

**THE PALACE JOURNAL**  
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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE  
**Club, Class and General Gossip.**

## COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, December 4th.—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, 5th.—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. Distribution of St. John's Ambulance Association Certificates at 3.30; Sir Albert Kaye Rollit in the chair. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by the Popular Musical Union. Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 6th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.
- MONDAY, 7th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment by Professor Mitchell and Madame Cara Daniels. Admission 1d.; Reserved Seats, 3d.
- TUESDAY, 8th.—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, 9th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Entertainment by Mr. Scott-Edwardes. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.
- THURSDAY, 10th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, 11th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

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

THE Skating Rink is open as follows: Monday, for girls only, from 7 to 10, and on Thursday, from 9 to 10. For men, on Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, from 6 to 10 p.m.

THE attendances at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital, and Library, on Sunday last, were respectively: 1312, 1418, and 847.

THE St. John's Ambulance Association medallions and certificates are to be presented to-morrow, Saturday, December 5, at 3.30, by Miss Rollit to the students who were successful in passing the examinations last session. Sir Albert Kaye Rollit, Bart., is to preside, and he will be supported by a number of gentlemen who have shown activity in the cause. Our organist, Mr. Jackson, will give an organ recital. Admission is free.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Conductor: Mr. W. R. Cave. Owing to pressure of rehearsals for the last performance, the election of officers had to be postponed. The election, however, took place on Tuesday evening last, when Mr. Wm. Stock was unanimously re-elected secretary for the fifth time in succession, and Mr. A. Victor (Professional Pupil of Mr. Cave) was elected librarian. Mr. Stainforth proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Stock for the able and thoroughly businesslike manner in which he conducted the affairs of the society, and for his courtesy on all occasions. There was no

necessity, he said, for him to make any further remarks; the members all knew how he had worked for them and they could judge for themselves. The vote was carried with acclamation and musical honours. Mr. Stock replied, thanking the members for their continued confidence in him, and for the honour they had again conferred upon him. He attributed the success of the society to the simple and expeditious manner in which the business of the society was carried on. Everything was put to the vote of the whole band, and a show of instruments settled matters there and then; general good feeling was thus kept up and everything went on smoothly. He desired to thank Mr. Victor for the kind assistance he had rendered him with the music; in fact, had it not been for such assistance he must have broken down; he therefore had great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Victor. He felt that he was the proper person to do so as no one could form an idea of the enormous amount of work connected with the music of a large orchestra, until they did such work themselves; he also asked that each member should assist in lessening the work by seeing that all copies were in their cases before commencing, and by putting the music back and tying up their cases after rehearsals or concerts. The vote was carried unanimously. There being a large attendance of members, a most enjoyable rehearsal followed. The members are now working hard for a grand musical festival, which is to take place on the 9th, 11th, and 13th of January, 1892. The large audiences which always attend whenever this society performs, and their continued applause is sufficient testimony to the popularity of the society. The members are all amateurs, and there being no restriction as to number, the present time affords a good opportunity for musicians to join, especially as the music, which is valuable, is lent free for rehearsal.

ON Sunday next Mr. W. R. Cave will play a selection on the violin with Mr. Jackson, the organist.

UNITED STATES.—A People's Palace, combining the features of a library and reading-room, a gymnasium, an employment bureau, and an amusement hall, has been projected in connection with Tabernacle Church, Jersey city, New York (Rev. J. L. Scudder). The first portion of the building has been already opened.

THE Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, accompanied by Sir John R. Jennings, visited the Palace on Sunday last, and was present at the 4 o'clock organ recital. The Dean was afterwards conducted by Mr. Osborn over the library and other parts of the building. He has since expressed the great gratification which his visit has given him, and how much he was struck by the demeanour of the large assembly in the Queen's Hall.

OUR friends will not need reminding of the concert by the Popular Musical Union on Saturday next, the 5th, when Gounod's "Redemption" will be performed.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—The social dance, held on Saturday, November 28th, in the Lecture Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. Marshall, was a success, the attendance was fairly good. There were about seventy or eighty present, and the programme was gone through to the satisfaction of all.—Saturday, December 5th, British Museum. Conducted party through the manuscript and Egyptian sections. Meet outside 2.30 p.m.—Saturday, December 12th, Guildhall. Meet outside 2.45 p.m. A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

## People's Palace Technical Schools.

### VISIT OF THE WATERWORKS AND WATER SUPPLY CLASS TO THE LEA BRIDGE WATERWORKS.

THERE is, perhaps, no article of daily consumption more essential to our comfort and well-being than water, and that in a good wholesome condition; yet possibly no other necessary receives so little thought from the great majority of consumers. So regular, so satisfactory, and so conveniently arranged is the supply furnished by the water companies, that it is only on some chance occasion when the supply is temporarily withdrawn that we fully appreciate the thoroughness of our excellent service, and realise the multitudinous purposes for which we require this precious liquid.

A visit made to the East London Company's Works at Lea Bridge, as a termination to the course of lectures on waterworks and water supply just concluded, elicited many interesting facts concerning this most important subject, and also showed what immense care and attention to detail, is necessary on the part of those who are engaged in maintaining in effective condition the daily supply of water to the public. The magnitude of the task the East London Company has to perform will be better realised when it is known that they supply about 1,250,000 persons with water. In addition, the docks on the north side of the River Thames, numerous manufacturing premises in the East End of London, and a large area comprising a population of nearly 400,000 in the county of Essex, draw largely upon the company's resources.

A short description of the fine works belonging to this company, and the methods adopted in supplying East London with water cannot fail to prove of interest to many readers.

It appears that East London was first supplied with water by the Shadwell Waterworks Company, who commenced operations in 1669, and in 1747 the West Ham Waterworks Company was incorporated for supplying Stratford, West Ham, Bow, etc., with water. In 1808 a new company was established to purchase and amalgamate the Shadwell and West Ham Waterworks, under the title of the East London Waterworks Company. The company constructed at Old Ford certain reservoirs, and erected a pair of engines called the "Twins." These were built by the famous engineering firm of Boulton and Watt, and after eighty years service were, until about two years ago, in first-class order, and working with fair economy.

The water supply of the company is drawn in great measure from the River Lea, and is diverted from the river at a point near Ponders End, the actual works commencing at Chingford Mill. From here the water passes along open and covered channels to Walthamstow where it is received into eight large reservoirs having a total capacity of 910,000,000 imperial gallons and an available capacity of 610,000,000 imperial gallons, whilst the area covered by the reservoirs is about 240 acres.

Here the process of purification commences, as the water being now comparatively still, is able to deposit any suspended impurities which it may have carried along with it in its journey from the river.

The water next passes to the works at Lea Bridge, is led into large basins called filter beds, and is caused to percolate through layers of sand and gravel, some five or six feet thick, spread over the bottom of these basins. Some idea may be gained of the large scale upon which this operation of filtration is performed when it is stated that an area of no less than 25 acres is set apart for the carrying out of the process. The water, now in a condition of great purity, flows to the tanks or wells adjoining the engines at Lea Bridge, and is then pumped throughout the company's district.

The arrangements for pumping the water are made on a most elaborate and complete scale, and possess features of very great interest.

Until a few months ago, pumping engines were at work at the Old Ford station. Of these the "Twins" have already been referred to. Another of these engines, one known as the "Cornish," was built in 1838. It was the first Cornish engine ever erected for waterworks purposes, and effected an enormous economy in the distribution of water. This engine had a cylinder of 80 inches diameter, and had a stroke of 11 feet. Its pumping capacity was about 10,000,000 gallons per day. There are three other engines of the same description and of similar power at Old Ford.

The ground at Old Ford has recently been acquired by the Midland Railway Company, and workmen are now busily engaged in demolishing the buildings, and preparing for the

construction of warehouses and a goods yard on the site of the old pumping station. The engines, too, must in consequence be moved, but they will not again be used by the Waterworks' Company. There is just a tinge of sadness in the thought that these grand old public servants have now ceased from their labours, and that they will possibly soon pass into oblivion.

The slow and stately movements of the engines were a familiar sight to travellers on the G.E.R. between Stratford and Liverpool-street, the heavy beams in their steady and persistent oscillations upwards and downwards seeming to convey a lesson in dogged perseverance, to all whom it might concern. At Lea Bridge the pumping machinery is on a very extensive scale; indeed it is said that these works are the most extensive of their kind in the world. The engines here are of a variety of types, having been built as the works developed. One of the older engines, the "Victoria," erected in 1854, is of the Cornish pattern, and has a cylinder of 8 feet 4 inches diameter, and a stroke of 11 feet. Its pumping capacity is about 13,500,000 gallons per day.

This engine pumps at each stroke nearly 1,000 gallons of water, weighing over four tons. The beam of the "Victoria" is about as fine a specimen of the ironfounder's skill as one could wish to see, and shows that nearly forty years ago there were skilled workmen capable of turning out foundry work not excelled by any production of the present day.

In addition to the steam engines, there are at these works two powerful American turbines of the "Hercules" type, each 45 inches diameter, built by the Holyoke Company of Massachusetts.

Two turbines of the "Girard" type have lately been erected, the maker being William Günther of Oldham; these are each 72 inches diameter, and are of very fine workmanship.

The company, in pursuance of their vigorous policy, and of their evident intention to maintain their service in its present high state of efficiency, have erected at Lea Bridge several magnificent triple expansion engines of the newest and most approved type, and of splendid design. The steam pressure employed is 150 lbs. on the square inch, and each engine is capable of lifting more than 12,000,000 gallons a day.

In addition to the water procured from the River Lea, the company draws a supply from the River Thames at Sunbury. The water is pumped from the river into an open reservoir of 5,000,000 gallons capacity, situated at Hanworth, and is there subjected to the filtering process. After filtration the water is pumped through some nineteen miles of 36-inch main, against a head of about 240 feet, into a reservoir situated in Finsbury Park. From this reservoir the water gravitates throughout the area supplied by the company. A substantial auxiliary supply of water is obtained by means of wells sunk into the chalk. Such wells exist at Lea Bridge, Old Ford, Walthamstow, Chingford, Waltham, and Hanworth.

Exceptional difficulties were encountered in making the well at Lea Bridge, as from the surface of the ground right down to the chalk the well had to be sunk through quicksand. This well is 204 feet deep, and from its lower end tunnels are driven in various directions in the chalk, in order that as great a volume of water as possible may be collected.

The water is pumped from the deep wells at Lea Bridge and Walthamstow by compound, direct-acting, pumping engines. At Chingford, by means of lift pumps actuated by Girard turbines, built by Günther, of Oldham, and at Waltham Abbey by lift pumps from the main shaft of a large triple-expansion engine.

The visit of the waterworks class students to the Lea Bridge Works was made by the kind permission of the engineer to the East London Water Works Company, W. B. Bryan, Esq., Memb. Inst. C.E. We are greatly indebted to this gentleman for the privilege thus granted, and for the facilities so freely accorded us to fully inspect all parts of these interesting works.

F. C. F.

SIR R. H. COLLINS, K.C.B., has officially notified Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, 18, Wigmore-street, London, that the Duchess of Albany never grants formal warrants, but they are welcome to state that they are under the patronage of Her Royal Highness. Messrs. Brinsmead have, in addition, special appointments to several European Courts, and also that of Pianoforte Makers to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, under warrant dated February 20th, 1889, and the Brinsmead Pianofortes have been supplied to Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral.

## Plasterers' Work Competition.

THE following details of a competition in plasterers' work, to be held in connection with the City and Guilds of London Institute, will appeal to not a few of our members and students. This competition is entirely new, and will be held next year for the first time. The Worshipful Company of Plasterers have offered the sum of £25 to be awarded in prizes, to which the City of London Guilds and Institute add silver and bronze medals. The following extracts from the syllabus will give the necessary details:—

The Worshipful Company of Plasterers, having offered the sum of £25 as prizes for proficiency and skill in plasterers' work, the City and Guilds of London Institute is prepared to hold an examination in plasterers' work and allied crafts, and to award certificates and medals on the results of such examination. The examination will be in two grades, ordinary and honours. The ordinary grade examination will consist of a paper of questions only. The honours will be both written and practical. The prizes to be awarded on the results of the examination, provided the candidates show sufficient merit, are as follows:—

### HONOURS GRADE.

- First prize (Plasterers' Company's prize), £8 and Institute's silver medal.
- Second prize (Plasterers' Company's prize), £7 and Institute's bronze medal.
- Third prize (Plasterers' Company's prize), £5 and Institute's bronze medal.

### ORDINARY GRADE.

- First prize (Plasterers' Company's prize), £2 and Institute's silver medal.
- Second prize (Plasterers' Company's prize), £2 and Institute's bronze medal.
- Third prize (Plasterers' Company's prize), £1 and Institute's bronze medal.

The examinations will be held in accordance generally with the rules and regulations for the conduct of the technological examinations of the Institute as contained in the programme.

I. SYLLABUS.—The examination in the ordinary grade will include questions founded on the following subjects:—  
1. *Limes*.—Names and qualities of various limes used in candidate's neighbourhood. Distinction between hydraulic and non-hydraulic lime. Methods of slaking for various limes. Purposes for which each variety is best fitted. Time of slaking before using. 2. *Sand*.—Various qualities of. Proportion of admixture for various limes and purposes. Substitutes for sand. 3. *Hair*.—Use of, and substitutes for. 4. *Stucco*.—Mixing and tempering for ordinary and rough stucco, for rough casting, bastard and trowelled stucco, for fine stuff, run putty, and gauged stuff. Composition and use of each. 5. *Plaster of Paris*.—Mineralogical character, whence obtained, and how prepared. Its use when used pure, its influence on lime stucco by admixture. Preparation of moulds for casting from in plaster, wax, sulphur, and gelatine. Casting, cleaning up and fixing, running and mitreing cornices. Canvas plaster, its preparations and use. 6. *Lathing*.—Size and qualities of laths, substitutes for laths, for fireproof construction or otherwise. Preparations of new walls, brick or stone, and of old and discoloured walls. 7. *Cements*.—Natural and artificial. Character of cements for external and internal use. Mode of gauging and using Roman, Portland, Keene's, Parian, Mastic, Selenetic, and other locally used cements. Polishing internal work, staining or tinting. 8. *Tools* used in plasterers' work and allied crafts.

### HONOURS GRADE.

Candidates for the honours grade will be required to pass a written examination and to produce examples of their practical work.

(1.) WRITTEN EXAMINATION.—The written examination may include more difficult questions on the subjects of the ordinary grade examination, and, in addition, a knowledge will be required of:—1. *Plastering*.—Causes of hydraulicity of certain limes, and how hydraulicity may be imparted to limes not possessing it. Test of quality for limes and cements (excluding tenacity). Quantities of material required for covering a given area. Setting out ceilings for applied ornaments. Running a moulded oval, having its major axis one-third greater than its minor. Plastering columns with an entasis on brick core, or studded and lathed core, mitreing cove 5 feet deep octagonal on plan. 2. *Sgraffito Work*.—Description of. Preparation of coloured ground work.

Pigments required for coloured grounds generally, and for external work. Methods to be employed for skimming coat in small and large works. Pouncing, cutting up and clearing out. Process with multi-coloured groundwork. 3. *Modelling in Stucco*.—Material required for groundwork: for finishing coat. Description of observed examples of modelled work internal or external in candidate's neighbourhood or elsewhere. 4. *Other Processes, Etc.*—Preparations and processes for indurating plaster of Paris. Piece moulding from high relief and from the round. Gesso-work. Scagliola; how prepared and polished. Gilders' composition or "compo." Carton pierre and analogous compositions in which plaster is used for interior decoration.

(2.) PRACTICAL WORK.—The candidate will also be required to execute during the year preceding the examination, and to forward the same to London (carriage paid) a week prior to the examination, an original specimen of his work, which shall not exceed 3 feet by 3 feet by 1 foot in dimensions. The specimen may be an example of:—(a)—Sgraffito work; (b)—Modelled stucco; (c)—Piece moulding with cast from same not cleaned off. Drawings by candidates of old ornamental work in stucco, with name of place were found, may be forwarded with specimens of practical work, and will be considered in the award of prizes.

II. FULL TECHNOLOGICAL CERTIFICATE.—A provisional certificate will be granted on the results of the above examination. For the full technological certificate in the ordinary grade, candidates will be required to have passed the second grade examination of the Science and Art Department in freehand and model drawing, and for the full certificate in the honours grade, they will be required to have also passed in elementary modelling.

III. WORKS OF REFERENCE.—Rivington's "Notes on Building Construction," Parts II. and III. (Longmans); G. R. Burnell's "Limes, Cements and Mortars" (Weale's Rudimentary Series, Crosby, Lockwood & Son, 1887); W. Michaelis' "Die Hydraulische Mörtel" (Leipzig, 1869); "Portland Cement," H. Reid (Spon).

The first examination will be held on the evening of Wednesday, May 4th, 1892, provided a sufficient number of candidates present themselves. Candidates should send in their applications on or before March 26th, 1892, to the nearest local secretary, who will forward them to the offices of Examinations Department of the Institute, Exhibition-road, London, S.W.

## The Lost Day.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. xc., 12.

LOST! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock  
And graven in Paradise:  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng  
In Fashion's mazes wind,  
Where trilleth folly's song  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand was given,  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again:  
I offer no reward—  
For till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that Heaven's entrusted gift  
Is left away for ever.

But when the sea and land,  
Like burning scroll have fled,  
I'll see it in His hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead;  
And when of scath and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there?

## Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

AMONGST Scotch song, "Auld Robin Gray" is perhaps one of the chief favourites. It was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the course of an article on "The Songs and Ballads of Fife," gives the following account of how it came to be written, as well as why in addition to all the other misfortunes of the heroine, the cow was stolen. Robin Gray, was so called from its being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres. Lady Lindsay, writing to a friend, says:—"My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; Sophy Johnstone used to sing it to us at Balcarres. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tone some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, which might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with."

ONE of the most gratifying features of the commercial progress of India is the development of her coal-fields, which are increasing their output so steadily and rapidly that importation is likely in a year or two to dwindle into insignificance. Already in the Calcutta market coal from the mines of Bengal and Assam has quite taken the place of the English and Welsh mineral, and the local demand is steady and increasing, while most of the steamship lines are now regular consumers. Of the total present yield of the Indian coal-fields nearly four-fifths is the output of Bengal; and the best quality for steaming purposes, equal to any other in the world, comes from the newly-opened mines of Assam, where enormous beds exist and are being energetically worked, though so far the demand is greater than the supply can meet.

THE unceasing beneficence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will be within the knowledge of well nigh every reader of these pages. Her fortune, which she inherited from Mr. Coutts was princely, amounting to upwards of £1,800,000. But on the other hand her gifts and benefactions have been liberal to a degree. It seems almost impossible to form any idea of this enormous sum of money, but, "£1,800,000, reckoning 60 sovereigns to a pound, is 13 tons, 7 cwt. 3 qrs. 12 lbs., and would require 107 men to carry it, supposing each carried 298 lbs., which is equal to a sack of flour. This large sum may be partly guessed by knowing also that, counting at the rate of 60 sovereigns a minute for 8 hours a day, and 6 days per week, it would take 10 weeks 2 days and 4 hours to accomplish the task. In sovereigns, by exact computation, each measuring 17-20ths of an inch, placed to touch each other, would extend 24 miles 260 yards, or about the distance from Merthyr to Cardiff; and in crown pieces, 113½ miles 280 yards."

THE potencies of mind lie in the perception of principles. Everything practical rests upon a principle, and to find it gives to action a strength. This perception differentiates the artisan from the artist. The merely practical man, who may be successful by virtue of a natural shrewdness, soon finds work a drudgery, except it be bringing him money. But the clerk who, as he enters bills of exchange, sees in them the laws of commerce or economic truths, is not only on his way to be a banker, but also to have pleasure in banking. The mechanic who sees the laws of motion and compression and expansion of materials while handling his engine, is on the way to be an engineer. Practical men think principles a bore; but it is when the mind is bored by principles that its hidden powers show themselves. When we feel the bite of ideas, then we can say we know the thrill of being. All capable action is the work of ideas. To be curious to know what lies behind appearances, to arrive at reasons, to pry into meanings, to seek the universal in details, to look on the haze of the horizon and feel that there is something beautiful in the far-away of things which we only just see—this makes character beautiful, and conduct forceful, and action luminous.

## Coachmakers' and Coach-Harness Makers' Competition.

THE Worshipful Company of Coachmakers and Coach-Harness Makers of London offer the following prizes for competition among British subjects engaged in the trade of coachmaking and resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland:—

List of those who are entitled to compete for such prizes:— Clerks, foremen, apprentices, coach body makers, coach carriage makers, coach carvers, coach joiners, coach spring makers, coach smiths, coach vicemen, coach herald painters, coach painters, coach wheelers, coach trimmers, coach-harness makers, coach lace makers, coach lamp makers, coach platers, coach chasers, coach sawyers, coach labourers.

**Competition No. 1.**—The following prizes, amounting to £60, are offered for the three best models—which are to become the property of the Company—of an Improved Four Wheel Cab suited to the traffic of London, or a Four Wheel Close Cab Body with a Single or Double Victoria Body with the same under-carriage and wheels being available for both bodies; in order to provide close carriages for winter use, and open ones for summer—the Models of both bodies to fit the same under-works—to the scale of two inches to the foot, made either by one person or more working jointly, accompanied by a working drawing to the same scale. 1st Prize, given by G. N. Hooper, Esq., £30; 2nd Prize, given by A. A. Clark, Esq., £20; 3rd Prize, given by the Worshipful Company, £10.

**Competition No. 2.**—George Athelstane Thrupp, Esq., offers the following prize, to be competed for by technical or drawing classes of Great Britain and Ireland, for the best set of three drawings of the side elevation of any sort of carriage. Scale one inch to the foot. The (nine) drawings are to be selected and sent up by the teacher of the class, and must have been made during the session by three members of the class. The money to be given to the draughtsmen. Prize £6 6s. If five classes compete, Mr. Thrupp offers a second prize of £3 3s. In addition to the above, the company's medal may be given to the teacher of the successful class, should it be considered that the drawings to which the prize has been awarded are of sufficient merit.

**Competition No. 3.**—For working drawings of a pair horse body brake, any shape, side elevation, half back and half plan, to the scale of 1 inch to the foot, in ink, in outline, and not shaded. For apprentices and others under 24 years of age. 1st prize: The Company's Bronze medal and £3. 2nd prize: The Company's Certificate and £2.

**Competition No. 4.**—For working drawings, scale 6 inches to the foot, on one piece of paper 8 feet by 4 feet, of an omnibus for private use to carry six inside, any shape will be eligible; side elevation only. The drawings to be lightly shaded or tinted in colour to make the whole clearer to the eye. 1st prize: The Company's Silver Medal and £6. 2nd prize: The Company's Bronze Medal and £4. 3rd prize: The Company's Certificate and £2.

**Competition No. 5.**—Lady Wallace offers the following prize, among former prize winners only, for a fully coloured drawing of a Victoria, on perch carriage, and C springs, to the scale of one inch to the foot. Prize, £10 10s.

**Competition No. 6.**—The Master of the Company (Edmund Boulnois, Esq., M.P.), offers the following prize for a model—which is to become the property of the company—of a gig-body, to the scale of two inches to the foot. Prize, £10.

The above prizes, where not otherwise mentioned, will be accompanied by the certificate of the Company.

The prize winner in any of the above competitions showing the greatest merit, if not already Free of the Company, will have the Freedom of the Company conferred upon him should his drawing or model in the opinion of the Judges deserve it.

Full particulars and conditions can be obtained on application to the Clerk, Coachmakers'-hall, and 8, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

As regards the proper hour for getting up in the morning, those who may be considered good authorities are not agreed. It depends to a large extent upon health, temperament, and employment; but we may be sure that the earlier the hours we keep the better it is for us.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, under Warrant dated November 9th, 1891, has specially appointed Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons Pianoforte Manufacturers to His Royal Highness.

## A Land of Love.

(Continued).

## CHAPTER XI.—continued.

By and by, however, one aspect of the problem occurred to him, which he had not thought of before, and which, he could not deny, certainly did merit some consideration. Denise—what would Denise say, what would she do, if she were aware of his mother's opposition? Would she be willing to become his wife, in the face of it?

This query struck terror to his soul; for, in spite of his desire to the contrary, he could not but feel confident that the right answer was No. Denise would never consent wittingly to step between a mother and her son. She would say, "I love you, yes. But we must not marry. We have no right to purchase our happiness at the price of your mother's sorrow. There is nothing for us to do but to wait until she will give us her permission." Such an attitude, in his opinion, would be entirely unreasonable and indefensible; a quixotism of the worst kind. But he could not override the conviction that it was exactly the attitude which Denise—which, for that matter, almost any fine-grained, sensitive woman—would, under the circumstances, assume. Women, in affairs of this nature, are so unthinking, so hopelessly the creatures of their impulses and sentiments.

"Yes! If I let her know, it will be all up with me. She'll send me about my business."

Out of the slough of despond into which this conclusion cast him, he could discern but one means of egress: to keep the fact of his mother's opposition a secret from his sweetheart until after their wedding ceremony had been performed.

But instantly, of course, against the practice of any such deceit, his manlier instincts rose in revolt.

To induce Denise to become his wife, without first apprising her of a state of things which, if she suspected it, would determine her to give him up, would be to obtain her under false pretences, by the employment of trick and device. It would be unfair and dishonourable in the extremest sense. Besides, inevitably, a day of reckoning would come. He could not expect to conceal it from her for ever. After they were married, she would be sure, by its very nature, to find it out. And then—would she not hold him guilty of irreparable and unpardonable wrong towards her, and visit him with her scorn and her displeasure? Anyhow, it was her right to know it. It was her right to possess full knowledge of every circumstance that bore in any degree upon this question of their marriage. He must not let the woman he loved undertake blindfold so grave an obligation. No; there was but a single line of conduct open to him. He must lay a complete statement of the case before her; and then he must bow to her decision.

"And that means that my doom is as good as sealed. Of course her decision will be against me."

And now—"Heaven help me! How shall I break it to her? How shall I let her know? She—she'll be expecting me before a great while now. And have I—have I got to go around there and tell her this? It will break her heart. She loves me. She said she loved me. And she is so happy. And now—oh, God, no, no! Go around there, and turn all her happiness into pain? No, I can't do it. I can't do it. Why, it would be the same as if I were to go around there, and—knock her down. You can't expect me to do that. If this letter had only come a few hours earlier—before I spoke to her! Then I should not have spoken. But now—after I have told her how I love her—after I have wrung from her a confession of her love for me, and asked her to be my wife, and made her say yes—now—to have to go and tell her this—! Oh, it's too much! Oh, Denise, my little girl! How can I do it? How—"

He was interrupted by a loud rapping at his door. For an instant—to such a pitch of nervous excitement had he wrought himself—this commonplace and not unusual noise startled and almost terrified him. He came to an abrupt standstill, and caught his breath. Then, recovering his presence of mind, "Entrez," he called out.

The door opened. "Hello, Ormizon. It's me—Palmer. Thought I'd come around to bid you good-by. You leave to-morrow, don't you?" "Oh, how do you do? I'm glad to see you. Come in. Sit down."

"Why—why, what's the matter with you? You look sort of flustered. Anything gone askew? Maybe my visit is ill-timed. If I'm de trop, speak right up, and I'll take myself off."

"Oh, no, not at all; on the contrary. You're very welcome. It was very kind of you to come. I should have been sorry to go away without shaking hands with you. Here; take this chair; do."

"Thanks. Since you urge me, I will. But I say, old boy, you can't fool me. Something's up. That's as clear as daylight. You look—you look as though you'd got a challenge to fight a duel. If you need a second, I'm your man. Come; unburden your sorrowing soul. Tell me the story of your woes. Perhaps I can be of assistance to you. Pour thy griefs into my sympathetic ear." Palmer put his hand up to his ear, after the manner of deaf people.

Ormizon laughed. Then, gravely, "By Jove, Palmer, I don't know but I will," he said. "You're a man of good common sense. You may be able to advise me. I'm in the very devil of a fix. I—I'm the most miserable fellow on the surface of the earth."

"Advise you? Why, you've hit upon my very forte. In point of worldly wealth I'm as poor as Job's turkey; but in point of good advice I'm as rich as Croesus and as generous as Peter Cooper. Come; out with it. What's the row?"

"Well, Palmer, it's this. You know Mademoiselle Denise—Mademoiselle Personette?"

"I am honoured with her acquaintance—yes. Well?"

"Well, I—I'm—as you'd say, I suppose—I'm head over ears—in love with her."

"Ah? So? The frank confession does you proud. But is that all? For, to tell you the truth, that's no news to me."

"It isn't? You guessed it? Well, I suppose it was pretty evident. But—no, that isn't all. This afternoon I—I proposed to her—asked her to be my wife."

"Ah, I see. Popped the question, and got the mitten. Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"No. She accepted me."

"What! She did! You lucky dog! Well, I swan! Well, really, I don't see why that should make you feel so bad."

"No; but just hold on. After I left her, and came home, I found here, waiting for me, a letter from my mother, which said—which said that in case I married Mademoiselle Personette she—she'd stop my allowance, cut me out of her will, and—never recognise me or have anything to do with me again."

"Oh! So that's the racket. . . . Still—well—but—but if you're really very much in love with her, I shouldn't think you'd let that stop you."

"I should say not. I'm not such a—such a sneak as that. No, indeed. So far as I'm concerned, that would have no more influence over me than the blowing of the breeze. But the point is—the question is—what will she—what will Denise say, when she finds it out? When she finds out that my mother is opposed to our marrying, she—she won't look at me—she'll give me the right-about-face in no time. Don't you see?"

"Whew! By George! there's something in that. I guess you're right. Yes, I guess you are. She—she's got such a—such a fine sense of what's proper and correct. Yes, sir, I guess you're about right. But—but you speak of her finding it out. How is she going to find it out? I don't see."

"Why, from me, of course. Of course I shall tell her."

"You will? You'll tell her? Why, what in thunder—what under the sun—do you want to tell her for?"

"Why, how can I help it? It wouldn't be honest or honourable for me to keep it from her. For me to go and get her to marry me, without telling her—why, it would be the same as deceiving her and cheating her—the same as lying to her."

"Ah, yes. I see. I see your point. Hum; you have got yourself into a box, and no mistake. It's too bad; it really is. But look here, Ormizon; do you want to know my candid opinion?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Well, it's this. If she cares about you enough to agree to be your wife—if she as much in love with you as that—by George, you might as well take her and kill her outright, as go around there and tell her things that will make her have to give you up. It will break the little thing's heart. It will, as sure as my name's Hiram."

"Good Lord, Palmer, don't sit there and tell me that! Don't you suppose I know that well enough? That—that's just the—the horrible part of it. I'm between two fires."

"Exactly. So you are—between the devil and the deep sea. You've got to make a choice of evils. You've got to choose between deceiving her and breaking her heart. And if you want my advice, as you said you did, I tell you what. If I were in your place, I wouldn't hesitate. I'd deceive her. It would be what you call a pious fraud. The end would justify the means."

"No, I can't—I can't agree with you about that, Palmer. I couldn't—I actually couldn't—lie to her."

"Who said anything about lying to her? There's no need that you should lie to her. I'm the last man in the world to advise anybody to lie."

"Well, but I don't see the difference. You said, deceive her. Well, that's as bad as lying. That's only another name for the same thing."

"Well, I don't know that I should even deceive her—exactly. This is what I'd do. I'd tell her frankly that I was on bad terms with my mother—that my mother and I had had a row—but I'd be blamed before I'd tell her *why*—before I'd let her know that she was the cause of it. Then I'd marry her—just as soon as I could scare up a parson."

"Yes; and then, after you were married, she'd find it out—she'd discover the trick you'd played her—and she'd despise you for it."

"She'd be a little angry at first, I dare say. But she'd come round. You see, she's a woman, and she loves you. Well, grant, then, that when she first found it out she'd be a little worked up; she'd recognise that you'd done it because you wanted to spare her unhappiness, and because you loved her so; and, though she'd pout and scold for a while, in her heart she'd be glad all the time, and she'd forgive you. Whereas, if you go around there and tell her,—good-by Mrs. Ormizon. It'll be all up with you; and she'll swim down to her grave in a flood of tears. Come, my young friend; brace up. Take my advice, and keep your own counsel."

"By Jove, Palmer, I don't know but you're right. You— you really think she'd forgive me?"

"I don't think it. I know it. Forgive you? Why in the long run she'd love you all the better for it."

"By Jove, old boy, give me your hand. By—my—well, there, I can't—I can't express it—but—oh! you've lifted such a weight off my mind."

"Ouch! Look out!" cried Palmer. You'll break my wrist, if you keep on wagging my flipper that way. There, there. Calmezvous. And— Hello; there's some one knocking on your door."

"Come in! Entrez!" called Ormizon.

"Ah, bonsoir, monsieur. Here is a letter for you from Mademoiselle Gluck."

The new-comer was Zélie, the servant of the ladies of the Rue Soufflot.

Ormizon took the letter which she held out to him, broke the seal, and read:

"DEAR MR. ORMIZON,—Come over here the instant you receive this—without a second's delay. Yours, I. B. G."

"What—what's the matter? Is there anything the matter?" he demanded of Zélie, in a scared, anxious voice.

"Je n'en sais rien, monsieur; mais je crois que Mademoiselle Personette est malade."

That was all the satisfaction he could get from Zélie. She knew nothing, but she believed that Mademoiselle Personette was ill. Particulars of any kind, though he plied her with questions, she protested her inability to give. Dr. Gluck had called her from the kitchen, where she was busy preparing dinner, and had dispatched her with this note, bidding her make haste. "Voilà tout ce que je peux vous dire, monsieur."

Panic-stricken, leaving Lancelot in possession of his quarters, and without a word to him, he hurried to respond to the doctor's summons.

## CHAPTER XII.

He gave the bell-cord a tremendous tug. The bell clanged violently within.

After what seemed to him an æon, though, in point of fact, it was not half a minute. Dr. Gluck opened the door.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" he cried. "Has—is—Denise—"

"Hush. Come in," interrupted the doctor. "Come with me."

She led the way to the salon.

"Sit down, now, and be calm," she said. You needn't alarm yourself. But I thought I had better send for you. I thought I had better tell you all about it, and learn from you the exact state of the case."

"Yes, yes, of course. I'm very glad you did. But—but go on. What is it? Tell me, quick. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Sh-sh! Now, you mustn't get excited. She's in her room now, lying on the sofa, very weak and exhausted, but not seriously ill. You see, she fainted. And I got terribly frightened, she took so long about coming to. But she's perfectly herself again now; only, as I say, weak and undone. She's wild to—well, never mind about that till I've told you the rest."

"But how—what—what made her faint? She—"

"Yes, I'm going to tell you the whole story, if you'll give me time, and control yourself, and not go off in a passion. . . . Well, to begin at the beginning, you see, when Denise came

home this evening I saw right away that something had happened,—from her excitement and nervousness and the way she acted, you know, and everything. And of course I was as curious as could be to find out what it was. And I asked her lots of questions; and at last—well, at last she told me all about it—how you had met her in the Rue de Vaugirard, and how you had frightened her, and then declared yourself to her—and all the rest. Really, I don't think I ever saw anybody so happy and elated as she was. She was just in a perfect tremor of delight. Well—well, of course, then we talked and talked about it for ever so long; and it was so interesting and so exciting, you understand, that I—I totally forgot to give her the letter. . . . There! I guess I haven't told you, have I?"

But while she was out, a letter had been delivered for her—a letter from America—which was quite strange, for I didn't know that she had any correspondents over there. . . . Well, as I say, in the excitement of our talk, I entirely forgot it; but all of a sudden I remembered it, and went and got it, and gave it to her. We were standing right here in the parlour, just about where you and I are now. Well, she took it; and she wondered whom in the world it could be from, and she couldn't possibly imagine, because, she said, she didn't know a single soul in America who would be likely to write to her; and at last she opened it and began to read it. Well, she couldn't have read more than two or three lines at the utmost, when, the first thing I knew, she gave a scream, and she turned as white as a sheet, and fell—and fell right down in a dead faint on the floor. And then—"

"I—I'm sure I know whom the letter was from," he gasped.

"Yes, I dare say you do. I dare say you can guess. Well, of course, when she fainted, she let it drop from her hand. And after I had attended to her, and done everything I could, I picked it up, and read it—which I felt at liberty to do. Well, it was *enough* to make her faint. It was indeed. And if it's true—But I can't believe it is. I can't believe that you are such a villain. Here; read it; here it is."

In his mother's handwriting, the envelope bore this superscription: "Mlle Personette, care of Miss Isabel B. Gluck, Rue Soufflot, Paris, France."

"Oh, what a fool I was!" he groaned. "I suppose I must have mentioned your address when I wrote to her. I never thought she'd—I never dreamed she'd— Oh, this—this is awful!"

"I was wondering how she found it out," said the doctor. "I thought maybe she got it from the Merriwethers. . . . But you'd better go on now and read it, don't you think?"

"Yes, I suppose I had."

The letter ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, September 12th, 1885.

"MADemoiselle PERSONETTE,—I beg leave to inform you by this that my son, Stephen Ormizon, whom, I have reason to believe, you have endeavoured to infatuate, is already engaged to be married to his cousin, my niece, Miss Fanny Clark. Now, as I have no doubt that the chief attractions which you find in my son are his wealth and his social position, I shall be doing you a kindness when I take this opportunity to warn you that if he should see fit to break his engagement with Miss Clark, and to contract a marriage with you, I shall at once disown and disinherit him, which will deprive him immediately both of his social standing and of all means of support, present and future; also that I shall never recognise or acknowledge you as his wife, nor him as my son, but shall regard you both as entire strangers to me, to the day of my death. By the same mail I post a letter to my son, forbidding him to marry you, and commanding him to come home instantly and fulfil his obligations to Miss Clark. I write you this as a favour to you, in order that you may understand exactly what to expect in case you persist in your attempts to lead my son into a mésalliance. Respectfully,

"EUNICE C. ORMIZON."

With a cry of rage, Ormizon sprang to his feet, and began storming about the room.

"I—I'll never forgive my mother this. How brutal! How outrageous! As long as I live I'll never forgive her for writing to Denise like this. No—not if she got down on her knees to her, and begged her pardon, I'd never forgive her for having insulted and outraged her like this. Oh, it—it's incredible. I can't believe it. I never would have believed her capable of anything so bad as this. It's—oh—I— What—what did Denise say? What—oh, lor! I—I could kill my mother for writing this. Oh, I suppose Denise—I suppose she'll never look at me again, after this. Oh, what a—what a fool, what a wretch, what a miserable, miserable dog, I am!"

"Hush—hush—hush," the doctor had been imploring him, following him around the room, and waving her hands deprecatingly. "You'll disturb her. She'll hear you, and be

frightened. Do calm yourself. Sit down. Be still. I want to talk to you."

But to no purpose. He had not heeded her. Now, however, of his own accord, he came to a standstill, and was silent.

"There! Do sit down," she pleaded. "Now, don't fly off; but sit down, and be quiet, and tell me now,—you may as well tell me honestly,—is it true?"

He dropped upon a chair.

"True?" he repeated, with a dazed look. "True? What? Is what true?"

"Why, what your mother says. Is it true that you are engaged to be married to your cousin—to Fanny Clark?"

"Oh! That! No; it's a lie—I beg your pardon, doctor. It's a—well, that is, at least, it's this way. You see, I was—yes, I suppose I was—engaged to her—after a fashion. That is, before I left New York, my mother, she—she made me promise—she extorted a promise from me—that I—that I would marry Fanny. And I promised—like a—like the—like the miserable fool I was. But the very instant I first saw Denise—as soon as I realized how I loved her—two or three days after I first met her, by Jove!—why, it was on the morning after we had been to hear *Monsieur Ferrichon*—I—I wrote a letter to my mother, and confessed that I was in love with Denise, and told her that I couldn't and wouldn't marry Fanny. I thought that—you see—I thought that was the fair and square thing to do. Well, that was as good as breaking whatever engagement there was—wasn't it? That was the beginning of all this trouble. If I'd kept my mouth shut—if I'd kept my own counsel— Oh, well, it's too late now. The mischief is done. . . . I never expected this—such treachery as this—from my own mother!"

"And you really *are* in love with Denise? You don't—you never cared anything for your cousin?"

"Care for her? Care for Fanny? Care for that— Oh, you make me laugh. Why, I tell you, I—I hate her. I've always hated her—ever since I was a child—ever since she came to live with us. Hasn't she always been— Oh, I despise her. I'd like—I'd be glad—to see her—"

"There, there; never mind about that. And Fanny—your cousin—does she care for you?"

"Does Fanny care for me! That's good! That's capital, doctor! The idea of Fanny caring for me! The sanctimonious hypocrite! The—the— Why she thinks I'm the worst reprobate unhung. She thinks I'm not good enough to tie her shoe-strings. All she's after is my mother's money. She'll get it now. I wish her joy of it."

"Then, as a matter of fact, you are free? You have broken the engagement you had to your cousin, and are at liberty to marry anybody you choose?"

"What's the use of your asking me that? Anybody I choose! Do you imagine Denise would have me, after that letter? You don't suppose she'd marry the son of the woman who wrote that letter? Oh, how she must despise me! She'll never look at me again—after that letter—from my mother! Oh, it's too hard! I could—I could—"

He shook his fist at the empty air, and sprang to his feet again.

"Hush! She'll hear you. Sit down. Come, sit down here beside me, where you were before. There; now you must be quiet and rational. I'm going to tell you something now that will—that will surprise you, and—and make you very happy."

"Well, go on. Tell it to me. Tell me anything you want to. But there's nothing that can surprise me, nothing that can make me very happy, after this—after I've lost the only thing I care for in the world. Well, go on."

"Well, if it doesn't make you happy, it will be a wonder, and you'll be an ungrateful thing. It seems like a special providence; it does indeed. Well, it's this: Denise—Denise doesn't know a thing about it."

"Doesn't know a—doesn't know a thing about what? What are you driving at? I don't understand."

"Doesn't know a thing about your engagement to Miss Clark—about what your mother wrote in this letter."

"What! . . . Why—you—you said—didn't you say—she read it—and that—and that was what—made her faint away? I—I give it up. I don't see your point. What—what in. . . ."

"Sh—sh! Now, behave yourself. Now, I'm going to explain. Now, sit right there, and don't you move or interrupt, or I shan't say a word. Now, listen. . . . Well, this is all there is to it. When Denise came to—when she finally opened her eyes, and recovered her senses—she was all dazed and bewildered, and she didn't remember a single thing of what had happened—not a thing about the letter. You see, she couldn't remember, because it had all been so quick and sudden. As I should say, speaking technically, the last impressions received by her brain before she fainted had simply been obliterated,

wiped out, by the shock. Do you understand? . . . Well, of course, when she came to, she was awfully curious to know what had happened to make her faint, and she must have asked a hundred questions. But I wasn't going to tell her the real truth, until I had seen you, and spoken to you, and found out whether it was so—what your mother wrote. So I just said that she had been very tired and weak, and, then, the excitement and the happiness and everything had been too much for her, and the strain had caused a fainting-fit. Well, of course that was a fib. But I thought, under the circumstances, that it was all right. And she—she believed it, and was perfectly satisfied. There!"

"Oh, doctor, you—you're— Oh, what can I say to tell you how good you are, how grateful you have made me? Oh, this—this—it's—it's too good to be true!" he cried; and in a twinkling he had torn his mother's letter into a hundred pieces.

"Well, now," went on the doctor, "as I was going to tell you, she's wild, perfectly wild, to see you; and now I'll go and tell her that you are here. But first I want to warn you. You must be guarded. You must look out for your tongue, and not let her suspect a thing about all this. Otherwise—"

"You needn't be afraid, doctor. I guess you may trust me for that."

The doctor left the room.

Oh, with what a trembling, throbbing, thrilling heart, a minute later, he beheld Denise crossing the threshold, coming toward him, nearer, nearer, near . . . !

There! She was in his arms, her head nestling upon his breast.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, in a weak, fluttering voice.

"Yes, I have come, Denise, to tell you—to tell you that I am not going away, as I expected. I am not going to sail on Saturday. I have decided to postpone it. But when I do sail, you—you will come with me, will you, Denise?"

She made no answer.

"Why—why, Denise—my love! You—why, you are crying. What is it, Denise?"

"Oh, I—I am—crying—for—for happiness," she sobbed. Knock—knock—knock—upon the door.

"Entrez!" called Denise.

Zélie entered, bearing a large pasteboard box.

"Quelque chose pour vous, mademoiselle," she said.

The box was full of great beautiful red roses; and on top of them lay a card; and on the card was written, "May our dear Mamselle be as happy as she is good and beautiful!—Lancelot."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ormizon's novel, "A Voice from the Wilderness,"—but for which, as he often thinks with something like terror, he and Denise might never have found each other out,—was published in February, 1886.

The critics treated it very kindly, remarking in it the crudity and the extravagance of youth, to be sure, but commending its freshness, its interest, and its simplicity. So the book had quite a run—was read and talked about; and though it did not "place its author at a bound in the front rank of living American writers of fiction," as we hear of so many first books doing nowadays, it did raise him from the position of a nobody to that of a small somebody,—a somebody of the ninth or tenth magnitude, but still a somebody.

And, then, one fine morning, he received a letter—a letter from his mother—seeking a reconciliation!

Well, his mother and Fanny very magnanimously forgave him, and invited him and Denise to dinner, where they served up the fatted calf, and condescended to patronise his wife, and to make her feel exceedingly self-conscious and ill at ease. After the coffee, while he was smoking his cigarette, his mother took him aside and offered to renew his allowance. I am sorry to say, it was not without a certain wicked sense of triumph that he thanked her, and assured her that he stood in need of no such kindness, his actual income being amply sufficient to his wants. Happily, this was true. He and Denise were living very modestly in a small apartment up in Harlem, the rent of which did not quite consume the interest on his government bonds. For the rest, the little reputation that his book had brought him made an opening for him in the literary market, where he was generally able to sell his wares at remunerative prices, always provided that they were up to the required standard of excellence. . . . Oh, I had nearly forgotten. In addition to their other sources of revenue, they took a boarder. The boarder was a very pretty, plump little lady, not much older than thirty years. And though Ormizon was extremely attentive to her, and apparently very fond of her, Denise never manifested the least symptom of jealousy. The boarder's name was Gluck—Isabel B. Gluck, M.D.

THE END.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT (13th Concert, 5th Series),

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“REDEMPTION,”

BY THE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA OF THE POPULAR MUSICAL UNION, MR. HENRY THOMAS, Conductor.

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

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PROLOGUE.

- (A.) THE CREATION.—ORCHESTRA. (B.) THE FALL.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

O Lord, when thou didst rest from the work of creation. Thou didst call very good the things which Thou hadst made: Of the works of Thy hands, by Thy predestination, Was the father of men appointed to be head: And he, placed in a land of abundance and beauty, Lived a pure happy life, under guidance of Duty; And at length, of decay and of death knowing naught, While in slumber infolded, would have been heavenward caught.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

But since he, in revolt, blindly refused to hearken, To Thy Divine command, that which Thou wouldst have done, The deep shadow of death did his life newly darken, As the shadow of sin on our faith has been thrown; And to Man heaven was closed. Not by blood flowing often Could Mankind ever hope the Lord's anger to soften.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

But of the spotless Lamb whom Thy love doth provide All the types incomplete shall be now set aside: Thou by Thyself, O God, wilt accomplish this wonder, So filling up the gulf which earth and heaven doth sunder: In our flesh One will come, to be born and to die, To prevail over death, exalting Man on high. Thy blessed Son hath said:

(C.) THE PROMISE OF REDEMPTION.

CHORUS.—Celestial Choir.

The earth is My possession: I leave My heavenly home To atone for transgression: O my Father, lo, I come.

PART I.

CALVARY.

No. 1.—RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

Then is Jesus condemned; and they bind Him, and they mock Him, on the head do they smite Him, in His face even spitting; the blood is also gushing out beneath the scourge. Then, when His tormentors ended their insult, He said, upon them casting a look sad and sweet:

SOLO.—Jesus.

If My deeds have been evil, bear ye witness against Me; if indeed I am guiltless, then wherefore smite ye Me?

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

When the hour was at hand, the Lord with resignation Went forth up to the mount, as a sinner to die. For us gave He Himself as a willing oblation, That in His holy blood, Man, by a new creation, Might again be invested with grace from on high, And at last might attain to eternal salvation.

MARCH TO CALVARY.—Orchestra, Soli, and Chorus.

CHORUS. (Soprano).

Forth the Royal Banners go, Before our eyes appearing; The Cross, in mystic glow, Is power and love declaring: To make us free doth One its bondage know; As Man, the Lord Himself the weight of sin is bearing.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

And while Jesus went up the mount, and bore His Cross, there followed after women, who wept and bewailed Him.

SEMI-CHORUS. (Soprano).

Alas! they go then to put Him to death; it must be the Just One will perish. Behold, how He has fallen, a second time has fallen!

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

And the Lord heard their words, and, turning to them, spake thus:

SOLO.—Jesus.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep ye not for Me, but weep ye for yourselves, and weep ye for your children. Jerusalem is faithless found.

CHORUS.

Forth the Royal Banners go, Before our eyes appearing; The Cross, in mystic glow, Is power and love declaring: To make us free doth One its bondage know; As Man, the Lord Himself the weight of sin is bearing.

No. 2.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

Behold, when they are come to the place appointed, they extend on the Cross the Saviour's sacred limbs.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

Then with words they blaspheme Him, with looks do they deride, unrestrained is their fierceness. The passers-by come near to behold what is done.

CHORUS.—The Passers-by.

Ha! Thou that dost declare Thou destroyest the Temple, Thou that canst in three days build it again, hast Thou not power to save Thyself? Canst Thou not come down? Save Thyself! Son of God, come Thou down from the Cross.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

The priests, hearing the cries, with mocking voices said:

MALE CHORUS.—The Priests.

Can He not save Himself, He, the Saviour of others? See Him there! None to help, not a friend, no disciples. Is He King of the Jews? Let Him shew it to-day. If He be the Son of God, let His Father give ear, and release Him. Behold, let Him now come down from the Cross, and at once we believe on Him.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

And the Lord, in His love for Mankind never failing, On behalf of His slayers for pardon implores:

SOLO.—Jesus.

Pardon their sins, My Father, for they do not know what they do.

THE REPROACHES.

CHORUS.

O My vineyard, come tell Me why thy grapes are bitter. What have I done, My people? Wherein hast thou been wronged? Did I not bring thee out of the land of the stranger? Made I thee not to pass through the depths of the sea? Sent I not food from heaven, and gave meat in abundance? Did manna ever cease till thou camest to Canaan? Reply, unthankful race! And thou, for all this love, preparest me the Cross whereupon I shall die.

No. 3.—MARY AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

And Jesus then, as down on the ground He was looking, saw at the foot of the Cross the disciple whom He loved; the same that on His breast at supper had reclined. Near unto Him He saw His Virgin Mother. On her bent He an eye full of tender regard; and showing filial love unto her who had borne Him, He said:

SOLO.—Jesus.

Woman, behold thy son!

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

Then, speaking unto John, He said:

SOLO.—Jesus.

Behold thy mother!

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

And the disciple took her that day to his home; her, as the sacred trust of an eternal love.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Beside the Cross remaining, A face the Mother wears; Unresisting, uncomplaining, And yet the grief she bears Her heart in sunder tears.

Though He claims adoration, On the Cross Jesus hangs; Her soul, past consolation, Knowing but lamentation, Has a share in His pangs.

SOLO.—Mary.

While my watch I am keeping, Ye that go by, sinners, Gaze at the mother weeping, Torn by anguish unsleeping: Ask if any one bears Any grief like to hers.

CHORAL.

While her watch she is keeping, Ye that go by, sinners, Gaze at the Mother weeping, Torn by anguish unsleeping: Ask if any one bears Any grief like to hers.

No. 4.—(Part of this Scene is omitted.)

CHORAL.

Lord Jesus, Thou to all bringest light and salvation, The man that trusts in thee over death will prevail; And, though he die, in Thee will find his restoration, O Saviour true, O mighty God, Thy name we hail.

No. 5.—THE DEATH OF JESUS.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

Now from the sixth hour until the ninth hour the light of the sun was obscured, and darkness, as of night, came over all the land from sight all things concealing. . . . Then gave He up the ghost, and all came to an end.

No. 6.—THE CENTURION.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

And when the Centurion, and they that were with him, saw the earthquake, and all the things that were done, they were amazed and afraid; and, gloryfying God, they said, This man then was in truth the Son of God.

CHORUS.

For us the Christ is made a victim availing, Yea, unto death, and the death of the Cross; In vain our ancient foe will mankind be assailing, To Him Who now has died shall be triumph unailing. O Death, thou art discredited, thou gainest only loss. Faith unswerving, holy Hope, that unconquered remaineth, Heavenly Love, ever young; for them thanks do we raise. Thou, by Whose Death and Passion Man unto heaven attaineth, O Christ, Thee we adore, and unto Thee give praise.

PART II.

FROM THE RESURRECTION TO THE ASCENSION.

No. 1.—CHORUS.—Prophetic Choir.

Saviour of men, we know that for ever Thou livest: We know that to the dead resurrection Thou givest: Yea, all them that are sleeping from the grave Thou wilt bring, So that, to life restored, we shall see Thou art glorious, When, as Death, over whom this day Thou art victorious, Has fled before the Lord and King.

No. 2.—THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

Now when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, came, bringing spices wherewith to anoint him; and they came to the tomb of the Master Whom they loved. Day was dawning, as on their lonely way they were going, their hearts full of the thought of their sweet ministration. They as they went said to themselves:

TRIO.—The Holy Women.

How shall we by ourselves have strength to roll away the stone from the tomb? Is there no one who will aid us? Who will look on our distress?

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

The newly-risen sun with his life-giving rays the hill of Calvary was gilding ere these devoted women arrived at the tomb. To the threshold at once they directed their eyes, and they saw the stone rolled away from the entrance into the tomb. Behold, one that in face was like unto lightning, and was arrayed in dazzling apparel, stood at their side, as they thought thereupon. When the Angel appeared the women were affrighted. Then said the Angel to them:

SOLO.—The Angel.

Why seek ye the living among the dead? Are the words of the Lord now no longer remembered? But let your hearts be glad, and full of comfort. Ye are seeking the Lord, but He is risen again; behold! the very place where His body was laid. His sacred limbs themselves have these grave-clothes been swathing . . .

Nos. 3 and 4 are omitted.

No. 5.—THE HOLY WOMEN BEFORE THE APOSTLES.

RECITATIVE.—The Narrators.

Now, while by their bitter sorrow the disciples were dismayed, for their comfort they bethought them of the promise of their Master, that they should see Him again. But so it was, when the tidings were brought them, their faith displayed itself as inconstant and doubtful.

TRIO.—The Holy Women.

The Lord, he is risen again:  
To our sight and to our hearing  
Have wondrous signs been appearing,  
He doth Manhood yet retain,  
The Lord, He is risen again.  
Him we saw when home returning  
At the breaking of the day;  
Our hearts are within us burning,  
All grief and doubt passed away.  
The Lord, he is risen again.

CHORUS.—The Disciples (Tenor and Bass).

Though we fain would have believed you,  
Some form surely has deceived you,  
Some phantom seen in the night,  
From trusting what you have told us  
Lack of witness must withhold us:—  
We rely on hearing and sight.

SOLO (Soprano) AND CHORUS.

From Thy love as a Father,  
O Lord teach us to gather,  
That life will conquer death:  
They who seek things eternal  
Shall rise to light supernal  
On wings of lowly faith.

No. 6.—JESUS APPEARING TO THE APOSTLES.—THE ASCENSION.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

The apostles that were left at evening met together, the doors now being shut; and, while they were assembled, the Lord himself came, and stood in their midst. They were greatly afraid at the sight, but He said:

SOLO.—Jesus.

Be not afraid, it is I! your heart need not be troubled. Behold! for I am not a shadow, an apparition; I am such as I was when I walked on the sea. Behold! for a spirit can have neither flesh nor bones.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

And the disciples did obeisance; and they fell on their knees, in fear, giving Him worship: and the Lord then approached, and said:

SOLO.—Jesus.

Arise, and hear! All authority is Mine in heaven and on the earth, and by you shall witness be borne unto Me. To all the nations bear the news of salvation. Depart, give them the word which I gave unto you, baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I leave you My peace, and I am with you always, yea, to the end of the world.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

After this to a mountain led He them forth, and then, lifting up His hands, as in blessing, He departed, and ascended into heaven.

CHORUS.

Unfold, ye portals everlasting,  
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high,  
Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky,  
Back to the heavenly mansions hastening,  
Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

CHORUS.—Celestial Choir (Soprano).

But who is He, the King of Glory?

CHORUS.

He Who Death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty.

CHORUS.—Celestial Choir (Soprano).

But Who is he, the King of Glory?

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.

CHORUS.

Of hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers: the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Unfold, ye portals everlasting,  
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high,  
Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky,  
Back to the heavenly mansions hastening,  
Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

PART III.

THE PENTECOST.

No. 1.—CHORUS.

Lovely appear over the mountains  
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

SOLO.—Soprano.

Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.  
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.  
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,  
In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.  
In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding,  
Shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground;  
Under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound;  
Void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding.  
Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly,  
Shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

CHORUS.

Lovely appear over the mountains  
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.  
Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.  
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.  
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression.  
In the brightness of joy fade away and are gone.

No. 2.—THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Tenor).

Upon the day of Pentecost it came to pass, that in one place, with one accord, the disciples, according as they were wont, were praying while they waited for the promise of God.

THE APOSTLES IN PRAYER.—Orchestra.

RECITATIVE.—Narrator (Bass).

Lo, there came a mighty sound, a sound as of a tempest, and it filled all the place in which they were assembled. Then tongues to them appeared, and were parting among them. The tongues were like as of fire; and on each one of the chosen band it was sitting. On a sudden appeared the tongues that were like as of fire, parting among the band.

RECITATIVE.—The Narrators.

At once the Spirit came upon them: a holy rapture, their very souls possessing, both inflames and inspires them: these untaught simple men, these hearts with terror chilled, like to heroes appear, in their zeal for the faith.

SOLO.—A Voice from Heaven (Soprano).

Go ye forth on your way: the Lord Himself will guide you:  
Unto death be ye faithful, whatever betide you.  
Through the world go ye forth, unto you it is given  
To preach the tidings glad of the Kingdom of Heaven.

No. 3.—HYMN OF THE APOSTLES.

(Part of this number is omitted.)

CHORUS.

The Word is Flesh become: thus begin we the story:  
Full of grace, full of truth, is He.  
In the womb of a Virgin did he veil the glory  
Of His eternal Majesty.  
He is before the worlds, all light from Him we gather,  
God, holy, just, and true, is He;  
And, like the Holy Ghost, is one with God the Father  
In everlasting Trinity.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1891.

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

At 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MR. A. J. MAPLE. VIOLINIST, MR. W. R. CAVE.

1. ORGAN SOLO ... Overture to "Athalia" ... Handel
2. HYMN ... "The King of Love" ... Handel  
The King of Love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.  
Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow  
With food celestial feedeth.  
Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His Shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.  
In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.  
Thou spread'st a Table in my sight,  
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!  
And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.
3. VIOLIN SOLOS { (a) "Largo" ... .. Handel  
(b) "Benedictus" ... .. Mackenzie
4. AIR ... "Why do the Nations" ... Handel  
Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?  
The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed.
5. ORGAN SOLO { Variations on a well-known hymn tune... .. B. Jackson
6. VIOLIN SOLOS { (a) "Barcarole" ... .. Spohr  
(b) "Romance" ... .. W. R. Cave
7. HYMN "Onward, Christian Soldiers" ...  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ the Royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go!  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus,  
Going on before.  
At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.
8. CANTIQUE ... "Nazareth" ... .. Gounod  
Though poor be the chamber,  
Come here and adore;  
Lo! the Lord of Heaven  
Hath to mortals given  
Life for evermore.  
Shepherds, whose flocks were folded beside you,  
Tell what was told by angel voices near:  
"To you this night is born He who will guide you  
Through paths of peace to living waters clear."  
Though poor be the chamber, etc.  
Kings from a far land draw near and behold Him,  
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come,  
Your crowns cast down, with robe royal unfold Him,  
Your King descends to earth from brighter home.  
Though poor be the chamber, etc.  
Wind, to the cedars proclaim the joyful story;  
Wave of the sea, the tidings bear afar;  
The night is gone! behold in all its glory,  
All broad and bright rises th' Eternal Morning Star,  
Though poor be the chamber, etc.  
Henry F. Chorley.
9. VIOLIN SOLO "Adagio and Allegretto" ... Handel
10. ORGAN SOLO "Festive March" ... Smart

At 8 P.M.

1. MORCEAU DE CONCERT { Prelude. Theme. } ... Guilmant  
{ Variations. Finale. }
2. ... "Hear my Prayer" Mendelssohn
3. TEMPO DI MINUETTO... .. Hamilton Clark
4. MARCH OF THE ISRAELITES ... .. Costa
5. EVENING PRAYER ... .. Smart
6. SELECTION FROM THE ORATORIO, "MOIS ET VITA" Gounod
7. GRAND CHŒUR IN E FLAT ... .. Guilmant

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF  
**Prof. MITCHELL'S ILLUSIONIST & VENTRILOQUIAL ENTERTAINMENT**

TO BE GIVEN ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALIST ... .. MADAME CARA DANIELS.	
<b>PART I.</b> "MODERN MYSTERIES," A series of Marvellous Experiments in Prestidigitation.	<b>PART IV.</b> A new and highly popular Ventriloquial Sketch, entitled— "A HALF-HOLIDAY WITH ALLY SLOPER."
<b>PART II.</b> An Amusing Polyphonic and Ventriloquial Interlude.	<b>PART V.</b> "ILLUSIONS AND DELUSIONS," or, Conjuring Extraordinary.
<b>PART III.</b> "MUSICAL MIMICRY." CONTRALTO SONG (with Guitar Accompaniment) PLANTATION LULLABY "Mammy's Li'l Boy" <i>M. Edwards</i> GUITAR SOLO "Battle Sounds" <i>Arr. by Madame Daniels</i> CREOLE SONG, with Banjo "Radoo" ... <i>Bessie O'Connor</i>	<b>PART VI.</b> MITCHELL'S FUNNY FOLKS, In their New and Laughable Sketch, entitled— "OVER THE GARDEN WALL."

Doors Open at 7.30. Admission—One Penny; Reserved Seats, Threepence.

PROGRAMME OF  
**ENTERTAINMENT BY MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES,**

ASSISTED BY MADAME BÜLOW AND MR. CHARLES WATKINS,  
 TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH, 1891, COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

<b>PART I.</b>			
1. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... ..	"The Gondoliers" (Arranged by Madame Bülow)	... ..	MADAME BÜLOW
2. HUMOROUS SONG ... ..	"Makes you careful, doesn't it?"	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
3. BALLAD ... ..	"Italia"	... ..	MADAME BÜLOW
4. RECITAL ... ..	"The C'rect Card"	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
5. HUMOROUS SONG ... ..	"Do This" (dumb show)	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
6. HUMOROUS ORIGINAL MUSICAL SKETCH	{ "Organophonoddities and Instrumental Vocalism" }	... ..	MR. CHARLES WATKINS
7. DESCRIPTIVE SONG...	"The Mile End Road"	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
<b>PART II.</b>			
8. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... ..	"Our Empire" (Arranged by Madame Bülow)	... ..	MADAME BÜLOW
9. HUMOROUS SKETCH ... ..	{ "Popping the Question—Present, Future" (Written by Scott-Edwardes) }	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
10. BALLAD ... ..	"This and That"	... ..	MADAME BÜLOW
11. RECITAL ... ..	"The Cave Scene" (from the play of Claudian)	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
12. HUMOROUS ORIGINAL MUSICAL SKETCH	"Singular Science"	... ..	MR. CHARLES WATKINS
13. HUMOROUS STORY ... ..	"Mr. Barker's Picture"	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
14. HUMOROUS SONG ... ..	"The Naval Exhibition"	... ..	MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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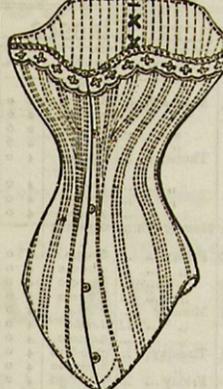
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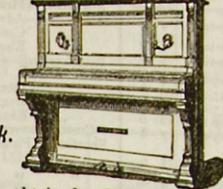
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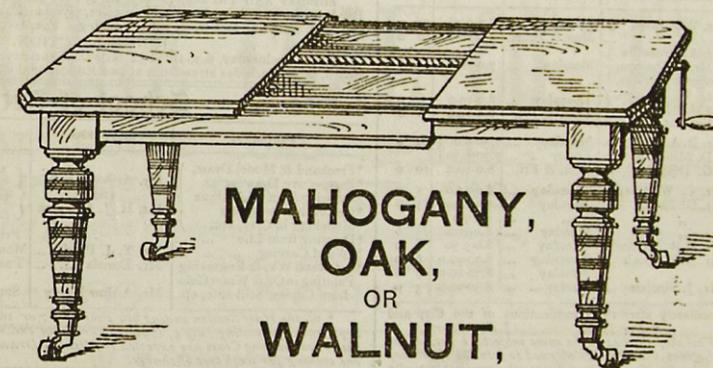
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*In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Society of Arts.*  
**TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1891-2.**

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 on which an insufficient number of Students may enrol. **STUDENTS' LIBRARY**—There is a circulating library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9. Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the social rooms from 5 to 10. **LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS**—For the convenience of Students, there are cloak rooms and lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water. **BOOKSTALL**—Text-books, drawing paper, pencils, and other requisites for the Classes may be obtained at the bookstall in the ground floor corridor. Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees. For Trade Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the City and Guilds of London Institute, at the end of April, 1892. For Science Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the Science and Art Department in April and May, 1892. Evening Students may enter at any time during the month of September, and are advised to get their tickets early.  
*The Illustrated Calendar and Syllabus of the Evening Classes, price 1d., by post 2d., may now be obtained on application to the Secretary.*

**Science Classes.**

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elements	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv. & Hons.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Elec.	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	8.15-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Mr. D. S. Macnair,	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " " " " "	Assi-tant	"	8.15-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday	8.15-10.0	7 6
" " " " " "	"	M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
" " " " " "	"	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Mr. D. A. Low	"	"	"
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	assisted by	"	"	"
" " " " " "	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	"	"
" " " " " "	and Mr. F. G. Castle	"	"	"
Mathematics, Stage I...	Mr. J. W. Martin,	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	10.0-11.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo,	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	and	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Sound, Light and Heat...	Mr. F. C. Forth	Monday	7.30-9.30	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. 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	45 0
" " " " " "	"	Mon. & Thurs.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklayer.	Monday	7.0-10.0	5 0
*Electrical Engin., Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingo, and Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
" " " " " "	"	Tues. & Fri.	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	44 0
" " " " " "	"	Friday	7.30-8.30	44 0
" " " " " "	"	Mon. & 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	65 0
" " " " " "	"	Monday	8.0-9.0	68 6
" " " " " "	"	Monday	8.0-10.0	68 6
*Printing (Letterpress)	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Tailor's Cutting	Mr. A. Umbach	Thursday	8.30-10.0	6 0
" " " " " "	"	Monday	8.30-10.0	7 6
*Sign Writing & Graining	Mr. J. Sinclair	Friday	8.30-10.0	5 0

*Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892).*  
 † 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 Trade subjects will be given during the session, for particulars see syllabus or hand-bills.  
 The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

**Classes for Women only.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Ambulance	Dr. R. Milne	M. 4 Jan. 1892	8-9.30	1 0
Dressmaking—	"	"	"	"
" Intermediate	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	4.0-5.30	7 6
" " " "	"	"	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	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.30-9.30	1 0
" Lecture	"	"	"	"
" High-Class	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
" " " "	"	"	"	"
" Practical Plain...	"	"	"	"
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6

\* Per Course.

**Commercial and General Classes.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Ambulance (First Aid) ...	Dr. R. Milne	Mon. & Nov.	8.0-9.30	11 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—Elementary	"	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 (Short-hand (Pitman's))	Mr. G. J. Michell	Mon. & Th.	6.30-8.45	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	"	"
" " " " " "	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	4 0
French—Beginners...	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	5 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
" " " " " "	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	2 6
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.  
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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 ...	"	Tuesday	"	"
*Drawing from the Antique	Mr. H. J. Bateman	Thursday & Friday	"	"
*Decorative Designing	"	"	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
*Drawing from Life ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	Mr. Daniels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Painting in Oil & Water Colors	Mr. Arthur Legge	Saturday	2.0-4.30	10 6

\* 6/- the Half Session ending 6th February; or 10/6 the Session commencing Sept. 15th and ending July 2, 1892. † Per Term ending 10th 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 Bradley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
Singing—	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	"
Class 1. Sch. Teachers	Mr. W. Harding Bonner	Thursday	6.30-7.45	3 6
" " " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
" " " " " "	"	"	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 Bradley	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin ...	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, 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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