



Vol. II.—No. 37.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—CYCLING CLUB.—First Annual Race Meeting, Brown's Grounds, Nunhead.  
 HARRIERS.—Annual General Meeting, at 8.  
 CRICKET CLUB.—Scratch Match at Victoria Park, at 8.  
 SWIMMING CLUB.—Captaincy Race and First-Class Competition.
- FRIDAY.—BOXING CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.  
 CHORAL SOCIETY.—Practice Meeting, as usual.
- SATURDAY.—CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.  
 CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at Wanstead; Second XI. at Wanstead; Third XI. at Wanstead.  
 RAMBLERS.—To Chingford. By 3.40 train from Coborn Road to Snaresbrook.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30. All seats free.
- MONDAY.—SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting.
- TUESDAY.—DRAMATIC CLUB.—Special General Meeting, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY.—DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal for Section A.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 29th, at 12.30 p.m.,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - MR. W. JOHN REYNOLDS, Mus. Bac. Lond.

1. Festal March .. .. . *Scotson Clark.*
2. Andante in E minor .. .. . *Batiste.*
3. Marche Religieuse .. .. . *Merkel.*
4. Prelude and Fugue in G major .. .. . *Bach.*
5. Selection of airs from Mendelssohn's Oratorio "Elijah"—(1) If with all your hearts. (2) Woe unto them. (3) O rest in the Lord. (4) Then shall the righteous. (5) Terzetto—Lift thine eyes .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*
6. Fugue on the name Bach, No. 3 .. .. . *Schumann.*
7. "There is a green hill far away" .. .. . *Gounod.*
8. March in G .. .. . *Smart.*

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

CONSIDERING what is now said of the vast importation of starving foreigners into London, read what the Americans think and say of the invasion of their country by men who run down the pay of industry.

"What difference does it make to the American working man whether the cheap labour of Europe is brought over here under contract to work for 60 cents a day, or, having been drummed up by immigration societies in Europe, gets over here the best way it can—singly, by families, and battalions—and then accepts any sort of employment at from 40 to 60 cents per day? Is not the result the same? The fact that the labour market is overcrowded at the bottom tells the whole story of wage reduction. The supply of a certain sort of labour is greater than the demand, and the effect is felt upon the whole market.

"Since 1880 over 200,000 Italians have arrived at Castle Garden. Last year the Italian invasion reached the startling figures of 44,274, and for the first five and a half months of 1888 it had exceeded all precedent, amounting to 34,439. The Chinese immigration never, in its most threatening influx, approached in numerical extent the inundation of this demoralizing flood of Italian paupers. Other European states also furnish their quota to glut the American labour market.

"It is all very well for capitalists and philanthropists to sit back and applaud or encourage this immigration. The manufacturer may want cheap labour, and the humanitarian may say that the right of migration should not be restricted. Andrew Carnegie may write of the Triumphant Democracy and the glories of protection for American interests. But the facts remain that the American working men and their children have a heritage in the labour market of this new world; the law of self-preservation will override any transcendental nonsense about the rights of migration, and the American working man will yet open his eyes to the lesson taught by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in increasing the hours of his labour from eight to ten a day, and employing alien working men when his employes refuse to work the long hours for the short pay.

"Speaking of the rising tide of Italian immigration, Mayor Hewitt last week declared that 'there is a system of slavery in our midst maintained by Italian padrones, who are bringing the whole kingdom of Italy over and setting them up in the fruit business. It is as bad as the Chinese Six Companies, of San Francisco, who own slaves—body and soul. I want the co-operation of the press and the people with me on this project (of excluding them for sanitary reasons), for this frightful danger ought to be stopped at once.'

"It is not in tariff legislation that American labour demands protection. It is in the restriction of immigration. There was a time when this Republic needed people. The time has come when, in the interest of its present inhabitants and their posterity, it needs protection against more people. We have had the sediment of Europe's blood long enough; suppose we now demand to have its best blood or none?"

WITH respect to the American Republic, let us keep our best blood for home consumption. It is instructive, however, to find that the Americans are waking up at last to the conviction that their great country does not exist in order that Companies may make money by getting foreign labour cheap, but for the welfare of their own citizens. And again, that it does not exist in order to advance the interests of the Irish

American or the German American, but those of the real Americans. We may take this lesson home to ourselves. The same paper from which I have taken the above, points out that in the coming political campaign there are seven "tickets," not one of which represents American ideas. They are:—

REPUBLICAN PARTY.—For President, Benjamin Harrison of Indiana; for Vice-President, Levi P. Morton of New York.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—President, Grover Cleveland of New York; Vice-President, Allen G. Thurman of Ohio.

PROHIBITION PARTY.—President, Clinton B. Fisk of New Jersey; Vice-President, John A. Brooks of Missouri.

UNION LABOUR PARTY.—President, A. J. Streeter of Illinois; Vice-President, Charles E. Cunningham of Arkansas.

UNITED LABOUR PARTY.—President, Robert H. Cowdrey of Illinois; Vice-President, W. H. T. Wakefield of Kansas.

INDUSTRIAL REFORM PARTY.—President, Albert E. Redstone of California; Vice-President, John Colvin of Kansas.

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS.—President, Belva A. Lockwood of Washington; Vice-President, Alfred H. Love of Pennsylvania.

AGAIN, we have always been under the impression that the United States presented the spectacle of a great country all of whose citizens took an intense interest in politics. Hear what is said in America itself.

"AMERICA is a country where politics is brought to the attention of every man, but Americans know less about public affairs than almost any other nation. The English read all the debates in Parliament, and carefully study all questions. They know all their Ministers by name, and feel almost personally acquainted with the leaders in the House of Commons. Every four years the American is aroused by the excitement of a Presidential campaign, but during the intervening period he pays little attention to public affairs, and leaves all questions to the politicians. In England the papers contain extensive accounts of all the proceedings of Parliament, while in this country the reports of the actions of Congress are condensed, and in many papers are banished to the supplements, while base-ball and divorces are described in every detail. We do not study sufficiently the questions of the day, and are not sufficiently cognizant of the actions of our representatives. How many Americans can name twenty-five United States Senators, with the States they represent? How many know by name the Cabinet officers, or the Justices of the Supreme Court? We like to hurrah for some one during the campaign, but we do not sufficiently weigh the question as to who we shall hurrah for."

THE "invasion" of America by foreigners in the week ending June 30th last, consisted of an army of 11,282, namely—

|                     |     |       |
|---------------------|-----|-------|
| Saturday, June 23rd | ... | 1,179 |
| Sunday " 24th       | ... | 2,852 |
| Monday " 25th       | ... | 1,486 |
| Tuesday " 26th      | ... | 1,665 |
| Wednesday " 27th    | ... | 517   |
| Thursday " 28th     | ... | 668   |
| Friday " 29th       | ... | 2,915 |

If this were continued all the year round it would make a total of 586,664—more than half a million of people, chiefly men—coming in every year. And most of these men are artisans who mean to settle in the towns, and have no intention of roughing it on a Western farm. Is it any wonder that the American Labour Unions are crying out?

THE strike of the match girls is over: their case was admirably put for them in the papers by Mr. Laurie, of Toynbee Hall: it was also taken up by Mr. Shipton and the London Trades' Council: the Directors have behaved, apparently, with courtesy and consideration, yielding all the points in which the girls had real or fancied grievances. The history of this strike ought, as Mr. Shipton points out, to cause us to reflect on the cruel cry for cheapness. Everything that is made by hand is to be as cheap as it can be bought. Yes: but we must remember that there is a point below which cheapness means cruelty. Cheap as are the things in the drapers' windows, the rent of the shop is not lowered to make

those things cheap: nor does the manufacturer give up his country villa in order to let the shopkeeper have the things cheap. It is always wages—wages—wages—that are lowered—or else it is the importation of foreign goods, made abroad in places where wages are low, rent is low, food is cheap, and the standard of comfort is low. One of these days we will have an immense National Association pledged to buy only home-made things.

THE South London "Polytechnics" are getting on. For every pound given, the Charity Commissioners will give another pound. There is already promised a great sum, but, as yet, nothing like the £150,000 that is wanted. Considering that South London extends as far South as Croydon, there ought not to be any difficulty to raise the sum required. With these Industrial Palaces everywhere dotted about London, the future of Technical Education would seem assured.

EVERYBODY will be glad to hear that the Palace Library will be re-opened in its new and palatial room on August 4th. The books are now being classified and arranged on the shelves of the first floor. The Library Committee have resolved that catalogues will be provided after the fashion of those used at the British Museum: namely, large books with blank pages will be filled up with slips arranged alphabetically, according to the Author's name. Another catalogue of subjects will also be prepared as soon as possible. But it will take time to settle down. A third Assistant Librarian, Miss James, has been appointed.

INDIA has many points of attraction considered as a place of residence. Perhaps one of the most attractive features is that, in a country where one is continually liable to be eaten up by wild beasts, if one is abroad, or killed by snake-bite in the house, all the residents must be continually wide awake, alert, and lively. In the year 1886, wild animals in India killed 2,707 people, viz.:—elephants, 57; tigers, 920; leopards, 194; bears, 113; wolves, 222; hyenas, 24; jackals and other animals, 1,169. Many of these deaths are those of infants and young children who are stolen and killed by jackals. On the other hand there were killed—elephants, 7; tigers, 1,464; leopards, 4,051; bears, 1,668; wolves, 6,725; hyenas, 6,852; other animals, 6,852. The number of people killed by snakes was, in the same year, 22,134, and the number of cattle killed was 2,514. There were no fewer than 417,596 snakes killed. These are suggestive figures, and teach us patience even when everlasting showers rob us of our summer. EDITOR.

## Noon in (American) Summer.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

FROM the top of the tulip-poplar boughs  
The breezy call of the chevink floats  
Over the meadows of noon where browse,  
With long, plump udders, the lazy cows  
In clover up to their ruffled throats.

Beyond the meadows, that reach like bays  
To the feet of Morning where she stands,  
Twitter the sparrows and jeer the jays,  
The troubadour linnets his low flute plays  
And rubs the cricket his rough, black hands.

From the edge of the brake his morning fife  
The partridge tries 'mong the elders wet,  
The grosbeak flames like a sheath of life,  
The woodpecker flirts with his queer, gray wife,  
And the meadow-lark blows his flageolet.

Under the boughs the hang-bird's nest  
Swings like a bell in the leafy nooks,  
The red-wing patches his scarlet vest,  
And the rain-crow's sins are never confessed,  
While the swallow bathes in the summer brooks.

June! all day o'er thy quiet meads  
The songs of the whole white world are blown:  
Airs, wind-sung, from the drowsy meads,  
Flute-songs out from the moist marsh reeds,  
And hymns of the meadows that gird thy throne.

## 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 ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

As the Members of this Society were desirous of continuing practice during the summer months, Mr. Cave, at their request, applied to Sir Edmund Currie, who has kindly consented to their doing so. The object of the summer practice is to enable the Members to be prepared with a good selection of music for the Winter Concerts. The Members will therefore continue practice as before, and as they will during the summer be provided with more comfortable quarters, it is hoped that there will be a good attendance at rehearsals.

Members are reminded that their subscriptions became due at the commencement of this month, and those who have not paid are requested to do so without delay.

We are still in want of *Double Basses* and more *Brass*. Gentlemen playing brass and wood wind instruments will obtain excellent practice, as there are now nearly ninety Members, the music being very select and varied. There is no music to pay for, and the fee is only 3s. a quarter, so now ladies and gentlemen of the P.P.O.S., hunt up your friends and relations, and make the Society a complete success. We have a splendid Conductor, and if we can only get a few more *Basses* and *Brass* it cannot fail to be otherwise.

WILLIAM STOCK, Hon. Sec.

### GYMNASIUM NOTES.

All being well H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany will present the Medals and Prizes, won at our Gymnastic Competition, to the winners on Saturday, August 4th.

Will the Leaders who won Prizes kindly endeavour to meet Sergt. Burdett at the Gymnasium on Saturday next, the 28th inst., at 7 p.m., to receive all necessary instructions for the occasion? Sergt. Burdett would also like to see or hear from the four Leaders of Girls' Classes either before or on the same day as the men, viz.: Saturday next, the 28th inst., at 7 p.m.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

A highly interesting evening was spent by the above Society on Friday last, Mr. J. R. W. Knight occupying the chair. The first essay read was entitled "Thoughts on the Influence and Study of Literature," by one styling himself "Lux." Its remarks included reference to the untruthfulness of modern journalism. The next contribution was entitled "Anecdotes of Literary Men," by John Whittick, the paper (although exceeding the time allotted for reading) proving highly interesting.

The Chairman then expressed his regret that these were all that had been received from Members of the Society; and, therefore, he would read two contributions, originally forwarded for insertion in *The Palace Journal*. The first, entitled "Tales of a Quart Pot," proved interesting, and its moral was commended. The next, entitled "Kitty," was a tale of bush life; and was by no means uninteresting.

The following gentlemen criticised the various contributions:—Messrs. G. J. White, H. Hawkins, W. Moody, Maynard, Harrington.

At the conclusion of the meeting W. Moody called attention to the fact that Members did not know the title of the contributions until the meetings had commenced, and proposed that the programme be published previously in *The Palace Journal*. The Chairman explained "That this would be acquiesced with as far as practical." Many Members did not send in their contributions till within an hour or so of the commencement of the meeting, and great inconvenience arose from the fact that many Members' promises were not realities. In future Members are requested to send in their contributions, or titles of same, early, that they may be announced under *nom de plume* or otherwise. Mr. Knight was pleased to inform us that our President was exerting his influence to make the coming session a success.

The next meeting will be held on Friday, August 17th, at 8.15 p.m.

Members can be enrolled by communicating with either of the undersigned, addressed to the Palace.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

On Monday last the attendance was rather small owing to counter-attractions in the Queen's Hall.

Mr. Gold and the undersigned journeyed to the "Roebuck" on Thursday last, and interviewed Mr. H. Smith concerning our outing. As a result we are pleased to announce that we have made exceptionally favourable terms with him. We can now offer to Members and friends an afternoon's and evening's enjoyment for 2/- Return railway fare. Good tea, dancing, singing, recitations, etc.

Tickets are now ready, and can be had of any of the following Stewards:—Messrs. Gold, Rowe, Rudd, Skinner, Swain, Simpson, or from G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last six Members started from the Palace on the run to Nunhead. On arriving at Nunhead we found the fliers already hard at work on the track trying their hardest to break the records. Having divested ourselves of superfluous clothing, a hard evening's work on the track was indulged in.

On Saturday only six Members undertook the journey to Cheshunt. Most of the Members were busily engaged preparing for next Thursday. Starting from the Palace at 4.15, we made for Walthamstow. With a nice high wind blowing from the rear, Chingford was soon reached, and passed, whilst Waltham Abbey could be seen in the distance.

Bowling along at a good pace, assisted greatly by the wind, Cheshunt was reached in very good time. Having satisfied the cravings of the inner man with a substantial tea, the mount was sounded, as we had to face and fight Boreas. After a glorious moonlight ride back through Waltham, Chingford and Walthamstow, home was reached by 10.30.

Next Thursday the First Annual Race Meeting of the Beaumont Cycling Club will take place at Brown's Grounds, Nunhead. Racing will start punctually at six o'clock. Members competing will not on any consideration be allowed to change their heats which have been drawn for under the rules of the N.C.U. The heats will be started punctually to time on the programme. Any Competitor not on his mark will forfeit the race.

For the convenience of Members and friends who have not visited the track the following directions are given:—

1. Trains leave St. Paul's Station, L.C.D.R. Line, Queen Victoria Street, for Nunhead, at 4.25, 5.0, 5.27, 5.49, 6.14 and 7.30. On coming out of Nunhead Station, turn to the left under the railway bridge and take the first turning on the left, when the gates of the ground will face you.

2. Trains from Whitechapel.—East London Line for New Cross on the Brighton Line, at 4.57, 5.32, 5.57, 6.36, 7.51.

3. Trains from St. Mary's, Whitechapel, for New Cross on the Brighton Line, at 5.12, 5.42, 6.12, 6.42, 7.12.

On leaving New Cross, L.B.S.C.R. Station, turn to the right, keeping on the left hand side of the road. Turn to the left up Lausanne Road, which is the sixth turning on the left from New Cross Station. Take the second turning on the right (Evelina Rd.) and then the second turning on the left (Gibbon Road). At the end of Gibbon Road is the railway station. Go under the railway arch and take the first turning on the left, when the gates of the ground are immediately in front of you. It is about ten minutes to a quarter of an hour's walk from New Cross to Nunhead.

On behalf of the Members of the Beaumont Cycling Club, I desire to thank J. D. Kemp, Esq., for his contribution towards the Challenge Cup.

A few more tickets can still be had on application to J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

On August 4th a concert will be given before the Duchess of Albany.

Members are requested to attend the rehearsals regularly, and bring the "Seasons" and "Messiah" with them. Those who have not already secured the new glees, can do so on Friday from Mr. Laundy.

Tenors and Basses, also good Altos, are wanted. Any lady or gentleman having a knowledge of music, desirous of joining the Society, should apply at once to the Secretary. Rehearsals every Friday, 7.30 p.m. FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec. A. LAUNDY, Librarian.

### BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club will take place on Thursday next, 26th July, at 8 o'clock sharp, when all Members and intending Members are earnestly requested to be present. Important business. J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec. E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Exhibition of Competition Sketches by Members of the above Club will be held on Monday, October 8th, and Tuesday, October 9th, evenings only, 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Any subject intended for Competition must be addressed to the "Secretary, Beaumont Sketching Club," at least six days before the Exhibition. For further particulars see *The Palace Journal* of the 18th inst. T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

### ELOCUTION CLASS.

Members who are in the caste of "Money," will please be looking over Acts IV. and V., with a view to their being played at an early date, together with Act III. This will be followed by a representation of the whole play. Will Members please note?

### LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Thursday evening concerts in the Ladies' Social Club will be discontinued until the first Thursday in August, when it is hoped that ladies and gentlemen willing to assist will come and bring their music with them. M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. MISTLETOE.—Hoop-la! Again we are fairly in it—I mean that the summer weather, which we have been longing for, has at last made its appearance; and cricketers in untold numbers are to be seen sporting themselves all over the country. Dates, too, are being quickly booked, and already we are without a spare Saturday until the end of September. The return match with the Mistletoe was played at Victoria Park last Saturday, and ended in an easy win for the Palace. The Mistletoe starting batting and commenced fairly well, the first wicket fell for 8; but after this little could be done against the attacks of A. Bowman and Fred Knight—the innings closing for 19 runs. Bowman and Knight bowled throughout the innings, the latter especially coming out with a good average. The Palace fellows on going to bat fared bad at the start, 2 wickets falling for 4 runs. Goodwin and Knight played well together, and soon put the issue beyond doubt. Byard, C. Bowman and Josephs played well for their runs, the innings closed for 88 runs, leaving the Palace victors by 69 runs. The following are scores and bowling analysis:—

Table with columns for Mistletoe and People's Palace players, showing runs scored and bowling figures (overs, maidens, runs, wickets).

BOWLING ANALYSIS table with columns: Overs, Maidens, Runs, Wickets.

On Thursday evening (to-morrow) a scratch match will be played at Victoria Park between teams captained by Messrs. T. G. Carter and A. Wainman; commence at 6.15 sharp. The following will probably represent the Palace Captain's team:—H. W. Byard, W. Goodwin, E. C. Brown, A. and C. Bowman, S. A. Asser, F. Knight, W. Hendry, Philpot, Wand, Wenn, E. Bell and T. G. Carter. We should be glad to see as many Palace Members as possible.

On the August Bank Holiday the People's Palace C. C. will play the return all-day match against the Englefield Green C. C. at Egham. The following is the probable team:—Messrs. W. Goodwin, E. C. Brown, A. and C. Bowman, Will Hendry, L. Goldberg, F. Knight, S. A. Asser, H. W. Byard, J. Cowlin, T. G. Carter (Captain.) Reserves—G. Josephs, I. H. Proops, W. Gorton, G. Bowman, and if a sufficient number can get away on the Saturday, arrangements will be made to stay over the Sunday in the neighbourhood of Egham. Any Palace cricketer or Member who would like to accompany the team would oblige by sending in their names to the Captain, Mr. Carter, as early as possible, so as to make proper arrangements. Next Saturday the First Eleven play Markhouse C. C. at Wanstead. The Palace team is as follows:—W. Goodwin, E. C. Brown, A. and C. Bowman, F. Knight, H. W. Byard, W. Hendry, H. Chatterton, G. Josephs, J. Cowlin, T. G. Carter (Captain.) Reserve—F. Hunter.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SECOND ELEVEN v. LAUREL CRICKET CLUB.—This match was played on the Palace ground at Wanstead. Wainman winning the toss, started batting with Thomson, to the bowling of Baker and MacDonald. The batsmen could do very little and were all out for 41 runs.

The Laurel started batting with Clarke and Bird, to the bowling of Wainman and Sheppard, but the batsmen could not do much with the bowling, and were all out for 44 runs.

Table with columns for People's Palace and Laurel players, showing runs scored and bowling figures.

The following will represent the Palace against the Oval at Wanstead:—W. Everson, W. Wenn, W. Wand, W. Newman, C. Jacobson, G. Sheppard, G. Thomson, S. Loxton, G. Helbing, L. Nathan, A. Wainman (Captain). Reserves—W. H. Taylor, J. Lyons.

THIRD ELEVEN v. COLUMBIA CRICKET CLUB.—This match was played at Wanstead on Saturday, and resulted in an easy victory for the Columbia. The Third making 25 and the Columbia 146. The underhand bowling of the Columbia was very strange to the Third's batsmen, and the consequence was that the majority were caught off it.

Next Saturday the Third play the Cambridge Cricket Club at Wanstead. Team:—Adams, Alvarez, P. M. and W. W. Carter, Final, Witham, Etridge, Claridge, M. Prager, Valentine and H. Fairweather (Captain). Reserves—Williams, Leach.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, favoured with brighter weather than we have been experiencing during the past month or two, a small party of Ramblers visited the "Chequers," at Dagenham. Meeting at Bow Station (N.L.R.) at 3.40 p.m., we were conveyed by train to Plaistow, where we alighted, and awaited the arrival of the Southend train to transport us to our destination. Arriving at Dagenham at about half-past four, we visited the curious old Church, which contains, among other relics of the "good old times," helmets and defensive weapons of various sorts and sizes. Why they are preserved in the Church we knew not, neither could we find out, there being apparently no one about who could give us the desired information. Leaving the Church, we continued our rambles through the old-fashioned village, and along the Ripple Road to the "Chequers." Here we found, expectantly awaiting us, another party of Ramblers, who had journeyed from Barking.

Tea having been ordered, our hostess informed us that if we liked we could stroll about the garden until tea was ready, an invitation which we readily accepted. Here the raspberries and currants grew in lavish profusion, looking awfully nice after our long walk through the dusty roads. We then visited the stables and the skittle alley (which, by the way, is sadly in want of renovation), and once more entered the inn, where we found tea was ready. Suffice it to say that we thoroughly enjoyed it, and, having satisfied ourselves, we donned our habiliments, and made our way back across the fields to Dagenham, where we were just in time to lose the train, and on making enquiries of the station master, that official informed us that we should have to wait over two hours for the next; so we decided to walk to Rainham, about three miles distant, where we were more fortunate, arriving eventually at Bow about 9.30 p.m. After the usual farewells we parted on our respective ways home.

July 28th.—Chingford. 3.40 from Coborn Road to Snaresbrook. Tea at Coffee Tavern.

August 4th.—No ramble.

August 6th.—Hadley Woods. Tea at the "Two Brewers" at 4 o'clock.

August 11th.—Garden Party. "Red House."

August 18th.—No ramble.

August 25th.—River Trip.

Tickets for the Garden Party will be ready on Monday next, and can be obtained of any Member of the Committee. Ramblers' tickets (double) 6d. each; Members of Palace and friends (double) 1s. each. Early application should be made as the number will be limited.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

By far the most exciting race was decided in the Bath on Friday last, Mr. Ashford, the virtual scratch (8 secs.), just managing to touch before the second man, who had 42 secs. start. The following is the result of the race:—Ashford, 8 secs., first; Etridge, 42 secs., second; and J. J. Newman, 60 secs., third. The winner just won by a touch after having nearly half the distance to pick up, whilst the second and third were only separated by about twelve inches.

Captaincy Race to-morrow night, also First-Class Competition, viz.: 510 yards in 11 minutes. All who wish to enter should turn up not later than 8.30 p.m.

Next race—150 Yards' Challenge—on Thursday week.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.
C. G. RUGG, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

A General Meeting will be held this evening, Wednesday, July 25th. All Members are particularly requested to attend, as this is most important, 9 o'clock sharp.

I. H. PROOPS, Hon. Sec.
P. SIMONS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Will Members please note that a General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 25th inst., in School-room, at 8 o'clock prompt? Business.—The election of two Members to the Committee.

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of Members will be held on Tuesday, 31st inst., at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of considering "some urgent business affecting the well-being of some of its Members." It is important that all should attend.

SECTION A.—Rehearsal for Wednesday nights as usual. Wednesday 1st excepted.

All Members of this Section will please attend. The other Sections we are busy trying to get a head for, and hope to announce in next week's Journal the results.

A few ladies still wanted.

JOHN MUNRO, Hon. Sec.
ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.

THE R.I.P. DRAMATIC CLUB.

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, there dwelt on the ceiling of an Indian king's palace a happy colony of flies. If you had searched every hole and corner in that kingdom you could not have found a happier set of house-buzzers. Well, one day, after they had exhausted themselves by sliding on every bald head in the realm and had madly chased each other in the playful game of "touch," the flies suddenly became extremely dissatisfied with their existence. They had been cloyed with the pleasures of life: every wild excitement in which flies are prone to indulge had been exhausted, and like the monarch of old, they pined for a new diversion. As the time went on they grew more and more discontented with their lot, until one day—in an evil hour—a sprightly young fly suggested calling a meeting, when they could bewail the monotony of life, and seriously debate Whether Life Was Worth Living. So they met: and a grave and reverend blue-bottle opened the proceedings. After a lot of ridiculous buzzing and wasting of time—(how human are flies!)—and a pleasing exhibition of conscious sapience, a winged savant arose to buzz. Shaking the dust off his legs and settling his wings, he mildly suggested that they should form among themselves a Society for Imitating Nature, and become, as their human enemies would term it, a body of play-actors. The very thing! At this very original suggestion there arose such an appreciative buzzing that the Indian king, in wild alarm, sent his aide-de-camp to see what was the matter—fearing that an attack was about to be made upon his palace.

Well, to make a long story short, they immediately formed into a company—a hundred strong—under the style and title of The Royal Indian Palace Dramatic Club. They elected their officers, and appointed their captains, and everything promised right merrily for the future. Presently they began—what is called—rehearsing. Now, among the club's members were certain peculiar buzzers, filled from the crown to the toe top-full of the direst self-conceit. These were all blue-bottles, which on many former occasions in the colony, had burned to distinguish themselves. First, there was the lean Sir Grede Gadphly, full of what Tennyson calls the "silent smiles of slow disparagement"—quite an old hand at "imitating nature"; next, a smooth-visaged and particularly "knowing" buzzer, of Norman extract, known in the colony as L'Artphul D'Odjir; next, a fussy young spark, of rhetorical repute, called Grashi Yarno, who was eternally buzzing an infinite deal of nothing; another, surnamed Er Rezoloot—a half-caste blue-bottle—and several others whose names I forget. It seems that these aspiring ceruleans had wanted most particularly, when the club was formed, to have been chosen for High Office, but which, alas! the Parca of these earthly buzzers had decreed it should not be. So they determined among themselves to obtain "positions" or perish in the attempt, and banding together they, at the smiling suggestion of Sir Grede, secretly agreed to "blizzard" the Dramatic Club at the very first opportunity—which, you may be sure, was not long coming. Things progressed smoothly enough until one day certain of the would-be play-actors suddenly threw up their respective parts and refused to rehearse any longer. If the Truth—the sweet, stern, blessed Truth—must be told, the fault lay with these insects themselves. They were so filled with a sense of their own importance that the beautiful blank-verse tragedy, written by the Shakespeare of Flyland, was not, forsooth! good enough for them—and so the trouble began. Yet matters might have been settled amicably enough by the officers in charge, had not the still-smiling Sir Grede—observe he always smiled!—given the wink to the busybody surnamed the D'Odjir, who, in his turn, summoned the oratorical Grashi Yarno, the half-cerulean Er Rezoloot, and the other conspirators, and met one dark night in a more removed part of the king's palace.

Now at the first election there had been chosen for their Director of Acting a very veteran of flies, who had once witnessed the tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," played before the Athenian duke Theseus, by a company of swaggering hempen home-spuns, and who, beholding, had been filled with a passionate yearning for things theatrical. So when his chance came he gladly accepted the post, fully intending to do his best for the welfare of the club, and blindly opining that the company was the very pink of politeness. This insect rejoiced in the name of Bus-Edisha. From the very first the lean and smiling Grede had determined on this veteran's overthrow: for in the corners of his heart he positively Hated Him!!!

So he set about it this way: he caused a general meeting to be called, at which he meant to hurl the aged Bus-Edisha from his exalted seat and secure the reins of government himself. Thinking of nought but self-aggrandisement, he carefully drilled each of his respective satellites into perfect obedience. Each, therefore, knew exactly what to say and to do when the signal for "the overthrow" was given.

There is little more to tell. At that meeting all sorts of absurd and groundless charges were brought against Bus-Edisha—who, by-the-way, had been invested with the fullest powers—charges, of course, which could not hold water. L'Artphul D'Odjir, in this instance, quite distinguished himself. Meeting after meeting was held, at which the conspirators, to do them justice, certainly exerted themselves to the utmost. Elated with their ungodly success, these would-be Alexanders next proceeded to conquer everything and everybody in their way. The minor officers of the club had the most unmistakable insults hurled at their devoted heads—insults which, strangely enough, they seemed quite unable to resent. Not so, Bus-Edisha; he defended himself with the strength of a hero: until at last, yielding to the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune, he crept back to his corner sick at heart and ill at ease. He felt—nay, he knew—that he had played into the hands of this assassinating clique, and was his spirit sore within him. Then the D'Odjir called a meeting; then, again, did Grashi Yarno: until the gad-flying and the buzz-fuzzing became so intolerable that the virtuous Bus-Edisha resigned in sheer disgust. With commendable sympathy the officers of the club followed suit—strong in their determination never to play again whilst such blue-bottles as Gadphly, D'Odjir and Co. remained as members of the Dramatic Club. Thus, like a house of cards blown by a zephyr, the whole Club fell to the ground: and then was there a wailing and a bitter lamentation: like unto the strong grief of the tender Niobe. A few days after, the worn and veteran Bus-Edisha was missed, and the disbanded club, filled with apprehension, sought him everywhere. Presently he was discovered—cold and beautiful in death: for there, upon a distant window-pane, he had, in very anguish of spirit, "blown" himself to sweet eternity!

DOGBERRY.

The Service of the Country.

But here remains the English ideal; that in the service of the country no fortune is to be made. The soldier's pay is very poor; so is the priest's: the member of Parliament has none. I say the priest, notwithstanding that there continue to be great prizes in the Church—seats in which a clerical dignity may grow fat, and in which he is surrounded by an atmosphere of wealth and splendour. This is not, however, because of his sacred duties, but because (in most cases at least) of the conjunction of secular dignity along with spiritual. A Bishop does not only rule his diocese, he has a so to deal with the world: to administer estates sometimes, public matter always, and to hold his place among the potencies of the kingdom. He is one of the heads of a great public institution which must maintain a dignified aspect in the eyes of the world: but everywhere and in all sections the rank-and-file of the Church are poor. It is their business to serve for nought or next to nought. And even now it is a rare thing that an officer should be able to live by his profession. He is supposed to have something to help him out—"private means" as people say; hoping for each curate and lieutenant that these means may exist or else—poor fellow! These two professions, above all others, are called upon to be always ready for every kind of sacrifice. The soldier must shrink from no forced march, no exposure, no risk, should it be that of life; the priest is equally bound to go everywhere he is called—in the thieves' den, into the hotbed of pestilence, wherever a sufferer needs succour. They cannot be paid in money for these noble dangers of their profession, and nobody tries to do so: they are supposed to have other rewards. The ideal is the finest in the world, whatever may be the suffering or the trouble of carrying it out.

The working men's clubs take no interest in these two professions: it is difficult to know why, for soldiering never loses its charm, and the army is made up of the sons and brothers of working men; while if not in England, yet in Scotland and Ireland, the P. P. and the parish minister have often very close relations with the soil. No interest, however, in improving the condition either of the Church or the army ever moves the thoughts of the political societies. Is it that the humble ratepayer who contributes a farthing to the income of the country believes that he would hold in check the member of Parliament whom to the extent of his farthing he could flatter himself to have hire for his service? or is it that the purely theoretical, the fantastic political question which can never come to anything, is to the inexperienced the most desirable thing to discuss?—St. James's Gazette.

## Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

TO confess the truth, I have little or nothing in the way of Institute or Palace news to write about this week: and where to find the straw to furnish bricks enough for a couple of columns passeth my understanding. Yet it has to be done: so one had just as well commence *something*, you know. Suppose, we talk about the weather—? No,—second thoughts are best after all: and my second thoughts tell me that to thrust the weather (and *such* weather!) into the face of the much-aggravated Britisher is really adding insult to injury. I was talking to an American gentleman the other day—not the conventional, goat-bearded Jonathan, but a real, characteristic Yankee—and he solemnly assured me that he had spent ten months here in England during 1887, and six months of the present year, and had not succeeded in enjoying one *real summer's day* during the combined sixteen months! Possibly that child of Washington expected too much; and I, in my intensely insular way, began rather indignantly telling him so, when I suddenly remembered that there was no satisfying a Yankee when once he had become possessed of an obstinate idea. The weather—? Ah, yes; we agreed not to say anything about it, didn't we? (Having "fixed" one little par., I must cast around for more "straw.")

THE Institute pool has become rather stagnant lately: and its respective tritons and minnows have been "sudden sally"-ing—as the Laureate would put it—elsewhere. Such great fish as Karet, Wadkin, Morris, etc., have gone in quest of deeper pools, far from the madding family circle at Mile End: and, say I, may they come back all the better for their sojourn in foreign waters. Indeed, their seeking after recreation—as I assume it to be—has apparently affected the whole community: for many well-known faces do I miss, and the place hath an air like unto that of the Deserted Village. The Art Society Sec. has journeyed to Manxland on purpose to find out for himself whether the inhabitants of that Island really do pedestrate on three legs instead of two; the blithesome ex-Premier (who "owes me one," I am told, for that "cruel allusion" to the Literary Society's outing) has gone for a merrie tour upon a "bike"; whilst Albu—the genial Alexander—has left for the Fatherland to settle the peace question with Kaiser Wilhelm; and many other fellows, like Puck, have departed, strong in their determination of engirdling the earth in—rather more'n—forty minutes. Thus this thyness. (Another par. We're getting on.)

MR. ALBERT HUNT, who writes me an exasperatingly-inviting letter, tells me that the Technical Day School boys stationed at Clacton-on-Sea are faring famously. According to Albert, the weather has been simply "splendid"—alas! poor Londoners!—so much so, that he opines that the mothers won't know their own particular offsprings. (Which will be rather hard on the Technical *maters*, by the way.) The second detachment of lads leave for Clacton to-morrow, I believe: and should the youngsters prove as lively as their predecessors, a high old time for Albert may be anticipated. I am told that he didn't get a wink of sleep on the first night of their holiday-making: so that "what to do with our boys" really became a serious question. They arose that night—or, rather, the next morning, at four of the clock; now, I am told, it's a difficult matter to "move" them at seven!

It is questionable whether the letters which have appeared in this Journal on the subject of the summer holidays have been of any real service after all. I opine not. The ball was set rolling by one—a "Junius Brutus Baker"—who had the matter much at heart; this, in turn, was followed by a lengthy letter on an excellent Welsh tour, written by a gentleman who knew what he was writing about—which again was succeeded by several others. "All Eatanswill rang with their boldness—on paper," says Dickens. All the Palace rang with their holiday projects—on paper, paraphrasing, say I. But at paper the matter seems to have stopped. To the best of my knowledge, information and belief, not one single tour has been the outcome of these holiday epistles: but still I think that the trouble to which the writers have been put will not be thrown away. We are young, you know—still in the virgin beauty of our youth—and in the years to come, when we are getting slightly "crusty," we shall be able, if in doubt where to spend the summer recess, to turn with a shrewd wink to the JOURNAL LETTER COLUMN of volume ii., and there read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the "tips." (The "straw" has lasted, you see: nearly a column!)

THE Coopers' Exhibition closed on Saturday. In the afternoon of that day the more fortunate cooper exhibitors assembled together in the Queen's Hall to receive their respective awards. It was really an interesting occasion: and the way in which the winners arose to receive the gold and silver portraits of the Queen—Heaven bless her!—was particularly inviting and much to be envied. All the awards, I believe, were money-prizes; certificates were also given, and one gentleman was fortunate enough to receive the freedom of the Coopers' Company, a prize that was given—as the newspapers would say—amid loud applause. Mr. Holborn, Master of the Company, distributed the prizes.

THERE are to be gay festivities at the Palace on August Bank Holiday. Attractions innumerable all day long, picture-gallery, organ recitals, entertainments, displays, shows, bands, etc., and in the evening the lovely croft, just outside the Queen's Hall, is going to rival the Anglo-Daneries in point of light and lustre. Venetian masts, Chinese lanterns, and all the gay appurtenances which go to make up a *fête* will be found: but the switchback-railway will be conspicuous by its absence. The *fête* is to last a month. Young Mile End will wax loud in its merriment: and there shall be no more tears or bitter lamentations: only the soft sighs of much contentedness.

I AM told that Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany will open the new Library on Saturday, August the 4th. This is very pleasing news. Her Royal Highness, all being well, will also distribute the prizes, won in the recent Gymnastic Competition, to the successful Competitors; and will further award distinguishing badges to four of our successful lady Gymnasium leaders.

THERE will be two Organ Recitals each Sunday on and after August 12th. The first, as heretofore, at 12.30, and the next at 4 p.m. Palace frequenters will learn with pleasure that the services of the celebrated blind organist, Mr. Alfred Hollins, have been secured for the People's Palace.

THERE was an accident in our Swimming-bath on Monday afternoon. Against all rules and in spite of repeated warnings, a young man ascended to the gallery and began clambering and swinging on the iron-rods that cross the roof. His hands slipped: and with an awful thud he fell upon the flagstones below. The poor fellow, amid an indescribable scene of confusion, was lifted in an unconscious state and taken to the hospital where, I am told, he is not expected to live. It is hoped that so terrible a warning as this will effectually help to keep the more daring from doing those things which they ought not to do. Such a peculiar lawlessness of spirit has at times characterized some of the frequenters of the Bath that I have often wondered that an accident has not occurred before.

THAT extremely fortunate young man, Harrier Sec. Deeley, has again been distinguishing himself, having succeeded on Saturday last in carrying off the Essex Championship. This is but one of his many successes, and he really is extremely fortunate. Deeley and I are "out" at present writing: but I hope he will allow me to offer my sincerest congratulations. It's always welcome news to hear of our Palace fellows carrying off honours.

THE Donkey and Pony Show commenced its eventful career on Monday at two o'clock. The grounds of the Palace at that hour were remarkable for mirth, mokes and medley, and was indeed a picture of surpassing brilliancy. A great number of the asinines were in good form, and, being gaily decked with the love tokens of their owners, might have rivalled Ophelia in the matter of fantastic head-gear. There were several sage Neddies scattered about: bright of eye and sleek of body: one old Methusalem taking the cake at 99 years of age. The judging took place in front of the new School-buildings in the afternoon. "How old is this animal?" asked one of the judges, dubiously—"fifteen?" "Lord bless yer, sir," replied the owner of the sagacious moke, "he's been in the family for nigh 'on twenty years!" Then somebody laughed. The march-past proved, as I expected, to be quite a unique feature. To the enlivening strains of the Thames Iron Works Band, stationed outside the Queen's Hall, the march round the Mokeries began. Presently, it seemed as if we were having a sample of Buffalo Bill's late performances. Divers Neddies, in a manner peculiar to themselves, began a series of imitation "buck-jumpings"; whilst "Troublesome Bill"—a jackass of advanced political opinions—showed himself justly entitled to his name, and for a long time obstinately refused to budge an inch. Several of the interesting animals began, like "old Truepenny in the cellarage," to "S-w-e-a-r" in a highly-exhilarating manner—a feat that was greatly applauded by his compeers in the rear. One solitary "Forgotten" figure in a corner was amusing himself and his hearers by an excellently-rendered version of Sullivan's "A Wandering Minstrel I"—or what sounded remarkably like it. *Enfin*, the vagaries of these animals knew no bounds and kept the spectators vastly amused all the afternoon. The judges were Messrs. J. M. Birch, E. Feary, C. Webster and F. Webster. Much of the Show's success was due to Mr. Harold E. Boulton and Mr. W. J. Orsman—who had no small share in its organisation.

THE second day's proceedings were less hilarious: but much amusement reigned where the donkeys most did congregate. Early in the afternoon the boys of the training-ship *Exmouth* with instruments of brass discoursed much music. A little later Lady Hay Currie, assisted by Lord Aberdeen, distributed to the successful moke exhibitors beautifully-inscribed certificates—testimonials which the proud owners could show as a proof of their humanity and kindness to their respective animals. Mr. Boulton proposed, and Mr. Orsman seconded, a vote of thanks to Lady Currie and Lord Aberdeen, and then a move was made to the open. In the young of the evening the Exhibition broke up, and the Mokeries, with all its memories, became a thing of the past. I am informed that the Exhibition, compared to that of last year, was a much greater success.

## "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

(Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. CHATTO &amp; WINDUS from the volume of collected stories, entitled "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.")

## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

I NOTICED that they all tried to march next to Dan, and to whisper in his ear. The whispers were friendly expressions of sympathy and regret. "How did they know I should run into Rousdon Bay to-night?" asked Dan of one of them.

The man shook his head. He knew nothing about it. "Some informer," he supposed, with a muttered curse against all informers.

I walked beside Will. He was trying to face the situation, which was very serious.

"I shall be committed for trial with the rest, Pleasance. Be brave, my girl; it will be only a term of imprisonment, no doubt. We shall fight it through. But my mother must not know."

"Oh Will, they won't send you to prison?"

"I doubt they must, my dear. I must think what is best to be done for all of us, as well as for myself. You would not like me to escape at the expense of the poor old man, would you!"

There was no reply possible to this. Of course I would not, in my right mind. Just then, however, it seemed as if even Dan might go, provided my Will could be got out of the scrape.

We marched down the steep hill which leads into Lyme, at about half-past five. The little town was sound asleep. When we reached the house of Mr. Mallock, justice of the peace, a halt was called, and the officer began to knock lustily at the door.

His worship was not dressed. Could we come later on?

We could not; the case was imperative. His worship must be good enough to get out of bed and receive us at once.

We all trooped into the narrow hall, and stood there together waiting for about ten minutes, when the magistrate came slowly downstairs, wrapped in a dressing-gown, wearing a nightcap instead of a wig, and grumbling as he slowly descended the stairs. He was a portly old gentleman with purple cheeks, eyes which might be described as goggle, and full lips. I knew him for one of Dan's best customers. The hue of those cheeks was not due to fresh air and exercise, but to port and old French brandy.

The narrow hall was nearly dark, lit only by a single tallow candle, carried by the maid who admitted us. The worthy justice looked round him with angry wonder.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "what is this? Why am I to be pulled out of my bed on a cold morning like this? Is Buonaparte landed? Have you got a French spy? Well—who is in command of you?"

"I am, Mr. Mallock, if you will allow me to speak," said the officer.

"Allow you, sir—I am waiting for you. I am up at this ungodly hour on purpose to hear you speak. Mary, go bring a pair of candles to the dining-room. Now, sir, speak."

"I am Lieutenant Pollard, Mr. Mallock, and—"

"Oh Pollard—I am sorry I did not recognise you. What with the darkness here—Mary, do fetch those lights—and the confusion of one's wits at this disturbance—pray excuse me. What does it mean, Pollard? We were wishing for you last night, over as good a glass of brandy as ever Dan—"

Here the captain interrupted him with great alacrity.

"I am here, Mr. Mallock, officially, as officer in command of his Majesty's revenue cutter, the *Teazer*. These are my men; these four are my prisoners. Prisoners, step forward!"

"Dan Gulliver!" cried the magistrate, as the lights were brought, and he could see our faces, "you a prisoner? Dear me, dear me!"

"I ask that the prisoners may be committed for trial, at the next Dorchester assizes, on a charge of smuggling. We caught them in the act."

"Ta—ta—ta! Fair and easy," said the magistrate. "You forget, sir, that I am to hear the case. This way—this way. Oh Dan Gulliver! what a blow! what a blow for all of us!"

He led the way into the dining-room, where was his great chair of justice, in which he placed himself.

"Caught, sir, landing a cargo of brandy in Rousdon Bay," said the officer. "Do you wish to hear evidence?"

"Evidence, sir? Of course I wish to hear evidence, and all the evidence you have to offer, I can assure you. Do you think that respectable people—yeomen—substantial farmers, like my friend Dan Gulliver and his sons—are to be haled off to prison on your *ipse dixit*? Ta—ta—ta! Call your evidence."

There was a general smile at the mention of Dan's occupation. Everybody, of course, knew exactly what his calling was. Even the officer, Lieutenant Pollard, drank no brandy except what came from Dan's secret cellars.

One after the other the men were called forward by the lieutenant. Each deposed the same thing. They had marched to Rousdon Bay by order of the captain, meaning Lieutenant Pollard; they had waited under shelter of the cliff from two o'clock till four, or thereabouts; then the *Dancing Polly* had sailed into the bay, and they had captured the crew, consisting of the four prisoners.

When the lieutenant had called half-a-dozen witnesses, the justice asked him if he had anything else to depose.

"Nothing more," replied the officer. "Isn't that enough? You can hear the same story from the whole sixteen."

"No, sir," said the magistrate—and I thought I saw a twinkle in his eye as he raised the important objection—"no, sir; it is not enough. You have proved to me that Dan Gulliver and the three other prisoners were on board a boat which you believe to be, and which, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may assume to be, the *Dancing Polly*. You had an undoubted right, as an officer of his Majesty's revenue, to board that vessel. Where, in my opinion, you exceeded your duty was in seizing the prisoners; for you have not proved that there was anything on board to justify that violent measure. Prove smuggling, sir, or I shall let the prisoners go, and dismiss the case."

There was a sensation in the court. The officer looked down abashed. He had actually, in his zeal to seize a well-known and notorious smuggler, omitted the most necessary portion of his case—proof of the contraband carriage. He was actually so eager to bring his prisoners to the magistrate, that he forgot to carry with him his *pièces de conviction*.

"Under the circumstances, therefore," said the justice, with a great sigh of relief, "I shall dismiss the prisoners, unless you can at once produce evidence of smuggling."

Dan smiled. Will laughed aloud. Job and Jephthah nudged each other with their elbows, and became solemn beyond what is natural in young men. Lieutenant Pollard looked—if one can say so of a gallant officer who afterwards fell fighting the battles of his country—foolish.

"I could send back to Rousdon Bay," he said "and cause to be brought kegs from the cargo of the *Dancing Polly*."

"Tush, man!" said the justice. "Who is to prove that those kegs were there when you boarded the craft?"

The revenue men looked at each other and laughed, glad to find that Dan Gulliver was going to escape their friend and greatest enemy. Only the captain looked disconcerted.

"And now," said Mr. Mallock, rising from his judicial throne, "we may dismiss this case. I hope, Pollard, that next time you drag me out of bed in the middle of the night, it will be with a better case than this. Dan Gulliver, the next time you go fishing in the *Dancing Polly*, you had better ask Lieutenant Pollard to go with you. And now, I think, I shall go upstairs and have my sleep out."

We all thought the case was over and the cause won, when a young fellow, one of the sixteen, Skirling by name—he was a Weymouth man, no man nearer than Weymouth would have willingly testified against Dan—stepped forward and spoke, with many stammers and with much hesitation.

"Beg your honour's pardon. I broached one of the kegs in the dark. I filled this 'ere bottle"—he held out a flat bottle, two-thirds emptied—"with John Beer there"—everybody looked reproachfully at John Beer, the cousin of our Lyme barber—"and we drank it together."

"Swear this man," said the justice, sitting down again.

They gave him the oath, and he repeated his evidence. The worthy magistrate tried to cross-examine him; but it was useless. The presence of the brandy could not otherwise be accounted for.

Then they called on John Beer, and that young fellow, with blushes and much unwillingness, was fain to confirm the statement.

The justice of the peace made no further opposition.

"It must be," he said, with a choke in his voice. "It is in the hope, Dan Gulliver, and you others, Job Gulliver, Jephthah Gulliver, and William Campion, all described as common mariners, that you will have a speedy deliverance, and quickly return to your—your farming and the rest of it, that I sign this document. The law is uncertain. Times are hard. Honest men cannot be spared. Ah! it is a terrible misfortune! And at this juncture, too, when good brandy is almost not to be had, and my own cellar, I regret to say, entirely empty!"

So they were all committed for trial, and bail refused.

Early as it was, the whole population of Lyme was in the streets to witness, in sympathy and sorrow, the departure of Dan Gulliver and his sons—caught at last—for Dorchester Jail. Loud were the lamentations, and deep were the curses which were uttered on the unknown informer who had wrought this evil. They put us in a waggon and we drove off—no one refusing to let me go too—to Bridport and Dorchester; the dreariest journey I ever made in my life, except one even more sorrowful, which was to come later.

There happened, after the reluctant justice had granted his warrant, a very strange thing, and one which caused the sides of all Lyme Regis to shake with laughing. We heard the news ourselves two days afterwards.

Lieutenant Pollard, ashamed of his own haste, which was almost the cause of a miscarriage of justice, despatched four of his men to seize the cargo and the boat, and to bring them round to the cove at Lyme. Both boat and cargo were the prize of the captors; and a very tidy haul the prize would prove.

The men, by their own account, lost no time in marching back to Rousdon. It was about eight o'clock when they got to the farm. Here they found Isaac Agus at work in the yard, and his wife in the dairy, and no one else about the place. Unsuspectingly they descended the hill and boarded their prize.

The *Dancing Polly* was empty.

The whole of her cargo was gone. Not one keg left; not a single trace of any brandy at all; the prize snatched from under their very eyes.

The men looked at each other aghast. It had been grief to most of them to arrest old Dan at all; he had ever been a good friend to all who wanted a little cheap spirit; but this laudable repugnance to perform the more ungrateful portion of their duties was moderated by the prospect of a prize. The *Dancing Polly* as she stood with all her gear was worth something, no doubt. And then there was the brandy.

They looked at each other in dismay. Where was it? Without a word they turned and climbed the hill to the farm. Here Isaac Agus was placidly engaged among the pigs.

He was hard of hearing and slow of speech, but at length he was made to comprehend that unknown persons had been at work in the bay since daybreak, and that he was wanted to say who they were.

He knew nothing. At the usual hour—that is, before daybreak—he had left his bed, and since then had been busy in the farmyard. The absence of Dan and the boys gave him no concern, because it frequently happened; and he was, in his slow way, amazed to learn that they were all then, with the stranger, on their road to Dorchester Prison.

But he knew nothing. The simple look of the old man, his deafness, his slowness of comprehension, convinced the men that he knew nothing. Then they returned to the bay, and stood sadly contemplating their empty prize. "Sure for certain," said one, "folks 'll laugh at us."

"Well they may," said another.

Then nature, which brings relief in different ways, gave these honest fellows theirs in a volley of oaths, a broadside of oaths, fired by all together. They swore at the unknown informer, in the first instance, for causing them to meddle with Dan Gulliver at all; and then at the unknown brigands who had robbed the cargo; and then at the captain, for being in such a mighty hurry; and then at things in general.

Before they had anything like finished swearing—so, that is, as to feel easy and comfortable in their minds about the past, and philosophic as to the future—the thought occurred to one of them that one of the thieves might have been the fourth partner in the firm, Joshua Meech, of Up Lyme Hill.

It would be an excellent conclusion to the business to find that heroic smuggler in the act of carting the kegs, or stowing them away in the mill. They lost no time in marching over the fields to the mill.

It was ten o'clock when they got there; the wheel was slowly turning; the water plashed into the deep dark hole below; the grinding of the upper and the netherstone were heard within; an empty waggon was standing by the door, ready to be loaded; and at the door was Joshua Meech himself.

His coat and flat cap, his boots, his face, were covered with flour. He asked them roughly what they wanted.

When he heard that Dan was arrested, he seemed to reel and catch at the doorway. When he heard that the cargo had all disappeared, he laughed, but without merriment: and then he invited the men to search the mill.

There was nothing there.

"And so my uncle is caught," he said, "and the boys with him?"

"Ay, ay, all of them."

"Life is uncertain," said the Methody; "we are like the grass. Poor Job and Jephthah! And there was a young man with them. Was he, too, caught?"

"All caught."

"Was there any resistance?"

"The old man and his sons, they were quiet enough," replied one of the men. "The other young fellow—he kicked and fought a bit."

"Did he, now?" cried Joshua, with much interest. "Did he? That was rash. Because resistance to the king's officers is death. That's a hanging matter. The other three will get off with seven years' transportation. But he'll be hanged. Dear me! How very sad!"

He smacked his lips as if he liked the thought. Some people do like to dwell on melancholy subjects.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE KING'S CLEMENCY.

It was late in the evening when we got to Dorchester. The prison gates closed upon all that I called dear, and I was left outside.

The young man, John Beer, the same whose appetite for brandy had done us so much mischief, found me a lodging with respectable people; and I waited in trouble of soul for the morning.

At nine, after waiting outside for two long hours, I obtained admission to the prison. I went in trembling, and expected to see the prisoners jangling their chains in despair. I looked for sighs and prayers, for the tears of repentance and the groans of remorse. I found nothing of the kind. The courtyard was half full of men, who were all laughing, talking, drinking and singing. Some of them wore fetters. One man alone was dejected. He sat crouched up in a corner, his head upon his hand. I learned afterwards that he was in prison on account of a debt contracted for a friend, which he had no means of paying. Outside the prison his wife and children were starving, and he could give them no help. The law, cruel and stupid, would keep him there until out of his destitution and wretchedness he should pay. So that he was doomed to a life-long imprisonment. But Will remedied that later on. The most dare-devil fellows were a jolly band of three, waiting their trial on a charge of highway robbery, for which they were all hanged a few weeks afterwards, preserving to the last their jovial spirits, and exhibiting an example to all the world how brave men ought to face death.

My own party were not in the courtyard. Dan Gulliver and his sons were no common criminals. They had obtained, on payment of certain fees, the use of a ward all to themselves, where I found them. It was a large and cheerful room, but disfigured by the odious bars over the windows. Dan was pacing backwards and forwards; Job and Jephthah were sitting side by side in one corner, their hands folded, in silence and resignation; Will was at the table, writing.

"We must be very clear and precise about this statement, Dan," he was saying. "There must be no possible misunderstanding. They must be made to see that this is no cock-and-bull story, got up by us to help us out of our scrape."

Dan nodded reflectively.

"Now, this is what I have written—Pleasance, you are come to see us in our temporary home. Limited the accommodation, but we must make the best of it. Sit down, child, while we finish our business—now, Dan:

"This is the statement of me, Daniel Gulliver, of Rousdon Farm, parish of Rousdon, near the town of Lyme Regis.

"On Wednesday evening, October 21st, in this year 1803, I was on board my boat, the *Dancing Polly*, off the coast of France, homeward bound. I was running a cargo of brandy, in the landing of which I was caught and arrested by the revenue officers, and am now, with my two sons and a young man who was staying in my house, committed for trial for that offence.

"We took in our cargo at Barfleur on Wednesday morning. We started, the wind being then light, but afterwards freshening, and S.E. by S.; a favourable wind for us, but bad for the ships we met later on in the Channel.

"Ten miles, or thereabouts, due north from Point Barfleur there were—three men-o'-war, eight frigates, and small craft. They were beating up Channel, apparently west by north, though the wind was dead against them, and they were flying French colours.

"On the *Dancing Polly* we were about half a mile to starboard of the enemy's fleet. One of the ships hailed us to haul down and lay to; but we held on, seeing the breeze was freshening, and all in our favour.

"At three o'clock or so we made Rousdon Bay, intending to send on news of the enemy's fleet as soon as we could. Unfortunately we were caught by the officers, and arrested. So I have lost no time in putting on paper the observations we made as to the whereabouts of the enemy.

"I am in the hope that this intelligence may prove of use to his Majesty's government, and that the diligence I have used in forwarding it immediately may be taken into account against the fact of my having broken the law in my venture to the French coast."

"I don't think, Dan," said Will, after carefully reading the whole, "that we can do much more good to the document. There is the information, fresh and valuable and trustworthy. Nelson would like it, if the officials do not; but they would not dare to shelve it. And now, Dan, you must sign."

Dan Gulliver, after making the careful preparations for writing common to people of that time, unaccustomed to sign their names, perpetrated a form which he meant to stand for Daniel Gulliver, while Job and Jephthah looked on in silent admiration. Anything their father did was great and beautiful. For that parental respect I honour their memory.

That done, "Now, Pleasance," said Will, who had taken the entire command of the business, "please go into the town, ascertain who is the best lawyer in the town—the gentlefolks' lawyer. Go call at his office, and bring him here without a moment's delay."

"Tell him not to fear about money, for there is plenty under the hearthstone," said Dan.

It was not difficult to find the best lawyer in Dorchester. Everybody sent me to Mr. Copas. I found him an elderly gentleman, who wore a large wig, and looked like a dignitary of the church.

"This sort of case does not lie in the ordinary course of my practice," he said; "I recommend you to go to Mr. Ferret, whose clients chiefly consist of—"

"I think, sir," I said, "that when you know who one of the smugglers is, you will not refuse to act for us. Pray, pray come and see him! And, oh! if it is the money you are thinking of, Dan says there is plenty of money under the hearthstone."

Mr. Copas smiled.

"It had better be in the bank, child. Well, I will go with you. But I do not promise anything."

We found Will alone in the ward, still busy with paper and pen. He was graver than usual, as was only natural, but when his eyes met mine he smiled in his quiet and sympathetic way.

"Now, my good fellow," said Mr. Copas, in a patronising and friendly tone, "tell me what you have to say; but do not waste time, and tell the truth."

"What I have to say is, Mr. Copas," said Will, "that I am a gentleman who has got into a scrape with three most worthy smugglers."

"A gentleman? Well, you do not look like a sailor. But go on."

"My name is Campion. I am the only son of the late Sir Godfrey Campion, and the chief partner in the firm of—"

"Good heavens! And you a smuggler?"

"Well, not exactly. But I went for a venture with Dan Gulliver, and we were all caught. That is the story."

(To be continued.)

## From a Falkland Islander.

I have been in England only a few weeks, having arrived from the Falkland Isles in May. Of course I have been seeing the sights of London; and very wonderful they are to me. All that I know of London, except what I have read or what I have seen since my arrival, is comprised in the hazy and confused recollections of my boyhood; and the only feature of London which I can claim to clearly recognise is Trafalgar Square, which I remember chiefly by the column. I was a boy of seven when I last saw it—to day I am a man of forty; and the whole of the intervening years have been passed on a Falkland sheep-run. There is nothing very remarkable about that. Other Englishmen have returned after a much longer absence; and so, not deeming myself a person of any importance, I set about the employment of my six months' holiday in the orthodox fashion. But after a while I found myself an object of interest. A man of forty who had but just seen a railway train, who knew nothing whatever of wheeled vehicles save of the roughest description, who had never travelled on a decent road, who regarded pork as the greatest luxury, and who had never ever seen a tree until the other day, was generally felt to be a very rare sort of civilized being indeed.

Thirty-three years ago there was a great rush to the colonies. My father was attracted by the Falkland Isles. Glowing accounts were given of their fertility and salubrity, and rich specimens of Falkland-grown wheat were shown about. So to the Falklands my father went, taking with him, among other belongings, myself. There he died, and there I have ever since lived. I make no complaint, but the Falklands were not what my father expected to find them. They contain scarcely an acre of arable land. What is not sheer rock is covered with herbage so scanty that three acres are only sufficient to maintain one sheep. There is not a trace of any kind of mineral. The climate is cold and boisterous, but not unhealthy. The sea around the islands is chilled by the currents sweeping round Cape Horn from the Antarctic, and is so icy that any one falling into it has but a poor chance of escape. We frequently see large icebergs floating past the islands. Our best month is November, and the summer is very short. But if nature has not endowed the Falklands very richly, it is still possible to support existence there. The staple occupation is sheep farming; the staple food is mutton; the staple exports are wool and tallow. Upon this we thrive fairly well, in our own limited way.

Nothing grows in the Falklands higher than a table; this explains why trees are a novelty to me. Practically all our supplies, with the exception of mutton and wild geese, are imported. The land is mostly too poor for cows, so that we have to put up with condensed milk. Milk from the cow is 1s. a quart. Butter, imported in hermetically sealed tins from Denmark, is 2s. 6d. a pound. All our fabrics, utensils, implements, tools, etc., come from England. The beef we get is poor, except at two brief seasons of the year, and it is always so dear as to be beyond the reach of most of us. Fresh pork, as I have already hinted, is a rarity; even cured pork is too costly for ordinary consumption. The wild geese, however, are so plentiful as to be a nuisance at times; for example, when they foregather in countless numbers at the sheep-pens during the lambing or the shearing season and eat up the fresh young grass. They are very good eating, but after several weeks of exclusive diet upon them they are apt to pall. Fish is by no means abundant, and it is of indifferent quality. Our clothes are of a hard-wear unfashionable kind, and, considering their powers of endurance, do not cost us much. Thus, within the limitations I have described, one can live cheaply in the Falklands. A shepherd's wages will average £4, or even £5, a month, with all food found; and, as his expenditure need not exceed 12s. a month, he is really in a position to grow rich at the rate of £40 a year. I have shepherds on my farms who are worth hundreds of pounds. All travelling is done on horseback. Our horses are sturdy cobby little things, short in the leg and big in the barrel, and are able to cover enormous distances in a single journey, over roads which are mere tracks, often precipitous and frequently boggy. We have neither coal nor wood; our fuel is mainly peat. Those who prefer coal can indulge their taste at the price of £3 per ton. The only bank we have is a savings-bank; commercial banking is carried on by two of the principal merchants. We have a monthly mail service *via* Monte Video, carried on by German boats; but practically this means only a two-monthly service as between Falkland and England.

The Falkland Islands (with South Georgia) form a Crown colony. Our present Governor (Kerr) is not exactly popular,

but he has a difficult position. The total Government consists of about ten persons. We never have any elections; but if we feel aggrieved we have the right of petitioning the Secretary of State, who generally does us substantial justice. We have no public debt—indeed, I believe that at this moment the Treasury chest holds some thousands of pounds to the good. The taxes are practically nil, the duty on imported liquors supplying more than sufficient revenue; our exports more than double our imports in value. The Falkland Islanders, numbering about 1,500, are adding to their wealth, as the surplus of production over consumption is no less than £40,000 every year. This would be largely increased if we could do something better with the carcasses of our surplus sheep than boil them down for tallow. Some years ago the experiment of sending frozen mutton to England was made. It was wrecked by extravagance and mismanagement. We are thinking of beginning again, on a somewhat less ambitious scale. The time taken on the voyage being no great object, we propose to employ a large sailing-vessel which will carry about 30,000 carcasses.

All that newspapers can tell of the great world from which I have been so long cut off I know. But London, England, Europe, are all so strange and wonderful to me that even my own feelings are incomprehensible. I try to take things as much as a matter of course as possible, yet I say to myself that there is something very mysterious and solemn in the vast overcrowded solitude you call London. Candidly, I prefer the bogs and mountains of the Falklands. I can find my way across them easier than about London. Among the things that both charm and pain me here are the flowers, of which I cannot even recollect the names. Fancy being shown a pansy and then to be obliged to ask what it is called! This will tell you how much I had forgotten the England of my boyhood: the England I find here now is a revelation beyond anything I ever dreamed of.—*St. James's Gazette.*

## Answers to Correspondents.

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

A NON-MEMBER.—(1). Possibly in October: you should register your name at once. (2). We believe so.

TEACHER.—There is nothing decided in the matter yet. When the Trustees see the advisability, there will possibly be a class for the purpose you name.

F. CHANDLER.—If you will refer to your friend's ticket you will see that a transference from one person to another is not recognized. Why not register your name at the Palace?

P. P. S.—We believe not. Try their office in Queen Victoria Street.

QUIXOTE.—(1). Sir Arthur Sullivan is the composer. (2). We marvel at such a question!

The Chancellor's "Constantia."—Sheridan was dining with Lord Thurlow, when his Lordship produced some fine Constantia, which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to work to get another. The old Chancellor was not to be so easily induced to produce his curious Cape in such profusion, and foiled all the attempts to get another glass. Sheridan being piqued, and seeing the inutility of persecuting the immovable pillar of the law, turned towards a gentleman seated further down, and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter; for I must return to Madeira, since I cannot double the Cape."

Shooting Game.—"Time has been," said Sir Walter Scott to Captain Basil Hall, "when I did shoot a great deal: but somehow I never very much liked it. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours—but I am not ashamed to say, that no practice ever reconciled me to the cruelty of the affair."

Poetry and Prose.—One fine day in spring, Sir Walter Scott strolled forth with Lady Scott to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wanderings they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," returned Lady Scott, "especially with mint-sauce."

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