

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Males' in Gymnasium.
- FRIDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium.
- SATURDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission 2d. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. [Wanstead FOOTBALL CLUB.—First XI, at Leyton; Second XI. HARRIERS.—Run over Three Miles' Course.
- SUNDAY.**—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4. LIBRARY.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. LECTURE.—For Junior Section, in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. W. H. Golding. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission 1d. CHESS CLUB.—General Meeting. FOOTBALL CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.15 sharp. SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting. CLUB BENEFIT CONCERTS.—Meeting of Club Representatives, at 8.
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. LECTURE on "Astronomy," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. J. W. McClure, B.A., LL.D. Admission, 2d. DRAMATIC CLUB.—General Meeting. DEBATING SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting. HARRIERS.—Run out from Headquarters. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting.
- WEDNESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 3d. LECTURE on "The Body and Health," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. D. W. Samways, D.Sc., M.A. FOOTBALL CLUB.—Run out from "Eagle and Child."

Notes of the Week.

THE principal events of the past week have been the publication of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book, and the entrance of the German Emperor into Rome. About the former the less said the better: the spectacle of the doctor's squabble is not an edifying one, more especially over one of the noblest minded and serenest men that ever lived: but the spectacle of a German Emperor (says the *St. James's Gazette*), entering Rome not as a conqueror at the head of legions flushed with victory, but as the friend and guest at once of the political head of the Italian nation, and of that "Vicar of Christ" who rules in matters of conscience so many of the world's uncounted millions is a tableau in the drama of history; and apart from this there is something picturesque in the meeting between the young Teutonic Kaiser, the King of a rejuvenated and united Italy, and the Head of the Catholic world.

THE Goldsmiths' Company has now followed the splendid example set by the Drapers', and has furnished the necessary fund for starting a People's Palace in New Cross. If all Companies acted in this generous way, and devoted part of their wealth to the welfare and progress of the people, we should hear less outcry against their existence. There are, undoubtedly, a good many abuses in these Companies, but they are picturesque and ancient Institutions, and should the majority of them adopt the wise policy of the above Companies, they will soon re-establish their popularity.

THE new report of the coffee-houses in Leicester is most encouraging, and there is no doubt that if coffee-houses elsewhere were managed in the excellent way they are at Leicester they would be more prosperous. It is quite certain that an enormous number of persons frequent public-houses because in refreshing contrast to their own squalid homes they find there merriment, company, and plenty of warmth and light, all great attractions on a wet night when one's home presents none of them. The religious element in the shape of texts is a decided mistake, as is also the absence of good coffee; what is wanted are places with all the attractions of public-houses without alcoholic drinking.

A FINE statue of General Gordon has just been put up in Trafalgar Square between the fountains. It is in bronze, and Gordon is represented as a Staff Officer. In his left hand is his Bible, and also his famous short rattan-cane, which he used during his China campaign. His left foot is standing on a broken cannon, symbolical of his soldier life. Looking at his fine noble face one speculates on the irony of Fate which destined him to be a fighter, when he so much hated war and bloodshed.

THE force of imagination on health has just been curiously illustrated. Dr. Durand of New Orleans wishing to test the effects of the imagination on health and disease experimented on a hundred patients, to whom he gave a dose of sweetened water. Fifteen minutes after he entered, apparently in great excitement, and announced that he had made a mistake, having administered a powerful emetic, and he directed that preparations should be made accordingly. Eighty out of the hundred patients were thoroughly ill, and exhibited the usual results of an emetic. The remaining twenty were unaffected. It is added that with few exceptions the eighty who became ill were men, while those who did not suffer were women.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 21st, 1888,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. GILBERT A. COPE.

1. Kyrie Eleison (12th Mass) Mozart.
2. "La Serenata" Braga.
3. Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah). By desire Handel.
4. "How lovely are the messengers" (St. Paul) Mendelssohn.
5. Offertoire in A. By desire Batiste.
6. (a) Andante Con Moto Mendelssohn.
- (b) Cantabile Mendelssohn.
7. War March of the Priests (Athalie) Mendelssohn.

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALBERT WOOD.
(Organist at Christ Church, Somers Town, N.W.)

1. Overture (Samson) Handel.
2. Andantino in E minor Batiste.
3. Aria, "If with all your hearts" (Elijah) Mendelssohn.
4. Variations on "Jerusalem the Golden" Dr. Spark.
5. Postlude in D Smart.
6. Aria, "Comfort ye" (Messiah) Handel.
7. Marche in E flat Wély.

A FUNNY story comes from Glasgow, showing the determination of the "Glasgie bodies" to get drunk by hook or by crook. A "temperance day" was arranged at the recent Glasgow Exhibition; and at a meeting of the Town Council yesterday, Bailie Simons stated that on the temperance day in the Exhibition, when not a drop of liquor was sold, there were more drunken people in the grounds than on any other day. People brought in the drink in bottles, while the season-ticket holders went out for it.

BICYCLISTS will be interested in the long ride of Mr. Hugh Callan, a Glasgow clergyman, who entered Constantinople by the Edrene Gate on the 1st inst. His route lay over France, into Alsace by Belfort, along the Rhine from Basle to Constance, up the Arlberg Pass to Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, through Carinthia by Villach, and Carniola by Laibach, through Croatia by Agram, and down by the Save to Semlin and Belgrade. This part of the journey (the *Levant Herald* says), a distance of about 1,200 English miles, he did in twenty days in spite of frequent days of rain, and including days of rest. From Belgrade he rode down Serbia to Nisch, over the mountains to Pirot, thence into Bulgaria, through the Dragoman Pass to Sophia, over Trajan's Pass to Philippopolis, and by Adrianople and Silivria into Stamboul. This part is about 630 miles. Unfortunately the wind was strong against him all the way from Semendria on the Danube, and from the Turkish frontier it blew a gale right in his teeth. He caught the fever in Serbia, and lay ill of it a week in Sophia. Hence no record could well be made. But, excluding days of stoppage, it took him ten days to do the road from Belgrade to Constantinople. However, his object is not at all either to make or to break records, nor win wagers, but primarily to see the countries and their peoples. His intention is to prolong his journey on through Asia Minor into Syria and Palestine as far as Jerusalem. Two years ago Mr. Callan rode on a bicycle from Hamburg down to Salonica, and through parts of Greece.

If Sir Charles Warren's apprehension was well founded, viz., that Jew-baiting would follow if the inscription found on the wall near the murder were seen by the public, it does not speak very well for English civilisation. People who are not blinded by savage passion, find it well nigh impossible to realise the kind of feeling that cause these outbreaks of brutal ferocity against an unoffending race, which, from time to time, take place in Hungary, Russia, and elsewhere. It is to be hoped that the East End will try and be restrained on this point, and not disgrace itself in a moment of excitement by any action of this sort.

THE greatest novelty, says the *St. James's Gazette*, at the recent Rhode Island State fair, at Narragansett Park, was the marriage of a young Providence couple in the balloon "Commonwealth." They were Edward T. Davis and Miss Margaret Buckley. Davis is a thrifty shipping clerk, and for a long time had been engaged to Miss Buckley. At four o'clock, the time set for the marriage, there were 30,000 people present, and an hour later, when the Reverend E. D. Hall, of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, came upon the scene, followed by the bridal couple, there were 8,000 more. The bride was charmingly dressed in white satin. The pair entered the bridal car, followed by Professor Allon. The ceremony over, the guy-ropes were loosened, and away sailed the "Commonwealth" and its precious burden. Davis appeared cool, and waved his overcoat, and the bride did the same with her mammoth bouquet. The party landed in a cedar swamp about six o'clock. The balloon dragged across the swamp for nearly two miles, the occupants of the car being obliged to cling to the ropes to keep out of the water. They were finally rescued by the drag-rope being caught and made fast to a tree. Mr. and Mrs. Davis performed the rest of their bridal trip by rail.

Good Writing.—There is no prescribed ironclad standard (says the *Pennan's Art Journal*) for good writing. Writing that is legible, graceful, and rapid is good. Writing must be judged from a variety of stand-points; what would be very acceptable for private correspondence might not be tolerated for a correspondence clerk, a professional engrosser, or a copyist. Writing is always distinguished as business, corresponding, clerical, literary, engrossing, or professional in its style. Each of these styles has essential differences growing out of the peculiar circumstances under which writing is practised, and what may be rated as good for one purpose may be otherwise for other purposes, but in all the essential elements are legibility, grace, and speed.

Palace Notes.

A GRAND Poultry, Pigeon, Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea-pig Show will be held at the Palace on the 2nd, 3rd, and 5th of November. Particulars and forms of entry may be obtained on application at the General Offices. Entries close on Monday next, the 22nd inst.

READERS are reminded that the Library now opens daily at 7.30 a.m. for the convenience of newspaper readers. This is done with the view of helping those unemployed to scan the columns for situations, etc. The Library is reached by the road running alongside the New Schools.

THE Institute Anniversary Dinner passed off on Saturday last with great success. Particulars elsewhere.

READERS will be glad to learn that the officers of the Literary Society have secured Mr. Spender, B.A., of Toynbee Hall, to deliver a Lecture on Friday evening next. The chair will be taken by Mr. Laurie, M.A.

ALL communications regarding advertisements should be addressed to Mr. William Doig, 7, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

A Cyclist Grievance.

THERE are some parts of the kingdom where the cyclist seems to be still regarded as a sort of pariah, not worthy of fair treatment. That idea used to exist everywhere, but except in the case of hansom drivers, who sometimes exhibit a rankling hatred of the wheelman, it has become obsolete in most cities. From the North of England, however, comes a complaint which shows that the old hostile feeling yet lingers up there. It is stated that while the cyclist is bound under heavy penalties to show a light after dark, this salutary rule is not applied to the drivers of other vehicles. Yet there is far more occasion in their case, the cyclist having other means, in his bell or whistle, of giving timely warning of his approach. But no warning does he ever receive of the approach of a gig or other fast vehicle, shooting through the darkness at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour. It is on him before he can get out of the way, and even if he jumps off, a hopeless-wrecked machine bears witness to the narrowness of his escape. The colliding vehicle, on the other hand, suffers no appreciable injury, and usually passes on with barely a momentary pause to see whether the unfortunate wheelman has been smashed. It may be said that the latter, if on the proper side of the road, would have a good case for damages. True, but is very rare, indeed, for him to get a chance of identifying the trap driver. His own lamp being extinguished, and there being none on the other vehicle, the dismounted victim cannot see beyond a few paces, and not very clearly even within that distance. There should be one rule for all vehicles making use of public thoroughfares after dark—to carry lights—and if the unfolding of this grievance leads to its universal adoption, society will owe one more obligation to the inventor of the bicycle and its adaptations.—*Globe*.

The Game of Life.—Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend on his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and more or less of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and every woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

Our Anniversary Dinner.

A PARTY of forty-two Workers, Members and friends met at the Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday evening last, to celebrate the first year of the Institute's existence. Sir Edmund Hay Currie was in the chair. Captain Spencer Beaumont and Mr. T. Fisher were also present. Representatives of the Palace sections were as follows: *Educational and Technical*—Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. E. R. Alexander and Mr. Taylor; *Musical*—Mr. Orton Bradley; *Social and Recreative*—The Institute Members; *Official Staff*—Mr. A. Were; *Palace Journal*—the sub-Editor. Dinner was served at 6.45 in the Duke's Saloon; after which,

Sir Edmund Currie rose to propose the first toast: "The Queen and the Royal Family." After alluding in loyal terms to the immense amount of good Her Majesty had, by Her gracious patronage conferred on the People's Palace, the Chairman went on to point out how the Palace was, more or less, indebted to almost all the Royal family—members of which had on several interesting occasions honoured the East End with their presence. The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Mr. J. Ford then rose to toast the "Army, Navy and Auxiliary Forces," and having dwelt at some length on the claims these respective sections of the Service had upon us generally, Captain Spencer Beaumont responded. He said that although he could speak with some authority on the Army and Reserve Forces—having had the honour to serve in both—he was afraid the Navy would be, so far as he personally was concerned, non-represented. He gave however some interesting details as to present state of our Naval forces; and spoke at some considerable length on the merits and demerits of the Army and the Reserve.

Mr. H. T. Wadkin, in rising to propose the toast of "The People's Palace and Institute," quoted statistics to show that so far as numbers went, the Palace had been an unquestionable success. To tell them that the educational, the recreative, and the social sides of the Palace had, individually, also been successful would be unnecessary: for moving as they had moved during the past twelve months within the Palace walls, they had had every opportunity of seeing for themselves the successful issue which had attended the labours of Sir Edmund Currie and the Beaumont Trustees. He regretted the absence of Mr. Besant that evening: for he was sure that if ever an author had reason to be proud of a practical result attending the efforts of his pen assuredly it was he. Sir Edmund Currie in replying to this toast, said the success of the People's Palace was mainly due to the good feeling which existed among the whole of those connected with its work. The institution consisted of three great departments—the educational, the recreative, and the social—and no one could doubt that, so far as the recreative side was concerned, a vast amount of good had been done among the families in the East-end who had listened to the beautiful music which had hitherto been largely enjoyed by their more privileged neighbours in the West-end alone. When they came to the educational side there was no doubt that the fact of the 4,000 students attending the classes must have been a great advantage to the district in which the Palace was placed. The fact, too, that some 400 (soon to be 500) boys, the cleverest boys in the East-end, were being trained thoroughly to understand what it was to be a mechanic, was but the first fruit of similar work in other parts of London, and which he believed would be the means of helping England to regain the position which she had lost through the competition of foreign nations. With these institutions spread and multiplied, it was inevitable that the mechanic of the future would be a better workman than ever his father had been. If the People's Palace had been a failure they would never have heard of the great gift by a City company for the purpose of a similar institution in another part of London. Coming to the social side he maintained that the clubs which had been started in connection with the Palace, and which were in a flourishing condition, were a great help in binding the young people together, feeling, as they did, they had interests in common. With regard to the future, it had been said they would want more money. Well, he believed that in a work like this they would always want more money, and for his own part he hoped that the Draper's Company might do something more for them in the future. In conclusion, he paid a high tribute to Mr. Low, Mr. Bradley, and the other gentlemen engaged in teaching and other work at the Institute; not forgetting to thank Mr. A. Albu—for suggesting and bringing about this Anniversary celebration—and the other gentleman who had worked in the same cause.

This speech, which throughout was received with cheers, having terminated, Sir Edmund again rose, and after stating that Captain Beaumont had to leave to catch the Brighton train, he asked the favour to be allowed to depart at the same time. He saw, however, an excellent substitute in the person of Mr. Orton Bradley—who straightway took the chair. The musical portion of the entertainment now set in with much severity, Mr. Bradley himself doing yeoman's service. A word, however, in parenthesis, is certainly due to Mr. George J. Rayner, who, during the dinner and between the speeches, contributed, by his excellent performances on the piano, not a little to the general enjoyment.

Mr. W. Marshall, in proposing the toast of "The Visitors," spoke of the pleasure it gave him, as a representative of the Institute, to welcome the visitors to this dinner, which, although the first, he trusted would not be the last. Mr. E. R. Alexander, in his double capacity of visitor and Palace Instructor (printing class), spoke of the satisfaction and pleasure he derived in having the honour of addressing them and vouched for the truth of the remarks he had that evening heard respecting the success of the Palace and Institute. Connected as he was with a similar but an older Institution in Regent Street, he could compare both, he was proud to say, without detriment to either. The immense importance of such institutions as these was at last beginning to be thoroughly recognised and appreciated; and he for one could certainly conceive nothing finer or more advantageous for the youth of the nineteenth century than the establishment, throughout the country, of great educational and recreative centres.

Several songs and recitations having followed, Mr. Hawkins rose for the final toast—that of "The Press." This gentleman, who was received with cheers, gave a brief but comprehensive account of the power and importance of the Press of to-day, and contended that we are all greatly indebted to its influence in exposing that which should not be; its prominence in matters, general, social and political. From *The Times* to *The Palace Journal* was a long step, but each in its way was important, although the latter was certainly not what it ought to be. Once on a time he recollected that amongst its other attractions were certain paragraphs—racy and humorous—and which he was sorry to see were discontinued. In conclusion he would ask their very hearty acceptance of this toast, coupled with the name of their friend—a press representative—there present. Mr. J. R. W. Knight in replying, said that after such flattering and eulogistic remarks he was afraid he could find but little to say. He did not think it bombastic or egotistical when he said that *The Palace Journal*—to which Mr. Hawkins had so lovingly alluded—had helped to build up in no small measure the success of the Institute. By its aid the Members of the numerous clubs and societies had become known to each other in a space of time which, without the Journal, could never have been; and it was with extreme satisfaction that he noticed the sociability now existent, and which, in his opinion, was largely attributable to the Journal. After referring to the Press, which he said was the "sweetness," the "light" and the "power" of the nineteenth century, he concluded with a few remarks on the part it had played in the history of the world.

After a few songs and recitations the proceedings terminated with the National Anthem.

Motherhood.

She softly sings, and paces to and fro,
Patient, unwearied, bearing in her arms
The fretful, sickly child, with all his harms,
Deformed and imbecile, her love and woe.

Croons, with caressing intonation, low,
Some sweet, old minor melody, that charms
The ear that listens, and the sufferer calms,
And her own sorrow soothes with silver flow.

O holy tenderness of motherhood!
Most pitiful and patient to the child,
Foolish, unlovely, seemingly defiled
By powers of death and darkness. The All Good
Alone so loveth and remembereth,
And, like a tender parent, pitieth.

ABBY S. HINCKLEY, in the *Century*.

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 AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

A General Meeting will be held on Friday, 19th inst., at 8 p.m. prompt, for the election of officers and other business. All Members desirous of joining are requested to attend, so that arrangements may be made for commencing practice as soon as possible.

Any request for information, addressed to me at the General Offices, People's Palace, or 53, Blair Street, Poplar, E., will be at once attended to.

ROBERT M. B. LAING, Hon. Sec., pro tem.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

BATTING AND BOWLING ANALYSIS FOR SEASON 1888.

FIRST TEAM.

The First Eleven have, during the season, played 19 matches, 12 resulting in their favour and 3 against them, 4 being drawn. The wins were over—Mistletoe, twice; Englefield Green, twice; Markhouse, twice, and once over each of the following:—Polytechnic Athletic Club, St. James', Eton Mission, Beaumont, Manor, Glenwood; and the losses at the hands of the Polytechnic Athletic Club (return), North Woolwich, and Huntingdon United. Drawn matches were played with the Beaumont, North Woolwich, Lyndurst, and Eton Mission. The aggregate number of runs scored by the First Team amounts to 1,066. The runs scored against them amounts to 1,086. The Palace team have given away 96 extras, while their opponents gave them 170.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names. (Alphabetically arranged.)	M'tches	Complete Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Innings.	Total Runs.	Average per Innings.
Asser, S. A.	4	4	1	53*	83	20.3
Bowman, A.	15	14	1	24*	135	9.9
Bowman, C. A.	18	14	4	13	33	2.5
Byard, H. W.	19	19	0	19	100	5.5
Carter, T. G. (Capt.)	14	11	3	22*	106	9.7
Chatterton, H.	6	5	1	16	37	7.2
Cowlin, J.	6	6	0	8	13	2.1
Goldberg, L.	12	12	0	37	90	7.6
Goodwin, W.	9	8	1	20	67	8.3
Hendry, W.	16	15	1	8	28	1.7
Hones, R.	13	13	0	15	48	3.9
Hunter, F.	6	5	1	7	10	2
Josephs, G.	11	9	2	7	12	1.3
Knight, F.	16	15	1	23	87	5.12
Sherrall, E.	2	2	0	0	0	0
Wilkins, E. T.	5	4	1	42*	46	10.2

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Names. (Alphabetically arranged.)	Innings.	Wides.	No Balls.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average Wicket.
Asser, S. A.	5	0	0	228	15	89	17	5.4
Bowman, A.	8	0	0	380	15	159	27	5.24
Byard, H. W.	8	0	0	161	12	58	9	6.4
Carter, T. G.	5	0	0	150	13	76	10	7.6
Cowlin, J.	3	0	0	39	7	39	6	6.3
Goldberg, D.	16	0	0	825	47	331	66	5.1
Goodwin, W.	5	0	0	189	18	46	19	2.8
Knight, F.	16	0	0	477	28	170	32	5.10
Sherrall, E.	3	3	0	55	2	25	1	25
Wilkins, E. T.	3	3	0	55	2	25	1	25

SECOND TEAM.

The Second Eleven, during the season, played 14 matches, 3 resulting in their favour and 9 against them, 2 being drawn. The wins were over—Oval, Palestine Place, and Reliance; and the losses at the hands of St. Anthony's, twice; Laural, twice; South West Ham, twice; and once against the following:—Oval, Palmerston Rovers, and another Club. Drawn matches were the Reliance (return) and

Pelham. The aggregate number of runs scored by the Second Team amounts to 638. The runs scored against them amounts to 1,090. The Palace Team gave their opponents 128 extras, while their opponents gave them 121.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names. (Alphabetically arranged.)	M'tches	Complete Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Innings.	Total Runs.	Average per Innings.
Everson, W.	13	13	0	17	49	4.7
Gorton, W.	6	5	1	12	24	4.4
Helbing, G.	6	5	1	8	18	3.3
Jacobson, C.	7	7	0	10	15	2.1
La Riviere, G.	1	1	0	1	1	1
Loxton, S.	3	2	1	11*	16	8
Lyons, J.	5	4	1	2*	4	1
Marshall, H.	7	7	0	30	6	0.6
Munro, J.	5	5	0	18	34	8.2
Nathan, L. M.	6	5	1	8	24	4.4
Newman, W. E.	6	6	0	6	8	1.2
Philpot, H.	2	2	0	13	16	8
Sheppard, G.	11	10	1	12	48	4.8
Taylor, W. H.	2	2	0	4	4	2
Thomson, G.	6	6	0	28	50	8.2
Wainman, A. (Capt.)	12	11	1	26	85	7.8
Wand, W. C.	5	5	0	16	27	2.2
Wenn, W.	10	10	0	14	23	2.3

* Signifies not out.

The bowling analysis was not kept.

A. Wainman took 49 wickets, G. Sheppard 15, and J. Munro 11 during the season.

THIRD TEAM.

The Third Eleven, during the season, played 11 matches, 2 resulting in their favour and 8 against them, 1 being drawn. The aggregate number of runs scored by the Third Team amounts to 522. The runs scored against them amounts to 884. The Palace Team gave away 128 extras, while their opponents gave them 121.

Names. (Alphabetically arranged.)	M'tches	Complete Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Innings.	Total Runs.	Average per Innings.
Adams, A. G.	9	9	0	16	60	6.6
Alvarez, E.	8	8	0	7	17	2.1
Carter, P. M.	10	10	0	20	47	4.7
Carter, W. W.	9	8	1	12	34	4.2
Claridge, R. W.	4	3	1	17	31	10.1
Cox, H.	8	8	0	12	19	2.3
Dodd, W. J.	10	7	3	13	43	6.1
Etridge, J. J.	6	5	1	3*	6	1.1
Fairweather, H. J. (Captain)	11	11	0	19	59	5.4
Final, D. J.	6	6	0	6	22	3.4
Leach, H. C.	4	3	1	7	11	3.2
Prager, M.	6	6	0	15	31	5.1
Williams, F. T.	4	4	0	2	4	1
Witham, J. S.	11	10	1	25	46	4.6

* Signifies not out.

Bowling analysis not taken.

Alvarez took 31 wickets and Fairweather 24 during the season.

Those Members who have not paid their subscriptions are requested to do so as early as possible, to save further trouble.

The first Smoker in connection with this Club will be held in Room 12 on Friday evening next, at 8.30. Admission by ticket only, to be had from the Secretary.

T. G. CARTER, Capt. and Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of Members of the above Club was held on Tuesday, the 9th inst., T. E. Halfpenny in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were then read and confirmed. The Balance-sheet was brought forward, and, having been found to be correct, was unanimously accepted.

Mr. A. Reeve then proposed that the subscription be raised to 5s. per annum, payable half-yearly in advance; seconded by Mr. Havard, carried unanimously.

A General Meeting will take place on Tuesday, 23rd October, 1888. It is hoped that all intending Members will be present.

The Secretary will be pleased to receive subscriptions either by post, or at the Palace any evening in the Secretaries' Room (No. 1), old School-buildings.

Will all Members kindly return all play-books in their possession.

All intending Members are asked to join at once, so that we may commence casting the plays.

ARTHUR EDWIN REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members, 3s. per annum. The East anteroom, between the Queen's Hall and Library, is reserved to Members of the Club every evening from 7 o'clock. Scoring nights Tuesday and Saturday.

The first match of the season was played on Saturday week in the Club-room, against the Bow and Bromley Institute.

The match was well contested, the result only becoming apparent at quite the end of the play.

There were seven unfinished games when time was called for stopping play, which were adjudicated by the strongest players on each side. The following is the full score:—

Wins.	East London.	Bow and Bromley Institute.	Wins.
0	*Bacon Pullinger	1
1	*Cudmore Holland	0
1	*Clegg Berners	0
0	*Tarry Dedman	0
0	*Stevens Baker	1
1	*Grose Haslam	0
0	*Hopwood Gooding	1
1	*Davids Grossmith	0
0	*Wernham Bennett	0
1	Banks Doe	0
5			5

Drawn Match.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

On Saturday, October 20th, Mr. I. Gunsberg, winner of the recent International Chess Tournament at Bradford, will play twenty-four games, simultaneously, against the Members of this Club, in No. 2 Room of the New Technical Schools. Admission to Non-Members, 3d.

This being the first occasion on which this eminent player will favour us with an exhibition of his wonderful skill, it is earnestly hoped that there will be a large gathering of Members and visitors to give him a cordial welcome.

Play will commence at 7 p.m. precisely. Members taking part in the match are therefore requested to be in their places not later than 6.30 p.m.

A General Meeting will be held on Monday, October 22nd, to receive the Report of the Committee respecting the Cup Competition and the Members' Tourney. Gentlemen joining at once will be eligible to compete in these events.

During the temporary absence of the Hon. Sec., Mr. E. J. Smith, communications in reference to the Club Matches are to be sent to Mr. C. E. Bacon, Captain of the Match Teams; all other communications to be addressed to

H. CUDMORE, Hon. Sec. pro tem.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

The usual meeting of the above Society was held on Friday last, in Room No. 12, School-buildings, at 8 p.m., Mr. Horace Hawkins in the chair.

The minutes having been read and passed, the election of a new Secretary, in the place of Mr. Rhodes resigned, was proceeded with.

Messrs. C. J. White and Moody were proposed, and Mr. White was elected.

It being necessary to appoint a Secretary and an ordinary Member to represent this Society on the Council, Mr. Cayzer was unanimously elected as the Representative Secretary.

Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Harry were proposed as representatives on the Council, and Mr. Hawkins was elected.

A story, entitled "A Welsh Mystery," by Mr. Jolly, was then read, and criticised by several Members.

The proceedings of the Society closed at 9.30 p.m.

New Members enrolled every Friday evening; subscription 1s. per annum. All information given, and letters addressed to the Hon. Secs., care of People's Palace, promptly answered.

All Members who had tickets for the Club Benefit Concerts are requested to return them at once.

The Committee have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. Spender, B.A. (of Oxford), who is at present giving a course of six Lectures, at Oxford, on "Victorian Literature," has kindly consented to deliver the same course to the Literary Society fortnightly, commencing next Friday, the 19th inst. The following is a brief summary of the headings of the Lectures:—

1. Preliminary Survey.
2. Tennyson and Browning.
3. Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne.
4. Minor Poets.
5. Ruskin, Carlyle, Mill.
6. Essayists and Humorists.

Mr. Laurie, M.A. (Fellow of St. John's, Oxford), will take the chair at the first Lecture. All Members of the Palace are heartily invited to be present, and will much encourage the Society by their presence. Tickets can be obtained from the sub-Editor of the Journal, or of any Member of the Society.

B. SEARLE CAYZER, } Hon. Secs.
C. J. WHITE, }

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. ROMFORD FIRST.—On Saturday last the Beaumonts journeyed to Romford to play the above team. After waiting in vain for three of the 'Monts' Members, it was decided to commence with the aid of three substitutes. The Captain of the 'Monts' winning the toss, decided to play with the wind.

Accordingly a start was made, and, after each goal had been attacked in turn, the Romfords had the satisfaction of obtaining the first goal, which was kicked by the centre. At this point two of the absent ones put in an appearance, we still having to keep a substitute, who played a dashing game at centre half-back. The 'Monts' forwards tried hard to equalise matters, Cox putting in some fine shots, but having hard luck in not obtaining a goal. At half time the result was one to nil. The Romfords, with the aid of the wind and their weight, began to tell upon the 'Monts, who had now to act on the defence. The forwards of the Romfords were now playing grandly, the centre especially doing some good work—he quickly obtained two more goals. A fine run down by the right wing of the 'Monts' ended in Cook putting the ball right in goal, which the centre muddled, consequently losing us a sure goal, the ball being returned into our quarters. The left back of the 'Monts' was playing well, but was not assisted much by the half-backs, who seemed afraid to tackle the men. The right back did not play in his usual form. Another run up the field by the left wing resulted in a goal being obtained by Sherrill from the left. The Romfords quickly added two more goals, the 'Monts' retiring defeated by five goals to one. This was not a bad result, considering that the Romford is one of the strongest in Essex. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Munro, A. Nother, Hennessey (half-backs); Cook, W. Jesseman (right), Shaw (centre), Sherrill, Cox (left, forwards).

Match for next Saturday v. Eagle, at Leyton. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Cowlin, Cook (Captain), Hennessey (half-backs); Hendry, Shaw (right), Cox, (centre), Gould, Sherrill (left, forwards). Reserves—Jesseman, Munro. Kick off at 3.30 sharp.

SECOND ELEVEN v. ROMFORD SECOND.—Played on Saturday last, and won by the Romfords by twelve goals to one.

Match next Saturday for Second Eleven v. Ilford Park, at Wanstead. Kick off at 3.30 sharp. Team:—Burley (goal); Algar, Wainman (backs); Helbing, A. Munro, W. Winch (half-backs); Morton, Witham, C. Butterwick (Captain), Cante, Arno (forwards). Reserves—Hawkins, Jacobson, Stapleton.

Match for next Saturday v. Eagle, at Leyton. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Cowlin, Cook (Captain), Hennessey (half-backs); Hendry, Shaw (right), Cox, (centre), Gould, Sherrill (left, forwards). Reserves—Jesseman, Munro. Kick off at 3.30 sharp.

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.
E. SHERRELL, }

N.B.—A General Meeting will be held next Monday at 8.15 sharp. Important business.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last ten Members cycled to Woodford. On Saturday the muster was twenty-six. As the roads were in such bad condition, it was decided to run only as far as Loughton instead of to Epping.

A halt was made at the "King's Head," where a good tea was provided, to which all did ample justice. A Smoking Concert was afterwards held, the following Members contributing to the enjoyment of all present by singing:—Messrs. Howard, Jesseman, Giles, Kilbride, Kennard, Glover, and Burley.

At ten o'clock a hasty retreat was made to the stables, where, after lighting our lamps, the Club bugler gave us a specimen of his talent by sounding the mount through the front handle-bar of the tandem. Mile End was reached by 11.30 p.m.

On Thursday next, usual run to the "Wilfrid."

On Friday next a Special General Meeting will be held in the old School-rooms, at 8.45 p.m. As the business is most important, all Members are requested to attend. The run for next Saturday will be settled at this meeting.

JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held on Tuesday, the 9th inst., Mr. W. Marshall in the chair.

Mr. Cayzer was called upon to account for monies paid to him for the Cobden Club; and, having given a satisfactory account, it was resolved to return the subscriptions paid by Members.

The debate standing in Mr. White's name, on Local Option, will be opened by him on Tuesday, the 23rd inst.

Any gentlemen wishing to become Members of this Society should send in their names to either of the undersigned. Subscription till May, 1s.

A. L. LONDON, } Hon. Secs.
J. H. MAYNARD, }

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The second run of the season took place on Saturday last from head-quarters, "Forest Gate Hotel," when twenty-two Members and three visitors ran over the Five Miles' Course. The slows paced by H. J. Soane were allowed four minutes grace, and, running exceedingly well, were not caught by the fast pack until nearly home, when the usual "dust up" commenced, and several Members of the slow pack (who ought really to run with the fast) showed remarkable form, and gave some of the fast division all their work to do to beat them. The Club "Champion" eventually arrived home first, closely followed by Tibbs and Poynter in the order named, the others close up. On form shown all round on Saturday last, a most exciting finish should be witnessed in the first race of the season, which takes place on Saturday, October 27th, and for which entries, with last three performances, close on Saturday next to

J. R. DEELE, Hon. Sec.,
35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E.
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.,
14, Canal Road, Mile End, E.

N.B.—Runs every Tuesday evening at 8.30 (train at 8.10 from Coborn Road), when Members are requested to turn up in force. Run over the Three Miles' Course on Saturday next, when it is hoped that all Members will turn out and make themselves acquainted with it. Visitors welcome to all runs.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The First Annual Exhibition of Competition and Loan Sketches by Members of the above Club was opened on Monday, the 8th inst., in the Social-rooms of the male Members of the Institute, and was continued on that and the following evening, from 7.30 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The Exhibition comprised upwards of a hundred works in various materials, from the humble pencil drawing to the more pretentious painting in oil colour. Sketches were received from all Members of the Club, with two exceptions, thus making the display of a very representative character.

The subjects for Competition were:—

Landscape	Open Country.
Figure	Travellers.
Design	6 in. Circular, from any wild flower.

Study from Nature

The prize for Landscape was secured by Mr. P. Jessop for a sketch in oil colours, the Figure prize being taken by Mr. L. M. Nathan for a water-colour drawing, representing a gipsy man, woman and child on tramp. The Design prize fell to the lot of Mr. R. Hackett, for design composed of the flower and leaves of a plant known as the "Silver Weed." This gentleman also contributed a number of excellent designs to the Exhibition; whilst the Study from Nature prize was awarded to Miss F. Hobbs for an oil-painting of a Virginia creeper, the autumnal tints of which seemed to have been exceptionally well caught. The Committee regret that they do not see more of this young lady's work at the monthly exhibitions.

The two prizes offered by the late Art Master (Mr. W. P. Cornish) for the best and second best aggregates of work during the Session, were taken by Mr. C. W. Fleetwood and Miss J. Colson respectively.

Some hundreds of the Palace Members visited the display, which, on the whole, was a perfect success, and augurs well for the future welfare of the Club.

It remains but to offer the congratulations of the Committee to the successful Members, with the remark that the sketches were of exceedingly good character and finish, and they trust that with their continued support, to make the Club take its place among the leading Sketching Clubs of the Metropolis.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.
C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PALACE SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. OBAN STREET SCHOOLS.—Played at Canning Town, and ended in favour of Oban Street by seven goals to three. Brooks, winning the toss, played with the wind, which was blowing strong. Griffiths started the ball for Oban Street, and it was soon noticed that our team were out of form. Goal number one was registered for Oban Street. Re-starting McCardle ran the ball finely down, passing their backs and making the score equal. After this the game was very slow, the ground being the cause, it being fearfully lumpy. An interesting game finished as stated above. McCardle and Banes played best for the Palace. Team:—Baines (goal); Brooks, Phillips (backs); Courtney, Hawk, Clement (half-backs); Burton, McCardle, Griffiths, Wright, Elstob (forwards).

SECOND ELEVEN v. OBAN STREET SECOND ELEVEN.—Ended in favour of Palace Schools by three goals to one. Played at Victoria Park, and after a good game, in which Edmunds, Palmer, and Billington showed to advantage. Team:—Lowden (goal); Palmer, Billington (backs); Langdon, Birkett, Maggs (half-backs); Aldridge, English, Forest, Howard, Atkinson (forwards).

A. HUNT.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

The adjourned General Meeting will be held on Friday next, October 19th, in the School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m., when all Members are requested to make a strong effort to be present. Agenda.—Important business.

The ramble to Barking-side, as stated in last week's Journal, will not take place.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.
W. MOODY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec., J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

Members not present at last practice will please note that the Tuesday evening practice is to be divided. One practice for the Ladies' Choir from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m., and one practice for the Male Voice Choir from 9 p.m. to 10 p.m. It is requested that both ladies and gentlemen do their utmost to attend the practices regularly.

There will be a Special Meeting of the Society on Friday next, the 19th inst., at 8 p.m., when several important matters are to be discussed, and it is desirable that every Member should be present.

All Members will please endeavour to obtain a copy of *The Palace Journal* each week, as it contains our weekly report, and at present we are unable to send notices of Special Meetings, etc., to each individual Member of the Society. Also would Members kindly let the Secretary have their name, address, and what part they sing in, that is to say, whether first or second Soprano, etc., written on a slip of paper by Friday next?

TO THE PUBLIC.—We have vacancies for good *Sopranos, Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses*, also for *Falsettos* for the Male Voice Choir, which meets every Tuesday from 9 p.m. to 10 p.m. At present we are working at the "Messiah" and various glees. The Secretary will be very pleased to answer any inquiries addressed to him at the General Offices of the Palace. Practices take place every Tuesday and Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Fees, ladies 1s. per quarter, gentlemen 2s. per quarter. All music lent from the Society's Library free of charge.

CLUBS' BENEFIT CONCERTS.

A meeting of Club Representatives will be held next Monday in Room 1 of the male Members Social-rooms, at 8 p.m.

In the interest of each Club, it is necessary that there should be a full attendance of Representatives.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Those Members of the Society who could find our room met for the usual practice on Monday last.

At last I am pleased to be able to inform the Members that there is now an end to our wanderings, and that we are definitely settled in the new Technical Schools, Room No. 3.

Will the old Members kindly make a point of turning up next Monday, as there is ample accommodation and every convenience for our two Sections.

A course of speed practice is being arranged.

For the benefit of new Palace Members I will give a few advantages of our Society.

Speed practice in two Sections—thirty words per minute and upwards, and sixty and upwards; a discussion on outlines, and a Phonographic Circulating Library.

We have now a bookcase, and can keep our Library in order, for which Mr. Gold is very thankful. He has now under his charge the following:—"Phonetic Journal," "Shorthand Weekly News," "Shorthand Star," "Phonographic Punch," "Orwell Phonographer," "Shorthand Magazine," "Reporter's Magazine," "Reporter's Journal," and "Phonographic Lecturers."

We are rather short of bound phonographic volumes. At present we have the following, but our case is capable of holding many more, and our Librarian will be pleased to acknowledge any assistance:—"Ivanhoe" (3 vols.), "Leaves from the Notebook of T. A. Reed" (2 vols.), "Alexander the Great," "Benjamin Franklin," "Tales and Sketches," "Reporter's Assistant," "Learning to Report," "British Orations," "Phonography in the Office," "Self Culture," "Technical Reporting," "Phonographic Dictionary," "Reporter's Magazines" (2 vols.), "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Little Things of Nature," "Reporter's Reading Book," "Gleanings from Popular Authors," "Thankful Blossom," by Bret Harte, etc.

Subscription, 6d., now due. New Members of the Palace, 1s., entrance fee in addition.

Further information gladly given any Monday evening.

Committee Meeting next Monday, 9.30 p.m.
G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. A. GOLD, Librarian.

"Such a Good Man."

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 III.—Continued.

TO him, a man of more sensitive nature, who had no other reputation than his own integrity had brought him, bankruptcy was a thing so terrible as to dwarf almost all other misfortunes. And here was his master going into it almost with a light heart.

"Don't be downcast, Reuben." Sir Jacob clapped him on the shoulder. "Why, I've faced this danger scores of times when you thought all was going well, and never with such good chances as now. I shall turn it to account."

"But how will you live, Sir Jacob; how will you live meanwhile?"

"Lady Escomb, Reuben, had by prenuptial settlement thirty thousand pounds when she died. The interest of that money was devised to go to Rose when she marries, that is, if she marries with my consent. This money is in the funds."

"But then you will have nothing."

"Why—no. I shall have the handling of the thirty thousand, I dare say; but it is not by that money I mean to get up again. Bankruptcy," he went on; "it is not the first time that a great contractor has smashed, and it will not be the last. Contractors, in fact, never quite know how they stand. But I think it will be an event in the City when the news is known: and there will be deep sympathy when it is learned by what an accumulation of misfortunes the disaster has been brought about. Bankruptcy! Let it come, then. Let the men go on with their strike, Reuben. We will concede nothing—nothing. Let the Eldorado Government fail to meet their engagements with me; let the Columbian Harbour and the Mexican Mines all collapse together; let Turks and Egyptians go down lower than ever: they can't go too low for me if I am to be bankrupt: misfortunes cannot come too thick."

Reuben again looked at him with forced admiration and a certain involuntary shrinking. He forgot that to a man who has once tasted it, public applause, public sympathy, public praise, publicly, noisily administered, are like a draught of cold water to a thirsty man, or the shadow of a great rock to a noontide traveller in the desert. Sir Jacob was thinking of the history he could command—of course he was not one of those who ever write themselves—in certain organs where he had secret influence unknown to the editors. He was thinking of the speeches he would make, how he would appear before the world, not as the disgraced man, he would hope, but as the man whom the buffets of fortune—say, rather, the chastening hand of Providence—has temporarily laid low: how his voice would rise, his figure straighten, his arms spread out as he would repeat the words, "Not disgraced, my friends, not disgraced: only beaten down—to lift my head again, and become once more a goodly tree—yea—with branches of shelter and fruits of comfort." The peroration struck him as so good that he immediately entered it in his note-book for subsequent development. "Branches of shelter, fruits of comfort—or consolation. Query—How can trees be said to Do Good?"

"I am glad to see you take it so cheerfully, Jacob, I thought you'd a pined a bit over it," said Reuben doubtfully.

"Pined? not I. Why?"

"And as you are so cheerful, I won't tell you what I was going to tell you about my son John."

"Your son John? Ay—ay—he is in my works, I believe. Yes, I remember. What about him?"

"Some affairs of the boys, Jacob."

"John's affairs." Sir Jacob laughed. He was actually in good humour again, he—going to be bankrupt in less than a fortnight, and for two millions at least. "John's affairs? A ten-pound note in a savings' bank, a share in a building society, a quarrel in an Odd Fellows' lodge. Well, well, let us hear."

"It is more than that," said Reuben. "John has got an invention, and he wanted to show it to you; but his ideas are absurd, ludicrous. I told him so. Remember, Jacob, they are not mine; don't be offended with me."

"He always was a hot-headed boy, your son, Reuben. But we will see. Look here. Bring him over to dinner this evening. There will be no one there except Rose and Julian Carteret, and—yes—at the same time drop a note over to Bodkin, at his new Society, and ask him to come too. And now I've got a deputation to receive in a few minutes, and we must stop this interview. Don't be downcast, Reuben. Bankruptcy? It will establish my fortune on a broader basis than ever. Telegraph to Dolmen that not the smallest concession will be made. Don't sell out a single Eldorado Bond; send a paragraph to all the papers that their Government has failed to make the regular payments to Sir Jacob Escomb, the great railway contractor: make everything as public as you can. Work, Reuben, work. We shall have our reward after the smash."

"And now," he said, "I shall have another glass of sherry. Have a glass, Reuben? Better. Send me down the books for the time when I invested Julian's money, I will take care of them."

A knock at the door. His own private clerk opens it, and shows a head, nothing more.

"The deputation, Sir Jacob."

"The deputation? What deputation?"

"Secretary and deputation from the council of the Friends of the Patagonians, Sir Jacob. By appointment."

"Ah! yes—I had forgotten. They are in the reception-room? I will come. Send up the porter with sherry. Two glasses each. The deputation sherry, not the dry. I will not keep them waiting long."

"Always," said Sir Jacob, addressing Reuben, "always send up sherry to your deputation, and always keep them waiting. Nothing like sherry to warm the heart, and ten minutes' patience to cool the heels. I wonder if I shall have many more deputations after the smash."

He went and received them graciously; heard what was agreed on behalf of the Patagonians, how this fine race of giants had been too long allowed to run wild without any of the benefits of civilisation and religion, and how it was proposed—and so on. And then he made his speech, which he set purposely in a frame of sadness. He said that the condition of Patagonia had long been in his mind, that when constructing a railway in Brazil many years ago, he had personally visited the South American Continent, and reflected even then . . . Lastly, that in these times of change and sudden disaster it was impossible to promise anything, but they might announce, if that would help, his own sympathy with the cause: that he would gladly become a member of their general committee: and that, in the course of the year, he would see in what manner he should be able to help them.

The deputation gone, other people who also had appointments began to call: beggars, promoters, all kinds of people who wanted to use the name of the great philanthropist for their own objects, and these objects, if not for their own gain, were for their own glory. Find me a man or woman in this London, the nest of societies and institutions, who promotes a cause anonymously

and without the desire of gain. London consists of many cities. There are London Commercial, London Aristocratic, London Frivolous, London Ecclesiastic, London Benevolent, London Lazy, London Artistic, London Literary. London Benevolent, a field hitherto little explored, is a city whose inhabitants ardently pant for fame: unkind fortune has generally denied them the brains or the opportunities necessary to win fame by the ordinary channels: they win it in channels of their own. Some of them, chiefly women, go a begging from door to door: some, chiefly men, get up projects of benevolence, and write letters showing how the Lord Mayor must first be approached: some make speeches on platforms: some write to the newspapers: some write pamphlets. So, with infinite pains, they rescue their names, as they fondly think, from the oblivion in which, like sheep, lie all the human race: so, when they might have led easy and pleasant lives, helpful to their neighbours, along some cool sequestered way of life, and far from the madding crowd's ignoble way, they have preferred the trouble and labour by which notoriety is won, they have mistaken the babbling tongue of notoriety which speaks of one man this day and another the next, for the solemn trumpet tones of fame, and hush themselves to sleep with the fond persuasion of the poet that they will not wholly die. London Benevolent has other citizens besides those who seek for glory: it has those who seek for pay or plunder: it has the crowd who live upon the generosity of England: while Sir Jacob Escomb is a type of one, Theophilus Bodkin may stand for the other.

London Benevolent! Out of such a field there yet grow so many flowers of grace, pity, charity, and love, that one would not check the fertilising streams of gold that flow into it from every quarter. But yet, if people knew: if windbags were exploded: if the true tale could be untold: if the disinterested philanthropists could be pulled off their platforms: if—I am myself about to form (anonymously and without pay) an entirely new Society. Among the rules of it shall be one that there are to be no publication of names, no payment of officer, secretary, or anything, no committee, no council, no Lord Mayor in it, no patronage by Royalty, no list of subscribers: nothing. No one will belong to it, because in a very short time every one will. If it has a name, and I think it is better without one, it shall be called the Grand Mundane Helpful Association of All Humanity. No one will be a member who does not personally and actively assist in finding out dark corners, unclean places, vicious habitats, and resorts of crime, or that desperate poverty which makes crime. We shall not leave the discovery of such places to curates, beadles, Bible-women, and the young enthusiasts who rig themselves out like ecclesiastical tomfools in an old Morality. We shall find them for ourselves. And when they are found we shall cure the patients not by admonition, but by indulgence. Prisons shall be abolished: all benevolent societies shall die a natural death, and every man shall give part of the day to the help of brother man. Of course, when that is done, all philosophies and systems will be swept away and forgotten: we may take down all the treatises on philosophy from our shelves, and give them over to the buttermilk. We can send away all books on social economy and law from the libraries, and make a bonfire of them: all religions will be merged into one: we may take down the theological books and toss them joyfully into the fire: we may also tell the priests that we can dispense with their sermons in future:—why, there is more than half the literature of the world gone at one swoop. What a relief. Whew—! The dream grows too bewildering.

All the afternoon Sir Jacob continued to receive his callers, making new appointments, undertaking speeches, signing papers. No one would have guessed that the man who brought such clear insight, such practical

suggestions, and such ready sympathy, was a hopelessly ruined man, who had no securities left on which money could be raised. That was impossible to guess.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW PARTNER.

SIR JACOB ESCOMB probably had a good many cousins, second cousins, cousins german, and cousins of every degree. Every man born of two parents, who themselves require four progenitors, who in their turn want eight, must needs have cousins by the score. These cousins, however, in the case of people whose grandfathers belong to the prehistoric period, are invisible and unknown. In Jacob Escomb's early life they would have presented themselves to the factory lad as people like himself and his own father and mother, specimens of the class who toil hard, live hard, spend all, drink as much as they can, and die early. Later on, they might have gathered in troops round his door, clamouring for a dole out of their rich relation's enormous wealth. But they did not. Perhaps they were unconscious that one of their own stock was doing such credit to the name: perhaps, as is often the case with poor relations—and a great comfort it is when they are so constituted—they were too proud to force themselves where they were not wanted. In any case, the only relation Sir Jacob had in the world, of his own blood, was his niece Rose. Her father, who combined his brother's shrewdness without his ability, had been content, as I have said, to work quietly without an effort to rise, and died leaving a little girl thirteen years of age as a legacy to his brother.

I have explained how Sir Jacob received this legacy, I refrain from enlarging on the hopes and ambitions which Rose's beauty, when she came to him after her eighteen birthday, excited in his breast. He would rise higher in the social scale by means of her. She would marry well, she would connect him with some noble House. Like all self-made men, Sir Jacob thought over-much of social position, and measured the height to which he had risen by the rank of the people he could count as his friends.

That evening he walked all the way home, a common thing with him after a day of excitement and hard work, and surveyed the position. Well, the sacrifice must be made. Rose must marry Julian, if possible. Farewell all the chances of a noble alliance. He had the books of that period under his own custody now, he would take care that they should not go out of his own hands, the history of that "investment" should remain a secret between himself and Reuben. As for the blow, it must fall; he felt as if it had already fallen: he knew well enough, he had known for months, that it must come, he knew that to raise more money was impossible, he had sold, mortgaged, and anticipated a great deal more extensively than his secretary knew; and the last disaster, the insolvency of the Eldoradian Government, only accelerated the ruin which strikes, the fall in stocks, and bad times generally had been working for him. His heroism or callousness, as it seemed to Reuben, was that of a man who has been contemplating the blow for so long that when it falls it is a positive relief. The agony had all been anticipated.

But there could be no more dreams of matrimonial greatness; the only thing left was to retreat with honour and to carry with him in his downfall the sympathy of the world. No thought of the hundred clerks whose fall would be, so to speak, upon the hard kerbstone, while his own would be on cushions and pillows; none of the thousands of men who looked to his pay-office for their daily bread. When had Sir Jacob ever given one thought to the welfare of his own people? As well expect a general to spare the lives of his soldiers.

(To be continued.)

Strange Friendships in Animals.

A CLIFTON correspondent in the *Spectator*, with a view of adding to the lore on this matter, gives the following:—“Two Scotch terriers are lying before the fire. Prince is an amiable sort of dog, Jack is rather surly; both good vermin killers and fond of hunting. I bring in a common buck rabbit and place it beside the dogs, with the intimation they were not to touch it. Trust, and then alliance, quickly grew up between it and Prince, while Jack shows unmistakable hatred. In a few days the two friends, with their paws absurdly clasping each others necks, sleep happily on the rug. They play together, they chase each other up and down the stairs at full speed, and when tired come back to the rug. Jack, refusing all this sort of thing, makes the rabbit look at him with awe. Does Bunny make no mess in the house? None whatever; he goes into the garden as the dogs do, and, like them, scratches at the door when he wants to return. All this he does without any instruction from us. After a while, being very fond of him, we put on the floor a pretty pink-eyed doe as a present. He stares, sniffs her all over, kills her on the spot, and goes for a romp with his dear Prince. Jack always sleeps under my bed from choice, and just before I put out the light as I lie, stands up against the bed for the last pat and 'good-night.' Bunny has observed all this, and quietly creeps into the room, which he refuses to leave. Then likewise always asks for his 'good-night,' and sleeps somewhere near his great 'ideal.' Another instance, published in 'Loch Creran,' by my friend Mr. Anderson Smith. I punished my cat for killing a chicken. The next day he is seen to carry a live chicken in his mouth and lay it down to the hen he had previously robbed. He and the chicken afterwards were frequently observed leaving the orchard together and travelling through the courtyard and back passages, find their way to the kitchen fireplace, where they would sleep in good fellowship. This chicken, I discovered, had been stolen nearly two miles away. It is important to remark that the cat, though a cruel bird-killer, never touched another chicken. Was the idea of compensation in the cat's mind? If not that, all the circumstances are singularly coincident. And why did the chicken prefer the cat's companionship to that of its fellows?” Mr. F. C. Maxwell, of Clapham, also mentions two cases which have come under his notice this last summer at his farm in Berkshire. “In one case the friendship existed between a pullet and a pig. The pullet never left the farm-yard to join in the rambles of the other fowls, but kept near the pig all day, occasionally roosting on its friend's back when taking its afternoon nap. The other case was more remarkable. A hen, with strong motherly instincts, but no family of her own, acted for several weeks as foster-mother to eight spaniel puppies. The real mother, a very gentle creature, soon acquiesced in the arrangement. The hen covered the puppies with her wings just as though they had been chickens, and remained with them day and night. When they began to walk she was still their constant attendant; when they learned to lap and eat a little she would 'call' them and break up their food. As they grew older, the poor foster-mother had her patience sorely tried. They barked and capered around her, leading her altogether a sad life. After the puppies deserted her, she was often seen sitting close to their mother, the pair apparently quite understanding each other. He adds that his children were naturally delighted to watch these strange sights, and the hen, though not at other times very tame, maintained perfect equanimity while they played with the puppies around her.”

An Inspiration Lost.

MARK TWAIN says the funniest thing he ever wrote came to an untimely end and was lost entirely to the world. It was in his early western days, when he was a reporter on the *Chronicle*, of Virginia City, Nevada. In those days, when the saloon was the social centre of the town, and the opening of each new one a matter of general interest, it was the custom for the proprietor of a new venture in liquid refreshments to send a basket of his choicest wares to the newspaper office, and the editor to return the compliment by giving a glowing account of the opening. One day a basket of unusually choice wines from a saloon that was to be of an unusually aristocratic order inspired Mark with a brilliant idea. He wrote a few

lines in straight good English, but the next began to be pretty badly mixed; and, as he represented one bottle after another as having been sampled, approved, and emptied, he drifted into worse and worse confusion, until he finally brought up in an inextricable tangle of incoherency, such as might be supposed to possess the brain of a man who had drunk a basket of mixed wine. But when the paper came out he searched it over and over in vain for his cherished article. It was not there. But he did find a brief paragraph, setting forth in the most commonplace, conventional way imaginable, the fact that a basket of wines had been received from Mr.—, that they were very fine, and that “we bespeak for him the liberal patronage he deserves.” With fire in his eye and profanity on his lips, Mark started on an investigation, and soon settled the blame on the head of one of the printers. “Why,” said the fellow, “I couldn't make head nor tail out of the copy, and I concluded Mr. Clemens must have been pretty full when he wrote it. I heard the editor say last week that if he got drunk again he'd discharge him, and I thought if that stuff got into the paper he'd have to go sure. So I tore it up and wrote this myself. Just thought I'd save his place for him if I could.” Before this honest friend, whose zeal for his welfare had not left a piece of his prized article as big as a nickel, Mark could say no more. But he could not reproduce it. It had been the swift and brilliant inspiration of the moment, and was completely gone. But he mourned long over the fate of what he always believed to be his most brilliant production.

The Warriors of the Sea.

A LIFEBOAT STORY.

By kind permission of the Author, CLEMENT SCOTT, ESQ.

Up goes the Lytham signal! St. Anne's has summoned hands!
Knee-deep in surf the lifeboat's launched abreast of Southport sands!
Half deafened by the screaming wind: half blinded by the rain,
Three crews await their coxswains, and face the hurricane!
The stakes are death or duty! No man has answered “No!”
Lives must be saved out yonder on the doomed ship *Mexico*!
Did ever night look blacker? did sea so hiss before?
Did ever women's voices wail more piteous on the shore?
Out from three ports of Lancashire that night went lifeboats three,
To fight a splendid battle, manned by Warriors of the Sea!

Along the sands of Southport brave women held their breath,
For they knew that those who loved them, were fighting hard with death.
A cheer went out from Lytham! the tempest tost it back,
As the gallant lads of Lancashire bent to the waves' attack;
And girls who dwell about St. Anne's, with faces white with fright,
Pray'd God would still the tempest, that dark December night.
Sons, husbands, lovers, brothers, they'd given up their all,
These noble English women heart-sick at duty's call;
But not a cheer, or tear, or prayer, from those who bent the knee,
Came out across the waves to nerve those Warriors of the Sea!

Three boats went out from Lancashire, but one came back to tell
The story of that hurricane, the tale of oceans' hell!
All safely reached the *Mexico*, their trysting place to keep,
For one there was the rescue, the others in the deep
Fell in the arms of victory! dropped to their lonely grave,
Their passing bell the tempest, their requiem the wave!
They clung to life like sailors, they fell to death like men.
Where, in our roll of heroes? When in our story? When?
Have Englishmen been braver, or fought more loyally,
With death that comes by duty to the Warriors of the Sea!

One boat came back to Lytham! its noble duty done,
But at St. Anne's and Southport, the prize of Death was won!
Won by those gallant fellows, who went men's lives to save,
And died there crown'd with glory! enthroned upon the wave!
Within a rope's throw of the wreck, the English sailors fell,
A blessing on their faithful lips, when ocean rang their knell;
Weep not for them, dear women! cease wringing of your hands!
Go out to meet your heroes across the Southport sands!
Grim Death for them is stingless! The Grave has victory!
Cross oars and bear them nobly home! Brave Warriors of the Sea!

When in dark nights of winter, fierce storms of wind and rain,
Howl round the cosy homestead, and lash the window-pane;
When over hill and tree-top, we hear the tempests roar,
And hurricanes go sweeping on, from valley to the shore;
When nature seems to stand at bay, and silent terror comes,
And those we love on earth the best, are gathered in our homes!
Think of the sailors round the coast, who braving sleet or snow,
Leave sweethearts, wives, and little ones, when duty bids them go!
Think of our sea-girt island! a harbour, risk alone,
No Englishman to save a life has failed to risk his own!
Then when the storm howls loudest, pray of your charity,
That God will bless the Lifeboat! and the Warriors of the Sea!

"Hap and Mishap."

THE Reverend C. J. Langston contributes to the *Argosy* for October a most amusing paper, in which there are a number of anecdotes of parsons, sermons, and church-services.

A predecessor of mine prided himself upon his singers. He was glad of the help of strangers, and would announce, after the second lesson, "I see some musical friends from Redditch have come in, so that we will have an anthem presently." The custom then was to repeat lines and syllables *ad nauseam*, but often with ludicrous effect. Thus, "Call down Sal," was thrice repeated before the full word salvation was reached; and the line, "Oh Thou to whom all creatures bow," was spun out until it resembled bow-wow-wow-wow. Miss Charlotte Yonge alludes to the custom in Chantry House: "There was an outburst of bassoon, clarinet, and fiddle, and the performance that followed was the most marvellous we had ever heard, especially when the big butcher, fiddling all the time, declared in a mighty solo, 'I am Jo-Jo-Jo-Joseph!' and having reiterated this information four or five times, inquired with equal pertinacity, 'Doth my fa-a-u-ther yet live?'"

Mr. Langston quotes Jane Welsh Carlyle's description of the square, spacious, and eminently comfortable family pew which was a conspicuous feature of the parish churches of fifty years ago. She is referring to the pew of the Bullers, of Troston Rectory. "It is a nice pew that of ours," said old Mr. Buller; "it suits me remarkably well; for being so deep I am not overlooked; and in virtue of that, I read most part of the *Femme de Qualité* this morning. But don't," he added, "tell Mr. Regy (his son, the rector) this." I also," continues Mrs. Carlyle, "turned the depth of the pew to good account. When the sermon began, I made myself at the bottom of it a sort of Persian couch, out of the praying-cushions, laid off my bonnet, and stretched out myself very much at my ease." The cosy squire's pew of the eighteenth century was an elaborate structure, luxuriously furnished, and surmounted by crimson curtains. It often contained the only fireplace in the church, and was never complete without a square table. During the reign of George I. a coloured footman would enter with a tray of light refreshment just before the sermon. In one of these retreats, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, being ensconced, was roused from a doze by the exhortation—"Let us pray." "By all means," shouted the Duke; "I have no objection." The poor were accommodated in narrow pews, very high and stiff in the back. No wonder a timid child remarked that a man in velvet breeches had sat her on a pantry-shelf and shut the door. Not so little Johnny, who, "on the promise to be dood," was taken to church. He kept very still till the last prayer, by which time he had grown so tired that he got up on the cushion of the seat and stood with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the seat behind bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying; so he leaned over and said in a too audible whisper, "Poor dear lady, what ee matter? Does oo tummy ache?"

We hear of striking originality from the pulpit sometimes. A young Nonconformist was on probation at a Little Bethel. His subject was the "Prodigal Son." His auditory, select and severe, were unmoved by his eloquence for half an hour. He would now touch them with his finer fancies; he would appeal to their tenderest feelings. "My dear friends! (with a sigh) the fatted calf! Notice! not one of Pharaoh's lean and ill-favoured kine; not one of five yoke of oxen—great ugly beasts; but a sweetly pretty, gentle, amiable fatted calf. No doubt" (added the speaker, with deepening pathos) "it had been the children's dear little pet for years." The incumbent of a populous parish in the midlands, who never failed to have publication of numerous banns, looked for the banns book as usual after the second lesson. Feeling assured of finding it, he commenced, "I publish the banns of marriage—" An awkward pause, during which he looked beneath the service books, "but could not see my little friend, because he was not there." "I publish the banns," repeated he, still fumbling, "between—between—" "Between the cushion and the seat, sir," shouted the clerk, looking up and pointing to the place where the book had been mislaid.

Surely there is no more trying circumstance than to be beset by a wasp when reading the service. There is something highly attractive to that nettlesome insect in the folds of a surplice. Perhaps it thinks of the papyrus of its own nest; or the sedative of ordinary reading is a reminder of its big cousin, the humble bee, in a churn; or probably it instinctively knows that the reader is at its mercy. When I

see a wasp flying about a church, I feel as certain as when in a train I see a mother with an infant in her arms pass and re-pass the carriage-window that I am to be the victim. I fairly have the creeps when I think of those little yellow-coated twins, Uz, and Buz his brother, dodging about the reading-desk last August, and mocking my misery and impotency. They came with the Psalms. The lectern was a few feet distant. I hoped to give them the slip when reading the lessons, and I saw, with satisfaction, that one of them was taking the dimensions of a bottled-nosed gentleman in the nave. But the other returned, alas, to its first love with an attachment intensified by absence. It settled on the surplice-sleeves; it made a phrenological examination of the back of my head with a view to increasing its bumps; it became entangled, and therefore cross among my scanty locks. To be stung suddenly and by chance is a small matter; but for fully ten minutes to be expecting the cruelly sharp venomous sting of a wasp crawling on the temples is, indeed, prolonged agony. We had reached the Litany. I felt the horrid insect pausing at the tip of the nose. Free for one moment, whilst the choir responded "Good Lord deliver us," with my right hand I dashed my vicious enemy on to the reading desk, and smashed it with the hymn-book. What an untold relief!

Letter to the Editor.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR.—Among the many Clubs and Societies formed in connection with the People's Palace Institute, none, I think, has a higher object or should be conducive of more good than the Literary Society. But what a difference there is between the ideal and the real state of things. It was started well and great things were expected. The worthy President, in the inaugural address, explained what should be the object and the course adopted by the Society, and suggested courses of study, competitions, etc. But what have we? The attendance has dwindled down to the lowest ebb, and the Society seems to be in a bad state altogether. Who is responsible for this? Have we not sufficient talent to maintain the Society, or are the Members dissatisfied with the manner in which the meetings are conducted? I fear the latter. However, I understand there is still hope. We are to have a Lecturer next Friday, and I trust the Members will turn up in good numbers, and come with a determination for real work, and not simply to pass away the time. It is evident that unless something is done, Members who have no time to waste will not attend, and those who have the time at their disposal will prefer to waste it in a more genial sphere.—Yours sincerely,

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Than the metres of star or of sun;

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Surelier than time into death,

It moves till its labour be done.

Till the motion be done and the measure

Circling through season and clime,

Slumber, and sorrow, and pleasure,

Vision of virtue and crime;

Till consummate, with conquering eyes,

A soul disembodied, it rise

From the body transfigured of time.

It is one with the world's generations,

With the spirit, the star, and the sod;

With the kingless and king-stricken nations,

With the Cross, and the Chain, and the Rod

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The earth-soul Freedom that only

Lives, and that only is God.—A. C. SWINBURNE.

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