



Vol. II.—No. 38.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTICE.—In consequence of the play-ground at the rear of the School-buildings being required for the forthcoming fête, the practice of the Lawn Tennis Club must cease to-morrow (Thursday), August 2nd.

Notes of the Week.

THE Director of the Army Clothing Department has been giving evidence before the Sweating Committee. It appears that there has hitherto *been no factory clause* in the contract! This shows how careful the Government has always been of its workers. It is not the present Government only, but Governments of both Parties. Now, great contracts are given out at Colchester and Limerick, among other places, and it is to be hoped that the attention of the Committee will be directed to the manner in which the workpeople are treated in those places, and under those contracts. Possibly they are treated very well; but still the question should be put. Two or three years ago there was a great outburst of complaints against the Pimlico Factory by the working women employed there. Meetings were held. Several people took up the matter, and finally Mr. Woodall, who was then Under-Secretary, invited Mrs. Fawcett to inquire into the matter, and certain reforms suggested by that lady were introduced. But the condition of things, as disclosed during the inquiry, was very disagreeable, and the discontent of the women seemed, to those who examined into the matter, well grounded.

WHY does not the Government erect a factory at the East End, as well as the West End, and have the whole of its work done under its own roof, and *by British born workmen*? Why should the Government go to contractors at all? It ought to be considered a prize for working people to work in the pay of the Government, and it ought to be considered the plain duty of any Government to see that its workpeople receive proper wages, and do their work under regular conditions. And as for steady work, as there are always so many regiments, so many sailors, and so many policemen who want so much clothes, it ought to be easy to keep the work steady all the year round. The establishment of such Government Factories would be a truly patriotic act, but, because it has nothing to do with Party, we need not expect it of either side.

ACCORDING to the Rev. S. A. Barnett, whose knowledge of this subject must be equal to that of anybody, there are at present over 300,000 people unemployed in East London. Can this really be the case? Are there 300,000—that immense army—of men and women, all sitting with idle hands, looking for work to do? It seems incredible. One remedy suggested by him is to found a training farm where young men should be taught agricultural work. They could then be sent back to country districts, and placed on allotments. We might so get rid of a few—but it would be very few. We must think of other and additional remedies. There is that Great Government Factory proposed above, for instance. There might also be imposed a tax on immigrants, which might prevent the landing of paupers.

THERE is also possible—but one whispers this in fear and trembling—a step or two in the direction of protection. Many things would become dear if that step or two were taken: but we are fast giving up the old idea that cheapness

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
- FRIDAY.—CHORAL SOCIETY.—Practice Meeting, as usual.
CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
- SATURDAY.—Opening of the Exhibition of Paintings and Inauguration of Autumn Fête by H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany. Doors open at 2 p.m. Admission: 2 till 5, 6d.; after 5, 1d.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITALS (Queen's Hall), at 12.30 and 4 p.m. Library from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—BANK HOLIDAY.—All day Fête. From 10 till 10, admission 1d.
RAMBLERS.—To Hadley Woods. Tea at the "Two Brewers."
CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at Egham.
- TUESDAY.—All day Fête. From 10 till 10, admission 1d.
- WEDNESDAY.—Exhibition of Paintings and Illuminated Fête, 10 till 5, 6d.; 5 till 10, 1d.
DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal for Section A.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, AUGUST 5th, 1888.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

At 12.30 p.m., and at 4 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

is everything. If an increased price secures comfort to the producer, why should it be grudged? If the cheapening of goods means sweating and starvation, why should goods be cheap? On this point public opinion has to be educated.

WE have got ten beautiful new torpedo boats, with all the latest improvements, fitted with machinery as delicate as that of a watch. Four of these are finished: six more are rapidly approaching completion. Each of these vessels costs about £45,000; the whole ten will therefore cost the country about half a million. They are built for speed, and are supposed to steam 21 knots an hour. One of these vessels has been sent across the water to Ireland. In a light breeze she rolled so violently that the angle could not be computed: all the crew were horribly sea-sick and knocked about: she was constantly in danger of being swamped: she could not make even six knots an hour: and it was an agreeable surprise to the crew to find themselves actually safe in port. As for the gun, it might as well, they say, have been a champagne bottle for all the harm it could have done to an enemy. Our shipbuilders are indeed to be congratulated on their success and their surprising skill in the craft which they profess.

MR. HARRISON, the Republican Candidate for the United States Presidency, is a lineal descendant of the General Harrison, one of those who signed the death warrant of King Charles the First. On the Restoration, General Harrison, who was still living, was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The sentence was carried out on October the 12th, 1660, before an immense assemblage of people. Another of the regicides was murdered in Geneva by three ruffians. This was Lisle, whose widow twenty-five years later was executed by Judge Jeffreys for giving shelter to two Monmouth rebels. Two more lived and died in concealment in America. The fate of the regicides is a curious chapter in history, and it will be very remarkable if the great-great-grandson of the man who was thus executed at Charing Cross for his part in the King's death should succeed to the Presidency of the "other" English speaking nation. Let us hope that both the Queen and Mr. Harrison will agree not to allude to the little difficulty of the seventeenth century.

WE have already twice spoken of the wholesale immigration of which the Americans now justly complain. The following shows exactly how this immigration is encouraged and for what vile purposes. Could we not inquire who pays the passage money for many of the paupers who are landed every day in London to fill the sweaters' dens, and keep down the working man's wages? "The manner in which Italian padrones import to the United States and practically enslave their countrymen is clearly shown by an instance related by a citizen of New York who was familiar with the circumstances. A contract to furnish labourers for filling in dock property was let to an Italian padrone. He thereupon imported from Italy 200 Italian paupers, paying as passage money 32 dollars for each, less 3 dollars commission. He had a contract binding each man to work for him one year, and compelling the payment of 90 dollars for landing him in this country. He put these men at work, and lodged them in rough pine bunks in a shanty of boards, charging each 1 dollar a week for these accommodations. He sold them cheap food, consisting of stale bread and similar dainties, each workman being obliged to pay at least 30 cents a day for what he ate. The work lasted eighteen months, and each labourer was paid 1 dollar a day, less the charges of the padrone. Here are the charges made by that interesting individual:—

Commission on tickets at 3 dollars each	...	600 dollars.
Profit on passage (90 dollars—29 dollars) at 61 dollars each	...	12,200 "
Profit on hotel, at 1 dollar per week...	...	3,600 "
Profit on food, at 30 cents per day	...	25,880 "
Total	...	42,280 "

THE Italians received pay for 450 working days at 1 dol. per day (90,000 dols.) less the padrone's charges. They therefore received in cash 47,720 dols. Thus each man in eighteen months secured 238 dols. 60 cents, or 53 cents a day. The firm for which the work was done had intended to pay the labourers 1 dol. 50 cents a day, until the padrone offered to cut down the expense one-third if given full control

of the matter. Is it any wonder that this country swarms with Italian labourers when scores of padrones and steamship agents are getting rich by luring them across the ocean? It is to be hoped that the Crispi Emigration Bill, which meets with so much favour in Italy, will stop this business of Italian slavery. The laws of America have thus far proved ineffectual."

PROFESSOR BALDWIN has bitterly disappointed the country. He ought to have been killed in descending with his parachute. All right minded men who come down in parachutes get killed. Cocking is the leading case in parachutes. He had a machine made of tin, like an umbrella. Unfortunately one of the tin spokes, or whatever they were, broke and the whole thing collapsed, and so he met the end prophesied by his friends and admirers, and very properly died. Professor Baldwin, whose parachute has not yet been described in full, has disappointed his friends. The next step will be for his friends to pretend that they knew all along he was going to succeed.

THE following is a story from a Chicago paper. It would be interesting to know if similar experiences are untold by English editors:—"Not long since a wealthy young would-be author, being inspired by the hope of future recognition as a writer, decided to send a manuscript story to an Eastern magazine. Instead of accompanying it with the customary stamps for its return, the Western literateur thought he would insure its publication by pinning a 100 dol. cheque to the copy. After waiting in vain for its appearance, the author was mortified to receive back the story, together with the cheque, accompanied by the following polite note:—"Dear Sir: We regret exceedingly being compelled to return the enclosed MSS., but we are prompted to this action by the fear that your cheque is as worthless as your story. Very respectfully —"

THE year '88 is a year of centenaries. In 1588 the Destruction of the Spanish Armada was an event memorable enough to commemorate, in all conscience. Can any one try to understand what England would have become had the Spaniards conquered the country? There would have been no United States of America, no Colonies, no great English men for three hundred years at least—it took more than three hundred years for the country to become once more English, after the Norman Conquest. As for religion, literature, science, everything that makes for civilization, progress and freedom, we have only to look at Spain of the day, to understand what England might have become. But, perhaps, if the Spanish Armada had effected its landing, there would have been a second Battle of Hastings with another and a very different result.

THE year 1688 is memorable for the landing of William III., and the despatch of his father-in-law. There is a White Rose League still existing, which professes to maintain the old Jacobite traditions. With the exception of these gentlemen, I suppose we are by this time all agreed that the second expulsion of the Stuarts was about the best thing that ever happened to the country.

In the year 1788 the French destroyed the Bastille. This has come to be understood as a great democratic event—but one cannot understand why. The Bastille was not like our Newgate, a place for the imprisonment of criminals: nor was it like the King's Bench and the Fleet, a place for the imprisonment of debtors. It was simply a great prison where political offenders of the nobility were confined—often for long years, without knowing their offence, without trial, and without any hope of release. It had nothing whatever to do with the people who destroyed it. But they turned out in a vast surging mass, full of wrath, and they destroyed that prison. As for the prisons which had been used for their own classes, they simply let them alone. I am inclined to think that in the attack on the Bastille, the leaders alone understood that they were attacking the principle of irresponsible government, and that the mob simply joined in for the joy and pleasure of a free fight and the hope of plunder. When the Bastille fell, however, there was great rejoicing among the friends of liberty. Alas! in four years we shall have to commemorate the Centennial of the Reign of Terror, a period not expected by those who rejoiced at the fall of the Bastille.

Society and Club Notes.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Our First Race Meeting, which was held last Thursday, passed off very successfully, as will be seen from the following extract taken from the *Sportsman* of July 28th. There were only two papers who sent their own reporters, viz.: the *Sportsman* and the *Athletic News*, so that the report which appeared in the *Sporting Life* must have been sent by someone who wishes to do the Club or the Handicapper an injury.

The Members of this Club, which is in connection with the People's Palace for East London, held a highly interesting Evening Meeting at Mr. T. Brown's Grounds, Nunhead, on Thursday. The weather was fine, there was a large attendance, and the arrangements were well carried out, the officials being:—Handicapper, Hon. Sec., and Timekeeper, Mr. J. H. Burley; Judge, Mr. R. E. Knight; Assistant Judge, Mr. D. Hills; Starter, Mr. C. Comley; Clerks of the Course, Messrs. F. Glover, W. Wakefield, E. Ransley, and V. Dawson. The programme consisted of three items—a First Class Mile Handicap, a Mile Handicap, confined to novices using roadsters of not less weight than 35 lbs., and the Ten Mile Club Championship. The handicaps both produced fine races, and were won by V. Dawson and D. Jesseman, after tough struggles; but in the Championship, J. Howard adopted waiting tactics or would have won by a greater distance. As it was he proved successful by quite twenty yards. The path was rather heavy going, so the times were not particularly fast, though creditable under the circumstances.

DETAILS.

"First Class One Mile Handicap.—First heat: V. Dawson, 70 yards start, first; W. Wakefield, 110, second; J. Howard, scratch, third; H. Ransley, 110; J. Kennard, 150. Dawson gradually overhauled his men and taking the lead in the final circuit won by 4½ secs. Time, 3 min. 8½ secs.

"Second heat: E. Ransley, 70, first; D. Jesseman, 90, second; H. Slater, 120; A. Giles, 175; F. Glover, 90. A good race between the placed pair, the former winning by 1½ secs. The others eased up. Time, 3 min. 17½ secs.

"Final Heat: V. Dawson, first; E. Ransley, second; J. Howard (fastest loser), third; D. Jesseman, W. Wakefield. Another fine race, won by two yards, a yard between second and third. Time, 3 min. 1½ secs.

"Novices' Mile Handicap (confined to roadster machines of 35 lbs. or upwards).—First heat: H. Burley, 210 yards start, first; J. Wilkie, 20, second; T. Moore, 250, third. Won easily, a moderate third. No official time taken.

"Second heat: D. Jesseman, 20, first; J. Dawson, 120, second; F. Hobson, 130, third. Won by fifty yards. Time, 3 min. 45 secs.

"Third heat: L. Nathan, 200, first; W. Wakefield, 40, second; A. Prentice, 120. Won by 6½ secs. Prentice did not finish. Time, 3 min. 20 secs.

"Fourth heat: A. Peel, 140, first; H. Ransley, 40, second; J. Prentice, 120. Won easily by 8 secs. Prentice was soon out of it. Time, 3 min. 23 secs.

"Final Heat: Jesseman, first; H. Ransley, second; L. Nathan, third; Wakefield, fourth; Burley, fifth; Wilkie, Peel. Jesseman drew out in the final circuit, and just won by three yards, two between second and third. Time, 3 min. 12 secs.

"Ten Miles' Club Championship.—J. Howard, first; E. Ransley, second; V. Dawson, third; J. Wilkie, H. Ransley, F. Glover, A. Croker. With the exception of the last named, who was soon out of it, the others kept together until six hundred yards from home, when Howard began to steal away, and eventually won by twenty yards, two yards divided second and third. Time, 38 min. 26½ secs."

The Challenge Cup has been partly subscribed for by Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Captain Spencer Beaumont, Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., Rev. E. Hoskyns, Rector of Stepney, Henry Cushen, Esq., M.B.W., and J. D. Kemp, Esq., M.A.B. The Secretary will be pleased to hear from any gentlemen who desire to contribute towards the Challenge Cup.

Last Saturday six Members carried out the run to Dartford, in Kent.

Temple Mills is a perfect track compared with South Woolwich. After passing through Plumstead the roads became better, although very hilly. We had tea in the East Lodge, on Boscall Heath; and a splendid view was obtained of the Thames Valley and the opposite county of Essex from our point of vantage. After tea the ride home was made through the usual showers of rain.

Next Thursday the run will be to the "Wilfrid Lawson" at Woodford.

On Friday next a General Meeting will be held in the School-buildings, at 8.30, when several tours for the August Bank Holiday will be submitted for approval.

Members will greatly facilitate the balancing of accounts for the Race Meeting by handing in the money and unsold tickets as early as possible to

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of Members of this Club was held on Wednesday last, 25th ult.

Two Members—Misses Risley and Symons, were elected to the Committee, in place of Misses Cohen and Levene, retired.

Mr. Knight, our late Acting Manager, being resolute in his determination to resign that post, it was necessary to appoint another in his stead. Mr. J. Munro was thereupon duly elected. Mr. H. Hawkins was elected Secretary and Treasurer in place of Mr. Munro, "promoted." This was all the business.

Section A.—Rehearsal to-night as usual.

We are still on the look out for stage managers for the other Sections, and should be glad if any Member could assist us in this respect. We are ready to put D into rehearsal, only we should like to have the necessary officers for B and C before doing so. The Secretary will be glad to hear from gentlemen willing to take up these posts, which are "not entirely" without honour, although not peace. Conservatives please note.

Will ladies note we can admit a few more into our ranks? We promise them plenty of hard work if they join us.

Members will, in the course of a few days, receive notice what Section they are in, so that all doubt and "pain" may be removed, and notices of all rehearsals will be inserted in the Journal, which paper Members are requested to refer to.

Here we must point out that Members must endeavour to remain in the Club, and not leave without giving written notice, which must be advised to the Secretary at least six days before.

Ours is not a peripatetic "gaff," but an out-and-out good concern which will someday—I know not when—put Irving and his satellites in the shade, and drown John Toole in the depths of our success.

N.B.—Now hurry up, you damsels, and join. As a bait, we offer each lady a shot at playing Ophelia or Lady Macbeth to some lusty Palace Member's Hamlet or Macbeth. Truly this ought to satisfy your insatiable appetites.

HORACE J. HAWKINS, Sec.
ARTHUR E. REEVE, Assist. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Wednesday last an adjourned General Meeting of the above was held in Room 4 of the School-buildings, to receive the final answer of Sir Edmund respecting our Competitions. I am very sorry to have to relate that his answer was the same as we have received twice before—firstly, that he thought us too young a Club to hold anything of the kind this year, and, secondly, that the Trustees had no room at their disposal—notwithstanding that both the Gymnasium and Exhibition-buildings have been standing idle for this fortnight. Upon this Mr. Cayzer proposed, and Mr. Laing seconded, "That this Club do authorise its Secretary to invite tenders for a room for the purpose of holding a Club apart from the Palace." This proposition being put to the meeting, the result was:—

For Mr. Cayzer's proposition	2
Against	20
Majority against	18

It was then proposed by Mr. G. Bowman, and seconded by Mr. S. A. Plumley, "That this Club do close for the season," which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Lowther took the chair.

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

P.S.—The Annual General Meeting of this Club will take place early next month, due notice of which will be given.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

All Members are requested to attend the final rehearsal next Friday, at 7.30 p.m.; and on Saturday to be in the Rooms behind the Queen's Hall not later than 2.30 p.m. Would all the ladies see that they have their "Choral Bows"? Those who have not yet secured them kindly do so before Saturday.

Those tickets that ought to have been used on the last occasion (given to the Choir friends) will be available next Saturday.

Mr. Laundry will be pleased to supply any Member with music. Mr. Barrett wishes me to state that anyone can secure the Choir photograph by applying to his private address, 16, Clare Road, Forest Gate, E.

Altos, Tenors, and Basses are still wanted. The "Messiah" and other works are being rehearsed. For full particulars apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.
H. J. LAUNDRY, Librarian.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

Owing to other attractions on Saturday last the number of Members taking part in the ramble to Chingford was small. Notwithstanding this drawback the outing was a success. Leaving Snaresbrook Station the party proceeded by way of Woodford, through Hale End to Chingford, where an excellent tea was obtained at the "Victoria" Coffee Palace. After boating on the Connaught Waters, we wended our way home *via* High Beech, Buckhurst Hill, and Snaresbrook, training to Coborn Road, thoroughly satisfied with our pleasant half-holiday.

On Saturday next there will be no fixture. On Monday morning next (Bank Holiday) the Ramblers will meet at Bow Station (N.L.R.), at 10, 11, and 12 o'clock. Book to High Barnet for Hadley Woods. Tea will be provided at the "Two Brewers" at 4.30. Stewards—Messrs. Ront and Bullock.

Our first Garden Party will take place on Saturday, Aug. 11th, at the "Red House," Barking-side. Tickets (double) 1s each, Ramblers 6d., are now ready, and can be obtained at the Palace any evening from 8 till 9.30, or of any Member of the Committee. The following sports will take place during the afternoon:—Sack Race, Three-legged Race, Bag and Umbrella Race, and Tug-of-War; entrance fee, 6d. each event. Those wishing to take part can obtain full particulars and entry forms from the Secretaries and Committee. Dancing in the evening on the illuminated lawn. M.C.'s—Messrs. W. Marshall, J. R. Deeley, and A. Clews.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. MARKHOUSE.—I have to congratulate the Weather Clerk on the job he made of the weather last Saturday, on the occasion of the above match at Wanstead. With the exception of the bad light, the afternoon was all that could be desired, which, coupled with the presence of our President, Sir E. Currie, and Mr. Lowther, and a very close and exciting match, a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. The Palace Captain, winning the toss, decided to field first. Previous to the players turning out, Mr. Diggins photographed the Palace team; copies can be had on application to the Captain, Mr. Carter. Chaplin and Eaton started batting to the delivery of A. Bowman and J. Cowlin; the batting all through was pretty even, the innings closing for 53 runs. Goodwin bowled splendidly. Considering the state of the ground, the Palace team had all their work cut out. Goodwin and A. Bowman made 17 runs for the first wicket, the last named being "yorked." Goodwin continued playing well, and was out to a good ball at 37. Byard and Carter stayed together, and greatly improved the position of the game. Carter, after making 9, was rather unluckily run out when apparently just feeling at home. Helped with the ground, backed up by some good bowling and fielding, it was not until the ninth wicket fell that the winning hit was made—the innings closing for 56 runs, leaving the Palace victors, after a good game, by 3 runs. The following are the scores and bowling analysis:—

MARKHOUSE.		PEOPLE'S PALACE.	
H. Chaplin c Byard b Knight	17	W. Goodwin b Eaton	16
J. Eaton c A. Bowman b		A. Bowman b Eaton	7
Cowlin	4	W. Hendry b Eaton	2
A. Chaplin b A. Bowman	7	F. Knight c Chaplin b Eaton	2
A. Eaton b Goodwin	6	J. Cowlin c Merritt b Eaton	5
T. Seaton b Goodwin	8	T. G. Carter (Capt.) run out	9
E. Goff b Goodwin	0	H. W. Byard b Eaton	4
B. Merritt c A. Bowman b		C. Bowman b Papworth	2
Carter	3	G. Josephs c Papworth b	
W. Papworth (Capt.) b		Eaton	2
Byard	0	H. Chatterton not out	2
E. Heed b Goodwin	0	E. C. Brown b Eaton	0
Clark not out	3		
H. Heed b Goodwin	1		
Extras	4	Extras	5
Total	53	Total	56

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
A. Bowman	6	1	15	1
J. Cowlin	5	1	11	1
F. Knight	4	1	7	1
W. Goodwin	7.4	4	7	5
T. G. Carter	4	1	9	1
H. W. Byard	1	1	0	1

There will be no match for the First Eleven on Saturday next owing to most of the Members being out of town for the holidays. On Monday next (Bank Holiday) the following team will play the return all-day match with the Englefield Green C. C. at Egham:—H. W. Byard, A. and C. Bowman, Will Hendry, Fred Knight, W. Goodwin, J. Cowlin, S. A. Asser, G. Josephs, R. Hones, T. G. Carter (Captain). Reserves—W. Gorton, I. H. Proops, Jacobson.

THIRD ELEVEN v. CAMBRIDGE.—The Third Eleven were to meet the Cambridge C. C. at the Parnell Road entrance in Victoria Park, they supplying the ground. After a deal of searching seven of the eleven managed to find them practising on the practice ground by the side of the bathing lake. The other four of the eleven never found them at all, so rather than disappoint their opponents, the seven, with the aid of substitutes who knew little or nothing of cricket, played them. The Third, batting first, were out for 24, all the subs. making duck's eggs. During our opponents' innings, three of their men were fairly caught, but the umpires when appealed to, in each case declared that the ball was caught off the ground. In the first catch the umpire said: "I did not see it," but when asked again said, "I think it was—in fact, it must have been—a bumb ball." Another time a ball was bowled clean through the wicket, this being caused through our opponents placing their stumps too far apart. The C. C. C.'s innings closed for 63. The Palace going in for a second innings made 42 for 8 wickets.

There will be no match next Saturday, as the match with the Bethnal Green Baptist C. C. has been scratched.

HENRY MARSHALL, 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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

There was no meeting for practice on Monday evening, as the attendance was very scarce owing to the state of the weather.

There will be no meeting next Monday it being Bank Holiday.

The attention of the Members of the Palace is particularly called to the Annual Excursion of this Society, which will take place on Saturday afternoon, August 18th, to the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill. Tickets (including return railway fare, tea and dance, etc.) 2s. each, to be obtained of the following Stewards:—Messrs. Gold, Rowe, Rudd, Simpson, Skinner and Swain; or of

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

The Captaincy Race, held last Thursday, failed to attract many Competitors, owing to the fact that everybody considered they stood no chance against Lindseed. The spectators, however, witnessed some good swimming, as Lindseed and Ashford showed very good form, and completed the distance (510 yards) in very creditable time. Lindseed finished an easy winner, and therefore assumes the Captaincy, which he well deserves.

Next race, 150 Yards; as many entries as possible are required; first heat to commence at eight.

Please note balance of subscription is now due.

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

Musical Notes.

We are glad to be able to announce that the talented blind musician, Mr. Alfred Hollins, of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, has accepted the post of Organist to the People's Palace. The beautiful instrument will now have a master worthy of itself, for no one of the many players we have heard here knows better than Mr. Hollins how to make the most of the exquisite stops which Lewis & Co. have made for us.—Mr. Orton Bradley may well congratulate himself upon having so exceptionally gifted a fellow-worker.

Tobacco.—The fashion of smoking tobacco was introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh in the reign of James I. This custom was followed by almost all the nobility and high officers of the realm, to the great dissatisfaction of the fastidious monarch. So universally prevalent was this fashion, that his Majesty could not find any one to write or preach against it. He therefore wrote and published a tract himself, which he entitled *A Counter-Blast to Tobacco*. After exposing in strong language the unhealthiness and offensiveness of this practice, he closes with this royal counter-blast:—"It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs; and, in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless!"

Autumn Fête.

On Saturday next, the 4th of August, the new Library and Exhibition of Modern Paintings will be opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, the arrangements for which are as follows:—

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany will be received by the Trustees in the Gymnasium at 3.30, and will walk through the Exhibition-buildings, visit the Swimming-bath, pass through the Library, and enter the Queen's Hall about 4.15, when "God save the Queen" will be sung. A concert, given by the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies, with the assistance of Mr. Alfred Hollins, the newly-appointed Organist to the Palace, will begin at 3 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley (the Musical Director) and Mr. W. R. Cave. This concert will be interrupted, and the proceedings connected with the opening of the Exhibition will begin on the entrance of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany to the Queen's Hall.

The Chairman of the Trustees will read an Address, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany will declare the Exhibition open.

The Prizes awarded at the late Competition of Members of the People's Palace Gymnasium will be presented.

No Visitors can be allowed to leave their places till Her Royal Highness has left the People's Palace.

A Grand Summer Fête will be opened at the same time, the Grounds being beautifully decorated and illuminated. The Gymnasium will be used as a grand Concert Hall, tastefully decorated and illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The Exhibition-building will be laid out as a Flower Garden.

Cheap refreshments can be obtained in all parts. Smoking will be allowed only in the Exhibition-building. The Fête will continue for six weeks, closing on Saturday, September 15th.

There will also be a Grand Show of Roses, in the Queen's Hall, from August 4th to the 7th.

Open daily, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission, before 5, Sixpence; after 5, One Penny.

A Dancing Song.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

COME, love, over the fields, green with the spring's first kiss!
Dance, love! roses will bloom, only to gaze at this.
See there—poised in the blue, deep as the truth, and pure,
White clouds float into one, cleave, though the winds allure.

Come dance far and away into the summer's noon;
Haste on over the night, strewn with the trailing moon.
Ween not love is a sigh, weighted with wings of lead;
Hear me—love is a dance, light as a seraph's tread.

Ah sweet! far in the light, storming the gates of pearl,
Two birds circle and wheel, quiver and float and whirl.
Borne on music above soul flies to soaring soul—
What bird singing of love e'er could his wings control?

So we, what should we know, e'en though the sun should die,
Stars dim into the dark, why should you care, or I?
Dance on! Love is the light, love is immortal bliss,
Life fades into the night—death is love's morning kiss.

From "America."

Dumb-Bells.—The origin of these favourite instruments of in-door exercise is given by John Northbroke, in a treatise against Dancing, Dicing, etc., written in the time of Elizabeth, as having borne some resemblance to the "Skiomachia, or fighting with a man's own shadow," which consisted in brandishing two sticks, one in each hand, loaded with plugs of lead or iron at the extremities, "which pastimes," says the author, "opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows."

Mr. Fox's Gaming.

Fox's love of play was desperate. A few evenings before he voted the repeal of the Marriage Act, in February, 1772, he had been to Brompton, on two errands: one to consult Justice Fielding on the penal laws; the other to borrow £10,000, which he brought to town at the hazard of being robbed. Fox was a member of Almack's Club, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of £50 each rouleau; and generally there was £10,000 of specie on the table. The gamblers' dresses for play were remarkable: they began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outward, for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen, when they clean their knives), to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, they wore high-crowned straw hats, with broad brims, adorned with flowers and ribbons; and masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinzé. Each gambler had a small, neat stand by him, with a large rim, to hold his tea; and a wooden bowl, with an edge of ormolu to hold rouleaus.

Fox played admirably at whist and at picquet: with such skill, indeed, that at Brookes's Club it was calculated that he might have made £4,000 a year had he confined himself to those games. But his misfortune arose from playing games at chance, particularly at faro, when he almost inevitably rose a loser. Once, indeed, and once only, he won about £8,000 in the course of a single evening. Part of the money he paid away to his creditors, and the remainder he lost almost immediately. Before he attained his thirtieth year, he had completely dissipated everything that he could either command, or could procure by the most ruinous expedients, in order to raise money, after losing his last guinea at the faro table. He was reduced for successive days to such distress as to borrow money from the waiters of Brookes's Club. The very chairmen, whom he was unable to pay, used to dun him for their arrears. Great sums were borrowed of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Fox called his outward room, where the Jews waited till he rose, the *Jerusalem Chamber*. His brother Stephen was enormously fat; George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them pounds of flesh.

Walpole remarks, that in the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, Feb. 6th, 1772, Fox did not shine, "nor could it be wondered at. He had sat up playing at hazard, at Almack's, from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th. An hour before he had recovered £12,000 that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing £11,000. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost £11,000 two nights after, and Charles £10,000 more on the 13th: so that in three nights, the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost £32,000."

Towards the close of this year, Fox was publicly spoken of as having been more successful at Newmarket than had been the lot of many adventurers there for years. The newspapers calculated his winnings at £28,000. Fox was said to have the finest stud in the kingdom; he refused £3,000 for his favourite horse Pantaloon.

It is, however, remarkable that amidst the wildest excesses of his youth—even while the perpetual victim of his passion for play—Fox eagerly cultivated at intervals his taste for letters. One morning, after he had passed the whole night in company with Topham Beauclerc at the faro-table, the two friends were about to separate. Fox had lost throughout the night, and was in a frame of mind approaching desperation. Beauclerc's anxiety for the consequences led him to be early at Fox's lodgings, and on arriving there he inquired, not without anxiety, whether he had risen. The servant replied that Mr. Fox was in the drawing-room, when Beauclerc walked upstairs and cautiously opened the door, expecting to behold a frantic gambler stretched upon the floor bewailing his losses, or plunged in moody despair; but he was astonished to find him reading a Greek Herodotus. "What would you have me do?" said Fox. "I have lost my last shilling."

Truth.—A parent may leave an estate to his son, but how soon may it be squandered. Better leave him a sound constitution, habits of industry, and unblemished reputation, a good education, and inward abhorrence of vice in any shape or form; these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver

His First "Man-Eater."

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

"Have another weed, Colonel?"

"Thanks, old fellow; don't mind if I do." And, suiting the action to the word, the Colonel helped himself to the finest Havana in the proffered cigar-case.

Imagine the secluded *sanctum* of an old hunter—where nothing feminine was ever allowed to penetrate. An air, generally, of much admired—speaking from a masculine point of view—disorder. The walls adorned with implements and relics of the chase, arranged with much precision and effect. Chairs and tables. The mantel-shelf literally piled with pipes of all sorts—from the stately meerscham to the lowly clay. A bright fire burning in the grate—it was snowing outside—round which were seated three fine specimens of the genus man. At their feet, serving as a hearth-rug, a handsome tiger-skin. A large old-fashioned book-case—by no means remarkable for its number of books, close to the wall. A small bust of Diana bracketed in one corner of the room. Four whips, a Martini-Henry, sundry old ammunition cases, and a full-sized suit of mail, with beaver down, on a pedestal in another corner.

Of the three men, the first—by reason of his seniority—was Colonel Medway, a veteran Nimrod, who having seen service in several parts of the globe, had at length settled down for a life of ease—which wasn't ease at all, but real hard work. The man of activity never *does* settle down—can one imagine an Edison or a De Lesseps—or, nearer home, a Gladstone "settling down to a life of ease"? He was a man then, between fifty-five and sixty years of age, tall and still erect: with what we love to call an English countenance. That is, a well-moulded, honest-looking face: a couple of keen, grey eyes, and a three-quarter brown beard that was already plentifully streaked with silver-grey. The son of an impecunious Shropshire baronet, he had entered the army at an early age. Had travelled extensively with his regiment; was an excellent shot, and as a hunter had as fair a reputation as Allan Quatermain himself.

Next the Colonel sat Mr. Barry Fitzpatrick—the junior partner in an Indian tea-house. He was as Irish as he well could be—having been born in Dublin. A neatly-dressed, gentlemanly fellow enough: possibly some twenty-six years of age, with a bright face and the downiest of moustaches. He was wonderfully deferent to the Colonel; and was commonly supposed to entertain a secret passion for his daughter. Whether such was really the case is no business of ours.

The last of the three—the Hon. Stephen Millar—was possibly the most striking figure in the group. He was nearer fifty than forty; had known Colonel Medway since they were at Eton together, and had once—so Rumour whispered—proposed to the Colonel's sister. Whether the lady had accepted him I know not; certainly he had never married, and was single to this day. Rumour again said—she hath many tongues, you know—that the lady had scornfully rejected him, had broken his heart, and had wrecked his existence.—Which was all stuff and nonsense. Thoroughly Bohemian at heart, and sufficiently affluent to indulge his nomadic tastes, he had spent his whole life in globe-trotting, and yet at this stage was just as full of insular prejudice as ever. In appearance, short, stout, dark and clean-shaven, with plenty of nose, a large mouth, and a pair of lips which, whenever he spoke, seemed to ripple along like the wavelets on the bosom of a lake.

The three men were smoking furiously. They had been seated thus for exactly one hour and three-quarters, and the conversation somehow had begun to flag. Perhaps this was owing to the soothing influence of the nicotine. Man, I take it, to enjoy the full flavour of his pipe, likes to puff away in a hallowed silence—or in a dreamy, half-somnolent state that must not be disturbed by vulgar conversation.

Presently the silence became—to the Honorable Stephen, at least—simply intolerable. He was one of a few exceptions, and liked to chatter when smoking a weed. Then his eyes fell upon the tiger-skin rug at his feet. He would "draw" the Colonel "out." Not always an easy task—though the Colonel was by no means of a taciturn disposition. "Colonel," said he.

"Well," half-grunted the couchant Nimrod from his long deck chair; "What now?"

"You've had some trifling experience out there in India, I know; but—did you ever kill a man-eater?"

"My dear boy," replied the Colonel gravely, "I killed my very first tiger—I was going to say—before you were born." And his face wore a retrospective look of triumph that caused his hearers to burn again with envy.

"Let's hear all about it—there's a good fellow."

"Yes; do, Colonel Medway," said Barry eagerly: unconsciously coming to the Hon. Stephen's assistance.

"It's a long time back," began the Colonel, knocking a fine ash off his cigar, "but I remember it well: for on that very day I had attained my twenty-third birthday. . . . It was the narrowest squeak I ever had in my life. We, that is the regiment and myself, were stationed near Singarahti, in the north of India—you've heard of Singarahti, Stephen?"

"Yes, yes," replied that worthy impatiently: irritated at his friend's exasperating slowness. "Get along."

"Well, one day," resumed the hunter, "an orderly entered the tent, and told me that a tiger was lying dead at the foot of a tree, having been killed by some of the natives. Now, I had never seen a tiger in my life—Don't smile, Stev., I have never been to the Zoo, remember—and jumping up, seized my rifle—a habit with me, and went off at once to see the defunct man-eater. There, sure enough, the monster lay; when just as I had approached to within a yard or two the supposed corpse jumped up—with a roar that made me leap backwards. He made deliberately for me—did that tiger, but fortunately for me I did not lose my presence of mind. Quick as thought I shouldered my gun and fired. It struck the brute full in the face—but just an inch too low. His right eye was completely knocked out, and all his teeth were smashed on that side of his jaw. Quivering with excitement I fired again—but still too low! What happened after that this deponent, as the lawyers say, knoweth not: for I found myself lying in front of the wounded beast—one claw of its right foot being hooked into my left leg, my body being covered with blood and foam from the beast's mouth. In this way he tried to draw me towards him—his other paw being on my right leg. Even then—it's no boast, boys"—The boys nodded—"I did not lose my self-possession. Luckily the beast was so blinded in the right optic that he could not discern me as I lay a little to his darkened side, and I tried my utmost to drag myself from his clutches. A chance saved me—a mere straw. The orderly who had accompanied me must have turned at that moment and fled: for the animal suddenly released his hold on me, jumped up, and went after him—and in less time than it takes to tell had killed him on the spot.

"In the struggle for life I had lost my hat and rifle, and all my cartridges had tumbled out of my pocket; but the orderly's gun was near at hand, and with a single bound—how I *did* it passes my comprehension—I gained possession of it. When I tell you that to reach the rifle I was near enough the man-eater to hear him crunching the poor orderly's head, you will pretty well picture the situation. Just as I had seized the rifle the brute's one malignant and remaining eye caught sight of me, and he paused—actually paused—and the orderly's flesh, like Macbeth's 'Amen,' must have stuck in his throat. Then with another roar which I shall never forget, he came for me. I must confess that at that moment I was seized with a strange indefinable feeling of dread—one of those unaccountable sensations that do sometimes come upon us in moments of danger—but with an effort I nerved myself for the occasion determined this time to settle his little game. By extreme good chance that gun was loaded,—had it not have been I should certainly not have been here at present speaking. Then I fired. The monster—he *was* a monster—rolled over dead: as dead," said the Colonel, musingly, "as any door nail. I suppose I must have fainted, for I remember no more until I found myself in the hospital tent with a couple of surgeons around me."

His listeners breathed again.

"A narrow escape, truly," said the Honourable Stephen, "but your life was entirely saved through the excellence of your first shot, which blinded the brute."

"True," said the Colonel, sententiously. "We visited the spot next day—my wounds, you know, were not serious, and were soon healed—and there found his tiger-skin, as the poets say, 'beautiful in death.' The remains of the orderly, mangled beyond recognition, had a Christian burial; and the animal was skinned and his beautiful coat sent to England."

"Should have thought you would have kept it as a memento, Colonel Medway," said the reflective Barry. "What became of it?"

"There, at your feet, my boy," said the hero, slightly smiling. "That is all that remains of my first man-eater."

"'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."

BY
WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

BUT you—you, my dear sir—the influence of your family must be brought to bear. Your case must be separated. Here Will interposed. "I cannot separate my case from the poor fellows with me" he said. "I cannot have any family interest employed, because, above all, my mother must not know of this—this disgrace. I shall stand my trial with the others. Fortunately"—he took up the papers which he had written and Dan had signed—"I have something here which ought to procure us an absolute pardon. It is secret intelligence for the Admiralty. We sighted the French fleet on our way back, and we can report on the enemy's course. Now, Mr. Copas, can you find me a trusty messenger? You can? Then let him ride as hard as horse can carry him. Let him ride without stopping, let him get to London before midnight. He must be armed with a letter from you and one from the mayor."

"I am the mayor."

"Good. The letter must simply give the date of our capture, and state that the document is signed by a man well-known in Lyme, perfectly trustworthy, although now in jail on a charge of smuggling."

Mr. Copas hastened away with the papers.

"They ought to let us go at once without a trial," said Will the sanguine. "Sit down and look cheerful, Pleasance, dear. Why, we can make love as well in a prison-ward as under Pinhay cliff. Let me kiss the tears from your pretty eyes, my peerless woodland nymph."

We had a fortnight to wait for the assizes. No answer came from the Admiralty, nor any sign that we were all to be acquitted without a trial. Meantime Mr. Copas engaged the best counsel on the circuit, no less a man than the great Serjeant Jamblin, king's counsel, for our defence. As for Joshua Meech, he did not once come to see us—an act of prudence which, while Dan commended it, was surprising to him. To be sure, as Dan said, it was only by chance that he wasn't caught with the rest. And when I told him of the single step I had heard before the revenue men came down the hill, he surmised that it was Joshua, and divined the secret of the empty hold. Who but Joshua could have cleared out the cargo in so expeditious and crafty a manner? Who but Joshua would have been so thoughtful of the interests of the firm?

The court, on the day of the trial, was crowded with spectators, principally people from Lyme and Bridport who knew Dan Gulliver. I listened with dismay to their talk, for it was nothing but speculation as to what the punishment would be.

Everything frightened me—the cold stiff court, with the constables and the javelin-men; the people in the galleries, who seemed eager for the show to begin; the horrid dock; the witness-box, where I knew the evidence of our guilt would be overpowering; the barristers, who arrived just before ten in their wigs and gowns, and talked and laughed as if there was nothing to come of the day's work but a fight in words among themselves; the empty seat of the judge; the clerk below with his papers.

I came with Mr. Copas, who provided me with a seat below the dock, so that I could shake hands with the prisoners.

Presently our man, our advocate, the great Serjeant Jamblin, K.C., afterwards Sir Peter Jamblin, one of

his Majesty's judges, came into court. He was followed by a clerk bearing a bag full of papers. I noticed that he nodded, but did not shake hands with Mr. Copas. Yet he shook hands with every member of the bar in the court. I believe that in those days it was not considered right for a barrister to shake hands with an attorney.

Presently he left the table and came to me.

"I have heard of you, Miss Noel," he said. "Pray let me shake hands with you. Mr. Copas has told me the whole history. I am only sorry that your gallant attempt to warn Dan Gulliver did not succeed. I am not sure, but I am in great hopes that we shall get them off altogether—one and all, you know; they were in the same boat. But if we cannot, then I may tell you that a little bird has whispered good news in my ear. A lord, high placed, has interested himself in the case. Courage, my dear young lady."

This was very kind of the serjeant. He was not, to look at, a man from whom such kind things were to be expected; for he had a harsh and strident voice, full projecting lips, and staring eyes. Also he had very red cheeks, and a way of pushing back his wig which showed that he was already quite bald. But when, years afterwards, I heard people talk of the harsh and overbearing way of Judge Jamblin, I remembered that he had once taken pity on a poor girl in grievous trouble, and said words of comfort to her.

Then there was a blare of trumpets, and presently the whole court rose to greet the judge.

Now, I firmly believe that, if we had had any other judge in all England to try the case, or if this particular judge had not been attacked the day before with gout in his great toe, so signal was the service rendered by Dan to the Government, that we should have all got off with a free pardon. But the day was unlucky. Our judge, never the most kindly of men, was in a bad temper that morning. His face was pale, austere, and gloomy. His eyes had a fishy stare in them, which was due to his thinking more of his great toe than of the arguments going on before him. He was very old; he had been a judge many years; he had sentenced so many people to death, to transportation, to imprisonment, that he had got to regard crime as a sort of disease, and himself as a doctor who administered a remedy, or declared the case hopeless.

He seated himself, and the preliminaries began.

The jury were all Dorchester men; no man of Lyme would have brought a verdict against Dan. As for the prisoners, Dan came first. He leaned over the bars of the dock to kiss me when he took his place. Nobody could have looked more innocent than he, with his steadfast eyes, his grey locks, and his calm face. Job and Jephthah, who followed, stood staring straight before them, as if the court had nothing whatever to do with them—as if it were not there at all, in fact. Will came last. He passed his hand over the dock to press mine, and smiled in his old way; but he was flushed, and his lips trembled as he stood before them all, a gentleman in the guise of a common sailor, about to be tried for breaking the laws of his country.

Then the counsel for the prosecution rose and opened the case. He began by saying that the jury had before them a gang of notorious and hitherto unpunished smugglers, men who lived by defying the laws of the land. He congratulated the court on being able at last to bring these men to justice. He should prove—and here he set forth the whole facts, during which Serjeant Jamblin leaned back and occasionally whispered to one of the junior counsel, with a depreciatory smile.

When the counsel for the prosecution had finished, he called his witnesses.

Lieutenant Pollard was the first. From information received he stationed himself, with a company of sixteen men, in Rousdon Bay at midnight on Thursday, October 22nd. About four o'clock in the morning the

Dancing Polly rounded the point and stood in for the creek. At the moment of landing he effected the arrest.

This was all, substantially, that he had to say. Then the serjeant rose and began to tear him to pieces.

"Where did you get your information, Lieutenant Pollard?"

"That, with his lordship's permission, I decline to state."

The court ruled that the question need not be asked.

"I was only anxious, my lord," said the serjeant, smiling sweetly, "for the witness's own sake, to prove that a British officer is incapable of employing any of those despicable persons who live by betraying the sins or follies of their fellow-men."

Here the gallant officer reddened, and looked uncomfortable.

"We will go on," said the serjeant. "What did this villainous informer tell you?"

"That the notorious smuggler, Dan Gulliver, would attempt a run over from the French coast on that particular night, laden with brandy."

"Ah! Remember, Lieutenant Pollard, you are on oath. Every word which you say is on oath. Pray, why 'notorious smuggler?'"

The witness laughed.

"Everybody knows that he is a notorious smuggler."

"I care nothing about everybody knowing; do you know?"

"Of course, I know."

"How do you know?"

"By general report."

"So, if general report proclaimed you a murderer, a thief, or anything else, you must of necessity be that kind of criminal?"

The witness was silent. Of course, he could not be expected to state that he had often partaken of the Gulliver brandy, and had, indeed, purchased it.

"Has the elder prisoner, or any of the prisoners, indeed, ever been convicted of smuggling?"

"No."

"Have you ever seen them smuggling?"

"Never before."

"Do you, then, still persist in that expression, 'notorious smuggler?'"

The witness hesitated.

"I suppose I must withdraw it," he said.

"He withdraws it, gentlemen of the jury. Remark, if you please, that the witness has never, he says, known of any smuggling on the part of the prisoners. Let the injurious presumption raised in your minds by my learned brother's opening speech, and perhaps confirmed by the careless, baseless expressions of a prejudiced witness, be immediately dismissed. We have to do with one charge, and one alone. Now, sir, your best attention if you please. You say you caught this man smuggling, do you?"

"I do."

"What was he smuggling?"

"Brandy."

"How do you know?"

"One of my men opened a keg."

"And purloined, being in the revenue service, spirit which he supposed to be smuggled. Has that man been brought to justice?"

"He has not."

"Were there other kegs?"

"I did not see."

"When your men returned for their prize, what did they find?"

"Nothing. The craft had been cleared in their absence."

The next witness was James Skirling, who had opened the keg.

He gave his evidence in as few words as possible, and was then in his turn submitted to cross-examination.

"I understand you," said the serjeant, in slow and awful tones, "to inform the court that you took advantage of the darkness and confusion to broach a keg, actually to broach a keg, and fill a bottle."

"I did."

"You stole that liquor, in fact; you placed it in this bottle?" He held up the fatal flask.

The man grinned.

"Don't laugh at me, sir; don't dare to laugh at the court. Many a poor fellow is lying in Newgate at this moment, and will be hanged by the neck, for no worse an offence. Worse? Far, far lighter. They stole, being common rogues. You betrayed a trust, being reputedly an honest officer. Tell the court again, sir. Did you, or did you not, steal the brandy?"

He stammered in confused accents that he did.

"You took the bottle with you, I suppose, on purpose to steal it if you got the chance?"

"I did."

"There is a pretty rogue for you!" cried the serjeant, throwing himself back and sticking his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets. "Here is a villain in grain! he deliberately plans a robbery, deliberately executes it, and in open court boasts of it. My lord, I must ask for the prosecution of this rogue. In the interests of the country such a rogue must be hanged. His punishment would be beneficial to the public morals. I am not sure that I ought not to ask for the prosecution of his superior officer—if not as *particeps criminis*, then as conniving at and stifling the crime."

He turned again to the terrified witness, whose legs trembled beneath him, while his cheeks were of a ghastly pallor.

"You took one keg and you opened it; you found brandy in it; you stole some of that brandy. Pray, were there other kegs?"

"There were; I saw them by the light of my dark lantern."

"Good. Did you open those kegs?"

"No."

"Were those kegs ever examined?"

"No; they were all cleared out while we were marching the prisoners away."

"You have no knowledge what they contained?"

"Brandy, of course," said the man, picking up his courage a little.

"You will swear, without knowing the facts, that they contained brandy?"

"How could—?"

"Answer my question. Can you swear that they contained brandy?"

"No."

"They may have contained butter. We all know the excellence of French butter. Will you swear that they did not contain butter?"

"No."

One or two other witnesses were examined, who all swore to the same facts. One thing was clear, that had it not been for that unlucky little bottle of brandy, the prosecution would have broken down completely.

Three witnesses for character were called.

The principal evidence was the Rev. Benjamin Burden, rector of Rousdon. The poor old rector, a veritable peasant-priest, stood in the witness-box clad in his tattered cassock and his battered old wig, yet bearing upon him the dignity of his sacred calling. The serjeant handled him with much softness and delicacy. He made him inform the court that he was the rector of Rousdon, that its population was eleven, that his stipend was thirty-five pounds, and that his church was a barn. This melancholy condition of things moved the jury in his favour, and dissipated the bad effect which might otherwise have been produced upon a fat and well-fed jury, clad in strong broadcloth, by his rags and his evident poverty.

The counsel went on to elicit from the rector that Dan Gulliver was his churchwarden, and that with his

two sons he kept the church in such repair as made divine service possible. The clergyman added, quite simply and with dignity, that Dan Gulliver was a worthy and religious man, who lived the life of a true Christian.

The serjeant emphasized these replies, one after the other, each with a wave of his hand towards the jury, as much as to say: "You hear this, gentlemen; you will remember the evidence of this holy minister of religion."

The evidence of the good old man, however, lost its whole weight when the counsel for the prosecution ask him one or two questions in a different direction.

He said:

"I fear, Mr. Burden, that the lamentable exiguity of your income must shut you out from the enjoyment of many of our choicest blessings—port wine, for instance?"

The rector shook his head sadly.

"I believe that I remember the taste of port," he said, "but I cannot be sure—it is so long since I saw any."

"Brandy cannot altogether replace port, can it?" asked the barrister.

"It cannot," said the rector.

"Yet I dare say you get brandy, at least, sometimes?"

"I do," said the rector.

"As a present now? from a parishioner?"

"I have had it given to me," said the rector, "by my churchwarden, Dan Gulliver."

"I will not ask you," said the counsel, "whence you imagine this brandy to be derived. I prefer to think that you asked no questions, and have no suspicions. It would be too much to believe that a divine of your age and position should countenance the practice of smuggling."

Then followed other witnesses, and more fencing.

Presently the counsel for the Crown made his speech. It was very short. "Here," he said, "was a man, with his two sons, and a stranger, probably a hired hand. The man was well known to be a smuggler—so well known that he was afraid Lyme Regis was to a man in alliance with him to defeat the ends of justice, and shielded him steadily in his runs to and from the coast of France. He was caught, so to speak, red-handed."

It was impossible to resist the conviction that the rest of the kegs which composed the cargo contained, like the one which had been opened, brandy. Of course it was open to anyone to maintain the improbable. His learned brother might ask them to believe that these four men had crossed the Channel, and landed on an enemy's coast, in quest of potatoes, cabbages, fruit, butter, or any other marketable article. The undisputed facts were, that here was a man with a fast-sailing craft and a fishing-boat—what was the object of the former? That his most intimate friends admitted that they received brandy as a present from him. Where did he procure that brandy? That he was notoriously a smuggler by profession. As regarded the evidence of the man Skirling, the actual fact could not be disputed, although the act itself showed a low tone of morality, which all would regret to find existing in so respectable a body as the revenue service. No doubt the gallant officer who had effected the arrest with so much promptitude and courage, although with a little indiscretion, would take cognisance of the offence in his official capacity. Finally, he asked the jury to give a verdict for the prosecution, and so to strike terror into the hearts of other evil-doers and defiers of the law.

When our counsel's turn came, he made a most eloquent and indignant speech. According to him, Dan Gulliver, the much maligned, was an admirable

specimen of a class which formed, he said, the backbone of our country; he was a yeoman, farming the few acres which formed his paternal estate, and living frugally with his sons and an adopted daughter, in a cottage upon his own land. For fishing purposes he had two boats, one of them, called the *Dancing Polly*, being a remarkably fast sailer. On this particular night he had been along the coast picking up, no doubt, a cargo of butter and eggs, or it might be fish, and such harmless matters, and proposing to return to Rousdon Bay, a little creek or inlet of the sea immediately below his farm.

Here he protested against the assumption that the expedition had been across the Channel. "How can you prove it? How came the suspicion to arise? Was it likely that in so small a vessel, at that stormy period of the year, four men would venture on a voyage so dangerous? What is more common than a trading voyage along the coast? What more reasonable to suppose than that a small farmer with a taste for sailing and boating should carry on such a trade? At least, gentlemen, till the contrary is proved, you have no right to suppose that the object of keeping the *Dancing Polly* was a criminal one."

Daniel Gulliver, he went on to say, was accompanied by the two boys and a stranger. No secrecy was observed about the expedition, and some idle or malignant person, one of those creeping things which infest every society of men, thought it worth while to communicate the proposed voyage to Lieutenant Pollard, that gallant officer whose discretion was not equal to his zeal, and whose eagerness to protect his Majesty's revenue led him to overlook the fact, that you must not arrest a man on suspicion and charge him with smuggling, unless you can prove it. "For, gentlemen," he said, "what actual proof have we? This"—he held up the half-empty pint-bottle of brandy—"this is the mighty proof. A small half-pint of spirit, which smells to me, gentlemen"—he took out the cork and smelt it cautiously—"which smells to me, I confess, of rum, rather than of brandy—is all the proof, absolutely the only proof that we have. In the dead of a dark night, a man whose object is theft, hurriedly steals this spirit from the hold of the vessel, and swears that he saw other kegs, the contents of which are unknown. The place is most retired and secluded. They carry off their prisoners, the officer never once thinking of examining the boat. When they send back for that purpose there is nothing at all in the boat. Mind, gentlemen, no one had been there. Yet the boat was in ballast. That is a very remarkable circumstance. That is a very suspicious circumstance. That is a circumstance which in my mind renders entirely valueless the evidence of the man—the chief witness—whose only value was that it seemed to afford a basis for assumption of guilt. Remember, gentlemen, again, that the only proof of guilt is a half-pint of rum, or some such spirit, in a bottle—a half-pint—about enough to amuse a gentleman between a bottle of port and bedtime; and on that half-pint you are asked to convict this honest, religious, and God-fearing yeoman, with his two innocent boys, and a young man of whom no harm whatever is known, and therefore none should be suspected."

When all was done the judge summed up. It was most unfortunate for us that his gout rendered him ill-tempered and sour. He went through the evidence bit by bit, pointed out how simple it was, how clearly an act of smuggling was proved, and showed them that they ought to consider not the amount smuggled but the intention. As for the prisoners, the judge said he had no doubt about their being all habitual criminals. As for the rest of the cargo, the judge said he had no doubt whatever that it was entirely composed of French brandy.

(To be continued).

Women's Trades' Unions.

It is a great many months ago now since I promised to write a paper for *The Palace Journal*—some time. But some time is apt to be no time, and so many things have come in the way of my promised article, that it has been put off from the autumn to the winter, from the winter to the spring, and from the spring into the season that, according to the almanack, ought to be summer. But as it happened, this is, after all, just as well, for my subject was to be "Trades' Unions Among Women," and there are reasons that make the present time particularly suitable for speaking about this point to East-End people.

A Trade Union is an association of persons working in the same trade who join together to defend their trade interests. They fix their own rules, arrange their subscriptions, and agree to act all together. If one member, for instance, is unjustly used by his employer, the Union, after examining his case, will forbid any member to work for the master who has wronged him. But more often the Union, by making representations to the master, is able to get justice done him. A workman who belongs to a Union no longer stands alone; his fellow workers are all bound to him, they will stand by him, and see that his rights are respected. Or, again, some employer may, perhaps, try to lower the wages he gives below those given by other employers. Then the messengers of the Union go to him, and discuss the matter. If they are convinced that the state of trade makes the lowering of wages necessary, they will accept the change, for a certain time; if, on the other hand, they see that the change is not necessary, they warn the master that they will not work for him at the lower rate. Sometimes, no doubt, they make mistakes, as we all do; but surely it is better for men to discuss and decide these questions for themselves—even at the risk of being sometimes wrong—than for them to be compelled to accept, without choice, whatever terms an employer chooses to offer, as most workmen must who stand alone and have no Union to back them.

Now if this sort of combination is necessary for men, surely it is ten times more necessary for women, because women are worse paid and more oppressed, and because the trades open to them being fewer, there are more of them, in proportion, trying to be employed in those few. Where there are many people seeking employment, the price of work always goes down unless they will join together and agree not to take less than a certain price. An employer has work enough for two women. Three women want it; he gives it to the two who will work for least money. By-and-by another comes and offers to do it for less still, and he gives it her. Thus wages get lower and lower, and this only stops when they have come to such a point that nobody could possibly live on less. If the employer puts his workers into a dirty, unhealthy work-room, they have to put up with it. If they complain there is always the answer, "You can go if you like; if you won't do it another will." Or the employer wants them to work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours. They don't want to work so long, but they can't help it. "If you won't do it another will." But suppose another would not? Suppose all the women who worked in each particular trade were joined together in a strong Union, so that an employer knew that none of them would consent to take less than the rest, or to work more than a fixed number of hours, and that not one of them would work for him if he tried to force any one of them to take less, or to work longer, or in an unfit place. Of course a Union, to do much good, must be strong. It cannot get justice done to its members while there are a lot of people outside the Union ready to come in and take their places. But it is not possible to be strong all at once. We must begin with few, and work up gradually to many. Let me take a case that happened quite recently—the case of the strike of match-makers. These young women had some particular grievances that they wanted remedied. If they had had a Union they could have gone straight to the firm, two or three would have spoken in the name of all. They had not a Union, but they held together faithfully, they appealed to the Trades' Council (which is the federation of all the men's Trades' Unions of London), and the Trades' Council appealed to the firm of employers. The firm listened to their complaints; then the women elected certain of their own number to go again with the Trades' Council and speak for themselves. What was the result? The firm saw that the complaints were not unreasonable, and granted the things asked for. They saw also that it would be more convenient for themselves if their work-people had a Union which could lay their needs and wishes clearly before them, and which could make terms with them

in the name of all. The girls, on their side, saw how useful to themselves would be a Union. The consequence is that more than five hundred have given in their names, and are going to form a Union.

Now, what these match-girls can do, other women can do. Every trade in which women work should have its Union. There are plenty of people ready to help them over the first difficulty of starting it. There is even a Society which exists for the express purpose of helping women to start Trades' Unions. This Society is the Women's Protective and Provident League. Its office is Industrial Hall, Clark's Buildings, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, and its Secretary will answer any letters, give any information, or go and see any one who really desires to try and form a Union.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

The Corsican Brothers.

The story of the popular drama of this name—rendered strikingly efficient by the vivid impersonation of Mr. Charles Kean—is stated to be founded upon the following incident:—

Louis Blanc and his brother had a close resemblance in manner, person, and features; and what is still more remarkable, they were connected by that mysterious feeling, that, however separated the brothers might be, no accident could happen to the one without the other having a sympathetic feeling of it. Thus it chanced one day, while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself among a party of friends, he was observed suddenly to change colour; he complained of a sensation as if he had received a blow upon the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that something must have befallen his brother, then in Paris. The company treated this as a mere imaginary notion; but some, more curious than the rest, noted the day and hour to see how far this warning was justified by the actual event. And the result was that the precise moment there indicated, Louis, while walking in the streets of Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head, dealt by some one who approached him unperceived from behind. He fell senseless to the ground, and the ruffian escaped; nor could all the efforts of the police afford the slightest clue for his detection. He was suspected to have been a Buonapartist, and to have been influenced by political hatred of the uncompromising republican.

Sleeping Flowers.—Almost all plants sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The "goat's beard" wakes at three in the morning, and shuts at five, or six in the afternoon. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes for ever at four in the afternoon. The night-flowering Cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight, it is full-blown at midnight, and closes, never to open again, with the dawn of day. In a clover field, not a leaf opens till after sunrise!

The Pawnbrokers' Sign.—Various accounts have been given of the origin of the three golden balls of the pawnbrokers. In Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," he attempts, by a very ingenious and pretty legend, to connect St. Nicholas with the emblem by a story of the saint having secretly thrown three purses or balls of gold into the window of an indigent nobleman of Panthera, by which he was enabled to portion his three daughters. The three purses are the recognised emblem of St. Nicholas; and, from the Lombard merchants having being the first to establish loan or pawn-offices in England, he conceived it not unlikely that they adopted as a sign for their shops the emblem of their national saint. But the more probable origin of the sign is that the Lombards adopted the armorial bearings—three golden pills—of the noble house of Medici, so extensively known for its commercial transactions, and that others engaged in loan transactions adopted the sign.

Home.—The poet's pen, the painter's pencil, the statesman and divine, have all been employed in describing Home. It is a word that is always new, always animating, and always dealt upon with pleasure. We associate with Home everything pleasurable: the mention of the word brings a host of sweet recollections to view. It is a word delightful to the rich and poor, the savage and the polished citizen, the learned and unlearned; and we sigh over and pity those objects who do not feel some pleasing sensations at the word Home.

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