



VOL. II.—No. 52.]

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 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. GYMNASIICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall.—Committee Meeting, at 7.—Males' in Gymnasium. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Committee Meeting, at 7.
- FRIDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Lecture: J. Spender, Esq., B.A. RAMBLERS.—Committee Meeting, at 8.—General Meeting, at 9. CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.30 LECTURE.—in New Lecture Hall, at 7.30, by H. H. S. Cunyngame, Esq.: "The Theories of Education as Illustrated by the Works of Charles Dickens."
- SATURDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-room, at 7. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIICS.—Males' in Gymnasium. FOOTBALL CLUB.—First XI., at Chobham Farm, Stratford; Second XI., at Wanstead. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CYCLING CLUB.—Inter-Club run with Walthamstow Rovers. CONCERT.—Admission, 2d.
- 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. GYMNASIICS.—Males' in Gymnasium.—Monthly Meeting, at 8. LECTURE.—For Junior Section, in Lecture Hall, at 8. CONCERT.—Admission, 2d. SKETCHING CLUB.—Exhibition of Sketches at 7.30
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIICS.—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. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-Room, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIICS.—Males' in Gymnasium. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. LECTURE on "The Body and Health," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. D. W. Samways, D.Sc., M.A.

Notes of the Week.

NOVEMBER has begun in his gloomiest mood with fog and rain. It is the month in which the English people, according to the French, are especially wont to hang and drown themselves. Truly if the weather disposes and tempts men to suicide, then is this the month above all in which we should pray against temptation. Yet in the country, November is often a most delightful month, especially where the trees stand closely together, their red and golden leaves still remaining, as they often do, till quite the end of the year. And, although the Saxons used to call this the wind month, the days are, for the most part, calm, and often sunny. The woods are not silent, though most of the birds are gone: you can hear the whistle of the plover and the note of the wood-pigeon. Formerly you could also hear the sound of the flail from every barn—but alas! there are no longer any flails, but, instead the puff and whistle of the steam engine.

THE leaves of the London trees seem to drop off all together, without any order, and generally about the middle of September, but in the country they observe a certain order in their falling. The following is said to be the succession. The walnut first begins to shed his leaves: he is followed by the mulberry, the horse-chestnut, the sycamore, the lime, the ash, the elm, the beech, the oak, the apple, and the peach. The last leaves to fall are those of the pollard oak and the beeches, which keep the withered leaf until it is pushed off by the new leaf of the following spring.

WITHIN nineteen miles of London there is a place where the autumn leaves are to be seen, at the present moment, in all their glory. Here there is a hill rising to the height of 500 feet above the valley: the sides and the top of the hill are clothed with thick woods: on the highest point is an ancient British fortress, covering many acres with its trenches and raised banks. It is not the nearest British fortress to London, because there is one at Hampstead, on Traitor's or Parliament Hill, but it is by far the most important. This stronghold commanded the River Thames when there was a ford. It is close to Weybridge and is called St. George's Hill. The place belongs to Admiral Egerton, who allows free access to it, on condition that visitors do not rush about the underwood and disturb his pheasants. Will the Ramblers make a note of it? There is a good deal more to be seen here: for instance, there is Oatlands Park with its great Hall, formerly the residence of the Duke of York, now a Hotel. King Louis Philippe lived and died here, after his exile. His body lay for a long time in the Roman Catholic chapel of the village. In the Park is the cemetery of the dogs once belonging to the Duchess of York: there is also a "grotto," where George IV. entertained the Emperor of Russia King of Prussia. In the village stands the column which was formerly (until 1773) the central column of Seven Dials. Gay wrote of it—

"Where famed St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrailed column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray."

The dial stone has been taken off and replaced by a royal coronet. In the church are memorials to Oliver Goldsmith's friends, Katherine and Mary Horneck, whom he used to call "Little Comedy" and "The Jessamy Bride." Catherine Sedley, mistress of James II., is also buried here.

I HAVE found an old house at the East End with a story belonging to it and a ghost. That is to say, there used to be a ghost, but he has now disappeared. Ghosts who are no longer appreciated, those who are neglected and have no

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 11th, 1888,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Overture, "Semele" | Handel. |
| 2. Prayer in F | Guilmant. |
| 3. Song without words | Wilder. |
| 4. Andante in A flat | Hoyte. |
| 5. Ave Maria | Hensett. |
| 6. Concluding Voluntary in C | Smart. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Air, with variations with Final Fugato | Smart. |
| 2. Impromptu | Hollins. |
| 3. Motett, "Hear my Prayer" | Mendelssohn. |
| 4. Slumber Song | Gounod. |
| 5. Chorus, "All we like Sheep" (Messiah) | Handel. |

notice taken of them, and those who are not feared, are apt to go off in a huff, and once gone never by any chance come back again. This house was formerly the property of a great London merchant, and stood in its own great garden, not far from the river. The merchant had an only daughter, as lovely as daughters were then made—it was at the time when ladies powdered their hair and patched their faces, and wore the most bewitching frocks, turned back in front to show the flowered satin petticoat. The merchant, her respectable papa, also powdered his wig, and the powdering rooms are still to be seen in the house. In an evil moment, the merchant thought he would have his dining-room painted, and called in an artist to paint the walls. The artist was an Italian, young, handsome, and ardent. What wonder, therefore, if, while the merchant was in town about his business, the young painter and the maiden fell in love? And who can be surprised to hear that this good merchant fell into a mighty wrath when he learned what was going on in his house while he was away? The end of it was that the painter retired to his own room, and there put an end to his sorrows and his days by hanging himself. What became of the young lady is not stated, but we may hope that she got over her passion, and presently married some worthy and sober citizen of London, and that he proved a much better husband to her than the unhappy young Italian would have been. The paintings still survive to prove the story, but, indeed, the ghost, until twenty years ago or thereabouts, used to prove it every night to those who would sit up and wait for him. I am glad, I say, to have found a haunted house in our end of the town; and if any readers know of any more East End ghosts, I shall be very glad to hear of them.

LAST week a case of justifiable homicide was presented to your consideration. Here is another in which the slayer, I think, was too hasty. But the practice of carrying sticks and umbrellas without the least regard to other people's eyes, shins, ribs and legs, is becoming too common and ought to be sternly punished. Therefore one is glad on the whole that in this case the prisoner was acquitted. Yet the judge should have added a caution not to do it again. The lamentable event happened in another country—the only country in the world which never makes the least pretence of being friendly towards us.

Judge (to prisoner)—“You admit the shooting?”
Prisoner—“Yes, your Honour. I shot him until he looked like a slice of cream cheese.”
Judge—“What was the provocation?”
Prisoner—“He was carrying an umbrella horizontally up the stairs.”
Judge—“Justifiable homicide. Call the next case.”

HERE is a new profession. In Singapore and the Straits Settlements you can get £10 for every full grown tiger you shoot; £3 for every half-grown tiger; £4 for a bear or a panther full grown; £2 for one half-grown; and for crocodiles, pythons, cobras and other kinds of smaller varieties, vary from sixpence a pair up to a sovereign. In a country where there are any number of these creatures, it seems as if a resolute young fellow might pick up a tidy living by living in the woods with a gun. Perhaps it has already been tried and the other young fellows are waiting about for the return of the pioneer—who has been gone some time.

THOSE who wish to emigrate will do well to avoid Chicago for the present. There are reported to be 30,000 artisans out of work in that town. At the same time they are employing women there as field labourers for market gardeners; as rag pickers and garbage cleaners; as organ grinders and street singers, and as pedlars. On the whole one seems to prefer London, especially if one is a woman.

THE history of the present Presidential Election in the States is this. First, in order to buy the Irish vote, one party begins to revile and vilify the English; next, not to be outdone, the other party refuses a Treaty with Great Britain, which is based on such concession and compromise as one country can reasonably make to another. Then the first party increases its railing at the English; thereupon the other party threatens all kind of things without meaning to do anything, and the Irish vote wobbles from one to the other, being openly and undisguisedly offered to that party which will make the biggest promises of hostility to England. Then the British Ambassador, who seems to be a very simple person, writes a foolish letter which does no harm to anybody, yet ought not to have been written, and the President, who hopes to remain President, performs an act which for sheer bad manners is unequalled in history—he orders the

Ambassador to leave the country. This is what the great Republic of America has come to: its Presidential election is controlled by the united votes of men who are citizens, but continue to be foreigners, and have no other policy except hostility to Great Britain. Under the circumstances, perhaps it is as well for us to remain under our present Constitution, for a little, to see what is going to happen next in the great Republic.

In one or two respects the Americans seem to be right in envying our institutions. Read for example the following extract from an American paper:—“A contrast in the way justice is sometimes administered in America and England is afforded by the following: In Liverpool, a short time ago, a case of brutality came up before Mr. Justice Charles. The ill-treatment of a little girl by her father and stepmother was exceptionally bad. The father was a compositor, and his wife said that he was not responsible. The child was confined in a cellar, the air being excluded; it had little or no food, it was brutally flogged and kicked, and a red-hot poker applied to it. The judge sentenced the man to seven years' penal servitude and the woman to the same punishment for life. Recently, in Chicago, Constable John Hogan was fined 100 dols. by Justice Kersten. The offender, filling himself with poor whisky, went home Tuesday afternoon and amused himself by dragging his sick wife out of bed and stamping upon her. When his daughters, both school teachers, interfered with his sport, he turned upon them and beat them brutally. Miss Kittie was thrown to the floor and pulled about by the hair. A great patch was torn from her head. She was left lying bleeding upon the floor. The story, told amid much weeping by the young women, caused many looks of hate to be directed towards the brutal fellow, and Justice Kersten said he was very sorry he could not impose a heavier fine. The law in this country is inadequate to deal with such cases, and calls for immediate legislation.”

In one respect let us imitate the Austrians. They are in advance of the world in the matter of public libraries. They have 577, containing 5,475,000 books. France comes next with 500 public libraries and 4,598,000 books. Russia has only 145 libraries with 952,000 volumes. One does not like to ask where Great Britain and Ireland appear in such a list: we can only hope that every year will increase our public libraries.

Do you know the game of Definitions? A subject is given and everybody writes down a definition of it. Of course the object is to be as epigrammatic and as clear as possible. Here, for instance, are a few, written by an American:—
A good fellow—One who hesitates before some obstacle in life, helps another chap over, and gets kicked for his pains.
Antiquarian—A human crab, facing the past, and walking backward to the future.
An old woman who paints—Age holding up a flag of truce to Time.
Jealousy is so much a part of woman's nature that there can hardly be a doubt that Eve inspected Adam in order to assure herself that he had given no more ribs to any other woman.

Dreams—Indigestion.
Love—Dreams without the indigestion.
Marriage—Indigestion without the dreams.
Life's but a span within Fate's keeping;
We seize brief joys while Care lies sleeping.
'Tis but a dream, where fears and hopes abound;
Death sounds the waking, and the truth is found.

EDITOR.

Making Globes.—Have you ever wondered, in looking at the fine, smoothly-revolving globes in the school-room or library, where they were made, and how? The following interesting facts are well worth perusal. Globe-making is a skilful and delicate process. The maps are printed in small sections on drawing paper, and these segments must be so nicely put upon the hollow ball of papier maché that there shall not be the slightest break in the alignment of letters or the continuity of lines when the smooth and painted surface is complete. Three months are required to construct one of these worlds in miniature, from the time the ball is begun until it rests in its frame or sits aloft upon a brass, bronze, or nickel standard. It must be so rimmed and mounted that it will have no disinclination to change its inclination in the frame, and will hang so truly in space that it will halt in its revolutions at any time when so commanded, and remain motionless, as if its centre of gravity were in truth equally distant from all points upon its circumference.

“Merely Players.”

By HARTLEY KNIGHT.

“They have their exits and their entrances.”

VERSAILLES, the glorious and the beautiful, has fallen from her high estate, and is in the hands of the victorious Germans. This, during the famous campaign of '70-71. But the *coup de grace* has yet to be given: for Paris, with heroic obstinacy, still holds out—much to the swag-bellied Teutons' disgust; and although it is pretty generally known that she is on the verge of starvation, no sign of capitulation has come from the besieged, and the world outside grows weary with waiting.

A mile or so north from the Palace of the Kings, there stands a cluster of mean dilapidated houses. Before the railway era the road alongside had been much frequented by travellers on their way to the capital; but that was long ago, and the grass has sprung up and covered the path in thick patches, and it is never used now except by the rustics of the neighbourhood. There are five houses in all, including the broken-down inn, which, in its time, has been renowned throughout France for the quality of its wine cellar, but which in these more degenerate days can boast of nothing but a dozen bottles of some thin vinegar. Once on a time in the days aforesaid this village was one of no mean repute—famous not only for its vintage, but also for the beauty and the grace of its women. But the Revolution has come and gone, and has left in its train a blackened pile of tenements, a sail-less mill and many a fresh mound in the little churchyard hard by. The church itself has succumbed to the flames; and if you look very closely at the old-fashioned inn you will see divers strange marks certainly not made by Time but rather by a quicker agency. If the rudely-carved image of the Virgin at one end of the road could only speak, what a tale of woe and misery would it unfold! But just now it is undergoing the scrutiny of a broad-backed Prussian soldier.

A little apart from this place—say a couple of stone-throw—stands the more pretentious house of Madame. It is a solid, imposing-looking structure which has seen some five generations of its present inhabitants—and which has also seen and felt the horrors of sword and fire. This, too, is in the hands of the enemy, and is the residence of a German officer.

Madame—a white-haired old lady, with a still beautiful face—is there with her daughter, both of whom are fretting with intolerable suspense. But they try to conceal this fact from each other—as people half dead with anxiety very often do. Both are seated: the elder lady in assumed placidity, with folded hands, gazing pensively at the wood-fire; the younger on a stool at her feet: pretending to be busily engaged with her needle. It is a pitiful failure, for presently she hides her face in her mother's dress, and bursts into a bitter lamentation. “Hush, my darling,” says the lady, quietly, endeavouring to stifle her own emotion, “it will not be long now, and all our doubts and fears will be set at rest. God only will help us through this bitter trial, and we must put our whole trust in Him. . . . Come, my child, you must not give way to this grief: for my dream told me that Bertram shall not die, but will live to see France at peace again.”

But the girl refuses to be comforted; until presently, when the clanking of spurred boots is heard without, she springs to her feet, and faces the door. It opens and admits a stalwart, kindly-looking man garbed in the uniform of a German officer. He salutes them gravely and respectfully, and tries not to meet the gaze of the younger woman. She sees this, and apprehends—correctly—the worst.

“Speak, sir, and quickly. Let us know all.” The voice is firm, but she holds her mother's hand in a grip of iron. “Mademoiselle,” returns the warrior, in French, “I did my best to save your lover—but I had also to do my duty.”

“Yes, yes; but the trial—the miserable farce—is it over? Am I never to see my Bertram again?”

“The prisoner—”
“Yes—well?”
“Has been fairly tried by true and honorable men. He, a prisoner of war, has been charged with attempting—whilst endeavouring to escape from this village—to murder a sentry; but luckily he only succeeded in wounding him. He has admitted that this is so; and it is decreed that he shall die to-morrow at break of day.”

There is a wild outburst of grief from the young woman which it is pitiful to see. Madame is more composed; but

as she presses her daughter to her breast, she glances with passionate intensity at the German soldier, who stands, not unpitifully, across the threshold.

“You will at least allow us to see the poor boy before he is murdered?” the old lady asks, with awful emphasis. “He was my sister's only child; and had not you barbarians entered France, would now have been my son.”

“Whenever you will, Madame,” says the barbarian. “He is lodged to-night at yonder inn; and Mademoiselle and yourself are at liberty to have an hour's interview.”

Espérance—the young girl—looks up.
“Where did you say?” she asks. “At the house of Monsieur Escarot?”

“The same, Mademoiselle. You will see him, will you not?” And this big warrior, who, far away, has a daughter of his own, looks with a tender interest on the fair young Frenchwoman.

“We will follow you there. And now you may go—Stay!” she says, as he turns to depart. “You are my foe, and an enemy to France. You say you have done your best to save my poor, brave cousin and—I—I believe you. Do not think me ungrateful!”

She speaks in a strange, hesitating sort of way, and gives him her hand. He raises it to his lips with the air of a courtier, and is gone.

The interview is over. Espérance and Madame have seen their doomed relative for the last time, and are led forth, weeping, from the captive's room. They hurry away as if to hide all remembrance of the scene: and, locking the library door, take counsel together. Then Madame, in her stately way, wonders at the change that has come over her child, who is no longer dejected, but from whose face there beams a bright, expectant look.

“Listen, mother,” says Espérance, presently, in answer to a mute enquiry. “This murder must not, *shall* not take place. I will prevent it.”

“You!—Alas!” exclaims Madame.
“I have a plan whereby our Bertram shall escape. When we were told to-day that my darling was confined in yonder house, my heart beat high with hope, for I saw a way to escape. Listen to me. Jules Escarot's daughter Marie is expected home from St. Cloud to-night. She has a special permit to cross the German lines; and she will pass this way to get to her father's house. She must not go on—she must stay here!”

“Stay here?”
“Yes; it is an old trick, but we will try its worth once again. Marie will take my place—Ah! you comprehend!—and her little child and I will go on to *père* Escarot. She is unknown to the enemy, and will therefore not be recognised. Once within that house and my plan is safe.”

“But Escarot—he knows nothing of this and might betray all!”
“He must not. The man is ill and bed-ridden—go you to him, and tell him all. I will watch here. It is six o'clock; in an hour Marie will pass this house, and all will be well. Go, *ma chérie*, he is an invalid. Take him wine, grapes—anything. They will not deny you admittance.”

She speaks with a feverish anxiety that alarms Madame, who, anxious as she is to effect the lad's escape, would fain not run the risk of trying to release him. But her daughter, for once, will be obeyed; and very shortly Madame departs unto the house of neighbour Escarot.

Espérance is right. Within half-an-hour of her mother's departure she hears the feeble strain of an evening hymn as a passing woman croons her little one to sleep. It is Marie. Footsore and weary she has come with her orphaned babe from the place where its father was shot as a spy.

She gives her duty to Mademoiselle Espérance and to Mademoiselle's mother. Madame is well?—The Virgin be thanked! Then Espérance tells her her plan, and implores her participation. It is well. Thus, Madame, who is scant of breath, on her return, finds them. Escarot is in a bad way, poor man, and she fears it will go hard with him.

Then as the clock points to the hour of eight, Espérance takes the child tenderly in her arms and sets out with a beating heart to rescue her lover.

Hans Dibbel, a susceptible, soldier-coated youth, fresh from the Fatherland, was possessed of an appreciative eye, and could welcome beauty when he saw it. Somewhere over the border Hans had left his weeping Margarete; but although as a patriot and a soldier, he believed in licking the French, he yet, as a man, somehow preferred the rollicking, piping times of peace. It is not surprising, therefore, that Hans—who, in conjunction with a comrade outside, was guarding the doomed Bertram—should evince emotion as he

espied the pseudo Marie timidly entering the doorway. Espérance, seeing the honest fellow's delight, rather rejoiced than otherwise, for an easy prey would help to further her plan, and render the chance of discovery less remote.

Madame's surmise was not without foundation, for poor Escarot, as his pretended daughter could see, was grievously sick. Nevertheless he managed to greet her with something like fatherly joy—secretly extolling her heroic intentions to frustrate "those cursed Prussians"; for M. Escarot was a true Frenchman, and hated "our friend the enemy" with admirable fervour.

First it was necessary that Espérance should overcome the guard, and this, with almost Delilah-like craftiness, she soon succeeded in doing. Of the two bottles of wine that Madame had brought for the invalid's consumption one still remained; and on that bottle all her hopes were centred. It was of the strongest and best brand in Madame's cellar, and could be depended upon for its strength and antiquity.

But how to get Hans to take it?

As with a troubled mind she paced the room with Marie's baby in her arms, she tried to consider her situation. The old inn-keeper, lying weak and helpless on a couch near the fire, could plainly be of no possible assistance whatever. Facing him was their enemy: who helmetless, and with his rifle handy on the table and a pipe in his mouth, was sitting with his legs outstretched before the cheerful blaze, looking quite at home, but extremely fatigued. The prisoner—her unlucky cousin—was in the cellar beneath; whilst outside, a few paces from the house, another sentinel kept a sharp look out. Hans, honest fellow, had at first anticipated a mild flirtation with his host's daughter; but when he found that Espérance could speak only in French, his ardour rather diminished, for he knew not that tongue. So the scene for him soon lost its charm and he thought of his distant Margarete.

Presently, to her indescribable joy, Espérance noticed that the weary soldier, by sundry glances towards the invalid's table, was secretly longing for a share of the liquor. Escarot himself had observed the Teuton's thirsty looks, and after exchanging a significant glance with Espérance, had almost immediately relapsed into slumber.

It was a trying time. Just at that moment Hans looked up and catching the girl's eye saw, to his confusion, that she had comprehended his covetous looks. She smiled and nodded; and laying a finger upon her lips she crept across the room to where the sick man lay, and softly snatching the bottle away she placed it on a chair by the Prussian's side. He looked at her a moment and laughed foolishly; and then, following the example of our first parent, he yielded to the temptation—and fell.

Half the battle was over and won, but the hardest part had yet to be fought. The man drank deeply and rapidly, until the combined effects of strong wine and the grateful heat of the fire soon began to tell upon his wearied frame, and he slept. Now was the time to act. With a rapid noiseless step, and a fearful glance around Espérance laid the sleeping child upon the couch. What if it should awake!—There was no time to think of that. Taking up the light she passed from the room, shutting the door very closely behind her. To reach an inner chamber was but short work. The place was bare and lonely and looked ghostly by the light of the solitary candle, but she heeded it not. There was an iron ring in the floor attached to a square trap-door—the ordinary entrance to the cellar. A rope-ladder in the corner of the room was the only means of descent: for the stairs had perished in the flames of the Revolution.

It was no easy task for a girl to noiselessly raise the heavy trap; but she succeeded at length, and holding the light aslant peered into the blackness below. No sign of the prisoner—all as silent as the grave.

"Bertram,—Bertram," she called, in a whisper. "Quick, my cousin; it is I—Espérance!"

A sudden hasty movement below and the captive, pale and bewildered, stood beneath her. In another moment he was by her side.

"Hush," she whispered hurriedly, as he began to speak. "There is no time for talking. Come this way—No! not that way," she cried, excitedly, remembering the sentry outside—"There is death there! This window—quick! you can step through. Across the garden there is a footpath—you know it well. Follow it—make for the convent. Once there and you will be safe—for the Lady Superior is our dear aunt. It is four miles—you have no time to lose!"

"But, Espérance—you; how can I leave you here?"

"I am safe, believe me, and can get back without trouble. When this war is over you can rejoin us—*Mon Dieu!* what was that?—Go, go! it is the sentinel."

One last quick embrace and the prisoner had gone. As he turned and made off in the darkness, the girl saw a small glittering object fall from his breast, and stepping through the window made haste to secure it.

A sharp cry from the sentry rang out—unanswered; then the report from a rifle startled the heavens. Bertram heard it and, fearing pursuit, re-doubled his speed. In a few minutes the place was teeming with half-awakened soldiers.

But Espérance, where was she? Alas! they found her dead—shot through the heart—and holding in her icy hand a little silver crucifix.

The Poultry Show.

FOR variety, attractiveness, and general excellence the Poultry Show, which opened its doors on Friday morning last, and closed on Monday night, compares very favourably with any of its predecessors at the Palace. The entries, numbering in all considerably over nine hundred, far exceeded the record of similar shows held here, and included not only poultry and pigeons, but also cats, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. The prime condition of the exhibits reflects the greatest credit upon the owners of the same—many of whom reside at distant parts of the kingdom. It is to be regretted that the local entries were comparatively small: and one marvels that East London, so famed for its keen interest in the rearing of domestic birds and beasts, was not more largely represented.

The Poultry Section—which elicited so much admiration from visitors—certainly deserved all that was said in its favour: for a finer show of birds has never perhaps been seen at this end of London. The Brahmas, Dorkings, Minorcas, and Wyandottes—as a glance at the result catalogue will show—evidently found high favour in the eyes of the Judges: for although only three prizes were given in each class, the placards bearing the letters "H.C." and "V.H.C." were pleasingly numerous, and doubly testified to the fact that the entries were of first quality, and that the competition was very keen. The Bantams also came in for a large share of attention; whilst the Turkeys (seven entries), the Geese (seven entries), and Ducks and Drakes (four entries) were freely and favorably criticised. A goodly collection of eggs formed a pleasing side-show.

The Pigeon Section—which consisted of eight (general) classified and two unclassified classes—apparently found second place in public favour; and the Local Classes, of which there were six classified varieties, showed that the East End has reason for its reputation. The Cat Section was an extremely small show, but here again the Local Classes showed up in best form—the short-haired cats especially calling forth the eulogy of the Judges. Section IV: Rabbits, was comprehensive of many varieties of animals—the Belgian Hare and Dutch classes predominating in excellence of condition—although the other classes ran them pretty close. The Guinea-pig Section, although the smallest in the Show, was by no means the least satisfactory. There were thirty-nine entries in all; but what the little creatures lacked numerically, was amply made up by their admirable quality.

The judging, which took place on Friday morning, was conducted by W. J. Nichols, Esq. (Poultry); P. H. Jones, Esq. (Pigeons); J. Jennings, Esq. (Cats, Rabbits, and Cavies), who encountered their different duties with a vast amount of patience. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a great number of visitors attended the Show during its three days' existence, and evidently much appreciated the supplementary attractions of the Queen's Hall, where (in the afternoon) organ recitals were given, followed by (in the evening) a vocal and instrumental concert. The Poultry Show—which was under the entire management of Mr. G. E. Murdoch: a gentleman who has so often distinguished himself in previous Palace Exhibitions—will be followed on the 17th, 19th, and 20th inst., by a great exhibition of Canaries, Mules, and British and Foreign Cage-birds (open to competition to the world). There will be Special Prizes and Classes for East London; and it is expected that the number of entries will be unusually large.

Origin of the Word Lady.—"In ancient times it was the custom for the rich to reside the greatest part of the year at their mansions in the country, and once a week, or oftener, the mistress distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, a certain quantity of *bread*, and she was called by them the *loaf-day*; which is in Saxon, the *bread-giver*. These words were in the course of time corrupted into *Lady*."

Society and Club Notes.

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

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members, 3s. per annum. Members meet every evening in the East ante-room from 7 p.m.

As already announced, a Cup, value £7 7s., is offered for Competition among Members of the Club. All those desirous of entering are requested to give in their names at once to the Secretary. The Cup Competition and a Handicap Tourney will start by December 8th, or sooner if possible. We shall be glad if Members will kindly inform any of their friends who are likely to enter for these Competitions, as we should like to have a large number of entries. Entrance fee for each Competition, 1s.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The usual meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening, in the Swimming-bath: Mr. Horace Hawkins in the chair. A lecture was given by J. Spender, Esq., B.A., upon "Tennyson and Browning," this being the second of the series of lectures upon Victorian Literature. At the conclusion of the lecture, Messrs. Whittick, Hawkins, and Norton took part in the discussion which ensued. Members were invited to contribute papers upon "A comparison between Tennyson and Browning," for the "productive" evening to be held next Friday.

With respect to the sum of 12s., allotted to the Society from the proceeds of the Club Benefit Concerts, the Chairman stated that the Committee had carefully considered the matter and recommended that the money be declined. Several gentlemen having spoken upon the subject, it was unanimously decided that the recommendation of the Committee be adopted. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock.

The next lecture by Mr. Spender will be given on Friday week, upon "Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburn."

Two papers were incorrectly mentioned in last week's report; they should have been "First Impressions," by Mr. Whittick, and "A Trip to Snowdon," by Wydfia, respectively.

Further information will be gladly given by

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

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable conditions of the weather, fourteen Members turned up at Head-quarters for a spin. The Paper-chase announced to take place was abandoned on account of the weather, but will be held next Saturday, if possible. All went out together, and although the run proved to be a succession of water jumps and swamps, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the outing. The water jumps proved very amusing, several of the Members being immersed up to their necks. All arrived home quite safe, and after the usual tubbing had been indulged in, felt none the worse for their afternoon's exertions. Runs every Tuesday at 8.30, and every Saturday at 4 o'clock. Members of the Palace especially invited. A "Cinderella Dance" will be held early in December; all information may be obtained from either of the Secretaries or any of the Committee.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A Committee Meeting will be held on Friday next, November 9th, in the new Technical School-buildings, at 8 p.m. sharp, and on the same evening there will be a General Meeting at 9 p.m. Agenda—Revision of Rules, etc.

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

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Lady Members are requested to give in their names to the Hon. Sec. for attendance, as the register will be marked at 8 and 9 o'clock.

Tickets for the admittance of Members' friends can be obtained either of the Hon. Sec., or from the General Offices any evening during the week.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We had our usual practice on Monday last. A General Meeting was to have been held at 9 o'clock, but owing to the small attendance it was thought advisable to postpone it till Monday next at 9 o'clock.

Will Members kindly make a point of turning up. Business—Balance-sheet and Report, and election of two Representatives.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. GLENGALL ROVERS.—Beaumont beaten by two goals to nil.

Match next Saturday v. Old St. Paul's, at Chobham Farm, Stratford. Dress at "Eagle" Tavern. Team:—J. Munro (goal); Douglas, Hart (backs); Wenn, Hennessey, Cowlin (half-backs); D. and W. Jesseman (right), J. Hunter (centre), Shaw, Cox (left-forwards). Reserve—Sherrill.

SECOND ELEVEN v. GLENGALL ROVERS SECOND.—A well-contested game, ending all in favour of the Glengall by eight goals to one. The Glengall forwards, especially on the right wing, played a very good, fast game, being difficult to touch. Our backs, however, playing their usual steady game, took the change out of them once or twice. The 'Monts' forwards and half-backs were also good, but if our half-backs would attempt a little more tackling it would be an improvement. The ground was a perfect quagmire, agreeably diversified by a miniature pond in front of one of the goal posts, and a small valley in the centre of the field, while a few drops of rain towards the close of the match, a slight mist, and a feeble and premature attempt on the part of the shades of night to fall somewhat too fast, completed perhaps the most curious afternoon's "enjoyment" which the 'Monts have had up to the present. It would be well to mention that the Glengall played one or two first men. Our goal was kicked by Jacobson. Team:—Moreton (goal); Hawkins, Algar (backs); Jolly, Cantle, Arno (half-backs); Gould, Horseman, Butterwick, Jacobson, Winch (forwards).

Match next Saturday at Wanstead v. Carpenter's Institute. Team:—Helbing (goal); Algar, Hawkins (backs); Arno, Witham, Cantle (half-backs); Horseman, Jacobson, Butterwick, Moreton, Winch (forwards). Reserves—Stapleton, Ramsden.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

The temporary Committee will meet in No. 1 Room in the Technical Schools, on Thursday, November the 8th, at 7 p.m. sharp.

Lady Members must please attend the rehearsals of the Ladies' Choir punctually, as that Choir is about to make its *début* at an early date.

The Secretary wishes to impress upon all Members the desirability of a regular and punctual attendance at both rehearsals. We cannot possibly make any advancement unless we have a regular attendance.

Rehearsals as usual. Tuesdays, 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. Friday, rehearsal in the Lecture Hall, at 8 p.m.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for good voices in all the parts; each applicant must pass Mr. Orton Bradley's sight-reading examination. One or two male altos are required for the Male Voice Choir, which meets on Tuesday evenings, at 8.45 p.m. The fees are, 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen, all music being lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

We are at present rehearsing the "Messiah," John Farmer's Fairy Opera "Cinderella," and various gleees for production as soon as possible. All enquiries addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Laundy, at the General Offices of the Palace, will receive prompt attention.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Last Friday the above Band performed in the Queen's Hall before an appreciative audience, which was, however, a rather small one, owing, no doubt, to the inclemency of the weather.

Members are requested to note that our practices commence now at 7.45 p.m. instead of at 8 p.m., and may we express the hope that Members will endeavour to be punctual in their attendance?

W. SHAW CONSTABLE, Hon. Sec.
W. SPILLER, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

The report of last Saturday's Concert will be found elsewhere. Rehearsals take place as usual—Tuesday evenings from 8 till 10, and Saturday evenings from 5 till 7—in the new Music Room, formerly the Swimming-bath.

We have vacancies for Brass players, and the Secretary, Mr. Stock, will be most happy to receive the names of such wishing to join the Society. The fee is 2s. 6d. per quarter, and all music is lent free of charge.

W. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, the 3rd inst., the First Annual Dinner of this Club took place at the "Eastern Hotel," Limehouse, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, President of the Club, occupying the chair. After the good things provided by mine host had been discussed, the tables were cleared, and the toast list was brought forward.

The first toast was that of the "Queen and the Royal Family." Sir Edmund Currie, in proposing the toast, said that on each occasion that the Queen had visited East London, he had had the honour of receiving Her Majesty: the first occasion being the opening of a new wing to the London Hospital; and the second, the opening of the Queen's Hall at the People's Palace. On each occasion Her Majesty had expressed her great pleasure at the loyal devotion of her East-end subjects. After a loyal compliment to the Prince of Wales, the Chairman said that they all knew what a thorough sportsman His Royal Highness was, attending races one day, hunting the next, or at the Oval witnessing a football match, or at Lord's watching a cricket match: and he was quite sure that His Royal Highness's fullest sympathy would be with their Cycling Club: for the Secretary had just informed him that the Prince himself was also a cyclist. Passing on to the other members of the Royal Family, Sir Edmund said they one and all took the deepest interest in the success of the People's Palace, and our heartiest thanks were therefore due to them. The toast was then drunk with musical honours.

The next toast—that of the "Presidents and Vice-Presidents" of the Club,—was proposed by Mr. J. H. Burley. In asking the company to drink this toast, he said that the Club was most fortunate in having such a gentleman as Sir Edmund for its President, for he was not merely a President in name, but also in reality. He also had to congratulate the Club on its splendid list of Vice-Presidents, among whom were Captain Spencer Beaumont, Lord Rothschild, Sir John Jennings, Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., and other gentlemen too numerous to mention, but whom they all knew took the greatest interest in the Club, and whom they had to thank for placing the Club in its present position. Sir Edmund Currie, in reply, thanked them for drinking his health. He esteemed it an honour to be President to a Club which the Trustees considered one of the most successful clubs of the Palace Institute. He was very pleased—and he felt sure the Vice-Presidents were—to hear of their great success at the Woodford Meet.

The next toast, "The Press," was proposed by Mr. L. M. Nathan, who particularly pointed out the advantages derived from *The Palace Journal* and its value to the various Clubs. In the absence of Mr. Besant he would couple with the toast the name of the sub-Editor, Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight. The toast having been duly honoured, Mr. Knight responded. After thanking Mr. Nathan for his kindly reference to their mutual friend, Mr. Walter Besant, he spoke of that bond of sympathy *The Palace Journal*, which, considering it was only a year old, had already done a great deal towards popularizing the Palace and cementing the friendliness of their numerous Clubs. The Journal, perhaps, had not done so much as it might have done for the Beaumont Cycling Club, but this he would endeavour to remedy in the future. After a brief glance at the history of the Press and the part it played in the present century, he thanked them heartily for the enthusiasm with which they had drunk this toast.

The toast of "The Club and its Officers," was next proposed by Mr. Moyle, who said that it gave him the greatest pleasure to propose this toast. During the time he had had the honour of being a Member of the Club, he had been greatly struck with the sociability of its Members, and the great interest taken by the officers in the Club. He begged to couple with the toast the name of their Captain, Mr. J. Kennard. The toast having been drunk, Captain Kennard rose to respond and in so doing received quite an ovation. On behalf of his fellow-officers he thanked them for drinking their health; and trusted that he would find them working just as hard in the future for the good of the Club as they had done in the past. He was pleased to say that the Members of the Club heartily supported their officers in unity, which spoke well for the progress of the Club.

The last toast, "The People's Palace and the Trustees," was proposed by Mr. D. Jesseman, who referred in an effective speech to the benefits derived from belonging to such an Institution as the People's Palace. He hoped the Trustees would continue to support the Clubs, which he believed represented the real success of the Palace Institute. Sir Edmund, having spoken for this toast in that of the "President and Vice-Presidents," called upon Mr. Hawkins to respond for him. Mr. Hawkins, after discoursing upon his personal experiences of cycling, said that in his case cycling had proved a failure, but that this was not so with those whom he saw around him was evident by the successful issue the Beaumont Club had attained.

The toasts having come to an end, Sir Edmund Currie arose, and pleading prior engagements at the Palace—where he said he had to look after the Smoking Concerts and the Poultry Show—asked to be allowed to vacate the chair, which he did amid great enthusiasm.

Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight having been voted into the chair, the harmonic part of the evening commenced with a fantasia by Mr. N. Nathan. This was followed in quick succession by many popular and well-rendered songs, the vocalists being Messrs. Bailey,

Williams, Gills, Jesseman, Dawson, and L. Nathan. Two extremely entertaining recitations were given during the evening, the first by Mr. Taylor ("Copperfield and the Waiter"), the second by Mr. Masters (Gilbert's "Address to the Terrestrial Globe"). In addition to this a pleasant surprise in the shape of Mr. Freeman—a gen'lleman ob (burnt-cork) culur—came forth with a very funny stump speech and a couple of songs, and succeeded in winning golden opinions from those present. This was followed by more vocal harmony from Messrs. Howard, Heath (Choral Society), Griffiths, Hawkins (Football), Burley, Gills, Jesseman, McCarthy (from the Regent Street Polytechnic), L. Nathan, Moody (good old ghosts!), and finally, as the clock was striking eleven, hands were joined, and the spirited "Auld Lang Syne" rendered with much vigour.

The Stewards greatly regret that although several Members' names were down on the programme, the owners thereof did not put in an appearance at all during the evening. This was unfortunate: and it is hoped that on future occasions of this sort Members will not volunteer unless they intend to perform.

A meeting of the above Club will be held on Friday, November 9th, at 8.30 p.m. Very important business to be discussed.

Captain Spencer Beaumont has kindly consented to distribute the Prizes on Thursday, November 15th.

Members and friends are earnestly requested to be present, in order that they may show their gratitude to Captain Beaumont for his kindness to the Club.

On Saturday next an inter-Club Run and Smoker in conjunction with the Walthamstow Rovers will take place. Members will leave the Palace at 4 p.m., and journey to the "Lord Brooke Hotel," Shernhall Street, Walthamstow. All Members are requested to be present.

JAS. HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs will be held on Monday, 12th inst., at 7.30 p.m., in Room 5, Technical School-buildings, the first half hour being reserved for Members only.

I have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Walter Besant has consented to become an Honorary Member of the Club.

Sketches must be delivered at latest this evening, and it is requested that as it is the first Exhibition of the season, all Members will contribute.

The Secretary will be in attendance to receive names and subscriptions from new Members.

The display will be open to all Members of the Palace from 8 till 9.30 p.m.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Another very successful Smoking Concert was held on Friday evening last, and notwithstanding the bad weather, there was a capital attendance. Mr. T. G. Carter was in the chair. The following was the programme:—Song, Mr. Hendry, "Let me tell, I stood just so"; song, Mr. Alvarez, "His Lordship winked at the Counsel"; song, Mr. Gorton, "Gently does the Trick"; song, Mr. Claridge, "Killaloe"; song, Mr. Valentine, "Powder Monkey"; song, Mr. Lowe, "over tables, under chairs"; song, Mr. Dorman, "Sailing"; song, Mr. Bowman, "The Sailor and his Lass"; song, Mr. Linseed, "Pretty Bird" (encored); song, Mr. Byard, "Balacava"; song, Mr. Hawkins, "Ballyhooley"; song, Mr. Hunt, "A Sailor's Life," encore song, "England"; song, Mr. Tykes, "Everything done for the best" (encored). Also sang, Messrs. Cox, Hunter, and Cayzer. Mr. Fosh kindly presided at the piano. The next Smoking Concert will take place on Thursday, the 15th inst., at 8.30; no one will be admitted unless he presents a ticket, to be had from Messrs. Bowman and Byard, and from the Secretary.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Another of the weekly concerts, to which the Members of this Club always look forward with anticipation, was given on Thursday evening last by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mrs. Mellish, the Misses Nay, A. Coker, Baskerville and Graydon; and Messrs. Mellish, Hunt and Craig. Mrs. Mellish and Miss Davis shared the honours of the pianoforte, while Miss Jeanine Ross enriched the programme with an effective recitation. The unpropitious state of the weather served to make the indoor amusement the more enjoyable, and illustrated very forcibly the immense value of the People's Palace to the denizens of East London.

As an evidence of the interest that is felt in the working of our Social Club, we are to be honoured on Thursday evening next, with the presence and co-operation of Her Highness the Rane of Sarawak and Mrs. Godfrey Pearce. These ladies rank as highly in Musical Art, as they do in social status, and, therefore, we expect an overflowing gathering to greet them on their advent to the East End.

L. A. COKER, Hon. Sec.

"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 V.—Continued.

The windows of the study were glass doors, which opened into the garden. One of them was open, and in it was standing Julian Carteret. He was come to make his formal proposal to Sir Jacob. This is always a serious thing to do, because, for some reason, a man always feels himself, while he is doing it, in a false position. I think the reason is that he is obliged for the moment to see himself as others see him—to strip off the trappings of imagination. But in Julian's case the matter was simple. Sir Jacob knew his whole affairs. He had to answer two questions, and only to ask one. Still he was embarrassed by the prospect of the interview, and it was a delightful surprise to find Rose in her uncle's place.

"Rose," he cried, "I thought to find Sir Jacob here, and I find you. I have been breakfasting early, and making up my little speech to your uncle. Happy transformation. May I come in?"

"Go away." She spoke with a hoarse voice, trembling with emotion. "Go away, Julian."

"Go away, Rose? Without a word with you first? Never!"

He seized her unresisting hand, and was proceeding further in the direction common among lovers, when he was struck by her pallor and the trembling of her lips.

"What is it, Rose?" he asked.

"Go away, Julian," she repeated. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, go away!"

"Has anything happened?"

"Anything?" she echoed in despairing tones.

"What has not happened?"

"What is it? Tell me Rose."

"I cannot tell you. Go away Julian—only go away!"

"I will go, if I must, but I will come back. When will you see me again? Oh, my dear Rose, I cannot bear to think of you in suffering. And tell me what this means? May I come this afternoon?"

"Yes, only go away now? Go away, Julian."

That was all she had to say. She had no longer the privilege and the right to keep him near her. If she married him he was ruined, and by that act. If she refused him, better to let him know it at once, and blame her while his love-dream was yet young.

As Julian left the room, he turned to once more look at the girl he loved. She was standing just as when he saw her first through the window, motionless, her eyes gazing before her, and seeing nothing, a bundle of papers in her hand.

What did it mean? What could it mean? The girl whom he had left so blithe and happy the night before, whom he had made happier by his wooing, was standing there alone, spiritless, crushed by some misfortune, and able only to bid him go away. What did it mean?

Well, he would obey. He would go away, and come back in the afternoon to try and find out this mystery.

He went away sadly. Rose heard his step upon the gravel walk, every footfall a fresh agony, and tried to return to her thinking.

What a decision! And yet—it flashed before her in a moment—what doubt as to the step she should take? Julian ruined, and by her? All these people ruined, and by her? That could not be.

The ten minutes had gone. Her uncle returned, and she met his look of enquiry with a forced smile.

"Well, Rose, what will you do with those papers?"

"I will give them back to you," she whispered.

He took them and kissed her with a little emotion.

"You are a good girl, Rose—a good girl, and you shall never repent your decision. The mushroom passion of yesterday against the misery of thousands: what other decision could I expect? For myself, my girl, I care little. The applause of conscience is all I seek; that, at least, will not desert me, whatever fate may have in store. I would have gone out into the world as poor as when I began life; I could have borne without a murmur the pinches of poverty: all things are sent to us: we must accept them and go on, doing good as best we may. But for the thousands who depend on me I care a great deal. Rose, in their name I thank you."

But she said nothing, standing rigid and pale, with her hands clasped. She was thinking of Julian's footstep on the gravel. Sir Jacob's phrases fell unnoticed on her ear.

"John Gower will call this afternoon, Rose. You will be kind to him, and—and if you cannot be warm, do not be repellent. Think of the victory you have achieved over yourself; think now of that which has yet to be won by promising what we hope, indeed, you will be able to perform. Prepare yourself to be told a love tale of a different kind to Julian Carteret's. And when Julian comes to me, I shall know how to dismiss him. Poor Rose! it is hard on you; but, after all, you are young. This is only one of the many disappointments which are bestowed upon us, to strengthen faith and nerve the heart to duty."

Mere phrases—Sir Jacob had his quiver full of them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW LOVER.

It was a quiet house that morning, the villa on Campden Hill. When Sir Jacob drove off to town, Rose retired to her own rooms, and Mrs. Sampson was left alone. She sent up a message to Rose. Miss Escomb was very sorry, but she had a bad headache, and would like to be left quite by herself. There was no Julian Carteret, for a wonder. Had there been, thought the lady of experience, a quarrel? This was hardly likely.

She roamed about the great house, in the drawing-room, with its new-fashioned adornment, its dado, black furniture, looped curtains, and china cabinets; in the dining-room, massive and solemn, with pictures of game and fruit. How can any one take permanent pleasure in pictures of game and fruit? And how is it that a dead hare must always be flanked by a pile of purple grapes? As a matter of fact, a fruiterer is one thing, a poulterer is another; a hare comes at one period of dinner, and the fruit at another. She looked into the library, where the books in thousands seemed to clamour for a little change—crying out aloud to be taken down from their dull and stately prison to be read—to be read—only to be read. Don't you think sometimes that books are living creatures who long for sympathy? And if so, what must be the sorrow and suffering of the forgotten novels? Then Mrs. Sampson, restless and uneasy, strolled round the gardens and inspected the greenhouses, where the vines, the peaches, and the wall-fruit made Campden Hill famous.

Then she came back, feeling depressed and restless.

It was not that she had any misgivings about Bodkin. Not at all. It was something which Sir Jacob had said the day before.

Could he have meant anything?

That was the trouble in her mind.

Could Sir Jacob have meant what, undoubtedly was a natural interpretation of his words? Did he really contemplate matrimony again? And—oh! rapturous thought—matrimony is impossible without a consenting pair: was she herself to form the other member of that couple?

To be Lady Escomb!

I defy any woman in a certain rank of life to contemplate the possibility of gaining a title without an emotion which even surpasses the rapture of feeling yourself perfectly well dressed. In the rank of life to which I refer, no one ever is perfectly well dressed, and so the comparison does not hold. A title! Lady Escomb—Lady Jones—Lady Brown—Lady Plantagenet de Johnes—Lady de Vere de Browne! Ecstasy!

To be Lady Escomb!

And yet he seemed to mean it. Dear Sir Jacob! The widow, widowed a second time, sighed and purred. Dear Sir Jacob! so great, so rich, and such a good man!

But Bodkin!

Well, true, Bodkin was a little in the way. Bodkin might, however, be played with. It was not the first time that Bodkin had been made to wait. Bodkin was her first lover; but there came the real necessity, if comfort is a necessity, of marrying old Mr. Chiltern. Bodkin was her lover in her first widowhood.

Then came Bodkin's dreadful bankruptcy, and the offer from Augustus Sampson—dear, hot-headed Augustus.

Now she was free again, and Bodkin seemed sure of success. Poor Bodkin! always so sanguine, always so ready to work, so willing to hope, so very, very, very unsuccessful. What, after all, could be hoped from a man so unlucky as Bodkin? And what a dreadful thing to have to fall back upon her own little income to provide for the hungry Bodkin as well as herself. Then she sat down and began to calculate.

She had three hundred a year of her own, thanks to the united efforts of her Chiltern and her Augustus. Bodkin was going to make, say, five hundred out of the Society. Five and three make eight. At their age, she thought with a prudent modesty which might, had Bodkin been present, have sent the maidenly blush mantling to her cheek, there was not much reason to anticipate—a large family. Say, eight hundred a year for the pair. Well: eight hundred a year: a villa somewhere near Regent's Park, on the north-west side: a villa with small rooms, not stately rooms like those of Sir Jacob's: furnished with red carpet, red curtains, and no pictures—not like the furniture of Campden Villa: no carriage, but an occasional brougham, and cabs—frowsy cabs: no great dinner parties, where the light falls broken on brightly coloured glass, and was softly refracted on the velvet skin of peaches and the bloom of grapes, where servants moved softly about on the most noiseless of carpets, where the talk was of things rich, good, comfortable, and reassuring. None of these things: only Henry Bodkin with his jolly red face staring at one over a roast leg of mutton, a red-armed girl for a waitress, for guests some old friends of the old times, perhaps in the bagman line; for wine, hot sherry and brandied port: and after dinner, instead of the drawing room with its soft lamps, music, tea, and gentle talk, Henry Bodkin and his friend sitting at opposite sides of the fireplace, smoking pipes and drinking brandy-and-water.

But did Sir Jacob mean anything?

And then she pictured herself the chatelaine of this splendid house—Lady Escomb: she swept in fancy across the carpets; she revelled in the sense, the imaginary sense—that is a sixth sense—of power, riches, and envied splendour. She felt herself equal to the post: she saw herself receiving Sir Jacob's guests, dispensing his hospitalities, and rejoicing in his greatness.

It was not a morning dream which would altogether have pleased Bodkin; but she gave the reins to her imagination, and as he never knew it, so he never grieved over it. That is the feminine motto in all ages: "He will never know, and so he won't grieve over it."

Mrs. Sampson, though past forty, was undeniably still a woman of some personal comeliness. She was

stout, it is true, but not more stout than is becoming at that age, and she had a pleasant face still, with a certain shrewdness about the eyes which gave her an expression somewhat unusual, and therefore attractive. If the great Wellerian theory be true, that more widows are married than single women, then it will be found on investigation that widows go off most readily at forty.

She had the morning entirely to herself. About a quarter of an hour before luncheon her lover presented himself. He was flushed and hot—came in wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, so unlike the calm, cold, and judicial Sir Jacob. "Lavinia," he cried, "you are quite alone, all alone? Like a female Robinson Crusoe of quite the loveliest kind, born to blush unseen. 'When on those cheeks where rose and lily meet,' as the poet says. 'When on those cheeks where rose and lily meet—'"

"Henry, the servants may listen. Miss Escomb may be within hearing. Pray compose yourself."

"I can't, Lavinia, I really can't. I've great news for you, the greatest news. The Society is formed: a list of the committee has been drawn up by Lord Addlehed. I am secretary: five hundred pounds a year—*tol de lol*—'five hundred pounds a year and a heart both light and clear.' Is that right? Lord Addlehed finds all the expenses for the first year. The enemies of that philanthropic nobleman declare that he is cracked. To be sure, his manner is a little nervous; but that is from zeal in the good cause. And I put it to you, Lavinia, what greater proof of his lordship's sanity can there be than the undeniable fact that he has appointed me the secretary of the new Society?"

"What indeed, Henry?"

"Cracked, indeed! a little nervous in his manner, as I said: and his eyes are sometimes a little wild. But all pure zeal, Lavvy—my Lavvy—the day."

"Henry!" She was, as had happened twice previously with this swain, quite carried away by the ardour of his wooing. "Henry, always the impetuous."

"Name the day, Lavinia. Oh! would she but name the day on which I might call her mine! And not Henry any more, Lavinia. Henry is associated with trade, with patent pills, with bankruptcy: call me by my second name, Theophilus. If it were not for the associations of the name, I would say, 'Call me Henry, call me Jack; call me blue or call me black—call me Theophilus or Doris, call me Sam or call me Chloris—only—only—call me thine.'"

Who could be proof against pleading so impassioned?

"I really do think, Henry—I mean Theophilus—that you love me," said Mrs. Sampson. "And now I suppose—"

"Now, Lavinia, the happiness of my life is to be accomplished, like the roofing of a house, and we ought to hang out a flag. Ah! the history of Theophilus and Lavinia—Paul and Virginia—is the history of many engagements. I came, like Cæsar; I saw, like Caius Julius Cæsar; I conquered, also like C. J. C. Then I was defeated, unlike that commander: then I conquered again. Once more the enemy was too strong. Augustus the Great was master of the fort. Again I retreated. Again I present myself. Lower the port-cullis: blow the trumpets: the fort surrenders."

"Henry!—I mean Theophilus."

By this time he had his arm round her waist, as far as it would go, and was timing his sentences by nothing less than kisses on her cheek.

"And now we are actually going to be married, Lavinia, after so many disappointments, it is not unnatural that one should feel the suddenness of the thing. It takes me in the legs. When I think of they go groggy. Where do you feel it?"

"Henry—I mean Theophilus—in the head."

"I can hardly believe my own happiness. There is sure to be another cup between the slip and the lip. I mean, of course, Lavinia—only one is nervous on such an occasion—another lip between the cup and the slip. Another lip? Whose lip! Let me have his blood." "Tranquillise yourself, dear Henry—I mean Theophilus."

"Twice already has the bowl been raised to my lips, twice to be dashed away. I should have been called Tantalus Bodkin. Tantalus! How well it would look at the bottom of a new prospectus! Tantalus Bodkin, Esq., Bank Side, Hades, secretary *ad interim*."

"Come, Theophilus, do not be nervous. Will you stay to luncheon?"

"I cannot, Lavinia, I really cannot, I have so much to do."

"Then let me ring for a glass of sherry?"

"You may, Lavinia; and, if I may venture a hint from my own experience, it will be to ask, not for the Deputation Sherry, which I know too well, but for some of Sir Jacob's own."

Lavinia smiled and rang the bell, and gave the directions. The sherry was brought, and with it, though not, so to speak, a part of it, came Reuben Gower with John.

"You are in time, Mr. Gower," said Bodkin enthusiastically, "to drink a glass of sherry with me. This is *not* the Deputation Sherry, I assure you, but some of Sir Jacob's own particular. See how it sticks to the side of the glass, oily, and what a perfume! Nutty!" All this time he was rolling the glass round in his fingers. "The Spanish walnut seems to have lent its choicest flavour to the Spanish grape. Take a glass, Mr. Gower, if I, a guest myself, may invite you. Did you ever consider matrimony, Mr. Gower—you have been, I infer from the presence of your son, a married man? A son is not an unusual result—did you ever consider matrimony in the light of the wine of life?"

"I never did," said Reuben rather shortly. He had little imagination.

"Then begin to consider it in that light. If you marry too young it is champagne; perhaps too sweet, but always full of fizz. The wine changes as you grow older. When you arrive at my time of life you are at the burgundy or the dry sherry stage. This is the dry sherry, in fact. You hold the generous vintage to your lips, and you drink it to the full enjoyment."

Here, to his infinite consternation, the glass fell from his hand, and was shivered into twenty pieces on the floor.

"The slip," he cried, turning pale. "The slip between the cup and the lip. I knew it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Sampson; "that was an accident. Take another glass."

"No, no more; I have had enough. I must get back to the office to see if anything dreadful has happened."

"Really," said Mrs. Sampson, "you are too superstitious."

Mr. Bodkin shook his hand and buttoned his coat sadly. As he was looking round for his hat, Charles the footman brought him a telegram. With pale cheeks and trembling hands he tore it open.

One moment, and the paper fell fluttering to the ground, while he stood stupefied, eyes and mouth wide open, speechless.

"What is it man?" cried Reuben. "Are you struck silly?"

"Worse than that, Gower," said Bodkin; "I am struck poor, I am ruined."

"Ruined, Theophilus—Henry?" cried Mrs. Sampson. "The slip between the cup and the lip," he murmured. "What a devil of a slip! what a glorious cup! what a delicious lip to lose with that cup! Lavinia's lips! Lavinia, for the third time we are parted."

"What is it?" she asked again.

"This telegram." He picked it up, and put on his gold double eye-glasses to give effect to the reading. "This telegram"—he looked round, patting it with the emphasis of an undertaker in the exercise of his trade—"this telegram, my friends, announces no less stupendous an event than the removal of Lord Addlehed to a private lunatic asylum. It was effected this morning. The stoppage of the first year's preliminary expenses is a natural consequence. I need return to the office no more."

"But is there no one else in your council who will find the expenses?" asked Mrs. Sampson.

"No one, Lavinia: there is no one else in the council at all as yet. Lord Addlehed! poor Lord Addlehed!"—Bodkin raised his handkerchief to his eyes—"was the president, the treasurer, the committee, all rolled into one. We had as yet only drawn up a written list of committee. I was the secretary. Fortunately I did get a quarter's salary in advance. And, by great good luck, the cheque is already cashed. Poor Lord Addlehed! There have been many other philanthropic noblemen, but none so abundantly gullible as he. And I had him in lavender, all to myself."

"And what was this society?" asked John. "Was it to do any good to anybody?"

"Yes, sir," said Bodkin savagely. "It was to do good to a penniless adventurer: to me, sir, to me. All the societies exist to support their secretary, or to push forward their chairman and committee. Mine was the youngest of the bubbles."

"I regret to hear, Bodkin," said Sir Jacob solemnly—he had arrived without being heard by Bodkin—"that you have induced me to lend my name—MINE—to a—a—a BUBBLE. A Bubble Society I presume to be one whose objects are not worthy of being carried out, or one whose objects are only a pretence. It is needless to say how much you are lowered in my estimation by such a connection—avowed, too—an open, barefaced connection with a Bubble Society! This is indeed a depth of moral turpitude which I confess I can hardly bring myself to fathom!"

Bodkin was extinguished. He bowed his head before the storm.

"Moral turpitude!" he echoed. "You were never poor, Sir Jacob."

"Poor! I was penniless," rejoined the good man cheerfully. "And I resolved to get rich. How does one get rich? You can answer that question, Reuben, for me. By resolving to get rich."

"Ay, ay!" said Reuben, rubbing his hands as if he was congratulating himself over his own good fortune. "Ay, fortune came at a full tide."

"A tide," said Sir Jacob, "that has had its ebb occasionally, but a full tide."

Mrs. Sampson was sitting during this talk as far from Mr. Bodkin as the limits of the sofa would allow her to go. It was evident to Bodkin that the third chance was gone. He looked at her and then at Sir Jacob, and said with a humorous twist of his features:

"Something ought to be done about these tides. It is always ebb tide with me."

"If Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson softly—and it seemed to Bodkin like the well-known voice which had greeted in succession the late Mr. Chiltern and the late Mr. Sampson—"if Sir Jacob cannot control the action of fortune's tide, who can?"

Said Sir Jacob: "Thank you, Mrs. Sampson. Truly, yes. I am grateful to say that I have been enabled to recognise the duties of wealth, which is the main secret of controlling these tides. I have lived, my friends, mainly for doing good. Not by—by BUBBLE Societies, Bodkin. To do good we must make money."

(To be continued.)

Calendar of the Week.

NOVEMBER 1ST TO NOVEMBER 7TH.

November 1st.—All Saints.—The Church celebrates on this day all those saints to whom particular days have not been allotted. The number of the saints, if each were to have his own day, would require a year ten times as long as the present. Let us accommodate the saints, and, by lengthening the year, lengthen our own lives in corresponding proportion. There are, however, six saints at least who have this day specially allotted to them for their commemoration. Their acts and lives are, perhaps, known to some of our readers, but not to the present writer. They are Cæsarius, St. Mary, St. Marcellus, St. Benignus, St. Austremonius, and St. Harold. On this day the Irish used to burn great fires, as an expression of rejoicing over the harvest and fruit of the past year.

November 2nd.—All Souls' Day.—On this day it is the custom in Catholic countries to lay wreaths and hang immortelles on the tombs in the cemeteries. There are also masses said for the dead. The custom began in the ninth century. In Lancashire and Herefordshire oaten cakes, called soul mass cakes, used to be given to the poor who received them saying—

"God have poor soul,
Bones and all."

November 3rd.—St. Winifred.—A day dear to Welshmen. The practice of bathing in St. Winifred's well and of kissing the Wishing Stone is still continued. The first cures all diseases, and the second grants all wishes. The saint had also a small spring close to the well, by means of which, and in return for the present of a crooked pin, an instrument on which her holiness, oddly enough, seems to have set a great value, she used to cure weak eyes.

November 4th.—Landing of King William III.—That is to say, he really landed on the 5th, but by some odd mistake the event used to be publicly commemorated on the 4th. The wind carried his fleet beyond Dartmouth, where he intended to land, but changing to the south on the 5th, enabled him to effect his landing on the next day. The 4th used to be observed as a holiday at the public offices. When one considers from what disasters King William preserved the country, it is to be hoped that the memory of this event will long be preserved. For he rid us of the Stuarts, to begin with, a service for which we can never be sufficiently grateful; and from the domination of the French, to whom the country was fast becoming a humble ally and servant; and, lastly, from the domination of the priests—the worst tyranny that the world has ever had to endure.

November 5th.—Gunpowder Plot.—Everybody knows the history of the unfortunate Guido Fawkes.

November 6th.—St. Leonard.—The day of St. Leonard was formerly fixed for the opening of the Michaelmas Term, which has now been lengthened, and begins on Oct. 24th. We may, therefore, agree to forget this Saint, particularly as of late years he seems to have discontinued his former practice of releasing prisoners. Observe this curious illustration of the changes in popular opinion. In the Middle Ages the mere fact of a man being a prisoner was enough in itself to enlist the sympathies of all: he was considered as the victim of oppression and injustice. Therefore they must needs invent a saint whose special business should be to go about releasing prisoners. It would be extremely awkward if Saint Leonard were to begin all over again. Fancy his appearance at Portland, and the rapture of dynamiters, burglars, forgers, and the like! As regards the lengthening of the Law Term, one has to remark that in an ideal country there would be no Law Term at all, but justice would be administered on every day in the year, with never a rest or a holiday.

November 7th.—On this day, in the year 1665, the first *Gazette* was published, the Court being then in Oxford on account of the Plague. On its return to town the *Gazette* was called, and has ever since continued to be called the *London Gazette*.

On this day the "Man of Ross" died. Will some Member of the Literary Club be so good as to furnish us with a brief notice of this admirable person? He should also find, and quote, Pope's lines upon him.

Palace Notes.

MISS ADAM is to be warmly congratulated on the success of last Wednesday night's social, when two or three were gathered together for the purpose of spending a pleasant evening in the Ladies' Social-rooms. I hope the lady whose province it is to ordain such things, will see fit to continue the series; for I predict that these fortnightly gatherings will be hugely appreciated.

MEMBERS and readers will be glad to learn that Mr. H. H. S. Cunynghame (one of the Charity Commissioners) has kindly promised, on the coming Friday evening, to lecture on the "Theories of Education as Illustrated by the Works of Charles Dickens." The Lecture, which will be given in the new Lecture Hall, will commence at 7.30; admission free.

THE second volume (half-yearly) of the *Journal* comes to a close with the present issue. Next week *The Palace Journal* will celebrate its First Anniversary, having been born—in a dense fog—on the 16th of November last; a memorable occasion, for Princess Christian came down that day to inaugurate a Chrysanthemum Show.

I WOULD call the attention of our Football Club to the very powerful picture—on football—published in last week's issue of *Punch*, wherein Mr. John Bull is expostulating at the mild (!) way in which the gentlemen of the leather are "enjoying" themselves. A hint—and so nicely put—may be very effective.

OUR good friends the Scots Guards Bandmen, who, on so many occasions, have done such service at the Palace, have been delighting the members of a sister Institute—the Lambeth Polytechnic to wit. I am afraid that many of us will be selfish enough to wish them at Mile End instead; and I rather fancy that ere long the wish will be gratified. All success to Mr. Conductor Holland!

THE winter season at the Palace has apparently set in with much severity: the classes and lectures are numerous attended; the Concerts (Queen's Hall), fairly so; and the "smokers," and such like, very much so. This is gratifying.

SERGEANT BURDETT tells me that the Junior Section gymnasts are making fairly good progress; and he speaks very hopefully (and very mysteriously) re future displays, etc. It only needs the hearty co-operation of the Members themselves to make our Gymnasium the first of its kind in East London.

WHAT was unquestionably the best Show of its kind, was held on Friday, Saturday and Monday last, when the Exhibition-building held a splendid collection of cats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, fowls, pigeons, etc. To hear the lusty chanticleer melodiously manifesting its presence was delightfully exhilarating. (Report in another column.)

OUR Head Master, Mr. Low, informs me that very soon a series of popular Conversaciones will be given in the Technical Schools for the purpose of demonstrating the meaning and value of Technical Education. Particulars shortly.

RANSLEY—of our Cycling Club—has just had his machine stolen and writes me, with the hope that, through publicity, he may recover the same. I sincerely hope he will. It is a genuine Humber tricycle, bearing the number 1954, painted black with gold line, 46-inch wheels, and has recently been fitted with "a new neck." Members will please note.

SUB. ED.

Invention of Glass.—To an accidental occurrence on the banks of the river Belus, now called Kardanah, is to be ascribed the invention of glass. The crew of a merchant vessel, freighted with nitre, debarked on the shore to prepare their dinner; but not finding any stones at hand, to support their culinary vessels, they brought for that purpose some balls of nitre from the ship. The action of the fire incorporating these with the sand, produced a transparent fluid, which the sailors did not fail to remark, and thence furnished a hint for the ingenuity of their country's artists.

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