

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. III.—No. 54.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1888. [ONE PENNY.

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Concert, at 8. GYMNASIUMS.—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. GYMNASIUMS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting, at 8.
- SATURDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-room, at 7. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CONCERT—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. CONVERSATION.—In Technical School, at 7. Admission by Ticket only. FOOTBALL CLUB.—Second XI., at Wanstead. RAMBLERS.—To Commercial Gas Works, at 3. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
- 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. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. LECTURE.—For Junior Section, in Lecture Hall, at 8. CONCERT—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d.
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. LECTURE on "Astronomy," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. J. W. McClure, B.A., LL.D. Admission, 2d. DEBATING SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting, at 8. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-Room, at 7. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. CONCERT—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. LECTURE on "The Body and Health," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. D. W. Samways, D.Sc., M.A. Admission, 2d. DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 25th, 1888, IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

At 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Sonata on a Church Theme *Rheinberger.*
2. Air, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets" (St. Paul)... *Mendelssohn.*
3. Fugue on the first phrase of the Chorale—"We all believe in one God" *Bach.*
4. Introductory Voluntary *Hopkins.*
5. Benediction *Saint-Saens.*
6. Marche Religieuse *Guilmant.*

At 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Motett, "Glory, honour, praise" *Mozart.*
2. { (a) Prayer *Guilmant.*
 (b) Meditation in A }
3. Fugue (St. Anne's) *Bach.*
4. Air, "He was despised" (Messiah)... .. *Handel.*
5. Impromptu
6. March of the Priests (Athalie) *Mendelssohn.*

Notes of the Week.

A MAN has fallen into a trance, in which, by the latest accounts, he has lain for a fortnight. It will be interesting to learn how long the trance continues, and what are the sensations of the patient when he recovers. Unfortunately, the papers are always presenting us with the first chapter of a story, to be continued, which never is continued, and very likely we shall never hear any more of this man in a trance.

THERE are many curious and well-authenticated cases of trance, the worst danger of which is that it is so easily mistaken for death that sufferers may have been buried alive. The mere possibility of such a fearful thing makes it the most solemn duty of the survivors to be quite certain of indubitable symptoms of death before burying a body. There is, for instance, the well-known case of Mrs. Godfrey, sister to the first Duke of Marlborough. This lady fell down one Sunday morning, while dressing for church, to all appearance dead. The husband, Colonel Godfrey, fortunately had doubts, and refused to permit the interment, after the usual interval of three or four days. On the following Sunday morning, at exactly the same time, she suddenly recovered, in no way the worse for the long suspension of animation, and quite unconscious that a week had been passed unconsciously.

ANOTHER case is of a certain young lady in Germany, who not only, to all appearances, died in the most natural way, after a long illness, but was actually laid in her coffin. The first part of the funeral ceremonies, which consisted in singing hymns outside the house, was duly performed on the day appointed for the interment, but at the moment when they were about to screw down the lid of the coffin, the girl awoke with a scream. In her case there had been no unconsciousness at all. She heard all that was done: she felt the putting-on of the grave-clothes: she knew that they were lifting her into the coffin: but she could neither speak nor stir. It was, at last, the intolerable horror of being buried alive which gave her force to move and cry out.

THE following is an analysis of the different professions followed by the Candidates for the new School Board:—

Accoucheuse	1	Furniture Dealer	1
Alderman	1	Gentleman at Large	12
Army	8	Journalist	4
Artist	1	Linendraper	1
Auctioneer	1	Manufacturer	1
Barrister	19	Merchant	5
Bootmaker	1	Music Master	1
Builder	1	Navy	1
Coal Merchant	1	Peer of the Realm.....	1
Confectioner	1	Professor	1
Clerk	4	Publisher	2
Clergy:		Solicitor	5
Church of England	18	Stationer	2
Dissenter	8	Tailor	1
Roman Catholic.....	1	Whipmaker	1
Doctor	4	Wine Merchant	1
Diamond Cutter.....	1	Working Man	4
"Educationalist"	4	Women (not otherwise enumerated).....	6

In the above list it is interesting to observe: first, that there are nineteen Barristers. They can hardly be Barristers in practice or they would not be able to find time for this work. Most of them are probably men who have been simply called to the Bar with no intention of making a profession of the law. There are also four Doctors, concerning whom the same remark may, perhaps, be made. The Church of England

Clergy muster eighteen, the Dissenting Ministers eight, and there is one Roman Catholic Priest. This is a fair proportion of ecclesiastics; twenty-seven out of 125 candidates—nearly 22 per cent. There is not a single schoolmaster among them all: not one: not a single schoolmaster in a Parliament of Education: and this is the most remarkable point in the whole list. There are two Publishers—one hopes they are perfectly disinterested vessels, and have no school books of their own to run.

THERE is, again, one, and only one, Peer of the Realm. Surely it is a great mistake, in days when people are asking continually what good the Peers do, that only one of them should step forward to take his turn at educating the metropolis. If the noble Lords desire to retain their hereditary privileges—the only way left to them, namely, in winning the respect of the people for their abilities—they should be prominent in every public work. Among the candidates, however, are Sir Edmund Currie, our Director, to whom every friend of the Palace will wish success: Professor Gladstone, one of the oldest members of the Board: Sir Richard Temple, a man who after administering a Province in India as big as these islands, comes home at sixty as fresh as any young fellow among us, and eager for more work; and Mr. Lylph Stanley another old member of the Board.

MR. EDISON'S phonograph is beginning well. The other day it was good enough to reproduce the performance of a band of music, which had previously played in another place. This opens up endless possibilities. For instance, when we next have a dance in the Queen's Hall, it may be possible to dispense with the band altogether, and to have a wax cylinder instead, reproducing a performance elsewhere. This should come cheap. In the same way, we may as well sell our organ, and have a phonograph in connection with the Crystal Palace, and Westminster Abbey as well. Nay; Why stop there? Why not have all our concerts, instrumental and vocal, performed in the same manner? The possibilities are endless and bewildering.

THE new President of the United States is a man who, whatever may be his personal qualities, has a very remarkable family history, and should inherit, if ancestral qualities go for anything, a very profound hatred of this country and its institutions. His direct ancestor was Harrison the regicide. He had been Major-General in Oliver Cromwell's army, and an enthusiastic Fifth Monarchy man—what the Fifth Monarchists believed may be considered on another occasion. There is no doubt at all as to the sincerity of Harrison's convictions or the uprightness of his conduct. On the restoration of Charles he was one of those specially exempted from the amnesty, and was tried on the 9th of October, 1660. He made no defence, glorying in what he had done. "My Lords," he said, "this thing was not done in a corner. I believe the sound of it hath been in most nations. I believe the hearts of some have felt the terrors of that presence of God that was with His servants in those days, and are witnesses that these things were not done in a corner." He was condemned to die in the barbarous manner of the time. That is to say, he was hanged, but not till he was dead: then he was taken down, cut open and quartered. The scaffold was erected opposite Whitehall, close to the place now occupied by Downing Street, and Harrison made a speech which sank deep into the hearts of the people.

It must have been his great grandson, Benjamin Harrison, who was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence of the United States, and was afterwards Governor of Virginia. Those who have read the literature published in America, and written concerning America previous to the great Revolt, cannot fail to be struck with the fact that nobody should have suspected the existence there of these sturdy descendants of the Republican heroes. They seem to have made no sign. Yet, when we, the British, had at last freed the whole of North America for them, at the expense of millions of debt, and lives by the hundred thousand; when we had driven out French, Dutch, and Spaniards, and left the great Continent of North America free for the development of the British race, these men, who had always watched for their chance, took it when it came, and turned out their countrymen and their liberators. It is not a story of national gratitude on the American side, any more than it is one of wisdom on the English side. American independence was won, however, by the descendants of Cromwell's men—the implacable enemies of Monarchy and aristocracy.

THE son of this Benjamin Harrison was William Henry. He was the first Governor of Indiana; he commanded an American army in the war against Great Britain—one of the greatest blots upon the History of the United States—and in the year 1841, being then sixty-six years of age, he was elected President. The new President is his grandson: a lawyer by profession—to be a lawyer is now the only way of becoming President—a General in the Civil War, and a good speaker. It remains to be seen whether he will rise to the grandeur of his great position, and be as great a sovereign as Oliver Cromwell himself, without that potentate's narrowness and prejudice.

I CONGRATULATE the Sketching Club on their last Exhibition. It is a plucky thing to exhibit at all at so early a stage of the Club, and it must be inferred that the works contained a great deal of promise. It is to this Club that we look for the development of a great School of Art. There is no such school yet at the East End. Yet a very few years should suffice to give us an Academy of our own with yearly exhibitions of our own. Twenty years ago, for instance, there was practically no School of Art in New York. There were no illustrated papers or journals worth considering. Now, if any member of the Sketching Club will take the trouble to look at Harper's Magazine, he will see what twenty years of study have done for American Art.

The Cage-Bird Show.

POSSIBLY the prettiest, and certainly one of the most attractive Exhibitions ever held at the People's Palace was opened to the public on Saturday last; when the Canary, Mule, and British and Foreign Bird Show entered on a three days' existence. The Show, which was again managed by Mr. G. E. Murdoch—whose many successes, we learn, have obtained for him the exclusive management of all future Exhibitions—was visited by many thousands of persons: and on Saturday night, particularly, a great concourse of people showed their hearty appreciation of such a beautiful collection of singing-birds. The Canaries, which possibly attracted the most attention, were the most numerous, and for brilliancy of plumage, sweetness of note, and excellence of form, certainly showed to the most advantage. There were in all twenty-two distinct classes of these pretty creatures; of which, perhaps, the Clear Yellow Norwich, the Clear Bull Norwich, and the Crested Buff Norwich, were the most commendable: although the remaining classes were by no means lacking either in quality or form. Of the Mules (four classes) the Linnet Mule (Class 25) showed the highest standard of excellence. The British Bird Section (of which there were nine classes) excited much favourable comment; and included a very fine show of blackbirds and thrushes—nearly every entry of which, outside the prize-winners, was meritorious enough to gain the much-coveted label of commendation. The Foreign Bird Section—a singularly beautiful show—consisted of four classified varieties: amongst which the birds of the parrot ilk showed up conspicuously. The number of Local Entries—as in the recent Poultry Show—was again very poor, including one class of Canary, one of British Birds and one of any variety of Foreign Birds; but the Selling Class (open to all exhibitors) was both numerous and comprehensive.

Many thanks are certainly due to Mr. J. Abrahams, of 191 and 192, St. George's Street, E., for kindly contributing a beautiful and valuable collection of birds—not in competition. The Judges were J. Bexson, Esq., J. H. Thackrey, Esq., and J. C. Hills, Esq., whose decision gave unqualified satisfaction. The Exhibition closed on Tuesday night.

In the Queen's Hall.

TONIGHT we are looking forward to hearing a programme of Dramatic and Musical Recitals by Miss Marie de Grey, who is so well known to East End audiences in her magnificent rôle of "Jane Shore;" Mr. Ernest Birch, who is so deservedly popular here for his exquisite singing, and the Musical Director.

On Saturday we anticipate a very delightful Ballad Concert varied by instrumental solos from Signor Carlo Ducci at the pianoforte, and M. René Ortmans, violinist. And for Monday next is announced the second concert of the People's Concert Society.

For the following Wednesday we are promised a visit from the eminent violinist, Madame Norman Néruda (Lady Hallé), with the support of several very celebrated singers; and Mr. Alfred Hollins, whose magnificent organ playing has become a great feature of our concerts.

MUSICUS.

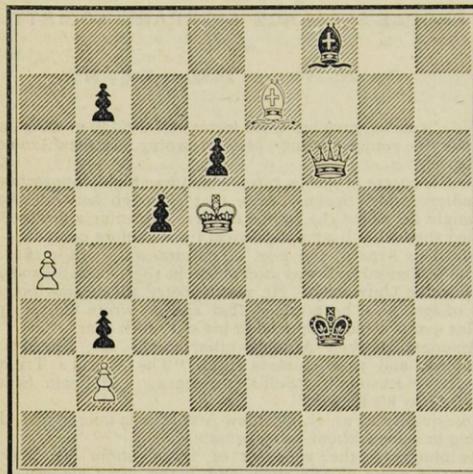
Our Chess Column.

[Communications for this column to be addressed "CHESS EDITOR," People's Palace, Mile End, E.]

WITH the issue of the Third Volume of this Journal, it is our intention to devote a space each week to the consideration of this popular and intellectual game. We shall endeavour to make our publications useful and interesting to chess players generally, but our efforts will be directed more especially to the advancement of the game among the people of East London. We trust, therefore, that we shall receive the cordial co-operation of all chess players residing in the district. Solutions, criticisms, and suggestions will be gladly received; and experienced players will render us valuable aid by forwarding original problems, games, game endings, etc., for publication.

PROBLEM No. 1.

Black 6 pieces.



White 5 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions and criticisms are invited.

All communications intended for publication in the next issue, must reach us on or before the previous Wednesday. Solutions to Problems will appear a fortnight after publication.

GAME No. 1.

The great McDonnell gives QKt.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | 2. Kt to QB3 |
| 3. B to B4 | 3. B to B4 |
| 4. P to QKt4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to B3 | 5. B to R4 |
| 6. Castles | 6. Kt to B3 |
| 7. Q to B2 | 7. Castles |
| 8. B to R3 | 8. R to KSq |
| 9. P to Q4 | 9. P to Q4 |
| 10. KP takes P | 10. KKt takes P |
| 11. P takes P | 11. Kt takes P |
| 12. QR to QSq | 12. Kt takes R |
| 13. R takes Kt | 13. B to Q2 |
| 14. B takes P (ch) | 14. K takes B |
| 15. R takes B (ch) | 15. Q takes R |
| 16. Kt to Kt5 (ch) | 16. K to KtSq |
| 17. Q takes P mate | |

END GAME No. 1.

Position.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------|----------|
| K on QBSq | K on QRS |
| Kt on Q3 | P on QRS |

White to play and win.

Solutions are invited and will be acknowledged.

Palace and Institute Notes.

MR. S. L. HASLUCK'S pupils again attracted a good audience on Thursday last, when in the new Lecture Hall they assembled for the purpose of giving another so-called "open night." The programme somehow looked scanty; and I was wondering whether it represented a full evening's entertainment: but when half-past nine came and there was still a farce to be played, I had no longer any doubts upon the subject. I did not see half the performance myself,—having entered the Hall just as a hearty applause was following Mr. Morgan's attempt,—but from what I can gather from a near neighbour, everything had gone satisfactorily: and with the elocution more than ever up to the mark. Luckily, I heard something: Munro, who gave Berlyn's "Coming Home," to extremely slow time; Miss Forrow, in Theyre-Smith's "Balloon,"—another addition to her many humorous triumphs; and Hon. Sec. Grey, in a lengthy but capably rendered selection called "Scot of Harden," which, as Pepys would say, "pleased me mightily." This concluded the elocution proper; and Mr. Hasluck came forward and properly and severely rebuked some facetious young gentleman in the gallery—and not as he put it "at the back,"—for sundry attempts at interruption. The farce, entitled "Cut off with a Shilling," concluded the entertainment, and sent the spectators happy away. The three performers worked hard and earnestly: and proved—to my satisfaction at least—that my Journal predictions as to their respective merits have been borne out to the full. Howard, in gay and giddy attire, played the dashing, week-married young husband; Miss K. Simons his charming little wife; and Hargreaves, with a severe martial bearing and a huge Churchillian moustache, the avuncular "shilling-cutting" Colonel.

I AM glad to see that in several parts of the Palace Hospital subscription boxes have recently been erected. I sincerely hope the innovation—the original suggestion, if I mistake not, of Alex. Albu—will meet with every encouragement.

TREE-PLANTING has been going on extensively in the Palace grounds during the past week—thanks to the generosity of Mr. Noble, who has defrayed the expense of purchasing the trees. This is a move in the right direction; and the much-talked-of "leafy London" promises to begin at Mile End.

PREPARATIONS for the forthcoming Christmas and Winter Fête, which, in point of attractiveness is to rival the glories of the late Summer festival, are proceeding apace, and promise to verify all expectations. It is rather premature to lift the curtain and reveal the coming wonders; but I may tell you that so far, at least, as the juvenile East-enders are concerned, the Palace promises to become the abode of Santa Claus himself.

I hear, with much pleasure, that the Beaumont Sketching Club, through one of its Members—Mr. Fleetwood—has secured Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Henry T. Barton, Esq., L.S.S.-Lond., F.S.A., as patrons. This should prove very encouraging.

THE first Technical Day School Conversazione—of which, as I mentioned last week, a series will be held—will be held on Saturday evening next, the 24th inst., in the new buildings. Holders of Tickets (which may be obtained on application free), will be admitted to (1) A GYMNASIUM DISPLAY, by the boys of the Technical Day Schools, in the Gymnasium from 7 to 8; (2) THE EXHIBITION in the new Technical Schools, from 8 to 10; (3) THE CONCERT, in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 10; (4) THE GYMNASIUM DISPLAY, by Members of the Gymnasium, from 9 till 10.

OUR Orchestral Society celebrates the first anniversary of its useful existence to-morrow, Thursday, when, after the usual practice, a social evening will probably be held. I beg to congratulate the Conductor, Mr. W. R. Cave, who has rendered such excellent service to this Society.

SUB-ED.

Thought.—It is the habitual thought that frames itself in our life. It affects us even more than our immediate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbour.

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 of the Palace, 3s. per annum.

Members meet for practice in the East ante-room every evening from 7 p.m. Entrance through the Library.

A match was played on Saturday, 17th inst., in our rooms, with St. John's Institute, Brixton. The score was as follows:—

Wins.	East London.	St. John's.	Wins.
1	H. Cudmore	A. N. Fisher	1
1	E. J. Smith	Frost	0
1	J. Baker	Bull	1
1	C. E. Bacon	Baylis	0
1	W. T. Foot	Talbot	0
1	G. Haslam	Flack	0
1	A. E. Hopwood	G. Fisher	0
1	G. J. Powell	Edgar	0
1	J. H. Lane	McDonald	0
1	Grose	Hollingsworth	0
9			1

The next match will be on Tuesday, 27th inst., in our rooms with the Great Western Railway; eight players a side. As this is one of the Junior Metropolitan Cup Competition matches, we shall require the services of the best men we can get together.

Members desiring to enter for the Cup Competition or Handicap Tourney are requested to hand in their subscriptions at once to the Secretary. Entrance fee for both Competitions, 1s. Competitions commence the first week in December.

The attention of Members is directed elsewhere to our Chess Column, which is commenced this week.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday evening last one of our Vice-Presidents, Captain Spencer Beaumont, kindly distributed the prizes and medals to the successful competitors of the Annual Race Meeting of the above Club. Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., and J. D. Kemp, Esq., were also present. Letters wishing us a successful meeting, and regretting their inability to be present, were read from Spencer Charrington, Esq., M.P., F. Wootton Isaacson, Esq., M.P., Sidney Buxton, Esq., M.P., Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P., Ernest Flower, Esq., Sir John and Lady Jennings, Edward S. Norris, Esq., M.P., Albert Spicer, Esq., R. Mitchell, Esq., Rev. W. P. Jay, M.L.S.B., and T. Fisher, Esq. Captain Beaumont expressed great pleasure at being asked to present the prizes to such a successful Club as the Beaumont Cycling Club. He hoped the Members would keep up their good name, especially with regard to the etiquette of the road. Speaking as a coachman, he impressed upon the Members the necessity of sounding their approach in the same manner as a coachman sounds his horn. Just as the drivers of omnibuses, cabs, and other vehicles draw aside and salute on the sound of a coach-horn, so in time he hoped the same good feeling would exist with regard to cyclists if they only bore in mind the motto, "Do as you would be done by." He considered cycling to be above every sport, for to ride a cycle you must be of a steady temperament. Most people send their offspring on the Continent to travel in order to give them a fuller education, but he thought that before travelling to view other countries, every person should see his own country, and to see it properly one must either tramp, go by coach, or cycle. The railways are an enormous benefit, but not to view the country, as the train does not take into consideration the scenery, but hurries on to the next station. But if you are on a coach you can pull up your horses, or on a cycle dismount and view the scenery to your heart's delight. With these few remarks he would now present the prizes.

FIRST CLASS MILE HANDICAP.

First:—V. Dawson, 20 yards start; oak and electro liqueur stand.

Second:—E. Ransley, 70 yards start; pair of bronze vases.

Third:—J. Howard, scratch; oak and electro salad bowl and servers.

SECOND CLASS MILE HANDICAP.

First:—D. Jessemann, 20 yards start; electro epergne.

Second:—H. Ransley, 40 yards start; electro breakfast companion.

Third:—L. M. Nathan, 200 yards start; electro and china biscuit box.

TEN MILES CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

First:—J. Howard; Challenge Cup and gold medal.

Second:—E. Ransley; gold centred medal.

Third:—V. Dawson; silver medal.

TIME MEDALS.

F. Glover, } Tandem: 105 miles in 10 hrs. 54 min.; gold medals.
M. Moyle, }

ATTENDANCE MEDALS.

First:—K. Burley } 51 attendances out of a possible 53;
Second:—J. Kennard } silver medals.
Third:—J. Burley }

Captain Beaumont then announced, amid rounds of applause that he would contribute five guineas towards the Challenge Cup. Sir Edmund then moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman for his presence on this occasion. Having spoken of the Beaumont family and the People's Palace, he called upon Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., to second the vote.

Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., expressed the great pleasure it had given him to listen to Captain Beaumont's address, and informed us that since belonging to the Beaumont Cycling Club he had become a cyclist, for he had now bought a tricycle and thoroughly enjoyed the exercise. He was very pleased to hear the Chairman announce his subscription towards the Challenge Cup, and would have great pleasure in giving the balance. That this announcement was heartily cheered may be imagined.

J. D. Kemp, Esq., in supporting the vote of thanks, spoke of the value of cycling from an educational as well as a recreative stand-point. He pointed out the great influence the Captain might have in carrying out the etiquette of the road.

After these speeches there was very little time left for the Smoking Concert. Nevertheless songs were rendered by Messrs. Howard, Jessemann, Giles, and Burley, whilst Mr. Masters gave us a recitation, "Etiquette," in his well-known style.

JAS. HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

Mr. Spender gave his third lecture on Friday evening last, at 8 o'clock, the subjects being "Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne."

In the course of the lecture, which was highly appreciated by the audience, Mr. Spender said, that although between 1856 and 1861 might be called the period of Mrs. Browning's decline, when she died she had still a great poetical future before her.

Matthew Arnold, the poet of culture, was born in 1822. He went up to Oxford, and was afterwards, in 1857, elected Professor of Poetry to the University. He wrote poetry till he was forty-eight years of age; after he attained that age he wrote entirely prose, until his death, which occurred in his sixty-fifth year.

Amongst Matthew Arnold's other works, Mr. Spender commented on, and gave extracts from, "The World's Triumph," "Soroab," "Rustein," "Self-Dependence," "Hellenic Studies," and "Ode to his Father."

One quality in which Matthew Arnold was unique was that of thinking in verse without being prosaic.

Swinburne is the youngest of those whom we may call the greatest poets of our time, and is the great modern master of melody. His verse has caught its tones from the sea itself, although he is the least intellectual of our poets. He goes beyond Browning as a claimant for freedom. Both in politics and in religion Swinburne is the poet of progress; in fact he is a Democrat.

Amongst other poems of Swinburne's, Mr. Spender mentioned and criticised the "Hymn of Praise" and "The Last Vigil."

The usual meeting will be held on Friday next, at 8 o'clock.

Subjects for essay:—"Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne," and "Is Matthew Arnold a Poet of Culture?"

Society Members are invited to send up original contributions of any kind.

Palace Members are invited to our meetings. All information given by

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Tuesday, 13th inst., we had a good muster; Members indulging in private practice among themselves.

On Friday, 16th inst., the following Members placed themselves in the Instructor's hands:—Messrs. Clarke, Dumble, Funnell, M. Joseph, Philipps, Pockett, and Watts.

Our Captain had the gloves on with both Mr. Sniders and Mr. Proops.

It may be as well to state that the object of the Club is to enable its Members to improve themselves in the art of self-defence, and not to endeavour to make any show or display; and the best way to become proficient is to keep perfectly cool, and take advantage of any hint the Instructor gives. When two boxers become excited about their work, they appear, to an outsider, to be fighting, and though such is not the case, yet we must avoid even its appearance of fighting.

We are glad to say that we have had no occasion to blame ourselves on this point so far, but it is as well to forewarn the Members, as it is very easy to get excited when having a good round, and thus create a false impression of fighting instead of boxing.

The revised Rules are now ready, and will be given to each Member, who must make himself fully acquainted with them, as they will be strictly adhered to.

Any information will be at once given by the Hon. Secs., of whom is always present on meeting nights.

I. H. PROOPS, } Hon. Secs.
ROBERT LAING, }

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. R.A.N.C.O.—The members of the B.F.C. journeyed to Woolwich on Saturday last to meet the above latter Club. Only seven of the 'Mons' put in an appearance at the commencement, but with the aid of two subs. we were able to commence playing under a disadvantage. Our Captain winning the toss, chose to play with the wind. The leather being set rolling was quickly carried into our quarters, but the backs soon returned it, and Sherrell getting hold of the ball passed it to the centre, who returned it, and finished up by putting the ball between the uprights, but this was soon equalised by our opponents. Restarting, Sherrell again secured the ball, and quickly added another goal, which gave the 'Mons' the lead, the game standing at half-time two to one in our favour. At this point three of the lost sheep put in an appearance. After the change, the game was all in favour of the Non-Coms., their weight with the wind greatly worried us; some of our fellows were flying all over the field. Hart and Wenn were able to show how well they could tackle, especially the former, who played with great courage. Cox and Shaw were also seen to advantage. The game thus ending R.A.N.C.O., five goals to Beaumonts two (kicked by Sherrell). Team:—Helbing (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Munro, Cox, Wainman (half-backs); Jacobson, Shaw (right), Tommy Atkins (centre), Jessemann, Sherrell (left, forwards).

Team for next Saturday:—Munro (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Hennessey, Cowlin, Burley (half-backs); Bretteingham, Shaw (right), Hunt (centre), D. Jessemann, W. Jessemann (left, forwards). Reserves—Helbing, Mears, Arno.

N.B.—Match last Saturday should have been Old St. Paul's Second Eleven v. Beaumont (Plaistow). Played at Wanstead. 'Mons' lost by two to nil. Played three men short.

Match next Saturday v. St. Mary's, at Wanstead. Team:—Butterwick (goal); Algar, Hawkins (backs); Tranter, Cattle, Witham (half-backs); Horseman, Jacobson, Sherrell, Gould, Cox (forwards). Reserves—Winch, Moreton, Stapleton.

N.B.—Members should be at the Dressing-room at 3 o'clock sharp.

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

N.B.—Tickets for the Cinderella Dance, to be held at Youen's Assembly Rooms, Bow, E., on December 4th, can be obtained any evening at the Secretaries' Room.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

Thursday next, the 22nd inst., will be the anniversary of the commencement of this Society, and the Members will find a notice posted in the Practice-room, suggesting that we have a Social evening on Saturday evening next, after practice, to commemorate the event. Since the posting of this notice, the Secretary's attention has been called to the fact that there will be some difficulty in having a Social on Saturday evening. Should we not be able to have a Social on Saturday, I beg to suggest Tuesday evening next. Members will please consider the matter, and make up their minds to have a Social.

A meeting will be held either on Saturday or Tuesday evening next, after rehearsal, to receive the Annual Report, and elect Secretary and Librarian for the ensuing year. All Members will please endeavour to attend, and to come early.

We have vacancies for French Horns, Euphonium, Trombone, Bassoon and Oboes, and the Secretary will be very happy to receive the names of gentlemen playing these instruments, who would like to become Members. The fee is 2s. 6d. per quarter, and all music lent free.

W. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
F. C. SAVAGE, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Another successful Smoking Concert, in connection with this Club, was held in Room 21, on Thursday evening last, Mr. T. G. Carter in the chair. The following was the programme:—First Part—Mr. A. Andrews, song, "Killaloo," encored; Mr. F. Snell, song, "The Shoreditch Handicap"; Mr. Graham, song, "Amateur Fire Brigade"; Mr. Craig, song, "Across the Bridge"; Mr. Rumbold, song, "True Blue"; Mr. Crowder, song, "Many a Time"; Mr. Lyons, song, "Take my Advice"; Mr. Ironmonger, song, "Turn Him Out"; Mr. Crowe, song, "There's something gone wrong with the Works." Second Part—Mr. A. Andrews, song, a parody on "Jubilation," encored; Mr. F. Snell, song, "Cupid and the Dice Box," encored; Mr. Morgan, song, "Sister Mary walked like that"; Mr. Early, recitation; Mr. Crowder, song, "Near it"; Mr. J. Munro, song, "I thought I was there"; Mr. Lark, song, "Wedding Bells"; Mr. Arnold, song, "The Automatic Battery," encored; Mr. Alvarez, song, "Dream of the Albert Hall"; Mr. Sykes, song, "This Dreadful Affair," encore song, "On the strict Q.T." Mr. Fosh kindly presided at the piano.

The next Smoking Concert will take place on Friday week. No one will be admitted unless he presents a ticket at the door, to be had from Messrs. C. A. Bowman and H. W. Byard, and from the Secretary, on Saturday next.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday next, November 17th, ramble to the Commercial Gas Works. Members are requested to meet outside the large gates in Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, at 3 o'clock. New tickets only will admit.

On Saturday, December 1st, ramble to Messrs. Charrington and Co.'s Brewery.

The Hon. Secs. will be at the Palace to issue New Tickets on Friday and Saturday next, from 8.30 till 9.30, in the old School-buildings (Room 8).

MEMBERS OF THE PALACE please note.—There are a few vacancies for ladies and gentlemen, and any Member getting his or her ticket on Friday next, will be entitled to participate in the ramble to the Commercial Gas Works.

Any information required respecting the above Club, will be gladly furnished by either of the undersigned.

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

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

On Friday last the Hon. Sec. was made Leader of the Gymnasium, and Lady Hay Currie kindly presented the Leaders with new badges.

A Committee Meeting will be held Thursday next, room adjoining Queen's Hall, at 7 p.m., when it is hoped that the ladies will be present.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.
Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

The first Choral Society Social Concert was held on Wednesday evening last; Mr. Orton Bradley presided, and a very good programme was gone through. The following ladies and gentlemen contributed to the success of the evening:—The Misses Abrahams, C. and M. Biner, B. Laundy, M. Litoun, L. Musto, and J. Philbrick; Messrs. Orton Bradley, J. Bambury, A. Heath, J. Jacobs, A. W. J. Laundy, Mullerhausen, Masters W. Monk, F. Spicer, and Swetman. During the early part of the programme Mr. Walter Besant honoured us with his presence.

An account of our concert given in the Queen's Hall last Monday will be found elsewhere.

Will all Members please endeavour to obtain a copy of *The Palace Journal* each week, as it contains our report?

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 at 8 p.m. in the New Music-room.

The Secretary wishes to impress upon all Members the desirability of a regular and punctual attendance at both rehearsals.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for good voices in all the parts; all intending Members must be prepared to 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 glees for production at various dates. All enquiries addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Laundy, at the General Offices of the Palace, will receive prompt attention.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

SCHOOLS v. PRISCA COBORN.—Played November 17th, at Victoria Park, and ended in a draw, darkness having set in preventing play continuing. Team:—Baines (goal); Phillips, Sawden (backs); Clement, White, Courtney (half-backs); Blackwell, McCardle, Griffiths, Elstob, Wright (forwards).

Elstob played well for the School.

SCHOOLS SECOND v. ST. PAUL'S JUNIOR FIRST.—Played at Wanstead, and, after a stubbornly contested game, ended in favour of the Saints by one goal to nil. Team:—Lowden (goal); Birkett, Billington (backs); Bosworth, Bromige, Atkinson (half-backs); Edmunds, Aldridge, Forest, Maggs, Howard (forwards).

SCHOOLS THIRD v. JUNIOR SECTION.—Played at Wanstead, the Juniors winning a good game by two goals to nil. Team:—Paterson (goal); Westlake, Swain (backs); Wellmott, Bosworth (half-backs); Butler, Allen, Bersey, and Substitute (forwards).

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.

A good muster turned up at Wanstead to take part in the run, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Juniors succeeded in scoring their first win against the boys of our Day School on Saturday last. The return match takes place on December 4th, so look out Juniors.

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

All Members wishing to take part in the series of Gymnastic Displays to be given on the 22nd and 27th December, and also in the early part of January, are particularly requested to attend the practices as frequently and as punctually as possible, as in the course of a week or so the more efficient Members will be selected to take part in the mass exercises.

We are very anxious that these displays should be signally successful, and to that end wish to impress upon Members the necessity of regular attendance; as we desire to show the general public that although we have been in existence for so short a time, still we are capable of giving displays as varied and on as large a scale as even the largest Gymnasia. These displays will comprise the following events:—Horizontal Bar, Parallel Bar, Vaulting Horse, Rings, Bar-Bells, Dumb-Bells, Boxing, Foils, Single-Sticks, Quarterstaff—Bayonet v. Bayonet, Sword v. Bayonet, Tug-of-War, etc., and will be given in the Gymnasium at 8 o'clock each evening.

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

CLUB REPRESENTATIVES' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

In spite of the counter-attractions in the Exhibition and Queen's Hall, there was a fair attendance at the Members' Smoking Concert last Saturday. The songs, etc., went well, the evening's entertainment being voted a great success.

Next Saturday lady Members will be admitted, on production of Membership tickets, to the Members Social Concert, which will be given in the new Music-room.

The Monthly Club Representatives' Meeting will be held next Monday week, December 3rd, at 8.30 sharp. Important business.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches in connection with the above Club was held on Monday, the 12th inst., at 7.30 p.m., in Room 5, Technical School-buildings.

The works were criticised by Mr. Arthur Legge, the newly appointed Art Master, who undertakes this duty as Chairman of the Club.

Considering that the Club has not yet attained its full strength, the Exhibition was a very successful one. Messrs. Colson, Hobbs, and Huggett sent in works on opal, and I may say that pleased as the Committee are to see these articles of decoration, they would be still more so if a "canvas" was to accompany them. The figure subject, an "Italian girl," was illustrated by several; two or three time sketches by prominent Members, and some designs and studies in Still Life completed the list.

During the evening Sir John and Lady Jennings and Sir Edmund Currie honoured us with visits, Lady Jennings expressing her satisfaction at what she had seen, and promising to favour us again on some future occasion. The display was also visited by a large number of Palace Members.

The Committee would be obliged if Members would kindly put the numbers of their receipts on their contributions, as the Secretary is really sometimes at a loss to know from whom the Sketch has come.

Appended is the first Balance-sheet. The stationery in the first instance having been found by the Trustees, the working expenses have been little else but postages, and the Club has a balance in hand of 4s. 1d. All things considered the Committee are of opinion that the Balance-sheet is very satisfactory. The prize fund was augmented last season by the late Art Master and the Committee, and we have no doubt that in the course of the ensuing year, some patrons of Art will come forward and help to build up the fund in the same manner.

In last week's Journal it was announced that Messrs. Reeves and Son had offered for competition a Box of Colours, and the Committee trust that this will be but a fore-runner of many such events in connection with the Club; we can but hope so.

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.	Cr.
To Subscriptions and Fines	£ 2 9 6
„ Entrance Fees for Competition .. .	0 5 6
„ Donation to Prize Fund (Mr. Cornish) .. .	1 1 0
„ Donation to Prize Fund (Committee) ..	0 12 6
Total	£ 4 8 6
By Books	0 1 6
„ Postage and Incidentals as per detailed statement ..	0 6 5
„ Prizes:—	
Landscape .. .	10 6
Figure .. .	12 6
Design .. .	12 6
Still Life .. .	7 6
Best Aggregate .. .	12 0
Second Best .. .	9 0
Aggregate .. .	12 6
„ Balance	3 16 6
Total	£ 4 8 6

We have examined the above account with the Books and Vouchers of the Club, and have found the same correct.

ROBT. HACKETT, } Auditors.
FRED. J. WESTWOOD, }

Particulars of the subjects for our own Monthly Exhibition, and for Messrs. Reeves' Competition will be found in last week's Journal; and we desire to call attention to the fact that only those who join before the end of this month are eligible for the last mentioned.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

A General Meeting was held in the Technical School, Room No. 1, on the 12th inst. Reports and Balance-sheets were read.

The Report shows that fifty-five Members joined the Society during the half-year and notwithstanding the many and continued disadvantages under which the Society has laboured, it is still in a flourishing condition.

During the term the following have been purchased:—68 Short-hand Weekly News, 31 Phonetic Journals, 12 Shorthand Magazines, 12 Reporters' Magazines, 12 Reporters' Journals; and bound volumes as follows:—"Phonetic Dictionary," "Phonography in the Office," "Self-Culture," "Tales and Sketches," "Leaves from the Notebook of T. A. Reed" (2 vols.), "Representative British Orations," "Alexander the Great," "Benjamin Franklin," "Reporters' Assistant," "Technical Reporting," "Tom Brown's School-days," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Ivanhoe" (3 vols.), "Reporters' Reading Book," "Little Things of Nature," "Reporters' Magazine" (2 vols.), "Thankful Blossom" (by Bret Harte), and "Gleanings from Popular Authors."

Gifts to the Society consist of: 22 numbers of the "Phonographic Lecturer," presented by Mr. Wilson, and "Learning to Report," presented by Mr. Lockwood.

On August the 18th we had a very successful outing to Buckhurst Hill; 140 sitting down to tea.

We hope to hand over a small balance from the outing when the account for tickets still out is paid.

All our books have been purchased at a discount of 25 per cent. This accounts for the farthing in the Balance-sheet.

The adoption of the Report and Balance-sheets were carried unanimously.

Mr. G. T. Stock and Mr. H. A. Gold were elected to represent the Society at representative meetings.

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.	Cr.
To Entrance Fees ..	£ 2 17 0
„ Subscriptions ..	2 6 0
By Weekly Magazines ..	0 10 8½
Monthly	0 11 1½
Bound Vols. .. .	2 1 8½
Postage	0 4 0
Rubber Stamp .. .	0 4 6
Balance to Outing ..	0 10 0
Account	0 10 0
Sundries—Stationery, etc. .. .	0 3 4
Balance	0 16 9½
Total	£ 5 3 0

Examined and found correct.

(Signed) CHARLES J. CONWAY, } Auditors.
H. A. GOLD, }

SHORTHAND SOCIETY'S OUTING.

Dr.	Cr.
To Advance from Society	£ 0 10 0
„ Sale of Tickets	11 8 6
„ Programmes	0 9 5
„ Owing for Tickets used	1 4 0
By Printing—	
Railway Tickets, Card, Programmes ..	0 12 6
Teas, with use of Room	7 0 0
G.E.R.C.	3 13 4
Musician, Music, etc. ..	0 12 0
Sundries—	
Rosettes, Fares, Postage, etc. .. .	0 6 9
Balance	1 7 4
Total	£ 13 11 11

Audited and found correct.

(Signed) CHARLES J. CONWAY, } Auditors.
H. A. GOLD, }

Usual meeting on Monday next. Palace Members can join our Society on any Monday evening, in Technical Schools, Room 1.

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

[Owing to pressure on space several CLUB NOTES are unavoidably crowded out.]

"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 VII.—Continued.

PRESENTY John Gower left her, and she was able to go to her own room and rest. The sound of his voice, hard, ringing, and metallic, beat upon her brain like a hammer. And as she laid her aching head upon a pillow, there came upon her ears, as if by contrast, the soft voice and gentle tones of the lover whom she had sent away.

There was silence in the house: it was always a quiet place, except when Julian Carteret was in it, but to-day it seemed more silent than usual. Luncheon was served, but Mrs. Sampson was the only person present at the meal, and she was excited and restless, perhaps suffering from the depression of spirits natural to one who has just lost, so to speak, a third husband.

Luncheon over, Mrs. Sampson retreated to her own apartments, and then the house was perfectly silent.

About half-past three a note was brought to her. "Lost Lavinia," it began, "grant one more interview, a farewell interview, to your unfortunate Bodkin."

He was waiting outside the house, the footman said, with a smile partly of contempt and partly of enjoyment, because everybody knew how Mr. Bodkin had let out at Sir Jacob. He would not come in without express permission of Mrs. Sampson.

"Show Mr. Bodkin the morning-room," she said, with dignity; "let him await me there."

She kept him waiting for about a quarter of an hour, remorselessly. When she came down, she was got up for the occasion in black silks and with a white pocket-handkerchief, a little tear-stained, in her hand.

"Lavinia!" "Henry!" She applied the handkerchief to the eyes.

A noticeable thing about Bodkin was the fact that he had already given up his semi-clerical dress, and had relapsed to the tweeds of his ordinary wear. These were tight, and, perhaps, a little horsey.

"Lavinia, it is all over. The news of yesterday is quite true. Lord Addehede is locked up for the rest of his natural life, and the Society for the General Advancement of Humanity is no more. I have this morning sold the furniture, which, with the first quarter's salary, will be the sole consolation and remuneration of the secretary. It fetched £85 6s. 8d. And now, Lavinia, until better times shall dawn, we must part again. For the third time the cup has slipped. I knew what was going to happen when that glass of sherry slipped from my hands. I knew that something dreadful was hanging over our heads."

"Yes, Henry, we must part. What do you propose doing?"

"For the moment, Lavinia—let me rather say Mrs. Sampson—I am going to woo the smiles of faithless fortune as a—sporting prophet."

"Henry!"

"It is true, Lavinia. I am not yet certain whether it is more humiliation, or whether it is promotion. Literary work is the only kind of work I have never yet attempted: perhaps I shall succeed in it. Who knows? The name of Henry Bodkin—I have dropped the Theophilus for the time—may yet ring like a trumpet-echo in the ears of the English people. Prophet to the Breakfast Bell!"

"But what do you know about horses, Henry?"

"Nothing, Lavinia; but I have occasionally backed a horse when I was sweet upon it, and I always lost. Also, I used to be very fond, when I could afford it, of going down to Epsom with a hamper. More is not wanted of a sporting prophet."

"And will it pay?"

"That, Lavinia, I cannot yet tell you. Suppose I come back in a few weeks, what would be the lowest figure, angelic one?"

"You must satisfy me that you can make four hundred a year at least. That, with my trifling income, would be sufficient to maintain us both in tolerable comfort. But, Henry, I cannot promise," here she blushed violently. "It may be—it has happened so twice already—that another—"

"Ha!" he cried. "Another? that would be Fate's final blow. Have you any idea, Lavinia, who the other may be?"

"In fact, Henry," said Mrs. Sampson, "only last night, Sir Jacob, talking over—"

"Sir Jacob!" "Talking over his niece's approaching marriage and his own loneliness, was good enough to express a hope that I would remain in the house as its mistress—Lady Escomb."

"Sir Jacob! the viper!" Mrs. Sampson sprang to her feet.

"Viper, Mr. Bodkin? Is it thus that you dare to speak of my future husband?"

"I was your future husband the other day," he sighed. "It is all over now. Good-bye, Lady Escomb."

"Good-bye, Henry," she said softly; "you can wait, can you not?"

"Hang it, madam," cried Bodkin, "are you beginning already to wish him gone after the other two?"

"You are brutal, Henry. Leave me, sir."

"Not but what you will grace the position, I am sure."

"Do you think so? Ah! Henry, if you were only a baronet! A title, a great house, a great income, a husband who is so rich and so good, Henry."

"Humph! yes—and so good, if you like. Well, I must stay here no longer. Farewell, Lavinia; and if you can—why, there, I suppose it must be for ever. I would back Sir Jacob, for holding on, against myself."

The sporting prophet disappeared, leaving Mrs. Sampson alone. She looked about her, and presently began to walk up and down the room, opening drawers in cabinets, pulling books from the library, arranging flowers as if she was already the mistress of the place. Lady Escomb! what a sweet name! what an engine for filling other people's hearts with rage, envy, malice, and spite. Lady Escomb!

"Good gracious! Mr. Carteret, how you frightened me!" Julian came in, hoping to find Rose alone, through the conservatory.

"Sorry to frighten you, Mrs. Sampson. I met Bodkin at the gate. He looked very woe-begone."

"Poor Henry!"

"Are his last chances gone?" Mrs. Sampson shook her head.

"It is impossible to say what he may do in the future," she said. "For the present, as you say, his chances are gone. But you ought not to be here, Mr. Carteret. You know that Rose is engaged to Mr. Gower. You must not disturb her mind."

"Look here, Mrs. Sampson," said Julian, taking her hands—she was a soft, fat, comfortable figure of a woman, who really had a tender heart. "You and I have always been good friends, have we not?"

"Very good friends, I am sure."

"And you have known all along how much I loved Rose."

"Yes—all along, and very sorry I am for both of you too."

"Well, I want to see Rose."

She shook her head.

"Anything but that, Mr. Carteret."

"I want to ask her a question, that is all."

"But that would be the very thing you must not do."

"Come, Mrs. Sampson, if you will help me, I will bribe you."

"It isn't right, Mr. Carteret. I am as much surprised at the thing as you can be: and the poor girl is miserable. But Sir Jacob has set his heart upon it, and they are engaged, and it would only make worse trouble."

"I am going to make more trouble," said Julian doggedly. "I am going to make all the trouble I can. I want to see Rose first, and hear from her own lips what it means, and then I shall get hold of this young Lancashire lad and tell him what I can. And, lastly, I shall try Sir Jacob himself. Between the two of them I shall manage to make things disagreeable."

Julian spoke with great bitterness, being, in point of fact, beside himself with indignation and astonishment.

"But you do not want me to help in making things disagreeable."

"Yes, I do, Mrs. Sampson. Consider the position of things. Rose does not love this man; you know that, of course."

"Of course, anyone not a blind bat, as the man is, could see it with half an eye," said Mrs. Sampson the experienced.

"And she does, or she did, love me," said Julian. "Will you not help me to have an explanation with her? I want to ask her why she did it. That is simple enough, is it not?"

"She ought not to think of you any longer, Mr. Carteret."

Mrs. Sampson was visibly softening. "I have had myself the same ordeal to go through. I was engaged to—to Henry Bodkin, many years ago. We had pledged our vows and sworn fidelity; but he had no money, and I was compelled to throw him over for the late Mr. Chiltern. It may

have been criminal, Mr. Carteret, but I confess that when I stood before the altar with that good old man, I wished it had been Henry Bodkin instead."

"And you were happy with Mr. Chiltern, although you loved another man?"

"Happiness, Mr. Carteret, is a good deal mixed up with creature comforts. I liked even then, when I was much younger than I am now, to be quite sure that the house would go on, and the butcher's bill get paid. I should never have had that assurance with Henry Bodkin. You see, that consideration has great weight even with the giddiest girl. Dinner first, dress next—"

"And love last, I suppose."

"Love runs through all," said Mrs. Sampson, sentimentally. "Love rules the roast as well as the court and camp. But oh! how much more fondly you love a man when you know that the butcher's and the dressmaker's bills are safe!"

"Well, but that is my case," urged Julian. "I am rich—that is, I am pretty well off. Sir Jacob has got seventy thousand pounds of mine locked up in a box somewhere, and there is another trifle in the funds which brings in a few hundreds. My wife, at any rate, will have her dinner assured for the rest of her natural life. I never thought about it before, but now you come to mention it, there must be a good deal of anxiety going about the world in reference to next year's dinners. I wonder people marry at all unless they are rich."

Mrs. Sampson shook her head.

"Mr. Chiltern died a few years after our marriage," she said, "and left me with an annuity—a small one, it is true—as a reward for soothing his declining years. That was my only reward. Had I married Henry Bodkin what would have been the cares and vicissitudes of my life? And had Henry Bodkin only been in a position, after the first year of my widowhood, to keep up the expenses of a small but tasteful home, I should not have married Mr. Sampson. A very different man from Mr. Chiltern, and perhaps the contrast for a time, pleased: but—"

"Let us come back to Rose," said Julian abruptly; "I have no business here after yesterday's scene. I feel as if I was in an enemy's camp. Be merciful and send Rose to me."

She who wavers is lost. Mrs. Sampson wavered. Mrs. Sampson was lost.

"If I send Rose down to you," she said, "you will not let Sir Jacob know that I did it?"

"I will never let Sir Jacob know one word about it. Only let me see her."

For it occurred suddenly to the good lady that if Sir Jacob found her out interfering in his projects, there was small chance of her ever becoming Lady Escomb.

She left Julian and hurried away.

Rose was lying down, half asleep.

"Rose, dear," Mrs. Sampson whispered; "poor child! how hot your head is! Get up and brush your hair. You must go down to the morning-room."

She obeyed.

"Will he not leave me alone for a single hour?" she said wearily, thinking of John Gower. "Oh, me! it will be better when we are married, because then I shall only see him in the evening. Will that do, dear Mrs. Sampson?"

"Stay one moment. You have got no colour at all in your cheeks, my dear, not a bit of colour. Put on this ribbon at least."

She adorned the girl, womanlike, with a ribbon, and saw her creep slowly down the stairs; and then with a sigh of sympathy, she betook herself to the drawing-room, and tried to renew the sweet dream of ladyhood from which Julian Carteret had interrupted her.

"Rose!"

"Julian! oh! Julian!"

"My dear love—my own girl." She was in his arms again, and felt—at home. "Let me kiss you, just to make me feel that this is all real, and that whatever happens, you love me still."

But she pushed him from her.

"Let me go, Julian. You must not—you must not. Did you not hear yesterday what I said? I am engaged—do you understand?—engaged to be married to John Gower."

"So I heard. What I want to know is, what it means."

"It means, really and truly, exactly what the words mean. Julian, it is the sad, sad truth."

"But you must explain it all to me. What does it mean? what does it mean? Have women a dozen hearts, that they can give away one on Saturday and one on Sunday and never feel the loss? Do you think, Rose, that you can accept a man on one day and throw him over the next without even an explanation?"

"Oh! Julian, can you not take the fact, and—and not be cruel to me?"

"Good heavens! Rose"—she threw herself into a chair and buried her face in her hands—"good heavens! Cruel to you! But I want to know—"

"Julian, I have no word of explanation—none—none." She burst into a low moaning.

"You have done this thing, Rose, and you will not tell me why. By Heaven it seems impossible. I had heard of such things, but I said to myself, 'Rose is true, Rose is constant.' What fools men are! We ask but one virtue in women—fidelity. We think we can supply all the rest. They may be frivolous, they may be foolish, they may be vain, they may be petulant, they may be full of whims and fancies; but if they are true, we forgive them all the rest."

Rose lifted her head.

"You never can forgive me, then, because I am not true. I can bear it better, Julian, when you speak like that—better than when you talk of loving me still. But let me go. I am frivolous and foolish, and all the bitterest things that you can think or say; but one thing I was not. I was not untrue when I told you that I—"

"When you told me, dear Rose"—he bent over her and caressed her shapely head—"when you told me that you loved me." "It was true, Julian," she murmured.

"Why—why—then, Rose, if it was true then, it is true now; for I have done nothing to make your love grow less. If it was true, then, that I loved you, it is ten times as true, a thousand times as true, that I love you now—now that I seem to have lost you."

"It is not right, Julian—indeed, indeed it is not right. What you want is impossible. Oh! if I could tell you all!"

"Right—not right? If I love you, if you love me, what place is there more fitted for you than my arms? What have you to do with John Gower? By what right does he come between you and me?"

"By a right stronger than your love, even."

"Tell me, Rose"—Julian's voice was as resolute as John Gower's, and Rose quailed before it—"tell me, or I will go to John Gower and make him tell me what is that right." Had either of them looked round they would have seen a figure in the conservatory—none other than Reuben Gower himself. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then, with strange, pained face, hid himself behind the plants and listened—a mean thing to do at all times. But he did it.

"John Gower," Julian went on—"he has an honest face and will listen to reason. I will go to him and ask him by what right he is going to condemn a girl to a life of misery with a man whom she does not love—and can never love. I will move his heart, if he has one, by such a picture of his own selfishness in exacting this sacrifice, and your wretchedness when the day will bring no change and the night will only throw a darker shadow over your heart, that out of very human pity, he will fain give you back to my arms. Remember, I shall say everything that a bitterly wronged man can say for himself, as well as for the girl he sees sacrificed."

Rose remembered all that was at stake. She sprang to her feet in alarm.

"You must not, Julian; you must not. You cannot guess the mischief, the terrible mischief, that will follow."

"I care for no mischief," said Julian, "I am fighting for my own hand. Do you think I am going to part from you without a struggle?"

"Then," said Rose, "I must tell you all. I marry John Gower to save my uncle from ruin, perhaps from—from—I can hardly say the word—from disgrace."

"Your uncle—Sir Jacob—the millionaire!"

"He is no millionaire at all. He has no money, and no means of meeting his securities. All the people he employs will be turned out into the streets, beggars: and—oh! Julian—all your money will be lost too."

"Oh!" said Julian. "But how does this connect with John Gower?"

"Because he has made a great invention, on the security of which Sir Jacob can raise more money and carry on his works. I am to be the price of Sir Jacob's sharing in the invention. John Gower thinks that, because we played together as boy and girl, I love him still. He has always remembered me, and always loved me. Look at those pictures, Julian. They are the plans of his invention. With these in his hand, Sir Jacob can retrieve his fortunes; without them he is a bankrupt."

"I see. This is a very pretty hobble. Poor Rose! And you were to pull us out of it, were you! My money gone, too. Serious for me."

"Yes, Julian. Your money is all gone, and you can, if you like, my uncle says, prosecute him for not taking proper care of your fortune."

"Yes," Julian replied meditatively. "That is the way in which he puts it, does he? Blackstone and other authorities call that kind of behaviour by a different name."

"It is to save him, to save you, to save all those poor people, that I must marry John Gower."

"So this is all, is it, Rose? Then you never, never, never shall marry John Gower, that is flat, and I shall tell him the reason why. Sir Jacob a pauper, too!" At that moment, Sir Jacob, returned from the City, stood in the doorway, large and ponderous. Neither saw him. "Gad!" Julian went on, "we shall both look pretty interesting when the sad news falls on a sympathising world. The Jews have got a small trifle of bills of mine; there will be wailing among the tribes when they hear about it. Is that all, Rose—only your uncle ruined? Let him begin again. He knows as many dodges as any. Old Fox, he is sure to get on his legs. As for the poor people, if they are not employed by him, they will be employed by those who carry on the works for the bankrupt. My poor, dear, darling girl! What a fuss about nothing! Why, there's Bodkin ruined, too. That makes three. Bodkin, poor beggar, who has lost his Lavinia with his secretaryship. I, who have lost my fortune and gained a bride. We shall have to live as the sparrows live, my angel, and pick up crumbs. Never fear, we will manage somehow. And there is Sir Jacob: he has lost more than either of us, because such a good man cannot afford to lose his name. However, now I have got you back, I am not going to let you go again for fifty Sir Jacobs. He can now, Rose, enjoy the luxury of doing good without drawing a cheque. No doubt he will begin a career of active personal benevolence among the poor. Ho! ho! And now I shall go and find out Mr. John Gower."

As he turned, he faced Sir Jacob, who advanced with grave deliberation and a very stately deportment.

"No, Julian Carteret," he said, opposing both hands. "No, you have done enough mischief already. It is nothing, as you say, that Sir Jacob Escomb is perhaps on the brink of ruin. Do what you please: institute a prosecution against me for your lost money, which is, I suppose, gone with the rest. But with these arrangements, with the solemn contract which I have made with the son of my old friend I will brook no interference. This marriage is no hastily concocted scheme to save me from poverty—the good man is not afraid of poverty—it is the purpose of a life. Reuben Gower is my oldest and dearest friend. We have together, he and I, frequently talked over this match: it is a settled thing for nearly twenty years. I will not consent, Julian, whatever reluctant admissions you have forced from this foolish girl, I will never consent to have her happiness—yes, I repeat it, her solid and permanent happiness—destroyed by your wanton and selfish folly. I thought better of you, Julian Carteret. At one time I thought you might settle down into a sober and earnest man. It grieves me to think that you are the last man in the world to whom I would entrust my niece's hand as your trustee—"

"Don't you think," said Julian, "don't you think that, after the mess you have made of it, the less you say about that trust the better?"

"We will not discuss that now. Leave us, and make no further interference in my plans. Go, sir. There is nothing more to be said."

It was Reuben Gower who stepped from the conservatory and stood between Sir Jacob, whose attitude, morally speaking, was grand, and Julian Carteret, who was hesitating what next to say.

"There is something more to be said," he began quietly. "There is a great deal more to be said. Rose, I have overheard all. Julian Carteret, it is true what Rose told you, that Sir Jacob is a ruined man. Look at him, sleek and bold of front as he stands, he is hopelessly ruined. No one can save him from shipwreck, except my son, and he shall not. For he has grown so used to deceiving all the world, that he has even deceived me. He has deceived me. It is not true that the engagement was the scheme of twenty years."

"You wrong me, Reuben," said Sir Jacob with dignity. "Everybody wrongs me. But never mind. It was my scheme for twenty years. That is all."

Reuben took no notice of this interruption. "The engagement was never thought of by Sir Jacob, or by me, until the night before last, when my boy, who has cherished ambitious schemes, made as a condition of partnership, marriage with Rose Escomb. You may forgive him, Miss Rose, because he did not know how you have been changed from what you were. You do not understand me, Mr. Carteret. We Lancashire folk, living at home, in our old way, thinking the same thoughts every day, forget that people away up here in London may change. We did not know that

you loved him no longer; that you were a London young lady instead of a sonsie Lancashire lass."

Here John himself, in his quick, rough way, appeared, with a bundle of papers in his hands.

"Here you are, Sir Jacob. Here's the deed of partnership. Let us sign, and have done with it."

Sir Jacob seized the pen. That, at least, might be signed before the inevitable explosion. But it was too late.

"John," said Reuben, "there will be no partnership."

"No partnership? Why not?"

"And no marriage."

"What do you mean, father?"

Reuben laid his arm on his son's wrist.

"We have been deceived, you and I, John; we have been deceived. I knew, but I did not tell you, that Sir Jacob was on the very eve of being a bankrupt, when your invention interposed to save him. And it would have saved him, and it shall make you a rich man yet. But without Rose Escomb, my boy. Give her up."

"Give up Rose? and to whom? To that—popinjay?" He pointed to Julian.

"Thank you, my friend," said Julian. "Go on, Mr. Gower."

"What did Sir Jacob tell you about Rose? Was it this? You told him that you had never forgotten your sweet-faced playfellow, and that you loved her, after all these seven years, as much as when you were children together. He said that Rose had never ceased to speak of you, did he not?"

"Ay!"

"Have you ever spoken of him to your uncle, Rose?" asked Reuben.

Rose hung her head. The action was sufficient answer.

"After he had opened the matter to her, John, what did he tell you?"

"He said that Rose loved me still, and that I should find a cordial response to my affection."

"Yes," said Reuben bitterly; "that is what he said. He fooled you, boy. He fooled us both. Rose Escomb is not for you. She does not love you. She is wretched at the thought of marrying you; and she loves another man—this man, Mr. Julian Carteret. Give her up, boy."

"Is this true, Rose?" asked John Gower, whose face was white.

"Yes, John; it is true."

John Gower took the drawings of his invention from the table, rolled them up, and put them into his pocket. Then he seized the deed of partnership, and tore it in halves, throwing the pieces on the carpet before Sir Jacob. And then, without a word of reproach, he took his father by the hand and led him from the room.

Sir Jacob looked after them with sorrow rather than anger.

"They will be very sorry," he said. "Some day they will be bitterly sorry. So will you, Julian. So will you, Rose. The blow you have drawn down will fall most heavily upon yourselves."

(To be continued.)

What the Queen Might Do.—In these days one hears a great deal about the power of the people; never a word, however, about the power of the Crown, unless it be the information that such power is merely nominal and is ever diminishing. Now it may surprise many to know that the Queen might, without consulting the people, disband the army and dismiss all the officers. She is not allowed to engage more than a certain number of soldiers, certainly, but at the same time she is not obliged to engage any. Then, again, her Majesty could dismiss all the sailors, and could sell all our ships of war and all our naval stores. To say, then, that the Queen has no power is to say what is scarcely correct. Moreover, she might make peace at any time by the cession of Cornwall, and might enter upon a war for the conquest of Brittany without asking yea or nay from the people. Then she could make any or every citizen, male and female, in the United Kingdom, a peer; she could create in every parish a University; she could discharge most of the civil servants; and she could pardon all offenders. In the words of Sir Erskine May, "She could upset all the action of civil government within the government; could disgrace the nation by a bad war or a disgraceful peace; and could leave us defenceless by land or sea." Fortunately our Queen has always proved herself to be a model of patriotism.

Applies to Both.—There scarcely can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.

Good Humour.—Honest good humour is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

Consideration.—It is an old story, but worth remembering—the Quaker's consideration for his better half: "All the world is queer except thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

Calendar of the Week.

November 22nd.—This is the day of St. Cecilia, one of the most interesting of all the saints because, though it is most probable that she never existed, she is the patron saint of church music, and the inventress of the organ. On this day the Stationers' Company used to hold a great feast with a solemn concert, at which anthems were sung in praise of St. Cecilia. There was until recently a "Cecilian Society" for the performance of vocal and instrumental music.

Lord Clive died on this day, 1774. His adventurous and remarkable life is the subject of one of Macaulay's most interesting essays. His death was caused by his own hand.

November 23rd.—St. Clement's Day; also Blacksmiths' Day, and Hatters' Day; but both blacksmiths and hatters seem now to have forgotten their patron saint. At Woolwich Dockyard the apprentices used to hold an annual procession on this day. One of them was dressed as the saint—it is sad to write that they irreverently called him "Old Clem"—in a white wig and beard, seated in a wooden chair with a wooden anvil and hammer before him. He made a speech declaring that he was the real St. Clement, the first founder of brass, iron, and steel from the ore; and his mate, when he had finished, pronounced these lines:—

Come all you Vulcans stout and strong,
Unto St. Clem we do belong:
I know this house is well prepared
With plenty of money and good strong beer.
And we must drink before we part,
All for to cheer each merry heart.
Come all you Vulcans strong and stout
Unto St. Clem I pray turn out:
For now St. Clem's going round the town,
His coach and six goes merrily round. Huzza.

November 24th.—On this day, in the year 1642, the island of Tasmania was first discovered. In the year 1804 it was first colonized by a convict settlement. Since the abolition of the convicts the colony has made good progress. It is an island 200 miles long and nearly as many wide, about a third the area of England. It has the most perfect climate in the whole world: it is fertile and beautiful: and there are not more than 120,000 inhabitants in it—all English. I do not know what facilities are offered for emigration to this Paradise, but where there is so much land there must be plenty of room for working men, and I should recommend a careful inquiry into the demand for labour in the island by all young men in doubt as to their future.

November 25th.—St. Catherine's Day. This saint, like St. Clement and St. Cecilia, has always been a favourite. She is said—but, like Cecilia, probably had no existence—to have been martyred by being torn to pieces by spiked wheels—the absurdity of the story is shown by the fact that there never was any spiked wheels, and that the machinery for arranging and turning such wheels for the purpose of tearing and mangling a body had not then been invented. In Ireland the women used to commemorate her every Wednesday and Saturday, in the hopes of getting good husbands, or, if that were past praying for, reformed husbands. In this country the girls used to make merry together on this day, which was called Cath'ring. And the workmen of Woolwich Dockyard, not content with representing "Old Clem," used to turn out again on this day and dress up for St. Catherine. The custom was only discontinued about sixty years ago. That period, indeed, seems to have been fatal to many old customs.

November 26th.—This is the birthday of the Empress of Russia. We do not feel ourselves called upon to keep the birthdays of foreign sovereigns; but the day reminds us how the most surprising events go on around us without our paying much attention to them. The railway accident, in which the Czar and all his family narrowly escaped, was one of the most disastrous conceivable. The whole train was wrecked; the Emperor's carriage was smashed to pieces. The Czar's servant who was handing him a cup of tea, his dog who was lying at his feet, and heaps of officials in the train were killed; but the Czar, his wife, and his whole family, escaped comparatively uninjured. In the eyes of a religious people like the Russians, could there be a clearer case of miraculous interposition? Many a Roman saint has been put into the calendar for less reasons. As a matter of fact, there is no railway accident which has not its miraculous escapes: when a common person finds himself uninjured

in a mass of broken wood and dead and dying passengers, nothing much is said: but that the same thing should happen to the Czar of Russia strikes the imagination.

November 27th.—On this day, 1703, occurred the "Great Storm," the memory of which was maintained by an annual sermon at the chapel in Little Wild Street, until quite recently. Perhaps, indeed, this sermon is still preached, like the Lion Sermon at Catherine Cree. It was, indeed, a terrible storm. The Eddystone Lighthouse, with the architect, Mr. Winstanley, was washed away. One hundred and twenty people were killed by the fall of houses—among them the Bishop of Bath and Wells and his wife. Eight thousand were supposed to have perished by the river floods and the destruction of ships: eight hundred houses were laid in ruins: ten thousand stacks of chimneys were destroyed: cattle and sheep innumerable were destroyed: sixteen men-of-war were cast ashore: Admiral Beaumont, with a whole squadron, was lost in the Goodwin Sands: in the Thames, only four ships remained out of the hundreds moored in the Pool. This was a storm to be remembered indeed.

November 28th.—On this day, 1854, died Van Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador, whose influence on contemporary politics will be understood later on, when the actors have all passed away. It was in the days before Bismarck arose. Prussia was feeling her way to the supremacy of Germany. Bunsen, the personal friend of Prince Albert, was a great admirer of British Institutions. That admiration in Germany has been, of late, changed into the love of absolutism, which is essential to a great military State. It is pretty certain that the Germans entertain no love for this country just now. Let us have patience and wait till the ball swings back from absolutism to liberalism. Meantime, we fully recognize the enormous importance to the whole of Europe that Germany should be strong—whether the Germans love us or not.

Letters to the Editor.

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

FOOTBALL.

SIR,—In perusing your last issue of *The Palace Journal*, I am surprised to find in same such an unfair account of the football match, Beaumont F.C. v. Old St. Paul's F.C. 2nd, played at Chobham Farm on 10th inst., and trust you will be good enough to allow me space in your valuable columns for these few lines in reply to same. Firstly, it is stated the match was v. Old St. Paul's; this is very misleading, as anyone would presume by same that the Beaumont's were pitted against the first eleven of Old St. Paul's, who, however, were engaged on Nov. 10th at the Essex County Ground in the first round of the London Charity Cup Competition v. Old Etonians. Secondly, the result given by the only umpire on the field, whose decision is final, was three goals, and one disputed, to nil in favour of the second team of Old St. Paul's, and not two goals and one disputed as stated in the *Journal*. I am sorry the Beaumonts do not place much confidence in this umpire's decisions, who, albeit he is a member of their own club, or they would not have published a result otherwise than that given by him. In conclusion, I fail to conceive where the evenness of the game comes in, considering the ball was almost entirely in the Beaumont's half, and not once during the game, which was only of one hour's duration, was the home custodian called upon to use his hands.—Yours, etc.,
CHAS. SQUIRES,
Old St. Paul's F.C.

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.)

STANLEY MONTCRIEFFE.—We have no space for your letter: and even supposing we had we should hesitate before inserting it: for it might perhaps, if published, be taken as a precedent, and others, following your example, might be tempted to do likewise: and so burden themselves with the weight of their secret sorrow. But you shall have all justice—more than you deserve.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Ask in the General Office for a Syllabus, which will furnish you with the desired information.

IVY.—Write to the Office, enclosing stamps.

MOSS JOSEPH.—We have no room for your letter; and we rather think that the time is scarcely ripe enough for the formation of what you suggest.

G. HOARE.—We are afraid not. Much time, labour, and money was expended last year, and the result was, to say the least, extremely poor. Due notice will, however, be given before we re-continue the series.

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		Recommended by Governors	2,241		

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October 31st, 1888.

G. Q. ROBERTS, *Secretary*.

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