

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. III.—No. 61.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

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- THURSDAY.**—Library.—Closed to Readers of Books.
Newspapers.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.
Organ Recital at 6.30.—Dissolving View Entertainments three times daily.
Gymnastic Display at 7.30.
Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fête, commencing at 10; Concert, at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
Literary Society.—Committee Meeting, at 8.
- FRIDAY.**—Library.—Closed to Readers of Books.
Newspapers.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.
Organ Recital at 6.30.—Dissolving View Entertainments three times daily.
Gymnastic Display at 7.30.
Continuation of the Christmas Arctic Fête, commencing at 10; Concert, at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal at 8 o'clock.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7 p.m.
Cricket Club.—Smoking Concert, at 8.30.
Literary Society.—Lecture by Mr. Bellows, at 8.15.
- SATURDAY.**—Library.—Closed to Readers of Books.
Newspapers.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.
Organ Recital at 6.30.—Dissolving View Entertainments three times daily.
Gymnastic Display at 7.30.
Last day of the Christmas Arctic Fête, commencing at 10; Concert, at 8, in the Queen's Hall, with the Band of H.M. Scots Guards.
Ramblers.—St. Paul's Cathedral.
Harriers.—Ordinary run from Head-quarters, starting at 4.
Chess Club.—Contest, at 7.
Football Club.—First XI., at Wanstead; Second XI., at Wanstead.
- SUNDAY.**—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—Library.—Closed for cleaning.
Newspapers.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.
Social Dance in Queen's Hall, at 7.30.
Shorthand Society.—Usual Meeting.
Sketching Club.—Monthly Exhibition, at 7.30.
Gymnasium.—Opens for the season.
- TUESDAY.**—Library.—Closed for cleaning.
Newspapers.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.
Social Dance in Queen's Hall, at 7.30.
Parliament.—Usual sitting.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY.**—Library.—Closed for cleaning.
Newspapers.—Can be seen in the Queen's Hall, from 8 to 9.30 a.m.
Choral Society.—Special night, in Queen's Hall—"Cinderella."
Tableaux Vivants, in Queen's Hall, at 8.

Notes of the Week.

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OF New Year's Day customs, that very old one of going from house to house with a song or carol and asking for pence, is still kept up in rude fashion at Hastings. The fisher folk send round their boys—a pretty rough lot—on the morning of the New Year to sing under the windows. What they used to sing, when Hastings was only a little fishing village lying snug between its two cliffs, I know not. Now that it is a great town, stretching its long lines of terraces for two miles and more along the shore, they are supposed to sing this lovely ditty:—

Bundle him in and bundle him out:
The New Year's in and the Old Year's out.

What they really do sing, because they are now an unruly mob of lads and young fishermen, is "Chuck it out! Chuck it out!" or if the money is not promptly thrown out of window to be scrambled for, "Chuck him out! Chuck him out!" When a good old custom has degenerated into the howling of a rabble, it is best discontinued altogether.

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THE decay of the ancient customs and ceremonies, formerly so numerous in this country, is mainly due to three causes. First, many of them were connected with the Church, and for this reason were discountenanced by the Reformers. Next, the increase of population converted a harmless village merry-making into a dangerous and uncontrollable assemblage, at which orgies of the worst kind were held. Thirdly, the change of public opinion as regards drinking. These village festivals terminated in the drunkenness of all the men as a regular thing. Many of us can recollect the village fair and the scenes at nightfall. There came a time when the more sober folk began to consider that for everybody to be lying or rolling about drunk was not a seemly thing, and that if the festival could not be held without this termination, it had better not be held at all. Another reason for the decay of the old customs is that many of them fell into the hands of the children, and so gradually became forgotten.

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THE complete change in opinion as to amusements and temperance is illustrated by the example of the country clergyman in the last century, who, because his living was poor, used every Sunday after service to hold a bull-baiting in the churchyard, while his wife sold beer out of a barrel to his thirsty flock. If one desires to see what the amusements of the people were like, the pictures of Hogarth give a very graphic idea. Brutality, fighting, cruelty, flogging, gambling, guzzling, and drinking in all classes. In some things, certainly, we have improved.

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THOSE of us who are inclined to think that whatever is done in America is right, and whatever is done in this country is wrong, would do well to consider carefully a paper in the *Nation*, of New York, on the late Presidential election. It appears, from this article, that the election has been conducted with universal bribery, votes being almost openly bought and sold. Never in history, since the days when the soldiers sold the Imperial crown of Rome has there been such an example of the headship of a great nation being thus sold; never has there been such a dragging in the mud of the great principles of freedom and popular election. In former days our boroughs were in like manner bought and sold, but not the Sovereignty—and the President of the United States, we must remember, has a great deal more power than the

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JANUARY 13th,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST - - - MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
(Organist to the People's Palace).

Queen of England. It is a spectacle to make those who desire that this country also should become a Republic to go away into a corner and hide their heads. Yet the fault is not with the Republican principle but with the natural leaders of the nation, who have forgotten that liberty is a plant of such delicacy, and liable to so many evils, that it must be watched perpetually.

BUT worse remains behind, according to the New York paper. In our worst days our electors were bribed by men who desired the seat for party purposes; in America they are bribed by men who desire to use their power for the purpose of making enormous fortunes. One man is said to have contributed enormous sums of money to the Republican committee, in order that he might get a "controlling influence" in the new President's Cabinet. It is immediately clear what this worthy bird of freedom intends: it means contracts, Government work, supply. There is an army and a navy: there is a Civil Service: there are public works. A man who can control a Cabinet can get the contracts for the supply and conduct of those services; such contracts means an immense, a boundless fortune. The *Nation* states that such a control can be obtained for the sum of four millions of dollars—say £800,000 of English money. Will the time ever come when an Englishman will be able to buy the British Cabinet and secure all the contracts for himself for a million of money? If a London newspaper had brought these charges against the United States, there would have been a howl of execration on the other side; and on this side no friend of America would have believed them. But the charges are brought by the Americans themselves.

WE were talking last week about the vitality of superstition; I have in my hand another illustration. It is an almanack by an astrologer, that is to say, a man who professes to foretell the future from the position of the planets. This is a very old superstition, and mischievous chiefly because it is absurd in the first instance, and because it has been proved over and over again that to be always enquiring and peering into the future has a most injurious effect upon the mind, weakening the will, and substituting a cowardly acceptance of whatever may come in place of a manly resolution to shape the future by one's own efforts. Three hundred years ago the practice of astrology was universal—everybody had his life planned out for him by an astrologer from the position of the planets at his birth.

THOSE who believe in the modern astrologer seem to be chiefly country people and persons engaged in farming. This is apparent from the space allotted to agriculture in the almanack. The lucky days, or parts of days, for planting and other agricultural and gardening operations are given in full for the whole year; there are directions for the cure of the various diseases to which cattle are liable; there are also prophecies of the weather every day in the year. As the prophet neglects to say for what part of the British Islands his prophecies are intended he can generally reckon on being right. For example, if he foretells calm, it may be calm at Shetland and stormy in London, or the reverse; and a prophecy of rain may be fulfilled at the Hebrides, but prove incorrect at Brighton. He adds, further, an everyday guide for the whole year. Thus, in February, we may court and marry on the 3rd, the 9th, the 14th, and the 28th. On the 12th, 16th, 19th, and 26th we must "avoid the fair,"—so that men who are engaged must be careful not to meet their sweethearts on those days: we may ask favours on the 2nd, 10th, 14th, 17th, 19th, and 27th,—this is a pretty good month's work in the way of asking favours: we may sell on the 11th, 15th, 18th, and 21st,—shopkeepers will note this, and put up their shutters for the rest of the month: we may visit our friends on the 17th and 24th: and so on. There is also a general nativity or forecast for children born on any day during the year 1889.

ALL this is terrible nonsense: yet there is every reason to believe that the almanack is largely circulated. There is advertised a long list of works bearing on the same subjects, namely, the reading of the future, such as the "Book of Fate," the "Book of Dreams," "A Herbal Guide," "Crystal Balls for Sightseers," etc. If one could only persuade the people to shape the future for themselves as much as in them lies; to understand that not to know what is coming either for good or for evil is the best thing for man; to be quite certain that any attempt to find out by divination, or witchcraft, or astrology, or dreams, is vain and foolish: and that to be always

on the look out for the lucky and unlucky times is to add an intolerable burden to a life already pretty well weighed down: then the power of superstition and its terrors would greatly vanish away.

I READ in *The Times* a curious illustration of another very wide-spread superstition. They are building certain bridges in Singapore where there is a busy Chinese settlement. The Chinamen believe that the Government, in order to strengthen the bridges by a sacrifice of human blood, are offering fifty dollars for any human head that is brought in. Many years ago the writer was in a colony where they were constructing a great railway bridge by coolie labour. These, who were Indian, and not Chinese coolies—got the notion that the bridge would never be finished until human blood had been shed upon it. They thought that the engineers wanted to buy a child for the purpose of killing it on the bridge, and all the Indian women ran away with their children. They stayed away too, until, as always happens in every great engineering work, some man fell off the scaffolding and was killed. Then they came back again. This belief, indeed, is very wide-spread, and there are terrible stories told about murder in connection with half-built places.

AN obituary is not the most cheerful reading, but it is sometimes instructive. I have been reading the obituary in Whitaker's Almanack for 1889. This contains a list of the most distinguished persons who died between November 1887 and November 1888, about 400 in all. They include statesmen, men of letters, science, art, and medicine: sovereigns, noblemen, and rich men. Out of the whole four hundred, how many are there whose names and works have any chance of being remembered in the world, or even in their own country? So far as I can make out, only the following:—Matthew Arnold, as a poet, will most undoubtedly live. Marshal Bazaine, as a traitor beyond all traitors, who ever adorned the pages of history. The two German Emperors: and Frank Holl, R.A. This seems all. In special branches of science there are a few names, not known to the general world, which will form part of the history of those branches. This is not a very long roll of names that will survive, but I expect that taken year by year, it is a pretty good average. As for the rank and file of the so-called great men of the day, they are all forgotten as soon as they are dead. As for the names set down in the list of men who have been great because they were rich, they are, for the most part, utterly unknown to the world. Among them sixty-four left fortunes of more than £100,000; two were millionaires: and three left more than half a million each. The fortunes which we have been accustomed to call very great are quite eclipsed by those made in a few cities of the States, where there are one or two men said to be worth twenty millions sterling, and many worth six or seven millions.

THE burden of a great fortune must be very great: to begin with, it necessitates a great deal of worry, and takes the whole of a man's time in looking after it: it destroys the stimulus of necessity and prevents the full development of a man's powers; and it makes the happy possessor learn to regard the whole of the rest of mankind as rogues or beggars. Fortunately, it is a very rare burden. Let all young men who start with nothing congratulate each other on that fact. At the same time one would like some arrangement by which, at the age of sixty, every man in the country could receive a pension. This could very easily be effected: not by the State, which, according to the Socialists, is to do everything: but by ourselves—and we, in fact, do constitute the State.

EDITOR.

Anecdote of Alexander.—Alexander 1st, late Emperor of Russia, was a man of a generous temper. His conduct after the invasion of the French, was in some cases quite unparalleled. Kosakoski, a Polish nobleman, followed Napoleon not only through his campaign in Russia, but in the war succeeding it, and attended him to Elba. Then finding all his property confiscated and that the Russians were victorious, he went to Alexander himself and begged restitution. On presenting himself at a private levee of the Emperor's, Alexander asked him if it were true he was the individual who followed Napoleon to Moscow and Fontainebleau. "Yes, sire," he replied, "not only to Fontainebleau but Elba, and if Napoleon had wished me to remain with him I should have done so without hesitation." The Emperor, instead of being offended at the boldness of Kosakoski, immediately ordered the restitution of the whole of his estate.

Puns: Good, Bad, and Indifferent.

THERE is a pleasant article in the January number of *Temple Bar* on "Puns." Many of those mentioned by the author are good, some bad. The "bracket-needling" and "word-mangling" classes of puns are dismissed as unworthy of notice; but here is an example of each:—"The great heat of the Cape must make Kaffir (make a fur) coat quite unnecessary." Sometimes, however, "one comes across a specimen of this kind which extorts admiration for its perverted ingenuity: as the answer to the query, 'What flower is like a healthy Irish lad out driving?' A Rosa Japonica (A rosy chap on a car)."

The great master of punning is, according to our author, Hood; and the following is given as a very artistic specimen:—

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of song and ode and ballad;
So, Thyrsis, take the midnight oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.
My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot think on what I've read;
Then, Pallas, take away thine owl,
And let us have a lark instead.

Here, again, is a little piece by Frederick Locker, which, by its grace and neatness of expression, presents the same deceptive look of ease:—

He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone:
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

"Conspicuous also in this class is Porson's celebrated pun upon the Latin gerunds—a subject set him, it is said, in answer to his boast that he could make a pun on anything:—

When Dido saw Æneas would not come
She mourned in silence, and was Di-do-dum.

"Both Hood and Hook—perhaps we might add Porson also—were punsters by profession. But there are puns extant by unknown authors which either might have felt a pride in owning. A Cambridge Fellow, walking with a visitor, met by chance the Master of St. John's on horseback. 'Who is that?' inquired the visitor. 'That,' replied the other, 'is St. John's head on a charger.' Here is a first-rate pun, of which the speaker's name is as completely buried in oblivion as the author's of the famous witticism against Berkeley's theory, a pun which puts into a nutshell a whole system of philosophy: 'What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind.'"

But in punning, as in other departments of ingenuity, women can well hold their own, and none of our author's stories are better than the following:—"A plump Adonis of forty, who was looking at a house, asked the servant, an extremely pretty girl, whether she was to let with the establishment. 'No, sir,' was the answer, 'please, sir, I'm to be let alone.' Here is a pun which hits with both its barrels, each of its two meanings speaks a volume; the one informs the querist that his admiration must not be expressed too warmly; the other that an eligible offer is not likely to be ill received. Was ever greater weight of meaning compressed into two words?"

Finally we are given instances of puns which have only one defect; they are too witty to be used. Thus "the heir of the Duke of Penthièvre died in 1764, ruined by an attachment to an opera singer, Mademoiselle Miré. The wits of Paris made his epitaph of five notes of music—'Mi re la mi la'—Miré has brought him there. Such an epitaph, however, has the great defect that it is far too witty to be used. In that point it resembles many others; as that suggested for a cricketer, 'Over;' for an auctioneer, 'Gone!' or, for a billiard-marker, 'The long rest.' However apt the application, the effect of these has no solemnity. Indeed, the suggestion that a pun may claim a place in serious literature—in poetry itself—may strike some readers with surprise; and it is true that in our language no such thing as yet exists."

Nosegay.—The practice of the judges having a nosegay placed before them, is not, as is generally imagined, a mere preservative against the close air of a crowded court, but is the relic of a primitive and ancient custom of the judge holding the *bouquet*, or sceptre of justice in his hand; it was formerly called a *bouquet*, or little bough, whence the French took their word *bouquet* for a nosegay.

A New Phrase.—The Rev. S. A. Barnett has coined a really good phrase, good because it conveys an idea. He speaks of "the nationalisation of luxury."—*Freeman*.

Stories of Royal Children.

IN the January number of *Little Folks* the first of a series of articles is published which, under the heading of "Child-life at the Courts of Europe," promises to become an interesting feature in the new year's volume. The present article deals with some Royal children of Germany, and opens with an amusing anecdote about Prince Henry, the brother of the present Emperor.

When he was a little boy Prince Henry had a great dislike to the shower-bath which he was expected to take every morning, and was often very tiresome about it. At last the attendant complained to his father, who, you know, was then Crown Prince, and afterwards became the Emperor Frederick. Now, the Crown Prince happened to know that his little boy took quite as much delight in seeing the soldiers present arms to him as my little boy thinks he would; so he gave two new orders that day—one was that the guards were not to salute Prince Henry, the other was that the boy need not have his shower-bath. Accordingly the next morning the little prince was surprised and charmed to find that the moment he began grumbling about the bath he was told he could please himself as to whether he took it or not. Of course he preferred to leave it alone, and as soon as he was dressed he scampered down to the park, and then to the guard-house, as usual. To his great amazement, the soldiers took no more notice of him than if he had been a little street boy. Highly indignant, Prince Henry ran to his father to complain. "Oh!" replied the latter, "how can you expect soldiers to respect a dirty, unwashed prince?"

There is also an amusing story about the little Crown Prince, who is now nearly seven years old. "When he was six, he was given a bedroom to himself, instead of sleeping in the nursery; and what do you think he said when he was first taken to his new room? 'Oh! that is nice; now I need not be with the children any more?'" He seems a manly little fellow, for he complained one day it is very unpleasant to have to go out with his governess because she could not march at all, and he could not keep step with her. Then he added, very seriously, that he was quite sure she would never make a soldier."

The Crown Prince and his three brothers—Frederick, Adalbert, and Augustus William, aged respectively five years, four years, and nearly two years, love to play at soldiers. They had a splendid collection of tin soldiers, horses, guns, and fortresses; and an old soldier, who fought many a real battle, teaches them how to drill them all, and how to fight with them. The soldiers are painted like the different regiments, and the three eldest boys are dressed in uniform when they play with them. They do not go to school, but they have a kind tutor, Herr Schubart, who has taught the two eldest to read and write. In the summer of 1888 the princes had a delightful holiday with their mother at a beautiful place called Oberhof, in the great forest of Thuringia. A little fortress was built for them in a corner of the garden, with a tent and two small guns. The three eldest princes, who were dressed as officers, paraded in front of the fort. Then, while the Crown Prince beat the drum, the two younger ones marched past, commanded by an old soldier, who taught them how to attack and to defend the fort. The other little prince, who was only about a year and a half old, was dressed in white, with a tiny helmet on his head. He looked on at his nurse's side and clapped his hands with delight as he saw his brothers playing. When little Prince William's grandfather died, he asked at once, "Did grandpapa take his sword with him?" and when he was taken into the room where the Emperor lay he said, "Ah! that's right; he always carries his sword wherever he goes. I am glad he did not leave it behind."

What Black Gulls Have Done.—Nowhere in Scotland, except in the Bog of Methven, did that rare plant *Scheuchzeria palustris* grow. But now, and for the time to come, they will look in vain for it even in the Bog of Methven. For Professor Hillhouse reports that 300 or 400 black gulls, settling in the bog, have devoured everything in the shape of vegetation, including the rare plant.

Parchment.—The honour of the invention of parchment is usually ascribed to Eumenes, King of Pergamus, who reigned about 245 A.C., though in reality that prince appears only to have improved the manner of preparing parchment, for the Persians are said to have used parchment, upwards of 300 years before Christ. Paper from cotton rags, is a sort of paper that has been in use upwards of 800 years, as is shown by Montfaucon, from several authorities.

Society and Club Notes.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Our "M.P.'s" resumed their sittings last night after nearly a month's vacation. The attention of Palace Members—new Members especially—is requested to this Society, and all are invited to join. The Parliament is, with a few exceptions, composed of Members of nearly every Club and Society in the Palace; the Literary Society supports it *en masse*; Footballers abound, and the Boxing Club is not without its representatives. This is as it should be; not only will increased sociability reign, but it will be a preventative of a great amount of cliquism which is notoriously rampant in many Institutes. Although we have Members who speak with dramatic effect, no Members of the Dramatic Club have up to the present applied for a "seat." Will they kindly favour us with a few elocutionary orations? The Choral Society might also send us a few Members who are able to melodiously orate on the latest phases of the Irish Question, etc.—All Palace Members are at liberty to attend the ordinary sittings of the Society. Any further information gladly given by the undersigned.—Notwithstanding the counter attractions of the Social Dances, the "M.P.'s" will assemble. Several matters for lively discussion will be introduced—see Notice-board.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The Members of this promising Club held their first Cinderella on Friday evening last, the place in question being Limehouse Town Hall, one of the most suitable and best adapted halls in the East End of London for Cinderellas, etc.—The programme contained sixteen dances, and was placed in the hands of Messrs. Marshall, Rosenways, Deeley, and Robb, as M.C.'s, which office they ably fulfilled, assisted by Messrs. Jessemann, Dawson, Bright, and Peel, as Stewards. The services of Mr. L. Kalisher's quadrille band were secured, and the music selected for the dances, and played during part of the evening under Mr. L. Kalisher's personal supervision, was excellent. No less than six waltzes were down for negotiation; the floor was in excellent condition, the ladies were all good dancers, and when we noticed fifty couples tripping it merrily, we were convinced that everybody was enjoying themselves. During the interval the dancers adjourned to the refreshment bar, where ample arrangements had been made to suit the most fastidious. Soon, however, the strains of sweet music brought the interval to a close, and the chosen partners were quickly looked for. Dancing was kept up merrily until the witching hour of 12 p.m., and as the company departed they regretted that under such pleasing circumstances, unlike the shining brook, they could not go on for ever. Members and friends, who have not already done so, are requested to return unsold tickets, or forward cash as soon as possible, so that the Balance-sheet may be drawn up.—On Saturday next, Members are invited to be present at the "Eastern Hotel," Limehouse, the occasion being the Carlton Rovers' Smoker.—On Saturday, January 26th, Members are invited to the Walthamstow Rovers' Smoker, which takes place at the "Lord Brooke" Hotel, Shernhall Street, Walthamstow. The nearest station is Wood Street, G.E.R.

JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. The Club meets for practice during the Winter Fête, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 p.m., in Room 21, old School-buildings. The Handicap and Cup Competitions are in progress, but fresh sections in both Competitions may be started if names are given in at once.—On Saturday next, 12th inst., Mr. L. Hoffer will play simultaneously against twenty of our men. All who take part in the contest are requested to be in their places by 6.30 p.m. Play will commence at 7 o'clock.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

In our report of the *Soirée Dansante*, published in the last edition of the Journal, the name of the lady who sang "Grandma's Advice" should have been Miss L. Marshall, and not Miss S. Marshall.—On Saturday next, January 12th, we visit St. Paul's Cathedral; Members are requested to meet outside the west door of the Cathedral. First party 2 o'clock, and the second 2.30 sharp.—The second *Soirée Dansante* will be held on Friday, February 1st. For further particulars see next week's Journal.—On January 10th we visit *The Times* Office. Members wishing to take part in this are reminded that names will be received up to 9 o'clock this evening (Wednesday), as they will have to be balloted for, and the result published in next week's Journal. Those Members who went last time will not be permitted to participate in this visit.—On January 26th, Dr. Barnardo's Homes. On February 2nd, Mansion House.—To-night (Wednesday) the Hon. Secs. will attend at the Palace to issue Membership Tickets, in Room 8, from 8.30 till 9.30, when any information respecting the above Club will be most gladly given.

H. ROUR, Hon. Secs.
W. H. MOODY,

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs by Members of the above Club will be held on Monday, 14th inst., at 7.30 p.m., Room 5, Technical School-buildings, the first half-hour being reserved for Members. The subjects for illustration are as follows:—

Design	A Rug.
Figure	"And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."
Landscape	A Farm.
Marine	After a Storm.
	Still Life.

Sketches may be left at the Bookstall, Technical School-buildings, and it is requested that all contributions be left at latest by Friday evening, 11th inst.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the above Club was held on Friday, the 4th inst.; Mr. Lawday being voted to the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. Wulcko was proposed as a Member of the Club. Questions having been asked by several Members, the Chairman called upon Mr. Livingstone to read his paper on "Intensification and Intensifiers." Mr. Livingstone thoroughly explained several processes, and exhibited many negatives which were the results of each process. A lengthy discussion followed upon several points, in which many Members took part. After votes of thanks to our Chairman and Mr. Livingstone had been carried, the meeting terminated.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

P.S.—The Members of the Photographic Club have decided to give a Lantern evening on Friday, the 18th inst., in the Lecture Hall (entrance through the Library). The subject selected for the evening will be "Wanderings in Paris." All Members of the Palace are cordially invited. Further particulars will be duly announced.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

The lady Members of the Gymnasium will give a Gymnastic Display to-night, in the Gymnasium. Ladies only will be admitted. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.

SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.
H. H. BURDETT, Director.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

An ordinary "productive" evening of the above Society was held on Friday last, the 5th inst., when a poem entitled "Young Men," by an East End Working Man, was read by Mr. White, and criticised by Mr. Hawkins.—A Lecture, entitled "Beginnings of the English," will be given by Mr. Bellows on Friday evening next, at 8.15 p.m.—Committee Meeting on Thursday evening, 10th inst., at 8 prompt.—All information gladly given by

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

MEMBERS' SOCIAL EVENINGS.

The Members' Social evenings will be held on Monday, 14th, Tuesday, 15th, Thursday, 17th, and Friday, 18th inst.—In the Queen's Hall there will be dancing, and in the Lecture Hall entertainments, as per last notice in this Journal. The dancing will commence at 7.30 p.m., and finish at 11 p.m. Programmes for dances, 6d. each. The Committee desire their fellow-members to purchase the same so as to make the evenings self-supporting.—Those Members and friends holding Invitation Tickets will be admitted through the Library into the old Social-rooms, the latter being used for Cloak-rooms; a charge of 1d. for use of Cloak-room, insuring against loss. Miss Rosenways, assisted by Misses Hale, Larter, and Rogers, will superintend the Ladies' Cloak-room; while Messrs. Routand Crowe, and other Club representatives will act in a similar capacity in the Gentlemen's Cloak-room. Messrs. Rosenways, Clews, Deeley, Proops, Pyman, and Rugg are the M.C.'s.—Invitation Tickets, to admit Member and friend on one of the evenings, are being issued by the Committee in the General Offices till next Saturday, from 7 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Members unable to attend personally for their tickets are requested to forward number of Membership Card and stamped envelope to

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

No person will be admitted in Evening Dress.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. MR. PENNY'S.—The 'Monts journeyed to Wanstead last Thursday to meet a strong team captained by Mr. Penny of the Waverley F.C., and after a fast and pleasant game the 'Monts left the field victorious by two goals to one. The 'Monts goals were kicked by Sherrell and Earle, who both played a good game throughout. Our Club had by far the best of the game throughout, but were unable to increase the score on account of the back of Penny's Eleven playing a good defensive game. The following played well for the picked Eleven:—Whittenbury, Stokes, Penny, and the goal-keeper; whilst Moreton, Shaw, Jones and Bell played well for the 'Monts. Team:—Moreton (goal); Hartung, Shaw (backs); Evans, Bell, Field (half-backs); Jones, Cox (right), Munro (centre), Sherrell, Earle (left, forwards).—FIRST ELEVEN v. ST. PAULS.—This match was commenced last Saturday in anything but fine weather, and had to be abandoned without any result having been obtained.—Match next Saturday at Wanstead v. Woodville. Kick-off at 3 sharp. Team selected from the following:—Dowding, Hart, Wenn, Munro, Cook, Hennessey, Earle, Sherrell, Cox, Jessemann, Shaw, Jacobson, Cowlin.—Second Eleven at Wanstead v. Carpenters' Institute. Team selected from following:—Stapleton, Helbing, Hawkins, Algar, Witham, Cantle, Horseman, Edmunds, Butterwick (Capt.), Arno, Winch, Jacobson, Tranter. N.B.—The tickets for the forthcoming Dance to be held at Beaumont Hall on St. Valentine's Day, can be obtained from the Stewards, J. Munro, W. Cantle, A. Hunt, C. Butterwick, H. Shaw, or the undersigned. Single tickets 1/6; double 2/6.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

On Monday last we started our fourth term; and the present is a favourable time for intending Members to join our Society. OBJECTS:—To extend the art of Shorthand writing by maintaining a Practice Class, meeting weekly, on Monday evenings from 8 to 9.30 p.m., for general practice in writing from dictation, and for the discussion of Shorthand principles. To assist learners who are Members of the Society by correcting their exercises. To maintain a Circulating Library, consisting of books, periodicals, etc., written in Phonetic Shorthand, technical and otherwise. Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 6d. per quarter.—I am pleased to state that C. J. Nankivell, Esq., and Mrs. Horton and Wilson have added their names to our list of Vice-Presidents.—Subscriptions for the quarter, 6d., now due.—Further information respecting the Society gladly given any Monday evening in the Technical Schools, Room No. 1, by

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

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Notwithstanding the dense fog that prevailed throughout London and its suburbs on Saturday last, nine Members and one visitor journeyed down to Forest Gate to take part in the usual Saturday run which was duly carried out, although we cannot say with the usual enjoyment. Although the Harriers returned seemingly satisfied with their achievement, they confined themselves entirely to road-work, covering a distance of about four miles and returning more like sweeps than Harriers.—On Saturday next, the fixture is a run over the seven miles' course, to be used for the seven miles' handicap, fixed to take place on the 19th inst., entries for which event should be handed to the Secretary at this run, or sent by post so that they arrive on Monday morning.—On Saturday, January 26th, a Silver Medal will be presented by the Secretary to the winner of a mile run-in, for those Members who have never won a prize for running.—An additional race has been arranged by the Committee to take place on March the 30th, in lieu of the Paper Chase fixed for that date; such race being a novel idea of the Secretary and consequently we trust will be well supported. The race will be termed "Club Fours," and the idea is that the entrants will be drawn in fours who will be under the guidance of Captains to be appointed. Every Member will have the same chance of winning the trophies to be provided. The first three men home of each team to count, and the team totaling the least number of points to be deemed the winners after the manner of the Spartan Harriers' Inter-Club race. There will be three prizes of equal value, and as entries for this event will shortly close, names should be sent in to the Secretary at once who will furnish any other particulars that may be required.—The Second Cinderella Dance is fixed to take place on Saturday, February 9th, at the Assembly Rooms, Cottage Grove, and as a goodly company is expected, early application for tickets (which are limited) is essential. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. E. C. Tibbs, E. O. Robb, H. Marshall, and other Members of the Club on application, or to

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.,
35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate.

E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.,
14, Canal Road, Mile End, E.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

On Friday next, the Smoking-concerts in connection with this Club will be resumed in Room No. 12, at 8.30 p.m. sharp. Admission by ticket only, to be had from H. W. Byard, C. A. Bowman, and from

T. G. CARTER, Capt. and 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 Wednesday next, the 16th of January, we shall perform John Farmer's fairy opera "Cinderella." Lady Members of the Society must please provide themselves with the Society's Badge before the performance. Will all Members please meet in the waiting-rooms of the Queen's Hall at 7.45 p.m. sharp? The next rehearsals must be attended regularly.—The Badges of the Society will be on hand at all the rehearsals, price 2s. each.—We intend holding our *Soirée* on Saturday, the 26th of January, in the Lecture Hall, at 7 p.m., to close at 11 p.m.—Rehearsals on Friday, at 8 p.m., in the new Music-room, and on Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.30 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir in No. 2 Room, of the Ladies' Social-rooms.—PUBLIC NOTICE.—The Society is open to singers of either notation. Ladies and gentlemen with an ability to read music and fair voices are invited to join. We are specially in want of *Contraltos* and *Tenors*. Application for admission to the Society should be made to the Secretary as early as possible. The fees are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen. All music is lent free of charge from the Society's Library. Candidates can be seen after any rehearsal. We are at present rehearsing the "Messiah," John Farmer's fairy opera, "Cinderella," "Nursery Tales," by John Farmer, and various glees.

A special rehearsal with the Orchestra will be held next Saturday at 5 p.m. sharp.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Staff-Sergeant H. H. BURDETT.

The Gymnasium will be opened on Monday, the 14th inst., when ordinary practice will be resumed.—Members are reminded that they must renew their Locker Tickets at once, otherwise the Lockers will be cleared.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Gymnasium in future will be opened for Male Members of the Palace as follows:—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, Friday being substituted for Thursday, commencing from Monday next, the 14th inst. The Trustees have found this alteration necessary in order to facilitate the attendance in the Gymnasium of the Junior Section, and it is hoped it will not inconvenience the Senior Members of the Gymnasium. The Annual Gymnastic Competition, open to Members of the Palace only, will take place sometime in March next.

ALBERT E. JACOBS, Hon. Secs.
F. A. HUNTER,

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

The funeral of Mr. Shaw Constable, our late Secretary, who died early on the morning of January 1st, 1889, took place last Sunday afternoon, at Bow Cemetery. The funeral, which comprised an open car and one carriage, left Rutland Street at half-past two. Two wreaths were placed upon his coffin—which was of polished oak—one kindly sent by Sir Edmund Currie, and the other by the Beaumont Trustees. It was decided, as a special mark of respect for the deceased, that our Band should play the Dead March; and as we were not permitted to play inside the cemetery, the Band took up its position outside the gates, and commenced playing immediately the hearse came in sight—at three o'clock. A large number of friends had been awaiting the arrival of the funeral, with the intention of adding their own tribute of respect and sympathy to the memory of the deceased, who was respected by everyone with whom he came in contact. Amongst the many persons present, I noticed Mr. Shaw, Mr. W. Marshall, and many others. The remains of our late *confrère* were carried from the hearse to their last resting place by six Members of the Band, viz., Messrs. Kettle, Connor, Kerr, Hadleigh, Reid, and Cottrell.—Owing to the unavoidable absence of our Band-master, Mr. Erskin conducted.—It is to be much regretted that our first public appearance outside the People's Palace should have been on such a sorrowful occasion. On Sunday, also, Mr. Alfred Hollins played the Dead March twice in the Queen's Hall.

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec., *pro tem.*

Paper.—It seems strange that paper, in many respects the flimsiest in texture of all products, should be capable of being used as a building material. Yet so it is, for in Atlanta (Georgia) a paper house has recently been erected. No wood, brick, iron, or other material is used about the building. It is a neat little store, or shop as we would call it in England, and was built by a Frenchman, who is an agent for the invention. Rafters, roof, flooring, and other parts are all made of thick compressed paper-boards, impervious to water, and as durable as wood. This material is also less liable to catch fire than a wooden building.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S FETE
AND
GRAND ARCTIC FAIR.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT
GIVEN

ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1889.

ARTISTES :

MISS E. HOWARD FARMER

AND

MR. ARTHUR WESTON.

ACCOMPANIST - MR. J. BROMLEY.

Musical Director - MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS

(By permission of COLONEL STRACEY).

CONDUCTOR - MR. EDWARD HOLLAND.

At 6.30 p.m.,

A GRAND ORGAN RECITAL.

Organist—Mr. E. H. LEMARE
(Organist of the Parish Church, Sheffield).

1. MARCHE CORTEGE Gounod.
2. SERENATA Braga.
3. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN A MINOR Bach.
4. VORSPIEL "PARSIFAL" Wagner.
5. GAVOTTE "LA POMPADOUR" L'Estrange.
6. CONCERT FANTASIA (Plezel's German Hymn) Lemare.
7. SELECTION "Carmen" Bizet.

At EIGHT p.m.

1. WEDDING MARCH. From "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn.
2. OVERTURE to Rossini's "Stabat Mater." (Dedicated in homage to the great composer, by Mercadante.)
3. SONG "A Dear Wife" A. C. Mackenzie.
MISS E. HOWARD FARMER.
It's vera weel through-out the day,
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway
Wi-oot a wife, wi-oot a wife.
But it's anither thing at night,
When snaw falls fast and sharp winds bite,
To sit alane by candle light,
Wi-oot a wife, wi-oot a wife.
It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true, and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang thro' life-nae fear,
Wi-oot a wife, wi-oot a wife.
But clouds may come the skies athwart,
Lasses may marry frien's maun part,
Wha then will cheer your sadden'd heart,
Like a dear wee wife, a dear wee wife.
It's vera weel when young and hale,
But when ye're auld, and crazed and frail,
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,
Ye'll want a wife, ye'll want a wife.
But may be then the lassies dear
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer,
Because ye're cranky, old, and sere,
Ye'll get nae wife, ye'll get nae wife.
Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon,
Rise up and seek about the toon,
And get Heav'n's greatest earthly boon,
A wee bit wife, a wee bit wife.
4. SELECTION .. "Lieder ohne Worte" Mendelssohn.
(Songs without Words.)
5. NEW SONG "Margarita" F. N. Lohr.
MR. ARTHUR WESTON.
She passed along the dark old street,
Margarita!
Heaven shed its moonlight at her feet,
Margarita!

O dancing eyes! O soft brown hair!
Was ever rose in Heaven so fair?
And, O my heart, I lov'd her so,
Long ago, long ago,

Margarita!
The sea was lapping sweet and fair,
Margarita!

We floated from the marble stair,
Margarita!

O dancing waves! O night divine!
O dark true eyes that look'd in mine!
O lips that whisper'd soft and low,
Long ago! Long ago!

Margarita!
I passed along thy moonlit street,
Margarita!

I listen for thy singing sweet,
Margarita!

I only find a darkened place,
White lilies round thy pale, pale face,
And thou art gone from me, I know,
With all the light of long ago!

But in the night upon the sea,
Margarita!

Out of the stars thou callest me,
Margarita!

I hear thy voice, I see thee there,
Thou waitest on the golden stair!
And thou art mine, the same I know
My only love of long ago!

6. POLONAISE "Maskew" Faust.
7. AUSTRIAN HYMN, with Haydn's Variations.
8. SONG "Ora Pro Nobis" Piccolomini.
MISS E. HOWARD FARMER.
Out of the dark and dreary street;
Out of the cold and driving sleet;
Into the church the folk had gone,
Leaving the orphan child alone.
Tatter'd and so forlorn was she,
They cross'd themselves as they pass'd,
To see so fair a child in that grievous plight,
On such a relentless and stormy night!
Ora pro nobis.
Banned by the hoot of the churlish owl,
Into the lone churchyard she stole;
Over the grave where her mother lay,
Clasping her hands, she knelt to pray:—
"Mott'er! if thou in Heav'n canst hear
Thine orphan breathing her mournful pray'r,
Oh, take thy child! Oh, take thy child!
Oh, take thy child to thyself again!"
The worshippers answered in sweet refrain:—
Ora pro nobis.
Into the cold and driving sleet;
Into the dark and dreary street;
Out of the church the people came,
Starting, aghast! as the sombre flame
Fell on the frail and slender form
Which knelt unmoved by the moaning storm;
For while they prayed, the angels had come,
And taken the soul of the orphan home.
Ora pro nobis.
9. SOLO CORNET .. "Ave Maria" Gounod.
(Adapted from Bach's 1st Prelude.)
MR. AUGUSTUS LEWIS.
10. OLD BALLAD .. "The Anchor's Weighed" Braham.
MR. ARTHUR WESTON.
The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break; a little moment stay,
Alas! I cannot, I cannot part from thee,
The Anchor's weighed!
Farewell! farewell! remember me."
"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix my heart like thine!"
"Go then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind,
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind!"
"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be;
The anchor's weighed,
Farewell! farewell! remember me."
11. SELECTION .. "The Old Guard" Planquette.
12. POLKA "The Dragoons" Fahrback.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

SHE was dressed for the afternoon in a pink chintz, with a pink-and-white-flowered apron, of the kind which covers the whole front of the dress; round her neck she had a white lace ruffle. All the morning she had been at work about the house and the poultry-yard, yet now she looked as if she had not done a stroke of hard work all day, so cool, so quiet, and so dainty was she to look upon. Her hands—not, to be sure, so white and so small as those of a countess—were brown but not coarse; and her face, though she was out in all weathers, was not burnt or freckled. Yet in her eyes there was a world of trouble. She was troubled for others, not for herself; she was suffering, as some women suffer all their lives, from the dangers which hung over and threatened her lover. You will find out, presently, that these were very real and terrible dangers, and that his life, and therefore hers, was menaced with shipwreck, imminent and unavoidable.

Daniel Leighan awoke at half-past four. Generally, the waking from an afternoon nap is a gentle and a gradual process: first a roll of the head, then a half-opening of the eyes, next a movement of the feet and hands, before full life and consciousness return. This afternoon Daniel Leighan, who had been sleeping quite peacefully and restfully, awoke suddenly with a cry, and sat upright in his chair, clutching the arms, his eyes rolling in horror and amazement.

"Mary!" he cried, and then the horror passed out of his face, and his eyes expressed wonder and bewilderment only. The girl, who was sitting at the window, work in hand, was at his side in a moment.

"Mary!" he gasped and panted, and his words came painfully, "I saw him—I saw him—the man who robbed me. I saw him plain—and I have forgotten—I have forgotten! It was—oh! I knew just now—I have forgotten, Mary!"

"Patience, uncle; patience." Mary patted and smoothed the pillows into their places. "Another time you will remember; you are sure to remember, if the dream only comes again. Lie down again and think."

He obeyed, and she covered his head again with his silk handkerchief, which sometimes soothes into slumber if the silk is soft enough. He had started from his sleep, as if stung into wakefulness by the recollection of something horrible and painful: and his dream had vanished from his memory, leaving not a trace behind. With such trouble did King Nebuchadnezzar awake, to find his dream unintelligible; but the terror left—and the foreboding. Mary saw the terror; but she knew nothing of the foreboding. Yet her uncle's mind was filled with anxious fears springing out of this vision. She saw the rolling eyes, the clutching of the chair-arms, and the look of bewilderment; but she only thought her uncle was startled, like a child, in his sleep, and crying out, like a child, for help when there was no danger. He lay still for a few moments while she stood beside him and watched. Then he tore off the handkerchief and sat up again.

"It is quite gone," he said in despair: "I have lost the clue. Yet I saw him—oh! I saw him, clear and distinct—the man who robbed me. And while I was going to cry out his name—just as I had his name upon my lips—I awoke and forgot him."

"If it comes again," said Mary, incredulous in spite of her words, "you will be sure to remember. Perhaps it will come again. Patience, uncle."

"Patience! when I had the clue? Patience! when I could follow up the robber and tear my papers out of his hands. Patience!—don't be a fool, Mary!"

"Well, uncle, if it has gone, and you can't bring it back again, try to forget that it ever came: that is the wisest thing to do. You shall have your tea, and then you will feel better."

"Mary"—he turned to her piteously—"it is cruelly hard. Can't you remember? Think. Perhaps I talked in my sleep—some men do. Have you never heard me say anything—call someone by name? If I had only the least little clue I should remember."

"Why, uncle, how should I remember?"

"It came back to me—all so clear—so clear and plain. And I have forgotten. Oh! Mary, my money—my money!"

"Yes, uncle. But it is six years ago, nearly, and you have done very well since. And it is not as if you had lost all your money. Why, you have prospered while all the rest have been doing so badly. You must think of that."

"Lost all my money?" he repeated testily; "of course I've not lost all. As if a man could bear to lose a single

penny of the money that he has spent his life in saving. Do you know what I have lost, girl?" She knew very well, because he told her every day. "There were bonds and coupons in the bag to the sum of near upon a hundred and fifty pounds a year—nearly three thousand pounds they meant. As for the share certificates, they didn't matter; but coupons—coupons, Mary; do you hear?—payable only to the bearer—a hundred and fifty pounds a year—a hundred and fifty pounds a year!—near three thousand pounds!" His voice rose to a shriek, and suddenly dropped again to a moan. "Three thousand pounds! Payable to the bearer, and I haven't got them to present! If I were a young man of thirty I might recover the loss; but I am old now, and I can never hope to make it up—never hope to make it up again."

It was six years since that loss had occurred; but this wail over the lost money was raised nearly every day, and almost in the same words, so that the girl felt little sympathy now with the bereavement of her uncle.

"It was six o'clock when I left Ashburton." The girl had also heard this story so often that her interest in the details had become numbed. "Six o'clock when I started to ride home. I had seventy pounds in gold upon me: fifty pounds in one bag and twenty in another; my tin box in a blue bag was round my neck, and it was filled with securities and bonds and share certificates. 'Better leave 'em here, Mr. Leighan,' said Fennell, the bank manager. I wish I had! I wish I had, Mary! But I was headstrong, and would have everything in my own strong box under my own eye. So I refused, and rode off with them. At half-past seven—it was dark then—I rode into Widdicombe. There I pulled up. I well remember that I stopped there and had a glass of brandy-and-water. It was brandy-and-water hot; and they tried to make it weak, but I wouldn't be cheated. And then I rode on. I remember riding on. And then—then—" At this point he paused, because here his brain began to wander, and his memory played him tricks.

"At Widdicombe, uncle, you must have paid somebody twenty pounds and left your bag of papers; and now you can't remember who it was."

"No child; no. I paid away no money at all in Widdicombe, except fourpence for the brandy-and-water. Why should I? There was nothing owing to anybody. Why should I leave a box full of securities and bonds in the hands of anyone when I refused to leave them in the bank? Was I ever a foolhardy person that I should trust anybody with property of that kind?"

"No," said Mary. "It is difficult to understand why you should do so."

"The landlady—she's a respectable widow woman, and it's only right that she should be near with her brandy—she bears me out. She remembers my paying the fourpence and riding away. After that I remember nothing. Why have I forgotten the ride through the lanes under Honeybag? Why don't I remember passing through Hewedstone Gate to the open down? Yet I remember nothing more. Mind you, I won't have it said in my hearing that I ever gave anybody anything or that I left my bag lying about like a fool. Yet when George Sidcote picked me up, the bag was gone, and twenty pounds had gone, too—twenty pounds!"

"Well, but, uncle, consider: you had seventy pounds in gold in your purse and only twenty were taken. If it had been a thief he would surely have taken the whole, and your loose silver as well as your watch and chain. Why, all those were left."

"I don't know. Perhaps he thought the bag of papers would satisfy him. How do I know? What made me fall off the pony? I never fell off the pony before. If I found Balaam I would make that old pony tell me who found me lying in the road and robbed me. Fell off the pony!—how in the world did I come to fall off the pony? I wasn't drunk, girl; nobody ever saw Daniel Leighan drunk. I wish I was Balaam—I wish I was—just for five minutes—to have a few words with the pony."

"You must have given the twenty pounds to somebody in Ashburton or Widdicombe, with the bag of papers. Everybody says so."

"I didn't, then! I felt the bag round my neck when I rode out of Widdicombe—the bag round my neck and the money in my pocket. Do you think I should not remember if I had paid away twenty pounds—twenty pounds!—do you think I shouldn't have taken a receipt, and the bill and the receipt both in my pocket? Twenty pounds—twenty pounds!—one would think the sovereigns grew in the hedge like the roses."

"Well, uncle, but think: every day you trouble your poor head about it, and nothing comes of it; why not try to forget the loss? Think what a prosperous man you have been all your life. Think what your property is now, though you

began with only one farm: money in the bank, and money invested and all; everybody talking about your good fortune. You should be thinking of what you have, not what you have lost."

"Go on; go on. Easy for a girl like you to talk. There's that difference with a woman that she only enjoys the spending; while a man—he heaved a deep sigh and did not complete the sentence. "Oh, Mary!" he reached out his long bony fingers and made as if he were raking in the gold, "to think—only to think!—of the pleasure I have had in making the money! It was little by little, not all at once. No, no; I saw my way, and I waited. I laid my plans, and I had patience. Be sure that not a field have I got but I worked and planned for it. The world is full of fools: weak men who have no business with property; men without grip; men who just hold on till somebody comes and gives 'em a shove off. Your cousin David was such a fool, Mary."

Mary said nothing. Her cousin David was doubtless a great fool, but people said unkind things about her uncle's conduct towards him.

"If I had not secured his property someone else would. It is still in the family, which ought to be a great comfort to him, wherever he has gone. George Sidcote is another—well, he isn't exactly a fool, like David; but he doesn't get on—he doesn't get on. I fear very much—"

"Uncle, spare him!"

"Because he wants to marry you, child! Is that a reason for interfering with the course of business? When the pear is ripe it will drop!—if not into my mouth into some other man's. Business before love, Mary."

"If I could give him my fortune he would be out of his difficulties."

"Your fortune, Mary? Where is it? What fortune? You have none unless you marry with my consent. Your fortune? Why, it depends upon me whether you ever get it. I don't say that I shall never consent. Show me the right man—not a spendthrift, Mary."

"George is no spendthrift."

"Nor a sporting and betting man."

"George is not a sporting and betting man."

"Nor a man in debt."

"If George is in debt it is not his fault."

"A substantial man, and one who knows the worth of money: bring that man along, and we will see. If not—well, Mary, I am getting on for seventy, and I can't last for ever, and perhaps—perhaps, I say—I shall leave you my money when I die. You can wait till then. Six thousand pounds is a tremendous great lump to part with, when a man is not obliged to part with it. And I am not obliged to give my consent. No, no; and after I've lost three thousand—three thousand! Besides, you're comfortable here; what do you want to marry for? what's the good of marrying? Better stay at home and save money. I give you your board and your lodging, Mary, while you are here, for nothing; and your clothing, too—yes; your clothing." He spoke as if many young people had to go without.

Mary interrupted with a little laugh.

"Yes, uncle, I know." She laughed, thinking how much her uncle had given her for dress in the last year or two. Now, since a girl may make up her own things, but cannot very well make the chintz, cambric, and stuff itself, gossiping people often wondered how Mary managed to dress so well and prettily. Perhaps the fowls helped her, or the pigs.

"Well, uncle, but if I do marry without your consent, you will have to give the money to my cousin David."

"Yes, yes; of course. What's the good of telling me that? But David is dead, no doubt, by this time; and then the money must remain with me, of course"—the will did not say so. "But you won't do that, Mary; you'll never be so wicked as to do that. Besides, if you did, David's accounts with me have never been made up—that is, properly made up—and I don't doubt that when we come to look into them it will be found that he owes me a great deal still—a great deal of money still. I was very soft—foolishly soft—with David."

Mary made no reply. Her uncle had been, indeed, soft with David; so soft that he had sold him up and turned him out, and now possessed his land.

Mr. Leighan sighed heavily, no doubt over his foolish softness, and became silent. It was not often that he talked so much with his niece.

Six years before this, about half-past nine one evening in the autumn of the year 1880, George Sidcote, walking home, found Mr. Leighan lying in the middle of the road on Heytree Down. His pony was grazing quietly beside him, close to the road, and he was lying on his back senseless, with an ugly

wound in his head, the scar of which would never leave him. He had fallen, apparently, from his pony, and, as farmers do not generally get such ugly falls when they ride home at night, the general conclusion was that he must have been drunk to fall so heavily and to fall upon his head. No suspicion of violence or robbery was entertained: first, because no one ever heard of violence at Challacombe; and, secondly, because he had not apparently been robbed. So, at least, it seemed to those who carried him home, for his pockets were full of money and his watch and chain had not been taken.

For three days and three nights Daniel Leighan lay speechless and senseless, and but for a faint pulse he seemed dead. When he recovered consciousness, the first questions he asked were concerning a certain tin box containing papers which he declared was hanging in a bag from his neck. Now, of that tin box no one knew anything. Presently, when he counted his money, he swore that he was twenty pounds short.

I am sorry to say that no one believed him. That is to say, there was no doubt that he had taken that box from the bank, because the manager knew of it. But in his drunken fit—people were quite sure that he must have been drunk—he must have dropped the thing somewhere, or put it some where: it would be found some day. Time passed on, but that box was not found. And the loss, the inconvenience and the trouble resulting from its loss were frightful. To begin with, there were coupons of municipal bonds and such securities, things only paid to bearer, and never replaced if lost, representing investments to the amount of nearly three thousand pounds. The whole of this money, with its yearly interest, gone, unless the box should be found—clean gone. Is it wonderful that Daniel Leighan went mad, and tore his hair only to think of this terrible blow? Other papers there were, share certificates and so forth, which could be replaced by payment of a fee, but the coupons could not be replaced. Their payment could be stopped, but without presentation there was no payment possible.

Perhaps it was the agony of mind caused by this loss, perhaps the blow upon his head, which caused the paralysis of his legs. This affliction fell upon him a month or so after the accident. Then they put him in his chair beside his table and propped him up with pillows, and he went abroad no more. But his brain was as clear as before, his will as strong, and his purpose as determined.

"Take your tea, uncle," said Mary, "and try to think no more of your horrid dream."

CHAPTER IV.—CHALLACOMBE-BY-THE-MOOR.

THE village of Challacombe is known by sight to those excursionists from Teignmouth, Dawlish, or Torquay, who take the train to Bovey Tracey, and then go up by the char à-bancs—locally called "cherrybanks"—to Hey Tor and back; because, on the way, they pass through a little bit of Challacombe. It is also known to the people who take lodgings at Chagford for August, in the belief that they are going to be upon Dartmoor. Once during their stay it is considered necessary to drive over to Challacombe. They do this, and when they have arrived, they get out, stand upon the green, and gaze around. Then they either climb up the Tor, which rises just beyond the green, or they go to John Exon's inn for a cup of tea, or they get into the trap again and are driven away, under the impression that they have seen Challacombe. The village green, however, is not the parish of Challacombe. Again, there are two or three farm-houses scattered about in the great parish, where lodgings can be procured: and those who take them for the season, if they are good walkers and do not mind roads which cannot show one single level foot, or hot lanes which are deep and narrow, and run between high hedges of rose, blackberry, honeysuckle, and holly, which keep out the air—after six or seven weeks of exploration and research, allow themselves rashly to boast that they know Challacombe. But no; after a second visit, or a third, they are fain to confess that, of all the places they have ever visited, Challacombe is the hardest to know, and takes the longest time to learn.

This being so, no one will expect me to describe the place. Besides, it is so far from the ordinary track, so remote from fashion, so little adapted for visitors, that it would be cruel to tempt strangers there. Let them be contented with a glimpse of the green from the cherrybank or the Chagford pony-carriage, just as the fashionable world which talks so much of art is contented with one single glimpse of the walls of the Royal Academy on the afternoon of the private view.

(To be continued.)

Palace and Institute Notes.

THE First Annual Assault-at-Arms and Novices' Boxing Competitions of the Palace Amateur Boxing Club will be held in the Gymnasium on Monday, January 21st, at 7.30 p.m., under the A.B.A. Rules. Admission, 3d.; Institute Members, 2d.

PRESSURE on space only has hitherto precluded my giving a notice of the "open night," held by Mr. Hasluck's pupils, sometime in December last. Without a programme to hand, and with only my memory—a treacherous one at the best!—to guide me, I cannot, of course, be expected to sample the merits or demerits of each particular individual performer. Suffice it to say that, on the whole, the evening was profitable to pupils and public alike: the former being in good form, and the latter, in a high state of appreciation, crowding the Swimming-bath to overflowing. Miss Marks, who opened the entertainment with a recitation in her usual careful manner, quickly won the golden opinions of those present, and paved the way happily enough for those who were to follow her. Of these, several were new-comers, who, suffering more or less from intense nervousness, were but indifferently good in their respective recitals. One gentleman, whose name I forget, was ill-advised enough to introduce a new feature—in the form of a hard-hearted lecture—into the entertainment: which, unfortunately, was so strictly moral in its severity, that the audience looked extremely bored, and testified the same in the usual manner. I, for one, particularly pray Mr. Hasluck that such sweetness may not again be permitted to be wasted on the desert air. Among the most successful of the entertainers, were our old friend Hargreaves (in his own moustache this time); Miss L. Forrow, with Clement Scott's "Warriors of the Sea"; Miss Risley, even better, perhaps, than heretofore; Miss Simons, with something pathetic: she had better cleave unto comedy—being born of it; Havard, to whom, on the programme, the same old injustice was done, by printing his name "Howard," whereas his godfathers and godmothers can solemnly affirm, 'tis H-a-v-a-r-d; Lytton, who showed rare humour and a rich brogue in something laughable and Hibernian; Munro, fresh from the land-o'-cakes, forcible and earnest; and Hon. Sec. Gray, who played,—in conjunction with Miss C. Forrow and Miss Pritchard,—capitally in a trifle called, if I remember rightly: "The Mother-in-Law." This little sketch,—the author of which, alas! was not announced!—seemed to afford much amusement to kind friends in front, who laughed and applauded whenever occasion demanded: and seemed particularly tickled at the "make-up" of Miss Forrow. On dit that at the next "open night," some three or four weeks hence, we are to have the "Closet Scene"—I hope in costume?—from "Hamlet"; with Munro as the Dane, and Miss Forrow as her husband's brother's wife. But who is to be the Polonius—Arthur Reeve? This is a right move: and will, I hope, be but the forerunner of other Shakespearean selections. When are we to have, Mr. Hasluck, the "Trial Scene" from "The Merchant of Venice"?—or, failing that, the "Othello" selection: with yourself as Iago—given so capitally last Thursday evening at the Steinway Hall? This scene, obviously selected for the purpose of introducing Mr. R. Carrington Willis, went admirably enough: for although the Othello of the *débutant* was hardly up to the mark, the Emilia of Mrs. Hasluck was excellently rendered, and greatly helped to ensure success. I saw a number of our Palace Elocutionists present, who, I am sure, will agree with me, that Mr. Willis's particular *forte* lies in the more humorous selections: as witness "His First and Last Appearance," etc.

TICKETS for admittance to the course of Lectures on Ambulance (for men only) may be obtained on application at the Schools' Enquiry Office, price 6d. each. The series (George Stoker, Esq., M.D., Lecturer) will be commenced on Tuesday, January 15th, at 8.15 p.m.

PARIS TRIP.—Arrangements have been made to take our Palace Members (male) to the Great Exhibition at Paris during the present year. The cost of the excursion, including railway fares to and from Paris, and sleeping and boarding accommodation whilst there, will be £2 10s. per week, or £4 for the fortnight; during the July fête week the charge will be £3 per week. Weekly or monthly instalments will be received, if necessary: this arrangement, however, being

entirely optional. Students in the French classes can also join the party at special rates. All subscriptions received, names booked, and further information given, every Monday night, by Mr. A. E. Were, at the Technical Schools' Office. Next week I hope to give the list of intending excursionists, and the vacancies in the different weeks throughout the season.

THE funeral of Mr. Shaw Constable, late Secretary to the Palace Military Band, who died on the morning of the 1st January, took place on Sunday afternoon at Bow Cemetery. Many of the *confrères* of the deceased assembled to pay their last respects outside the cemetery gates, and as the hearse came in sight, commenced playing the Dead March in "Saul." The polished oak coffin—bearing a wreath from Sir Edmund Currie, and another from the Beaumont Trustees—was borne to its last resting place by representatives of the Military Band: by whom the deceased, for his kindness of disposition and unflagging energy, was held in high esteem. The Palace Staff and Institute were each largely represented. The Dead March was given twice during the day in the Queen's Hall by the Palace Organist, Mr. Alfred Hollins.

THE Annual Social Evenings for the benefit of the Palace Institute will be commenced on Monday evening next, in the Queen's Hall. Tickets may be obtained on application to the General Offices; and the Committee hope that every Member taking a ticket will also purchase a programme. Morning dress only. The Dramatic Club will supplement the attractions by performances in the adjoining Lecture Hall.

SUB-ED.

The Land of Dreams.

I AM going to move to the Land of Dreams
As soon as ever I may!
This sneaking over by night, meseems,
And leaving at peep o' day,
Is one of our silliest human schemes—
So now I am going to stay!

Why waken at all to my exile long,
To faces unloved and cold,
Where never my lips can fit to a song,
Where ever my heart grows old,
When it's just as easy—and can't be wrong—
To live in that Land of Gold?

I was there last night for an hour or two—
The sweetest I ever passed;
I sat in the garden again with you,
And my breath came thick and fast,
When you whispered, blushing, that now you knew
The meaning of love at last.

But then the sun, like a meddlesome clown,
Climbed grinning above the sky:
My castle in Dreamland came tumbling down,
And tumbling down came I—
Just as I bent for a kiss to crown
My longing, with none to spy.

And that is why I am bound to go
And rent me a dream-house there;
For there you'll be waiting for me, I know,
As blushing and fond and fair;
And we'll live and love in the Dreamland glow,
The width of the world from care!

C. F. LUMMIS.—In America.

Gymnasium.—The Dinner (confined to those Members of the Gymnasium who have been taking part in the recent displays) will take place in the Music-room, late Swimming-bath, on Wednesday next, the 16th inst. Dinner on the table at 8 p.m. sharp; after which a Smoking-concert will be held, to which all Members of the Gymnasium will be admitted on presentation of their Locker Ticket at the door.—H. H. BURDETT, Director.

Calendar of the Week.

January 9th.—The Emperor Napoleon III. died this day in the year 1873: it is sixteen years ago. Yet it seems but yesterday that the French Empire went to pieces in smoke and flame, with the death of a quarter of a million of gallant men, and the abasement of a proud country. Let us never forget that the events of 1870-71 may be entirely reversed in the next war. There are no more splendid soldiers in the world than the French, but they want good leaders. The Emperor, who was even then greatly broken by the disease which afterwards killed him, was never a general at all, and he was surrounded by commonplace men no match at all for the brilliant genius of Von Moltke. We, in England, had no great reason to love the Emperor, yet he was popular with us in some ways. And now there has been a Republic in France for eighteen years, and the time has come for another change. The power of the first Napoleon lasted for about eighteen years: in fifteen years more there was another Revolution: another eighteen years afterwards, the Third Napoleon had a run of eighteen years: and now there seems every chance of another Revolution. It was Alfred De Musset who used to ask his servant, every morning, what sort of weather it was, and what form of government he was to acknowledge during the day.

January 10th.—On this day the Penny Post was introduced: it was in the year 1840. Before that the expense of sending letters was so considerable that people used to send them open by travellers on the stage coaches: they wrote on thin paper: they crossed their letters—whoever sees a letter crossed now? To save weight they managed to fold the letter without an envelope: and they crammed as much as they could into one letter. All these things were remedied by the Penny Post. On the other hand it destroyed the art of letter writing: everybody began to write little notes sent in envelopes. Sealing wax and wafers have disappeared. And where a man of business then spent a shilling in postage, he now spends a sovereign.

January 11th.—Here begin the Hilary Law Sittings.

January 12th.—On this day, two years ago, died Lord Iddeleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, a most honest and honourable statesman, esteemed and regretted by his political enemies as well as by his friends. Let us pray that the statesmen of this country may always continue as disinterested and as honourable as Sir Stafford.

January 13th.—St. Hilary. This saint, who gives his name to a Law Term, was Bishop of Poitiers in the fourth century. He worked a vast quantity of miracles: snakes especially were much afraid of him. This day is also that of another saint, whose name nobody would know if I set it down. He had a pleasing habit of doing without matches or flint and steel. He would gather a bunch of green branches, and blow upon them, when they instantly burst into a flame.

January 14th.—Oxford Lent Term begins. Why the schools begin after the University Terms one does not know. Do schoolboys need longer vacations than students?

January 15th.—On this day, in the year 1759, the British Museum was opened. The house in which it was at first commenced was called Montagu House. Fields stretched away at the back, unbroken by houses, to Primrose Hill, Belsize, and Hampstead. In the field immediately behind Montagu House was the favourite place for duels; many a fatal duel has been fought on that ground now covered with houses.

A little to the east stood Bedford House, the seat of the Duke of Bedford. It occupied the whole of what is now the north part of Bloomsbury Square. The Museum at first consisted of the collections made by Sir Hans Sloane, a great physician and naturalist, who bequeathed his treasures to the nation.

January 16th.—On this day, in the year 1599, died one of the greatest of English poets, Edmund Spenser.

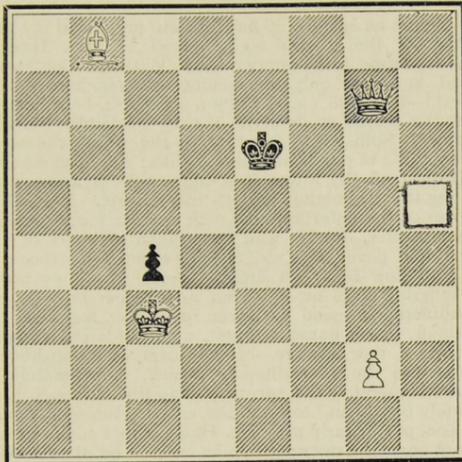
On this day, or the next, may be said to end the short days of winter. The day has now so far lengthened that the sun rises before eight and does not set until nearly half-past four, so that practically it is light from seven until five; in other words, we can do the whole of the day's work by daylight. Charles Lamb is the only man who ever objected to long days, on the ground of the very few hours they leave for candlelight.

Our Chess Column.

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

PROBLEM No. 6.

By H. CUDMORE.
Black 2 pieces.



White 4 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions and criticisms are invited.

All communications intended for publication in the next issue must reach us on or before the previous Wednesday.

GAME No. 4.

The following lively skirmish occurred in a recent match:—
SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>WHITE.
(Mr. N—)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B3 3. P to Q4 4. B to QB4 5. Kt to K5 6. Kt takes BP 7. B takes Kt (ch) 8. B to Kt3 9. Castles 10. P to QB3 11. Q to Q2? 12. Q to K2 13. Q to B2 14. Q to Kt8 (ch) 15. Q takes R 16. Q takes KtP 17. Q takes P (ch) 18. Q to B7 (ch) 19. B takes Q 20. R to K5q 21. Kt to Q2 22. P to Kt4 23. K to RSq | <p>BLACK.
(Mr. E. J. Smith.)</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P to K4 2. Kt to QB3 3. P takes P 4. B to B4 5. Kt to KR3 6. Kt takes Kt 7. K to BSq (a) 8. Q to B3 9. P to Q3 10. P to KR4 11. R to R3 12. B to Kt5 13. R to Kt3 (b) 14. K to K2 15. B to R6 16. B takes KtP (c) 17. K to BSq 18. Q takes Q 19. K takes B 20. Kt to K4 (d) 21. Kt to Q6 (e) 22. B to R6 (dis. ch) 23. Kt takes P mate (f) |
|---|--|

- (a) The usual continuation is (7) K takes B, (8) Q to R5 (ch) etc.
 (b) A sound and brilliant reply.
 (c) This threatens mate, but Black has a forced win in five moves: thus (16) R takes P (ch), (17) K to RSq, (17) R to Kt2 (ch)! (18) K takes R, (18) Q to Kt3 (ch), (19) B to Kt5, (19) Q takes B (ch), (20) K to RSq, (20) Q to Kt7 mate. If (18) R takes R (18) Q to B6 (ch), (19) R to Kt2, (19) Q takes R mate.
 (d) Again threatening mate.
 (e) This move wins in every variation.
 (f) A very neat finish.

SOLUTION TO No. 2.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q to Q5 2. Mates accordingly | <p>BLACK.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Any move. |
|--|--|

SOLUTION TO No. 3.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Kt to B2 2. Mates accordingly | <p>BLACK.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Any move. |
|---|--|

Solutions to No. 3 received from E. J. Smith, W. V. Evans, J. T. Hill (also No. 2), T. G. Dixon (exceedingly neat, variations all good), A. E. Hopwood, Ixion (a good problem, well constructed, no duals, mates pure), F. Havrill, J. Graves, J. Cosh, R. T. Hood, and G. J. Powell.

J. GRAVES.—Solutions may be sent on post-cards.

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See Illustrations and Articles in the 'QUEEN,' Nov. 17th, 1888.

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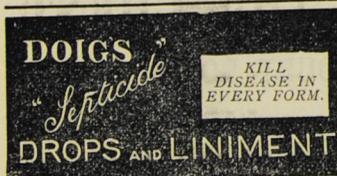
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