

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 to 5, and from 6 till 10.
CYCLING CLUB.—Usual Woodford run.
ELOCUTION CLASS.—Mr. Hasluck's Third "Open Night."

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
LITERARY SOCIETY.—"Productive" Evening, at 8 o'clock.
DRAMATIC CLUB.—Meeting of Section B.
CHORAL SOCIETY.—Special Practice.

SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT (Queen's Hall) at 3 o'clock.
CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at North Woolwich; Second XI. at Wanstead; Third XI. no match.
RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Pinner (see "Club Notes.")
CYCLING CLUB.—(see Notice-board.)
LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Usual Practice at 3 o'clock.
PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Outing to Hampstead.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. LIBRARY closed.

MONDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice.
SWIMMING BATH.—Opening ceremony by Lady Rosebery, at 7 o'clock.
SKETCHING CLUB.—Usual Monthly Exhibition, 9 o'clock.

TUESDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
PARLIAMENT.—Usual Sitting.
SMOKING CONCERT (Mr. Bradley), by Ticket only.

WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.
LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Usual Practice.
DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsals for Section A, 8 o'clock.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 13th, at 12.30 p.m.
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL,

ORGANIST	MR. W. H. WARD.
(Organist and Choirmaster of St. John's, Bethnal Green.)	
1. Introduction e Allegro	Dr. Spark.
2. Offertoire in F	Wely.
3. { A. Andante in E minor	Batiste.
B. Andante in A minor	
C. Postlude	
4. Largo in G	Handel.
5. March	Smart.
6. { A. Allegretto Grazioso	Berthold Tours.
B. Communion	
7. Prelude e Fugue	Hesse.
8. Selection from "Athalie"	Mendelssohn.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Queen's Hall will be closed to the public as a Library after to-morrow (Thursday). During the interval the books will be thoroughly overhauled and examined preparatory to their re-arrangement in the new Library-buildings, to be opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, on the 16th June. The Queen's Hall will also be closed for reading purposes on Sundays; but the Organ Recitals will be continued as usual.

Notes of the Week.

THE defeat of Sir John Lubbock's Early Closing Bill was not unexpected: and perhaps on the whole, as was shown in the very excellent debate upon it, is not altogether unsatisfactory. Legislation of this kind which is so obviously against the feeling of the people is worse than useless and would only be a failure. It is, however, to be hoped, in the interest of health and happiness, that every individual shop-keeper will feel it his duty to lessen as far as possible the long hours of his employes: and that the public will feel it *their* bounden duty not to buy at shops where assistants are known to be overworked. Private effort of this kind will be more valuable than any law, which would only be evaded in the present state of feeling.

Women especially should make it a rigid rule never to buy at shops where the shop girls are not accommodated with seats when off duty; and they will soon compel managers to adopt this humane not to say necessary system.

"It is claimed by the balloonist Baldwin that he has dropped 5,000 feet from a balloon with a parachute. I shall drop at least 10,000 feet and shall attempt what no other balloonist ever did. I shall drop with the chute closed, leaving it entirely to the air to open the parachute. There is no use of my attempting to do anything unless I can beat all previous records, and fall further than any living man. A few hundred feet less or a few hundred feet more would count nothing for me. I must at least double the distance."

So said Edward D. Hogan to a group of people who had assembled a few days ago at Jackson Michigan to see him make his foolhardy venture. The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* says:—"The balloon shot up almost straight to a distance of fully 10,000 feet. It then settled about 400 feet and hung like a ball in the heavens. The anxious and excited crowd of people on the ground watched the balloon with bated breath. The parachute was closed. Hogan drew it up till he reached the ropes to which he lashed himself. He did not expect the parachute to open for the first 200 or 300 feet, and he was afraid he might be shaken off the bar by the rapidity of the fall unless he took the precaution to fasten himself. When he stepped on to the edge of the car to spring off into space, some of the spectators grew pale and sick. Surely this daring man was going to certain death. A shout of terror goes up. Hogan has jumped. Down

like a cannon-ball he fell for 500 feet. The parachute has not yet opened. He was falling like a meteor, and the spectators shut their eyes. Suddenly a shout goes up. The parachute has caught the air and opened. Hogan's flight downward was almost stopped with a jerk. Then the parachute settles down to a steady journey earthward with its passenger, and in three minutes from the time the reckless man left the balloon, he landed safely in an open field some little distance from where the ascent was made. Hogan was much disappointed at the slow time made, expecting to come down in ninety seconds. He was overwhelmed with congratulations and is the hero of the hour."

THERE are some good articles in the May Reviews. In the *Nineteenth Century*, General Sir Edward Hamley draws a rather strong picture of the "Defencelessness of London"; and suggests the employment of the Volunteer Infantry, Artillery and Engineers. Sir Charles Dilke's able article on the "British Army" is well worth reading, and should be of special interest to Volunteers, who, in his opinion, ought to be a properly organised field army. An article on "Trout Fishing" will be acceptable to the large number of Members who are interested in fishing. Literary Members should read Professor Hales' article on "Victorian Literature," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *British Medical Journal* (Surgeon W. T. Black) makes the following interesting remarks on the injurious effect of tea on the teeth:—Some years since, when on duty at recruiting stations in the North of England, I took observation on the great amount of disease and loss of the teeth existing among the class of men offering themselves. It became a cause of rejection of itself in great numbers. As far as my enquiries went I was led to trace it to the excessive tea-drinking indulged in by the working classes in the manufacturing towns; and this went on all through the day whether with food or not. Tea seems to have a peculiar tendency to cause hyperæmia in the tooth sacs, leading to inflammation and eventually abscesses, with of course dentalgia at every stage. It is certain that deterioration of teeth is on the increase, and it would be interesting to know whether this really has anything to do with the excessive tea-drinking that now goes on both amongst the upper and working classes.

THE remarks of Professor Leech, the new Regius Professor of Laws, Dublin University, in his opening lecture last week upon "Law from the Political Point of View," should be carefully read, not only by all political students, but also by every Member of the Palace—an Institution at present in its infancy. All law, he said, rests upon force or coercion, involving of necessity restriction of the liberty of the individual to do or say what he pleases, in order that the liberty of other individuals, his fellow-subjects, may be carefully and evenly preserved. When a country is said to enjoy liberty, the meaning is not that any man may do or say as he pleases, but that the restrictions on individual liberty are confined within the narrowest limits, these restrictions being relaxed in proportion as a people proves itself to be law abiding, and therefore liberty loving, until the maximum, or high water mark of freedom is attained. In the British Empire and America the barometer of liberty stands at its highest point. Of course the barometer is liable to depression if any considerable number refuse to submit to these restraints. This involves encroachment on the rights of their neighbours. It is the absolute duty of the State to ensure to its subjects security of life and limb, and of property. It may therefore become necessary to draw tighter the reins of government. This may be done either by creating a new offence, or by altering

the method in which the ultimate sanction of the law is brought to bear upon an offender. In the latter case it is not the liberty of the subject that is diminished, but the offender's chance of escape, and this will not prove inconvenient to any but those who desire to overstep the well-marked limit which separates the region of licence from that of liberty.

THE recent death of Bronson Alcott, the American author, recalls a characteristic little story told of Carlyle and him. They were out walking together one day, and Alcott endeavoured to convert Carlyle to his views on vegetarianism which were extremely rigid. Carlyle listened for a time in silence, but at length lost patience, and stopping short, exclaimed, "There stands Piccadilly: there it has been for a hundred years: there it will be when you and your potato gospel are dead and forgotten."

The *Standard* says:—"For the recent storms oil was freely used off the coast of the United States for the calming of the waves." According to *Science*, more than a dozen captains and sailing masters caught in the tempest, when at its worst, believe their vessels were saved by this expedient. The sailing master of the yacht *Iroquois* reports that when furious waves with an immense comb were approaching, they were deprived of their power to do harm by "a patch of oil no larger than a dining-room table."

AT the Mansion House last week, on the occasion of the trial of a clerk for stealing £112, the money of his employers, which he had taken, having got into difficulties over betting, Sir H. Isaacs used some strong and not unjustifiable language about betting and betting agencies, which he said were "a curse to civilization." The prevalence of betting amongst young men is positively appalling; and scarcely a week goes by that one does not see in the papers a fresh case of a man who has ruined his life and prospects by falling into this vice. If a young man wishes for an honorable prosperous career he should avoid small bets and gambling like the plague—it is a habit as easy to form and as dangerous as that of drinking.

THE following should interest our cricketers:—"The special general meeting of the Marylebone Cricket Club to consider the proposals of the committee on changes in the law took place yesterday, and the net result is that no alteration is to be made until after the opinions of the leading cricket clubs in England and elsewhere have been obtained, and submitted to the M.C.C. It was suggested (1) that the over should consist of five balls; (2) that a bowler should be allowed to change ends as often as he please, and (3) that on the last day of a match the batting side should be empowered to declare their innings at an end at any time. The meeting, after hearing a speech from Lord Harris in favour of postponing action for the present, pretty generally took the view that it would not commit itself. Although no changes are to take place for the coming summer, the county cricket council and the leading clubs at the Universities and in the great towns, will no doubt respond to the invitation of the M.C.C., and so far make their opinions known that before the season of 1889 opens the present uncertainty as to the future of several important regulations of the game may be set at rest."

Civic Sapience.—Two stories are related of an absurd Lord Mayor, one about the copy of a letter taken after the original was lost—and the other—hearing of a gentleman who had the small pox twice and died of it, he asked if he died the first time or the second.

Jane Shore's True History.

NEITHER of our historians gives the name of this noted women's parents. Sir Thomas More says: "What her father's name was, or where she was born, is certainly not known"; but both More and Stow state she was born in London. She was married "somewhat too soon" to William Shore, goldsmith and banker, of Lombard Street,—her age sixteen or seventeen years. She lived with Shore seven years, and about 1470 she became concubine to King Edward IV., "the most beautiful man of his time." In his resplendent court she delighted all by her beauty, pleasant behaviour, and proper wit; for she could read well and write, which few of the brightest ladies then could.

Edward died in 1482; and, within two months, Jane was accused by Gloucester, the usurper, of sorcery and witchcraft: he caused her to be deprived of the whole of her property, about 3,000 marks, equal now to about £20,000. She was then committed to the Tower, but was released for want of proof of sorcery. She was next committed, by the Sheriffs, to Ludgate prison, charged with having been the concubine of Hastings, for which she walked in penance. Gloucester then consigned her to the severity of the Church. She was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to St. Paul's Cathedral and the cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. "Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings."

"In her penance she went," says Holinshed, "in countenance and pace demure, so womanlike, that albeit she were out of all arie, save her kertle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comlie rud in her cheeks (of which she before had most misse), that hir great shame wan hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule. And manie good folks that hated hir living (and glad were to see sin corrected), yet pitied they more hir penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection."

Rowe, in his play, has thrown this part of her story into this poetical dress:—

Submissive, sad, and lonely was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore;
And on her shoulders, carelessly confused,
With loose neglect her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seemed, and sorely smit with pain;
While, barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were marked with blood.
Yet silent still she passed, and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To heaven she seemed, in fervent zeal, to raise,
And begged that mercy man denied her here.

After her penance, she was again committed to Ludgate, where she was kept close prisoner. The king's solicitor would have married her but for Richard's interference. After his death, at Bosworth, Jane was liberated from Ludgate. There is a tradition that she strewed flowers at the funeral of Henry VII. Calamitous was the rest of her life; and she died in 1533 or 1534, when more than fourscore years old; and no stone tells where her remains are deposited. For almost half a century, Jane Shore was a living monitress to avoid temptation, however fascinating; and the biographer, poet, and historian made her such for nearly three centuries after death; in ancient chronicle and ballad, in historical record, in chap-book, and upon

our stage, the grave moral has lasted to our time. Sir Thomas More says that Jane begged her bread; and the dramatist has adopted this error. A black-letter ballad, in the Pepys' collection, makes Jane die of hunger after doing penance, and a man to be hanged for relieving her; both which are fictions, and led to the popular error of Jane's being starved in a ditch, and thus giving the name to Shoreditch:—

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed;
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.
Thus, weary of my life at length,
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:
The which now, since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye.

But this ballad is not older than the middle of the seventeenth century; and no mention is made of Jane so dying in a ballad by Th. Churchyard, dated 1587. Dr. Percy erroneously refers *Shoreditch* to "its being a common sewer, vulgarly *shore*, or drain." It is also called *Sorditch*; which is the most correct, according to the above explanation. Stow declares this ancient manor, parish, and street of London to have been called *Soersditch* more than 400 years before his time; and Weever states it to have been named from Sir John de Soerdich, lord of the manor *temp.* Edward III., and who was with the king in his wars with France. Two miles north-east of Uxbridge is Ickenham Hall, the seat of the Soerdich family, who have been owners of the manor from the time of Edward III.

Lord Mayor's Fool.

THE *Lord Mayor's Fool* was a distinguished character of his class; and there was a curious feat by which he was bound by his office to perform in the celebration of Lord Mayor's Day. He was to leap, clothes and all, into a large bowl of custard, at the inauguration dinner; and this was a jest so exactly suited to the taste of the lower class of spectators, that it was not easily made stale by repetition. It is alluded to by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, as follows:—

"You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs, and all, like him that leapt into the custard." (*All's Well that Ends Well.*)

He may, perchance, in tail of a Sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rime o' the table, from new nothing,
And take his Almain leap into a custard,
Shall make my Lady Mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.—*Devil's an Ass.*

Custard was "a food much used in City feasts." (*Johnson's Dict.*)

Now may'r's and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay;
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day.—*Pope.*

Perhaps it is this custard which, in the *Staple of News*, is called "the custard politick, the Mayor's." We have all heard the vulgar comparison—"You are like my Lord Mayor's Fool, who knows what is good." Here may be mentioned a surmise, that the low humour of "the Judge and Jury Club" of our days has precedent of nearly two centuries. William Mountfort, the actor, and also a clever mimic, was retained for some time in the family of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, "who," says Sir John Reresby, "at an entertainment of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, in the year 1685, called for Mr. Mountfort to divert the company, as his Lordship was pleased to call it. He being an excellent mimic, my Lord made him plead before him in a feigned cause, in which he aped all the great lawyers of the age, in their tone of voice, and in their action and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself; which to me (says the historian) did not seem altogether prudent in a man of his lofty station in the law; diverting it certainly was; but prudent in the Lord High Chancellor I shall never think it."

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

A BRIGHT, breezy day—with a sky almost Italian in its cerulean beauty—welcomed our cricketers to lovely Wimbledon on Saturday last. They went, they saw, and—tell it, yea, even in Gath—they decidedly conquered. Telegraphy once more asserted its power, for within a short time after the victory, the other elevens—left behind, playing on Wanstead Ruts—had the grateful news flashed to them, and the whole Palace was soon in a state of ferment. Truly victorious—happy and glorious! Yet it was an easy victory after all, and the match was clearly a one-sided game—for to pitch the Poly. fourth eleven against our first team merely meant, I take it, an unworthy antagonism. That's all. Therefore, I sincerely hope that our fellows will not—as victors are ever prone to do—absurdly inflate themselves with their achievements; for they must remember that they have yet to prove their skill and strength with adversaries more worthy of their steel than those they encountered at Wimbledon. But as I am not wanting to throw cold water upon our ardent cricketers I must respectfully offer them my heartiest congratulations upon this, their premier triumph. Some of our fellows—I sha'n't name names—played uncommonly well, and did, I doubt not, considerably astonish their fourth opponents. May they ever conquer!

I WAS very glad that Sir Edmund was present, and I should muchly like to know what he really thought of the day's work. Unfortunately, he had to return to the Palace, and so heard the news on his arrival. The day seemed to be really a Palace holiday, for, in addition to the cricketers, the Rambling crew—no disrespect, Bullock—under the versatile Rout, had assembled at Wimbledon and had placed themselves even there where th' cricketers most did congregate. In my humble opinion it was much less a ramble than a straggle, for the Ramblers dropped in promiscuous-like, chatted, posed, but didn't ramble at all. Whether this was due to the attractions of cricket or to Alex. Albu's camera, this deponent knoweth not; but certain it was that the afternoon wore away, and lo and behold it was time to quaff the cherished Assam almost before we had looked around us. One of the greatest attractions was the photoing by the aforesaid Albu and my old friend Diggins, and I am now anxiously awaiting the result of their labours. I am convinced that an excellent picture *must* be the result. We shall see. The ladies—with One who shall be Nameless gracefully posing in their midst—were first "taken"; and then the fellows, emulating Patience, sat a-smilin', not at grief, but at that camera. Deeley, I am sure, will look divine; and I very greatly regret that Mr. Speakah, Sir—who was present—would not overcome his modesty and "be taken" in all his springtime loveliness.

IT'S not an easy matter to sit smiling at a photographic apparatus upon an empty stummick, so we soon after left in search of a solitary log-but situated somewhere in the wilds of Wimbledon. This place was soon found—and soon quitted and we wandered round about in quest of a modest hostelrie, where good accommodation for man and beast might be obtained. Just as exhausted Nature was giving in—or rather out, and as the face of the collected Coody was assuming the forlorn vacancy of a Toots, a lowly tenement burst upon our view, and with one long (hungry) war-whoop, we swooped down upon the place, raising the har of those lo-cated there in wondering astonishment. Nature cried aloud: and we ate. 'Twas a frugal meal, but in that bleak and barren country nought else could (apparently) be obtained; therefore set we to and cleared the board with surprising alacrity.

THE Irrepressible, who was of our party, was burning to distinguish himself—and succeeded in so doing; but when the winking Coody propoged as a toast "the British Volunteers," the excitement of He-who-is-not-to-be-suppressed knew no bounds, and his ardour was such as to jeopardise the teacups. Well the tea-feast came to an end—or rather, we thought it had, for just as we had risen to "square accounts"—as Homer says—it was discovered that Malter Worriss was following the wise ways of the camel, by laying in enough provision to last him a month. So we sat down again and watched—somewhat rudely, I'm afraid—the appetising local viands disappear before his fierce attacks. But as the time wore on we could stand it no longer, so after agreeing among ourselves we slipped—one after another—from that house, and left the feaster alone in his glory. As I emerged from the door, the last I saw of Malter Worriss was a curly-haired head buried in a capacious teacup. What became of him afterwards I know not: my firm impression is that he is still there. The Ramblers then went elsewhere to finish the day with a "singing social"; whilst I hid me back to the Palace, which I reached at nine o'clock, and which I found in a state of excitement—the result, of course, of the famous cricket match.

ALL being well, His Grace the Duke of Westminster will come to the Palace on the 19th inst., for the purpose of opening the

Workmen's Exhibition. A programme is being arranged for the Duke's reception. More anon.

ANOTHER successful Concert was given in the Ladies' Social-rooms on Thursday last, when, I hear, an excellent entertainment was given. Cannot tell you what took place because I wasn't there. Mr. Mellish occupied the "chair," and acquitted himself right nobly. But where was Deeley?

AM obliged to the "Mascotte" for that lovely tea-rose duly received and appreciated. (No malice.)

THE Literary Society held a meeting on Thursday last, when the Rules (to be found in another column), were carefully revised, and this time, I hope, settled to everyone's satisfaction. Speaking of this reminds me that a "Literary Parliament Evening" will possibly be held at the end of the present month, when the Trial Scene of the "Merchant of Venice" is to be given—if possible in costume. Miss Nathan will play Portia (and great things are expected). A Nonentity will be the Shylock; whilst the Irrepressible will speak an infinite deal of nothing and enact Gratiano. The ex-Premier will be there to Judge the trial.

THIS, in its turn, suggests the Dramatic Club. I may tell you that two of the three sections are in working order—*i.e.*, rehearsal, and that the third body will shortly follow suit. There has been just the smallest pinch of discontent in this Club; but the Members really must learn to be patient. The Eternal City wasn't built in a day, you know; and everything comes to them that wait.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to the Sub., wishes to know what the merrie Morton in his (last week's) Club Report meant by a "Sam Weller appetite"? I cannot tell; please write the man of mirth. The immortal Samivel, I know, was remarkable for his "power o' suction," but I never knew that his *feeding* capacity was at all prodigious.

EVERYBODY has been much struck with our nice new *Palace Journal* yellow wrapper, which the facetious Deeley styles a "penn'orth of Van Houten." Be aisy now, D., co-coa-long wid ye; and whin ye make a joke let it be a decent 'un,—or not at all, at all. The Parliament-primrosers are of course delighted, for the wrapper is just the colour of "the flower that he," etc.

THE writer of those comic verses (!) dedicated to the Sub. is thanked; and I much regret that owing to pressure of space I cannot let the world hail with delight such beautiful rhymes.

THE Library will be closed, as announced last week, but a day earlier than was then stated—namely, to-morrow, Thursday evening, and will continue closed until the books have been carefully examined and placed in the new building, which is to be opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany on the 16th June. This, of course, will necessitate the closing of the Library on Sundays; but the Organ Recital will be continued every Sunday, at 12.30, as hitherto. The total number of persons attending the last Organ Recital was 928.

THE following is not a joke but is very much in earnest:—PHOTOGRAPHER (20), Member of the Palace, desires the companionship of another Member, who would be willing to give Advertiser one or more lessons weekly in Boxing, gratuitously or otherwise; or he would be pleased to give lessons in Shorthand in exchange. Reply to Photographer, care of the sub-Editor.

MR. CAVE'S Orchestral Society meets for practice every Tuesday and Friday from 8 till 10 o'clock, and not on Saturday as has been erroneously stated.

I SHOULD like to ask the Palace Parliament Premier whether the long-proposed and much-debated summer outing will ever *be*? Several fellows—frequenters of the sanctum—are wanting to know, and as they regard the sanctum as the criterion for news they are naturally indignant if they don't get a satisfactory answer. Will the G.O.M.—Grand Old Masters, you know—kindly lay the matter before the House, and oblige with a respectable reply? I shall then be enabled to satisfy my thirsting enquirers.

I HAVE just heard that as Choral Mears was Good-Bying two of his friends 'tother night he anathematised the Journal and the Sub. Have I then nourished a viper in me bosom? Beware, false one! Take care, for the air is full of libel suits, and it may be *your* turn next.

SOMETHING additional *re* the Swimming-bath. 'Twill be opened—as you know—on the 14th inst., at seven o'clock, Lady Rosebery attending at the inaugural ceremony. Only three hundred can attend the opening display—which you didn't know—so therefore, had you better hurry up and purchase the special tickets, which may be had in the general offices at threepence each—and to be had only in order of application. After the display there will be given a special gymnastic performance in the Gym

Westminster Abbey Curiosities.

THIS was, until some thirty years since, one of the sights of London, and consisted mostly of the wax effigies of noted persons which had been carried in their funeral processions to Westminster Abbey, and were, after the interment, deposited there. It may here be remarked that a waxen image was a part of the paraphernalia of a witch, by means of which she was supposed to torment her unfortunate victims. In Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, we find the witch sitting in her dell, "with her spindle, threads, and images": the practice was, to provide the waxen image of the person intended to be tormented, and this was stuck through with pins, and melted at a distance from the fire.

These wax effigies were formerly called "The Play of the Dead Folks," and "The Ragged Regiment." They represented "princes and others of high quality" who were buried in the Abbey. In a description of them a century since, we are told: "These effigies resembled the deceased as near as possible, and were wont to be exposed at the funerals of our princes and other great personages in open chariots, with their proper ensigns of royalty or honour appended. The most ancient that are here laid up are the least injured, by which it would seem as if the costliness of their clothes had tempted persons to partly strip them; for the robes of Edward VI., which were once of crimson velvet, now appear like leather; but those of Queen Elizabeth (who is said to have been arrayed in her coronation robes) and King James I., are entirely stripped, as are all the rest, of everything of value. In two handsome wainscot presses are the effigies of King William, and Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, in good condition. The figure of Cromwell is not mentioned in the list; but in the account of his lying-in-state, the effigy is described as made to the life in wax, and apparelled in velvet, gold-lace, and ermine. This effigy was laid upon the bed of state, and carried upon the hearse in the funeral procession: both were then deposited in Westminster Abbey; but at the Restoration, the hearse was broken to pieces, and the effigy was destroyed, after it had been hung from a window at Whitehall." In the prints of the grand state funeral procession of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in 1670, his effigy, clad in part-armour and ducal robes and coronet, is borne upon an open chariot beneath a canopy, and surrounded by a forest of banners; on reaching the Abbey, the effigy was taken from the car, and placed upon the body, beneath a lofty canopy bristling with bannerets, and richly dight with armorial escutcheons.

Nollekens, the sculptor, describes the collection as "the wooden figures, with wax masks, all in silk tatters, that the Westminster boys called 'The Ragged Regiment,' from the tattered state of the costumes." Among the later additions were the figures of the great Earl of Chatham and Lord Nelson.

There was formerly a similar wax-work exhibition in France. Mr. Cole, of Milton, upon his visit to the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, November 22, 1765, says, in his diary:—

"Mr. Walpole had been informed by M. Mariette, that in this treasury were several wax figures of some of the later kings of France, and asked one of the monks for leave to see them, as they were not commonly shown or much known. Accordingly, in four cupboards, above those in which the jewels, crosses, busts, and curiosities were kept, were eight ragged figures of as many monarchs of this country to Louis XIII., which must be very like, as their faces were taken off in wax immediately after their decease. The monk told us, that the great Louis XIV.'s face was so excessively wrinkled, that it was impossible to take one off from him."

The Rt. Hon. Lord Rosebery, who was expected to attend the inauguration, will not, unfortunately, be able to be present.—So says a telegram just received.

DON'T forget the coming Gymnasium "Social," to be held on behalf of our popular Sergeant Burdett, on the 28th inst. The Trustees having given their permission, this evening will be reserved exclusively for what I hope will prove, indeed, a complimentary "bumper." I could say all kinds of nice things in praise of our gallant sergeant, but as I should probably bring the blushes to his cheek—for our instructor, like myself, is truly modest—I must refrain from so doing. I cannot give you all the particulars of this *fête* in my columns, but if you will kindly cast your eyes on the Palace hoardings you will see what a capital entertainment will be provided.

A SMOKING-CONCERT, to be given by Mr. Orton Bradley, will be held on Tuesday next at eight o'clock. Admission by *ticket only*. Tickets may be obtained of our Singing Mears or of any Member of Mr. Bradley's Choral Society.

I HEAR that our Technical Day School boys are likely to be *fêted* at Whitsuntide—movements for a week's holiday being on foot. It is not possible to take the whole school to one destination; therefore it has been decided to split the school into sections—making (probably) Dorking, Henley, and the Isle of Wight, the respective destinations. Happy boys!

THIS, the present number of our Journal, brings to a close the first volume. Due notice will be given when cases will be ready for binding, etc., and also when the complete volume may be had. Some of the earlier numbers have long since been out of print: and their place can only be supplied by the to-be-bound vols. which will not be ready for some little time yet.

MUCH joy reigned in the Ladies' Social-rooms last night—Tuesday—when Sir John and Lady Jennings, with a good company, attended to distribute the prizes to the successful Cycling competitors of the great road-race. Mr. Nathaniel Cohen, Sir Edmund and Lady Currie were present. After a few introductory remarks, Lady Jennings was asked to undertake the pleasant duty of prize-giving, which she did in a most gracious manner. Mr. Cohen proposed, and Sir Edmund seconded a hearty vote of thanks at the close, which was cheerfully acknowledged. The following cyclists took the rewards—Glover, 1st prize; Howard, 2nd prize; Meason, 3rd prize; and Captain Slater, 4th prize. After the distribution the evening was spent right merrily with pianah playing, warbling, dueting, etc.

MORETON the mirthful asks me to state that although his Football Club is necessarily dead for the present, he would like to impress on all intending footballists the fact that he is quite prepared to receive names for the next season. Therefore please note. It sounds rather odd, doesn't it, suggesting football in such torrid weather; but the One of Joy evidently wants not his club to disappear from the public eye—which shows that he is wise in his generation, and more older than his looks would suggest.

I HAD intended commenting upon the recent libel case of Coody and Others *v.* the sub-Ed., but at this, the eleventh hour, I have determined to do otherwise. Exulting as I do in such an unparalleled triumph it would be perhaps invidious to say anything more in my own favour—and would perhaps lead the malicious to suppose that I really am not the modest mortal I pretend to be. But in closing I certainly must add a word in praise of my counsel, the learned Brown, who by his skill and determined spirit not only considerably astonished everybody, but also did much to damage the plaintiffs' action.

THE digging for the foundation of the New Technical Day Schools was commenced this week, and is proceeding right merrily. It is hoped that long before the golden summer wanes, this portion of the People's Palace will be erected in all its imposing majesty.

THE June Spring Flower Show will be held in the spacious Gymnasium—a building which should serve well for such a purpose. Particulars shortly.

AT the next Wednesday Concert we shall have what I hope will prove an agreeable departure from the usual run of things musical, and that will be a niggah troupe. The Stock Exchange Society have consented to come and di-vert the Milenders generally, and our M.P.'s particularly; and I sincerely hope that Brudder Bones will succeed. When winter is again with us, I really don't see why the Institute shouldn't start a niggah troupe of its own—not yet awhile, but next October. Now, corner-man Taylor, what do you say?

JUST before going to press I have seen the result of the photoing experiments made at Wimbledon on Saturday last. The portraits, as I anticipated, are excellent. The ladies look most imposing, while the Sub—apparently monarch of all he surveys—is simply lovely. If those interested wanting copies of the same will apply to me, I shall be happy to dispose of them at a small fee.

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 LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ.

The Members of this Society met for the further consideration of the Rules on Friday evening last, Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight in the chair. After a deal of discussion, the following Rules were agreed upon:—

1. That this Society be called the "People's Palace Literary Society," and consist solely of Members of the Palace.
2. That the management of the Society be vested in a President, Vice-President, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, two Secretaries—one of which shall act as Treasurer—and eight Committee-men, to be elected annually each October.
3. That the annual subscription be sixpence.
4. That the meeting shall take place every Friday evening at eight o'clock; sessions to continue from September to May; meetings to be held during the vacation on the third Friday in the months of June, July, and August.
5. That the objects of the Society be both historical and productive—i.e. for the study of literature and individual original literary productions.
6. That the evenings be alternately historical and productive.
7. That the historical evenings be devoted to consideration and criticism of essays, selections, etc., from the authors of a given period; such authors to be decided upon in Committee.
8. That the productive evenings be devoted to the consideration of original contributions of every description—to be signed under a *nom de plume*, or otherwise, at Member's discretion.
9. That periodical examinations be held on those historical subjects agreed upon in Committee.
10. That all contributed matter be written on one side of foolscap paper only, to be preserved as the Literary Society's Manuscript Magazine.
11. That one hour be allowed for each subject and criticism thereon; viz. half an hour for essays, poems, etc., and five minutes for each individual criticism.
12. No Member to speak more than once on the same subject.
13. That lectures and addresses be invited from *litterateurs*; such occasion to be considered exceptional as regards the above Rules.
14. That no alteration of these Rules takes place except at a Special General Meeting of the Society, which may be called by the Committee or six Members; seven days' notice to be given.

It was decided that the plan of campaign for the historical evenings be referred to Committee, who will consult the President of the Society.

The Rules having been passed at 9.30, Mr. Knight read a very interesting anonymous story, entitled "Revenge," which was well criticised.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to join this Society; subscription, 6d.

All information, etc., may be obtained from

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

On Monday evening, April 30th, the Concert in the Ladies' Social-room was well attended, as usual, and the following ladies took part in the programme:—

The Misses Marks and Auerbach recited; Misses Simpkins, Musto, Rogers, Bready and Haines, and Mrs. Mellish sang; and Miss N. Connor gave a selection on the pianoforte.

On Thursday evening the Ladies were again joined by their brother Members, and a capital programme was gone through, thanks to the gentlemen visitors, who came forward in goodly numbers, and contributed so much towards filling up the programme. The talent displayed on the whole was of an exceptionally good character.

Amongst those who sang were the Misses Simons, Bready, Musto, Rogers, Simpkins, Ward and Bines; Messrs. Bowman, Mears, Clenshaw, C. H. Dean and F. Spicer—the latter two gentlemen also contributing a duet. Misses Simons, Cohen, and Messrs. Bowman and Spicer recited. Miss E. Larter gave a selection on the pianoforte.

The chair was taken by Mr. F. Mellish, in the absence of our worthy sub-Editor, Mr. Knight. During the evening Sir Edmund paid a visit to the rooms, and expressed himself highly pleased with the entertainment.

MAUDE MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last Mrs. Burley and Messrs. H. G. Slater (Captain), J. Kennard (Sub-Captain), J. Burley, V. Dawson, J. Hill, J. Howard, D. Jessemann, A. Lyons, P. Oylor, A. Prentice, J. Prentice, J. Wilkie and W. Wakefield carried out the run to the "Wilfrid Lawson." Mr. and Mrs. Burley and V. Dawson, having to journey to Loughton, left the remainder to pass the time as best they could until their return. Messrs. Jessemann and Wakefield exercised their vocal chords, kindly assisted by a few brother cyclists of the C.T.C., who had been forced to find shelter from Jupiter Pluvius at our headquarters. At ten o'clock, the truanting Members having returned from their scorching trip, the Captain sounded the remount, and the homeward trip was commenced.

The run next Thursday will be to the "Wilfrid Lawson." If the weather permits a circuitous route will be taken. The Club leaves the Palace at 7 o'clock precisely.

On Friday last a General Meeting of the above Club was held in Room 1, Mr. H. G. Slater presiding. It was decided that a Road Committee was necessary to the comfort, convenience and uniformity of the Club. To act in this important capacity Messrs. Jessemann and Wakefield were unanimously elected. Members are respectfully requested to assist the Committee-men in the execution of their duty.

Mr. Jessemann proposed, and Mr. Glover seconded, that the Handicap Committee be dissolved, and that for the future all handicaps shall be framed by Mr. Burley, and that he be the official handicapper. This proposition was carried unanimously.

The Meeting, from a selection of nine tours placed before them by the Secretary, decided on the following:—Hyde Park Corner to Hounslow, 9 1/2 miles; Longford, 15 1/2 miles; Slough, 20 1/2 miles; Maidenhead, 26 miles; Twyford, 34 miles; Reading, 39 miles; Woolhampton, 49 1/2 miles; Newbury, 56 miles; Abingdon, 76 1/2 miles; Oxford, 82 1/2 miles; High Wycombe, 107 1/2 miles; Beaconsfield, 113 1/2 miles; Uxbridge, 121 miles; Acton, 130 1/2 miles; Marble Arch, 135 1/2 miles.

The tourists will leave the Palace about 3.30 on Saturday, May 10th, arriving home on the following Monday evening. The scenery along the Thames Valley is proverbial, and therefore, the Members taking part in this tour will, I am sure, thoroughly enjoy their outing. All Members intending to take part in the tour, please communicate by letter or personally before the 12th instant, so that arrangements can be made.

Until further notice Meetings of the Club will be held on the first and third Friday in every month for the transaction of business, and election of new Members.

If intending Members will send their names into me as soon as possible, I shall be only too pleased to propose them at the next General Meeting.

On Saturday last Mrs. Burley and Messrs. H. G. Slater (Captain), J. Kennard (Sub-Captain), J. H. Burley, — Bailey, H. Bright, J. W. Dawson, F. Glover, W. Gillett, A. Giles, F. Hobson, D. Jessemann, J. R. Kingston, A. Lyons, T. W. Moore, P. Oylor, G. Oylor, J. D. Prentice, A. W. Prentice, R. Peel, H. Ransley, A. Thirkell, W. Warne and W. Wakefield journeyed to the "Four Swans," at Waltham Cross. Leaving the Palace at 4 o'clock, the contingent crossed Temple Mills, and striking the Lea Bridge Road, made for the "Wilfrid Lawson." After signing our names in the attendance book, the mount was sounded, and our noble Captain led the way across Chingford, on to the Waltham Road. On descending a rather precipitous hill, our leader's saddle slipped, and he took a flying leap over the handles. The performance could not have been better, even if under the instruction and guidance of the gallant Sergeant Burdett. After picking our performer up and setting his machine straight, another start was made, and we, in due time, arrived at our destination. Here we found the tables already prepared with good and acceptable commodities, and it is needless to say that ample justice was done. While the tables were being cleared a few of the Members adjourned to the billiard-room, and began practising for the next billiard handicap. The remainder preferred to stop and listen to the melodious strains of a grand piano, on which H. G. Ransley was performing in his well-known style. The tables being cleared, and the celebrated spot champions (?) having returned, a smoking-concert was indulged in. Mrs. Burley and Messrs. H. Ransley and J. Kennard presiding at the piano, whilst J. H. Burley, A. Giles, J. Kennard, J. Prentice and H. Slater obliged with songs. At nine o'clock the order to prepare for home was given, which we reluctantly complied with. We mounted and started for home. Soon after the whistle was sounded H. G. Ransley and A. Lyons collided, with the result that both tried their hands at somersault-throwing, coming to the ground luckily none the worse for their spill. On the homeward journey we passed through Tottenham and Stamford Hill to the admiration of the natives. On arriving at Mile End we finished the best run of the season.

The brothers Ransley, of Commercial Road, have kindly placed their stock of machines at the disposal of the Members for the "Woodford Meet." Any Member not having a machine, or whose machine is under repair on June 2nd, can be accommodated free of charge.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Practice every evening but Wednesdays from six until dark. Saturdays, three until eight o'clock.

A few gentlemen may still be admitted. Subscription, Five Shillings for the season. Members will kindly note the Rules concerning shoes.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

On Tuesday evening, the 1st May, we held a Concert in aid of the funds of this Club, which was entirely successful. The Choral and Orchestral Societies in connection with this Institute kindly gave their services for the occasion, and carried out their part of the programme in a very able manner.

The opening match of the First Eleven took place at Merton Hall, Wimbledon, last Saturday, against a team representing the Polytechnic Fourth. A capital pitch had been prepared for us, and our fellows took full advantage of it; the result of the match being a very one-sided victory for the People's Palace team by 39 runs and 9 wickets. Captain Coulson, of the Poly., winning the toss, decided to bat first—our men taking their places in the field as follows:—wicket, Carter; bowler, Goldberg; long-stop, Byard; short-slip, Asser; long-slip, Wilkins; point, Goodwin; cover-point, Cowlin; long-off, C. Bowman; long-on, Hendry; mid-wicket, A. Bowman; long-leg, Sherrall. The batsmen showed very little resistance to our splendid bowling; Carter had set his men very close, and runs were almost impossible to get. The first and second wickets fell for 5; 3 for 4; 5 for 7; 6 for 14; 7 and 8 for 19; 9 for 23—the innings closing for the small total of 35 runs; Asser and Goldberg bowled through the innings, and bowl well they did—Goldberg's break from either side of the wicket, was more than the Poly. men could tackle; Asser bowled very well, varying his pitch with good judgment, but had very bad luck. The fielding of the Palace men was simply splendid, very close, and backing up one another capably—the catch that Byard made—running from long-on, and taking the ball low down—thoroughly deserved the cheers that were given. From the fact, that not a single extra was scored against Carter, speaks well for his wicket-keeping—he captained his team with excellent judgment, and we are sure he feels proud of the way in which his men acquitted themselves. Carter and Asser opened the batting for the Palace—play was for some time very steady, Asser doing most of the scoring, but after making 6, Carter was bowled off his pads, 1 for 22—Goodwin joined Asser, the former played steadily, while Asser did the scoring, and when time was called, both men were not out—Asser 53, Goodwin 14. With the exception of one difficult chance, Asser's innings was a grand one, his driving, placing, defence and drawing, being marked with splendid judgment—it is a source of regret he cannot play for us regularly. Goodwin's innings was faultless, his back play being especially admired,—10 single in 14 runs, will give some idea of his excellent patience and defence. Altogether the Palace men played a capital winning game all through, the result shows as near as possible the merits of the teams. The following are the scores:—

POLYTECHNIC.

NAMES.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
Carter	Bowled	Goldberg	1
Ward	do.	Asser	4
Crabtree	do.	Asser	0
Mallet	do.	Goldberg	2
Gambles	do.	Goldberg	0
Lawrence	Caught Byard	Asser	5
Kent	Bowled	Goldberg	4
Pryor	Caught Cowlin	Asser	3
Coulson (Capt.)	Bowled	Goldberg	0
Saunders	Not out	8
Stanton	Caught Hendry	Goldberg	8
TOTAL			35

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

NAMES.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
S. A. Asser	Not out	53
T. G. Carter (Capt.)	Bowled	Carter	6
E. Goodwin	Not out	14
E. T. Wilkins
A. Bowman
E. Sherrall
L. Goldberg	Did not bat.
W. Hendry
Cowlin
Byard
C. Bowman
Bye	1
TOTAL (1 wkt.)			74

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

POLYTECHNIC.

	No. of Balls.	Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.
L. Goldberg	75	4	21	6
S. A. Asser	72	7	14	4

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

	No. of Balls.	Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.
Crabtree	30	0	21	0
Mallet	48	2	21	0
Coulson	30	0	14	0
Carter	18	0	4	1
Laurence	12	0	8	0
Gambles	6	0	5	0

After the match we adjourned to satisfy the inner man; a party of three being sent out to seek the Temperance house called the "Bay Tree." At last we arrived at the house—good old "Bay Tree"—and we at once came to terms with the landlord. It was hardly necessary for us to fetch the others, for by this time they had followed us. After partaking of all our wants, we adjourned to the lawn, where the "Grass grows all round." Someone proposed drop-the-glove. "The A's have it," said the killing C. Bowman, and we at once formed a ring, dropped the han'ker, and dropped into one another's acquaintance, until the Ramblers' war-whoop announced "time." We arrived at Wimbledon station about 9.45—and it was a matter of first come first served of jumping into the train, and passing the time away with songs, etc. We soon arrived at Waterloo, and wishing one another good-night, etc., one and all voting they had spent a very enjoyable day at Wimbledon.

The Second Eleven played against St. Anthony's, but were out-matched at every point of the game. The Palace team threw away a large number of runs, owing to their indifferent fielding. The bowling of Cuer for the other side was very fine, as also was that of Poole. Hammerston, who is a well-known figure in the Gymnasium, but who plays for St. Anthony's, was very seriously hurt, and forced to seek medical advice, the ball accidentally hitting him on the nose. Wainman was by far the most successful with the leather for the Palace team; Sheppard also bowled well.

Below are the scores:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE.	ST. ANTHONY'S.	
Hones	Martell, Rev. A.	30
Sheppard	Cuer, R.	39
La Reviere	Day, A.	13
Wainman	Poole	4
Everson	Jones, W.	9
Marshall, H.	Kitchener, G.	1
Wenn	Sears, G.	7
Lyons	Barrett, H.	5
Elridge	Hawkins, S.	1
Dood	Hammerston (retired hurt)	0
Nathan	Taylor, E. J.	0
Extras	Extras	12
Total	Total	121

The First Eleven play the North Woolwich at North Woolwich next Saturday; frequent trains from Fenchurch Street and Liverpool Street. Following are the team: E. T. Wilkins, Cowlin, W. Hendry, E. Sherrall, A. Bowman, C. Bowman, R. Hones, Byard, Hunter, Goldberg, T. G. Carter (Captain). Match to commence at 3.30 sharp.

The Second Team play the Laurel, at Lake's Farm, next Saturday. The team will be selected from the following: W. H. Taylor, W. C. Wand, W. Wenn, G. Sheppard, Henry Marshall, J. Lyons, J. Munro, L. M. Nathan, G. Josephs, W. Everson, La Reviere, E. J. Taylor, A. Wainman (Captain).

No match for Third Eleven.

The Second and Third Teams are requested to elect their permanent Captain for the season, as soon as possible, the names to be sent to the Secretaries, for the approval of the Committee.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.
W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

A goodly number of Phonographers met again on Monday, the 7th May, for the usual practice. At intervals the formation of outlines and phrases was discussed.

We have had no response to the appeal for our Shorthand Library, but I need hardly say that at any time our librarian will be glad to acknowledge anything of interest to Shorthanders.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Members of the Institute intending to be playing Members of the above Club next season will greatly oblige by sending in their names to either of the undersigned.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.
W. A. CANTLE, Hon. Match Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The May Day Concert was a great success, the Hall being quite full, and in consequence everything went off very smoothly. Although lacking the attack hitherto shown by the Choir in the cantata, it was certainly given well. The pieces, "See the Chariot at hand," "Awake, awake," "Departure" and "O, hush thee, my Babe," were extremely well rendered, the light and shade being exceptionally marked.

Miss Agnes Molteno, as the "May Queen," sang her part with her usual taste and skill—and, of course, she had to respond with an *encore*—much to the delight of the ever appreciative audience.

Mr. Page, who has a lovely tenor voice, sung "Saved by a Child," which gained an *encore*, and "I must have loved thee." Miss Molteno gave "Sweet Spirit hear my prayer," and the ever-popular "Maid of the Mill," which was, of course, *encored*.

The People's Palace Orchestra played several pieces, two of which were composed by Mr. Cave, their Conductor, the whole being splendidly given. The Members of the Orchestra well might be proud of their Conductor after these two compositions, which, with the Organ Obligato, played by Mr. Bradley, were simply grand.

The Choral Society will hold their rehearsal in the Queen's Hall, on Friday next, when a special practice will be held for May 19th. We expect to repeat the "May Day" programme before the Duke of Westminster, and on June 16th we hope to give Haydn's "Spring" before the Duchess of Albany.

Members are requested to attend the rehearsals regularly. Altos, Tenors and especially Basses are wanted. Anyone with a knowledge of music wishing to join this Society should apply at once to the Secretary.

Mr. Bradley will hold his next Smoking-concert on the coming Tuesday. Admission by ticket *only*, which can be obtained from any gentlemen of the Choral Society, or of

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Notice is hereby given to Section B of this Club that a meeting will be held on Friday, 11th inst., at 8 o'clock in the School-room, when it is particularly desired that Members of the Section will attend. *Business*:—To cast characters for plays, etc.

Notice is also given to Section A that rehearsals of the plays to be produced will take place every Wednesday evening, in the School-room, at 8 o'clock prompt.

The caste is respectfully requested not to forget their text books at rehearsals.

Nothing succeeds like success, and so it has been with us. We are happy to record the forthcoming well-known names who have consented to connect themselves with our Club:—

Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. Walter Besant, and Mr. S. L. Hasluck. Other well-known gentlemen are anxious to assist us in every way, so that if such a word as failure enters into our vocabulary, it will be through no lack of friends to support us. The cry is Still they come,—and let us hope they will always come.

Some pessimistic friends have not been backward in predicting for us a dismal failure. Well, we shall see. Our projects are not sufficiently matured to suggest possibilities of failure. If unanimity of numbers, coupled with an earnest resolve to promote our club's interests, go in any measure to make success, then, we must say that that substantive is a far-going conclusion.

It is intended, with the various sections at our command, to give representations as frequently as possible. We will not say how often, lest such of those sage pessimists trip us up, if we don't act up to our statements. Farces and easy plays, interspersed with recitations and selections from Shakespeare, etc., will form the bill of fare.

We now respectfully ask the kind co-operation and assistance of our fellow Members in whatever we do.

JOHN MUNROE, Sec. & Treas.

ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.

P.S.—Section C. is being looked after by Mr. H. Hawkins, whom we trust will be successful.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last a party of twenty Ramblers paid a visit to Lambeth Palace, by kind permission of Archbishop Benson. A very pleasant and instructive afternoon was spent.

Over 100 Ramblers journeyed to Merton Hall, Wimbledon, on Saturday last, and witnessed the cricket of the Poly. and Palace Clubs. The tea arrangements on the grounds were anything but satisfactory, so much so that a large number had to make for the "Bay Tree," where a good tea was soon provided. The concert held afterwards was a great success.

On Saturday next the Ramble will be to Pinner. Trains from Aldgate at 3 and 3.30. Tea at "Cocoa Tree." The Secretaries will attend on Friday evening, and at the station to issue excursion tickets, 1s. each.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

A Meeting of intending Members of the above was held on Wednesday, the 28th March, and was adjourned until Wednesday, the 2nd inst.

At the first meeting, in the unavoidable absence of Sir Edmund Currie, Mr. Robert Miller took the chair.

The Hon. Sec. made a statement as to the arrangements which had been made by the preliminary Committee, and submitted the Rules which were freely discussed and finally approved, subject to one or two alterations.

At the second meeting, the Hon. Sec. acting as Chairman, the Officers were elected, as follows:—

President: Sir Edmund Hay Currie. *Vice-Presidents*: E. Howard Farmer, Esq., F.C.S., and Robert Mitchell, Esq. *Committee*: Messrs. Albu, Downing, Farnes, Gamble, Hawkins, Hellary and Lawday. *Librarian*: Mr. William Ludlow. *Hon. Sec. and Treasurer*: William Barrett, 16, Clare Road, Forest Gate.

The Secretary announced thirty-one persons as having signified their intention of becoming Members. It is proposed to have an excursion to Hampstead (not in a van) on Saturday next, the 12th inst., and full particulars will be announced to-night (Wednesday) after 9 o'clock, in Room No. 12.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the subscriptions at any time on Wednesday evening, and all Members are notified that the Entrance Fee especially should be paid early, as the Rules have to be printed.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Fifth monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs by Members of the above Club, will be held on Monday, the 14th inst., in Room 9 of School Buildings.

All contributions to be handed in to the Secretary before 8.45. The criticism will commence at 9 p.m.

The Committee hope that as the Club does not at present comprise many Members, each one will endeavour to send in as many Sketches as possible, in order to render the exhibition a success, at least, as far as quantity is concerned.

Works not coming under the head of one of the subjects given for the month will be disqualified. T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

NOTES ON TENNIS.

What a change has come o'er the game of tennis during the last few years. Who cannot remember the days when all Tennis Clubs in London could be counted on the fingers of one hand? When croquet, breeder of distrust and disturbance between the dearest of friends, ruled supreme as the only field game in which the gentler sex could lend the charm of their participation as well as presence and sympathy. And what a change has come over the game of tennis itself since its early days! The old game, which consisted mainly in keeping the ball going gently over the net, from the back line, as often as possible, and in which rallies might last for any length of time, has given place to a hard-hitting, careful placing game, which renders a quick eye and a strong wrist a necessity for anything like excellence of play, and has elevated it from the position of a childish pastime to one of our most scientific sports.

What an enjoyable game tennis is, both to victor and vanquished, and take it all round, what game comes up to it for general use? Cricket, for instance, is all very well when you are in to bat and run up a long score, while poor, panting, perspiring victims, in the shape of fielders, are scouring the country at large after the nimble sphere which you are swiping for sixes and fours *ad libitum*; but when the positions are reversed, and you are one of the aforesaid victims for a day or so, and go to bat, only to be beautifully bowled for that mystic number called a duck's egg, and then your side, being hopelessly behind, you have to follow on and get the opportunity, which you fully avail yourself of, of making your duck's egg a pair of spectacles, you are indeed an enthusiast if you consider that you have been enjoying yourself. How different it is in tennis; you are bound to get at least as many chances of shining as your opponent, and the many times when you don't shine are quite over-shadowed in your memory by the few times when you do. And then even the most arrant duffer will occasionally achieve a brilliant stroke against a man ten times his equal. More luck than good management perhaps, but how little that matters, how the memory of that one fine bit of play clings to a player, and always keeps alive in him the hope that he will rank as first-class immediately, but is kept back by being a little out of form, said form being estimated from the above-mentioned stroke, which has occurred but once and may never occur again. Another point in favour of tennis is, that if we have spectators at our little exhibition, they are likely to be better able to appreciate our fine play or sympathise with our misfortunes than in the case of other sports, and this is more especially true with regard to those whose appreciation and sympathy we most value: our lady friends. Everyone knows how much better any game, or science, or anything else, is understood when a little, no matter almost how little, practical experience is joined to theoretical knowledge; and in tennis more than in any sport worthy of the name, the ladies have opportunities of acquiring practical experience of all the niceties and intricacies of play. With an emphatic prophecy, then, of the ever-increasing popularity of the matchless game of tennis, and in spite of the difficulties in the way, I will endeavour, at some future date, to make some remarks on the play of the leading Members of the People's Palace Lawn Tennis Club.

THE STROLLER.

"On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

I.—AT THE MISSION OF SAN CARMEL.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)



HIS was easy enough, as he constituted himself from that moment its sole nurse and attendant, and boldly baptized it among the other children by the name of Francisco. No others knew its origin nor cared to know. Father Pedro had taken a *muchacho* foundling for adoption; his jealous seclusion of it and his personal care was doubtless some sacerdotal formula at once high and necessary.

He remembered with darkening eyes and impeded breath how his close companionship and daily care of this helpless child had revealed to him the fascinations of that paternity denied to him; how he had deemed it his duty to struggle against the thrill of baby fingers laid upon his yellow cheeks, the pleading of inarticulate words, the eloquence of wonder-seeing and mutely questioning eyes: how he had succumbed again and again, and then struggled no more, seeing only in them the suggestion of childhood made incarnate in the Holy Babe. And yet, even as he thought, he drew from his gown a little shoe, and laid it beside his breviary. It was Francisco's baby slipper—a duplicate to those worn by the miniature waxen figure of the Holy Virgin herself in her niche in the transept.

Had he felt during these years any qualms of conscience at this concealment of the child's sex? None. For to him the babe was sexless, as most befitted one who was to live and die at the foot of the altar. There was no attempt to deceive God—what mattered else? Nor was he withholding the child from the ministrations of the sacred sisters; there was no convent near the Mission, and as each year passed the difficulty of restoring her to the position and duties of her sex became greater and more dangerous. And then the acolyte's destiny was sealed by what again appeared to Father Pedro as a direct interposition of Providence. The child developed a voice of such exquisite sweetness and purity that an angel seemed to have strayed into the little choir, and kneeling worshippers below, transported, gazed upwards, half expectant of a heavenly light breaking through the gloom of the raftered ceiling. The fame of the little singer filled the valley of San Carmel; it was a miracle vouchsafed the Mission; Don José Peralta remembered, ah, yes! to have heard in Old Spain of boy choristers with such voices!

And was this sacred trust to be withdrawn from him? Was this life which he had brought out of an unknown world of sin, unstained and pure, consecrated and dedicated to God, just in the dawn of power and promise for the glory of the Mother Church, to be taken from his side? And at the word of a self-convicted man of sin—a man whose tardy repentance was not yet absolved by the Holy Church. Never! never! Father Pedro dwelt upon the stranger's rejection of the ministrations of the Church with a pitiable satisfaction; had he accepted them he would have had a sacred claim upon Father Pedro's sympathy and confidence. Yet he rose again uneasily, and with irregular steps returned to the corridor, passing the door of the familiar little cell beside his own. The window, the table, and even the scant toilette utensils were filled with the flowers of yesterday, some of them withered and dry; the white gown of the little chorister was hanging emptily against the wall. Father Pedro started and trembled; it seemed as if the spiritual life of the child had slipped away with its garments.

In that slight chill which, even in the hottest days in California, always invests any shadow cast in that white sunlight, Father Pedro shivered in the corridor. Passing again into the garden, he followed in fancy the wayfaring figure of Francisco, and saw the child arrive at the rancho of Don Juan, and with the fateful blindness of all dreamers projected a picture most unlike the reality. He followed the pilgrims even to San José, and saw the child deliver the missive which gave the secret of her sex and condition to the Father Superior. That the authority of San José might dissent from the Padre of San Carmel, or decline to carry out his designs, did not occur to the one-ideal priest. Like all solitary people, isolated from passing events, he made no allowances for occurrences outside of his routine. Yet at this moment a sudden thought whitened his yellow cheek. What if the Father Superior deemed it necessary to impart the secret to Francisco? Would the child recoil at the deception, and, perhaps, cease to love him? It was the first time, in his supreme selfishness, he had taken the acolyte's feelings into account. He had thought of him only as one owing implicit obedience to him as a temporal and spiritual guide.

"Reverend father!"

He turned impatiently. It was his muleteer, José. Father Pedro's sunken eye brightened.

"Ah, José! Quickly then, hast thou found Sanchicha?"

"Truly, your Reverence! And I have brought her with me—just as she is; though if your Reverence make more of her than to fill the six-foot hole and say a prayer over her, I'll give the mule that brought her here for food for the bull's horns. She neither hears nor speaks, but whether from weakness or sheer wantonness, I know not."

"Peace, then: and let thy tongue take example from hers. Bring her with thee into the sacristy and attend without. Go!"

Father Pedro watched the disappearing figure of the muleteer and hurriedly swept his thin, dry hand, veined and ribbed like a brown November leaf, over his stony forehead, with a sound that seemed almost a rustle. Then he suddenly stiffened his fingers over his breviary, dropped his arms perpendicularly before him, and with a rigid step returned to the corridor and passed into the sacristy.

For a moment in the half-darkness the room seemed to be empty. Tossed carelessly in the corner appeared some blankets topped by a few straggling black horse-tails, like an unstranded *riata*. A trembling agitated mass as Father Pedro approached. He bent over the heap and distinguished in its midst the glowing black eyes of Sanchicha, the Indian centenarian of the Mission San Carmel. Only her eyes lived. Helpless, boneless, and jelly-like, old age had overtaken her with a mild form of deliquescence.

"Listen, Sanchicha," said the father gravely. "It is important that thou shouldst refresh thy memory for a moment. Look back fourteen years, mother; it is but yesterday to thee. Thou dost remember the baby—a little *muchacha* thou broughtest me then—fourteen years ago?"

The old woman's eyes became intelligent, and turned with a quick look towards the open door of the church, and thence towards the choir.

The Padre made a motion of irritation. "No, no! Thou dost not understand; thou dost not attend me. Knowest thou of any mark of clothing, trinket, or amulet found upon the babe?"

The light of the old woman's eyes went out. She might have been dead. Father Pedro waited a moment, and then laid his hand impatiently on her shoulder.

"Dost thou mean there are none?"

A ray of light struggled back into her eyes.

"None."

"And thou hast kept back or put away no sign nor mark of her parentage? Tell me, on this crucifix."

The eyes caught the crucifix, and became as empty as the orbits of the carven Christ upon it.

Father Pedro waited patiently. A moment passed; only the sound of the muleteer's spurs was heard in the courtyard.

"It is well," he said at last, with a sigh of relief. "Pepita shall give thee some refreshment, and José will bring thee back again. I will summon him."

He passed out of the sacristy door, leaving it open. A ray of sunlight darted eagerly in, and fell upon the grotesque heap in the corner. Sanchicha's eyes lived again; more than that, a singular movement came over her face. The hideous caverns of her toothless mouth opened—she laughed. The step of José was heard in the corridor, and she became again inert.

The third day, which should have brought the return of Antonio, was nearly spent. Father Pedro was impatient but not alarmed. The good fathers at San José might naturally detain Antonio for the answer, which might require deliberation. If any mischance had occurred to Francisco, Antonio would have returned or sent a special messenger. At sunset he was in his accustomed seat in the orchard, his hands clasped over the breviary in his listless lap, his eyes fixed upon the mountain between him and that mysterious sea that had brought so much into his life. He was filled with a strange desire to see it, a vague curiosity hitherto unknown to his preoccupied life; he wished to gaze upon that strand, perhaps the very spot where she had been found; he doubted not his questioning eyes would discover some forgotten trace of her; under his persistent will and aided by the Holy Virgin, the sea would give up its secret. He looked at the fog creeping along the summit, and recalled the latest gossip of San Carmel; how that since the advent of the *Americanos* it was gradually encroaching on the Mission. The hated name vividly recalled to him the features of the stranger as he had stood before him three nights ago, in this very garden; so vividly that he sprang to his feet with an exclamation. It was no fancy, but Señor Cranch himself advancing from under the shadow of a pear tree.

"I reckoned I'd catch you here," said Mr. Cranch, with the same dry, practical business fashion, as if he was only resuming an interrupted conversation, "and I reckon I ain't going to keep you a minit longer than I did t'other day." He mutely referred to his watch, which he already held in his hand, and then put it back in his pocket. "Well! we found her!"

"Francisco," interrupted the priest with a single stride, laying his hand upon Cranch's arm, and staring into his eyes.

Mr. Cranch quietly removed Father Pedro's hand. "I reckon that wasn't the name as I caught it," he returned drily. "Hadn't you better sit down?"

"Pardon me—pardon me, Señor," said the priest, hastily sinking back on his bench, "I was thinking of other things. You—you—came upon me suddenly. I thought it was the acolyte. Go on, Señor! I am interested."

"I thought you'd be," said Cranch, quietly. "That's why I came. And then you might be of service too."

"True, true," said the priest, with rapid accents; "and this girl, Señor, this girl is—"

"Juanita, the *mestiza*, adopted daughter of Don Juan Briones, over on the Santa Clare Valley," replied Cranch, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, and then sitting down on the bench beside Father Pedro.

The priest turned his feverish eyes piercingly upon his companion for a few seconds, and then doggedly fixed them upon the ground. Cranch drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket, cut off a portion, placed it in

"Then you are certain she is the babe you seek?" said the father, without looking up.

"I reckon as near as you can be certain of anything. Her age tallies; she was the only foundling girl baby baptised by you—you know"—he partly turned round appealingly to the Padre—"that year. Injin woman says she picked up a baby. Looks like a pretty clear case, don't it?"

"And the clothes, friend Cranch?" said the priest, with his eyes still on the ground, and a slight assumption of easy indifference.

"They will be forthcoming, like enough, when the time comes," said Cranch; "the main thing at first was to find the girl; that was *my* job; the lawyers, I reckon, can fit the proofs, and say what's wanted, later on."

"But why lawyers," continued Padre Pedro, with a slight sneer he could not suppress, "if the child is found and Señor Cranch is satisfied?"

"On account of the property. Business is business!"

"The property?"

Mr. Cranch pressed the back of his knife-blade on his boot, shut it up with a click, and putting it in his pocket, said calmly:

"Well, I reckon the million of dollars that her father left when he died, which naturally belongs to her, will require some proof that she is his daughter."

He had placed both his hands in his pockets, and turned his eyes full upon Father Pedro. The priest arose hurriedly.

"But you said nothing of this before, Señor Cranch," said he, with a gesture of indignation, turning his back quite upon Cranch, and taking a step towards the refectory.

"Why should I? I was looking after the girl, not the property," returned Cranch, following the Padre with watchful eyes, but still keeping his careless, easy attitude.

"Ah, well! Will it be said so, think you? Eh! *Bueno*. What will the world think of your sacred quest, eh?" continued the Padre Pedro, forgetting himself in his excitement, but still averting his face from his companion.

"The world will look after the proofs, and I reckon not bother if the proofs are all right," replied Cranch, carelessly; "and the girl won't think the worse of me for helping her to a fortune. Hallo! you've dropped something." He leaped to his feet, picked up the breviary which had fallen from the Padre's fingers, and returned it to him with a slight touch of gentleness that was unsuspected in the man.

The priest's dry, tremulous hand grasped the volume without acknowledgment.

"But these proofs?" he said hastily; "these proofs, Señor?"

"Oh, well, you'll testify to the baptism, you know."

"But if I refuse; if I will have nothing to do with this thing! If I will not give my word that there is not some mistake," said the priest, working himself into a feverish indignation. "That there are not slips of memory, eh? Of so many children baptised, is it possible for me to know which, eh? And if this Juanita is not your girl, eh?"

"Then you'll help me to find who is," said Cranch, coolly.

Father Pedro turned furiously on his tormentor. Overcome by his vigil and anxiety he was oblivious of everything but the presence of the man who seemed to usurp the functions of his own conscience. "Who are you, who speaks thus?" he said, hoarsely, advancing upon Cranch with outstretched and anathematising fingers. "Who are you, Señor Heathen, who dare dictate to me, a Father of Holy Church? I tell

you, I will have nothing to do with this thing! If I will not give my word that there is not some mistake, you shall see that I am not a man to be trifled with."

from the little tower. The first stroke of that bell before whose magic exorcism all human passions fled; the peaceful bell that had for fifty years lulled the little fold of San Carmel to prayer and rest, came to his throbbing ear. His trembling hands groped for the crucifix, carried it to his left breast; his lips moved in prayer. His eyes were turned to the cold, passionless sky, where a few faint, far-spaced stars had silently stolen to their places. The Angelus still rang, his trembling ceased, he remained motionless and rigid.

The American, who had uncovered in deference to the worshipper rather than the rite, waited patiently. The eyes of Father Pedro returned to the earth, moist as if with dew caught from above. He looked half absently at Cranch.

"Forgive me, my son," he said, in a changed voice. "I am only a worn old man. I must talk with thee more of this—but not to-night—not to-night;—to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow."

He turned slowly and appeared to glide rather than move under the trees, until the dark shadow of the Mission tower met and encompassed him. Cranch followed him with anxious eyes. Then he removed the quid of tobacco from his cheek.

"Just as I reckoned," remarked he, quite audibly. "He's clean gold on the bed rock after all!"

CHAPTER IV.

THAT night Father Pedro dreamed a strange dream. How much of it was reality, how long it lasted, or when he awoke from it, he could not tell. The morbid excitement of the previous day had culminated in a febrile exaltation in which he lived and moved as in a separate existence.

This is what he remembered. He thought he had risen at night in a sudden horror of remorse, and making his way to the darkened church had fallen upon his knees before the high altar, when all at once the acolyte's voice broke from the choir, but in accents so dissonant and unnatural that it seemed a sacrilege, and he trembled. He thought he had confessed the secret of the child's sex to Cranch, but whether the next morning or a week later he did not know. He fancied, too, that Cranch had also confessed some trifling deception to him, but what, or why, he could not remember; so much greater seemed the enormity of his own transgression. He thought Cranch had put in his hands the letter he had written to the Father Superior, saying that his secret was still safe, and that he had been spared the avowal and the scandal that might have ensued. But through all, and above all, he was conscious of one fixed idea—to seek the sea-shore with Sanchicha, and upon the spot where she had found Francisco, meet the young girl who had taken his place, and so part from her for ever. He had a dim recollection that this was necessary to some legal identification of her, as arranged by Cranch, but how or why he did not understand; enough that it was part of his penance.

It was early morning when the faithful Antonio, accompanied by Sanchicha and José, rode forth with him from the Mission of San Carmel. Except on the expressionless features of the old woman, there was anxiety and gloom upon the faces of the little cavalcade. He did not know how heavily his strange abstraction and hallucinations weighed upon their honest hearts. As they wound up the ascent of the mountain he noticed that Antonio and José conversed with bated breath and many pious crossings of themselves, but with eyes always wistfully fixed upon him. He wondered if, as part of his penance, he ought not to proclaim his sin and abase himself before them; but he knew that his

the Mission. How small it looked, lying there in the peaceful valley, contrasted with the broad sweep of the landscape beyond, stopped at the further east only by the dim, ghost-like outlines of the Sierras. But the strong breath of the sea was beginning to be felt; in a few moments more they were facing it with lowered *sombreros* and flying *serapes*, and the vast, glittering, illimitable Pacific opened out beneath them.

Dazed and blinded, as it seemed to him, by the shining, restless expanse, Father Pedro rode forward as if still in a dream. Suddenly he halted, and called Antonio to his side.

"Tell me, child, didst thou not say that this coast was wild and desolate of man, beast, and habitation?"

"Truly I did, reverend father."

"Then what is that?" pointing to the shore.

Almost at their feet nestled a cluster of houses, at the head of an *arroyo* reaching up from the beach. They looked down upon the smoke of a manufactory chimney, upon strange heaps of material and curious engines scattered along the sands, with here and there moving specks of human figures. In a little bay a schooner swung at her cables.

The *vagüero* crossed himself in stupified alarm. "I know not, your Reverence; it is only two years ago, before the *rodeo*, that I was here for strayed colts, and I swear by the blessed bones of San Antonio that it was as I said."

"Ah! it is like these *Americanos*," responded the muleteer. "I have it from my brother Diego that he went from San José to Pescadero two months ago, across the plains, with never a hut nor *fonda* to halt at all the way. He returned in seven days, and in the midst of the plain there were three houses and a mill, and many people. And why was it? Ah! Mother of God! one had picked up in the creek where he drank that much of gold"; and the muleteer tapped one of the silver coins that fringed his jacket sleeves in place of buttons.

"And they are washing the sands for gold there now," said Antonio, eagerly pointing to some men gathered round a machine like an enormous cradle. "Let us hasten on."

Father Pedro's momentary interest had passed. The words of his companions fell dull and meaningless upon his dreaming ears. He was conscious only that the child was now stranger to him as an outcome of this hard, bustling life, than when he believed her borne to him over the mysterious sea. It perplexed his dazed, disturbed mind to think that if such an antagonistic element could exist within a dozen miles of the Mission, and he not know it, could not such an atmosphere have been around him, even in his monastic isolation, and he remain blind to it? Had he really lived in the world without knowing it? Had it been in his blood? Had it impelled him to— He shuddered and rode on.

They were at the last slope of the zigzag descent to the shore, when he saw the figures of a man and woman moving slowly through a field of wild oats, not far from the trail. It seemed to his distorted fancy that the man was Cranch. The woman! His heart stopped beating. Ah! could it be? He had never seen her in her proper garb; would she look like that? Would she be as tall? He thought he bade José and Antonio go on slowly before with Sanchicha, and dismounted, walking softly between the high stalks of grain, lest he should disturb them. They evidently did not hear his approach, but were talking earnestly. It seemed to Father Pedro that they had taken each other's hands, and as he looked Cranch slipped his arm around her waist. With only a blind instinct of some dreadful sacrilege in this act,

Big Game.

From "THE TROPICAL WORLD."

By DR. G. HARTWIG.

No. 6.—THE RHINOCEROS.

THE Rhinoceros has about the same range as the elephant, but is found also in the island of Java, where the latter is unknown. Although not possessed of the ferocity of carnivorous animals, the rhinoceros is completely wild and untameable; the image of a gigantic hog, without intelligence, feeling, or docility, and though emulating the elephant in size, is infinitely inferior in point of sagacity. The latter, with his beautiful, intelligent eye, awakens the sympathy of man: while the rhinoceros is the very image of brutal violence and stupidity.

It was formerly supposed that Africa had but one rhinoceros, but the researches of modern travellers have discovered no less than four different species, two white and two black, each of them with two horns. The black species are the Borelo and the Keitloa, which is longer, with a larger neck and almost equal horns. In both species the upper lip projects over the lower, and is capable of being extended like that of the giraffe, thus enabling the animal to grasp the branches on whose foliage he intends to feast. Both the Borelo and



the Keitloa are extremely ill-natured, and, with the exception of the buffalo, the most dangerous of all the wild animals of South Africa. The white species are the Monoho and the Kobaaba, which is distinguished by one of its horns attaining the prodigious length of four feet.

Although the black and white rhinoceroses are members of the same family, their mode of living and disposition are totally different. The food of the former consists almost entirely of roots, which they dig up with their larger horn, or of the branches and sprouts of the thorny acacia, while the latter exclusively live on grasses. Perhaps in consequence of their milder food, they are of a timid unsuspecting nature, which renders them an easy prey, so that they are fast melting away before the onward march of the European trader; while the black species, from their greater ferocity and wariness, maintain their place much longer than their more timid relations. The different nature of the black and white rhinoceroses shows itself even in their flesh, for while that of the former, living chiefly on arid branches, has a bitter taste, and but little recommends itself by its meagreness and toughness—these animals, like the generality of ill-natured creatures, being never found with an ounce of fat on their bones—that of the latter is juicy and well-flavoured.

The rhinoceros is hunted in various manners. One of the most approved plans is to stalk the animal, either when feeding or reposing. If the sportsman keep well under the wind, and there be the least cover,

he has no difficulty in approaching the beast within easy range, when, if the ball be well directed, it is killed on the spot. But by far the most convenient way of destroying the animal is to shoot it from a cover or a screen, when it comes to the pool to slake its thirst. Occasionally it is also taken in pitfalls. Contrary to common belief, a leaden ball (though spelter is preferable) will easily find its way through the hide of the African rhinoceros, but it is necessary to be within thirty or forty paces of the brute, and desirable to have a double charge of powder. The most deadly part to aim at is just behind the shoulder; a ball through the centre of the lobes of the lungs is certain to cause almost instantaneous death. A shot in the head never or rarely proves fatal, as the brain, which, in proportion to the bulk of the animal, does not attain the three-hundredth part of the size of the human cerebrum, is protected, besides its smallness, by a prodigious case of bone, hide, and horn. However severely wounded the rhinoceros may be, he seldom bleeds externally. This is attributable in part, no doubt, to the great thickness of the hide and its elasticity, which occasions the hole caused by the bullet nearly to close up, as also from the hide not being firmly attached to the body, but constantly moving.

From what has been related of the fury of the rhinoceros, its pursuit must evidently be attended with considerable danger, and thus the annals of wild sports of southern Africa are full of hairbreadth escapes from its terrific charge. Once Mr. Oswell, having lodged a ball in the body of a huge white rhinoceros, was surprised to see the beast, instead of seeking safety in flight, as is generally the case with this inoffensive species, suddenly stop short, and having eyed him curiously for a second or two, walk slowly towards him. Though never dreaming of danger, he instinctively turned his horse's head away; but strange to say, this creature, usually so docile, now absolutely refused to give him his head. When at last he did so, it was too late, for although the rhinoceros had only been walking, the distance was now so small that contact was unavoidable. In another moment the brute bent low his head, and with a thrust upwards, struck his horn into the ribs of the horse with such force as to penetrate to the very saddle on the opposite side, where the rider felt its sharp point against his leg. The violence of the blow was so tremendous as to cause the horse to make a complete somersault in the air, coming heavily down on his back. The rider was, of course, violently precipitated to the ground. While thus prostrated, he saw the horn of the monster alongside of him; but without attempting to do any further mischief, the brute started off at a canter from the scene of action. If the rhinoceros imagined it had come off as victor, it was, however, soon undeceived; for Mr. Oswell, rushing upon one of his companions, who by this time had come up, and unceremoniously pulling him off his horse, leapt into the saddle, and without a hat, and his face streaming with blood, was quickly in pursuit of the beast, which he soon had the satisfaction to see stretched lifeless at his feet.

Mary Queen of Scots.—What a drawback on *beaux sentiments* and romantic ideas is presented in Pasquier's account of the execution of the Queen of Scots: he says, "The night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore." In a very old trial of her, which Walpole bought from Lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantoufles and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off is there!

A stuck-up Host.—Lord John Townshend was at a grand dinner, where the smallness of the establishment obliged the entertainer, a coarse upstart, to transform the gardener, the stable-boy, and even the coachman, into waiters. Several awkward mishaps were the consequence. Among others, the coachman upset the butter-boat over Townshend's clothes. Determined to expose his pretentious host, his Lordship exclaimed aloud, as he wiped off the butter, "John, take my advice, and in future never grease anything but your wheels."

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.)

CRICKET CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say that already the Members of the Cricket Club have commenced to disagree amongst themselves, and find fault. If the Club is to be a success, all of us must work in perfect unison. Can the Captain give any explanation why the original team, picked to play the St. Anthony's C.C., did not play, and substitutes had to be obtained from amongst the other Members? If the Captain chooses a team, those who are chosen, are bound to play, and if they do not, unless they can give some suitable reason for their absence, the Captain has a right to stop any such offender or offenders playing again in a match during the season. Because the 1st eleven play a game, which is likely to prove exceedingly interesting, that is not the slightest reason why the 2nd eleven should go and witness the match, when they themselves have a fixture for the same day, as our 2nd eleven did. If it had not been for one or two Members the match with the St. A.C.C. would have been scratched, but after some discussion in which they expressed their indignation at the conduct of the one who picks the teams for the matches, they undertook to get up a team on their own responsibility, in which they succeeded. I can only say that would have been a disgrace to the Club, if the very first match they undertook to play was scratched, especially as nothing was said about it until almost the last moment.

Another grievance is about the choosing of the elevens. In any other club the Captain always consults the Vice-Captain, or the Members, on this matter; but seemingly our worthy Captain has taken the whole responsibility upon himself, without asking anybody's opinion, which I think is exceedingly unfair to the whole of the Club. I do not say that he has not picked a good 1st eleven; but the 2nd and 3rd want a great deal of alteration. It looks as if the Captain has picked the teams, so that they shall be good, bad and indifferent, respectively, which is a very wrong idea. The 3rd eleven are all bad players, and what I want to know is, how is it possible for them to improve themselves, when they haven't a single good player in their team, and they do not get a chance of any coaching as both the Captain and Vice-Captain are engaged to play in the 1st eleven matches. Surely this sad mistake on our leader's part can be rectified in some way or another.

I trust that the Captain and other officials of the Club will see their way clear to alter this state of things, as soon as possible, because the longer it continues, the worse it will be for the Club. I think the most desirable thing would be to call a general meeting of the Members, so that they may consult on the subject.

Apologising for encroaching upon so much of your valuable space.—I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

FAIR PLAY.

PROPOSED PARIS TRIP.

DEAR SIR,—In the Gossip columns of your Journal for last week I was greatly pleased to find such an excellent suggestion for a Continental trip next year. Why cannot we follow the Polytechnic in this respect, and pay, as our sub-Editor suggests, ninepence weekly? By Easter or Whitsun of 1889 there would be a goodly sum to our credit—enough, at all events, to carry us to the Paris Exhibition and back. I, for one, hail the idea with extreme delight, and shall be only too glad to hear that such a healthy idea may take root amongst the Palace fellows. As your writer said, a Continental trip cannot be indulged in every day; and, after all, weekly savings are easily made, and the old saying, "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," would soon be practically manifested. Such a trip would afford not only a pleasurable insight into the land of Johnny Caupaud, but would also tend to create a greater sociability amongst our Members. Trusting, Sir, you will find room for this rather lengthy letter. I remain, yours, etc.

MOSSOO.

Re ART CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line or two. I am sure that Mr. Mendoza's letter, which appeared in your last issue, should have the warmest support of all well-thinking Members. An Art Club would be an inestimable boon to this our "Joyless City," as it has been termed—a "city" which, after all possible "whitewashing," is sadly deficient in beauty or things beautiful. Who knows that but from such a Club a grand field may eventually be opened, and an opportunity afforded of making our East-End wilderness "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever"? Wishing the suggestion every success, I am, yours truly,

ÆSTHETICISM.

Eating Olives.—There is etiquette in eating olives. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have detected an adventurer, who was passing himself off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork; it being *comme il faut* to use the fingers for that purpose.

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.

COMPETITIONS SET APRIL 25.

CLASS A.

The only approach to unanimity among Competitors in answering the questions put in this Competition was in the matter of the favourite flower, the rose taking a very foremost place. The relative popularity in the various departments, however, is best shown by appending the names in the various classes which obtained most votes. These were as follows:

The country you would best like to live in—

Australia	18
America	17
Italy	16

Your favourite flower—

Rose	62
Lily of the valley	9
Violet	8

Your favourite food—

Beef	29
Bread	18

Your favourite male name—

William	14
Albert	13
Charles	10

Your favourite female name—

Mary	14
Edith	6
Florence	5
Victoria	5

The profession you would choose—

Doctor	30
Clergyman	15
Missionary	10

It will thus be seen that the standard list results as follows

Australia.
Rose.
Roast beef.
William.
Mary.
Doctor.

One Competitor, and one only, sent in a list exactly corresponding to the above, and therefore wins the prize, her name and address being

FLORENCE SWETMAN,
63, Redman's Road, E.

CLASS B.

The alphabetical sentences were cleverly grappled with by a number of Competitors, and an interesting Competition was the result. The best paragraph, for which the prize is awarded, was that sent by

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

It runs as follows:

(This is a despatch sent by Major Scabbard, who is with the moving column, to his friend, Colonel Trappings, stationed at the fort.)

"After being cautioned, David eventually forgot Graham's helmet. Instantly John kindly lent mine, notwithstanding our personal quarrel. Regiment started towards Ulundi, vanquishing wandering Xanthochroi.—Yours,

"ZEBADIAH."

NOTE.—"Xanthochroi—the fair, white, race, including Teutons, Scandinavians, Celts and Sclavs.—*Nuttall*.

I would also highly commend the paragraphs sent by Millicent Measures, A. J. Emslie and G. Hoare.

CLASS C.

Some excellent specimens of designs for chair-backs came to hand in this Competition, the best being that sent by

MARY TILLY,

1, Mossford Street, Burdett Road, E.,

to whom the prize is awarded. Special commendation is also due to Ruth Sinclair and Lizzie Tilly.

CLASS D.

The best autobiography received was that by

HORACE BUTLER,

8, Leopold Street, Mile End,

who is evidently rather fond of himself, and to whom the prize is awarded.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A. (OPEN TO EVERYBODY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for the list which answers the following questions most nearly in accordance with the result arrived at by taking the votes of the majority of Competitors.

- Questions:
1. Which is the best of Shakespeare's tragedies?
 2. Ditto ditto comedies?
 3. Which is Shakespeare's best play?
 4. Which is greatest of his male creations?
 5. Which is greatest of his female creations?
 6. Which is the most hateful character in his plays?
 7. What is the most popular or most frequently used of Shakespearean quotations?
- All answers to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 17th.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best paragraph on any subject the Competitor may select, consisting of not more than fifty words, and every word used commencing with the letter "s." The conditions must be strictly adhered to, and any paragraph introducing words not beginning with "s"—even though it be only a single letter such as "a"—will be rejected. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 17th.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best small mat (suitable, for instance, to stand a lamp upon) made by the Competitor. Any material may be used, and originality of design or work will be considered an advantage. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, May 17th.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best ornamental alphabet, designed and written in pen and ink by the Competitor. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 17th.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

RULES.

Puzzles are set every week, and marks are given for correct answers. Those Competitors who give most correct solutions, and who have thus won most marks in a quarter (thirteen weeks), will be winners of the Quarterly Prizes.

Only one set of Puzzles is given each week, but the distinction between the four classes is observed.

A.—Thus a prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to those members of the general public who gain most marks for correct solutions to the puzzles in the quarter.

B.—A prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to the Members of the Palace who win most marks.

C.—A prize of Ten Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Girls (being Members) who win most marks in the quarter.

D.—A prize of Five Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Boys under fifteen years of age (being educated at the Technical Schools) who win most marks in the quarter.

N.B.—The value of the prizes in Classes C and D has been reduced because the Competition during the past quarter has not been so keen as it should have been. It only lies with the girls and boys to raise it again.

Do not get tired of sending in answers. Several Competitors began well in the past quarter but dropped off, and thus threw away excellent chances of prizes. This was foolish. Begin and stick to it.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET APRIL 25.

- (1.)
1. He got £50 for his horse, and there were 180 tickets.
 2. Preserving the vowels in the same order it is possible to make 3,024 different arrangements of the letters in the word "facetious."

- (2.) A Diamond—Othello:

O
A T E
A C H E S
O T H E L L O
S I L L Y
A L E
O

- (3.) CHARADES.

1. White Horse Vale.
2. Insect.

- (4.) PROVERBS.

1. It is not the cowl that makes the monk.
2. Keep good company, and be one of the number.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(THE LAST WEEK OF THE QUARTER.)

- (1.) TRANSPOSITIONS (ONE WORD EACH).

1. B. Disraeli proposes not N.
2. I need no bliss, no poor parts.

- (2.) CRYPTOGRAPH.

Hkx kbe Hamn
Efbu dg k wamn
Ut gfulw k qkam tg ckufu,
Hkx abmm etcb
Kbe istxf wap lsteb
Kbe hamn lkof udormabz ykgus.

- (3.) Last Tuesday mackerel were being sold at a certain price per dozen; on Wednesday twice as many mackerel could be bought for a shilling as dozens could be bought for a sovereign on the day before; the whole price of twenty mackerel, ten of which were bought on Tuesday and ten on Wednesday, being 2s. 2d., what was the price of a mackerel on each day?

- (4.) GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

My whole is a range of mountains, of which my first is string, my second not well, my third periods. From me there springs a river whose first is an adverb, whose second is a boy, whose third is an interjection. It flows through a desert, whose first is an article, whose second is an English river, whose third is an article. It flows into the sea at a port whose first is a wager, and whose second is a conjunction.

Answers not later than noon on Thursday, May 17th.

Lord Petersham.—This eccentric nobleman, who was the eldest son of Charles, third Earl of Harrington, was a leader of fashion some thirty years since: he was tall and handsome: according to Captain Gronow, Lord Petersham very much resembled the pictures of Henry IV. of France, and frequently wore a dress not unlike that of the celebrated monarch. He was a great patron of tailors, and a particular kind of great-coat was called after him a "Petersham." When young, he used to cut out his own clothes; he made his own blacking, which he said, would eventually supersede every other. He was also a connoisseur in snuff, and one of his rooms was fitted up with shelves and beautiful jars for various kinds of snuffs, with the names in gold. Here were also implements for moistening and mixing snuffs, and "Lord Petersham's mixture" is to this day a popular snuff. He possessed a fine collection of snuff-boxes, and it was said, a box for every day in the year. Captain Gronow saw him using a beautiful Sèvres box, which, on being admired, he said was "a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear." He was equally choice of his teas, and in the same room with the snuffs, upon shelves, were placed tea-canisters, containing Congou, Pekoe, Souchong, Gunpowder, Russian, and other fine kinds. Indeed, his father's mansion, Harrington House, was long famous for its tea-drinking: and the Earl and Countess, and family, received their visitors upon these occasions in the long gallery, and here the family of George the Third enjoyed many a cup of tea. It is told that when General Lincoln Stanhope returned from India after several years' absence, his father welcomed him with "Hallo, Linky, my dear boy! delighted to see you. Have a cup of tea!" Lord Petersham's equipages were unique: the carriages and horses were brown; the harness and furniture of antique design; and the servants wore long brown coats, reaching to their heels, and glazed hats with large cockades. His Lordship was a liberal patron of the Opera and the theatres; and two years after he had succeeded his father in the earldom (of Harrington), he married the beautiful Maria Foote, of Covent Garden Theatre.

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