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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, February 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. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, 6th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall at 3 p.m., Children's Popular Entertainment. Admission 1d. At 8 p.m., Popular Concert, by the Lothbury Male Voice Choir. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 7th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8.30 p.m. Popular Lecture, entitled, "Sunlight and Colour," by Mr. F. C. Forth, (Assoc. R. C. Sc., Dublin.) Admission 1d., Reserved Seats, 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 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. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. A Military Band will play from 8. Admission 1d.

WEDNESDAY, 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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Moving Tableaux "Faust," by the Garrick Dramatic Company. Admission 3d., Reserved Seats, 6d. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 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. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. Repetition of Moving Tableaux "Faust." Admission 3d., Reserved Seats, 6d.

THE attendances at the sacred concert, organ recital, and library, on Sunday last were 1,477, 1,602 and 1,645 respectively, or a total of 4,724.

THE Military Band will perform selec-

tions of music in the Winter Garden, on Tuesday, the 9th, at 8 o'clock. Admission 1d. The Winter Garden has been gaining in the estimation of the public since its opening, and now that music is to become a feature of the place, it is doubtless destined to become a popular resort for "all sorts and conditions of men" in search of healthful and innocent enjoyment.

THE Garrick Dramatic Company are going to perform the Moving Tableaux "Faust" in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday next at 8 p.m., and repetitions will be given on Thursday and Saturday, the 11th and 13th February.

IT is intended to form a choir of girls and boys under 18 years of age. Membership is open only to those who have learnt to sing from the Tonic Sol-fa notation. Part of each rehearsal will be devoted to preparation for the certificate of the Tonic Sol-fa College. Those who hold a certificate will form the concert choir. The music practised will include cantatas and part songs. In addition to singing at the People's Palace concerts, this choir will take part in the Great Choral Festival of the Tonic Sol-fa Association at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, July 9th, when one of the concerts will be given by a band and chorus of about 4,000 young people, conducted by Mr. Bonner. The rehearsals of the Junior Choir will be held in the People's Palace Music School on Thursday evenings at 6.30, and commencing Thursday 11th inst. Subscription 1s. per term, including use of music. A Junior Orchestra will meet in conjunction with the choir. Young people (under 18) who play violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, flute, clarinet, cornet, etc., are invited to join on February 11th. Subscription 1s. per term, including use of music.

ON Tuesday last about 1,500 blind people sat down to a social tea given under the auspices of the Christian Blind Relief Society. At the conclusion of the tea, the guests were entertained with songs, etc., whilst addresses were delivered by the Lord Bishop of Bedford, Rev. J. Pullein Thompson and others.

ON Thursday, January 28th, the Stepney Parish Church Day Schools held their annual prize distribution, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bedford, in the Queen's Hall. The

member for Mile End, Spencer Charrington, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by the above gentlemen, and also by the Rev. Edwyn Hoskyns, the rector, and the hon. secretary, the Rev. F. J. Hobbins. The choir of juvenile voices, under the direction of the senior assistant master, sang a selection of part song and carols in a creditable manner, whilst others of the children gave a gymnastic performance, but the May Pole Dance, perhaps, attracted the most attention on account of its attractive picturesqueness.

THE Duke of Teck has forwarded the following letter in acknowledgment of the Vote of Condolence passed at the meeting on the 20th January, and desires that the contents may be made known to the public:—

"White Lodge,
"Richmond Park,
"30th Jan., 1892.

"SIR,—I am desired by His Highness the Duke of Teck to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst., transmitting a resolution from the inhabitants of East London, containing a message of condolence to the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, in the great sorrow which has befallen the Royal Family and the Nation, and in reply beg them, through you, to accept the very grateful thanks of the Princess Victoria Mary for the expression of their kind personal sympathy with H.S.H. in the most sad bereavement.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient Servant,
"F. DE WINTON.

"C. E. Osborn, Esq.,
"Secretary, People's Palace."

ON Monday next Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc., will deliver a popular lecture on that most interesting of subjects, "Sunlight and Colour," with limelight experiments. This lecture should be of great value to students who are studying certain branches of science, as well as the general public, who are in search of instructive entertainment.

IT is hoped that early in March the prizes will be distributed to last year's successful students of the Palace. In the interim those who require their books for the purpose of study or reference had better call or notify the same at the office, as it is not desired that the delay

should interfere with the studies of those who are waiting for the books.

WE deeply regret to announce that Mr. T. Drew, the teacher of the Writing Class, contracted a severe attack of influenza, under which he succumbed on Tuesday week. His death is greatly deplored by the whole of the staff, as his unassuming and quiet genial manner endeared him to all he came into contact with, and his loss will be a severe blow to the students under his care.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Prospective arrangements are as follows:—Saturday, February 6th, meet at Brompton Oratory at 2.45 p.m. This ramble will include a visit to the Science and Art Department of South Kensington Museum. Saturday, February 13th, Lyles Sugar Refinery. Take return tickets to Tidal Basin; G. E. R. train leaves Liverpool-street at 2.28, calls at Coborn-road at 2.38 p.m.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

NOW that we take possession next week of the new Music Rooms at the north end of the Library we contemplate starting another class in solo singing, which Miss Lillian Delves-Yates has consented to take. Intending students must join at once, as the admissions to the class will be limited. Applications should either be made to Mr. Bradley, or in the office.

Library News.

THE following is a list of Biographical books to be had from the Students' Lending Library:—

BIOGRAPHY.

- Anderson (Rev. James), Ladies of the Reformation: Memoirs of Distinguished Female Characters during the Reformation, and in the Sixteenth Century. 1857. London. C. 80.
Benedict (Sir Julius), Weber. 2nd edition. 1885. London. C. 8.
Besant (Walter), Gaspard de Coligny: Marquis de Chatillon, Admiral of France, etc. 1879. New York. (New Plutarch Series.) C. 84.
Birrell (Augustine), Life of Charlotte Brontë. 1887. London. C. 33.
Black (William), Goldsmith. 1879. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 71.
Boswell (James), Life of Samuel Johnson with His Correspondence and Conversations. Edited by Edward Malone. N.D. London. C. 78.
Browning (Oscar), Life of George Eliot. 1890. London. (Great Writers.) C. 40.
Carlyle (Thomas), The Early Kings of Norway and an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox. 1875. London. C. 55.
— The Life of Friedrich Christoph von Schiller. 1872. London. C. 56.
Church (Rev. Alfred J.), Henry the Fifth. 1889. London. (English Men of Action.) C. 64.
Clément (Charles), Michael Angelo. 1891. London. (Great Artists.) C. 16.

- Colvin (Sidney), Landor. 1881. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 74.
— Another edition. 1884. C. 75.
Cummings (William H.), Purcell. 1881. London. (Great Musicians.) C. 6.
Cundall (Joseph), Hans Holbein. 1890. London. (Great Artists.) C. 12.
D'Anvers (N.), Raphael. 1883. London. (Great Artists.) C. 19.
Dobson (Austin), Hogarth. 1890. London. (Great Artists.) C. 11.
Dowden (Edward), Southey. 1879. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 77.
Dullea (Owen J.), Claude Gellée le Lorrain. 1887. London. (Great Artists.) C. 14.
Emerson (Ralph Waldo), Representative Men: Seven Lectures. 1850. London. C. 54.
Freeman (Edward A.), William the Conqueror. 1890. London. (Twelve English Statesmen.) C. 62.
Frost (H. F.), Schubert. 3rd Edition. 1888. London. (Great Musicians.) C. 7.
Froude (J. A.), Bunyan. 1880. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 65.
— Caesar: a Sketch. 1890. London. C. 59.
Garnett (Richard), Life of Thomas Carlyle. 1887. London. C. 37.
— Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1888. London. (Great Writers.) C. 41.
— Life of John Milton. 1890. London. (Great Writers.) C. 45.
Gaskell (Mrs.), Life of Charlotte Brontë. 1889. London. C. 51.
Gehring (Dr. F.), Mozart. 2nd edition. 1890. London. (Great Musicians.) C. 5.
Gower (Lord Ronald), Romney and Lawrence. 1889. London. C. 22.
Haldane (R. B.), Life of Adam Smith. 1887. London. (Great Writers.) C. 49.
Heath (Richard Ford), Albrecht Dürer. 1881. London. (Great Artists.) C. 10.
— Titian. 1890. London. C. 25.
Heaton (M. Compton), Correggio. 1890. London. (Great Artists.) C. 9.
Hughes (Thomas), David Livingstone. 1889. London. (English Men of Action.) C. 63.
Hutchinson (Lucy), Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson: Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town. (No Title Page.) C. 79.
Johnson (Samuel), Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets. C. 57.
N.D. London. (Chandos Classics.) C. 48.
Kett (Charles W.), Rubens. 1888. London. (Great Artists.) C. 23.
Mackenzie (Sir Morell), The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble. 1888. London. C. 58.
Marshall (Mrs. Julian), Handel. 1890. London. (Great Musicians.) C. 2.
Marshman (John Clark), Memoirs of Major General Sir Henry Havelock. 1890. London. C. 60.
Marzials (Frank T.), Life of Charles Dickens. 1887. London. C. 39.
— (Great Writers.)
— Life of Victor Hugo. 1888. London. (Great Writers.) C. 43.

- Masson (David), De Quincey. 1881. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 69.
Maunder (Samuel), The Biographical Treasury. 1855. London. C. 53.
Merivale (Herman), and Marzials (Frank T.), Life of W. M. Thackeray. 1891. London. (Great Writers.) C. 50.
Minor (Ellen E.), Murillo. 1882. London. (Great Artists.) C. 18.
Mollett (John W.), Meissonier. 1882. London. (Great Artists.) C. 15.
— The Painters of Barbizon, Millet, Rousseau, Diaz. 1890. London. (Great Artists.) C. 17.
— Rembrandt. 1890. London. (Great Artists.) C. 20.
— Watteau. 1883. London. (Great Artists.) C. 28.
— Sir David Wilkie. 1881. London. (Great Artists.) C. 29.
Monkhouse (W. Cosmos), Turner. 1889. London. (Great Artists.) C. 26.
Morison (James Cotter), Gibbon. 1880. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 70.
Nevinson (Henry W.), Life of Friedrich Christoph von Schiller. 1889. London. (Great Writers.) C. 47.
Noel (Hon. Roden), Life of Lord Byron. 1890. London. (Great Writers.) C. 36.
O'Connor (T. P.), Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memory. 1891. London. C. 81.
Osler (W. Roscoe), Tintoretto. 1882. London. (Great Artists.) C. 24.
Pulling (F. S.), Sir Joshua Reynolds. 1886. London. (Great Artists.) C. 21.
Richter (Jean Paul F.), Leonardo. 1884. London. (Great Artists.) C. 13.
Rockstro (W. S.), Mendelssohn. 3rd edition. 1890. London. C. 4.
Rossetti (William Michael), Life of John Keats. 1887. London. (Great Writers.) C. 44.
Rudall (H. A.), Beethoven. 1890. London. (Great Musicians.) C. 1.
Russell (Rev. J. F.), Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. 1847. London. C. 52.
Scott (Sir Walter), Lives of Eminent Novelists and Dramatists. N.D. London. (Chandos Classics.) C. 61.
Sharp (John), Robert Burns, 1879. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 66.
Sharp (Amy), Victorian Poets. 1891. London. (University Extension Series.) C. 31.
Sharp (William), Life of Robert Browning. 1890. London. (Great Writers.) C. 34.
— Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1887. London. (Great Writers.) C. 48.
Sime (James), Life of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. 1888. London. C. 42.
— (Great Writers.)
Smith (Goldwin), Life of Jane Austen. 1890. London. (Great Writers.) C. 32.
— Cowper. 1880. London. C. 68.
— (English Men of Letters.)
Southey (Robert), The Life of Nelson. 1885. London. C. 82.
— Another edition. N.D. C. 83.
— (Chandos Classics.)
Stephen (Leslie), Alexander Pope. 1880. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 76.

- Samuel Johnson. 1879. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 73.
— Another copy. C. 72.
Stowe (Edwin), Velasquez. 1889. London. (Great Artists.) C. 27.
Thackeray (W. M.), The Four Georges and the English Humourists. 1889. London. C. 30.
Townsend (Pauline D.), Joseph Haydn. 1884. London. (Great Musicians.) C. 3.
Venables (Edmund), Life of John Bunyan. 1888. London. (Great Writers.) C. 35.
Ward (Adolphus William), Chaucer. 1879. London. (English Men of Letters.) C. 67.
Watts (Henry Edward), Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. 1891. London. (Great Writers.) C. 38.
Yonge (Charles Duke), Life of Sir Walter Scott. 1888. London. (Great Writers.) C. 46.

Coal-Tar Products.

PROBABLY no class of investigations has been more popular with chemists of recent years, and certainly none have been more prolific of wonderful results than those in which they have attempted the artificial production of alkaloidal substances. It was for example, says *Chambers' Journal*, in the attempt to construct an artificial quinine that the first aniline colour was discovered, a discovery which has developed one large and important industry and revolutionised others. It was in conducting investigations in similar directions that one of the latest remarkable discoveries was made—the production of saccharine.

Between these two discoveries, which in a certain sense might be termed the earliest and latest valuable products of public importance derived from coal-tar, there lies a third, which has all these years been slowly but surely developing, and although the discoveries connected with it may not startle the world in the same way that both mauve and saccharine did when first introduced, still they promise to be equally important in another way and deserve more than a passing notice.

The discoveries referred to are full of technicalities, and it would be out of place to discuss these at present, but if the developing process just spoken of is to be thoroughly understood it will be necessary to explain that a certain chemical relationship exists between quinine, a well-known alkaloid derived from the cinchona bark, and another substance called chinoline.

This last substance can be prepared, among other ways, from coal-tar; and from the circumstance that it had medicinal properties similar to quinine, as well as this chemical relationship to it, it was thought that some new alkaloidal substance might be built up from it which would take the place of quinine.

Hence the reason that since the year 1881 chemists have been systematically, persistently, and also successfully pursuing their investigations in this direction.

One after another of such valuable coal-tar alkaloids have been discovered,

and several of them at the present time are slowly but certainly changing one department of medicine, and no one can quite foresee how very important these discoveries may yet be alike to science and medicine. All these coal-tar alkaloids have a powerful tendency to reduce the temperature of the body in cases of fevers, hence they are called antipyretics. An antipyrin, it will at once be understood, derives its name not from anything connected with its composition or production, but from its antipyretic action as a medicine.

It was discovered several years ago by Dr. Knorr, of Munich, and when its important medicinal properties were also discovered by repeated experiment its manufacture was handed over to a company, who acquired proprietary rights, and in their hands it has remained very much ever since.

For a considerable time little was known regarding it, but ultimately Dr. Knorr published a paper on its chemistry, and thus scientific men got to know its composition and mode of production.

Chemically, it rejoices in what to ordinary minds will appear the unpronounceable name of "dimethyloxychinizin," such a name, unlike antipyrin, being intended as much as possible to represent to scientific men its chemical constitution.

It is one of the very best antipyretics ever discovered, not even excluding quinine. It reduces the temperature in cases of fevers with almost unerring certainty from two to four degrees within two hours of being administered, and this, too, without the after-disturbing constitutional effects of quinine.

This thermic effect of antipyrin seems to be much more prolonged than in the case of the majority of the other newly-discovered antipyretics, and equals anything ever produced by quinine.

To quote two cases out of many which have recently appeared in the medical journals: Fifteen-grain doses were given to two patients suffering from typhoid fever and reduced the temperature nearly to normal, while in both cases a refreshing sleep for five or six hours was obtained.

In commerce it appears in small white crystalline scales, and also has a white powder, in both cases being soluble freely in water, without smell, and of a mild bitter taste.

It is thus very much easier administered than quinine, particularly to children and those patients who can not readily take nauseous medicines. When first introduced it was entirely for its anti-pyretic action, but medical men were not slow in discovering that such a valuable agent could be advantageously employed in many cases besides fevers. It is, for instance, recommended in cases of phthisis, pneumonia, pleurisy, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, and in that distressing complaint, sea-sickness. In short, its history is intimately connected with the history of medicine for the past three years, and it would be difficult to cite all the different cases in which it is recommended to be administered.

Probably, however, it has attained its greatest popularity in this country, so far as the general public is concerned, from being recommended as a cure for headaches. The writer has daily means of knowing that its use in this respect is

largely increasing, and this of itself is sufficient to prove that in such cases it is useful. Only those who know how distressingly common this complaint is, can rightly understand and appreciate what a public boon it would be were a reliable and at the same time a safe cure to be discovered.

It is not to be expected that it will prove a panacea in every case, but that it has a wonderful power in many cases in allaying if not entirely averting these painful attacks is undoubted. It may be given in doses of from ten to twenty grains with perfect safety, either at the commencement of the headache or as soon after as possible, and should be taken for several hours afterwards.

One peculiar circumstance remains to be noted as to antipyrin, namely, that while introduced, probably in the first instance, as a rival to quinine, not so much in regard to efficiency as in regard to price, its market value at the present time, ounce per ounce, in this country is double that of quinine. If the respective dose of each substance be taken into consideration the value is more than four times that of quinine, as antipyrin as a rule is given in doses double that of quinine.

Notwithstanding this fact, its popularity and consumption are daily increasing, and as it gets better known will no doubt increase still more. As evidence to show that it holds an equal reputation in its native home, it may be mentioned that it has officially been recommended for introduction into the next edition of the German Pharmacopœia.

Tactics of an Elephant.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, in his reminiscences of sporting in India, describes a manœuvre executed by an elephant, which shows good generalship on the part of that animal. He tells the story with evident satisfaction:—

I once shot a boar, paralysing his hind-quarters without killing him. I had been having good sport, and only had two or three bullets left. With the prospect of still needing these, I did not like to waste a ball on an animal unable to move, and thought of getting down to dispatch him with my knife.

"Stop," said the mahout, when he learned my intention: "that is quite unnecessary, I will tell the elephant to kill him."

The mahout accordingly communicated his instructions to the elephant, who evidently did not relish them. The more the mahout urged him to advance on the boar, the more the latter showed his angry tusks, and the more the elephant backed away from him.

Suddenly, as the result of repeated goading, the elephant seemed to make up his great mind. He wheeled sharply round, backed upon the boar, and got him between his hind legs, and fairly ground him up—I heard all his bones cracking.

SOME one is advocating gardens on the roof. This will be convenient, at least. When your wife wants a mess of potatoes for dinner all she will have to do is to go to the garret and pick them off the ceiling.

A Bread Riot.

THAT was an awful day in the manufacturing village of Greenfield. Men with hungry desperate eyes ran to and fro, and uttered fearful threats. Women, with arms raised, so gaunt with suffering that they might have been the arms of spectres, cried for bread.

Little children, out of whose faces want was stamping all that is fairest in childhood, followed at the heels of the men and women, echoing them. Others, scarcely less poor, yet with some fragments of food left, barred their doors, and crouched in corners, dreading the coming of the angry, hungry, desperate mob.

And so the day wore on, and the mob had done no violence. As the sun went down, the moon rose in peaceful majesty, and showed the faces of starving men and women more ghastly in its ghostly light. Then one, with eyes like fire, stood out from the crowd, and uttered words that fell on heart and brain like burning brands; and he cried, at length, "To the mansion! to the mansion!" and his words were echoed in a great roar by the mob, "To the mansion! to the mansion!"

The mansion was the home of stern Michael Cathers, owner of the mills. There he lived with his daughter Helen, a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whom all loved. Months before, unable to obtain orders for his goods, he had closed his mills, and five hundred men and women had been thrown out of work. With all his unyielding sternness, when opposed, he had been a fair, and, at times, a kind master, and they bore this patiently. Heaven knows the poor are patient!

But the time had come at last when their little savings were spent, and men, women, and children cried for bread; not for plenty, but just enough to keep life within their starving frames. But it came not. Who could be patient then? Not the best of us! Thus it was they rose at last, and were as restless as a sea.

But times had gone hard with Michael Cathers too. In his stern pride he would keep it from the world to the last; and only father and daughter knew the mill-owner was insolvent. Men had failed him everywhere, and it was only a matter of time as to when his name should be among the list of bankrupts.

His daughter Helen was of age, and through the will of a deceased relative, rich; but her father, in spite of her pleadings, had refused to touch a penny of her money. They were sitting together, father and daughter, waiting for what the father had said would be inevitable—the coming of the mob.

"Let them come," murmured Michael Cathers, grimly, and pointed significantly at two revolvers on the table.

But Helen pleaded with him and for them.

"I have money, it is yours," she said.

But he answered—
"Force and threats have never moved Michael Cathers yet; they shall not now."

Long ere the crowd had reached the lawn, they heard its roar. Ruthlessly the feet of frenzied men and women trampled upon the flower-beds. Although the moon was full, some carried torches, and

swinging them round, made lurid rings of flame.

Michael Cathers stepped to the window and looked out upon them. They howled at him and shouted—

"Work or bread! work or bread!"
The flickering light of their torches showed his face to them set in stern defiance. The starving men and women were maddened by the sight, and one cried—

"Michael Cathers, your life or bread!"
The crowd took up the cry so wildly, that its sound seemed to bear in giant waves against the unflinching old man.

"Michael Cathers, your life or bread!"
Although he raised his hand to still them, his face was white with passion. The crowd silenced for a moment to hear him. With no tremor in his tones, he answered fiercely—

"Neither my life nor bread! Starve, you hounds—starve!"
Quickly he slammed the shutters. Just in time, for against them beat a shower of stones!

"The door! the door!" yelled the mob, and strong men threw themselves against it, till the strong timber trembled. Helen had stood without moving or uttering a word through all this; but now she was all determination and action. Her father had returned to his chair. In each hand he held a revolver. He was seemingly unconscious of her presence, and did not even glance at her as she stole to the door. Quickly she stepped out into the hall, locking the door behind her.

Her father, now aroused, cried—
"Helen, come back!"
For the first time in her life she must disobey him.

"No, father. Though you are armed, you can but kill one or two of these poor creatures, who know not what they do—then you will die."

He made some answer, half-commanding, half-supplicating, but she did not hear it. At that moment the door below gave way, and the mad mob came rushing up the stairs and into the hall. There was a bright light there, and they paused involuntarily at the sight which met their eyes.

The girl, never more beautiful, her back against the door, faced them fearlessly. In her eyes was her father's fixedness of purpose, tempered by a kinder heart. Her hair fell in golden waves about her shoulders, and her cheeks were red with the excitement. The mob were quieted on the instant, as they might have been if an angel had stood in their way. One, the man who had started the cry, "Your life or bread!" stepped towards her.

"We wouldn't harm you, Miss, but we want your father."

"Can this be you, James Lawrence?"
She said no more. There was such reproach in her tones that the man blushed; she had been kind to him and his many a time. But, as one who has some justification, he called, "Jane, Jane!"

Out from the crowd stepped his wife, the very ghost of a woman, holding in her phantom arms the very ghost of a child.

There was no need for James Lawrence to speak, nor did he. It was a sight to make an angel weep.

The tears came to Helen's eyes. From her pocket she drew a purseful of coin. Slipping it into Lawrence's hand, she said—

"Buy what you can with this for yourself and the rest of these suffering men and women."
Addressing the crowd, she went on—
"My father is as powerless as the poorest among you, this night. He has always dealt honourably with you, and you should have trusted him, not tried force. He is powerless, but I am not. I have money, and the mills shall be started to-morrow. I give you my word."
What a shout went up! What tears streamed down wan faces!
James Lawrence, sobbing like a child, said, "Miss Helen, I will never forget this till my dying day."
Turning towards the crowd, he asked, "Are we thankful, all?"
"Yes, yes! Heaven bless her!" roared they the answer.
"Will we ever forget her kindness?"
"No! no! no!"
So, by the bravery and charity of Helen Cathers, the riot was over. Peace and plenty were again in Greenfield.

Five years have gone by. Michael Cathers has long since been laid away in the churchyard. Helen, no longer a Cathers, is married, and a mother. Happily married, too, is she, as one can see at a glance upon the face of her husband. And that baby! Was there ever such a baby since the flood?

It was a beautiful spring day. The prospect of a walk in the wood near the town had been too great a temptation for the nurse-girl. She disobeyed orders in going there with the baby. There were rumours of a roaming wild cat; two or three men said they had seen it. The girl, though knowing this, went deep into the wood, with the baby in her arms.

It was sunset. Helen and her husband were seated on the verandah, and wondering what had become of nurse and baby. Suddenly they saw the girl, with white face, running towards them, but the child was not in her arms.

"Please, mum," she sobbed out, "I was a-walkin' in the woods, when I seed a great cat, and I runned and it folloed. It would a' killed both baby and me, I knows, but Jim Lawrence, him as lost his wife and child a month ago, steps up and meets it. I was so scared, I left the baby on the ground and run."

This, not a very lucid account at best, was so interrupted by the girl's sobs, that father and mother understood nothing more than that their child was in danger from a wild-cat.

Helen did not scream nor faint. As upon that night of danger, five years before, she was all action. She followed her husband as she rushed towards the wood, pushing the girl before him, that she might show him where the baby was lying. In what seemed an age to the agnoized parents, but was, in fact, but a few minutes, they were upon the spot. There lay the baby, unhurt; a little distance off, the wild-cat, dead. Terribly wounded, James Lawrence was stretched upon the ground, death stamped on his face.

The mother's cry of joy, as she pressed to her bosom her child, was changed to a moan of compassion as she looked at the

The Value of Trifles.

man who had purchased its life with his.

From a wound in his breast (they could see it through his torn clothing) blood was flowing in a stream which no skill could stop. Moment by moment, swiftly and surely, it was bearing his life away.

Husband and wife took each a hand of the dying man.

"I am going to see Jane and the boy," he murmured.

"Oh!" sobbed Helen, "what can we say to you, James, this hour?"

What a smile was upon his face, as he answered, "You need say nothing; I have only paid a debt."

"Do not say that, James Lawrence. What debt do you owe me, that you should pay it with your life?"

He asked them to raise him slightly, that he might lay his head upon her shoulder; then he answered her—
answered as one that beholds a vision.

"I see myself, James Lawrence, one of a mad mob, bent on destruction and death. I am starving, my wife and child are starving. I am crazed, and know not what to do. I would stain my hands with blood; but suddenly an angel—aye, an angel—stands in my path. The instinct of crime dies from my heart. I show that angel my wife and child who are dying for want of bread. Then the angel weeps, and gives us food and work, and I long to kiss her hand; and I tell her I can never forget, and my life is hers from that hour."

His words fell strangely clear for one so near the "valley of the shadow;" but ceasing for a moment, he strove in vain to speak again.

The smile upon his face changed to one of joyous wonder. Even after he was dead the smile was still there, as if his spirit wife had kissed him as he passed away.

Strange Origin of Some Famous Fashions.

IT is a singular fact in the history of fashions that not a few of the more famous of them owe their origin to the endeavour to conceal a personal defect or deformity of some distinguished leader of "society."

"Patches" were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. Full-bottomed wigs were invented by an ingenious French barber for the purpose of concealing an unnatural protuberance on the shoulder of the Dauphin.

Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, fully two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet.

When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, short hair at once became the fashion at his court.

As a set off to the examples quoted, we may note that not to conceal, but to display her charms, the beautiful Isabella of Bavaria introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered, in order to show the remarkable fairness of her skin.

The Value of Trifles.

A FEW days ago I was greatly surprised at some details a working goldsmith in a fair way of business gave me respecting his "waste" and shop sweepings. "I am," he said, "perhaps a little more particular about seeing that nothing whatever is wasted in my place than some people, but I find it pays. My workshop sweepings, for instance, contain as much gold and silver dust as meets my entire rent. But I go further than that. Not only do I have every cloth that is used, every brush, every file in the shop sent either to the fire or scrupulously cleaned, but the aprons my workmen wear are burned, and from them I get a large quantity of gold.

"There are regular dealers in this kind of waste, who not only pay well for it, if you choose to sell it outright to them, but who make a handsome profit upon the transaction themselves; and while you would be surprised to see the kind of rubbish I send away, and wonder how it can possibly fetch anything, you would be still more astonished were you to see the returns that I get for it when it has been reduced to ashes and the gold and silver taken out."

But I was fated to find a less valuable commodity apparently than shop dust used as an article from which money might be extracted, for a little later on I met with a photographer, who told me that from the mere clippings of the photographic papers which were thrown away when likenesses are mounted, so much silver can be got that it actually pays men to buy and burn them for the profit they yield.

The Chinese are probably the most careful in collecting and saving what others would waste. In San Francisco they reap a rich harvest from the carelessness of the motley European population which abuts upon what is called China Town, and one Chinaman told me that this was one of the secrets of their great success in the Golden City.

"We live," he said, "upon what they throw away."

In their own country they waste absolutely nothing, not even a square yard of earth—cropping it and actually re-cropping it—even though it may run down to the very river's edge. On one occasion I saw an old woman in a boat collecting some refuse cabbage leaves that had been thrown overboard from some English ship.

British Investments in America.

Few persons have any idea of the magnitude of the investments of English and Scotch capitalists in the United States. They hold railway bonds to the extent of £150,000,000, yielding at the average rate of 4½ per cent. an annual income of £6,750,000. Ordinary railway shares are held to the amount of about £100,000,000. In addition to these there is the large investment of British capital in farm lands and in stock-raising, so that altogether it is estimated that not less than £20,000,000 per annum is due to capitalists in the United Kingdom from various kinds of American enterprises in which they have an interest.

Post Office Horses.

THE Post Office horse is always at work. What with "mails inwards" in the morning, "mails interchangeable" during the day, and "mails outwards" at night, and "foreign mails" arriving before their time at all hours of the day and night, and which he must always be at the railway to meet, he has quite enough to employ and worry him. He begins his week's work at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon; he ends it at half-past ten on Sunday morning; and at any time during that long week he is liable for instant service, and has only five and a half hours' undisturbed rest. Of course he gets a good deal more as he becomes used to the bustle of the stable, but that is the only respite he is sure of—just enough, as it were, to go to church and digest the Sunday's dinner. And yet with all this, while the tram horse is cast after four years, and the omnibus horse after five, the mail horse is not weeded out of the service until on an average he has spent six in it. He is generally English, but comes from no county in particular, and costs rather more than the omnibus horse, for we shall be averaging him rather under the mark at £36; but he is well looked after and has few ailments. It is not often that a mail horse is sick or goes very wrong. At every railway station to which he goes there is a foreman to look after him, and at every stable there is a keeper to every dozen horses, so that he is attended to at both ends, and his keepers check each other to his advantage. And he lives, as a rule, in flats, in an atmosphere of disinfectants and a continual round of white-washing; so that everything is done to keep him in health, and the result justifies the effort. And he is fed well—indeed, if he were not, he could not stand the work.—From "The Horse World of London," in the "Leisure Hour."

The Slums of Berlin.

THE slums of London and Paris are bad enough, but it appears that the slums of Berlin are, if possible, worse. *Das Echo* has just published some interesting details on the subject. There are about 40,000 houses in the Prussian capital. A small number are inhabited by one or two families, but the great majority are divided into several distinct lodgings. Two thousand five hundred contain from sixteen to twenty lodgings, 20,000 from twenty to thirty lodgings, and 10,000 over thirty lodgings each. Seventy-five thousand of these lodgings are composed of one room only, and inhabited by no fewer than 270,000 persons, which is an average of nearly four persons per room; 75,000 other lodgings are composed of two rooms, and occupied by 360,000 inhabitants; while the remaining 30,000 lodgings are formed of three rooms, inhabited by 140,000 people.

PROFESSOR BAIRD says "There is nothing to prevent a fish living a hundred years." By jocks, Professor, if the other fellows are no better fishers than we are, there's nothing to prevent them living a thousand.

For the winds are blowing,
And the good ship going
Far away from the old countrie ;
And the heart beats lightly,
And the world goes brightly,
When the sailor's home again from sea.

15. SONG ... "Winter" ... Gatty
Miss DECIMA MOORE.

The white blossom's off the bough,
The leaves are off the trees,
And the singing birds have scattered
Across the stormy seas.
And oh, 'tis winter, wild, wild winter !
With the lonesome wind
Sighing for ever through the trees.
How green the leaves were springing,
How glad the birds were singing,
When I rested in the meadows,
With my head on Patrick's knees,
And oh, 'twas spring time ! sweet, sweet spring time.
With the daisies all dancing before me in the breeze !
With the spring the fresh leaves
Will hang upon the trees,
And the birds will flutter
Back with their song across the seas,
But I'll never rest again
With my head on Patrick's knees,
But for me 'twill be winter !
All the year winter,
With the lonesome wind sighing
For ever through the trees.

16. PART SONG { (a) "The long day closes" ... Sullivan
(b) "Summer Eve" ... Hatton

THE LONG DAY CLOSES.
No star is on the lake its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half awake thro' grey mist creeping,
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses,
The clock hath ceased to sound ; the long day closes.
Sit by the silent hearth in calm endeavour
To count the sounds of mirth, now dumb for ever,
Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes,
Shadow is round the eaves, the long day closes.
The lighted windows dim are fading slowly,
The fire that was so trim now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed where grief reposes,
Thy book of toil is read, the long day closes.

SUMMER EVE.
Like the blush on beauty's cheek,
The departing god of day
Tips with rosy light the clouds,
As they slowly sail away ;
From the ocean caves profound,
Softly stealing through the grove,
Zephyr bears on downy wing,
Choral hymns of joy and love.
Oh ! what mystic spells you weave
Around the heart fair summer eve.
Sweets from ev'ry closing flow'r
O'er the charmed sense prevail,
And from yonder moonlit bow'r
Sings the lonely nightingale.
Through the vale the limpid rills,
As they wind their way along,
To the smiling stars above
Chime their dreamy under song ;
Oh ! what mystic spells you weave
Around the heart fair summer eve.

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

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE

ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1892,

At 8.30 O'CLOCK,

By MR. C. F. FORTH (Assoc. R.C.Sc., Dublin), on

SUNLIGHT AND COLOUR.

(Illustrated by the Hydro-Oxygen Lantern, and by Experiments.)

SYLLABUS.

The Sun—The Light Bearing Ether—Some Facts about Light—The Composition of Sunlight—Colour Dependent on Light—Prisms: Sir Isaac Newton's Experiments—The Resolution of White Light into its Constituents—The Solar Spectrum—The Rainbow—The Spectroscope—Theory of Colour—Why Bodies Appear of Different Colours—Proofs of the Theory of Colour—Simple Colours—Composite Colours and Complimentary Colours—Transmitted and Reflected Light—Subjective Colours—Fluorescence and Phosphorescence—Colour Blindness.

Doors Open at 8 o'clock. ADMISSION—ONE PENNY. Reserved Seats—THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT,

To be Given on SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1892.

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST

- 1. FANTASIA IN C MINOR ... Berens
2. HYMN "All hail the power of Jesu's name"
All hail the power of Jesu's name ;
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Crown Him ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crowned Lord of all.
3. BARCAROLLE ... Sterndale Bennett
4. VOCAL SOLO "Why do the Nations" ... Handel
5. a. MEDITATION ; b. FUGUE ... Lemaigre
6. HYMN "A few more years shall roll"
A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :

MR. FRANK SWINFORD.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day,
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
A few more struggles here,
A few more parting o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

- 7. PASTORALE IN G ... Merkel
8. VOCAL SOLO ... "Guiding Light" ... John Henry
9. MARCHE IMPERIOSO ... Lyle

AT 8 P.M.

- 1. FANTASIA AND FUGUE IN E MINOR ... Silas
2. a. BERCEUSE ; b. ABENDLIED ... B. Jackson
3. TEMPO DI MINUETTO ... Guilmant
4. VARIATIONS on the hymn tune "Aurelia" ... Dearnaley
5. FUGUE IN E FLAT (St. Ann's) ... Bach
6. ELEVAZIONE ... Morandi
7. OFFERTOIRE IN G, NO. 4 ... Wely

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

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WEDNESDAY, 10TH, THURSDAY, 11TH, AND SATURDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1892,

Each Evening at 8 o'clock,

THE GARRICK DRAMATIC COMPANY WILL GIVE A SERIES OF
MOVING COSTUME TABLEAUX,
 Arranged and stage-managed by MR. J. HARTLEY KNIGHT, to illustrate the legend of
“FAUST,”

Assisted by the PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA AND MILITARY BAND—Conductors, MESSRS. W. R. CAVE and A. ROBINSON
 (late Bandmaster of Prince of Wales's Dragoons).

Organist—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. Club Manager and Assistant Stage Manager, MR. F. W. MEARS
 Property Master—MR. SIDNEY POTTER.

THE ARGUMENT OF “FAUST.”

The argument is briefly this: “An old man laments his lost youth. The Devil gives him rejuvenescence in return for his body and soul. To encompass, with the ruin of Faust, the destruction of Margaret, he brings about the girl's ruin. At the last moment, when both appear to be in his power, Heaven interposes, and the soul of Margaret is wafted by angels' wings to Paradise; while Faust is the prey of the Devil.”—MR. JOSEPH HATTON in the “*Lyceum Faust.*”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mortals.	
FAUST	Mr. CHARLES ELSTOB.
VALENTINE	Mr. S. J. SAVAGE.
Siebel	Mr. WM. WOOD.
Frosch	Mr. GEORGE HAVARD.
Brander	Mr. F. W. MEARS.
Wilhelm	Mr. GEO. WILMOTT.
Wagner	Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS.
Gaspard (an old Lord)	Mr. HARRY MILNER.
A Page	Mr. R. HANN.
First Priest	Mr. J. STILLWELL.
Second Priest	Mr. SIDNEY POTTER.
Third Priest	Mr. J. H. KNIGHT.
Fourth Priest	Mr. AUSTIN CLARK.
Fifth Priest	Mr. J. FITZ JAMES.
Martha	Miss JENNIE RISLEY.
Bessie	Miss DAISY DEMPSEY.
Catharine	Miss CLARA GRAY.
Katrina	Miss LAVINIA GOOD.
Charlotte	Miss E. ELSTOB.
Elsa	Miss MURRAY.
Ulrica	Miss E. JAY.

AND

Supernaturals.	
MARGARET	Miss AMY ELSTOB.
MEPHISTOPHELES	Mr. ARTHUR E. WERE.
A Syren	Miss VIOLET MURRAY.
First Witch	Mr. FRED. FOULSER.
Second Witch	Miss EDITH CLARE.
Third Witch	Miss MAUD CLARE.

Other Spirits by Messrs Brown, Wallace, Britton, Le Clerq, Irving, and James.

Imps by Masters J. and R. Hann, H. Arthurs, Albert Potter, Arthur Jay, A. Rosen, J. Rosen.

EXPLANATION OF TABLEAUX.

Tableau 1.—“The Spirit of Evil.” Scene: *Faust's Study.*

FAUST, tired of a life devoted to study, yet filled with an insatiable craving for knowledge, sits brooding over his lost youth. Obeying the impulse of a moment, he seizes a phial of subtle poison, and is about to quaff the deadly draught when his better nature suddenly returns to him through the singing of some unseen choristers celebrating the Easter Festival. He sinks into his chair overcome with grief and despair. Strange noises are heard: the lamp grows dim, and FAUST, alarmed, rises and peers fearfully at a mysterious and misty cloud at one end of the apartment. Through this vapour, presently, the malignant features of MEPHISTOPHELES present themselves, and FAUST for the first time is face to face with the SPIRIT OF EVIL.

Tableau 2.—“The Vision of Margaret.”

Scene: *The same.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, now thoroughly unmasked, endeavours to bargain with FAUST: and, in exchange for his body and soul, offers to become his slave, to satisfy his cravings for knowledge and to transform him into a young man. FAUST hesitates and refuses to sign the contract, whereupon MEPHISTOPHELES reveals to him in a vision the figure of MARGARET. Fired with the prospect of regaining his youth and intoxicated with the beauty of the phantom MARGARET, the old philosopher seizes the pen and signs away his soul.

Tableau 3.—“The Draught of Youth.”

Scene: *The Witches' Kitchen.*

The WITCHES are discovered preparing the elixir that is to restore youth to FAUST. The imps and myrmidons of MEPHISTOPHELES presently appear and, on learning from FIRST WITCH of the near approach of their Master, testify their delight with fantastic caperings. In the midst of the revels MEPHISTOPHELES appears: at sight of whom all prostrate themselves. He bids them rise, tells them he has brought a guest with him, and commands FAUST to enter. FAUST, affrighted, does so; but at sight of WITCHES is about to fly, when MEPHISTOPHELES reassures him. The Draught of Youth is ready; but FAUST, filled with apprehension, refuses to take the goblet. MEPHISTOPHELES thereupon cunningly summons a beautiful Syren. FAUST is fascinated at sight of her, and, seizing the proffered goblet, drains it to the dregs. It overpowers him and he sinks to the ground, what time the Spirits caper madly around him. Strength returns to his feeble frame, his snowy hair and beard vanish, and he stands confessed in all the habiliments of gilded youth.

Tableau 4.—“The Dawn of Love.”

Scene: *A Street in Nuremberg.*

The worthy folk of Nuremberg are discovered on the point of entering church. FAUST, in the first enjoyment of regained youth, is brought to Nuremberg by MEPHISTOPHELES—whose fantastic appearance not a little startles a group of gossiping church-truants. The cathedral organ is heard, and FAUST, moved at the sound, is inspired with a longing for a better and purer life than that which MEPHISTOPHELES has so far allowed him to lead. Presently MARGARET, having finished her devotions, comes from the church and, as she is relieving the wants of a lame beggar, FAUST recognises in her the beautiful reality of his vision. He accosts her and offers his escort, which she speedily declines. FAUST, infatuated, follows her, determined to discover her abode. MEPHISTOPHELES foreseeing, through FAUST, the downfall of MARGARET, suffers him to pursue her.

Tableau 5.—“The Sign of the Cross.” Scene: *The Same.*

FROSCH and the wine-bibbers and toppers of Nuremberg are seen outside a tavern tasting the quality of mine host's cellar. In the height of their hilarity, BESSIE, the shrewish wife of FROSCH, stealthily approaches the party, and pounces on her bibulous spouse, whom she insists on taking home. Just as the guzzlers are taking their departure, however, FROSCH, having given his wife the slip, triumphantly confronts them. At this moment appears VALENTINE, the soldier-brother of MARGARET, who is about to depart to the wars. He is lovingly regarding his sister's keepsake, when he is observed by the drinking party, who insist on his joining them. He does so. Liquor is served, and VALENTINE'S health is being drunk when MEPHISTOPHELES appears. He, unbidden, coolly annexes the goblet of ALTMAYER and changes the toast to that of “MARGARET.” Stung by such insolence, VALENTINE draws his sword. The others follow suit, when just as they are about to strike down MEPHISTOPHELES, the Fiend throws a spell upon, and transfixes them. He quickly, however, disenchanting them; and they, suspecting their visitor to be an enemy to God, reverse their swords, before which—the Sign of the Cross—MEPHISTOPHELES cowers and vanishes.

Tableau 6.—“The Love Test.”

Scene: *The Garden of Margaret's House.*

FAUST having made an impression on MARGARET, seeks to strengthen his cause by costly presents of jewels, which are invariably taken possession of by MARGARET'S mother. FAUST, however, commissions MEPHISTOPHELES to fetch another casket, which he leaves, prominently placed, in the garden. They then retire to watch the result. MARGARET with MARTHA (a confidential neighbour) appear upon the scene. The new casket is presently observed; the jewels are displayed and tried on, and the casket finally committed to MARTHA'S care. MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST then reveal themselves: the former pairing off with MARTHA, and the latter with MARGARET—who, with a love test in the shape of a flower, satisfies herself that his professed affection is genuine. Meantime MEPHISTOPHELES amuses himself with bantering MARTHA, who in turn, makes violent love to him. It grows late; and as the clock strikes ten MEPHISTOPHELES rids him of his loving partner, and, interrupting the love talk of the younger couple, insists upon the departure of the infatuated FAUST.

Tableau 7.—“The Rebellion of Faust.” Scene: *The same.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, bent upon the downfall of MARGARET, encourages her clandestine meetings with FAUST. So enraptured are the lovers in their embrace that a couple of

gossips, coming, presently, to pay their respects to MARGARET'S mother, go away astonished and unperceived. The presence of MEPHISTOPHELES greatly disturbs MARGARET, who, recalling her former distrust and his mysterious influence over FAUST, instinctively raises the Cross she wears as if for protection. At the sight of that sacred symbol, MEPHISTOPHELES is strangely agitated, and MARGARET, having thus realised her worst fears, flies from the Evil Presence, and takes shelter within her house. FAUST, weary of the millstone the companionship of MEPHISTOPHELES has become, rails against him in an anguish of spirit; and MEPHISTOPHELES, resenting such antagonism, determines to remove him from the influence of MARGARET.

Tableau 8.—“The Anguish of Margaret.”

Scene: *The Exterior of a Church.* Evening.

Months elapse, nothing is heard of FAUST, and the unhappy MARGARET—kneeling now at the shrine of the Mother of Sorrows—is the scorn of virtuous Nuremberg. The women drawing water at the well take pleasure in slandering her; but one of them shows herself not wholly devoid of womanly sympathy. MEPHISTOPHELES flits across the scene and, observing MARGARET at her devotions, summons the dejected and remorseful FAUST, whom MARGARET welcomes and embraces. While thus occupied VALENTINE, the brother of MARGARET, triumphantly enters with his comrades, having just returned from the wars. He has heard of his sister's ignominy, and perceiving in FAUST the head and front of the offending, watches the lovers with revengeful feelings. As MARGARET takes her departure FAUST turns and is confronted by the indignant VALENTINE, who challenges him to fight. Supposing him to be some disappointed suitor of MARGARET'S, FAUST waves him aside, whereupon VALENTINE flings his glove in his opponent's face. FAUST, maddened at the insult, whips out his sword, and, as the figure of MEPHISTOPHELES appears upon the darkening scene, they make ready to fight.

Tableau 9.—“The Death of Valentine.”

Scene: *The same.* Night.

A triangular duel: FAUST and VALENTINE engaged in a fierce combat, with MEPHISTOPHELES, invisible, interposing. The Spirit of Evil, by some mysterious agency, weakens VALENTINE'S arm, and thus materially helps FAUST to conquer. VALENTINE falls, pierced in the breast, and MEPHISTOPHELES hurries FAUST away. The populace enter with torches and lanterns to enquire the cause of the disturbance. They raise the dying soldier, and restore him to consciousness. MARTHA enters, wondering, followed by MARGARET—at sight of whom much indignation is evoked. MARGARET then learns that the dying man is her brother, and that it is FAUST who has given him his death blow. She approaches VALENTINE in an agony of grief, and implores his forgiveness. He spurns and curses her. MARTHA interposes, but with his last breath he denounces her, and MARGARET falls senseless upon his body.

Tableau 10.—“The Salvation of Margaret.”

Scene: *Interior of a Prison.*

MARGARET, cast into prison for infanticide, is visited by FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES. At the sight of the latter, she clings in terror to the Cross. FAUST endeavours to calm her, and presently tries to induce her to quit the prison, through the instrumentality of MEPHISTOPHELES. She refuses. MEPHISTOPHELES, thus thwarted, carries off the resisting FAUST to his doom. MARGARET falls dead at the foot of the Cross, and in a vision behind is shown her salvation.

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ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

Reserved Seats—SIXPENCE.

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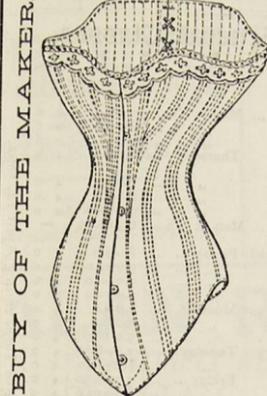
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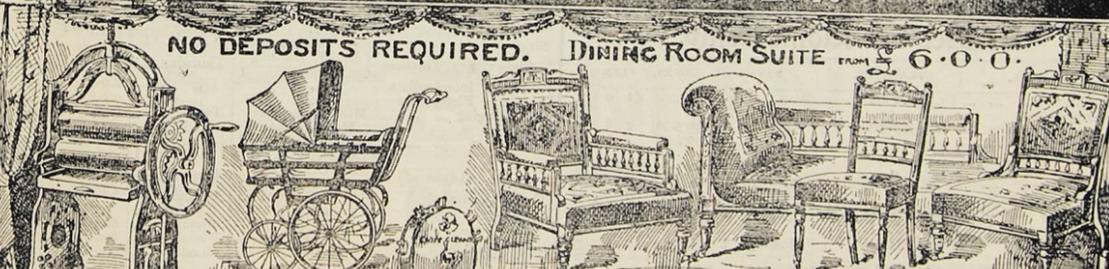
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