

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. III.—No. 56.]

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 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. GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Males' in Gymnasium.—Lecture. LADIES' SOCIAL, at 8.
- FRIDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, in Music-room, at 8. FOOTBALL CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8. PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Paper to be read, at 8. CYCLING CLUB.—Special General Meeting, at 9. 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.—Handicap Tourney, at 7.30. GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium. CONCERT—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7. RAMBLERS.—See Notice-board. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Soirée, in Lecture Hall, at 7. FOOTBALL CLUB.—Match at East Ham. 2.3 Train. P.P. JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.—Harriers' Run Out.
- 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. CONCERT—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. SKETCHING CLUB.—Monthly Meeting, at 7.30. GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium. LECTURE.—For Junior Section, in Lecture Hall, at 8. SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting.
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsals, at 7.30 and 8.45. BOXING CLUB.—Committee Meeting, at 9. PARLIAMENT.—Usual Meeting, at 8. GYMNASTICS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-Room, at 7. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.—Lecture.
- WEDNESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASTICS.—Males' in Gymnasium. CONCERT—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 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 of "Dot," at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 9th, 1888,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Chorus, "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat" | Handel. |
| 2. Cavatina | Raff. |
| 3. Air, with Variations in A | Hesse. |
| 4. Air, "Lord God of Abraham" | Mendelssohn. |
| 5. Communion | Gryson. |
| 6. March | Lemare. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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|---|-------------|
| 1. Introduction and Fugue in E minor | Raff. |
| 2. Air, "The Lost Chord" (by desire) | Sullivan. |
| 3. Andante in F | Smart. |
| 4. Recit. and Air, "Comfort ye" | Handel. |
| 5. Introductory Voluntary in A | Hopkins. |
| 6. Meditation | A. Hollins. |
| 7. Chorus, "The Heavens are telling" | Haydn. |

Notes of the Week.

THEY have abolished capital punishment in Italy. They did so some years ago in Switzerland, but have since, by unanimous consent, had to re-establish it. In France for many years it was practically abolished, some "extenuating circumstances" being always found by which the criminal was allowed to exchange death for imprisonment. On one occasion, for instance, it is said that a man who had murdered his parents was excused the guillotine on the ground that *he was an orphan*. We have never gone quite so far in mawkish sentimentality. In New York they are going to execute by means of an electric shock. In considering the abolition of the death sentence, let us, as the Frenchman said, wait for the murderers to begin.

MEANTIME the description of death by electricity reads as if the murderers will before long unanimously clamour for a restoration of the old-fashioned hanging. The man has to lie on his back and to be bound securely to a table, or else to be tied in a chair. His head will be secured by a helmet, made fast to the table or chair. The man's hair must be first cut short. The "electrodes" must touch the "patient" at the head and the backbone: at the point of contact the skin and the hair should be thoroughly wet with warm water. All these preparations made—they are horribly deliberate, and the prisoner would have to be present all the time—the electric current is to be turned on for thirty seconds. One presumes that in one second the wretched man would be dead. But think of the horrible prolongation of his sufferings by the delay of preparing and adjusting the machinery. And if, as most likely would happen, the electric battery were in charge of an ignorant person, very likely the whole thing would fail at the last moment and have to be done over again, unless the murderer were already dead with the fright.

OF course a great many would die of terror before they were tied in the chair. A new form of violent death would excite far more terror than the familiar rope or the line of soldiers with their guns. A story of death by terror is told at one of the Scotch Universities. Here there was once a gate-keeper, who made himself in some way offensive to the students, who resolved on revenge. Accordingly one night some of them disguised themselves, and seized him and carried him off to a room, where they went through a form of trial, all being masked. At the conclusion the mock judge sentenced their guilty man to be beheaded, and that instantly. Accordingly they removed his coat, bandaged his eyes, laid back his collar, and forced him on his knees with his head hanging over a chair. Then at the word of command the axe descended. It was not an axe, but a towel dipped in cold water. The students burst into a loud laugh, and bade the man get up. But he was dead. Fright had killed him.

THE simplest form of death punishment would be to give a man chloroform. That done you could proceed to kill him just as might be most convenient. He might be cut into pieces, or hung, or stabbed, or decapitated, or anything, because he would feel nothing, and would wake up unconscious of the passage through the gates of death in the other world. It is told of Peter the Great that once finding a soldier dead drunk and unconscious, he drew his sword and at one stroke cut off his head, saying, "Now, how astonished that fellow will be when he wakes up!" It was not a very great act, but then Peter the Great was sometimes Peter Not-quite-so-Great.

THE following additional illustration of the effect of imagination and fright is extracted from an American paper:—"A Dr. Durand, of New Orleans, wishing to test the effects

of the imagination on health and disease, has recently experimented on a hundred patients, to each of whom he gave a dose of sweetened water. Fifteen minutes after he entered, apparently in great excitement, and announced that he had made a mistake, having administered a powerful emetic, and he directed that preparations should be made accordingly. Eighty out of the hundred patients were thoroughly ill, and exhibited the usual results of an emetic."

THE Austrian Consul-General in Buenos Ayres, in his latest report on the trade of the Argentine Republic, says that the immigration there is very considerable on account of the advantages given to immigrant workmen, especially if he is accustomed to agriculture or some branch of manufactures. "The stranger soon finds himself employed here; for some days after his arrival he can live at the expense of the State, and, if he likes, he will be sent free by rail to his destination. Moreover, the excellent climate is all in favour of the foreigner." In 1887 the number of immigrants amounted to 98,898, distributed, according to their nationalities, as follows:—Italians, 67,139; Spaniards, 15,618; French, 7,036; Austro-Hungarians, 2,498; Swiss, 1,420; Germans, 1,333; British, 1,038; Russians, 955; Belgians, Portuguese, Americans, Danes, Swedes, Dutch, Turks, Greeks, etc., ranging in the order given, from 839 down to 16. As regards occupations, the principal numbers are as follows:—Agriculturists, 55,409; masons, 2,874; merchants, 1,638; 1,844 carpenters, 10,453 daily labourers, 1,327 servants, 395 iron workers, 105 printers, 284 shepherds, 482 tailors, and so on over every conceivable profession and occupation, from architects (34) to needlewomen (947), barristers (32) to barbers (92), and professors (64) to midwives (17). "This Republic" should be kept in mind by intending emigrants.

At a time when there is so much said about landlordism in this and a certain sister country, let us clearly bear in mind that there is no country in the world where it does not exist. Everywhere men will buy up land, if they can, and let it off to tenants. In the United States, for instance, where it is popularly supposed that there are no landlords, there are a quarter of a million—250,000—more tenant farmers paying rent to landlords than in Great Britain and Ireland. In that country they have to pay rent or go. If they do not pay rent they are promptly put out—evicted—without more trouble. We have not heard any outcry from the States about the cruelty of landlords. Yet enormous numbers are annually evicted. As for the rent, that is usually one half the produce, the American landlord doing none of the improvements. Let us by all means do what we can to restore the days when men farmed their own lands, but let us not consider that we are alone among countries in letting farms to tenants, and in expecting to be paid the rent.

WHEN a woman tells fortunes to some silly girl who gives her money for this purpose, she is liable to be haled before a Justice of the Peace and sent to prison. Why should not a woman be allowed to tell fortunes if people are fools enough to believe her? Anybody can tell fortunes by cards: and at this moment hundreds of ladies are telling fortunes by palmistry, that is by the lines of the hand: it does a girl no harm to tell her that she must beware of a dark young man or a fair young man—if all girls were to beware of all young men a great deal of trouble would be saved: nor is a girl much harmed by being told that she will marry a prince and ride in a carriage and six. Yet a woman of Portsmouth has just been sent to prison for three months for having told fortunes. To be sure she tried to get more money from her clients than they could command, and they were tempted to help themselves. Yet the mere fortune-telling is surely harmless.

This punishment in fact, is the last remnant of the old witch persecutions. It has always been a temptation with old women to pretend to be what ignorant men feared they were. The witch no longer exists: but the wise woman exists and she enjoys the reputation for wisdom and the knowledge of futurity, and she trades upon it: and presently she goes to prison. When she comes out she begins her practice again. The clients are almost always girls. I suppose the reason why young men do not so much desire to peer into the future is that men feel they have it very much in their own hands. A man has a business or a trade: he knows very well that this is his lot assigned to him for life: if he works hard and is steady he will certainly get on unless some misfortune falls upon him. If such a misfortune is going to befall—let it come in due time—no need to anticipate it. A girl, on the other hand, may have to remain single and work in a shop or factory all her life: or she may marry:

and if she marries she may have a good husband or a bad husband: she may have good means or bad: she may have few children or many. In all these things, which make her life, she feels herself entirely in the hands of Fortune.

A "PRISONER" writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "In my first visit to the prison chapel, the first hymn given out was that beginning:

This is the house of prayer,
Where we, Thy servants, meet,
And thou, O Lord, art here,
Thy chosen band to greet."

The "chosen band" of rogues and scoundrels of every kind is very appropriate.

As for the misapplication of hymns there are very many good stories. For instance, we have heard of a chairman, at a missionary meeting, introducing a black brother, about to address the audience, with the happy remark, "Our friend, ladies and gentlemen, comes from the land where, in the words of the good Bishop Heber,

"All creation pleases
And man alone is vile."

And I remember being present in a village church where, during the service, school-boys who misbehaved were taken out by the sexton and caned in the church-yard. It was pleasing to see them, on their return, still rubbing the injured place, stand up to sing—

"Oh! may these earthly Sabbaths prove
A foretaste of the joys above."

THE Dramatic Club are requested to read the following words of Mr. Dion Boucault on gesture in acting and speaking:—"The actor and orator can be taught what is graceful and effective in gesture and in movement. For in each of these there is a right and a wrong. There are, nevertheless, many who insist they can trust to the effusion of the moment and prefer to allow their genius untutored sway. Those who have watched the greatest orators will observe how one will thrust his hand in his breast and flourish the other, or tuck it behind his back. A second will wave his arms like the sails of a windmill in a cyclone, or thump down his fist, hammerwise, to nail his arguments. Another will stretch out his arm, and hold it extended stiffly, as though fixed there by a mesmeric influence. They all have tricks of gesture, and bad tricks. There is no persuasion in any of these senseless gesticulations. Gesture and movement are very important parts of acting and of oratory, and it is the part which can be taught; it is not a matter of conventionality; it is a language for the eye. For example, the gesture which accompanies a thought should precede its utterance. Why? Because the eye is keener and quicker to apprehend than the ear; the gesture that is intended to illustrate or impress conveys a vague idea of what is coming; the words that follow complete and fulfil the thought. Thus, we appeal to God. Let the arms first be raised, and then, after pausing slightly, let the words follow. The result is solemn and impressive. Now reverse the process. Speak the appeal, pause, and then lift the arms. The effect is weak, if not ridiculous. Here is one simple rule in what may be called the grammar of action. When the student has absorbed such rules as may be useful and reasonable, for there is no rule of action that is not susceptible of reasonable explanation, they may be said to pass into his artistic system, and there they are used intuitively as the practised author writes grammatically and spells correctly without sensible forethought."

THIS passage shows that the art of acting like any other art has certain rules which can be taught and must be learned. It is like painting, poetry, or the writing of fiction; there are laws which must be obeyed: these laws must be learned: and it is impossible to teach oneself. It is true that many great actors have never been to a dramatic school. Mr. Henry Irving has certainly never been to a dramatic school: they begin early, however, and learn as they go on from their brother actors. The amateur on the stage, who has never learned the elements of his art, is recognized in a moment by the feeble way in which he goes through the "business" of his part. He cannot open a letter, or close a door, or hand a chair, without making the action look feeble. This is because, on the stage, action is everything, and no action, however trivial, which helps in the story must be slurred over. I hear that the Dramatic Club was not last year a success. I hope that this year they will begin not by acting plays, but by learning from some practical actor how to go through the "business"—the part where there is no speaking—how to walk across the stage, and how to do all the little things which make up the life and action of the piece.

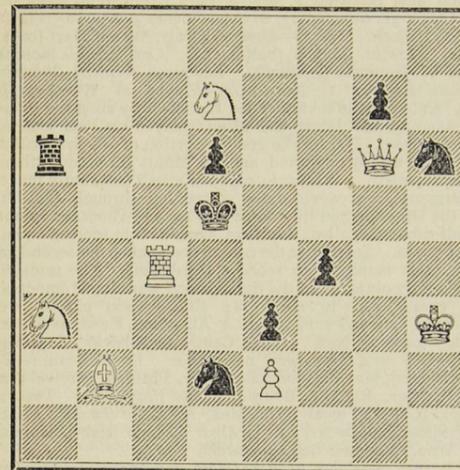
EDITOR.

Our Chess Column.

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

PROBLEM No. 3.

By W. GLEAVE.
Black 8 pieces.



White 7 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.

N.B.—Solutions to Problem No. 2 will be received not later than Saturday, December 8th.

END GAME No. 3.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K on QBSq	K on KR7
P on QR6	P on KB5

White to play and win.

Solutions are invited and will be acknowledged.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to KKt6	1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly	

SOLUTION TO END GAME No. 1.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt4	1. P moves
2. Kt to B2 (ch)	2. K moves
3. Kt to Q4	3. K moves
4. K to B2	4. K moves (best)
5. Kt to K2	5. K moves
6. Kt to BSq	6. P moves
7. Kt to Kt3 mate	

SOLUTIONS to Problem No. 1, received from Messrs. E. J. Smith; J. T. Hill; G. J. Powell; A. E. Hopwood; W. Gleave; R. T. Hood; W. V. Evans; T. G. Dixon; F. Saunders; J. Closh; H. Drucey, and J. Graves.

SOLUTIONS to End Game No. 1, received from E. J. Smith; A. E. Hopwood; W. V. Evans; J. Closh; H. Drucey; F. G. Dixon, and J. Graves.

W. GLEAVE.—Problems received with thanks. Shall be very pleased to hear from you again.

QUEEN.—Your suggestion is a very good one. We shall be most happy to receive and acknowledge communications from ladies interested in the "royal" game.

Expecting Too Much.—Just expectations are valuable things. Many people are toned up to their best endeavours by knowing that much is expected of them. The desire is strong within them that the good opinion which some one has formed of them should be upheld, and they make strenuous efforts to this end. Whoever has had much to do with children knows how powerfully this motive will influence them, and added years seldom decrease its force. To preserve the influence, however, it is essential that only that should be expected which can be rendered.

Palace and Institute Notes.

OUR new Chess Column, the Chess Editor tells me, has found favour in the eyes of many, and is regarded as a great boon. May it continue to be so!

THE first vol. of the Journal, nicely bound, can be had on application to the undersigned, price 4/6. The second vol. also bound (in green and gold), will be ready shortly. Orders for same may be left here. The index (to either volume) may be had separately, price 3d.; as also may the cases for the volumes, price 1/6 each.

THE Second Conversazione, demonstrating Technical Education, was held on Saturday last with, if possible, greater success than that held on the preceding Saturday. Certainly a greater number responded to the invitation of the Beaumont Trustees, and filled the Queen's Hall, the Class-rooms, and the Gymnasium to overflowing. This is extremely gratifying: and it is hoped that the object for which these conversazioni have been given has been fully attained.

THE *Daily Telegraph* of Friday last says that Mr. John L. Child, the Elocutionist, announces two important recitals at Steinway Hall, on the Monday evenings of December 3rd and 17th. The first will be a selection from popular poets, and the second will be the entire recital of Dickens' "Christmas Carol,"—a remarkable effort of memory. This last will be given in aid of the funds of the People's Palace.

THE Gymnasts of the Royal Normal College of the Blind are very clever fellows. They gave a gymnastic and musical performance in the Queen's Hall on Monday night, to the great delight of a big audience. Some of their gymnastic feats were truly remarkable, and I fancy that our own gymnasium fellows—who were largely *en evidence*—learnt something from their blind brethren during the evening. The musical portion of the entertainment was fully equal to that of the gymnastic: the well-known "Excelsior," being particularly well rendered. The audience, recognizing a wholesome, clever entertainment, applauded to the echo.

SOME kind hand, I see, has placed a very excellent portrait of Mr. Walter Besant in the Secretaries' Room. As a portrait it is undeniable, and, being well framed, is a decided acquisition to the otherwise bare room. But why hang it in a corner?

MR. HASLUCK'S Shakespeare Class is making, I am glad to hear, extremely good progress. *A propos* of elocution, I am told that at the next "open night" will be performed what is described as a "new and original farcical comedietta," written by Mr. Hartley Knight, and entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" which, the author asks me to state, has no connection either with the monologue of that name written by Mons. Marius, or with Buckstone's play of "Married Life,"—which, for some reason, has been christened with the above-named title. (Alas! poor Buckstone!) The characters will be sustained by Mr. A. Reeve and Miss Elstob.

SUB-ED.

In the Queen's Hall.

THIS evening we are promised a miscellaneous concert, consisting of Ballads and Part Music, with the additional attractions of pianoforte solos, and last, but not least, two humorous songs.

For Saturday, Mr. Joseph Proudman's Tonic Sol-fa Choir is announced, with three or four excellent soloists, and a very attractive programme, including Mendelssohn's 13th and 48th Psalms.

On Monday we shall welcome two old friends, Miss Clara Dowle and Miss Adela Duckham (violinist), and a new male quartet, entitled the "Gem" quartet, who are making their first appearance here.

For next Wednesday we hope to have a Magic Lantern Entertainment and other attractions of a novel character.

MUSICUS.

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 Tuesday, the 27th ult., in the Junior Metropolitan Clubs' Competition against the Great Western Railway, which resulted in a victory for our team by 5½ games to 2½. The score was as follows:—

Wins.	East London.	Gt. Western Ry.	Wins.
½	H. Cudmore	Cope	½
1	E. J. Smith	Hennell	0
0	W. Evans	Bowles	1
1	C. E. Bacon	Todd	0
0	W. T. Foot	Brooks	1
1	G. Haslam	Prideaux	0
1	A. E. Hopwood	Chennell	0
1	A. Clegg	Colston	0
5½			2½

Our players are to be congratulated on this result, as this is the first reverse our opponents have received in the Competition. A match in the same Competition will be played against the Ibis on the 11th inst.

The first scoring night in the Handicap Tourney will be Saturday next, December 8th. Play to commence at 7.30. The attention of Members is called to the rule relating to time for beginning games. If they are not prepared to begin their games before 8 p.m., their opponents will be at liberty to claim by default. It will be much more satisfactory to all concerned if all games are played out. E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

On the 16th and 19th of January next, we intend giving two Grand Concerts, at which the whole of "Cinderella" will be performed; therefore all Members must do their very best to attend the intervening rehearsals regularly and punctually. We shall also hold a Soirée on Saturday evening next, at 7 o'clock, to close at 10.30 p.m., tickets for which, to admit a Member of the Society and friend, will be ready at the Friday rehearsal. The Soirée will be held in the Lecture Hall of the Technical Schools, and Mr. Laundry will be glad to receive the names of any ladies and gentlemen who are willing to play dance-music in turn, also of those who will oblige with songs, etc.

The ladies badges will, in all probability, be ready on the 1st January, 1889, price 2s. each.

Rehearsals as usual. Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir in No. 2 Room of the Ladies' Social-rooms. Friday at 8 p.m. in the new Music-room.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies in all the parts, but we are particularly in want of Tenors and Contraltos. The Secretary, Mr. Laundry, will be most happy to receive the names of any ladies or gentlemen, with a knowledge of music, wishing to join the Society. There are vacancies also for one or two male altos 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 several glees for production at various dates.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Tuesday, 27th November, 1888, we had a good muster. On Friday, 30th November, we had a very fair muster, considering the wretched state of the weather; and the following Members spared with the Instructor:—Messrs. Jones, Laing, Mitchell, Proops, Sniders, and Watts.

Our room and ring looks very inviting now, thanks to the kindness of the Trustees, who have had the walls and ceiling white-washed, the ring posts rounded, and the useless gas brackets removed.

Members are reminded that their December subscriptions are now due.

A Run Out in connection with our Club has been arranged to take place every Monday, starting from the Gymnasium.

A Committee Meeting for the discussion of important business will be held on Tuesday, 11th inst., at 9 p.m. prompt. It is hoped every Member of the Committee will do his utmost to be present.

Every information will be gladly given by the Hon. Secs.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

General Meeting will be held on Friday, 7th inst. All Members should be present.

FIRST ELEVEN v. OXFORD HOUSE.—Played at Leyton, and resulted in a draw; one goal each. The ground was a swamp, owing to the recent rains, and the game was chiefly confined to the forwards. W. Jesseman scored for the 'Monts. Cox, Hart, and Burley played well. Team:—Morgan (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Munro, Burley, Cowlin (half-backs); Cox, Jacobson (right), Sherrell (centre), Jesseman, W. Jesseman (left, forwards).

Match next Saturday v. Manor Park (Return), at Wanstead. Members must get down early, so as to start at 3 sharp, as it is dark soon after 4 o'clock. Team:—Sherrell (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Hennessey, Cowlin, Munro (half-backs); Cox, Shaw, Jacobson, Jesseman, W. Jesseman (forwards). Reserves—Whitby, Tranter.

SECOND ELEVEN v. ROB ROY.—Played at Wanstead last Saturday, and ended in a victory for the Roys by six goals to love. Notwithstanding this defeat, the 'Monts played up well, and were not lightly beaten. During the greater portion of the first half, the game was very evenly contested, and the 'Monts' forwards (although weakly represented) managed to carry the ball frequently into the Roys' territory, and would have scored but through the blind play of the left wing and the centre half-back. About ten minutes before half-time was called, the Roys succeeded in scoring twice in rapid succession. Soon after the commencement of the second half, the Roys again managed to score a third time. The remaining three goals were obtained in the dark, which was almost impossible for our goal-keeper to see. He (Butterwick) played well, saving several very awkward shots. A. Algar and Hawkins played a very steady game at back, as also Cante (half-back); J. J. Algar (right forward) was also very noticeable. Roys' Team:—Cox (goal); Stickland, Marshall (backs); Corry, Phillips, Percival (half-backs); Webber, Rankin, Bourne, Colne (forwards). Team:—Butterwick (Captain) (goal); Hawkins, A. Algar (backs); Cante, Jolly, Witham (half-backs); J. J. Algar, Winch (right), Moreton, (centre), Arno, Stapleton (left, forwards).

Match next Saturday at East Ham v. London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway. Dress on the field, which is a minutes' walk from station. Trains from Fenchurch Street at 2.12 and 2.30; Stepney, 2.20 and 2.36; Bromley, 2.27 and 2.42. I must ask Members to be sure and catch the 2.30, so as to start at 3 sharp. Team:—Butterwick (goal); Hawkins, A. Algar (backs); Cante, Helbing, Steward (half-backs); Horseman, Moreton, J. J. Algar, Stock, Brettingham (forwards). Reserves—Hartung, Arno, Witham.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Through the kindness of Spencer Charrington, Esq., a party of thirty-five Ramblers were permitted to go over the "Anchor Brewery" on Saturday last. Owing to our large number, we were obliged to divide into two parties, and were conducted round by Mr. Swift, and one of the chief employes.

In the course of our ramble we were shown the mashed tuns, from which grain was being thrown, the coppers for boiling the liquor, the coppersmith's shop where repairs are made, the fermenting rooms, 1 to 5, yeast presses, pontoon rooms, mill loft, cellars, malt stores, and tower—which, by the way, is about 218 feet high, and on a clear day commands a very extensive view of the surrounding neighbourhood. Unfortunately, we could not see far owing to the fog. We were shown the engines at work, raising malt into the tower for cleansing purposes, and for pumping water from three wells, ranging from 350 to 420 feet deep, and also a freezing machine for cooling the beer.

Every space is occupied, either in preparing or storing the liquor, and we had to confess our surprise at the size of the brewery, and of the amount of machinery required in the different processes before the beer is ready to be put into barrels.

Those who cared to were invited to sample the various taps, which they pronounced very good; and having passed a vote of thanks to our respective guides, we took leave of one another, having thoroughly enjoyed the visit.

No reply having been received from a well-known Institution respecting the ramble on Saturday next, Members are requested to look on Notice-boards in the Ladies' Social Gymnasium, and Billiard-room.

On Saturday, December 15th, we visit *The Times* Printing-office. As this will necessitate a ballot, all Members wishing to take part in this are requested to send in their names not later than Friday next, December 7th, to the General Offices, addressed to either of the Hon. Secretaries, so that the result can be published in next week's Journal. As Saturday afternoon is the commencement of the newspaper Sunday, only six may be admitted each visit, and the time stated to meet is 12.30 noon.

The Committee have arranged for the winter season a series of Monthly Socials, and the first one is fixed to take place on Friday, 14th December. Further particulars will be announced in next week's Journal.

On Friday next, the Hon. Secretaries will be at the Palace to issue Membership Tickets in the old School-buildings (Room 8), from 8.30 till 9.30. Members who have already taken up tickets can have their Rule Cards on the same evening.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Rehearsal of "Dot" on Wednesday, in Bath, at eight o'clock. We are still open to receive a few more ladies and gentlemen. Subscription 5s. per annum, payable half-yearly in advance.

I must again point out the necessity of Members being punctual at rehearsal. Members not so attending will be struck out of the cast, as other Members are kept from rehearsing; and our Manager's time is wasted. There are a few Members who have not yet paid their subscription, will they kindly oblige by paying as soon as possible?

The first dramatic performance of this Society will take place on the 9th and 10th of January, 1889. Further particulars will appear in the Journal.

I am very pleased to say that the Club is now progressing rapidly, under Mr. Gilson's tuition. I am sure we have the right man in the right place, and we hope to give a succession of performances during the season, although we start late.

ARTHUR EDWIN REEVE,
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, November 27th.—The well-filled room for the inaugural meeting was a happy omen of success for the new Parliament, and was in striking contrast to the "unable to form a quorum" gatherings of the late Debating Society. Having decently buried the remaining business of that Society, the House proceeded to important business of its own.

Mr. Ive called attention to a recent bereavement of a near relation, and present illness in the home of our esteemed Member, Mr. H. T. Wadkin; much sympathy was expressed by the meeting, and a vote of sincere condolence carried.

The New Rules—accepted by the Trustees, and passed by the Committee—were then discussed and agreed upon. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.
Chairman of Committees—MR. T. A. SPATLEY.
Deputy Clerk—MR. J. S. GOLDHILL.
Clerk of the House—MR. JOHN H. MAYNARD.

No Member being willing to accept the office of Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Harry gave notice of alteration of rule regarding the office.

The Speaker then called upon the Liberal Leader to form a Government, and the Cabinet has been formed as under:—

Prime Minister	MR. THOS. J. IVE.
Secretary for Foreign Affairs	MR. J. W. NORTON.
Chancellor of Exchequer	MR. C. J. WHITE.
Secretary for Home and Scotland	MR. A. H. VALENTINE.
Chief Secretary of Ireland	MR. R. J. HARRY.
Secretary for War and First Lord of Admiralty	MR. H. GLIBBERY.
President of Local Government Board and Board of Trade	MR. W. H. BROWN.

Conservative Whips .. MESSRS. A. ALBU and WILLMOTT.
Liberal Whips .. MESSRS. NORTON and CROW.

It is to be hoped no ladies will apply for membership, the House having decided, by an overwhelming majority, against their admission as "M.P.'s." Here is a chance for a Palace Mrs. Fawcett to lead an opposing demonstration!

There are only 670 constituencies, and as the Committee may limit the House to that number, intending Members should take their seats without delay. Spalding, Southampton, Deptford, Holborn, and other scenes of each parties' triumphs vacant; those who aspire are requested to see the undersigned *at once*. Members enrolled on Tuesday, also Thursday, in Secretaries' Room, between 8 and 10 p.m. Subscription, 1s.

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec. and
Clerk of the House.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs will be held on Monday, 10th inst., at 7.30 p.m., in Room 5, Technical School-buildings; the first half-hour being reserved for Members. The subjects which will be represented are as follows:—

Design	A Corner Bracket.
Figure	"At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."
Landscape	November.
Marine	"Out on the Ocean Wave."
	Still Life, Study from Nature.

Sketches will be received at the Bookstall in the Technical Schools, and it is requested that they be delivered at latest by Friday evening.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

On Thursday last the concert in the Ladies' Social Club passed off very pleasantly, although the room was not as full as usual, many of the gentlemen visitors preferring the Smoking-concert, which was held on the same evening in the room above. The following Members gave assistance:—Misses Smith, H. and A. Rees, Mrs. Downton, Messrs. Laundry and Hunt by singing; while recitations were given by Miss L. Rees, Miss Risley, and Mr. Hargreaves. Miss Stammers and Mrs. Downton played a pianoforte duet; the former lady also contributed a violin obbligato to Mrs. Downton's song. Miss Elstob and Mr. Reeve gave a comedieta, entitled "A Love Game."

Through the kind assistance of Lady Brooke and friends, another good concert is anticipated on Thursday.

M. MELLISH.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A Smoking-concert was held in Room 12 on Thursday last. A start was not made until 9 o'clock, when about forty Members and friends were present. Mr. Fosh ably presided at the piano. The artistes were Messrs. Morgan, Ironmonger, Alvarez, Glenshaw, Giles, Nathan, Hawkins, Masters, Jesseman, Howard, Thomas, Hunt, and Shaw. On Friday next, December 7th, a Special General Meeting will be held at 9 o'clock prompt. Business—"The report of the Trustees with regard to the business of the last General Meeting."

JAS. HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

On Friday, the 7th inst., at 8 p.m., E. Howard Farmer, Esq., F.C.S., F.I.C., has kindly consented to read a paper on the "Modes of Development."

All Members of the Palace interested in Photography are cordially invited to attend (Room 12).

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Here we are again. "The Stroller" holds this column, and hopes to meet with the support of all athletes. There is not much need of an introduction, athletes know me, and I know them. Without making any rash promises, I may say that this column will be conducted in the best interests of recreation, irrespective of club and individual, and without fear or favour. When criticism is necessary it will be given freely, and with all fairness. When the "meed of praise" is sent round I trust it will be deserved. Items of interest, from all sources, will be gladly received, and the best efforts of the writer will be the further advancing and popularising our own particular branch of sport.

Adversity is an education. These words ought to bring comfort and joy to the Members of the Beaumont Football Club. The 'Monts were not sufficient to bar the progress of the all-conquering Old St. Paul's. They were pushed ruthlessly to the side by three to nil, and though they made a game fight of it, according to their own lights, the "Old uns" never really experienced any real difficulty with them. The 'Monts are an earnest team, but their energies are spent in the wrong direction. They want combination, and they want to think their game as well as play it. When they do that they will not be far behind the Saints themselves. It was not an exceptionally brilliant game on either side, and the Saints might easily have made it warmer for their opponents had they liked. The Saints' forwards will find it of greater advantage to shoot more and pass less when in front of goal: they ought to know that this game pays best.

Coming to the players. The forwards of the Saints are very fast, though their play was far behind what was expected. Outside right was worth a lot, and passed unselfishly; inside right muffed several good chances, would persist in passing instead of shooting right in front of goal; centre, inside and outside left, play too much together, are very selfish, and play on the rough side. The halves were fairly good, but fed the forwards very little. The backs were very good, sending in some capital long shots. The Saints' goal-keeper had very little to do.

The forwards of the 'Monts are rather light, though they are very sharp on their feet, but combination was missing. Outside left played the best forward game on the field, he tackles very well and passes with good judgment, and evidently understands the game. Inside left played a hard game, but might pass oftener. Centre played a capital game, at times was rather tricky; will make a capital player with care. Outside right played a selfish game. Inside right played a very hard game, and came often through his opponents in capital style. Coming to the half-backs, this is the weakest spot in the team; they never attempted to feed the forwards, and paid more attention to the players than the ball—a great error. The backs both played a grand game, are greatly improved on last year's form, and were the mainstay of the team. Their goal-keeper, however, deserves honourable mention. He is possessed of any amount of true British pluck, and was the salvation of the 'Monts. There is one thing about the 'Monts that I like. No matter on which side of fortune they stand, they always preserve their equanimity. A little extra practice would do them much good.

THE STROLLER.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

"Morning, sir! I regret that I cannot say good morning, for—alack-a-day!—we have so long had the drear despondent drip of the rain that I grieve to fear our old friend Jupiter Pluvius (see Lempriere's Classical Dictionary) has forgotten which way to turn the tap when he wants it off. Have you seen the morning paper, lately, sir? Remarkably strange affair that of the alleged Canon Baynes. Pleasant, gentlemanly sort of divine he was, with a black coat on his back, and a bottle of whiskey in the same when searched at the police station. He came to Glasgow with his wife and put up at a swagger hotel, and on a recent Sunday dropped promiscuous-like into a respectable church pulpit, where he preached "an eloquent and impressive sermon"; and then he gulls the worthy Boniface!—with a cheque, afterwards returned from Coventry bearing the significant legend, "No account." From Oxford, later on, come to the Glasgow police details of former financial peccadillos of a similar description, and now Canon Baynes is under the watchful eye and careful key of a paternal Government. His only excuse just now is that he is not "the" Canon Baynes wanted at Oxford, for there are three Canon Baynes. What a mortal pity if they are all loose at once!

Here we are again! Oh! we had another capital "Smoker" last Friday, notwithstanding the weather; the room was crowded, Mr. T. G. Carter in the chair. The following was the programme:—Mr. Valentine, song, "Little Hero"; Mr. Andrews, song, "Corporal Donovan"; Mr. Arnold, song, "Bretheren, don't"; Mr. Hersart, song, "Homeward once more"; Mr. Morgan, song, "Gone for ever"; Mr. H. Alvarez, song, "Man who struck O'Goram"; Mr. Craig, song, "Young men taken in and done for"; Mr. Byard, song, "Collen Due"; Mr. Hunt, song, "Brotherly love will continue"; encore song, "England"; Mr. Fosh, song, "Quite right"; encore song, "Twas in Trafalgar Square"; Mr. Lack, song, "Wedding bells"; Mr. Alvarez, song, "His Lordship winked at the council"; Mr. Clifton, song, "They all love Jack." Mr. Sykes sang two songs in his usual clever manner, and Mr. Fosh, at the piano, made up a very pleasant evening.

Full particulars of this Club to be had from the Secretary, addressed care of the Palace.—T. G. CARTER, Capt. and Hon. Sec.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

The Ladies' Gymnasium is quite free to any lady Members of the People's Palace. The Hon. Sec. is present the following evenings:—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays after 6.30 p.m., and will be pleased to receive any lady Members who would care to join the Gymnasium. SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

MEMBERS' SMOKING CONCERT.

The following gentlemen sang in last Saturday's Smoking-concert:—Messrs. Craig, Fosh, C. Godfrey, Tobias, Hendry, Linseed, Clenshaw, Edwards, and Ironmonger. Mr. Lishawa gave us an excellent flute solo.

During the evening Mr. Bradley brought in some friends, viz.:—Mr. O'Brien, who performed a couple of solos on the violin, and Mr. A. Moore, who sang "Brother Ambrose," Mr. Bradley finishing with one of his exquisite ditties.

We must particularly thank Messrs. Constable and Fosh for the assistance rendered at the piano.

By-the-bye, a walking stick was left behind, and is now awaiting an owner at the General Offices.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We had a fair attendance considering the attractions in other parts of the Palace.

There are many books belonging to our Library very much overdue; will Members who have them kindly return them at once?

New Members enrolled on speed practice nights, Monday evenings, Technical Schools, No. 1.

Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 6d. per quarter, entitling to dictation practice, and the use of Circulating Library.

Further information from G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. A. GOLD, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.

JUNIOR SECTION v. TECHNICAL SCHOOLS THIRD ELEVEN.—Only three of the Schools put in an appearance to the disgust of the Juniors. Scratch match was indulged in.

The Harriers will start from the Palace next Saturday at 6 o'clock—run to "Royal Hotel," Blackfriars Bridge.

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

CLUB REPRESENTATIVES' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

The Secretaries of Clubs are requested to send any alteration, for the Institute Calendar by next Saturday to Mr. Shaw, or to

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. GROVE.—Played at Wanstead, and resulted in a draw, one goal each. Grove winning the toss had the wind in their favour, and quickly forced us to act on the defensive; at length after

a neat run along the right wing Grove scored goal one. Re-starting, play became very even, the boys striving their hardest to equalize. At half-time the score stood one goal in favour of Grove. With the wind in our favour things looked well for us, but some very easy chances were missed; about five minutes before time Charlie Elstob shot a splendid goal, thus making it equal. Soon after time was called, and the game ended as stated above. Team:—Von Bohr (goal); Palmer, Tawley (backs); Clement, Courtney, Langdon (half-backs); Blackwell, McCardle, Bersey, Elstob and Substitute (forwards).

A. HUNT, Superintendent of Sports.

Chrysanthemum Show.

THERE had been gathered together a beautiful collection of many-tinted chrysanthemums, in splendid condition, and as fine an assortment as one would well desire to see; Messrs. B. S. Williams, from the famed Holloway nurseries, had arranged everything in the most complete, most artistic fashion, in anticipation of the coming crowds, when lo! without a word of warning, down came the rain. This on Friday last. It rained unceasingly and heavily all the live-long day; and the flower show, although untouched by Jupiter Pluvius, threatened to languish for want of proper support. And the clouds came down and the day passed, but the spectators came not. Clearly was it, then, that flower-shows and wet weather go not in harmony together.

But on the next day all this was changed. A genial sun, and a day almost autumnal in its mildness, drew forth many sightseers, so that a steady stream of admirers flowed in all day; and when evening came, and the moon and stars came out and there was promise of no more rain, the crowd waxed mighty in numbers, and the chrysanthemums, that but yesterday were waiting and wanting for admiration, were positively overwhelmed with eulogy; and Mr. G. E. Murdoch, who had managed the Show, felt and looked extremely gratified.

It was a smaller show than that which, last year, was opened by the Princess Christian, but although small was not wanting in quality; for here we had the chrysanthemum in all the excellence of careful cultivation. The delicate tinted cut flowers which, with a spray or two of maiden-hair fern, were arranged as beautiful bouquets, proved more particularly to what sweet uses this winter flower may be put; and showed that the chrysanthemum—apt to be despised by many—may be so perfected as to equal in point of beauty and attractiveness the more resplendent of its summer rivals.

Distribution of Prizes.

THE Queen's Hall presented a very animated picture last night, when Mr. J. E. C. Weldon, M.A., Head Master of Harrow School, publicly distributed the prizes and certificates to the successful candidates of the Technical Day School and the Evening Classes for Session 1887-88. Mr. Daniell, Master of the Draper's Company, occupied the chair, and having introduced Mr. Weldon, that gentleman mounted a flower-decked dais in the centre of the Hall and gave an address. In the course of his often humorous remarks, he dwelt upon the boon such classes as these at the Palace must prove to East London; how it should be the aim of all there to strive for efficiency, and so maintain the British supremacy amongst the other nations of the world; paid a well-deserved compliment to the Drapers' Company—who had built and endowed the schools; another to Sir Edmund Currie, under whose chairmanship the work was carried on; and concluded by giving the lads of the school these bits of advice: Get up early; take care of your health; don't marry young.

The prizes were then distributed, the recipients—at the call of Mr. D. A. Low—filing before and receiving from Mr. Weldon their respective awards.

After the distribution, Mr. H. H. S. Cunynghame, one of the Charity Commissioners, arose, and after a few remarks proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Weldon for his presence on that occasion; which was seconded by Sir John R. Jennings. Mr. Weldon, who was received with cheers, briefly responded. The motion was carried unanimously. Sir Edmund Currie then proposed a vote of thanks to the Master of the Draper's Company, and said he would call upon Captain Spencer Beaumont, whom he was sure would second the resolution. Captain Beaumont did so; and Mr. Daniell replied.

At the conclusion of the speeches, a very excellent concert, under the respective *bâtons* of Mr. Cave and Mr. Bradley, was given by the Orchestral and Choral Societies; Mr. Alfred Hollins at the organ. A display was also given in the Gymnasium. The flowers and shrubs, so prettily arranged in the Hall, were supplied by Mr. Wilkinson, of Bow.

"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 THE LAST.—Continued.

BUT when he first told Rose what he intended to do, it seemed to her to be wicked. Girls understand the world so little. As if Sir Jacob could possibly do a mean or wrong thing. The whole business, indeed, seemed to her weak understanding cruel and wicked, and yet she dared not whisper her thoughts, even to herself. They, who had ruined so many people, were going from a large house to a small house, and from great magnificence to great comfort. Ought not all the money to be given up, everything? And as for her own portion, the fortune left by Lady Escomb to herself, surely that should be surrendered?

"May I come in, Miss Escomb?"

It is Mr. Bodkin, clad in the tight tweeds, a pocket-book in his hand; of course, no one ever saw Henry Bodkin without a pocket-book in his hand. He peeped in with a curious diffidence unlike himself.

"May I intrude my unworthy presence?"

"Come in, Mr. Bodkin, come in," cried Rose, delighted to get for a moment away from herself; "I am always glad to see an old friend, and especially glad when we are in trouble. My fashionable friends have deserted me, Mr. Bodkin."

"Foolish persons, Miss Escomb," Bodkin placed his hat and stick very carefully on the table, a proof of social decadence, no secretary to a society would do that, "Foolish persons say that it is adversity which tries your friends. That is rubbish. It is prosperity. When you get up in the world your old friends, unless they are real friends, cling on to your skirts and want to get up with you. When you go down again—I am always up and down—you find the same old lot, the jolly helpless lot, in the same old pub., and all glad to see you back again. My old friends are always where I know where to find them, in one of the rooms of the 'Cheese.' Of course when I was secretary for the Society of—ah, dear me! poor Lord Addlehead—I was forced to cut them all. Now, I am one of them again."

"And what are you doing now, Mr. Bodkin?"

"I would whisper it, Miss Escomb, did not the—the—uniform itself parade the fact. Does not my garb suggest my present calling?"

"Indeed, no, Mr. Bodkin; not at all. You were in black when I saw you last."

"Clerical black—secretarial black."

"And now you are in colours; but the colours tell me nothing."

"To the initiated, Miss Escomb, to those who attend the Sandown Park race-course, the Kingsbury Meetings, the Croydon Steeplechases, and all the rest, they do more than suggest; they bawl out at the top of their voices, 'Turf—turf—turf!' I live on the turf."

"But how can any man live on the turf?"

"Hush! Miss Escomb. Let me whisper. I am the Sporting Prophet. I am 'Judex' in one paper, and 'Sorcerer' in another. Enough of my present calling. It has its points. Tell me of yourself, my dear young lady. I see by the paper—here it is." He pulled a paper out of his pocket.

"The enormous extent of Sir Jacob Escomb's operations perhaps proved too much for the gigantic brain which conducted them, but most likely it will be found that the financial embarrassments which stopped them were the results of a complication of events which no human sagacity could have foretold. There happened one of those 'dead points' which occur in all machinery and can be provided for in iron, but not in human affairs. For once the securities by which this dead point could be passed over were not in hand, and the machine stopped. At a meeting of creditors held yesterday, a vote of sympathy was passed as a preliminary, and Sir Jacob, in a voice choked with emotion, informed them that he had already taken measures for the surrender of everything, even the minutest trifle in the house, to be sold for the benefit of his creditors. He added, what we hope will prove true, that he had still confidence in the providential good fortune which had attended him, and that he bade every man remember that full payment, with ample interest, was only a question of time."

"Now, Miss Escomb, directly I read that, I determined to come straight here at once and apologise for the hard things I said to Sir Jacob only a month ago. If he will not see me, will you tell him that Henry Theophilus Bodkin

repents, and begs forgiveness and permission to be numbered still among Sir Jacob's humble admirers? Though on the turf, Miss Escomb, one may yet do homage to virtue."

"Thank you, Mr. Bodkin. This is very good of you."

"It is what poor Lord Addlehead would have done in his lucid moments," said Bodkin. "One moment, Miss Escomb, I may not have another chance. Everything going—everything to be put under the hammer. May I—may I—I am always near the bottom of the locker, but there is generally a pound or two left behind—will you let me have the great happiness of being considered in the light of—to put it poetically—a humble family Attenborough?"

Rose laughed.

"I think I understand what you mean, Mr. Bodkin, and it is very kind of you. We are not so poor—as perhaps people think—not quite destitute; but it is just the same, and we shall never, I am sure, forget this kind offer."

Mr. Bodkin took her hand and kissed it.

"We have all been your lovers, Miss Rose, ever since you came here, Reuben Gower and I as well as Mr. Carteret. The sweetest girl—the nicest-spoken that breathes. Were I rich, and where I twenty years younger, it would be hard on Lavinia, for she would find her nose put out of joint. Lavinia—as I remember her, a quarter of a century ago, with a narrow black ribbon tied round her forehead, her hair straight up and down, her sleeves like legs of mutton, and bonnet like a chimney-cowl—had her points—but to compare her with you, Miss Rose—rubbish!"

Rose was going in search of her uncle, when she heard the sound of many voices in the hall.

"There's Reuben," said Bodkin. "Anyone could tell Reuben's voice a mile off. And there's Mr. Carteret, and they are laughing. And there is John Gower, and he's laughing too. What does it mean, Miss Rose?"

They had little time for speculation, for the door opened and disclosed the very three men, all, curiously, talking and laughing together.

"Rose, my dear," said Julian—he did not look in the least like a ruined man, and kissed her openly before all the other men without any shame at all—"how are you, my angel? Let me kiss you again. It refreshes like—like Badminton." He did kiss her again, but it was only the tips of her fingers. "I have brought you an old pair of friends, who want to shake hands with you."

"Reuben Gower!" she cried, "and John!"

"Yes, Rose—Reuben Gower—and very much ashamed of himself, too. Reuben Gower, who might have prevented all this mischief, if he had not been an old donkey. Why, I ought to have known that the thing was impossible, and instead of finding out quietly before John spoke to you, I egged him on. Mr. Carteret, my dear, has made me ashamed of myself."

"Don't, Mr. Gower, please," said Rose. "There is nothing to forgive. You acted for the best, I am sure."

"For a fool," said the penitent Reuben: "there is no fool like an old fool. Shake hands, my lass. Why, I've known you since you were that high, and to think that there should be an estrangement between us. And how many a time have you run in to tea with John, and toasted your own bread and butter before the fire. Lord! Lord! kiss me again, my pretty, like you did then."

It was John's turn next. He spoke up like a man.

"It was a blow, Rose; I don't deny it. But I now see what I ought to have expected. You were in London growing into a fashionable young lady, with new tastes different from mine. Carteret has taught me how you live. You would never have been happy with me. But it was a hard blow. Let us be friends again, Rose, and forgive me"—more hand-shaking. "I once called Carteret here a popinjay; that was because I was an ass. I've begged his pardon, Rose, and wished him joy. Now, Carteret, tell her what is coming."

"You see, Rose, I saw that John Gower here, this fellow with the square forehead and the square chin, was a devil of a fellow—beg your pardon, the deuce and all, I mean, for work. So I set myself to find him out, and get him to inculcate me. First of all he was a bit sulky, but he came round pretty soon, and the result is, Rose, that we are going into partnership."

"You into partnership, Julian?"

"Yes, Rose, into partnership. Out of the wreck of my fortune, enough will be saved to start us, and John's invention shall be applied in our new works, bit by bit, we have no fear. With John as engineer-in-chief, myself as his assistant in office work—don't laugh, Rose; it is sober earnest and reality—Reuben as adviser, and—and—someone, if we could find such a man"—here Julian looked hard at Bodkin—"such a man—an active man"—here Bodkin started—"an energetic man"—here Bodkin buttoned up his

coat vigorously and squared his arms—"one who adds intelligence and experience to zeal for the house which employs him—I say, Rose"—here they all looked at Bodkin—"if we could find such a man—at a salary of say four hundred to begin with, and five if things go well."

"There is such a man, Mr. Carteret," said Bodkin, trembling with excitement; "there is one such a man. I believe only one in all London. He has the experience of having tried all the ways by which men make money, and failed in all. He stands before you—he is Henry Theophilus Bodkin."

"What, and give up the turf?"

"Sir, the turf may go—its own way. They may find another Judex. Do you accept my services, gentlemen?"

"We do, Bodkin," said Carteret. "Work for us; stick to us, and we will stick to you."

Bodkin took his hat and stick.

"I hasten," he said, "to convey the joyful news to Lavinia. I tremble lest that incomparable female should be already snapped up—snapped up the third time."

"Stop a minute, Bodkin." This time it was Reuben. "We are both desirous, John and myself, of clearing up our scores with Sir Jacob. We have talked everything over by ourselves, and we are sure that we have done him a grave injustice. I cannot forget that he is my old schoolfellow, and that he and I have worked together side by side for nearly fifty years."

Julian Carteret murmured something about a lion's share of the plunder, but his remarks were not heard.

"And so, Rose, if you will allow me, I will ring the bell, and ask if Sir Jacob will see us."

"And me, too," cried Bodkin. "I also should wish an opportunity of expressing my sense of Sir Jacob's noble conduct."

Julian Carteret screwed up his lips, but said nothing; Rose blushed with a confused sense that she herself ought to express her own sense of shame at certain injurious suspicions, but the shame was not there, somehow.

"I will go myself," she said, "and ask my uncle to see you all."

Presently she returned; Sir Jacob with her.

There was a momentary sensation at the appearance of the martyr. His face, much more solemn than it had been of old, and his deportment was majestic.

"You wish to see me, Reuben?" he said, quietly looking round at the group, of whom Julian was the only member who did not look like a culprit.

"Jacob," said Reuben, speaking in the old Lancashire blunt way, "Jacob, my chap, I'm vexed and troubled that there has come a cloud between us, and I'm more vexed because it has been my fault. I'm clean ashamed of myself?"

"Reuben, do you believe that I—the word choked him—"that I wilfully spoke an untruth, when I said that a marriage between Rose and John had been my desire for years? Tell me, Rose,—you will believe her, if you will not believe me,—did I know at all that there had been any love passages between you and Julian Carteret?"

"No, sir," said Rose, "you did not know."

"Had you spoken to me, Julian? Had you given me any hint of what had happened?"

"No, Sir Jacob, I certainly had not."

"One question more, Rose. Had you or had you not repeatedly and in the most cordial manner spoken of your old friend John Gower when you first came to me?"

"Yes, uncle, often."

"Now, Reuben, and you, John Gower, is it so very improbable that I, a childless man, should have kept an eye upon the son of my oldest and most faithful friend, that I should have seen with pleasure that he was a hard-working and clever young fellow—that I should have looked upon him as the proper person to succeed myself, and that when he came to me with his invention I should see in the thing, not only a means of raising money to carry on my own work—not only, I say, a chance, in which the hand of Providence was clearly visible; but also an opportunity of carrying my designs into immediate operation? Can you not imagine such a mode of showing my gratitude to you, Reuben, my care for Rose's happiness, and my own prudence for the future all combined? Tell me, is that possible or impossible? You, who know my life, Reuben, is it probable?"

"Jacob," cried Reuben, beside himself with remorse, "forgive me, if for once I doubted you. I will never doubt you again."

"And I too, sir," said John; "will you forgive me?"

Sir Jacob shook hands effusively with both.

"Mr. Carteret and I, sir," John continued, "are to enter into a partnership in a modest way, and to carry out the invention."

"Why in a modest way, John? Why not on a large scale at once? The Escomb works have no master—why not take them? I can, I daresay, arrange for you to take them over."

"Take them over?" asked Reuben. "What the need? Take John and Mr. Carteret in."

"What do you say, Julian?" asked Sir Jacob. "Do you still bear resentment at the loss of your money? Do you still think that it was thrown away, instead of being invested prudently?"

"I think, Sir Jacob, that you must first give me leave to marry your niece."

Julian spoke bluntly, because he did not share in the general enthusiasm.

"Granted at once, Julian. Rose, tell your lover that you do not go to him empty-handed. Rose's fortune, conditional on my consent, Julian, is not lost. You have, with her, thirty thousand pounds. Remark, all of you, that if I withheld my permission, it would have reverted to me. Gentlemen" (he stood before them, this splendid shot having been fired, with both hands upraised, bending the fingers downward, as if pronouncing an episcopal blessing), "I now stand before you all, bereft of everything, everything but the clothes I am dressed in. But I have no longer the pain of feeling that those who know me best misunderstand me the most cruelly."

"The works shall still be Sir Jacob Escomb's," said Reuben shortly. "Mr. Carteret shall invest his money, and John his invention, for shares in the business. Wish you luck, my boy—wish you luck, Mr. Carteret."

"May I," Bodkin advanced, "may I, Sir Jacob, crave pardon for words said in a hurry? Thank you, Sir Jacob. Your noble conduct, reported in the papers of this morning, went to my heart. He has given up all, they said—everything, to the minutest item, to pay his creditors. I have been bankrupt myself: twice. Once, in the coal line, when my creditors did not wait for me to give up the sticks; they took them. The second time, after I had endeavoured to introduce the wines of Peru to an unsympathising public—there were no sticks left to take. I was in lodgings, and the Commissioners in Portugal Street said unkind things."

So the bankruptcy ended in the rehabilitation of Sir Jacob. He is more prosperous than ever; but he leaves his business entirely to Julian and John Gower. Bodkin, needless to say, is indefatigable.

Not one—except sometimes Rose, who has uneasy thoughts about her uncle; and Julian, who chuckles quietly to himself—but believes that the conduct of this philanthropist, martyr, and Christian, was in every way throughout this trying time worthy of him; no one, except Rose and Julian, suspects that his apology to Reuben and John was an elaborate substitution of what might have been for what was; and no one, except those two, but believes that his misfortunes, which were like a summer storm—black, but brief—were unmerited and nobly borne by this good man.

It is but an episode which we have told. In those volumes, which Sir Jacob keeps locked up in his private safe, may be found the real history of his career; in them, not in the newspaper report and the general voice of fame, lies the instructive story of how a fortune can be made out of nothing, and a reputation be built upon the shifting sands.

THE END.

Quickness of Temper.—If a man be quick-tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and unrighteously, leaving out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper, he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. A quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relation of things, to see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.

Thanksgiving-Day.—Thanksgiving-Day in America was first celebrated by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in 1621. The harvest had been abundant, and, although more than half of the band had died, the remainder were firm in the hope of establishing a new home. The Indian chief Massasoit participated in the festivities, which lasted three days. Since then Thanksgiving-Day has been a feast celebrated throughout the United States. The last Thursday in November is the day selected by each President in turn. It is from custom only that this day is selected, the harvests being then in. The distinction of naming the Day of Thanksgiving has for many years been given to the President of the United States.

On Dress.

[An Address delivered at the Ladies' Social-rooms, People's Palace, on the 12th November, 1888, by LADY JENNINGS.]

I HAVE long had it in my mind to say a few words to you on a subject that occupies our thoughts very often, and often gives us a good deal of perplexity, and that is Dress.

We all like to be well dressed, and I think we are quite right in aiming to be so, and that for several reasons. One is, dress shows our characters. Shakespeare, in the play of *Hamlet*,—which I expect many of you know,—says, "The apparel oft proclaims the man." I am sure it oftener still proclaims the woman. When you see a woman dressed in some unsuitable or ridiculously conspicuous manner, you may be sure she has not a well-balanced mind; when you see a woman with her clothes fastened all awry, you may understand that she is apt to be inaccurate and careless; when you see a woman dirty and slovenly in her attire, you may know the same faults beset her in her house-work, in her handy-work.

Then Dress is a mark of character. There is another reason. We owe it to those we live with, and to those we love, to make ourselves as pleasant in their eyes as we can. These are father and brother, and there are perhaps some not yet relations, but whose approval is dearer still to some of you, for their sakes we may not neglect our personal appearance. I will not go so far to say that we are always to be guided by their tastes, but pray remember that it is part of woman's work in life to refine the tastes of man, and to help them to see where true beauty lies.

And there is yet another reason, our own respect for ourselves is injured when we allow ourselves in what we feel to be a bad style, or an untidy style, or a dirty style, except indeed that amount of dirt which the work we have to do, or the weather we must go out in, inflicts upon us; but I will say more about that presently. And here I would remark that underclothing should be as neat and nice as time and means permit. The woman who appears in a fine gown and bonnet, while her underclothing is neglected and ragged, must have a feeling of being a sham, nothing solid and good underneath; that injures her respect for herself. I see a good deal of Swiss girls, and I often notice the pride they take in their underclothing, their knitted petticoats and their knitted stockings, and the care they take in mending the latter, so that the darn hardly shows.

I hope we are all agreed in wishing to be really well-dressed both outside and underneath; and now comes our perplexity sometimes, what shall we get that we may be well dressed? But before I say more, I am going to quote Shakespeare again; he says, "Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy." Now, there's a limitation to which we must all take heed, for what we can afford must always be the limit of what we wear. I take it we are all agreed on this point, for I will not think that any who hear me would have the meanness to incur a debt which she had not the means of discharging, for the sake of any personal adornment whatever. Promising, then, that no one of us is to get into debt, nor to spend on dress money that ought to be spent on other things, let us talk a little about what it is to be well dressed. I will quote the words of a great writer, who has more to say about taste and art than most men in our day:—"Right dress is that which is fit for the station in life, and the work to be done in it, and which is otherwise graceful, becoming, lasting, healthful, and easy, always as beautiful as possible."

Now, here are rules of taste laid down for us by an artist and a man of taste. "Fit for our station in life, and the work to be done in it." I owe a great deal to my dear mother and her sound judgment; and when I was a young girl, and had some money given me with which to purchase my clothes, I was often tempted by things that looked handsome and showy. Then my mother would say, "No, my dear, that is unsuitable for you; if you were rich and rode about in your carriage, it would be very well, but it is too conspicuous for walking about;" and I have learnt to value her good advice. You can all see how ridiculous it would be to walk in the streets in a pale pink satin dress for instance. And then our work has to be considered. How uncomfortable, how needlessly fatiguing for a woman who has her hands constantly occupied, to have a length and breadth of skirt that constantly employs one hand to keep it off the ground, or failing that, must be dragged in dust or mud. The tight skirts that prevent free action of the limbs, the wide skirts, and their consequent weight, tight waists, which forbid us to take a deep breath, tight sleeves, which hinder raising the arms, excessive frillings and trimmings,

which catch on handles and nails as we move quickly about, and presently appear as a yard or two of streamers flying after us,—all these things has fashion by turns imposed on us; they are very well for the woman who is so unfortunate as to have nothing to do but to loll on a sofa; they are unsuitable for the daily toiler, for the neat and active housewife, for the woman who is always ready to help herself or others, and a woman who would be well dressed must be suitably dressed. The robes that might not be out of place on some grand festive occasion, are not fitted for every-day wear.

Then dress should be graceful in form. If you will think over it a little you will see that a truly graceful dress is one that in the main follows the lines of the human body. The looping of drapery or of ribbons adds grace to the figure if judiciously managed, but when it swells out into a hard bunch behind, or takes the form of a horn of millinery poking out in front of the forehead while the back of the head is nearly bare, proportion is annihilated, it is an excrescence, not a beauty. You may be certain that an exaggerated form is always an ungraceful one. Again, dress should be becoming. Every woman in deciding on shape and colour should consider her own height, her size, her complexion, and take what is suited to her. Large patterns, large spots, stripes and checks are not suited to little figures. Those who are conscious of any unusual size, of any personal defect, should be studiously quiet in dress, that they may not call attention to themselves.

But the point of colour is a most important one, and one on which women often err. One cause of this is they do not consider when they buy their clothes what they will be worn with.

We will suppose a young girl going into a shop for a bonnet or some bonnet ribbons. Her father, perhaps, has just given her a blue dress; he gave her her choice and she liked blue, so she chose that, not reflecting that the jacket she had last winter, and must of course continue to wear, is a shade of violet; but on the counter there is some lovely green ribbon; she shakes her head, it won't do, but the shopman is persuasive, "green and blue go very well together, Miss" (and so they may, but you must be very careful what shades you take, as you must in most mixtures), "and then the ribbon is so cheap." She yields, and on her way home her eye is caught by a lovely pink neckkerchief, at such a low price too, she must get that, it is so pretty; and then some gloves are produced, such good ones—it would be a pity to miss them though they are a bright gold colour. So here we have our young lady equipped in her blue dress and violet jacket, and green in her bonnet and yellow gloves and a pink neckkerchief, and all this mixture of colours which completely spoil each other is for want of a little forethought. How well she might have looked if she had only chosen a dress that agreed with her jacket, and then have bought the remaining sundries of some one shade that set off the dress by a good contrast, for I don't want to put down bright colours at all, but I think there should be one bright tone in dress at a time, and its beauty shown off by a careful contrast, by a dark or pervading quiet tone, and do not let it be a spot that catches the eye. A contrast even should not be too violent; there should be a harmonious blending of shades, but with black or white almost any colour can be worn.

There is one more point, that of ornament. Our every-day working-dress should be as simple and plain as possible, because trimmings are apt to spoil, and become soon dirty and tumbled, rendering our dresses shabby. A little judiciously chosen ornament tells far more than very elaborate trimmings, which are only fit for very special occasions, out of the reach of most of us. For our better dresses, then, we may have something to relieve their plainness; but I may remark, that bows where there is nothing to fasten, buttons where we can see nothing to button, are mistakes. Whatever extras we have on our dresses should show a reason for being there, and should be also suited to the stuff they are laid upon. Light lace, thin ribbons on heavy stuffs, velvet or plush on very slight materials, are out of place. Washing materials should have washable trimmings, except these be bows, or collar and cuffs, that are easily removed.

It is good to choose the best materials that we can afford, they look best, they last longest, they are more worth pains and trouble in making up, and their remains are more use when we have ceased to wear them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Sometimes the tongue cuts off the head.

If your friend be honey, do not eat him altogether.

The provisions suffer when the cat and the mouse live on good terms.

Calendar of the Week.

December 6th.—The Day of Saint Nicolas. This saint was a Bishop in Asia Minor, in the middle of the fourth century. At the Council of Nice he gave Arius, against whom he was disputing, a box on the ears. So great was his sanctity! He is the patron saint of the Company of Parish Clerks in the City of London. He is also the patron saint of sailors, perhaps on account of his pugnacity, and Russians hold him in great respect.

On this day one of the most remarkable of mediæval customs used to be observed. The choristers in Cathedrals elected one of themselves to be Bishop: they dressed him in episcopal robes, and the boy was permitted to perform all the services of the church, excepting mass, from the 6th to the 28th day of December. At Salisbury one of these boy bishops died during his three weeks of office, and was buried in the cathedral, where his monument may be seen.

On this day died old Henry Jenkin, aged 169 years. He was born at Bolton-upon-Swale in the year 1500, and for a hundred years followed the calling of a fisherman. He twice gave evidence in court as to customs a hundred and twenty years old and more. Towards the end of his life he begged his food.

On this day also died Anthony Trollope, the great novelist, in the year 1882.

December 7th.—There is a singular agreement in all the almanacks as to this unfortunate day, on which nothing remarkable seems to have happened. That is because no one has ever taken the trouble to hunt up dates. There must have been at least a dozen great battles fought on every day of the year, with the slaughter of many thousands at each. And there must have been at least a dozen men born on every day who have influenced their generation for good or for evil. St. Ambrose, to be sure, graces this day, but the world at large has probably forgotten St. Ambrose.

December 8th.—On this day, 1691, died that great Protestant divine, Richard Baxter.

December 9th.—The sun now rises at 8.3 and sets at 3.57. The short days have now fairly begun, and will last for a month, when they begin rapidly to lengthen. Between daybreak at 6 a.m. and the close of twilight at 6 p.m., there are twelve hours of daylight, more or less. In the old days, when candles were an expensive luxury, the long nights must have been to the poor a period of great suffering. Even in the houses of the well-to-do it was common to sit and work by the light of the fire alone. A rushlight was the best step towards light: next came the tallow candle, always streaming to waste in every draught of air, and requiring the constant use of snuffers: then followed wax candles. The introduction of oil lamps for domestic use came much later.

December 10th.—The earliest mention concerning stage coaches belongs to this day, when, in the year 1568, Sir William Dugdale records that he came out of London by way of Aylesbury in the coach. Sixty years after this people were congratulating themselves on the speed of the flying coaches, which accomplished forty miles in twelve hours, or three miles and a third in the hour! Besides the coach there also ran the stage-waggon, but one knows not with what rapidity this machine was whirled over the ground—perhaps two miles an hour.

December 11th.—This is a very poor week for the Calendar. Even on Saints' Day one can offer nothing better than St. Damasus for this day. How many people know anything about Damasus? A certain Dey of Algiers was murdered on this day, but it was a hundred and thirty-five years ago, and one can hardly be expected to mourn still for that unfortunate sovereign.

December 12th.—On this day, 1653, Oliver Cromwell was declared Protector. On the same day, by a most curious coincidence, thirty-five years later, James II. abdicated the throne, and there was an end of the worst family which ever reigned over Great Britain and Ireland.

Lady Guide Association "Benefit."—In order to assist in promoting this Association, Miss Grace Hawthorne has kindly offered a Ticket Benefit at the Royal Princess's Theatre, from Monday, December 3rd, till Friday, 14th. All Tickets for any part of the house (morning or evening performances), bought of Miss Edith A. Davis, Secretary, 5, Lauderdale Road, Maida Vale, will materially assist the "L. G. A."

Morocco.

THE system of government in Morocco resembles very closely that which obtains in the dominions of our faithful ally the Ameer of Cabul. The Sultan is supreme, and he alone is responsible for the administration. He is surrounded by a number of Ministers; but, with the exception of the Vizier, they none of them have any special functions or any department of State affairs over which they exercise control.

Of the Ministers who live at the Court, the Grand Vizier (says a correspondent of the *Times*) is so far the chief that he decides in the Sultan's name in all matters of State. All the other Ministers and high functionaries meet him thrice daily at the palace to discuss current affairs; but in these councils none of them ventures to offer an opinion unless it be specially called for. To give an immediate idea of the probable value of the services of these gentry, it is sufficient to say that, not only do none of them receive any salary, but that most of them have acquired their positions by the payment to the Sultan of a large sum of money. The Inspector of Customs, whose duty it is, among other things, to visit the various ports of the empire at certain times, and to inquire into all commercial disputes between natives and foreigners, is the only paid officer. The Basha of Tangier has, I am informed, a nominal salary of one dollar per week. This princely emolument is, I understand, accorded him with the object of placing him on a common footing of official integrity with the representatives of foreign countries, with whom he is more or less brought into contact.

In many things absolutely a child, he is at once a miser and an alchemist. He spends hours daily alternately in counting over his treasures and poring over crucibles in his endeavour to increase them. Then, again, his amusements occupy him much. His electric railway; his tricycles and bicycles, on which as a punishment he makes the ladies of his harem ride when disobedient; his grain elevator, an odd kind of toy that he has had erected in the gardens of the palace—all these and other things take up much of his time, and are the cause of his Ministers having very much more actual power than he is well aware of, and of his people suffering a good deal more than he would wish them to do.

The governors of provinces have the law absolutely in their own hands. The number of methods of torture habitually used—as a rule, for the purpose of extorting money—is practically unlimited. One of the favourite forms, however, is that called the wooden jellabeer (shirt). This is a sort of wooden box, large enough to receive the patient in a sitting posture; on the inside it is studded with sharp nails. Prisoners have been kept in this instrument for months at a time until at length released by death. Another favourite torture is by means of an iron collar, by which the victim is chained to the wall at such a height as to oblige him to stand on tiptoe to avoid strangulation.

The cutting off a hand as a punishment for theft, the loss of an eye in return for the malicious destruction of an eye, the amputation of a limb for a limb, and the punishment of libel by rubbing the lips of the offender with capsicum pods, are matters of daily practice in this country, and serve to illustrate the sort of régime under which the Moors live. Two products of the barbarous application of their savage law are the murder-cairn and the Zaouia, or sanctuary. The murder-cairn is but a heap of stones over the spot where a murder was committed, to which every passer-by adds one. The sanctuary is a refuge in which the criminal who reaches it is for a time perfectly safe.—*St. James's Gazette.*

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.)

CHANTEUR.—The reason is that having been found to be too expensive we have been obliged to discontinue printing the words of the songs; we agree with you, but it cannot be helped. You have our sympathy.

WORDS OF THE SONGS.—See answer above.

J. FOWERAKER.—There is a Draughts Club just forming. See CLUB NOTES.

RETSICIEL.—We do not think the series will be resumed at all. The interest shown fell far short of the expense and trouble involved.

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