

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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## Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.  
CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run.  
CRICKET CLUB.—General Meeting.  
LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Committee Meeting at 6.30.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.  
LITERARY SOCIETY.—"Productive" Evening at 8 o'clock.  
CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Rehearsal.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closed at 12 o'clock.  
CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT in Queen's Hall at 3 o'clock.  
USUAL CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.  
LAWN TENNIS.—Practice at 3 o'clock.  
HARRIERS.—Mile Handicap at Bow Running Ground.  
CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Loughton.  
CRICKET CLUB.—Trial Match, Lake's Farm, Wanstead Flats.  
RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Chigwell. Tea at King's Head.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. LIBRARY open from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.  
SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting at 8 o'clock.  
CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Rehearsal.  
CRICKET CLUB.—Net Practice at Victoria Park.
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY closed at 5 o'clock.  
SPECIAL (CRICKETERS') CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.  
BOXING CLUB.—Usual Meeting.  
PARLIAMENT.—(Adjourned).
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY closed at 5 o'clock.  
SWIMMING CLUB.—General Meeting at 8 o'clock.

## Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, APRIL 29th, at 12.30 p.m.  
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST .. .. . MR. O. E. F. COBB.  
(Of St. Stephen's Church, Canonbury, N.)

1. March from "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp"  
*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.*
2. Religioso. From Suite in G .. .. . *Francesco Berger.*
3. Introduction and Allegro in D .. .. . *Dr. F. Spark.*
4. Adagio Cantabile in D .. .. . *Dr. E. J. Hopkins.*
5. Variations on "O Sanctissima" (Sicilian Mariner's Hymn) .. .. . *George Hepworth.*
6. "My Heart ever faithful," from Cantata for Whitsuntide, "God gave His only begotten Son" .. .. . *J. S. Bach.*
7. Postlude in B flat .. .. . *John E. West.*
8. Meditation in a Cathedral, in E flat, Op. 95 .. .. . *E. Silas.*
9. Ave Maria .. .. . *Dr. E. T. Chipp.*
10. How excellent Thy Name—Chorus (Saul) .. .. . *Handel.*

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

SPECIAL.—Sir Edmund Hay Currie would be obliged if the Secretaries of each Club would kindly favour him with a list of its officers, committee, dates of monthly fixtures, etc., on or before Saturday next, the 21st inst.

## Notes of the Week.

THE outlook of European affairs is anything but re-assuring. A few more weeks and the monarch now facing death so calmly may have passed away: and to the throne of Germany succeeds a young, inexperienced and intensely military sovereign. France during the last week has flung herself at the feet of a military dictator in the person of General Boulanger: and his success just at the moment when a fighting Hohenzollern is about to mount the throne of Germany is in itself a serious menace to the peace of Europe. Russia is, for the moment, keeping quiet; but the Bulgarian question appears to be as far off settlement as ever; and Roumania is in a state of revolution. It is to be hoped that the political cloud which now hangs over Europe may pass away, and that the worst of calamities—a European war—may be averted.

THE Italian Expedition to Abyssinia (says the *Graphic*) makes considerable use of the pigeon-post. Every patrol takes a basket containing four pigeons, and the officer in command himself has charge of the birds' food and earthen drinking-vessel. All the out-posts also are furnished with sufficient carriers to keep up communication with Massowah. In fine weather the despatches are merely fastened to the bird in the ordinary fashion, but on rainy days they are fixed into goose quills. If the patrol is surprised, and there is no time to write a despatch, the pigeon is sent off with a feather or two pulled from its tail, while to conceal the communication from the general public there is a cipher code of certain coloured marks on the feathers. The pigeons fly home to their cot at Massowah, and each enters its own nest by a kind of spring trap which prevents the bird from flying out again. The bird's weight rings an electric bell communicating with the guard-room, so that the arrival of a despatch is known at once. Speaking of messengers in time of war, some interesting military experiments have been made at Tours, comparing the speed with which despatches could be sent by horsemen, cyclists and trained dogs. The dogs and one cyclist won the race; but the dogs had stopped on the road to drink, or else they would have distanced the cyclists altogether. They completed  $3\frac{3}{4}$  miles in 13 mins. 55 secs. with their cyclist companion, the remaining cyclists took rather over 15 minutes, and the horsemen 24 minutes.

THE *Daily News* reports an extremely interesting address delivered to an American audience by Mr. Russell Lowell, the American minister, who was for a long time resident in England. After paying a tribute to Abraham Lincoln whom Mr. Lowell says, "pos-

terity will recognise as the wisest and most bravely human of modern times," he goes on to say, "What we want is an active class who shall insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, of hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose very name shall not only, as now it does, stir us with the sound of a trumpet, but shall call out all that is in us by offering us the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than we; that shall fulfil our own thwarted aspirations when we are but a handful of forgotten dust in a soil trodden by a race whom we shall have helped to make more worthy of their inheritance than we."

THE whole of Mr. Lowell's speech, from which the above is taken, is well deserving of the careful study of the Members of the Palace Parliament and Debating Society. At the present time, when "party" means everything to politicians, when Liberals deliberately reject excellent measures based on their own principles, simply because they happen to be promoted by Tories; and Tories blindly refuse to see anything good in a single Radical action, it is well that a high-minded statesman like Mr. Lowell should remind us that there is something better than a party politician—viz. a Patriot.

AN amusing story is told in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the Director of the Berlin Missionary Society whilst on a tour through the African mission stations in 1885.

"On Dr. Wangemann's arrival at the house of the Badewa chief Tchewasse, his big riding boots excited the admiration of the chief to such an extent that the latter at once asked for them. The director was, unfortunately, obliged to refuse the request, as he could not do without the boots. He promised, however, to send a similar pair on his return to Berlin, and took the measure for them before he left. Since then Tchewasse waited impatiently for his boots, and when the missionary explained to him that it took a long time for the boots to arrive from Berlin, he only said, 'Those are the words of the white man; they are easily pronounced.' The missionary thereupon asked him whether Tchewasse had ever heard him speak an untruth, but the chief said only with a soft smile, 'Not exactly; but the boots—will they arrive?' At last they did arrive, and as soon as the chief saw the missionary, he called together his subjects, and called out: 'Listen, ye people, to the story of the boots which the father of minheer (this is the natives' name for the director) has sent to me from beyond the great river. You can have no idea of what these boots are like. When you see them you will say that they are trousers, and however far you have travelled you have never seen anything like them.' And he further told his tribe that the director was so tall that he could not enter any door, and so broad that he could not find room where four others might sit; and when he rode it looked as if a carriage was being conveyed on horseback. All of which were meant for expressions of gratitude for a pair of riding boots."

THE opposition to Mr. Goschen's Van and Wheel Tax appears to be increasing. A crowded meeting was held on Saturday at St. James's Hall, and it was alleged that already the proposed tax had seriously injured the van-building and wheelwright trade. Another meeting at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, consisting of wheelwrights, smiths, painters, etc., passed a resolution to the same effect. It was further decided that, unless the tax were withdrawn before the end of the week, there should be a parade and demon-

stration of carts and vans throughout the metropolis, exhibiting on their sides printed statements respecting the objections to the tax.

AN industry, not so much for the purpose of manufacturing artificial sponges as for rearing them, has been set on foot. M. Oscar Schmidt, professor at the University of Gratz, in Styria, has invented a method by which pieces of living sponge are broken off and planted in a favourable spot. From very small cuttings of this kind, Professor Schmidt has obtained large sponges in the course of three years, and at a very small expense. The Austro-Hungarian Government has been so much struck with the importance of these experiments that it has officially authorised the protection of this new industry on the coast of Dalmatia.

THE following amusing incident which recently occurred at the Zoo is related by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"One of the principal managers of the refreshment contractors ordered an attendant to take a large supply of Bath buns 'to the bear-pit,' meaning, of course, the refreshment bar in that locality. The attendant, however, construed the instructions to the letter, and on arriving at the pit shot the sack of buns into it. Meeting the man later on and having ascertained that the buns had not reached their intended destination, the manager roundly abused him for not having obeyed instructions, and asked what he had done with the buns. 'Done with them,' replied the man, 'why, what you told me of course; took 'em to the bear-pit, and if you doubt my word, come and look, and you will see the bears eating 'em.' It is said that the irate manager ordered the unfortunate man to descend into the pit to rescue what remained of the buns: but it is needless to say these instructions, too, were disregarded."

## The Descent of Royalty.

IN 1768, there appeared in the newspapers the following paragraph:—"During the troubles of the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place; but not succeeding, she applied to be allowed to carry out beer from a brewhouse. These women were then called *tub-women*. The brewer, observing her to be a very good-looking girl, took her from this low situation into his house, and afterwards married her; and while she was yet a young woman, he died, and left her a large fortune. She was recommended, on giving up the brewery, to Mr. Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs; he, in process of time, married the widow, and was made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage there was a daughter, who was afterwards wife to James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England." This statement was answered by a letter in the *London Chronicle*, December 20, 1768, proving that "Lord Clarendon married Frances, the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, knight and baronet, one of the Masters of Request to King Charles I., by whom he had four sons—viz., Henry, afterwards Earl of Clarendon; Lawrence, afterwards Earl of Rochester; Edward, who died unmarried; and James, drowned on board the *Gloucester* frigate: also two daughters—Anne, married to the Duke of York; and Frances, married to Thomas Keightley, of Hertingfordbury, in the county of Herts, Esq." This story appears to have been a piece of political scandal. The mother of the protector, Oliver Cromwell, is said to have conducted with great ability the affairs of her husband's brewhouse at Huntingdon. This some republican spirit appears to have thought an indignity; so, by way of retaliation, he determined on sinking the origin of the inheritors of the Crown to the lowest possible grade—that of a *tub-woman*!

The same story has been told of the wife of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, great-grandmother of the two queens; and, for anything we know yet of her family, it may be quite true.

## The Preservation of Nature.

MANY persons who live far away from the country, and who therefore have not the privilege or opportunity of watching the habits of living things in the woods and pastures, would be glad to hear or read that efforts are being made to preserve from unnecessary destruction, such wild birds, animals and plants as are useful, beautiful or rare; to discourage the wearing and use for ornament of birds and their plumage, except when they are killed for food; to protect places and objects of natural beauty and antiquarian interest from ill-treatment or destruction, and, lastly, to promote the study of natural history—a never-failing source of pleasure.

A few words about the kingfisher, rapidly becoming scarce, will suffice to illustrate my meaning. There is a premium of 2s. 6d. on his head, or rather body. I have found men from "London" take lodgings in a neighbourhood where they are known to exist. As a rule their nests are safe, being a hole-breeder, and generally in some inaccessible spot. The hen bird vies with her mate in the brightness of her colours. Under a glass case, perched stiffly on a twig, in what the bird-stuffer regards as a natural attitude, he is an ungainly object. But in his haunt by the sylvan stream, he is the eye of the picture—the finishing touch to the landscape. The little river wanders through rich meadows that in summer are bright, there is a devious foot-path over rustic bridges. There is no sound but the splash of water over the mill-wheel, or the cry of a creeper in the tree, or the leap of a trout or the plunge of a water-rat. It is a place

"Where timid rail and moor-hen hide  
In the tufted sedge by the river side;  
Where dusky coots, with careless oar,  
The silver pools drift idly o'er;  
Where the grey heron looks silent down  
On the trout that flash through the shadows brown;  
Where fiery marsh-flowers stoop to lave  
Their golden bells in the whirling wave."

Suddenly! from his unseen station—a flash of blue light—darts a kingfisher! Down he goes: there is a gleam of red and azure amongst the silver of the scattered spray; then, with a minnow glittering in his beak he goes back to his perch on the low bough overhanging the water, to beat the life out of his prey before swallowing it. Or may-be he carries it off to the steep bank below the weir, where, half hidden by ferns and trailing ivy, his expectant brood, standing up like storks at the mouth of their hole, scream a chorus of impatience and delight at the appearance of dinner.

Then there is the owl. If there is a harmless, inoffensive, useful bird, it is the owl—the symbol of law. And yet it is a universal custom among farmers and gamekeepers to kill them, because it is thought they prey on game and pigeons when young. I have never noticed such to be the case, but this I do know, I have watched old birds at work feeding their young in the early evening. At frequent intervals they went off to the fields and returned, always bringing a mouse in their claws. If farmers were more observant and keepers more thoughtful they would never have another owl shot. No doubt they would have been extinct long ago were it not for their nocturnal habits; but having large, spreading wings, they are easily shot. I think very few farmers are aware of the good these owls do by the destruction of field mice. The pellets of fur which they eject are a proof of this. I believe it is unlawful to kill game on a Sunday or a Christmas Day. The close season for wild birds is from 2nd March to 31st July, and birds of which I have never heard, let alone seen, are included, such as the Whaup, Loon, Murre, Wimberl, Skua, Stint, Phalarope, Marrot, Avocet, Coulterneb, Bonxie, and many others, but not the Bullfinch, Eagle, Wren, Tom-tit, Chaffinch, Starling, Rook, or Sparrow.

Then I am sure every true lover of nature deploras the senseless, and often, wanton destruction of life going on around us. Many kinds of fern, once plentiful, are now no longer to be met with. In a few years, at the present alarming rate of destruction, not a root of primroses or violets will exist within a radius of many miles of London. Our butterflies—those living flowers—are rapidly disappearing, owing to the raids of so-called "collectors." The "Camberwell beauty" (*Vanessa Antiopa*), once plentiful in our immediate vicinity, as its name indicates, may now be sought for in vain, within many miles of the locality. The beautiful peacock-butterfly (*Vanessa I.O.*), and the superb red-admiral (*V. Atalanta*), are likewise fast disappearing. To the practical man their extinction may appear unimportant but to the lover of natural history their loss is irreparable.

Then there is the hare, the most timid and sensitive of animals. I am positive it will soon be extinct, if the present cruel slaughter is allowed, and owing to their marketable value, it is important to provide for their protection during the breeding season. Unlike the rabbit it is not so prolific, and has only two or three young at a time. In my parish where two or three years ago they were plentiful, the hare is now virtually extinct.

THOMAS FISHER.

**Life of a Spendthrift.**—Among the celebrities of the latter half of the last century was General Sir John Irwin, who, besides a regiment and government conferred on him by the Crown, held, for several years, the post of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. But no income, however large, could suffice for his expenses. At one of the entertainments which he gave to the Lord Lieutenant, in Dublin, he displayed as the centre piece of the dessert a representation of the fortress of Gibraltar invested by the Spanish force, executed in confectionary, a model of the celebrated rock, with the works, batteries, and artillery of the besiegers throwing sugar-plums against the walls. This piece of folly cost nearly £1,500! Irwin was a great favourite of George III., who once observed to him, "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your Majesty have done me great injustice; they should have said a bottle." Irwin's extravagant mode of living involved him in endless pecuniary difficulties; and while the General was abroad, in great distress, George III. twice sent him a present of £500. His debts became so numerous, and his creditors so importunate, that he privately quitted his elegant house in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, and retired to the continent. There he hired a château in Normandy; but his pecuniary difficulties continuing, he removed over the Alps, into Italy; he is said to have died at Padua, in 1788, in obscurity, but not in distress.

**Costly Epicurism.**—One day an epicure, entering the Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, inquired, "What have you for dinner, John!" "Anything you please, sir," replied the waiter. "Oh, but what vegetables?" The *legumes* in season were named; when the customer, having ordered two lamb-chops, said, "John, have you cucumbers?" "No, sir, we have none yet, 'tis so very early in the season; but, if you please, I will step into the market and inquire if there are any." The waiter did so, and returned: "Why, sir, there are a few, but they are half-a-guinea apiece." "Half-a-guinea apiece! are they small or large?" "Why, sir, they are rather small." "Then buy two." This anecdote has been related of various epicures: it occurred to Charles Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1815. On an early summer's day, a *gourmet* entered the shop of a fruiterer in New Bond Street, and desired to be handed one of two very small baskets of strawberries from out of the window: he ate the fruit, and then coolly desired to have the other basket; and having eaten this also, inquired what he had to pay: "Six-and-thirty shillings," was the reply, and the demand was quickly paid.

**Civic Enjoyment.**—In 1800, on November 8, the usual festivities were kept up with great spirit at the Mansion House, it being the day of the Lord Mayor (Combe) retiring from office, and the assumption of its duties by his successor, Sir William Staines. The honest knight loved his pipe, and was accordingly indulged with one. In yielding up his place and honours to him, the late chief magistrate, Combe, had the good nature to share in the humour of his successor; and they were observed, after dinner, lighting their pipes at one candle, like the Duke of Buckingham's two Kings of Brentford, smelling at one nose-gay. Alderman Boydell, when he lived at the corner of Ironmonger Lane, in Cheapside, had a strange mode of refreshing himself on the morning after a civic feast: leaving his shop, he would go to the pump in Ironmonger Lane, and there taking off his wig, place his bare head beneath the cooling stream.

## Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

"A Chief's among ye takin' Notes."

A MOST interesting ceremony took place in our Gymnasium on Friday, the 13th inst., when Lady Hay Currie presented four of our lady gymnasts, viz: Miss Reynolds, Miss Butler, Miss Newport, and Miss Orchart—with distinguishing badges, in recognition of their Gymnasium leadership. Sir John and Lady Jennings, Mr. Walter Besant, and Sir Edmund Currie were present, and each addressed a few words upon the great value to be derived from those gymnastic exercises so ably taught them by Sergeant Burdett and his assistant, Mr. Wright.

THE following epistolary "gem" speaks only too plainly for itself. It is evidently from a lady: "DEAR SUB,—I have read your 'Gossip' of this week, and I think you have made a mistake in saying Mrs. Mellish opened the 'Concert' (Ladies' Social) with a pianoforte solo,—as it was a Miss Florence Coleman. Another slight correction: You said 'Miss Bready Minnie-Palmerized 'Peek-a-Boo,' if you collect your scattered senses you will remember it should have been Charles-Arnoldized.—ONE WHO THINKS THE KING CAN DO WRONG." ("Mascotte" revised.)

FROM one who seems to have much enjoyed himself thereat, I learn that the ladies' second "Social," held on Thursday last, was a most charming success: being conducted throughout with the utmost grace and decorum. As I was away worshipping at the shrine of Thalia, I was not, of course, able to attend this gathering of Harry Gosletts, Nelly Sorensens and Angela Kennedys; but it was pleasing to know that had I been present I should certainly have spent a gratifying evening. Some of the fair daughters of Terpsichore, however, were rather unfortunate: for, not succeeding in finding favour in the eyes of the masculines present, they had to console themselves with taking, in the merrie, mazie waltz, partners of their own sweet sex. For seems it that the maidens greatly outnumbered the sterner sex: and, therefore, had some of their number to go to the wall. Which really didn't matter. However, the rosy hours flew, and the social ended—all too soon, I dare swear, for many of the tarrying Taglions.

THE tennis club, or part of it, turned out for a little practice on Saturday last, when one or two of my fair friends greatly distinguished themselves by the manner in which they netted the balls. To see Miss Blank skipping, Atalanta-like, over the (tennis) pippin, was a most engaging sight; yet stranger still was that puzzling atmospheric unaccountability—a strong, white Frost in a strong, bright sunshine. Councillor Clews (who, I fancy, is greatly better) and Walter Marshall were, under the genial influence of Sol's rays, living modern editions of Mark Tapley; whilst Albert Hunt—good old Albert!—with all his blushing honours thick upon him, was gallantly coaching the ladies in ye game and playe of tennyse.

THE address of the part winner of our Dramatic Competition has been forwarded to me this week, and is 195, Cable Street, St. George's, E. (This, for the benefit of the curious and doubting—who are ever anxious to know, you know.)

AT a rather breezy meeting held on Friday last, with Subby in the chair, the rules of the newly-formed Literary Society were gone through, dissected, discussed, and decided. If the Members joining only "mean business," I have great hopes for this, the Institute's latest offspring; and I trust that all the literary fellows of the Palace will speedily enrol themselves as members and make the Society quite their own. I shall expect to see amongst its supporters Miller, our own dramatist; Ashton, our own novelist (who, so far as I am concerned, seems quite to have relapsed into "The Stillness of the (K)night"); our poet, Wrecker Rowe, and even those others who have occasionally dabbled in literature at the expense of their Sub.

WHICH reminds me that I have received this week yet another satiric effusion from One Unknown—but evidently from the same hand that composed the acrostic I mentioned last week. This time my drooping spirits are cheered with, the sight of a tombstone (nicely grassed round about) with *In Memory of Poor Subby*—and other edifying matter—beautifully inscribed thereon. Such lovely, Rider Haggardly literature is, of course, calculated to revive the buoyant spirits of my long-lost youth: which being so, I am, in consequence, obliged to behave with the most unbecoming and undignified hilarity—greatly to the horror of my sober Chief, who can't see the joke.

THROUGH the great kindness of Miss Ellice the ladies' social rooms have been this week adorned with an excellent landscape water-colour drawing. Very acceptable indeed.

AS you will see if you turn to Moreton's club report our footballists held a Smoking-Social on Saturday last at Victoria Park, when the lively 'Monts with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles—

football wrinkles—explode. I received a ticket requesting my awful presence to the feast—which unfortunately arrived too late; for when I received it I then had made other arrangements. On dit that my old friend, the ever-merrie Moreton, quite distinguished himself; and I also hear that another gentleman, somewhat following the example of Mr. "Jeames" Tuckle, of Bath, wanted to edify the company with a comic dance among the tea-cups: and would have suited the action to the word only it—the company—wrathfully objected. That tea must have been doosid strong to have suggested such a desire, eh Moreton? Perhaps, however, it was owing to the particularly breezy nature of the zephyrs thereabouts? Who knows.

FOOTBALL suggests Cricket. Captain Carter, who whene'er we meet regards me more in sorrow than in anger, tells me that a trial match took place at Lake's Farm, Wanstead Flats, on Saturday last, when a capital "rehearsal"—Carter and Marshall prompting—was gone through. Sir Edmund was present—possibly with a view of detecting the unknown Graces and Spofforths thereabouts. I should like to remind all readers that a Special Concert in aid of the Cricketers' funds is to be given on the first Tuesday that comes with the merrie May, love. Tickets, threepence each, and—to quote the cricketers' manifesto—"It is hoped that every Member will take a ticket or two." A special programme is to be provided; and Henry Marshall looks for overwhelming "returns." Hear, hear, Henry!

ON the 19th inst.—that Day of (floral) Desecration—one, known unto all men by the style and title of the Irrepressible, was seen to proudly parade the Palace decked in that fragile flora beloved of a fragile Cause—that simple flower "he loved so well!" Thrice happy Horace—who youngly thus the primrose-path of politics treads, yet who in the weakly Cause recks not my friendly rede!

EVELYN MUNRO tells me that the Rt. Hon. J. Karet most ably presided at the Dramatic Club meeting on the eve of Friday last. I wanted particularly to be present, but as I was presiding at the (aforesaid) breezy Literary Meeting, I couldn't possibly manage it. The sections are formed, I believe, and in a fortnight or so we may expect to go in for considering our *répertoire* and the casting the characters. Munro further informs me that he has had a most gracious reply from my old friend Irving—accepting patronship of our Club; yet, strangely enough, Mephistopheles didn't mention the matter when I helped to welcome him home again the other night. Like myself, Mr. Irving is ever modest and retiring—and that, perhaps, is why he refrained from approaching the above subject.

I WAS very pleased, you may be sure, to hear that the Members of our Elocution Class achieved quite a triumph 't'other night at the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields, when they repeated their recent Palace programme, "Fast Friends" and (first act of) "Money." Much glory descended upon our Karet for taking our M.P.s to that far-famed weaving locality, and for his instrumentality in introducing Miss A. Van Coor (pianah), Miss L. Tournoff (recitist and warbler), and Mr. Baritone Muscovitz. I believe that those "Fast Friends," the Misses Cohen and Simons, quite took the house by storm—which proves that "the house" was an intelligent one, and could appreciate good things when the opportunity came.

I SHOULD like to mention, for the edification of those interested, that our Orchestral Society now meets for practice on Tuesday, 8-10 (and Saturday 5-7) and *not* on Monday, as is erroneously printed in the Time-table. Mr. Cave, I hear, is greatly in need of bassoons, French horns, and trombones, and, therefore, any gentleman playing those ravishing instruments, and wishing to become Members of the O. S., are invited to take the hint and apply to Mr. W. R. Cave on any of the practice evenings.

MR. ORTON BRADLEY held a Smoking-concert last week in one of the Ladies' rooms—which had been granted for the purpose by the Trustees. I can tell you nothing respecting it beyond the fact that for a brief space I peeped, like Thisbe, through a cranny, and beheld the youthful Moses enveloped in a nicotinean cloud singing away to his heart's content. The sought-after Mears was somewhere about, but I couldn't catch his piercing hi—probably owing to the smoke. That's all.

THE killing Cayzer having sent along his photograph, I am quite prepared for those M.P.s who have promised to do likewise. Harry Morden has also emulated the k.C. and sent along his picture, which, as the smiling Harry says, is Mor-den I quite expected. Good boy!

THE juveniles of the East again made merry on Saturday last, when, for an 'umble denarius, the little ones were admitted to the Queen's Hall and provided with a capital Codlin and Short—performing dog—and wizardly—entertainment. They larked muchly. These children's entertainments are to be given for two or three weeks in succession, I believe; price as heretofore—One Penny. On Saturday next a surprise is in store for the youngsters, for the Waterbury Watch Company having kindly given several watches for distribution, these will be gratuitously disposed of at the close of the entertainment.

ACCOMPANIED by Hudibras—the Butler and hope of the Swimming Club—I last week imperilled my lovely springtime unmentionables through a veritable dismal swamp, and made a careful inspection of the (still rising) Swimming-bath. I found that the *concreted* bottom was finished, the walls ditto, and the iron girders and rods, for the (presumably) glass roof, just being fixed into position. Pipe-passages, like rabbit warrens, everywhere abound; but the huge biler is yet to be lowered to its receiver. Altogether I should think that a good month's work will finish the whole—a consummation most devoutly to be wished. Hudibras, who is very critical, expressed his satisfaction at the skeleton bath; and left quite hopeful and jubilant for the future.

THROUGH the indefatigable efforts of the enthusiastic Albu—which his name is Alexander—and others interested in photography and things photographic, a camera club is likely soon to be created in our midst. Sir Edmund, I am told, is quite pleased that such an union is to be formed, and promises to give the amateurs as much support as possible. Vive le grand Alexandre!

ON Friday and Saturday, the 1st and 2nd of June, we shall hold, at the Palace, a Grand Show of the Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, tra la! That popular mingling band of the Scots Guards will be turned on—thus helping to realise a dream of flowers and music. This early sacrifice to Flora will be followed by another in July, when, I am told, a battle of British roses is to be celebrated. Alas! we have had no spring, and this is the end of April. But a little month and—!

SPECIAL EDITION.]

### THE GREAT LIBEL CASE.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE ON HIS FEET!  
THE DEFENDANT FAINTS—SENSATION IN COURT!  
BOWMAN IN THE BOX!  
THE JUDGES DEFIED—THREATENED CONTEMPT!  
COODY CONVULSES THE COURT!  
INDIGNATION OF A DESICCATED JURY!

The long-expected case of Coody and Others v. the sub-Editor came on for hearing on Monday night, in the High Court below Queen's Hall, before Vice-Chancellors Wadkin and Marshall. The Court was crowded to excess. This was an action brought by William Coody, William Haylor, Horace Tawkins, John Meeley and Thomas Doretton to recover damages from the defendant, Subby, for a false and malicious libel appearing in *The Palace Journal*, dated April the 4th. After a considerable amount of forensic skirmishing—during which much irreverence and laughter occurred in Court—it transpired that the plaintiffs opined that a gross defamation of their respective characters had been knowingly printed and published in the form of a burlesque-drama in the *Journal* of the above date, under the style and title of "Villainy Vanquished!!!" The defendant replied denying the libel. The Jury having been sworn—upon the *Gossip*—the case was proceeding, when the impetuous Tawkins (one of the plaintiffs conducting his own case) hastily arose, and loudly protested against the defendant sitting in such suspicious proximity to the Jury and his counsel, the learned Brown. Much excitement ensued between the legal gentlemen—to the convulsion of the usher; and his lordship (Marshall) several times threatened to commit for contempt any persons wilfully disregarding the dignity of the Court. Ultimately, but not without much discussion, it was ruled by his lordship that the defendant be allowed to remain where he was, and the case proceeded.

WILLIAM HENRY COODY-MOODIE was the first witness called. In the course of his very lengthy examination it appeared that he had known the defendant for at least six months—possibly a day or two over. Often in the defendant's office, the so-called sanctum? Yes; perhaps some four times during the week—possibly five times. What was the libel alleged to have been committed against himself? [*Palace Journal*, April 4th, handed to their lordships.] Firstly, "Enter Coody, Chief of the Gang"—that is, a gang of intending assassins. Also his supposed interrogations to the reputed murderers; but chiefly to the soliloquy commencing, "Now might we do it pat," etc., which last, in his opinion, was clearly conclusive. [Loud laughter.] The learned counsel for the defence here arose hurriedly and informed their lordships that his client, the defendant, was at that moment in a fainting condition, and he asked that the necessary restoratives might be allowed for his recovery. This announcement created a great sensation in the Court, and much sympathy was shown for the defendant—notably so from the ladies present. Order being at last restored, his senior lordship arose and ordered the instant expulsion (!) of several noisy and obnoxious persons standing on the threshold. The case then proceeded. At the conclusion of a few unimportant questions the witness Coody sat down, and after a fierce legal fencing between the learned counsel for the defence and the plaintiffs Haylor and Meeley (who were conducting their own cases), the alleged-aggravated Tawkins made ready to prosecute his claim.

Intense excitement prevailed as the plaintiff arose, for it became generally known that Mr. Tawkins was particularly brilliant and Irrepressible, and his remarks, therefore, would be regarded as *bon mots*. In rising to address the Court, the plaintiff said that his was an action for libel brought against—he grieved to say—one for whom that Court and everyone else should entertain the profoundest respect. He was not personally of opinion that the defendant himself was wholly responsible for the libel complained of, but rather opined that it was due to the malicious prompting of such an one as the defendant's counsel—but, mind, gentlemen of the jury, he did not accuse his learned friend of prompting the aforesaid sub-Ed. to intentionally defame. He was quite pleased to see empanelled in that box such a really noble, straightforward, intelligent, good and true—! (Voice in Court: "Cut it short!") He repeated good and true men; and it was a real pleasure to address such a thoroughly characteristic body of Englishmen. (Voice again: "Whack!") He should not regard these untimely interruptions, but without further delay would proceed to put before their lordships those awful charges brought against himself in a piece of burlesque-blank verse, written by the Sub. The libel of which he complained was contained in the words "And I another!"—which, he might explain, meant lending a helping hand to an assassination, of which he was quite incapable. Lower down could be found the words, "My thirst for blood is Irrepressible—I'll bayonet him! Are you all Prepared?" Objected to being paralysed either by the *Gossip* or the defendant's "dread eye." Who, he would ask, would be paralysed by the Sub's eye? Let the eye be produced and examined by the Court as to its reputed dread appearance.

He particularly wished to point out the deep hidden meaning undoubtedly contained in those two italicised words, and contended that his personal character had suffered very much in consequence. (Strenuous efforts were then made to get the defendant, the sub-Editor, into the witness-box—such endeavours, however, being frustrated by the excellent counselling of the learned Brown and his junior counsel, Mears, who eventually came off in triumph.) Why should he, the defendant, object to be placed in the witness-box? Counsel for the defence: He does not object, m' lords, and will appear in due course. As the plaintiff sat down divers strange noises from the Jury attracted general attention, and it was seen that several of the empanelled gentlemen were suffering considerably from uncontrollable thirst. Sounds strongly suggestive of lip-smacking and throat-rattling were becoming alarming, when the foreman indignantly asked that the jurymen be instantly provided with refreshments from a neighbouring Pearce. His request, however, was not granted, and the case proceeded.

ONE of the brothers Bowman—styled in the alleged libel "the phistic,"—was then called as a witness, and cross-examined by the plaintiffs, Meeley and Haylor. On his oath he swore that he was in the sanctum on the night of the attack, and had helped to preserve the sub-Editor from the threatened violence of a blood-thirsty crew. Did not know the conspirators by name but could point them out. [Suing the action to the word.] Would he swear that those conspirators he had pointed out had really burst so unceremoniously upon the Sub's sanctity, and had stood threateningly before him? He would. Was it perfectly true that at the sight of the brothers Bowman the would-be assassins sunk down upon their knees in supplication? It was. Why had they become so affrighted? Simply because of the majestic and manly appearance of the celebrated phistic trio. [Loud laughter in Court, which was instantly suppressed.] Had he observed that any or either of the plaintiffs were armed with a bayonet or other weapon? He had. Name him or them. He couldn't. Point him or them out. He would; and the plaintiff Tawkins was declared to be the "armed apparition." At this announcement a loud commotion again arose in the Court which it was in vain attempted to suppress, but eventually the disturbance was got under. The plaintiff, Meeley, was commencing to cross-examine the witness when the learned counsel for the defence informed their lordships that he would now move that the action be adjourned to that day week, at 7.30 o'clock. Amid considerable applause the case was then adjourned.

## Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—On Wednesday last a very excellent programme was gone through by the West London Male Voice Union, under the conductorship of Mr. Albert Reakes. The artistes were: *Soloists*—Miss May Hallam, Mr. Charles Chilly and Mr. Albert Reakes; *Accompanist*—Mr. Ernest Lake; *Solo Pianoforte*—Mr. L. D. Marsden. Several well-known songs were given, and the part-songs were most praiseworthy.

On Saturday night the well-known Members of the Tonic Sol-fa Choral Association came to the Palace and gave a most successful performance to a crowded and appreciative audience. The Association was ably conducted by Mr. J. Proudman. The artistes were: *Soloists*—Miss Agnes Moltano, Miss Rose Dafforne, Mr. J. H. Müllerhausen and Mr. Edward Mills. Mr. J. Frank Proudman presided at the organ. The first part of the programme consisted wholly of Gaul's "Holy City," and in the second part the part-songs were skillfully rendered.

## Society and Club Notes.

[NOTE.—Any Club Report arriving after the LAST POST on MONDAY NIGHT cannot possibly be accepted for the current week.]

### PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

SITTING HELD APRIL 17TH.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

Mr. W. Marshall (Speaker) in the chair. The Minutes of the previous Sitting having been read, questions, of which notice had been given, were asked by Mr. Turner, and answered by the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. Hawkins); and by Mr. Masters, and answered by the Home Secretary (Mr. London.)

Notice of Questions was given by Mr. Maynard to the Home Secretary, and by Mr. Harry to the Chief Secretary for Ireland. A question asked by Mr. Masters of the Chief Secretary was answered at the time.

The resumed Debate on the Queen's Speech was opened by Mr. Turner, followed by Mr. London.

An amendment, respecting the Scotch Crofters grievances, was introduced by Mr. Valentine and seconded by Mr. White. In the absence of the Prime Minister, Mr. Hawkins replied on behalf of the Government, and after some discussion it was unanimously agreed that the Question be not put.

The tellers appointed were—Mr. Albu for the Government, Mr. White for the Opposition. The House then divided, and the voting on the amendment was—

For .. .. .	31
Against .. . .	27

Majority for .. . . . 4

The adjournment of the House was moved by Mr. Hawkins, seconded by Mr. Karet; but after some discussion the motion was withdrawn, on notice being given by Mr. Ring to move a "vote of confidence" at the next sitting.

Mr. Karet objecting to the withdrawal of the motion to adjourn, gave notice of his intention of resigning his seat in the Cabinet.

The Debate on the Question before the House was resumed, and Mr. Masters moved an amendment asking for "facilities for the formation of societies for the protection of the people in Ireland"; this was seconded by Mr. Maynard.

The adjournment of the House was moved by Mr. Marchant, supported by Mr. Masters, and carried.

Members and visitors present 100.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ.

THE above Society held its meeting on Friday evening last. Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight occupied the chair, when the Rules already agreed upon by the Committee were re-considered. Several alterations having been proposed and carried, it was unanimously agreed that the Chairman should re-word the rules. It was further proposed and agreed that the first evening should be a productive one.

W. KING RHODES, } Hon. Secs.  
W. E. MASTERS, }

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A general meeting was held on Friday last, when Mr. Slater proposed and Mr. Reynolds seconded "That a hearty vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Kilbride for his past services." Mr. Kilbride returned thanks and said "that all his spare time he would devote to furthering the interests of the Club." It was also decided that, as so few Members knew anything about the attendance medal to be presented by A. G. Morrison, Esq., that with that gentleman's permission the attendances should count from the insertion of this notice in the Journal, both Thursday and Saturday runs to count. The meeting also decided that the Beaumont Cycling Club should attend the Woodford Meet, and all Members are earnestly requested to be at Headquarters on Saturday, June 2nd, at 4 o'clock. Any Member absenting himself to be subjected to a fine.

On Thursday last in spite of the wretched weather Mr. H. G. Slater (Captain) and Mr. and Mrs. Burley carried out the run to Woodford.

On Saturday last Mrs. Burley, and Messrs H. G. Slater (Captain), J. Burley, F. Glover, J. Howard, F. Hobson, J. Kennard, P. Oylor, F. Prentice, H. Ransley, A. Thirkell, and Wakefield journeyed to Theydon Bois. For this bad attendance we have to thank the Beaumont Football Club who by means of the bait of a knife and fork tea managed to hook several of our regular attendants. No doubt they thought it braver to fight a good tea with their teeth than the roads, as left by Jupiter Pluvius, with their pedal extremities.

On Thursday next, at 7 p.m., run to Woodford. Members that do not leave business in time for the start, please journey to Woodford and join in the run for home.

Next Saturday, run to Loughton (Bag-of-Nails).

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

[I should like to remark that the non-insertion of last week's cricket report was in no way the fault of the club's officers.—SUB-ED.]

HONOURED with the presence of our President, Sir Edmund Currie, coupled with excellent weather and a good pitch, the first trial match took place on Saturday last at Lake's Farm, Wanstead Flats, and was in every way a great success, both as regards the turn out and the play shown by the Members; which speaks well for the future success of this Club.

The match played was between teams chosen by the Captain and Vice-Captain. The Captain, having won the toss, elected to field first. Some good all-round batting was shown by the Vice-Captain's team. Byard played well for his 16 runs; while Brown, Sherrall and Hunter played well for their respective scores, 11, 10, 10. The innings closed for the respectable score of 70 runs. The fielding of the Captain's team was good, the Captain himself giving great satisfaction behind the stumps. His stumping of the Vice-Captain on the leg-side was particularly smart. The bowling honours rested with Assar, Goodwin, and Carter; though a word of praise must be given to Knight, who was rather unlucky in not obtaining a wicket; nevertheless he bowled very well.

Carter and Assar opened the innings for the Captain's team. By this time the pitch had become greatly cut up, and runs were next to impossible. The first-named was out to a capital running catch by Byard, from a mis-hit. Aided with the ground Goldberg and Sherrall were almost unplayable; though Goodwin showed capital defence for his 8 runs. Cuer and Valentine put some spirit into the game, the former taking out his bat for a well-played 8. The innings closed for 43 runs, leaving the Vice-Captain's team winners by 27 runs. The fielding was very close. Brown at the wicket did capital work, while Goldberg did the brunt of the bowling. Sherrall and A. Bowman also bowled well.

After the match, several of our men tramped to the Red House, where we were invited to spend the evening with our Palace Ramblers. On our arriving, the Ramblers had just finished tea—and, by-the-bye, had eaten most of the eatables of that somewhat ancient "pub." However, a messenger was at once sent to the nearest village. In the meantime we adjourned to the skittle alley, where our Vice-Captain came off best man. At last "Tea's ready!" came from Secretary Bullock—the Bright'on—and it can safely be said that all previous feasts recorded against the Palace fellows were put in the shade. (Mr. sub-Editor, please note.) After tea we adjourned to the Concert Room, where we spent a most enjoyable evening. Songs were greatly in demand, and our fellows were not in the slightest behind the others. Our worthy Captain, Carter, gave a Scotch song, with a capital chorus, but the words were, I am afraid, beyond the majority of us. Vice-Captain A. Bowman dreamt of the Albert Hall, to everyone's delight, while his brother, C. Bowman, did the trick very gently. Our sincerest thanks are due to Miss Rosen way and Captain Bullock for their indefatigable efforts for our comfort. So ended, as everyone confessed, a thorough enjoyable evening.

The second, and last, trial match will take place on Saturday next on the same ground, viz., Lake's Farm, Wanstead Flats. Train to Forest Gate Station. Match to commence at 3 sharp. Members who intend playing in this match would oblige the Captain by sending in their names to the sub-Editor not later than Friday evening.

Members who have not caps are requested to send their orders to the Secretaries at once, as no Member will be allowed to play in any match unless provided with the Club cap. Price 1s. 9d., including monogram.

Members please note.—Net practice will commence on Monday evening, April 30th, at Victoria Park (Parnell Road entrance). Every evening during the week will be open for practice.

The Secretaries will attend in the School-buildings on Friday next, from 8.15 to 9.15 to take subscriptions.

A general meeting will be held in the School-buildings on Thursday next, at 8 o'clock. All Members are requested to attend, as important business relating to the forthcoming grand Concert—which is to be held in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, May 1st—will be discussed. It is to be hoped all Members will take a ticket or two, and induce their friends to do likewise. The proceeds of the Concert go entirely to the funds of the above Club and the Palace Schools' Athletic Club. Tickets to be had from any of the Committee Members, price 3d., who will attend at the Palace every evening previous to the concert; and from "the sanctum."

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon Sec.

W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec. (pro tem.)

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE Concert which was to have taken place on the 5th of May, is arranged for Tuesday 1st, in aid of the Cricket Club.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Levey will be unable to take the "May Queen" on this occasion, but a good substitute will be found.

Members are requested to attend the rehearsals on Friday and Monday next. Monday's rehearsal in No. 2 room.

Any Members not being able to attend the Concert in question, should give in their names at once to the Secretary.

Haydn's "Spring" and other works are also being rehearsed. Any wishing to join the Society, should apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

### FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.

Preston North End have had fearful hard luck. In 1885 they would not join the Association; in 1886 they did, but were disqualified for professionalism; in 1887 they fell before the West Bromwich Albion in the semi-final; and now the Throstles have once more blighted the hope of proud Preston. What the effect will be on Preston North End it is difficult to imagine. The team have been kept together and specially trained, their one ambition in life being to win the English Cup. They have not done so, and another year of hard work and serious expense have to be faced. Even then they may not win. They are admitted the best team in England, but they are not the champions, which is somewhat of a paradox.

Football is a great institution, and exercises most wonderful effects upon human nature. A friend of mine related to me the following little story the other day:—"Living on the outskirts of the town in a district where football is a mania, he had frequently been annoyed in the evenings by a band of boys playing football under his windows. Remonstrances and threats were of no avail, so one evening he determined to put a stop to it. Issuing from his door, and taking the corner sharply, he was just in time to stop a 'hot shot' with the side of his head. This was a misfortune in one sense, but it put the ball within his reach, and after a little scrambling he secured it, losing his walking-stick at the same time, however. Off he made for the nearest police station.

"A conclave was at once held among the football players, and the decision came to was to 'maul' him. They soon overtook their intended victim, and surrounded him, clamouring for the ball; but he determinedly pushed on, no effort being made to bring the decision of the council into practice. The ball was delivered to the police, and the gentleman returned home. During the following day or two he received several visits from deputations, all praying for the ball to be returned them. At last he listened to one, and promised to grant their request if they undertook never to play football under his window again. This was readily agreed to, and the ball was got back. The gentleman was now consoling himself with the thought that he had got rid of the football nuisance for good. About a week afterwards he was startled by the intelligence that a number of lads were waiting upon him. He at once recognised them as his football friends, and wondered what was now to happen. If he was startled at first, he was still more surprised when the spokesman of the party asked him, in the name of the others, if he would become president of their football club. He was taken aback at first, but afterwards agreed; and he reads his name at the top of their card, and the whole community is now free from the football nuisance."

Football is now on the wane. The international matches saw the climax; from then the decline may be noted, and the end comes very rapidly. Enthusiasts may regret it, and no doubt there are numbers who do, for there is always to be found in every sphere the man who cannot get too much of his favourite hobby; but, to the more rational supporters of the pastime, the finish does not arrive before its time. The game may be sustained with a degree of zeal for some short time yet, and the wane may not at first be perceptible, but in a few weeks it will become pronounced and distinctly visible to all. The players begin to feel stale, particularly those who have gone through a season's steady hard work, and listlessness is the characteristic of their play. Spinning out the season until the summer months are reached, and encroaching therefore upon other sports, is a policy not to be supported. It is productive of much more harm than good to players, to spectators, and to the game in every way.

THE STROLLER.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A crowded meeting of Members took place on Friday night (20th) in the School-room.

Mr. Karet was voted to the chair.

A communication from Mr. Henry Irving was read, wishing us prosperity and consenting to become a patron of the Club.

Balloting for sections was then proceeded with.

A motion that the under stage managers of sections be elected by the General Management was carried, although not unanimously. It was resolved to begin work at once.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec. & Treas.

ARTHUR E. REEVE, Assist. Sec.

Notice is hereby given to those Members who were not present at Friday's meeting that they will be duly elected to fill Sections D and E. We may state here, although it is wholly unnecessary, that there is no superiority not yet priority in any section. One section is for the present as good as another, but it is for them, in time, to form their positions and endeavour to equal if not excel their fellows.

It is here respectfully requested that those Members who have not yet paid their subscriptions, will do so by P.O. or stamps for 1s. 6d., addressed to Treasurer, under cover, when an official receipt will be granted.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

General meeting, Wednesday, May 2nd, at 8 o'clock. All ladies and gentlemen wishing to join are requested to attend.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

C. G. RUGG, Asst. Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FOOTBALL MATCH, TEA AND SMOKER.

Last Saturday, the Members of the above Club played their last contest on Hackney Common. Owing to their opponents not turning up in full swing, a scratch match was played; and after a most pleasant game retired, with "Sam Weller" appetites, to the Queen's Hotel, and there wound up their first season with a feed, and Smoker in the evening.

Between thirty and forty sat down to the tea, consisting of the Members of the P. P., including Cyclists, Ramblers, and Parliamentists.

It was a thoroughly good and welcome spread and the disappearance of the good things, with delicious cups of Bohea and Mocha, was simply bewildering.

After the repast was over, and the porcelain and remaining eatables had been removed, weeds were lighted, and the programme of the evening—so admirably arranged by Messrs. Cantle, Munro, and Butterwick—was commenced.

Mr. G. J. Rayner ably presided at the piano, and the amiable Styles occupied the chair. G. J. Rayner started the ball by selections from "Dorothy." C. Butterwick followed with "The Midshipmite," which gained great applause. "Those Girls at the School," by Jesseman, went down stunningly. "Anchored," by Premier Wadkin, was sung in fine style. "The Tar's Farewell," by Hobday, "His Lordship winked at the Counsel," by Mr. Lark, and "Killaloe," by Mr. Arnold, received great applause. Mr. Rogers recited splendidly "The Dandy." This was followed by a song, "My Lady," by Mr. Brooks, which went down well, as also "Kildare," by Mr. Nelson, which concluded this most enjoyable evening; and, after a hearty vote of thanks to our pianist and able chairman, dispersed, after warbling "Auld Lang Syne," and giving three deafening cheers for the success of the Beaumont Football Club.

W. A. CANTLE, Hon. Match Sec.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

### LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

THE Monday evening concerts still continue to be a decided success in the Ladies' Social Rooms, and are very well attended by the Members.

A capital programme was gone through on Monday, when the following ladies distinguished themselves:—Miss Marks, by reciting; Misses Connor and Larter by solos on the pianoforte; and the Misses Wray, Hines, Lewey, Patterson, Graydon, Fackney, Marshall, Rogers and Gray sang.

It is very encouraging to see how well the Members come forward and offer their services in answer to the appeal made to them by the Hon. Sec., and it is to be hoped that they will still help in order that the success of these Monday evenings may not flag. At the same time they are heartily thanked both for past and future services by the Members of the Sub-Committee, Misses Levene, Cohen, and Sinclair, and the Hon. Sec.,

MAUDE MELLISH.

[There is a capital suite of rooms for the exclusive use of Lady Members, situated between the Queen's Hall and the new Library, to which all those ladies who have not hitherto done so, are particularly invited to attend. There is no charge whatever for admission; books, papers, games and a capital piano may be found, and it need hardly be said that the success of the venture depends entirely upon the ladies themselves. Entertainments are given weekly, sometimes by the Members themselves, and occasionally by those other ladies who have shown so warm an interest in the Palace work. The object of the Trustees is to provide for the feminine section of the Institute a calm retreat, where may be found home comforts and a friendly sociability. The above-named Hon. Sec. will be very happy to furnish further particulars to any who would care to join this friendly circle.]

### PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

THE above Club opened on Tuesday evening, April 18, for the purpose of practice. On Friday evening things looked more business-like, there being a 12-foot ring erected, which is very comfortable. A word of praise is due to our honorary instructor, Mr. A. Bowman, who was boxing almost unceasingly; and we don't think he had much time to himself, as so many took advantage of it. Under such tuition we can certainly hope to see some of our Members becoming prominent in the "Noble Art."

We must also mention Mr. J. Josephs, our Vice-Captain, as he took part in instructing on Tuesday. With the advantages this club possesses we can safely assert that it will in time be one of the best. We have a great number of Members, but either of the Secretaries, J. H. Proops or P. Simons, will have pleasure in placing in the books names of anyone wishing to join. Either of the Secretaries are in attendance on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Through the kindness of Sir Edmund Hay Currie, the exhibition building has been placed at our disposal for practice. It is very large and is splendidly lighted. We should advise all Members wishing to join to do so at once.

Only Members allowed in on Practice evenings. We have to state that on Mr. Bailey resigning from the Committee, Mr. C. M. B. Laing was elected.

I. H. PROOPS, Hon. Sec.

P. SIMONS, Asst. Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

THE subjects for the exhibition to be held in May are as follows: Figure .. .. "Rest."  
Landscape .. .. A Woodland Scene.  
Design .. .. Circular Ornament for centre of ceiling.

Still Life.

All further particulars may be obtained on application to  
T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We met, as usual, on Monday evening, April 23rd, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather had a very good attendance, when dictation was given at various rates of speed, and phrases and outlines afterwards discussed.

We should be glad to see lady phonographers, as our Society is open to both sexes.

Further information any Monday evening at the Society's room.  
G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

## PALACE SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

Owing to School Examinations taking place, cricket practice will be held in the playground from 11 till 2 on Saturdays only.

ALBERT HUNT, Hon. Sec.

## PALACE RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday a goodly number of the Members of the above Club turned up at our starting-place, to wait for our usual Pullman express to Leyton. At 50 minutes past 15 (to quote the new time), we started off, and were soon on the road to the Red House, where we arrived after about an-hour-and-a-half's hard walking, during which we literally passed through some very pretty country; some of the fields were inundated by the overflowing of the river Roding—the tops of trees alone being visible in some places. But, being on the high road, this did not affect us, so on we trudged, breathing in the ozone-laden zephyrs with a zest and to some purpose—as our landlady afterwards found out, as full justice was done to the somewhat sumptuous repast which was set before us. For a description of the gastronomical feats which are performed by the Ramblers there is no need to dilate, as on reference to any of the previous reports you will agree with us that rambling certainly does—well—er—give one an appetite. We had nearly finished this somewhat important item in our programme, when it was announced that some of our P. P. cricketers had arrived. Funny, isn't it? that we meet M.P.s wherever we go, and yet, like Jo, "we're allus a-movin' on." We invited them, after they had refreshed themselves, to join us in a musical evening, during which we had some very good songs, but no recitations, our visitors obliging with alacrity when called on by the grave and reverend seignior who occupied the chair. The evening closed with the customary "Auld Lang Syne," and a tremendous vote of thanks to the fair pianist. We then seized our chapeaux and "made tracks" (excuse the Bret Harteism) for the station, and the station-master having signalled up our special, we entered and were soon at Coborn Road, having spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

We are glad to say that the musical talent (whistling) is improving.

On May 5th, our first visit to Lambeth Palace (by kind permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury). Rambling Tickets 5s to 100 only available. Members meet outside Lambeth Palace Gates at 3.30. Stewards, F. W. Bullock and F. Dunnell.

On the same date all Ramblers are invited to Merton Hall, Wimbledon. Particulars as to trains and tickets will be announced next week.

F. W. BULLOCK, } Hon. Secs.  
H. ROUT, }

## LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Play was commenced on Saturday afternoon last on one Court in the Boys' Playground. The next practice will take place on Saturday, at 3 o'clock, when two Courts will be ready. On and after Monday, the 30th inst., practice every evening at 6 p.m., except Wednesdays.

There are vacancies for a few gentlemen. Subscription, 5s. for the season.

Committee will please meet on Thursday at 6.30.

A. W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

On Saturday next a Mile Handicap will take place at Bow Running Grounds, Devons Road. The Race to be started punctually at 4 o'clock, and those intending to compete are requested to be in attendance not later than 3.45 p.m.

The handicapper has framed the following handicap:—J. R. Deeley, scratch; J. W. R. West, 25 yards; E. C. Tibbs, 35 yards; E. J. C. Crowe, 45 yards; A. L. Rosenblatt, 45 yards; E. J. Taylor, 45 yards; B. Savill, 50 yards; E. O. Robb, 50 yards; E. Coningham, 50 yards; W. Cable, 55 yards; W. Hawkes, 55 yards; H. Marshall, 65 yards; J. Hawkes, 70 yards; H. J. Soane, 95 yards; G. Kitchener, 130 yards; H. Thomas, 140 yards; and E. Bates (handicapper) will be handicapped on the day.

We should like to see a goodly number of the Members and their friends turn up to witness the race.

J. R. DEELEY, } Hon. Secs.  
E. J. CROWE, }

## Cromwell's Skull.

THERE is said to be a skull, maintained, by statements of considerable weight, to be the veritable skull of the Protector, carefully kept in the hands of some person in London—in great secrecy, it is added, from the apprehension that a threat intimated in the reign of George III., that, if made public, it would be seized by the Government, as the only party to which it would properly belong. The execution of such a threat, it need scarcely be added, is not now probable, whatever may have been former apprehensions.

The identity of the skull of Cromwell may, however, be much disputed; Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, of Beckenham, Kent, is said to possess the skull, with arguments on which the genuineness of the relic is proved.

In the *Morning Chronicle*, March 18th, 1799, we read—"The Real Embalmed Head of the powerful and renowned Usurper, Oliver Cromwell; with the Original Dies for the Medals struck in honour of his Victory at Dunbar, etc., are now exhibited at No. 5, in Mead Court, Old Bond Street (where the Rattlesnake was shown last year): a genuine Narrative relating to the Acquisition, Concealment, and Preservation of these Articles, to be had at the place of Exhibition."

The following is found in the *Additional MS.* in the British Museum, and is dated April 21, 1813;—"The head of Oliver Cromwell (and, it is believed, the genuine one) has been brought forth in the City, and is exhibited as a favour to such curious persons as the proprietor chooses to oblige. An offer was made this morning to bring it to Soho Square, to show it to Sir Joseph Banks, but he desired to be excused from seeing the remains of the old Villainous Republican, the mention of whose very name makes his blood boil with indignation. The same offer was made to Sir Joseph forty years ago, which he then also refused. The history of this head is as follows;—Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the state of solemn ceremony belonging to Royalty; at the Restoration, however, his body, and those of some of his associates, were dug up, suspended on Tyburn gallows for a whole day, and then buried under them; the head of the Arch Rebel, however, was reserved, and a spike having been driven through it, it was fixed at the top of Westminster Hall, where it remained till the great tempest at the beginning of the 18th century (1703), which blew it down, and it disappeared, having probably been picked up by some passenger. The head in question has been the property of the family to which it belongs for many years back, and is considered by the proprietor as a relic of great value; it has several times been transferred by legacy to different branches of the family, and has lately, it is said, been inherited by a young lady.

"The proofs of its authenticity are as follows:—It has evidently been embalmed, and it is not probable that any other head in this island has, after being embalmed, been spiked and stuck up, as that of a traitor. The iron spike that passed through it is worn in the part above the crown of the head almost as thin as a bodkin, by having been subjected to the variations of the weather; but the part within the skull which is protected by its situation, is not much corroded; the woodwork, part of which remains, is so much worm-eaten, that it cannot be touched without crumbling; the countenance has been compared by Mr. Flaxman, the statuary, with a plaster cast of Oliver's face taken after his death, of which there are several in London, and he declares the features are perfectly similar."

Mark Noble (whose authority is questionable) tells us that all the three heads (Cromwell's, Ireton's, and Bradshaw's) were fixed upon Westminster Hall; and he adds that Cromwell's and Bradshaw's were still there in 1684, when Sir Thomas Armstrong's head was placed between them.

## "On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

## I.—AT THE MISSION OF SAN CARMEL.

## PROLOGUE.

IT was noon of August 10, 1838. The monotonous coast line between Monterey and San Diego had set its hard outlines against the steady glare of the Californian sky and the metallic glitter of the Pacific Ocean. The weary succession of rounded, dome-like hills obliterated all sense of distance; the rare whaling vessel, or still rarer trader, drifting past, saw no change in these rusty undulations, barren of distinguishing peak or headland, and bald of wooded crest or timbered ravine. The withered ranks of wild oats gave a dull procession of uniform colour to the hills, unbroken by any relief of shadow in their smooth round curves. As far as the eye could reach, sea and shore met in one bleak monotony, flecked by no passing cloud, stirred by no sign of life or motion. Even sound was absent; the Angelus rung from the invisible Mission tower far inland, was driven back again by the steady north-west trades that for half the year had swept the coast line and left it abraded of all umbrage and colour.

But even this monotony soon gave way to a change, and another monotony as uniform and depressing. The western horizon, slowly contracting before a wall of vapour, by four o'clock had become a mere cold steely strip of sea, into which gradually the northern trend of the coast faded and was lost. As the fog stole with soft step southward, all distance, space, character, and locality again vanished; the hills upon which the sun still shone bore the same monotonous outline as those just wiped into space. Last of all, before the red sun sank like the descending Host, it gleamed upon the sails of a trading vessel close in shore. It was the last object visible. A damp breath breathed upon it, a soft hand passed over the slate, the sharp pencilling of the picture faded and became a confused grey cloud.

The wind and waves too went down in the fog; the now invisible and hushed breakers occasionally sent the surf over the sand in a quick whisper, with grave intervals of silence, but with no continuous murmur as before. In a curving bight of the shore the creaking of oars in their rowlocks began to be distinctly heard, but the boat itself, although apparently only its length from the sand, was invisible.

"Steady, now; way enough." The voice came from the sea, and was low, as if unconsciously affected by the fog. "Silence!"

The sound of a keel grating the sand was followed by the order, "Stern all!" from the invisible speaker.

"Shall we beach her?" asked another vague voice.

"Not yet. Hail again, and all together."

"Ah hoy—oi—oi—oy!"

There were four voices, but the hail appeared weak and ineffectual, like a cry in a dream, and seemed to hardly reach beyond the surf before it was suffocated in the creeping cloud. A silence followed, but no response.

"It's no use to beach her and go ashore until we find the boat," said the first voice gravely; "and we'll do that if the current has brought her here. Are you sure you've got the right bearings?"

"As near as a man could off a shore with not a blasted pint to take his bearings by."

There was a long silence again, broken only by the occasional dip of oars, keeping the invisible boat-head to the sea.

\* By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Take my word for it, lads, it's the last we'll see of that boat again, or of Jack Cranch, or the captain's baby."

"It does look mighty queer that the painter should slip. Jack Cranch ain't the man to tie a granny knot." "Silence!" said the invisible leader. "Listen."

A hail, so faint and uncertain that it might have been the long-deferred far-off echo of their own, came from the sea, abreast of them.

"It's the captain. He hasn't found anything, or he couldn't be so far north. Hark!"

The hail was repeated again faintly, dreamily. To the seamen's trained ears it seemed to have an intelligent significance, for the first voice gravely responded, "Aye, aye!" and then said softly, "Oars."

The word was followed by a splash. The oars clicked sharply and simultaneously in the rowlocks, then more faintly, then still fainter, and then passed out into the darkness.

Then silence and shadow both fell together; for hours sea and shore were impenetrable. Yet at times the air was softly moved and troubled, the surrounding gloom faintly lightened as with a misty dawn, and then was dark again, or drowsy, far-off cries and confused noises seemed to grow out of the silence, and, when they had attracted the weary ear, sank away as in a mocking dream, and showed themselves unreal. Nebulous gatherings in the fog seemed to indicate stationary objects that, even as one gazed, moved away; the recurring lap and ripple on the shingle sometimes took upon itself the semblance of faint articulate laughter or spoken words. But towards morning a certain monotonous grating on the sand, that had for many minutes alternately cheated and piqued the ear, asserted itself more strongly, and a moving, vacillating shadow in the gloom became an opaque object on the shore.

With the first rays of the morning light the fog lifted. As the undraped hills one by one bared their cold bosoms to the sun, the long line of coast struggled back to life again. Everything was unchanged—except that a stranded boat lay upon the sands, and in its stern sheets a sleeping child.

## CHAPTER I.

THE tenth of August, 1852, brought little change to the dull monotony of wind, fog, and treeless coast line. Only the sea was occasionally flecked with racing sails that outstripped the old, slow creeping trader, or was at times streaked and blurred with the trailing smoke of a steamer. There were a few strange footprints on those virgin sands, and a fresh track that led from the beach over the rounded hills dropped into the bosky recesses of a hidden valley beyond the coast range.

It was here that the refectory windows of the Mission of San Carmel had for years looked upon the reverse of that monotonous picture presented to the sea. It was here that the trade winds, shorn of their fury and strength in the heated, oven-like air that rose from the valley, lost their weary way in the tangled recesses of the wooded slopes, and breathed their last at the foot of the stone cross before the Mission. It was on the crest of those slopes that the fog halted and walled in the sun-illuminated plain below; it was in this plain that limitless fields of grain clothed the fat *adobe* soil; here the Mission garden smiled over its hedges of fruitful vines, and through the leaves of fig and gnarled pear trees; and it was here that Father Pedro had lived for fifty years, found the prospect good, and had smiled also.

Father Pedro's smile was rare. He was not a Las Casas, nor a Junipero Serra, but he had the deep seriousness of all disciples laden with the responsible wording of a gospel not their own. And his smile had an ecclesiastical as well as a human significance—the pleasantest object in his prospect being the fair and curly head of his boy acolyte and chorister, Francisco, which appeared among the vines, and his sweetest

pastoral music, the high soprano humming of a chant with which the boy accompanied his gardening.

Suddenly the acolyte's chant changed to a cry of terror. Running rapidly to Father Pedro's side, he grasped his *solana*, and even tried to hide his curls among its folds.

"St! 'st!" said the Padre, disengaging himself with some impatience. "What new alarm is this? Is it Luzbel hiding among our Catalan vines, or one of those heathen *Americanos* from Monterey? Speak!"

"Neither, holy father," said the boy, the colour struggling back into his pale cheeks, and an apologetic, bashful smile lighting his clear eyes. "Neither; but oh! such a gross lethargic toad! And it almost leaped upon me."

"A toad leaped upon thee!" repeated the good father, with evident vexation. "What next? I tell thee, child, those foolish fears are most unmeet for thee, and must be overcome—if necessary, with prayer and penance. Frightened by a toad! Blood of the Martyrs! 'Tis like any foolish girl!"

Father Pedro stopped and coughed.

"I am saying that no Christian child should shrink from any of God's harmless creatures. And only last week thou wast disdainful of poor Murieta's pig, forgetting that San Antonio himself did elect one his faithful companion, even in glory."

"Yes, but it was so fat, and so uncleanly, holy father," replied the young acolyte, "and it smelt so."

"Smelt so?" echoed the father doubtfully. "Have a care, child, that this is not luxuriousness of the senses. I have noticed of late you gather over much of roses and syringa—excellent in their way and in moderation, but still not to be compared with the flower of the Holy Church—the lily."

"But lilies don't look well on the refectory table, and against the *adobe* wall," returned the acolyte, with a pout of a spoiled child; "and surely the flowers cannot help being sweet, any more than myrrh or incense. And I am not frightened of the heathen *Americanos* either now. There was a small one in the garden yesterday—a boy like me—and he spoke kindly and with a pleasant face."

"What said he to thee, child?" asked Father Pedro anxiously.

"Nay, the matter of his speech I could not understand," laughed the boy, "but the manner was as gentle as thine, holy father."

"'St, child," said the Padre impatiently. "Thy likings are as unreasonable as thy fears. Besides, have I not told thee it ill becomes a child of Christ to chatter with those sons of Belial? But canst thou not repeat the words—the words he said?" he continued suspiciously.

"'Tis a harsh tongue the *Americanos* speak in their throat," replied the boy. "But he said 'Devilishnisse' and 'pretty-as-a-girl,' and looked at me."

The good father made the boy repeat the words gravely, and as gravely repeated them after him with infinite simplicity. "They are but heretical words," he replied in answer to the boy's inquiring look, "it is well you understand not English. Enough. Run away, child, and be ready for the Angelus. I will commune with myself awhile under the pear-trees."

Glad to escape so easily, the young acolyte disappeared down the alley of fig trees, not without a furtive look at the patches of chickweed around their roots, the possible ambush of creeping or saltant vermin. The good priest heaved a sigh and glanced round the darkening prospect. The sun had already disappeared over the mountain wall that lay between him and the sea, rimmed with a faint white line of outlying fog. A cool zephyr fanned his cheek; it was the dying breath of the *vientos generales* beyond the wall. As Father Pedro's eyes were raised to this barrier, which seemed to shut out the boisterous world beyond, he fancied he noticed for the first time a

slight breach in the parapet, over which an advanced banner of the fog was fluttering. Was it an omen? His speculations were cut short by a voice at his very side.

He turned quickly and beheld one of those "heathens" whom he had just warned his young acolyte against; one of that straggling band of adventurers whom the recent gold discoveries had scattered along the coast. Luckily the fertile alluvium of these valleys, lying parallel with the sea, offered no "indications" to attract the gold seekers. Nevertheless to Father Pedro even the infrequent contact with the *Americanos* was objectionable; they were at once inquisitive and careless; they asked questions with the sharp perspicacity of controversy; they received his grave replies with the frank indifference of utter worldliness. Powerful enough to have been tyrannical oppressors, they were singularly tolerant and gentle, contenting themselves with a playful, good-natured irreverence, which tormented the good father more than opposition. They were felt to be dangerous and subversive.

The *Americano*, however, who stood before him did not offensively suggest these national qualities. A man of middle height, strongly built, bronzed and slightly grey from the vicissitudes of years and exposure, he had an air of practical seriousness that commended itself to Father Pedro. To his religious mind it suggested self-consciousness; expressed in the dialect of the stranger it only meant "business."

"I'm rather glad I found you out here alone," began the latter; "it saves time. I haven't got to take my turn with the rest, in there"—he indicated the church with his thumb—"and you haven't got to make an appointment. You have got a clear forty minutes before the Angelus rings," he added, consulting a large silver chronometer, "and I reckon I kin git through my part of the job inside of twenty, leaving you ten minutes for remarks. I want to confess."

Father Pedro drew back with a gesture of dignity. The stranger, however, laid his hand upon the Padre's sleeve with the air of a man anticipating objection, but never refusal, and went on.

"Of course, I know. You want me to come at some other time, and in *there*. You want it in the reg'lar style. That's your way and your time. My answer is: it ain't *my* way and *my* time. The main idea of confession, I take it, is gettin' at the facts. I'm ready to give 'em if you'll take 'em out here, now. If you're willing to drop the Church and confessional, and all that sort o' thing, I, on my side, am willing to give up the absolution, and all that sort o' thing. You might," he added, with an unconscious touch of pathos in the suggestion, "heave in a word or two of advice after I get through; for instance, what *you'd* do in the circumstances, you see! That's all. But that's as you please. It ain't part of the business."

Irreverent as this speech appeared, there was really no trace of such intention in his manner, and his evident profound conviction that his suggestion was practical, and not at all inconsistent with ecclesiastical dignity, would alone have been enough to touch the Padre, had not the stranger's dominant personality already overridden him. He hesitated. The stranger seized the opportunity to take his arm, and lead him with the half familiarity of powerful protection to a bench beneath the refectory window. Taking out his watch again, he put it in the passive hands of the astonished priest, saying, "Time me," cleared his throat, and began:

"Fourteen years ago there was a ship cruisin' in the Pacific, jest off this range, that was ez nigh on to a Hell afloat as anything rigged kin be. If a chap managed to dodge the cap'en's belaying-pin for a time, he was bound to be fetched up in the ribs at last by the mate's boots. There was a chap knocked down the fore hatch with a broken leg in the Gulph, and another jumped overboard off Cape Corrientes, crazy as a loon, along a clip of the head from the cap'en's trumpet.

Them's facts. The ship was a brigantine, trading along the Mexican coast. The cap'en had his wife aboard, a little timid Mexican woman he'd picked up at Mazatlan. I reckon she did not get on with him any better than the men, for she ups and dies one day, leavin' her baby, a year-old gal. One of the crew was fond o' that baby. He used to get the black nurse to put it in the dingy, and he'd tow it astern, rocking it with the painter like a cradle. He did it—hatin' the cap'en all the same. One day the black nurse got out of the dingy for a moment, when the baby was asleep, leavin' him alone with it. An idea took hold of him—jest from cussedness, you'd say—but it was partly from revenge on the cap'en and partly to get away from the ship. The ship was well in shore, and the current settin' towards it. He slipped the painter—that man—and set himself adrift with the baby. It was a crazy act, you'd reckon, for there wasn't any oars in the boat; but he had a crazy man's luck, and he contrived, by sculling the boat with one of the seats he tore out, to keep her out of the breakers, till he could find a bight in the shore to run her in. The alarm was given from the ship, but the fog shut down upon him; he could hear the other boats in pursuit. They seemed to close in on him, and by the sound he judged the cap'en was just abreast of him in the gig, bearing down upon him in the fog. He slipped out of the dingy into the water without a splash, and struck out for the breakers. He got ashore after havin' been knocked down and dragged in four times by the undertow. He had only one idea then—thankfulness that he had not taken the baby with him in the surf. You kin put that down for him: it's a fact. He got off into the hills, and made his way up to Monterey."

"And the child?" asked the Padre, with a sudden and strange asperity that boded no good to the penitent; "the child thus ruthlessly abandoned—what became of it?"

"That's just it, the child," assented the stranger gravely. "Well, if that man was on his death-bed instead of being here talking to you, he'd swear that he thought the cap'en was sure to come up to it the next minit. That's a fact. But it wasn't until one day that he—that's me—ran across one of that crew in Frisco. 'Hallo, Cranch,' sez he to me, 'so you got away, didn't you? And how's the cap'en's baby? Grown a young gal by this time, ain't she?' 'What are you talking about?' sez I; 'how should I know?' He draws away from me, and sez, 'D— it,' sez he, 'you don't mean that you . . . I grabs him by the throat and makes him tell me all. And then it appears that the boat and the baby were never found again, and every man of that crew, cap'en and all, believed I had stolen it."

He paused. Father Pedro was staring at the prospect with an uncompromising rigidity of head and shoulder.

"It's a bad look out for me, ain't it?" the stranger continued, in serious reflection.

"How do I know," said the priest harshly, without turning his head, "that you did not make away with this child?"

"Beg pardon."

"That you did not complete your revenge by—by—by killing it—as your comrade suspected you? Ah! Holy Trinity," continued Father Pedro, throwing out his hands with an impatient gesture, as if to take the place of unutterable thought.

"How do *you* know?" echoed the stranger coldly.

"Yes."

The stranger linked his fingers together, and threw them over his knee, drew it up to his chest caressingly and said quietly, "Because you *do* know."

The Padre rose to his feet.

"What mean you?" he said, firmly fixing his eyes upon the speaker. Their eyes met. The stranger's were grey and persistent, with hanging corner lids that might have concealed even more purpose than they

showed. The Padre's were hollow, open, and the whites slightly brown, as if with tobacco stains. Yet they were the first to turn away.

"I mean," returned the stranger, with same practical gravity, "that you know it wouldn't pay me to come here if I'd killed the baby, unless I wanted you to fix things right with me up there," pointing skywards, "and get absolution; and I've told you *that* wasn't in my line."

"Why do you seek me, then?" demanded the Padre suspiciously.

"Because I reckon I thought a man might be allowed to confess something short of a murder. If you're going to draw the line below that—"

"This is but sacreligious levity," interrupted Father Pedro, turning as if to go. But the stranger did not make any movement to detain him.

"Have you implored forgiveness of the father—the man you wronged—before you came here?" asked the priest, lingering.

"Not much. It wouldn't pay if he was living, and he died four years ago."

"You are sure of that?"

"I am."

"There are other relations, perhaps?"

"None!"

Father Pedro was silent. When he spoke again, it was with a changed voice. "What is your purpose, then?" he asked, with the first indication of priestly sympathy in his manner. "You cannot ask forgiveness of the earthly father you have injured, you refuse the intercession of Holy Church with the Heavenly Father you have disobeyed. Speak, wretched man! What is it you want?"

"I want to find the child."

"But if it were possible, if she were still living, are you fit to seek her, to even make yourself known to her—to appear before her?"

"Well, if I made it profitable to her, perhaps."

"Perhaps," echoed the priest, scornfully. "So be it. But why come here?"

"To ask your advice. To know how to begin my search. You know this country. You were here when that boat drifted ashore beyond that mountain."

"Ah, indeed. I have much to do with it. It is an affair of the *alcalde*—the authorities—of your police."

"Is it?"

The Padre again met the stranger's eyes. He stopped, with the snuff-box he had somewhat ostentatiously drawn from his pocket, still open in his hand.

"Why is it not, *Senor*?" he demanded.

"If she lives, she is a young lady by this time, and might not want the details of her life known to anyone."

"And how will you recognise your baby in this young lady?" asked Father Pedro, with a rapid gesture, indicating the comparative heights of a baby and an adult.

"I reckon I'll know her, and her clothes too; and whoever found her wouldn't be fool enough to destroy them."

"After fourteen years! Good! You have faith, *Senor*—"

"Cranch," supplied the stranger, consulting his watch. "But time's up. Business is business. Good-bye; don't let me keep you."

He extended his hand.

The Padre met it with a dry unsympathetic palm, as sere and yellow as the hills. When their hands separated, the father still hesitated, looking at Cranch. If he expected further speech or entreaty from him he was mistaken, for the American, without turning his head, walked in the same serious practical fashion down the avenue of fig trees, and disappeared beyond the hedge of vines. The outlines of the mountain beyond were already lost in the fog. Father Pedro turned into the refectory.

"Antonio!"

(To be continued.)

## Big Game.

From "THE TROPICAL WORLD."

By DR. G. HARTWIG.

### No. 4.—THE LION.

THE majestic form, the noble bearing, the stately stride, the fine proportions, the piercing eye, and the dreadful roar of the lion, striking terror into the heart of every other animal, all combine to mark him with the stamp of royalty. All nerve, all muscle, his enormous strength shows itself in the tremendous bound with which he rushes upon his prey, in the rapid motions of his tail, one stroke of which is able to fell the strongest man to the ground, and in the expressive wrinkling of his brow.

No wonder that, ever inclined to judge from outward appearances, and to attribute to external beauty analogous qualities of mind, man has endowed the lion with a nobility of character which he in reality does not possess. For modern travellers, who have had occasion to observe him in his native wilds, far from awarding him the praise of chivalrous generosity and noble daring, rather describe him as a mean-spirited robber, prowling about at night-time in order to surprise a weaker prey.

During the daytime the lion seldom attacks man, and sometimes even when meeting a traveller he is said to pass him by unnoticed; but when the shades of evening descend, his mood undergoes a change. After sunset it is dangerous to venture into the woody and wild regions of Mount Atlas, for there the lion lies in wait, and there one finds him stretched across the narrow path. It is then that dramatic scenes of absorbing interest not unfrequently take place. When, so say the Bedouins, a single man thus meeting with a lion is possessed of an undaunted heart, he advances towards the monster brandishing his sword or flourishing his rifle high in the air, and, taking good care not to strike or to shoot, contents himself with pouring forth a torrent of abuse:—"Oh, thou mean spirited thief! thou pitiful waylayer! thou son of one that never ventured to say *no!* think'st that I fear thee? Knowest thou whose son I am? Arise, and let me pass!" The lion waits till the man approaches quite near to him; then he retires, but soon stretches himself once more across the path; and thus by many a repeated trial, puts the courage of the wanderer to the test. All the time the movements of the lion are attended with a dreadful noise, he breaks numberless branches with his tail, he roars, he growls; like the cat with the mouse, he plays with the object of his repeated and singular attacks, keeping him perpetually suspended between hope and fear. If the man engaged in this combat keeps up his courage,—if, as the Arabs express themselves, "he holds fast his soul," then the brute at last quits him and seeks some other prey. But if the lion perceives that he has to do with an opponent whose courage falters, whose voice trembles, who does not venture to utter a menace, then to terrify him still more he redoubles the described manœuvres. He approaches his victim, pushes him from the path, then leaves him and approaches again, and enjoys the agony of the wretch, until at last he tears him to pieces.

The lion is said to have a particular liking for the flesh of the Hottentots, and it is surprising with what obstinacy he will follow one of these unfortunate savages. Thus Mr. Barrow relates the adventure of a Namaqua Hottentot, who, endeavouring to drive his master's cattle into a pool of water enclosed between two ridges of rocks, espied a huge lion couching in the midst of the pool. Terrified at the unexpected sight of such a beast, that seemed to have his eyes fixed upon him, he instantly took to his heels. In doing this he had presence of mind enough

to run through the herd, concluding that if the lion should pursue he would take up with the first beast that presented itself. In this, however, he was mistaken. The lion broke through the herd, making directly after the Hottentot, who, on turning round and perceiving that the monster had singled him out, breathless and half dead with fear, scrambled up one of the tree-aloës, in the trunk of which a few steps had been luckily cut out to come at some birds' nests that the branches contained. At the same moment the lion made a spring at him, but missing his aim, fell upon the ground. In surly silence he walked round the tree, casting at times a dreadful look towards the poor Hottentot, who screened himself from his sight behind the branches. Having remained silent and motionless for a length of time, he at length ventured to peep, hoping that the lion had taken his departure, when to his great terror and astonishment, his eyes met those of the animal, which, as the poor fellow afterwards expressed himself, flashed fire at him. In short, the lion laid himself down at the foot of the tree, and did not remove from the place for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time, becoming parched with thirst, he went to a spring at some distance in order to drink. The Hottentot now, with trepidation, ventured to descend, and scampered off home as fast as his feet could carry him.

On account as well of the devastation which he causes among the herds as of the pleasure of the chase, the lion is pursued and killed in North and South Africa wherever he appears: a state of war which, as may well be supposed, is not without danger for the aggressive party. Thus, Andersson once fired upon a black-maned lion, one of the largest he ever encountered in Africa. Roused to fury by the slight wound he had received, the brute rapidly wheeled, rushed upon him with a dreadful roar, and at the distance of a few paces, couched as if about to spring, having his head imbedded, so to say, between his fore paws. Drawing a large hunting-knife, and slipping it over the wrist of his right hand, Andersson dropped on one knee, and thus prepared, awaited the onset of the lion. It was an awful moment of suspense, and his situation was critical in the extreme. Still his presence of mind (a most indispensable quality in a South African hunter) never for a moment forsook him; indeed, he felt that nothing but the most perfect coolness and absolute self-command would be of any avail. He would now have become the assailant; but as, owing to the intervening bushes and clouds of dust raised by the lion's lashing his tail against the ground, he was unable to see his head, while to aim at any other part would have been madness, he refrained from firing. Whilst intently watching every motion of the lion, the animal suddenly made a prodigious bound; but whether it was owing to his not perceiving his intended victim, who was partially concealed in the long grass, and instinctively threw his body on one side, or to his miscalculating the distance, he went clear over him, and alighted on the ground three or four paces beyond. Quick as thought Andersson now seized his advantage, and wheeling round on his knee, discharged his second barrel; and as the lion's broadside was then towards him, lodged a ball in his shoulder, which it completely smashed. The infuriated animal now made a second and more determined rush; but owing to his disabled state was happily avoided, though only within a hair's breadth, and giving up the contest, he retreated into a neighbouring wood, where his carcass was found a few days after.

**Small Precedent.**—An amusing illustration of this weak point is told. "When Lord Baltimore would not come into the Admiralty, because in the new commission they had given Lord Vere Beauclerc the precedence, a gentleman at Tom's Coffee-house said, "It put him in mind of Penkethman's petition in *The Spectator*, where he complains that formerly he used to act second chair in Diocletian, but now was reduced to dance fifth flower-pot."

## Letters to the Editor.

(Any letter addressed to the Editor should have the name and address of the sender attached thereto—not necessarily for publication; otherwise the letter will be consigned to the paper basket).

### A CLOCK FOR THE QUEEN'S HALL.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed at times in the Queen's Hall the inconvenience caused by the fact that it contains no clock, which is, surely, such a necessary piece of furniture in that beautiful building.

Trusting you will find room in your Journal for this small suggestion.—I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

LES TEMPS.

[Subscriptions towards the purchase of a suitable clock will be gladly received at the General Offices.—ED. P. J.]

### Re PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

SIR,—No doubt it will be within the recollection of the readers of *The Palace Journal* that a letter appeared some week or two back suggesting the formation of a Photographic Club or Society in connection with the Palace, and that one or two letters appeared in reply to it. Since that time a Committee has been formed by the Members of the Photographic Class, and Sir Edmund Currie has been interviewed, and other preliminaries discussed relative to the organisation of the Club, and it has been decided to hold a General Meeting of persons likely to become Members on Wednesday evening next, at 9 o'clock, in room No. 12, at which Sir Edmund Currie will take the chair. The officers of the Society will be elected, and the Rules and details relating to the objects of the Society will be submitted for discussion and approval.

The Committee will be glad to see any Members of the Palace and their friends interested in the matter.—I am, yours very truly,

WILLIAM GARRETT, Sec. (*pro tem.*)

SIR,—I shall be glad to know, through the medium of your gazette, whether the Photographic Club in connection with the Palace is likely to make a start. It is now time that such was started, if it is intended to do so, as the photo weather is coming fast upon us; and last week I availed myself of the brightness of the weather, and supplied my stock with four very pretty pictures from Essex.

I am an amateur in this way myself, and should very much like to belong to a Club in connection.—Yours faithfully,

ERNEST E. HILL.

### WRITING-, ETC., ROOM.

DEAR SIR,—Can you inform me whether there is, anywhere about the Palace, a room set apart for the use of Members who wish to do any writing, work or study? I do not, of course, count the room placed at the disposal of the secretaries of the different clubs. Considering the number of classes held at the Palace, as well as the chief object of the Palace, viz., to enable people to improve their education, I really think that a room for study is most necessary.

I am aware of the, at present, limited number of rooms available at the Palace, but it appears to me that one for study is so desirable as to claim almost the first consideration.

Trusting I am not trespassing on your time.—I remain, yours truly,

RAMBLING.

[No such room exists in the Palace for the purposes you name, and at present it is impossible to provide an apartment.—ED. P. J.]

## Answers to Correspondents.

(Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post. The name and address of the sender must always accompany communications—not necessarily for publication.)

A SUFFERER.—Your letter has been handed to Sir Edmund Currie, who will doubtless enquire into the matter. You have our fullest sympathy.

BILMO.—The accent on the second syllable—"sant."

F.K.E.—There is such a class as you enquire after. If you wish to join you should send your name at once. We are afraid, however, that no vacancy will occur till next October. You will get full information in our General Offices.

SAN CLOUD.—(1) The Emperor dwelt there. (2) Possibly the Tuilleries; we are not quite certain.

## Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

### RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to competitions in any given number must be received not later than noon on Thursday in the week following. They may be sent earlier, but if later, will be disqualified.
3. Every Competitor must, when the subject of the competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
4. All Competitors must send with their answers their correct names and addresses. On the envelope they should write, distinctly, the class of the competition in which they are taking part—Class A or Class B, or C or D, as the case may be.
5. The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
6. Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
7. Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose in their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
8. Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
9. All answers, delivered by hand or through the post, must be addressed to  
The Competition Editor,  
THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

### PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

All Competitors who have been announced as winners of weekly prizes in the numbers of the Journal issued on March 21st and 28th, April 4th, 11th and 18th respectively, may receive the amounts to which they are entitled on application to the Sub-Editor, at the East Lodge, between the hours of 5 and 9 p.m. on Saturday next, April 28th.

### COMPETITIONS SET MARCH 28.

#### CLASS A.

The second set of six characters in Dickens' novels came out as follows:

Micawber .. .. .	28
Pecksniff .. .. .	16
Mrs. Gamp .. .. .	13
Uriah Heep .. .. .	12
Bill Sikes .. .. .	11
"Poor" Jo .. .. .	10

The seven Competitors left in were not very successful in the attempt to reproduce this list. Five of them named only one, one named two, and the seventh named three. The prize, therefore, goes to the last, who is

REBECCA VALENTINE,  
21, Trinity Terrace, Morgan Street,  
Tredegar Square, Bow, E.

### COMPETITIONS SET APRIL 11.

#### CLASS A.

There were only some nine or ten Scotchmen who received any considerable number of votes, but between the last five or six of these opinion was so divided that only two Competitors succeeded in naming the whole of the following list:

Sir Walter Scott .. .. .	62
Robert Burns .. .. .	52
Robert Bruce .. .. .	48
William Wallace .. .. .	31
John Knox .. .. .	24
Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde .. .. .	24

The next three being:

David Livingstone .. .. .	22
Thomas Carlyle .. .. .	18
James Watt .. .. .	15

The prizes will be divided between the two Competitors alluded to above, their names and addresses being:

W. E. A. CONSTABLE,  
6, Canal Road, Mile End, E.,

and

A. M. SMITH,  
80, Shoreditch, E.

#### CLASS B.

The number of answers received in the Compressed Telegram Competition was very large—so large that it was the work of considerable time to go through them, to say nothing of deciding between their respective merits. It was found that a large number of Competitors had reduced the telegram but a very small degree—using as many as fifty and forty words. The essential points of the message could obviously be conveyed in a much shorter form. The question naturally arises, What are the essential points?—

which it is easier to answer by pointing out what points were not essential. It was not necessary to say that Potts was an old friend, nor to describe the meeting, nor to say in so many words that he had accepted the invitation, nor to explain that the train would arrive at Mudgebury, nor to mention the pair in connection with the carriage. On the other hand it was important to give Miss Figgins her proper title—Figgins with no prefix might mean her father or brother; for this reason I had to reject the answer of a Competitor who boiled down the message to sixteen words. Another Competitor made eighteen words, but he failed to include the idea that the arrival of Mrs. Jones in the carriage would be a compliment to Potts; he merely said "meet 5.40 train," which was insufficient. I thus arrived at the following telegram, which, I think, meets the case and deserves the prize:

"To Jones, The Lodge, Mudgebury.

"Potts to dinner. Invite friends, excepting Miss Figgins. Meet 5.40 train with carriage, as complimentary to Potts."

The author of this is

A. J. PARSONS,  
44, Exmouth Street, E.

I am sorry I have no space in which to print the excellent reasoning by which the winner justifies his abbreviations.

CLASS C.

Though there were not many Competitors in this Competition, some of the penwiners received were highly satisfactory, both as to originality of design and workmanship. The prize will be given for the very ingenious representation of a wheelbarrow sent by

ISABEL G. RATCLIFFE,  
91, Virginia Road, Shoreditch, E.

I would also specially compliment Ruth Sinclair on her artistic and pretty basket of flowers, and Ella Clark on a design which apparently is intended to represent Moses in the Bulrushes or one of the Babes in the Wood as covered with leaves by the robin-breasts.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A. (OPEN TO EVERYBODY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given to the Competitor who succeeds in answering the following questions most nearly in accordance with the answers arrived at by taking the opinion of the majority.

1. What country, other than your own, would you best like to live in?
2. What is your favourite flower?
3. What article of food do you best like?
4. What is your favourite male name?
5. What is your favourite female name?
6. What do you consider the noblest profession a man can employ himself in?

Answers must be received not later than noon on Thursday, May 3rd.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best sentence or paragraph of twenty-six words in length, each word beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, and the whole so arranged that the initial letters of the words used will repeat the alphabet in its proper order—i.e., the first word must begin with "a," the second with "b," the third "c," and so on. Competitors should aim at making good sense and good English. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, May 3rd.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best design for a chair-back or antimacassar. Competitors are not required to work a chair-back, but to send in a pattern or design (made of paper, or however may seem best), such as would serve as a copy for anyone who wished to work a similar article. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 3rd.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best description, by a Competitor, of himself. A Competitor should describe his personal appearance, his attainments, the most important facts in his life, etc.—in short, write an autobiography. Answers to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 3rd.

NEXT WEEK'S COMPETITIONS.

Next week the usual Weekly Competitions will be set as Consolation Prizes—i.e. they will be restricted to Competitors who have never yet won a prize in any particular class.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET APRIL 11.

- (1.)  
1. Twenty-five months.  
2. Eighty-four voters on the winning side, sixty-three on the losing.

- (2.) POETS TRANSPosed.  
1. Akenside. 4. Chatterton.  
2. Shakespeare. 5. Goldsmith.  
3. Montgomery. 6. Somerville.

- (3.) A VERSE FROM WORDSWORTH.  
Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago.

- (4.) CHARADES.  
1. Plantagenet (plant; age; net).  
2. Warrington (war; ring; ton).

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

- (1.)  
1. King William IV. sold a horse by a lottery. If the tickets had been 5s. each he would have lost £5; if they had been 6s. each he would have gained £4. What price did he get for his horse? and how many tickets were there in the lottery?  
2. The word "facetious" contains all the vowels in their proper order. How many different arrangements of all the letters in the word can be made, the vowels always being preserved in the same order?

- (2.) A DIAMOND—A tragic masterpiece.  
1. An exclamation.  
2. Consumed.  
3. Pains.  
4. A man of colour.  
5. Foolish.  
6. Excellent stuff.  
7. Nothing.

- (3.) CHARADES.  
1. My first's a colour often worn  
By brides in their attire;  
My second is an animal,  
Which you can buy or hire;  
My third's a thing which ladies use,  
To hide their beauty rare;  
My whole's a place well-known to all  
Who draw in Berkshire air.  
2. My first is always in your mind;  
My next, of people is a kind;  
My whole's a creature you may find.

- (4.) PROVERBS.  
1. Aa, c, eee, hhh, ii, kk, l, mm, nn, ooo, ss, ttttt, w.  
2. Aa, bb, c, dd, eeeee, f, g, h, k, mm, nnnn, ooooo, pp, r, t, u, y.  
All answers by noon on Thursday, May 3rd.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. FENNEY.—All insects are animals.  
R. HICKS.—Yes; to the quarterly prizes.  
MARY THOMPSON.—Marks will only count from the time you begin; you cannot be allowed to answer puzzles from back numbers. The present week is the eleventh of the quarter, and three weeks hence a new quarter will begin.  
A. B. C.—There is no mistake as far as the printer or I were concerned about 280. If you think the answer wrong, why not show it? I am quite open to conviction.  
BETTS-Y-COED.—Yes; I received the verse. I am afraid it is now destroyed; but I remember thinking at the time that the merits of the composition in question were below your usual level.  
T. HOLMES.—(1) No; Dean was not reckoned correct. (2) The coincidence to which you call my attention is certainly odd, but I believe it to be only a coincidence; and as I have no reason for doubting the good faith of the winner in the Competition, I do not think it would be wise to re-open the question. I am obliged to you, however, for bringing the matter under my notice.  
JACQUES NUMERO.—The answer to your question depends on the nature of the Competition. In Class A, for instance, not more than one answer could be accepted; in Class B, when the Competitions of the week is an exercise of skill you are at liberty to send as many answers as you please. The week you mention is a case in point. But it is wiser, I think, to put all your strength into one answer.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

PATRON THE QUEEN.

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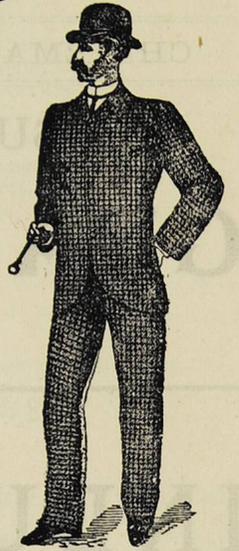
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