

May 27, 1892.

The Palace Journal.

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THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1892.

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, May 27th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

SATURDAY, 28th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by Mr. Proudman's Tonic Sol-fa Choir, "St. John's Eve." Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 29th.—Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 30th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment by Professor Clarence. Admission 1d., Reserved Seats, 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 31st.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 1st.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Humorous Entertainment by Mr. Scott-Edwardes. Admission 2d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 2nd.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

THE library will be open each day during the week from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. On Sunday from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free. The students' circulating library opens on Mondays and Thursdays from 6.30 to 9.30 in the Club-room.

THE attendances on Sunday last at the sacred concert, organ recital, and library, were respectively 1,079, 1,247, and 504. Total, 2,830.

GORLESTON HOLIDAY HOME.—Owing to the great success of last year's holiday, arrangements have been made to re-open the house then occupied, under the same management. Intending trippers should book dates as early as possible. To suit the members' convenience, weekly or monthly payments will be taken in the office.

MESSRS. A. D. LOWENSTARK & SONS, of 135, Strand, W.C., have sent me a copy of their new illustrated price list of medals and badges suitable as prizes for all kinds of sport. This memo. may be useful to our club committees when considering where to get their medals.

APROPOS of this, may I ask members, when purchasing of any firms who advertise in our columns, to mention this Magazine? By so doing they will help us very much.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' CLUB.—Owing to the Science Examination, the Old Boys were only able to place one crew on the river last Saturday. Starting from our quarters at Putney we pulled up

to Chiswick Eyot. Returning from there, we rowed down to Chelsea, and then back again to Putney. Many thanks are due to Mr. Harold Spender, B.A., for so kindly coaching us. The crew consisted of J. Bishop (bow), T. Howell (2), W. White (3), C. Atkinson (stroke), H. Spender (cox). Races will take place at the end of the season.

C. ATKINSON, Captain (*pro tem.*).

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor: Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—Practices are as usual on Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 to 10, and it is hoped members will be regular and punctual in attendance. We hope to have a good muster on Sunday, 29th, when we give Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Gounod's "Faust" we shall give on June 25th. We are about to begin studying "Israel in Egypt." We have vacancies in all parts except contralto. Those with good voices, and who can read music well from either tonic sol-fa or old notation, are invited to join at once so as to take part in our next concert. The annual competition will be held on June 28th and July 1st. We hope to have another social shortly. We are also making arrangements for our annual excursion.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB: President, N. L. Cohen, Esq.—The members of the above club visited for the first time this season the ground which has kindly been provided for their use at Walthamstow. The ground is not yet in good condition, but it is hoped that it will be greatly improved by to-morrow, when we meet the Palmer's Victoria C.C. Our match last week ended in a victory for the Ashley by 8 runs. The Ashley batted first, and scored 38 runs. The Palace team then made a poor start, the first 5 wickets going for 8 runs, but when McDougall joined C. Bowman, who was batting very steadily, and quickly ran up 14, the hopes of the Palace club began to rise, only, however, to go down again, for after these two left the remaining wickets fell quickly.

Ashley C.C.—Wainman, 2; Dawson, 12; Barnes, 1; Woodhead, 6; Garner, 1; Wilson, 3; Trewceke, 0; Stow, not out, 3; Fielding, 1; Watson, 0; sub. 0; extras, 9. Total, 38.

People's Palace.—A. E. Francis, 2; A. Bowman, 0; F. C. Hunter, 0; C. Bowman, 5; McCardle, 2; F. Hall, 0; McDougall, 14; F. Sheppard, 1; H. R. Jones, not out, 1; Williamson, 0; Everson, 1; extras, 4. Total, 30.

Bowling Analysis.—A. Bowman, 9 overs, 1 maiden, 17 runs, 4 wickets; F. A. Hunter, 9 overs, 1 maiden, 10 runs, 6 wickets; F. Hall, 2 overs, 0 maidens, 2 runs, 0 wickets.

The team to-morrow will be selected from Messrs. Francis, Williamson, Everson, McCardle, Jones, C. Bowman, Williams, G. Sheppard, Hunter, McDougall, Adkins, and Holmes.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.—Conductor: Mr. W. R. Cave.—Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given in Queen's Hall, on Sunday afternoon next, at 3.30. All members are requested to attend. There are vacancies in the orchestra for

the following instruments, viz., violas, 'cellos, basses, flute, clarionets, cornets, and trombones. Practice nights, Tuesday and Friday, 8.10.

OLD BOYS' CRICKET CLUB.—The fixture for last Saturday was with the Eureka C.C. at their ground at Silver-town. The Old Boys were met at the station, and conducted to the ground, where they were taken aback to find a team of men awaiting them, but, nothing daunted, the Old Boys elected to go in first, and retired from the wickets with 31 runs to their credit. A little more practice at batting would be of service to the Old Boys; they are sharp in fielding and strong in bowling, so they must try to improve their batting, so as to be a good all-round team. No interval being allowed, the Eureka C.C. went straight in, and owing to the excellent bowling by Langdon (capt.) and Bissett (vice) they were dismissed for 29 runs, the result being a win for the Old Boys by 2 runs. Next week the Tredegar C.C. at Victoria Park.

H. BARNES, Hon. Sec.

H. WINTERSON writes, pointing out that, in descanting last week on "Amusing Errors of the Press," we ourselves blundered. The lapse occurred in giving the title of Miss Braddon's novel as "Aurora Froyd," instead of "Aurora Floyd." Oh, those printers!

MR. OSBORN has arranged a capital programme for the Whitsuntide holidays. Full particulars, with programme of concerts and entertainments for the holiday week, in the next number of the *Journal*.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last, May 21st, a party of eighteen visited the Royal Albert Docks, and were conducted by Mr. Charles McKenzie, who had kindly undertaken the arrangement of an excellent programme, including visits over three of the steamships lying there, viz., *Kiakoura*, New Zealand Shipping Company, *Doric*, White Star Line, Messrs. Shaw, Savill, Albion Company, and the *Carthage*, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Our guide first directed our attention to the entrances to the docks, and the vessels lying there; mentioning the ports with which they trade, and the nature of their cargo; then he explained the construction of the hydraulic cranes, for loading and unloading. When we reached the *Kiakoura*, Captain Lawson came forward and invited us on board. He regretted that we should not see the vessel to advantage, as everything was covered up, as they were taking in coal, the dust of which penetrates where water will not; however, we saw a great deal which interested us. The *Kiakoura* is one of the New Zealand Company's 1st class mail steamers. We were shown the 1st and 2nd class saloons, and the music saloon, which are very artistically decorated, the latter being fitted with satin wood panels, and, having a coloured glass fanlight, a very nice effect is produced. We inspected the cabins and berths, even to the "glory hole," where the stewards sleep, but why they give it that name I cannot say. A large quantity of mutton is brought over from New Zea-

land, and the holds are specially constructed—insulated with twig charcoal to keep the carcasses in a frozen condition; pointing to one of these holds, Captain Lawson informed us that considerably over 6,000 sheep could be packed in. There seemed to us to be every convenience, both for passengers and cargo, and we were also informed that there were 300 incandescent electric lamps in and about the ship. Thanking Captain Lawson for his kindness in entertaining us, we came off. After crossing the swing bridge a fine view of the deck was obtained looking towards the Victoria Docks, and our guide astonished us by saying that one inch of water could be pumped over the whole expanse in an hour. The *Doric* next came in for inspection. It is 483 ft. long, 42 ft. wide, has an indicated horse power of 4,000, carries a crew of 110, and has accommodation in every way desirable for over 200 passengers. We were shown the saloons, cabins, smoke room, and pantry, the latter with its glasses and crockery in special racks, and the general appointments were greatly admired. Some of the party went on deck while the others went below, and proceeding to the engine-room, one of the engineers joined the party and assisted Mr. C. McKenzie in that department to explain the engines, the shaft, etc. Precautions are taken against any mishap, duplicates being kept in readiness. We walked along the tunnel to the end of the propeller, there Mr. C. McKenzie explained the packing gland, the strain of the propeller, and the different blocks. A pulsometer for sanitary purposes, which distributes water wherever required. We were also shown the refrigerator engines used in preparing cold air in the holds for the purpose of keeping the sheep brought from New Zealand in good condition. The wheelhouse, containing steering gear, next claimed our attention; the pains taken to ensure the safety of the rudder being a matter of great importance to the passengers and crew of vessels, and the explanation given by Mr. McKenzie of the various portions proved to be most interesting. We returned to join the others on deck, and after paying a short visit to the *Carthage* of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, we proceeded to The Buffet, Central Station, where a nice tea was prepared, and before we arose to take our departure homewards, Mr. Killip proposed and Mr. Hudson seconded that a cordial vote of thanks should be given for the able and instructive way in which Mr. C. McKenzie had fulfilled his duties as guide.—Saturday, May 28th, Billericay; train leaves 2.43, Stratford Market. Saturday, June 4th, Wimbledon and Richmond; train leaves Cannon-street 3.15, for Waterloo, and thence to Wimbledon. Saturday, June 11th, Woodford, meet Coborn-road, G.E., 3.40, to Snaresbrook; tea at Mrs. Guy's. Saturday, June 18th, Croydon and Croydon-hurst Woods; train leaves London Bridge (L. B. & S. C.) at 4 o'clock; book to South Croydon. A. MCKENZIE.

ETHEL: "I never knew until yesterday what a good young man Mr. Simpson is. I had a long chat with him last night." Edith: "How did you learn he was a good man?" Ethel: "Oh, he told me so!"

People's Palace Cycling Club Notes.

IN the last two issues of these notes I reminded you that the date of the Woodford Meet was drawing near, and as my next notes will not appear until after the event has taken place, I must avail myself of this opportunity to have a last word on the subject.

Now then, you members who are so backward in coming forward, stir yourselves. Remember that you belong to a club that has made a name for itself in the cycling world, and that we must not stand still, but continue to push on if we are to maintain our position. Time and tide wait for no man, nor for a cycling club either, and June 11th will come in due course, whether you are prepared or not. The honour and glory of our previous victories and successes have caused every member to feel proud of the club to which he belongs, and the more one has assisted to contribute to such success the greater the enjoyment derived from its achievement.

Have you yet decided in what way you will decorate your machine for this auspicious occasion? If not, why not? From what I can gather, an undressed jigger in this year's meet will be as rare as a solid tyre in a Paddington Race Meeting. Each and every member of both sexes, whether old or young "class," or "no class," has, on the day of the meet, a duty to perform from which there is no escape, and for the non-performance of which no excuse will be accepted. It is to turn up at the proper time and place with a jigger decorated to the best of your ability.

Should any member have an idea of a plan of decorations which might be adopted by all the club he should communicate with the secretary or captain without delay. If you will all do your best in that direction—as it is your bounden duty to do—I feel certain that the Woodford Meet of 1892 will prove another feather in the cap of the Monts.

It would be interesting to know why some of the clubs who are so much given to boasting of their numerical strength have decided not to take part in this year's meet. Perhaps they belong to the good old "have beans" and to turn out in their full strength would show how weak they were numerically, and leave them nothing to gas about. But they could say they picked only their best men to ride in the meet. I suppose that idea did not strike them.

Our Mr. Church, who by the way has been elected on the Executive of the Essex County Association, as a Beaumont, was made the subject of a scurrilous attack by *Wheeling*, in his capacity as secretary of the N. C. U. The committee of the Union passed a vote of confidence in their secretary, and the rest of the cycling press to a man agreed that such an article was uncalled for, and that it was, indeed, playing the game altogether too "low."

Is it the wish of the members generally that we should have a club photo this year? The few that I have spoken to about the matter are decidedly in favour of it, and I certainly think it would be a great pity to allow the season to pass without having a "sitting." The day of the meet is not the best day for the pur-

pose, and I would suggest a Thursday evening towards the end of June, and I do not think we can find a better place for the purpose than the grounds of our country headquarters at Loughton.

By the appointment of district representatives the committee have alighted on a member who has grit in him and has the welfare of the Monts at heart. Although of such a quiet and retiring disposition Mr. A. S. Till has been rendering yeoman's service for the club in Stepney, the district of which he has charge. Other representatives please copy.

I have it on the best authority that that quietest of quiet members, that member who has never a word to say, actually attended a club run a week or so back. I refer to our mutual friend "Billy" Flanders. So anxious did I become at his continued absence that I made enquiries as to his whereabouts, the result being that I was informed he had got married, and had accepted a post as tutor in a school for the deaf and dumb. As I have received no cake from him I do not think the information can be relied on; true, he may have forgotten my address.

Is it true that the "Babes in the Wood up to Date," has recently been played by some of our lady members in the neighbourhood of Welling. I am assured that such is the case, and that they now vow to never again lose sight of their guide when in a strange land.

A contributor to a local weekly who rejoices in the *nom de plume* of "Scorcher," recommends the Castle at Woodford as a good place to stop at after the hard plug up to Woodford. Distance is evidently not his forte, and it would be interesting to know at what rate he travels. Perhaps some day he will enlighten us by writing that he managed to overtake a country waggon.

"I'll give you my word, and my word is my bond," said—well never mind who said it, but what I should like to know is, what price the bond? Subsequent events have proved it to be of less value than waste paper. We live and learn, and it is to be earnestly hoped that we are wise enough to profit by our experiences.

When I visited the Crown a few days since, I noticed that our board was still occupying that most unsuitable position where it was first placed. Now Mr. Sign Inspector, wake up, and call the attention of our host to the matter, and I am sure he will have it altered.

The first of the monthly long distance runs which was to Tunbridge Wells, proved an immense success, and the members that attended it thoroughly enjoyed themselves. After having tea with the club at Chislehurst, we proceeded through the lovely lanes to Orpington, where the news of our coming had evidently preceded us, for the little village was gaily decorated with flowers and flags, which had a very pretty effect in the bright moonlight. We fully expected the local band, the fire brigade, and the volunteers would turn out to escort us through the place, but we were disappointed.

Continuing our journey through Queen-street Green, to River Head and Sevenoaks, we came to River Hill, part of which we walked, it being too steep for brakeless pneumatics. Then passing through Tunbridge and Nonsuch Green we reached Tunbridge Wells. We were

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not long finding Thomas's Hotel, and the business of stowing away the machines, stowing away the supper, and stowing ourselves away in bed, was accomplished in record time. Next morning, after breakfasting, as only cyclists know how to do, we visited the "Pantilles," and tasted the water of the Chalybeate Spring, which, though perhaps good for the health, is certainly far from pleasant to the taste. Some idea of the flavour may be obtained by adding a tablespoonful of Stephen's celebrated Blue-Black to a tumbler of water. We then took a pleasant walk of about three miles to see the High Rocks and the famous Bell Rock, which is so called because, when tapped with a stone, it sounds like a large bell.

Returning by the main road we arrived at the hotel just in time for dinner, after which we walked about the town for a while, and then mounted our machines and started homewards. We jogged along at a steady pace, admiring the scenery until River Hill was reached. Then it was seen which of us was most susceptible to the increasing beauty of the surrounding scenery. One by one we became so entranced by the surroundings as to get off our machines to get a better view. There was one among us, however, who seems to possess no soul for beauty, for he rode right to the top of the hill without stopping. Of course we all pitied the poor fellow for being unable to look with admiration upon the beautiful landscape stretched before us; but instead of being grateful for our pity, and envying our refined tastes, he actually had the audacity to say we would not have stopped could we have ridden further. It only shows how we may be misjudged.

Again mounting our machines we made for Sevenoaks, where, having had tea at the Lime Trees, and afterwards strolling through Knole Park, we journeyed on to Woolwich Ferry and made for home. All were agreed on one point; that the first of the newly-instituted monthly runs had been most enjoyable and thoroughly successful.

Will members who intend to tour with the club at Whitsun send in their names to the captain without delay? The destination is Hastings, and there will be two parties going down. The first will leave Woolwich Ferry at 9 a.m., on Saturday, June 4, proceeding direct to Hastings, where they hope to arrive in time for tea. The route will be: Woolwich, Eltham, Chislehurst, Orpington, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, Hurst Green, Battle, Hastings. The later party will leave Bow-road Railway Station at 3.30 on the same day and follow the same route. They will, however, stop at the Sydney Arms, Chislehurst, for tea, and put up for the night at Thomas's Hotel, Vale Road, Tunbridge Wells, which place they will leave at 10 the next morning for Hastings. Arrangements have been made for accommodation at Balmoral House, Breed's Place, facing the sea. The return journey will be made on June 6th, at 11 a.m. A few of the members have decided to go no farther than Tunbridge Wells, where first-class accommodation can be relied upon, so that an opportunity is offered to short-distance men to accompany the club thus far, and join us again on our return. If you think of joining us on this pleasant outing, forward your name without delay to the

Captain, stating which party you will accompany, and whether Hastings or Tunbridge Wells is to be your destination.

Long ago I came to the conclusion that the tale about the old man and his donkey contained a deal of truth, so much so that I never entertain the idea of being able to please everybody in anything that I may do, not even in these notes. Yet it is rather strange that if in the club's interest I give a gentle hint or write a word of caution occasionally, some members should be so eager to don the garment and declare to everyone they meet that it was made to measure. Of two things, one; either they must be very thin-skinned and what is termed "touchy," or the condition of their consciences is such that they need no accusing.

In their case I certainly think "a still tongue would make a wise head," but if they will be so foolish as to point out how well the attire fits, I cannot help it, and I do not mean to let it deter me from performing what I consider to be my functions. I would remind those members that their best friends are not those who are always ready to pat them on the back and agree with their every word and action. Whilst I am on this subject, I should like to say a word on the introduction of new members. It is necessary for a candidate for membership to be nominated by a member, who can vouch for his general good behaviour, thus acting as his sponsor; and I would urge upon members that if application for nomination is made to them, and the case is doubtful, give the club the benefit, as we are not so much in want of members as to wish to enrol as such every Dick or 'Arry who may make application to join our ranks.

Many members are still under the impression that these notes are written by the secretary, but they are not. He is an innocent man, so spare him, and should you feel aggrieved, "go for" the writer, who is

AITCHBEE.

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

Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.
Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.
Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.
Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.
G. Hind, 295, Mile End Road.
A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.
Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road.
Levy, J., 102, Whitehorse Lane.
Mr. Fox, Stationer, 123, Burdett Road.
Mr. Mead, Newsagent, 542, Mile End Road.
Mr. Poole, 24, Globe Road.
Mr. Inwards, 11, Well Street Hackney.
W. Morgan, 136, Burdett Road, E.

Science and Art Examinations

FOR THE WEEK ENDING, SATURDAY, 28TH MAY.

Practical Organic Chemistry, Saturday, 28th May. Honours, 2.30 to 10.30 p.m. Advanced, 6 to 10.30 p.m. Elementary, 6 to 9.30 p.m.

The Earth's Eruptive Powers.

THERE seems reason to believe that every orb in space passes through stages of orb life which may be divided roughly into three: the sunlike, the earthlike, and the moonlike, and, therefore, we must recognise in the past history of our earth a time when her energies were far more active than those she now has.

We cannot infer her power of ejecting matter from her interior when she was in the sunlike state from that which she possesses now when she is in the middle of the life-bearing portion of her career.

When she was a sun she was a very small sun, a mere dwarf compared with the giant Jupiter when he was a sun, and a mere speck of light compared with the mighty sun which rules our system.

Yet she probably possessed then eruptive powers compared with which those she now possesses are as naught. But Krakatoa taught us recently, as at other times the earth-throes of Peru and Chili, of Sicily, Naples, Spain, and Iceland have taught us, that the earth's eruptive energies are even now in no sense contemptible.

Vegetation in the Arctic Regions.

MAJOR GREELY narrated the story of the United States expedition to Grinnell Land at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society held at Burlington House the other evening, the Marquis of Lorne presiding.

Mr. Greely gave an interesting account of the interior of Grinnell Land. He discovered there, notwithstanding its extreme latitude, valleys which in summer were covered with variegated mosses, presenting a lovely aspect, and frequented by large numbers of musk oxen, arctic foxes, and flocks of migratory birds.

The explorer found that where the land was elevated into plateaux it was covered with a vast ice-cap like an inverted saucer; but in the valleys with sharp sloping sides comparatively little snow fell in the winter, and the configuration of the ground was such as to retain the full effect of the long summer's sun, and hence the remarkable vegetation.

He discovered geological evidence of the modern elevation of Grinnell Land, existing shells being found fossilised at heights of 1,000 feet to 1,500 feet.

Major Greely has arrived at a firm conviction that ice in the sea never forms to a depth of more than 5 feet to 10 feet. The floebergs and icebergs of great thickness that are encountered floating out at sea he maintains are merely detached portions of the great polar ice-cap.

A Sportsman's Elephant.

IN his "Memories of a Long Life," Colonel Davidson gives the following interesting account of a celebrated elephant, named Hyder, which was distinguished in Khandesh, "and if his history could be written, with the various exploits in which he took a prominent place, it would be a most interesting book.

I don't know whether he is still alive, but I know he outlived most of those whom I have seen him bear on his back in the hunting-field.

He was the property of a very keen sportsman, Mr. Sprot Boyd, then Collector of Khandesh; and the expense of his keep was in part defrayed from the Government grant of fifty rupees for every tiger that was killed.

The reward was afterwards reduced to thirty rupees; as if some sporting man in power wished to preserve a few for his own special amusement; indeed, I have heard that of late the officers of the Forest Department rather like to have a few tigers as a sort of police to preserve the young trees from spoliation.

I heard Mr. Boyd tell an exploit of Hyder's which he witnessed, and I think is worth recording here. Hyder's cakes were baked in a very simple oven; the oven, in fact, so often alluded to in Scripture.

It consisted of a large earthenware Ali Baba sort of jar, in the bottom of which a fire of dried grass and twigs was kindled; and when the embers were still red, the cakes were stuck all round the inside of the jar to bake.

One day Hyder's mahout had gone through this process, which he completed by covering the jar with a lid, on which he heaped some stones, and then went into the bazaar, leaving Hyder in pleasant anticipation of his dinner.

The time arrived for taking out the cakes, but not so the mahout. At length Hyder's patience was exhausted, and the cakes were running considerable risk of being burnt; when, tugging at his pickets, he managed to get rid of his front fastenings, and, wheeling round, he found he could just reach the oven with his trunk.

He cautiously lifted off the stones, removed the lid, and ate the cakes!

He then put on the lid, and, replacing the stones one by one most carefully, returned to his place; and if he had not been watched in this manœuvre by Mr. Boyd, the mahout might have wondered to his life's end how the cakes had disappeared.

Outram used to tell a story of Hyder which I must not omit. His mahout, though first rate in the field, was not a member of the temperance society.

Hyder himself was fond of the bottle, and the two sometimes got merry together.

One dark night, after a successful day's hunting, Outram heard Hyder trumpeting tremendously; and, as he was pitched close upon the jungle, he made sure a tiger must be prowling about his tents.

With this conviction he seized his rifle and hurried to the spot. There he found Hyder in a very elevated condition certainly; not, however, from the presence of a tiger, but under the influence of some arrack, to which his keeper had treated him, as a reward for his steadiness in the field; and it was

but too evident the mahout had shared it with him, for there he sat at Hyder's feet talking to his companion in the firm belief that he understood every word he said, and was recounting the exploits they had performed together.

Hyder was looking uncommonly wise, and at the end of each recital waved his trunk in the air, and trumpeted forth his applause.

The mahout, when his wife was busy, would sometimes place his infant under Hyder's care; and he might be seen, with the baby 'going' at his feet, carefully brushing the flies away with a slender branch."

National Tastes.

HUMANITY, somehow, is very conservative of associations. When people of our race emigrate to America, for instance, they take their old names with them, call a large thrush a "robin," a red lily a "primrose," and muffins "biscuits." The stranger who sees Yorkshire pudding on the bill of fare, and asks for some with roast beef, will be surprised to find the waiter incredulous as to his wanting the two together, until he discovers that "Yorkshire pudding" is a kind of blanc-mange, with a spoonful of jam on the top. Perhaps it is in the taste of actual viands that we carry our national prejudices farthest, for wherever Britons are settled there they will certainly be found to have set up for themselves the best imitations of English eatables they can. It does not matter in the least that indigenous products have excellent flavours.

The English article, even though "tinned," is pronounced superior. No doubt this is very often really the case, but it is not universal; whereas the exile's preference for British growths over his own has hardly any exception.

The colonist, lapsing sometimes in sensible contentment will boast that this, that, or the other is "as good as you would get it anywhere, even in England," but as a rule it is the other way, and the meats and drinks of the old country are recollected as ambrosial by comparison. That this will ever alter is not easy to believe. An Esquimaux, though feasted in London on the best of everything, will break out into repinings for rank oil.

Revolution on a Small Scale.

PRINCE GEORGE VICTOR OF WALDECK, in the course of some interesting memoirs he has published, tells a curious story of a revolution. He says:

"In 1848 my subjects thought they would have a revolution. It was a curious little revolution, but not at all terrible. At eight o'clock in the morning the rebels assembled in the square before my palace, and made a tremendous noise, which went on until mid-day. Goodness only knows why they were shouting. When it struck twelve they all went home to dinner, and until two o'clock the stillness of the grave reigned in the square. At half-past two the noise began again, and lasted until four o'clock, which was beer-time.

"At dusk they came back for the third time, and again the same horrible row, threatening shouts, and ear-splitting yells

filled the air, and a group of them got together and sang the 'Marseillaise,' which was the worst of all, for they sang frightfully out of tune. When the time came for the gates to be shut they all hurried away—for though they had sworn to shed their blood in the cause of freedom, they had not promised to pay the toll for opening the gates after closing time—and the next morning they began all over again. This went on for a long time.

"My mother, the Duchess Emma, had nervous attacks from the noise; our Minister often came to me with a pale and terrified face, and said: 'Prince, do you hear that awful noise below?' 'Yes.' 'What shall we do?' 'Why should we do anything? It will leave off of itself. Look at my watch. It is now half-past three; in an hour the revolution will go to drink beer. It doesn't concern us!' I am often reminded of my little revolution when I hear people asking after some little excitement in Parliament, 'What will happen?' What will happen is that the malcontents will go to their dinner, and their beer, and their supper, and at last get tired of coming back."

Carlyle at Work.

IT is one of Carlyle's great merits that he did so much to acquaint us with German literature; so far as uneducated Englishmen were concerned, he might almost claim to be its discoverer to them.

In his old age he took pride in telling how he learned German.

"After vainly seeking during a long time for an instructor, he fell in with a young man as poor as himself, who had visited Prussia, and thus obtained a smattering of the speech of the country. Carlyle agreed to instruct this youth in mathematics in exchange for lessons in German; but when he had learned all that his friend could teach him he found that he did not know much. Thereupon he betook himself to such defective grammars and dictionaries as were within his reach, and soon was able to read intelligently the writings of Schiller, whose fame had extended even to Edinburgh. The delight that he derived thence was quickly followed by the greater delight of studying Goethe; and it was from these two that he received the great impulse that found expression in nearly all his own literary achievements."

He subsequently visited Germany, and there made the personal acquaintance of Goethe and Goethe's friends.

Carlyle's habits of work during the busy period of his life in Cheyne Row were characterised by great regularity and industry. No book hack ever worked harder, began earlier, or left off later. A walk before breakfast was part of the day's duties. At ten o'clock in the morning, whether the spirit moved him or not, he sat down with pen in hand in the small attic, which was his literary workshop, and laboured hard till three o'clock. Nothing, not even the opening of the morning letters, was allowed to distract him. This spell of work was followed by walking, answering letters, and seeing friends. One of his favourite relaxations was riding in an omnibus, a taste, by the way, which was also characteristic of the late Victor Hugo. In the evening he read and prepared for the work of the morrow.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(32nd Concert, 5th Series)

ON SATURDAY, THE 28TH OF MAY, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Musical Director to the People's Palace Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

MR. PROUDMAN'S TONIC SOL-FA CHOIR.

SOLOISTS—

MISS AMY B. DEVONSHIRE, A.L.A.M. MISS MARY CHAMBERLAIN. MR. J. H. MÜLLERHAUSEN.
MR. ROBERT J. HARRIS.

Pianist—MRS. JOSEPH PROUDMAN. Leader—MISS GWYNNE KIMPTON, G.S.M.

Organist—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O., Organist to the People's Palace.

Conductor—MR. J. FRANK PROUDMAN.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE ... "Samson" Handel
ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN.

2. PART SONG "The Lullaby of Life" H. Leslie

Sleep, little flower, whose petals fade and fall
O'er the sunless ground;
Ring no more peals of perfume on the air,
Sleep long and sound.

Sleep, summer wind, whose breathing grows more faint
As night draws slowly nigh;
Cease thy sweet chanting in the cloistral words,
And seem to die.

Sleep thou great ocean, whose wild waters sink
Under the setting sun;
Hush the loud music of thy warring waves
Till night is done.

Sleep, thou tired heart, whose mountain pulses droop
Within the valley cold;
On pains and pleasures, fears and hopes of life,
Let go thine hold.

Sleep, for 'tis only sleep, and there shall be
New life for all at day;
So sleep all until the restful night
Has passed away.

3. SONG "The Gallant 'Salamander'" *D'Auvergne Barnard*
MR. ROBERT J. HARRIS.

'Twas the gallant "Salamander,"
Twenty-one guns, all told,
And as plucky a crew and commander
As ever fought of old.
'Twas a lovely summer's morning,
The sea was calm and bright,
When suddenly to the northward
A strange sail hove in sight,
The captain took his glass up,
And looked away to sea;
'Tis a foeman, and a strong one,
But we'll tackle her!" cried he.

'Twas the gallant "Salamander,"
And the foe was a seventy-four,
Three times her size, and aboard her
A dozen to one, or more.

She called on him to surrender
With one contemptuous gun;
"Let go," cried the captain, "show her
We'll neither yield nor run!"
And he fought that seventy-four lads,
From morn till twilight grey;
If ever a salamander
Ate fire, one did that day!

They fought till the sun was setting,
And the sea grew dark with night,
And they fought again at morning,
As soon as it was light.
They fought till her brave commander
And half her crew had died;
Then down went the "Salamander"
And her foeman, side by side!
And there they lie together,
And till England's heart grows cold,
Shall this yarn of the "Salamander"
And her fight to the death be told.

4. ORGAN SOLO
MR. B. JACKSON.

5. SONG ... "Gondola Dreams" Slaughter
MISS MARY CHAMBERLAIN.

Along the lustrous waters the tender moon looks down,
And bathes in silver glory the still and silent town,
The very night is whispering unto the quiet deep,
The day, with all its sighing, is lulled to happy sleep.
O heart, forget thy sorrow, O gondola, float on,
We'll think not of to-morrow until to-night be gone.
The world was fairer never, nor brighter moon above,
To-night is ours for ever, because to-night we love.

So deeply still the silence, we almost hear the stars,
They sigh in tender vigil, beyond the night's dark bars,
So strangely calm the waters, so pure the moonlight gleam,
Love hardly dares to whisper for fear to break the dream.
O heart, forget thy sorrow, O gondola, float on,
We'll think not of to-morrow, until to-night be gone,
The world was fairer never, nor brighter moon above,
To-night is ours for ever, because to-night we love.

6. CHORUS ... "Hail to the Chief" J. Thomson
(Boat song, from "The Lady of the Lake")

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
Honour'd and blest be the evergreen pine,
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line.
Heav'n send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon and proudly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends the shout back again,
Roderick Vich Alpine dhu ho-i-e-roe.

Row, vassals, row for the pride of the highlands,
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine,
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Wreathed in a garland around him might twine.
Heav'n send it happy dew, etc.

PART II.

Old English Idyll,
"ST. JOHN'S EVE."
F. H. COWEN.

Nancy (a Village Maiden) Miss AMY B. DEVONSHIRE
Margaret (an Ancient Dame) Miss MARY CHAMBERLAIN
The Young Squire ... Mr. J. H. MULLERHAUSEN
Robert (a Young Villager) ... Mr. ROBERT J. HARRIS
Choruses of Girls and Men.

Doors Open at 7 p.m.
The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.
Winter Garden open every day from 2 to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

ON MONDAY, MAY 30TH, 1892,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

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GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admission—ONE PENNY. Reserved Seats—THREEPENCE.

C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.—The Villagers are decorating their houses for the Feast of St. John.

CHORUS ... "Bring Branches from Forest"
CHORUS (the Girls) and RECIT. (Margaret) ...
... "In the Cups of the Flowers"
SCENA and CHORUS (Margaret and the Girls) ...
... "You, Susan, when the Midnight Bells"
SOLO and CHORUS (Robert and the Girls) ...
... "That Part will I Play"
CHORUS (the Men) ... "Ho! Good Saint John"
CHORUS and DANCES ... "Whirl Round the Torch"

A SHORT INTERVAL.

SCENE II.—The Garden of Nancy's Cottage—Midnight.

RECIT. and AIR (Nancy) ... "O, Peaceful Night"
SONG (the Young Squire) ...
... "O Zephyr, Stirring 'midst the Leaves"
CHORUS ... "Blessed Fire of Good St. John"

SCENE III.—The Squire's Hall—Christmas Day.

CAROL: SOLO (Margaret) and Chorus ...
... "Three Kings once Lived in Eastern Land"
CHORUS ... "Welcome, Happy Maid"
SCENA and CHORUS (Robert) ... "A Lover if Bold"
DUET (Nancy and the Young Squire) "Fairest of Roses"
FINAL CHORUS ... "Now Joy shall be in Cottage Poor"

PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL

TO BE GIVEN ON

SUNDAY, the 29th of MAY, 1892.

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

At 4 p.m.

ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER,"

BY THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES.

CONDUCTOR, MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

LEADER, MR. W. R. CAVE.

SOLOISTS—THE MISSES DELVES-YATES, MR. R. SCOTT CHISHOLME, MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

No. 1.—INTRODUCTION.

CHORUS AND QUARTET.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa At the cross her station keeping,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa, Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Dum pendebat Filius. Close to Jesus to the last.

No. 2.—AIR.

MR. R. SCOTT CHISHOLME.

Cujus animam gementem Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
Contristatam et dolentem All His bitter anguish bearing,
Pertransiit gladius. Now at length the sword had passed;
O quam tristis et afflicta Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Fuit illa benedicta Was that mother, highly blest,
Mater Unigeniti: Of the sole begotten one,
Que crecebat et dolebat Christ above in torment hangs,
Et tre mebat, cum videbat She beneath beholds the pang
Nati penas melyti. Of her dying glorious Son.

No. 3.—DUET.

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

Quis est homo qui non fleret, Is there one who would not weep,
Matrem Christi si videret, Whelm'd in miseries so deep
In tanto supplicio? Christ's dear mother to behold
Quis non posset contristari Can the human heart refrain?
Christi matrem contemplari From partaking in her pain,
Dolentem cum Filio? In that mother's pain untold?

No. 4.—AIR.

MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
Vidit Jesu in tormentis She beheld her tender Child
E flagellis subditum All with bloody scourges rent,
Vidit suum dulcem natum For the sins of His own nation,
Moriendum, desolatum, Saw Him hang in desolation,
Dum emisit spiritum. Till His spirit forth He sent.

No. 5.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

(Without Accompaniment.)

Eia mater, fons amoris, O thou mother! fount of love,
Me sentire vim doloris Touch my spirit from above,
Fac, ut tecum lugeam, Make my heart with thine accord,
Fac ut ardeat cor meum Make me feel as thou hast felt,
In amando Christum Deum, Make my soul to grow and melt,
Ut sibi complacem. With the love of Christ my Lord.

No. 6.—QUARTET.

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES, MR. R. SCOTT CHISHOLME, AND MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Sancta mater, istud agas, Holy mother, pierce me through,
Crucifixi fige plagas In my heart each wound renew,
Corde meo valide. Of my Saviour crucified.
Tui nati vulnerati, Let me share with thee His pain,
Tam dignati pro me pati, Who for all my sins was slain,
Penas mecum divide. Who for me in torments died,

Fac me vere tecum flere, Let me mingle tears with thee.
Crucifixo condolere, Mourning Him who mourned for me,
Donec ego vixero. All the days that I may live:
Juxta crucem tecum stare, By the Cross with thee to stay,
Te libenter sociare There with thee to weep and pray,
In planctus desidero. Is all I ask of thee to give,
Virgo, virginum preclara, Virgin of all virgins best,
Mihi jamnon sis amara, Listen to my fond request,
Fac me tecum plangere. Let me share thy grief divine.

No. 7. CAVATINA.

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem, Let me to my latest breath,
Passionis ejus sortem, In my body bear the death
Et plagas recolere. Of that dying Son of Thine.
Fac me plagis vulnerari, Wounded with His every wound,
Cruce hæc inebriari, Steep my soul till it hath swooned
Ob amorem Filii. In His very blood away.
Be to me, O virgin nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful judgment day.
Christ when Thou shall call me hence,
Be Thy mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.

No. 8.—AIR AND CHORUS.

MISS EVELYN DELVES-YATES.

Inflamatus et accensus Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus Lest in flames I burn and die.
In die judicii. In His awful judgment day.
Fac me cruce custodiri. Christ when Thou shall call me hence,
Morte Christi præmuniri, Be Thy mother my defence,
Confoveri gratâ. Be Thy Cross my victory.

No. 9.—QUARTET.

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES, MR. R. SCOTT CHISHOLME, AND MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

(Without Accompaniment.)

Quando corpus morietur, While my body here decays,
Fac ut animæ donetur, May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Paradis gloria. Safe in Paradise with Thee.

No. 10.—CHORUS AND FINALE.

Amen! Amen!
In sempiterna sæcū'a, To Him be Glory evermore. Amen!

At 8 p.m.

1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN B MINOR Bach
2. a. PASTORALE; b. MARCH B. Jackson
3. EVENING PRAYER Smart
4. ... "Arm, Arm ye Brave" (Judas Maccabeus) Handel
(Arranged for organ by W. T. Best.)
5. MEDITATION Grison
6. TEMPO DI MINUETTO Calkin
7. WAR MARCH OF THE PRIESTS (Athalie) Mendelssohn

There are still a few vacancies in the Sunday Afternoon Choir for Contraltos and Basses.

ADMISSION FREE.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT BY MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES

TO BE GIVEN
ON WEDNESDAY, THE 1ST OF JUNE, 1892,
AT 8 P.M.

- | | |
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| <p>PART I.</p> <p>1. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... MADAME BÜLOW
"Balmoral"</p> <p>2. SONG (Ballad) ... MR. McCULLOCH
"Come into the Garden, Maud"</p> <p>3. RECITAL (Humorous) ... BABY LILY CHURCH
(Pupil of Mr. Scott-Edwards)
"My Papa's Serenade"</p> <p>4. SONG ... MADAME BÜLOW
"Circumstances Alter Cases" (By Louis Diehl)</p> <p>5. RECITAL ... MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
"Fun at the Pit Door"</p> <p>6. HUMOROUS DUET ... MR. AND MRS. GROSSMITH
"Under a Cloud"</p> <p>7. SONG (Ballad) ... MADAME EMILY PARKINSON
"My Love has Gone a-Sailing"</p> <p>8. SONG (Humorous) ... MR. S. A. DUNBAR
"You Can't Think of Everything"</p> | <p>PART II.</p> <p>9. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... MADAME BÜLOW
"Salterello"</p> <p>10. SONG (Ballad) ... MR. McCULLOCH
"The Anchor's Weighed"</p> <p>11. SONG (Ballad) ... MADAME EMILY PARKINSON
"The Dear Homeland"</p> <p>12. SONG (Descriptive) ... MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES
"My Deary" (By S.-E. and B.)</p> <p>13. SONG (Ballad) ... MADAME BÜLOW
"Gondolier's Serenade"</p> <p>14. SONG (Humorous) ... MR. S. A. DUNBAR
"I Did Laugh"</p> <p>15. SONG (Ballad) ... MRS. C. B. GROSSMITH
"Love's Dreams"</p> <p>16. HUMOROUS DUET ... MR. & MRS. C. B. GROSSMITH
"March, April, and May"</p> |
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A SHORT INTERVAL.

Doors Open at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION TWOPENCE.

STUDENTS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ADMITTED FREE.

The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

The Meal-Times of our Ancestors.

It is of peculiar interest to compare the times of day, during the present and the past, at which people have been in the custom of taking their meals.

If any person suggested now that we should change our supper time to two o'clock in the morning, we should pity his intellectual weakness, yet even so late as 1803 the Almanack of Gourmands mentions that two a.m. was the regulation hour. Smollett, in "Roderick Random," makes his hero breakfast at eight in the morning on "biscuits and brandy." This would be about the year 1748, and considering that Smollett was a naval surgeon, there can be no reason to doubt him as an authority. At the beginning of the century the Parisians breakfasted twice; they do the same now.

As to dinner, the English court during the time of Henry VIII. dined an hour before noon. With the Protectorate of Cromwell it advanced to an hour beyond noon. Bishop Percy mentions that during the period of the Restoration, the fashionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock, "the play began at three." The Revolution altered the time to two. Pope dined all his life at two; Addison for his last thirty years. Pope, indeed, felt strongly upon the subject. He complained of Lady Suffolk dining so late as four. In 1745, however, society generally had fixed upon that hour, which remained in force until 1780. The colleges of Oxford

recognised three o'clock as the dinner hour in 1804, then they advanced to five, and after the year of Waterloo, to six. Grimod de la Reyniere writes of dinner in Paris in 1803 beginning at six and lasting three and even five hours.

Concerning supper-time, no trustworthy information can be obtained anterior to the fourteenth century. In France at that time it was fixed at three in the afternoon. Louis XII.'s third wife put it on to five or six; and if the commentator Schmidt is to be credited, Shakespeare means five or six o'clock when he speaks of supper; but if Shakespeare himself is to be credited, then Schmidt is in error, as this passage in Richard III. goes to show:—

CATESBY: It's supper-time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.

In the time of Rabelais it was at night-fall. To conclude with an extract from Nash's "Pierce Penniless," it would appear that our ancestors of 1592 ate and drank all day long. He says:—

"Eating six times everie day, videlicet; before he come out of his bed; then a set breakfast; then dinner; then afternoon's nunchigs; a supper and a rere supper."

Luminous Insects.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences at Paris, a plate half filled with water, in which were half a dozen insects about an inch in length,

which shone like diamonds, although the room was filled with sunshine, was passed round among the members.

These insects had been brought from Mexico, where they are to be found in the forests. Their scientific name is the *pyrophore*; and, as none had ever been seen before in Europe, they created quite a sensation.

The light resembles that of a glowworm or a firefly, although as much more brilliant and intense as an electric lamp surpasses a wax taper in its power of illumination. When the light begins to fade, it can be made as brilliant as before by shaking the insect, or dipping it in water.

It is said that the Indians of Mexico use them for a light at night, as a few will suffice to illuminate an entire room.

When they are walking at night, they put one on each foot, so that they can be sure of their way, and also that they do not step upon any venomous snake or reptile, with which the tropical forests abound.

The Mexican ladies buy them of the Indians, and enclose them in a transparent bag, which they wear in their hair or at the neck. The effect is very beautiful, especially when several are worn; and, as the Indians sell them for a few cents, a dozen, they are within the reach of every fair one.

They are fed on sugar-cane, and, if well taken care of, will live a long time. One placed upon a page will enable it to be read with ease in the darkest night.

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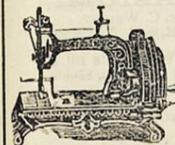
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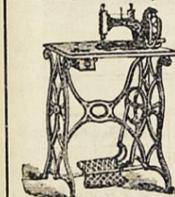
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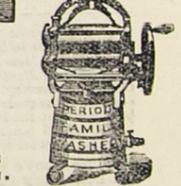
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