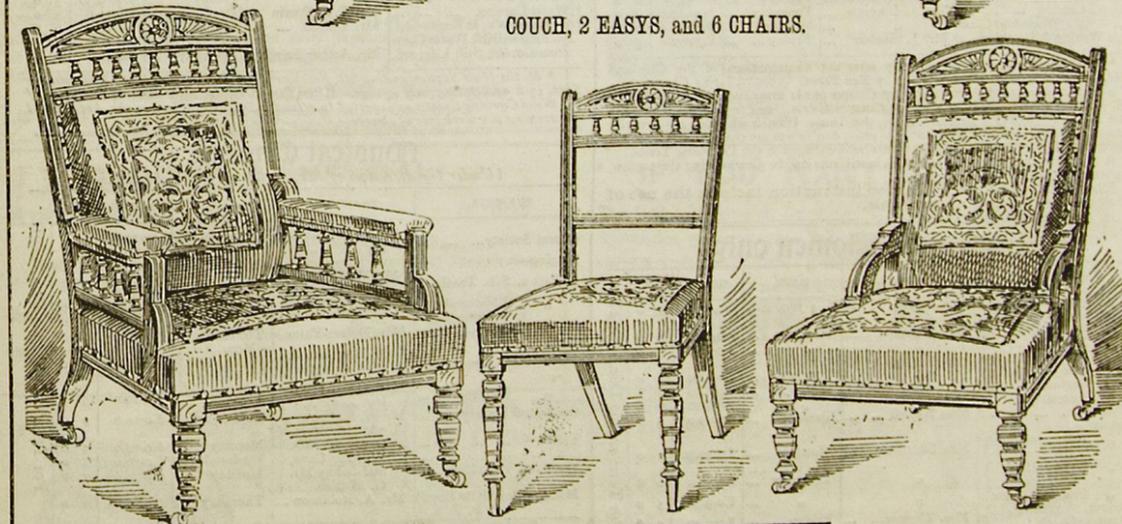
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PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END ROAD, E.
In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Society of Arts.
TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1891-2.
 The Session 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 those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. 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, from 5 to 10. LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS—For the convenience of Students, there are Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the social rooms 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 Science and Art Department in April and May, 1892. Evening Students may enter at any time during the month of September, and are advised to get their tickets early.

The Illustrated Calendar and Syllabus of the Evening Classes, price 1d., by post 2d., may now be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Science Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics ...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elemen.	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv. & Hons.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele-	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Theo., Adv.	"	Friday	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Pract., Adv.	Mr. D. S. Macnair,	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Org., Practical ...	Assist-ant—	Monday	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Inorg. & Org., Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. I.	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday	8.15-10.0	7 6
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I ...	Mr. J. W. Martin	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " II ...	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Practical ...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo,	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	and	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
" " Pract.	Mr. A. Brooker ...	Monday	7.30-9.30	4 0
Sound, Light and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday	9.0-10.0	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- ture and Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	45 0
" " Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville	Mon. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklyr.	Monday	7.0-10.0	5 0
*Electrical Engin., Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingo, and Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec- (Pre.)	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday	7.30-8.0	4 0
" " (Adv.)	"	Friday	7.30-8.30	10 0
" " Workshop	"	Monday & Fri.	8.0-10.0	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	5 0
" " Workshop, Prac.	"	Monday	8.0-9.0	6 0
*Printing (Letterpress) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Tailor's Cutting ...	Mr. A. Umbach	Thursday	8.30-10.0	7 6
*Sign Writing & Graining ...	Mr. J. Sinclair	Monday	8.30-10.0	6 0
" " Friday	"	Friday	8.30-10.0	5 0

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

Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. 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
Beginners ...	"	"	6.0-7.30	7 6
Advanced (Out- door Jackets, &c.)	"	Thursday	6.0-7.30	10 0
Beginners ...	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	7 6
Intermediate ...	"	"	7.0-8.30	7 6
Millinery ...	Miss Newell	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—	"	"	"	"
Demonstration Lecture ...	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.30-9.30	1 0
High-Class Practical Plain ...	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6

Per Coc. 1s.

Commercial and General Classes.

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

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

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 TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY.—5.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8 till 9, Musical Drill, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, and Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Single-sticks; 9 till 10, Gymnastics. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker.

TUESDAY & FRIDAY.—7.0 till 8.0, Fencing with Foils and Sticks. Fee, 5/- per term. A Boxing Club is formed among the members of the Gymnasium, who arrange the fees.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN.
 MONDAY AND THURSDAY.—6.30 till 8, Free Practice; 8.0 till 10.0, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Gymnastics and Running Maze. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker. 7 till 8, Fencing. Fee, 5/- per term.

JUNIOR SECTION.
 Boys, Wednesday, 6.30 till 9.30. Girls, Thursday, 6.30 till 9.30. Sixpence per month, which includes attendance at two Educational Classes.

School of Art.

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

** 6/- the Half Session ending 6th February; or 10/- 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—	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	"
Class 1. Sch. Teachers	Mr. W. Harding	Thursday	6.30-7.45	3 6
" 2. Elementary	Bonner	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
" 3. Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
♫ Solo Singing ...	Miss Delves-Yates	Tu. & Th.	6.0-9.30	215/-
♫ Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Mon. Tu. & Th. and Friday	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced) ...	Mr. Orton Brad- ley	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin ...	Under the direc- tion of Mr. W. R. Cave,	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
" " " "	assisted by Mr. G. Mellish.	Wednesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello ...	"	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
Military Band (Old Boys)	Mr. A. Robinson	Thursday	8.30-10.0	2 0
" " " "	P. P. T. S.	"	"	"

*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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