

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. II.—No. 51.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 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. CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford. LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Concert, at 8. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Committee Meeting, at 7. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Committee Meeting, at 8. GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall.—Committee Meeting, at 7.—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. GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. CRICKET CLUB.—Smoking Concert, at 8. LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Committee Meeting, at 7.30. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Lecture: J. Spender, Esq., B.A. POULTRY SHOW.—Open 11 till 5, 6d; 5 till 10, 2d. Organ Recital, 6.30. Instrumental and Vocal Concert, Queen's Hall, at 8.
- SATURDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium. FOOTBALL CLUB.—First XI., at Wanstead; Second XI., at Millwall. CYCLING CLUB.—First Annual Dinner, at 6.30. POULTRY SHOW.—Open 10 to 10, 2d. Organ Recital, 6.30. Concert, Queen's Hall, at 8.
- 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. SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting. General Meeting, at 9. GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium.—Monthly Meeting, at 8. LECTURE.—For Junior Section, in Lecture Hall, at 8. POULTRY SHOW.—Open 10 to 10, 2d. Organ Recital, 6.30. Concert, Queen's Hall, at 8.
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASTICS.—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. DEBATING SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting, at 8. 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. GYMNASTICS.—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.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 4th, 1888,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- |    |                                       |     |     |              |
|----|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|--------------|
| 1. | Overture in C minor                   | ... | ... | Handel.      |
| 2. | Andante                               | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. | Fugue in A minor                      | ... | ... | Bach.        |
| 4. | Air, "There is a Green Hill far away" | ... | ... | Gounod.      |
| 5. | Impromptu                             | ... | ... | ...          |
| 6. | Two Movements in E flat               | ... | ... | Saint Saens. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- |    |                                     |     |     |              |
|----|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|--------------|
| 1. | March of the Priests (from Athalie) | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. | Pastoral Symphony (Messiah)         | ... | ... | Handel.      |
| 3. | Christmas Offertoire                | ... | ... | Guilmant.    |
| 4. | Air, "Lord God of Abraham" (Elijah) | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 5. | Two Short Preludes                  | ... | ... | A. Hollins.  |
| 6. | Choral, with variations             | ... | ... | Smart.       |

## Notes of the Week.

REPUBLICAN liberty in France is interpreted with certain trifling restrictions: the right of voting freely, and in accordance with one's conscience being excluded. Every Department, that is, every county of France, is governed by a Préfet and a Sous-Préfet: every town and village by its Mayor. The following letter from a Sous-Préfet to a village Maire explains the Government view on the subject of voting. He says, according to the *Standard*:—"Monsieur le Maire.—The assistance accorded by the Government for the loss of cattle is not accorded as a right to all who ask for it. It is a favour which the State reserves to itself for the purpose of benefiting persons who appear worthy of interest, and whose political attitude leaves nothing to be desired." Let us try to imagine the storm which such a letter from a Member of Parliament to a constituent would call forth.

In the year 1874 Mr. Short, police constable, took unto himself a wife. This, under proper conditions, is a laudable step. He left the force, and opened a watch-making shop in Hampstead. After eight years he grew tired of his wife, being assisted towards this unhappy frame of mind by the charms of a young lady in a fancy shop next door. One day he disappeared. They presently found on the banks of the River Lea his clothes, his purse, and his watch. The conclusion was obvious. The unfortunate watchmaker must be drowned. The river was dragged, but without success: the body was never found: and the widow, one hopes, was in time reconciled to her loss. At all events, she carried on the business. But the crafty watchmaker was not drowned. He was living all the time in New Brunswick, and the clothes on the bank were simply meant to avert suspicion. This discovery has caused a little employment for solicitors and barristers, and a job for Mr. Justice Butt. However, the lady is now as good as a widow, and, I hope, is satisfied.

In the City of Philadelphia 8,034 persons are said to be engaged in the rum traffic. I suppose the paper from which this statement is copied includes whiskey and other ardent drinks. Of these persons 3,041 are Irish, 2,179 Germans, 265 negroes, 2,344 belong to other nationalities, and 205 are Americans. Of the number 3,696 are women, of whom one only is of American birth. The writer goes on to remark that there would not be many drinking saloons if Americans had to keep them.

THESE figures are suggestive. It is clear that the keeping of saloons, that is to say, of public houses, is considered disreputable, otherwise, men of American origin would not hold aloof from the trade, which one supposes to be lucrative. The "other nationalities" must be chiefly French and Italian. In London we have vast numbers of foreigners, but they do not try to monopolize the public houses. They run restaurants after the foreign style: they become waiters: they are tailors, cabinet makers, and bakers, but they leave the Briton in undisturbed possession of his bar. The sight of a German or a Frenchman behind the bar of the "Spotted Dog" would cause a revolution.

SHOULD the prisoner in the following case be acquitted? It is a delicate point, and I would rather not pronounce an opinion. I believe however, that it is acknowledged that

there may be cases in which provocation has been held to madden.

"You admit killing the deceased, do you?"

"Yes, sir; I blew his whole head off."

"Inhuman monster! State the circumstances."

"Well, I am a chemist, and he came to my shop at three o'clock in the morning, and rang the night-bell repeatedly. Finally I woke up and went to the door. What do you suppose he wanted?"

"Probably it was a case of life or death."

"He wanted to have a look at the directory."

ONE of the old City customs was duly observed the other day when the City Solicitor, the Secondary, and one of the Sheriffs waited on the Queen's Remembrancer in order to render suit and service to the Crown in respect of property granted to the Corporation by Royal Charter six hundred years ago. The property consists of a piece of land in Shropshire, and what was formerly a blacksmith's shop, near St. Clement Danes. Once a year the City has to pay, for rent, six horse shoes, sixty nails, and certain faggots of wood. This was duly done: the City Solicitor counted the nails, the Remembrancer said "Good Number," and the Secondary politely presented the Remembrancer with the hatchet and bill-hooks.

THERE are a great many of these tenures still surviving. A horse, a basket of fruit, so many pounds of fish, are rents by which certain property is held. There is a house in the West of England whose owner is obliged to give the Sovereign a bed for a night if he should pass that way. The Borough of Oakham has certain privileges on the condition that the Mayor shall drive a nail into the door of the Town Hall every time the king goes through the town.

DID the Lord Mayor say that London is the great cess-pool of crime? He says he did not. What he did say was that London is, and always will be, the refuge of English criminals. That seems to me a very modest way of putting it. In a city so enormous as London criminals think it will be easy to be concealed. For certain kinds of crime, those in which there are professed followers—such as burglars, pick-pockets, and so forth—no doubt London is an excellent place of concealment. But murderers do not find themselves at home here. Certainly one could much more safely walk about London streets at any hour than in the streets of Paris, Berlin, or any other great Capital. Who, in London, thinks of carrying a revolver? We have plenty of villains among us, but we have very few of the desperate murderers who infest the back streets of Paris. And in point of morals, if all we hear is true, we compare favourably even with Brussels, small as that city is beside our Metropolis of five millions.

AT this time of year our ancestors, good folk! used to take their autumnal blood letting. Ten to twelve ounces of blood was the amount usually taken by the lancet. It was done by the barber. The ceremony accomplished, people thought themselves safe for the next six months. When spring began the operation was repeated. Very likely their sedentary habits—for our forefathers took little exercise—the quantity of meat and strong ale they consumed, without much use of vegetables, made them full of habit, and the loss of a little blood would do them no harm. It is quite certain that people a hundred and fifty years ago were much more corpulent and gross than they are now. The reason is plain: they ate and drank too much, and they exercised themselves too little. Consider the figures in Hogarth's pictures: the City merchants—how plump they are round the waist! How they wag their double chins! See them sitting at dinner, with what vigour do they attack the good things! The City Feasts continue, but the wine-bibbing and the gluttony are gone.

PARTLY in compensation for the cold summer, the autumn has been unusually prolonged, and the trees round London have retained their leaves in spite of the frost which last week destroyed the autumnal beauty of the gardens. I recommend for the consideration of the Ramblers the neighbourhood of Rickmansworth, the line to which is now continued from Harrow, that is to say, from Baker Street. It is rather a long railway journey, but when one gets to the spot one forgets the length of the journey. Rickmansworth is not a pretty town. It consists, one would say at first sight, entirely of public-houses, but there is a walk from Rickmansworth to Chenies,

about five miles, which is as perfectly lovely as anything in England. The way may be varied. You may go to Chenies by road, across a very beautiful common, and you may return through lovely wooded parks, where the deer lie about. Just now the woods are at their very best; the beech trees are magnificent—red and yellow—and even the cherry trees have turned to yellow-gold. Chenies is a village where there is an Elizabethan house belonging to the Duke of Bedford. It is in perfect preservation, and admirably kept up. In the church are monuments to various members of the Russell family, and at the little inn they will serve up the most delightful of meals. But, perhaps, as the days are short, the Ramblers will prefer to wait till next spring.

THE history of the first signs, the subsequent developments, and the crowning agonies of a heavy cold has never yet been adequately written, I mean, so as to convey a full sense of the misery caused by the awful thing. As one who is at this moment passing through the middle stage, I may be allowed to indicate briefly what happens. Of course I do not tender these brief remarks as a full or complete statement of the case. I think there is no living writer of English who could present a really bad cold in all its terrors. The following, however, may be recognized by my fellow-sufferers as true as far as it goes. Mine is, I must explain, a colossal cold, a cold that came slowly and with dignity, resolved to stay as long as ever it possibly could, a cold over which philanthropists and those who feel for suffering humanity, weep. It began on Sunday—previous experience ought to have made one understand that to drag your legs heavily after walking a mile is a very bad symptom. In the evening the head was heavy, the whole body was weary, talking became difficult, the ideas would not flow, and the wrong words come tumbling out. Now at this stage a liver pill would have probably arrested this fiend cold. There is nothing at any stage of his demoniac possession that he hates more than a liver pill. At night sleep was filled with dreams: one fell down precipices or got wrecked, lost one's clothes, and went through all the adventures that belong to nightmares. It is in the morning of the second day that one begins to sneeze: not once or twice, but a continual succession of explosive sneezes, loud enough to break the windows. On the third day the cold has thoroughly pronounced itself. Then you take breakfast in bed, and lie all the morning with a hot and dry skin trying to breathe. You presently get up and try to do something. A pile of letters is waiting for you. After working industriously for three hours you find that you have answered perhaps three. Woe to that literary man who, in such straits, should try to write; for he will presently cast aside his pen and burst into tears, thinking that his brain has gone at last. Let the patient give it up: let him sit with a book in his hand; if he is lucky the book will presently drop and an obstructed snore, a choke and a grunt, will proclaim that he has dropped into temporary oblivion. But not yet does he quite give in: he eats his customary dinner: to-morrow will see him better. Poor misguided wretch! To-morrow sees him far worse: he has wrestled with his breathing all night; he has tossed about, sat upright, walked about, tried sal volatile, everything. He is a wreck. Then and not till then he does what he ought to have done four days before—he sends for his doctor, goes on diet, takes doses and Dover powder, and looks to mend with some confidence. Such a cold as this requires, from beginning to end, at least eight days; in fact it sometimes takes ten days before the patient is thoroughly recovered. And nobody pities him: he has got a cold—that's all—only a cold: only an entire stoppage of his daily work and power of thought, with every kind of discomfort. But it is only a cold. How many pictures have we seen of the patient with his feet in hot water and a glass of something hot and strong at his side and the candle ready to tallow his nose! But no sympathy. We are expected to laugh. From the sufferer's point of view, I cannot for the life of me see where the laughter comes in.

EDITOR.

BOOKS.—Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them! Those works therefore are the most valuable that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation; for as the solar light calls forth all the latent powers, and dormant principles of vegetation contained in the kernel, but which, without such a stimulus, would neither have struck root downwards, nor borne fruit upwards, so it is with the light that is intellectual; it calls forth and awakens into energy those latent principles of thought in the minds of others, which, without this stimulus, reflection would not have matured, nor examination improved, nor action embodied.

## 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 SKETCHING CLUB.

The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs will be held in the new School-buildings on Monday, 12th prox., at 7.30 p.m., the first half hour being reserved for Members only.

The subjects are as follows:—

Landscape	.. ..	"Sunrise."
Figure	.. ..	An Italian Girl.
Design	.. ..	Dado, 6 inches square
		Still Life—Study from Nature.

Members are requested to send in their sketches on the Wednesday preceding the exhibition, as the critic desires a private inspection prior to commenting upon them. Members are also requested to mark their sketches in some manner (say with last year's number), to enable the Secretary to identify them. After the criticism the name of the artist will be attached.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The first race of the season, a Two-and-a-half Miles' Handicap, was successfully brought off on Saturday last from Headquarters, "Forest Gate Hotel," when twenty-nine out of thirty who had entered faced the starter (the thirtieth man arriving too late). The race was started punctually at the advertised time by Mr. R. Caldwell (Lytton R. C.) who is also responsible for the times; Mr. A. Pyman (Beaver S. C.) officiated at the tape, while the following gentlemen kindly acted as distance Judges:—Messrs. Johnson, Thomas, Purkiss, and Ransley. The result was as follows:—E. C. Tibbs, 20 secs.; first; handicap time, 13 min. 10 secs.; net time, 13 min. 30 secs. E. Bates, 45 secs.; second; handicap time, 13 min. 20 secs.; net time, 14 min. 5 secs. J. H. Crawley, 25 secs.; third; handicap time, 13 min. 23 secs.; net time, 13 min. 48 secs. H. Marshall, 1 min. 15 secs.; finished fourth, and the scratch man, J. R. Deeley, finished fifth in 13 min. 29 secs. The following also ran:—E. R. Poynter, 15 secs.; E. J. Crowe, 30 secs.; E. J. Taylor, 40 secs.; A. E. Coningham, 45 secs.; H. Swain, 45 secs.; E. Ransley, 50 secs.; E. Taylor, 50 secs.; F. Glover, 55 secs.; F. W. Spicer, 55 secs.; A. Giles, 1 min.; V. Dawson, 1 min. 5 secs.; W. Taylor, 1 min. 10 secs.; E. Williams, 1 min. 20 secs.; W. Dodd, 1 min. 10 secs.; W. Stephen, 1 min.; W. Sumpner, 1 min. 5 secs.; H. Morgan, 1 min.; E. O. Robb, 1 min. 10 secs.; F. Merritt, 1 min. 30 secs.; H. J. Soane, 1 min. 40 secs.; H. Moxhay, 1 min. 40 secs.; J. Bowling, 30 secs.; W. Harvey, 1 min. 15 secs.; W. Fielding, 1 min. 10 secs. With regard to the winner, he ran in splendid form, doing but one second slower than the scratch man, and had he started off the same mark a magnificent race must have been witnessed between them. Bates showed unexpected form, while Crawley ran as gamely as ever. On receiving the word to go, the limit men, Soane and Moxhay, started at a nice steady pace, but some of the others dashed away as if going for a quarter. Of these Swain was most noticeable for running off at top speed, he left his co-markers, Bates and Coningham, far in the rear in a very few seconds. But ere a mile had been covered his exertions began to tell on him, and he had slowed down, and at one-and-three-quarter miles stopped, dead beat. A little hint for you, Mr. Swain, also a few others: Remember—"It's not the distance, but the pace that kills." Crawley led the field at two miles, Tibbs, Poynter, and Bates being in close attendance; 600 yards from home Tibbs took the lead, followed by Bates, Crawley falling into third position. Tibbs never being headed won by ten seconds from Bates, who beat Crawley by three seconds; then came Marshall, Deeley, Soane, Poynter, Crowe, and Robb in the order named, being the only ones who persevered to the tape. After the usual tubbing had been indulged in, about thirty Members and friends sat down to a substantial tea, provided by host Young. Having satisfied the inner man, the Members strolled about in twos and threes, discussing the merits of their respective "fancies" until 8 o'clock, when the sharp rap of the hammer announced that the harmony was about to commence. The chair was taken by our Secretary, while the position of Vice was filled by the Captain. Order having been called, the Chairman called upon our pianist, Mr. Bramley, for an overture, which he rendered to the satisfaction of all. The first song of the evening was sung by Mr. E. C. Tibbs, and he advised everyone to "Forgive and Forget," and Mr. J. Robb's fine voice was heard to advantage in "Anchored." Mr. Swain followed with that popular song "Killaloe," and then Mr. Anning (People's Palace Elocution Class) fairly held his audience spell bound, while he gave, with splendid effect, "Phil Blood's Leap." Mr. E. J. Crowe informed us that things were "Always the Same." Mr. Deeley vacated the chair, and swore that he would be "True to Death," and then our worthy host's fine voice was heard in that grand song "The Gates of the West," and being encored gave "They all Love Jack." Mr. F. W. Spicer sang "London Tower," and Mr. H. Hawkins, of the Beaumont F. C. and several other

Clubs, told us what a jolly time was spent by the "Models of Madame Tussaud's." Now the tit bit of the evening, Mr. Burton, sang splendidly "A very different Place," and being loudly recalled, obliged with another cheering ditty. Mr. Buckland sang "Alone on the Raft," and was well received. Mr. Hunt sang his favourite song, "A Sailor's Life," and Mr. Bramley sang in fine style "The King's Own," after which the Prizes were presented to the winners by the Chairman. The recipients having replied, our pianist was presented with a handsome Dressing Case, as a slight recognition of his services in the past. Having made a suitable reply, the second part of the programme was commenced, and most of the gentlemen who contributed to the first part obliged again, and at 10.45 p.m. all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Paper Chase next Saturday at 4 p.m. sharp. All Members please turn up. Visitors welcome.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.

E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

At the adjourned meeting of the above Society, held on Friday, the following ladies and gentlemen were elected to sit in Committee for the consideration of Rules, etc.—Sopranos: Miss Rogers and Miss M. Biner; Contraltos: Mrs. Murray and Miss Sayers; Tenors: Mr. Monk and Mr. Jacobs; Bass: Mr. Muller-hausen and Mr. Mears. The Committee is entirely temporary, and the officers of the Society stand *ex-officio*.

Members must please endeavour to attend regularly and punctually, as by not doing so, the advancement of the Society is greatly retarded.

Will Members please notice that we practice on Tuesdays at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir, in No. 2 Room of the Ladies' Social-rooms, by the kind permission of Miss Adams, and not in the new Music Room, as stated in last week's report. The Friday practice takes place as usual in the Lecture Hall.

Members of the Committee will please meet on Thursday, the 8th November, at 7 p.m. sharp.

The report of Mr. Mears, as Secretary for the past year, will be found below.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have only vacancies in each part for ladies and gentlemen who can pass Mr. Bradley's sight-reading examination. We require one or two male altos for the Male Voice Choir, which meets at 8.45 p.m. on Thursdays. We are at present rehearsing "The Messiah," John Farmer's Fairy Opera, "Cinderella," and various glees, for production as soon as possible. The Secretary will be pleased to answer all enquiries addressed to him at the General Offices of the Palace.

The Half-Yearly Report of this Society—read awhile since by the ex-Hon. Sec., Mr. F. Mears, and affording much satisfaction to all concerned—claimed that this Society, of the many Clubs existent at the Palace, was one—if not the most successful in the Institute. The Report went on to deal more particularly with the actual amount of work performed during the ten months of the Society's existence. The Choral Society, it seems, has not only sung itself into popular favour at the People's Palace, but it has also been favourably heard at the Beaumont Hall, where, for a philanthropic purpose, a concert was given at the request of the Rev. E. Hoskyns (Beaumont Trustee), on which occasion Haydn's "Spring" and other musical items made up a very successful programme.

After briefly acknowledging the Club's indebtedness to a sister Society (the Orchestral), the Report touched upon the question of rehearsals. These, it appears, have been well attended, and many difficult works, including Haydn's "Spring," Macfarren's "May Day," and Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," have been gone through with enthusiasm, and the result has been extremely satisfactory. On the 24th February, in the present year, it was deemed advisable to organise a Secretaryship to help to carry on the work, and Mr. F. W. Mears was accordingly elected Hon. Sec. This, in quick succession, was followed by an important feature of the Society's work, viz., the presentation to Mr. Orton Bradley of a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the Society—in the shape of a silver mounted *bâton* in case. The gift presented by Sir E. H. Currie was accompanied by a few kindly remarks from that gentleman.

Summer having (rather feebly) dawned upon us, it was proposed that a brief respite from labour should follow, and the proposition having been readily agreed to, Saturday, the 7th July, saw the Society at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, *en route* to Harrow, where a truly enjoyable day was spent. It was eventually proposed that this excursion be speedily followed by a series of afternoon outings; a proposition which, although carried unanimously enough, has never practically transpired.

The Society's books show a formidable list of Members—the total registered on the 27th April being 114; and on the 1st of June, 105; the total, at present speaking, amounting to 120 Members. At a General Meeting held on September 12th, Mr. Laundy was elected Hon. Sec., and Mr. Thomas, Librarian for the ensuing year; and the meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring Hon. Sec., Mr. Mears, who briefly responded.

## LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The lady Members having received an invitation to meet in the new Social-rooms on Wednesday last, a large gathering took place. Sir Edmund and Lady Hay Currie, Miss Ellice, Mrs. Hoskyns, Mrs. Cohen, and Miss Adams, were present.

The rooms are now completely furnished, and include a large and comfortable drawing-room, in which are newspapers and games of various sorts, and of a larger room called the Social-room, suitable for concerts and entertainments.

It is proposed shortly to fit up a third room as a Library.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie gave a short address. After stating the arrangements proposed for each evening of the week, he again assured the Members of his desire and that of the Trustees to do all that was possible for their comfort and happiness, and begged them to unite in making their branch of the Palace a great success.

On Thursday last, the 25th inst., the usual weekly concert, under the direction of Mrs. Mellish, took place, when the efforts of the following ladies and gentlemen received the appreciation they deserved:—Misses L. and H. Rees, L. Musto, Nay, Philbrick, Mrs. Daddo, and Mrs. Mellish, Messrs. Bowman, Hawkins, E. Harvey, and Hunt.

The Members of the Committee are reminded of the meeting that is to take place—in accordance with notice duly sent to them—on Friday 2nd, at 7.30, when it is hoped all will endeavour to attend punctually, as Sir Edmund Currie has promised to take the chair on the occasion.

L. A. COKER, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The ordinary meeting of this Club will take place on Wednesday, the 7th November, at 8 p.m., in the new Studio (Technical Schools), when Mr. Barrett, Hon. Sec., will describe the carbon process, and practically demonstrate the same.

Members who have not paid their subscriptions for the current year will please do so without delay.

At the last meeting of the Club, Mr. Davis was elected to act as Representative with the Secretary at the monthly meetings of Secretaries.

The programme for the Winter Session is as follows:—

Nov. 7th.	—"Printing in Carbon," by Mr. Barrett, Sec.	
" 23rd.	—"Platinotype Process," by Mr. R. H. Edwards.	
Dec. 7th.	—"Paper, by Mr. E. H. Farmer, F.C.S., F.I.C.	
" 21st.	—"Modes of Development."	
" 21st.	—"Technical Night."	
Jan. 4th.	—"Paper, by Mr. Livingston—"Intensification and Intensifiers."	
" 18th.	—"Competing pictures for silver and bronze medals on view."	
Feb. 1st.	—"Photography by "flash light"—Mr. W. J. Downing.	
" 15th.	—"Paper on work of Photographic Societies, by C. W. Hastings, Esq., Editor of the <i>Amateur Photographer</i> ."	
Mar. 1st.	—"Technical Night."	
" 15th.	—"Paper, by Mr. Gamble."	

Members please note that the night of meeting after the 7th proximo will be Friday, and not Wednesday as hitherto.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

A General Meeting of this Club was held on Friday, the 26th inst., to elect two Representatives to help in the management of the Social-rooms. Messrs. W. Goodwin and T. G. Carter were unanimously elected to represent the Cricket Club. The amount voted from the Benefit Concerts next came under discussion; after a lengthy argument, it was resolved that the following protest be sent to Sir Edmund Currie:—"That at a General Meeting of the Cricket Club held on Friday, the 25th inst., it was resolved that the money apportioned towards the Cricket Club expenses be declined as a protest against the manner in which the proceeds were apportioned."

The next Smoking Concert in connection with the Club will be held on Friday next, at 8 o'clock, in Room No. 12. Admission by ticket only, to be had from Messrs. C. A. Bowman, H. W. Byard, and the Secretary. Any gentlemen willing to take part in the evening's performance would oblige the Secretary by sending their names as early as possible.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We met for our usual practice in the Technical Schools, Room No. 1, on Monday last.

A General Meeting will be held next Monday after the usual practice at 9 o'clock. Business: to receive the Balance-sheet; election of two Representatives for the management of the Social-rooms; and other business.

Members kindly make a point of turning up early to get through the usual practice.

Every information gladly given to intending Members.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.  
H. A. GOLD, Librarian.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On the 19th inst., our adjourned Annual General Meeting was held, Sir Edmund Hay Currie in the chair.

Our President informed us that he wished to do all in his power to make our Club, equally with others, a complete success, and that he had arranged for our having a room, viz.: the old fitter's shop, all to ourselves, at the same time pointing out that this room had the advantage of being adjacent to the lavatory.

It was decided to have an efficient Instructor for the ensuing season, and his selection was left to the Committee, to be afterwards appointed.

Sir Edmund Currie was then obliged to leave, and Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett took the chair.

The following officers were next elected for the ensuing season:—

President: Sir Edmund Hay Currie.

Chairman: Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett.

Vice-Chairman: Mr. J. Roberts.

Captain: Mr. A. Bowman.

Vice-Captain: Mr. G. Josephs.

Committee: Mr. C. Bowman, Mr. G. Bowman, Mr. J. Briery, Mr. B. S. Cayzer, Mr. H. Deane, Mr. Sniders.

Hon. Secretaries: Mr. I. H. Proops, Mr. R. M. B. Laing.

Practice had been arranged to commence on the following Tuesday, but at the last moment it was obliged to be postponed until yesterday, when we are happy to state that there was a very good attendance. There is no doubt that as soon as we obtain the services of a good Instructor, which we hope to do by next Friday, our Club will become one of the strongest in the Palace.

Our practice nights are Tuesdays and Fridays, from 8 o'clock, and will take place as mentioned above, in the fitter's shop, in the square to the left of the old School-buildings.

Subscription to end of present quarter, 2s., with, for new Members, entrance fee, in addition, of 6d.

All Members must wear the Club badge while boxing, to be obtained, price 7d., from either of the Hon. Secs.

In order that the Club may prove a thorough success, the Rules will be strictly adhered to, and all Members are expected to assist in seeing that this is done.

One or both of the Hon. Secs. will be in attendance each practice night to enrol new Members, receive subscriptions, and give any information required.

I. H. PROOPS,  
R. M. B. LAING, } Hon. Secs.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

The usual Monthly Meeting will be held on Monday next, 5th prox., at 8 o'clock, at which it is requested that all the Leaders will be present.

BUSINESS.—Gymnastic Displays and other important items.

J. HOOPER HULLS,  
A. E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.

## PALACE SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

PALACE SCHOOLS v. PRISCA COBORN.—Played at Wanstead, and ended in favour of Prisca Coborn by one goal to nil. Our opponents winning the toss, had a strong wind behind them, and for the first half-hour pressed us hard. Brooks and Phillips, however, kept the goal clear in fine style. A pretty run down by Reynolds ended with the lowering of the school citadel. After this reverse our boys played better, and with the wind in their favour, hemmed in the opponents who lined the goal, never attempting to get away. The boys tried hard to score, but failed. Team:—Baines (goal); Phillips, Brooks (backs); Clement, Maggs, Forest (half-backs); Burton, McCardle, White, Wright, Elstob (forwards).

Match next Saturday against A. Hunt's team, Junior Section.

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Chairman.—Mr. Walter Marshall.

Tuesday, October 23rd.—In consequence of our inability to form a quorum, the debate upon "Local Option" could not be held. Why is this? Surely not because the subject of debate was necessarily to be a "watery one"; or have Members ceased to take any interest in "the flowing tide." Members of the Society are earnestly requested to attend as regularly as possible, and so avoid such a break-down in future.

This Society opens its doors to all Members of the Palace who care to listen to the debates.

Subscription to end of May, 1889, 1s. On Tuesday, November 6th, Mr. Cayzer will move, "Are Debating Societies conducive to Mental Culture."

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

I shall be happy to receive the names of gentlemen, playing Brass instruments, who would like to join this Society, as we are rather short of Brass Players.

The fee is 2/6 per quarter, and all music found.

The Members meet on Tuesday evening from 8 till 10, and on Saturday evening from 5 till 7 for rehearsal.

W. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

## CLUB REPRESENTATIVES' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

On Saturday last lady Members were admitted for the first time to the usual Saturday Members' Concerts, in the new Music Room. It proved a great success, about 400 being present. We have to thank particularly Miss Coker and Messrs. Fosh and Lark for their style of accompanying the songs. Messrs. Ford and Masters recited with good effect, whilst Miss Marshall, Messrs. Fosh, Heath, Hendry, W. Marshall, Morris, Groom, and Pond sang some capital songs, receiving hearty applause for the manner they entertained their fellow Members.

Mr. Bradley, Mr. Cave, and Mr. Birch came in during the evening. The two former played a pianoforte and violin duet, respectively, the latter obliging with "The Friar of Orders Grey," and gained the hearty applause of the listeners.

Mr. Harvey assisted greatly in the arrangement of a good programme.

Next Saturday only male Members will be admitted to the Smoking Concert; ladies, as stated in last week's Journal, being invited every other Saturday. A Committee from the Club Representatives have been formed to manage these concerts, and consist of Messrs. Burley, Hawkins, Laundry, Reeves, Rosensway, Rugg, and Spicer.

The Monthly Meeting of Representatives took place last Monday; full particulars in next week's Journal. The meeting is adjourned till next Monday, 8.30 p.m., when it is hoped the Delegates will attend in good numbers, as important matters will be brought forward.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A goodly company of the above Club assembled at the "Wilfrid" on Thursday last. The evening was spent in the usual way, the mount being sounded all too soon, although at a later hour than usual.

Saturday being the last run on our season's card, the run was to our Head-quarters, where a most successful smoker was held, the artistes being Messrs. Albrecht, Burley, Giles, Howard, Hill, Jesseman, Kennard, Nathan, and Prentice. A pleasant, though chilly ride home terminated a most successful season.

The Committee have decided that during the winter season, the runs on Saturdays and Thursdays be to our country Head-quarters (weather permitting).

On the fourth Thursday in every month a Smoker will be held in the Social-rooms of the Palace. On Thursday next, usual run to Woodford. Members are requested to start from the Palace if possible. On Saturday next the First Annual Dinner will take place at the "Eastern Hotel," Limehouse. Dinner on the table at 6.30 p.m. Every Member is expected to be present.

After the dinner a Smoking Concert will be held, to which Members of the Palace and friends are invited. Admission by ticket only, to be obtained of Messrs. Jesseman and Burley. As there are only a few tickets left, and the number is limited, early application is necessary.

JAS. HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President.—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The usual meeting of the Society was held on Friday last, at 8.15 o'clock, in the new Music Room, Mr. Horace Hawkins in the chair.

The minutes having been read and passed, an essay by "Lux," entitled, "The Influence of Politics on Victorian Literature," was read by Mr. C. J. White, and criticised exhaustively by J. Spender, Esq., B.A., who was present at the meeting.

"A Holiday in Wales," by "y Wdifa," was then read by Mr. Cayzer, and proved an interesting item in our evening's entertainment. It was criticised by two or three Members.

Mr. Whittick then read a paper on "Love," which was criticised at great length by Messrs. W. White, Hawkins, and Spender. Mr. Whittick replied.

A letter received by the Secretary from Mr. Karet was read regretting his inability to perform the duties of Vice-Chairman till after Christmas.

The proceedings closed at 9.45.

A Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday next, at 8 o'clock. Agenda: To consider the advisability of having a course of lectures in addition to Mr. Spender's, and to elect a Deputy Vice-Chairman.

The second lecture by Mr. Spender will be given on Friday next at 8 o'clock, in the new Music Room (late Swimming-bath). Subject, "Tennyson and Browning."

All Palace Members are invited to be present. Admission free—by ticket only—to be obtained from the sub-Editor (East Lodge), or from either of the Hon. Secs.

New Members enrolled every Friday evening. Subscription, 1s. per year.

All information given by either of the Hon. Secs., and letters addressed to the same, c/o People's Palace, will be promptly answered.

By an oversight it was not announced that Mr. Harry was elected a Committeeman in place of Mr. White—lately elected Secretary.

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

## LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

A General Meeting took place on Thursday last, October 25th, at 8.30 p.m., in the Queen's Hall, for the purpose of electing officers. Miss Hale being proposed as Secretary by Miss Marshall, was seconded by Miss Marks. The following ladies were then chosen to act on the Committee, viz., the Misses Reynolds, Newport, Orchard, Joseph, Christian, Beale, and Marshall.

Tickets for admission of Members' friends into the Gymnasium can be obtained either of the Hon. Secretary or of Sergeant Burdett, for Thursdays only.

A Committee Meeting will take place on Thursday next, at 7 p.m., in room adjoining Queen's Hall, when it is hoped that the above-named ladies will be present.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.

President: SIR E. HAY CURRIE.

Vice-President: ERNEST FLOWER, ESQ.

This newly-formed Club had its first outing on Saturday last. Sir E. Hay Currie came to witness our attempt at football, and also the starting of the Harriers. A splendid run was made, and all enjoyed it immensely.

Next Saturday, football match. P.P. Schools v. Mr. A. Hunt's team. All Members wishing to take part will kindly give their names to the Hon. Secretary, H. Gardiner, as soon as possible.

Run out from Dressing-room, Wanstead; all invited. Intending Members can get all information from the Hon. Secretary, J. S. Fayers, who attends every Tuesday and Friday in Gymnasium, or at the Dressing-room on Saturday.

The Assistant Treasurer, E. P. Shapland will receive subscriptions every Monday in the Lecture Hall, and also at the Dressing-room on Saturday.

Entrance fee, 2d. Subscription 2d. per month, payable in advance.

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

## BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. UPTON ROVERS.—This tie of the Second Round of the London Junior Cup Competition was played at West Ham Park, and after a well contested game the Rovers won by five goals to nil. The forward division of the 'Monts worked hard to save a defeat, making several attempts to score, but were successfully repelled by the two backs of the Rovers, who were by far the best men on the field. The back division of the 'Monts were playing well, but were not assisted by the halves, notably the centre, who seemed afraid to tackle the men. Jesseman in goal saved some splendid shots. The Beaumont's have entered a protest. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Douglas, Hart (backs); Wenn, Munro, Hennessey (half-backs); Cook (Capt.), Shaw (right), Cox (centre), Sherrell, Gould (left, forwards).

Match for next Saturday v. Glengall Rovers, at Wanstead. Munro (goal); Boase, Hart (backs); Wenn, Cowlin, Hennessey (half-backs); Cook, Shaw (right), Cox (centre), Sherrell, Jesseman (left, forwards). Reserves—H. Ramsden, Witham.

SECOND ELEVEN v. ESSEX STREET.—Played at Wanstead last Saturday, and ended in a victory for the Beaumont by two goals to one. The 'Monts backs, Algar and Hawkins, were very conspicuous, playing a very steady game indeed. Their forwards also showed up well, frequently making excursions into the Essex's territory, and putting in some good shots for goal. The goals were obtained by C. Butterwick. Team:—Helbing (goal); Hawkins, Algar (backs); Cattle, Winch, Witham (half-backs); Horseman, Arno, Butterwick (Capt.), Jacobson, Stapleton (forwards).



He was left alone in his big drawing-room. He looked round it with a sigh of relief. Had he then been so near, so very near, the losing of all these things? There were the portfolios of water-colour drawings, each worth a thousand pounds. There were the pictures, all of which he fondly believed to be genuine, which he had hung upon the walls; there was the furniture, not ostentatious, but costly; above all there was the pride of possession, the feeling as he trod on the soft thick carpet that all this was his own, and going to remain his own. As he passed down the stairs to his study an unwonted shudder came upon him, a strange sense of past peril and providential rescue. He had had an uneasy dream as if he was to lose everything, and now that dream had passed away the specifications of the patent and laid them on the table, smoothing them tenderly with something like emotion in his eyes. These papers, these simple drawings, had they come a day later they would not have been able to save him from destruction. Had they come a week or two earlier, he might have felt strong enough to refuse the young man's terms, if only as a punishment for his audacity. They came not a day too soon, nor a day too late. Was not this, he thought, a special and manifest interposition of Providence? Was it not by a miracle, visible only to himself and to Reuben Gower, that this arm should be stretched out to save when the waters were fast closing over his drowning head? He thought of his great speech on charity at the Hammerers' dinner, on the leading articles it had called forth, on the great good it was doing, on his career as a philanthropist and Christian advocate, and he felt that it was more than probable—it was certain—and it was deserved. The brandy-and-water, not weak but strong, and the cigar strengthened and intensified this feeling. From whom should special miracles be wrought, if not for the man who does good? Who should look for the interposition of Providence but a man like himself? Was he not regarded by the whole of the religious and benevolent world as a pillar and a prop? Was he not, in reality, a pillar and a prop? Why, but for his speeches, for his advocacy, for his eloquence, for his practical advice, how many societies and institutions must have gone lame and halt? A miracle, a special miracle, wrought in these latter days for the behalf of a good man. It was deserved.

A happy night for all. Rose in her room, her cheek on the pillow, her eyes closed, dreaming of the sweetness of newly-born love; Mrs. Sampson dwelling on the comforts of a home and a husband, and wondering, perhaps, whether Henry Bodkin, after all, would turn out quite what she once expected and hoped of him; Sir Jacob himself, full of old port, brandy-and-water, good cigars, and a happy conscience, giving melodious expression to a calm and blissful sleep, trumpeting forth his praises for a special interposition. A happy night for all.

But, for one, a sad awakening.

It was after breakfast that Sir Jacob, who was early, told Rose that he had something important to say.

He would see her in the study, where, he reflected, he could sit with much greater dignity at his own table and before his own papers than in the breakfast-room. The room was large, like all the rooms in his house, and furnished on all sides with books. Their titles were on their backs, like invitations to come and read them; but no one ever touched the books in Sir Jacob's library, not even their owner. The great contractor was not a man of books, save when he was looking up some point in machinery, when he wanted books of reference. All the imaginative part of literature was foreign to his experience and his sympathies. He cared for neither history, poetry, nor fiction. He never read. If he sat alone all the evening, as he frequently did, his cigar was

his only companion, except, perhaps, a note-book or a pencil and a sheet of paper. For when Sir Jacob was alone he had plenty to think about. To make speeches on a platform, to preside at a meeting, to be a great man at a City dinner, these were the recreations which unbent his mind and set up his nerves, as a run among the mountains, or a month by the sea-side with a few dozen novels, sets up the nerves of other men. There was a massive mahogany table with leather cover, on which were his own papers. There was another table covered with big portfolios of maps. There were more portfolios on stands, and there were more on chairs. He sat, for his own part, in a wooden chair, with wooden arms, black with long use, and in this position, half turned from the table, as if his business with his visitor was of the most trifling nature compared with that in the paper which lay before him, he showed a presence of surpassing dignity.

"Sit down, my dear Rose," he began blandly, "or if you would prefer standing, come a little nearer. I want to speak to you seriously about a matter which deeply concerns your own happiness."

"Yes uncle." Had Julian already spoken?

"You are now nineteen, an age when some girls are already married. It is almost time to talk about things, is it not? That is, as I have a definite proposal to lay before you, I think it is not premature. Not, my dear child, that I am anxious for you to leave me, and your departure will very likely be followed by the break up of my house, which will be dull, indeed, after you are gone."

"My departure?" Julian *must* have spoken to him already.

"I have a proposal, Rose, for your hand, of which I beg your very careful and—prayerful consideration. It is from a young man not a great deal older than yourself, who will be rich—perhaps very rich, as the world speaks of wealth. He has long loved you, he tells me. I have known him from many years, say from infancy, and know his life, in the midst of the usual temptations which beset the young, to have been everything that one could desire. He has not yet, it is true, acquired those just ideas on charitable and benevolent responsibilities which should always attach to the rich; but that will come. He presses for an immediate answer. What do you say, Rose?"

"But who is it? You have not told me his name." As if there was any reason to ask: as if every word in Sir Jacob's description did not apply exactly to Julian Carteret—*young—rich—life in midst of temptations.* And then, there could be no one else.

"Who is it, uncle?" She was blushing, but she was happy, and her happiness showed itself in her eyes.

"The son of my secretary and old school friend, John Gower—what is the matter, Rose?"

For in a moment the light went out of her eyes and the sunshine out of her face.

"John Gower," she cried, as if struck with some heavy blow.

"John Gower," Sir Jacob repeated slowly. "Is that name one that you did not expect?"

"But I cannot marry him," she began. "Oh, uncle, I am so sorry."

"Why not? Not marry John Gower? And why are you sorry?"

"Because—because Julian Carteret asked me yesterday to be his wife, and I consented; and I thought he had been already talking to you about it."

"Julian Carteret has proposed to you? And without my sanction? Is that possible?" Sir Jacob spoke as if all love-making was carried on with the previous permission of all parents and guardians, and that no one tells a pretty girl how very nice she is without first going to her papa. "Without my sanction! I could not have believed this possible in my ward, Julian Carteret. And only yesterday!" As if the fact

enhanced the wickedness of the proceeding enormously. "I am to understand that you, to whom I have been for this last seven years a second father, to whom you owe everything in the world, have actually—ACTUALLY—promised yourself to a man clandestinely and without consulting me? Is this possible?" He looked round as if the walls were listening, and would echo his surprise.

"Not quite that, my dear uncle," said Rose gently. "Julian was to speak to you immediately. It depends upon your consent."

"Then understand," said Sir Jacob firmly, "that under no circumstances will my consent be given—under—no—circumstances."

"Why not?" Rose asked. She was as gentle as a gazelle on ordinary occasions, but now she was hurt and angry. "He is always here, with your permission. You have allowed him to come when he pleases, and stay as long as he likes. If you had any objections, why did you not warn him or me beforehand?"

"I give no reasons. That is my answer. And now, Rose, your answer, please, to John Gower."

"I said I could not marry him," she said. "That is my answer." Something of the North Country pluck mantled to her cheeks. "You can be cruel and unreasoning. I will be unreasoning, if I am not cruel. And if I am not to marry Julian I will never marry John Gower."

"This from the girl I have taken to my heart," sighed her uncle gently. "Rose, are you yourself? are you in your right mind?"

"I am both. I will not marry John Gower. I thank you for all you have done for me; but if you insist on—that—I will accept no more from you and go away."

"With Julian."

"If Julian will take me, I will," she said.

Sir Jacob looked steadily in her face. She reminded him of himself, his brother. In his heart he was proud, she was obstinate and true; but—but she must be made to give way.

"You had thirty thousand pounds left to you by Lady Escomb," he said softly. "You are aware that it was left under a special condition—that unless you marry with my permission all this money comes back to me. You will, therefore, go to Julian penniless."

"He does not want my money," she said proudly; "Julian wants me."

"Girl"—her uncle changed his tone suddenly—"we are playing with each other, you and I. I think you *will* marry John Gower when I tell you a little story—to be kept entirely to yourself. I hoped not to tell you the story at all; but it has been forced upon me by your disobedience and wilfulness. Blame yourself, then, for the great pain this story will give you. Blame yourself, and not me."

"The position of a great contractor is a precarious one. If at any time he fails to command the immediate disposal of large sums of money he is lost. He depends upon the assistance of banks. The banks look for securities. Seven years ago that position faced me. I had no money. I had no more securities. I could get no help from the banks. But there was then in my hands one resource. I held in trust Julian Carteret's fortune, amounting to £70,000. I took it from the funds and transferred it—in fact, invested it—invested it, Rose, in my own business, and by its help sailed safely through the storm without loss or danger to my ward by the investment." He kept repeating the word investment as if it comforted him—it did. "The same position is before me again. Unless I can succeed within ten days or so in raising very considerable sums of money, too large for you to understand, the danger will become a disaster, and I shall be a bankrupt. All—*all*—he spread his hands before him—"all will be lost."

"All? Including Julian's money?"

"Including Julian's money. He will be a beggar. I shall be a beggar. You will be a beggar. All these things will be sold. All the people whom I employ—the thousands of people—will be turned destitute into the streets, because I shall not even be able to pay their wages."

She stared at him blankly. "All beggars together? And Julian too?"

"If you marry this idle and helpless lover of yours, who cannot dig and is ashamed to beg, you will have a life of absolute poverty and privation, aggravated by the reproaches of your husband on me as the author of your misfortunes. You will, when you come to your senses, remember that my misery, Reuben Gower's misery, the misery of all the thousands turned upon the world, is your own doing—your own."

"Mine—mine?" She was very pale and trembling. "How is it mine?"

"Yes; all of your own selfish determination to have your own way—in what you thought the pleasant way."

"But how—how can I help it?"

"By marrying John Gower. See these papers. You do not understand their significance, and I have no time or the heart to explain them. But they are his, and by consenting to marry him, you give them to me. On these papers, which contain the particulars of a great invention, I can raise enough to tide over the storm and make you all rich again. This is not a doubtful matter, Rose; if it were I would not ask you to accept this young engineer, rough and rude as he is. It is a certainty—a certainty. You understand me clearly? I repeat it, so that there shall be no mistake possible. John Gower offers to make me a sharer in this invention, which will be put into practice at once at my own works. His conditions are a half-partnership in the works and—your hand. Now you understand. Accept, and all will be well. Refuse, and the misery that will follow is your own doing. I give you these papers, Rose. I shall return in ten minutes. If you put them back upon the table, I shall never reproach you, but that act will make us all beggars. If you give them to me, you will give yourself to John Gower."

He placed in her hand the packet of plans, and left her alone in the room.

The windows looked out upon the gardens. It was half-past nine in the morning, a beautiful morning, thought Rose; all sorts of impertinent things which had no business in her brain at the time crowding across her mind, and then she began to try and think.

To think—but how? How could she understand all in a moment the thing her uncle had put before her in its cold and naked horror? Ruin? Was such a thing possible to such a man? Had he known for long that it was coming? Had he, actually knowing it, made those speeches about the duties of wealthy men? Her brain reeled.

She had to make a decision. Stay! let her fix her mind on one thing—only one thing. What should it be? Sir Jacob ruined, her uncle and herself walking out of the grand house, and going to live—where? In some miserable hiding-place on the charity of their old friends: Rose's idea of a great man's bankruptcy and its consequences were elementary. Then Julian ruined too. And what would he—that helpless, indolent man of the world—find to do? Reuben Gower—faithful Reuben, who loved her so much, and had worked so well for her uncle—he would be ruined as well. And then all the poor people—the factory hands, the navvies on the railways, the clerks in the offices, from low to high—all to be driven out into the streets, ruined, without pay for work done, and without work to do!

As she stood, the papers in her hand, trying to think what ought to be done, a shadow darkened the window, and she looked up.

(To be continued.)

Calendar of the Week.

OCTOBER 25TH TO OCTOBER 31ST.
October 25th.—Day of St. Crispin or, as Shakespeare calls him, Crispin Crispian. The patron saint of shoemakers was, with his companion, Crispinian, himself a shoemaker. They were born at Rome, and came to Soissons in France, where they preached and converted the heathen all the day, and worked at their trade in the evening. They were denounced to the Governor, one Rictius Varus, by whom they were tortured and put to death in the year 287. They became Patrons of the gentle craft by right of belonging to it. They are always represented together; one as a youth, and the other as a man advanced in years. Fifty years ago the day was piously observed as a holiday by every shoemaker and cobbler in the country. On this day was fought the Battle of Agincourt, one of the most extraordinary of victories, when the defeated army was to the victors in the proportion of seven to one, and when the killed and prisoners amounted in number to the whole of the victorious force. What says the conqueror, Henry V., in Shakespeare?

"Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here."

October 26th.—Count von Moltke was born in the year 1800. May he live to see the birth of the twentieth century! On this same day, 1764, Hogarth died. No painter ever had greater influence on the morals and manners of men than Hogarth. His good old copy-book teaching will never go out of fashion. There are always with us the idle and the industrious apprentice, the rake, the gambler, the drunkard, and the thief.

October 27th.—Capitulation of Metz, 1870.—The wretched man who committed the incredible treachery to his country of surrendering an army of 173,000 men without striking a blow, died the other day in poverty and contempt at Madrid. Let his name be speedily forgotten.

October 28th.—St. Simon and St. Jude.—St. Simon is said, by tradition, to have preached and to have been put to death in this country. Of course there is no certainty as to what became of any of the apostles, and first preachers of Christianity, though there are traditions in plenty. Joseph of Arimathea, for instance, planted the thorn at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire; the Three Maries landed on the South coast of France; St. Jude was martyred in Persia, and so on. The day was supposed to bring in rain, and a heavy shower used to be called a "Simon and Jude's" rain.

October 30th.—On this day, in the year, 1825, the ancient and beautiful Church of St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower was finally closed, after the last service had been held, amid the tears of the congregation. The sixty children of the Precinct sang their last hymn. When all was over the Church was pulled down—the Westminster Abbey of the East End—the poor people were turned out of their houses: the bones of the dead—they had been buried here during eight hundred years—were dug up and scattered about—all to make Docks which were not wanted. Worst of all, the one ancient Foundation belonging to East London was taken from it, and transported to Regent's Park, where the revenues, which amount to many thousands a year, are simply wasted. Let us never cease to keep in our memory this great spoliation. St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower belongs to East London. Sooner or later we will have it back, to bear fruit of good works, though not in the manner contemplated by the two Queens who founded and endowed it.

October 31st.—All Hallows' E'en.—This used to be the great day for finding out the future. The girls drew cabbages or kale blindfold. If a good deal of earth stuck to the roots that was good fortune: the shape of the stick gave the shape of the husband, and the taste of the stalk indicated his natural temper. Then they burned nuts in the fire, laying them two by two: if they burned quietly together their courtship would be happy. If they started aside, the reverse. Or they pulled stalks of straw: or they ate an apple at a looking-glass, and saw in the glass the face of the future husband. In some places they baked a sacred cake: in others they lit fires: in others they rang bells. Everywhere this evening was kept as a great feast, in which lambs'-wool

was a favourite drink. To make lambs'-wool you roast apples, bruise them, and put them into a tankard of hot ale. You add spice and sugar, and you are said to have a savoury drink, but no one remembers any who have made and tasted it. Lambs'-wool is as lost a drink as saloop or early purl.

A Tonga Leander.

THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

There was a tyrannical governor at Vavaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection; it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and had kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it—there women swim like mermaids—she dived after him, and rose in the cavern; in the widest part it is about fifty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same; the roof hung with stalactites. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume herself; here he visited her as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander, wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependants, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji Islands. The intention was so well concealed that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her; jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water.

This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have, to be perfectly delightful—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavaoo, where they long enjoyed a tranquil and happy life.

Answers to Correspondents.

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

EXPECTANT.—It is uncertain. So few were interested last year that we are afraid the venture would mean so much labour lost. Should we, however, re-commence the series, due notice will be given in the Journal.

ADA RICHARDSON.—We are sorry to have kept you waiting; but it is not always possible to obtain such information on the spur of the moment. The Palace teaching is on the "tailors' cutting" principle; but there is no book issued there upon the subject. A Journal (price 2d. weekly; monthly, 1s.) is issued from the office of The Tailor and Cutter, 93, Drury Lane, W.C., and will probably furnish you with the desired information. It is doubtful, however, whether you can learn the system without practical teaching.

AMBITION.—It is quite possible to learn two systems; but it depends entirely upon the student's clear-headedness whether or not he can retain both in his mind, and write one system distinctly without clashing with the other. That able reporter, Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, forsaking an old-fashioned system of stenography to take up something more legible, once wrote:—"The chief obstacle to my progress was an occasional conflict between the old and new systems, and it was some weeks before I could overcome the habit of writing the letter t . . . with a horizontal instead of a perpendicular stroke . . . and hooks and circles, in spite of cautious treatment, would occasionally insist on getting misplaced. Again, what says the copy-book?—

"One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule—as many can tell."

SIDNEY R. GRIMWADE.—Many thanks. We will do our best; but we have been taxing Mr. Scott rather too freely just lately and we never impose upon good nature.

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THIRD SPECIAL APPEAL FOR FUNDS. Contributions to the Third Quinquennial Appeal for Funds for the Maintenance of this Hospital are most earnestly solicited by the House-Committee. The assured income is only £16,480, the necessary annual expenditure is nearly £51,000. Patients treated at the London Hospital in 1887:—

Table with columns: FREE Accidents, Urgent Extra Cases, Recommended by Governors, CHILDREN'S WARDS, HEBREW PATIENTS. Totals: 2,381, 3,638, 6,019, 2,241, 8,260.

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