

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. III.—No. 69.]

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid.

## Coming Events.

- THURSDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.
- FRIDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Literary Society.—General Meeting, at 8.15. Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- SATURDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Concert, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7. Ramblers.—Tea and Social Evening, at 6. Football Club.—First XI., at Wanstead; Second XI., at Wanstead. Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7. Harriers (Junior Section).—Run out, at 6. Cycling Club.—Opening run to Woodford, at 4.
- SUNDAY.—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4. Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Shorthand Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8. Sketching Club.—Monthly Exhibition of Sketches. Popular Entertainment in Lecture Hall, at 8. Admission 2d.
- TUESDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Parliament.—Usual sitting, at 8. Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7. Choral Society.—Rehearsals, at 7.30 and 8.45. Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Concert, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Dramatic Club.—Rehearsal, at 8.

June 15th to June 22nd .. ..	Two Vacancies.
August 17th to August 24th .. ..	One Vacancy.
September 7th to September 14th .. ..	Six Vacancies.
September 14th to September 21st .. ..	Eight ..

It will thus be seen that eight vacancies have been filled up since the last issue of this paper, and with the weather clearing and spring approaching, one cannot predict a long life for the remaining eighteen, so that early application is advisable. A letter appears in another column, with reference to the very desirable association of Members composing the several detachments, before starting, and the Club Secretaries will probably act upon it.

SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE, who is enjoying admirable weather at Nice, intends, all being well, to be with us on Monday next.

THERE is a great future before our Junior Section, I am certain. These youths are of a very clubbable age, and will grow into a grand nucleus for our future Institute. There is very little spare space in this paper, but I should be glad to hear a little more of their Club doings, if the notes come early, and are written on one side of the paper only.

THE SUB-EDITOR.

## Notes of the Week.

I WAS sorry to shake hands—I hope not for the last time—with Mr. Knight, who has acted as Sub-Editor to this Journal since its commencement. He leaves many who regret his departure, and has made many warm friends at the Palace. I trust that although he has ceased to be our Sub-Editor, we shall often see him amongst us.

I HOPE that the Hon. Secretaries of our Clubs will remember that our space is limited, and that we want the Journal to contain a brief, but impartial Chronicle of all the Clubs and Societies, the work and the play, of the Palace. Therefore we must ask that the reports may be short as is consistent with the record of everything important.

VISITING the Library a few days ago in the morning, I found the place very fairly filled for the time of day. A few inquiries enabled me to understand that it was much too fairly filled, because a large number of those present were young men out of work. Could any subject or subjects be suggested which these young men could study for their own subsequent advantage? We hope before long to have the Library well supplied with trade and technical books, but many of the unemployed seemed to belong to trades on which no books exist and where no instruction can be conveyed in books. For instance, one was a carter, and another a packer of patent medicines. What can be recommended to young men out of work as a profitable study?

By a very happy coincidence, in the very same week that I gave a brief account of the Blue Coat School, there has appeared in the *Graphic* a series of pictures of the place and its various parts. I hope the Ramblers will look at the pictures, and then, bearing in mind the old Grey Friars' Monastery and Church, will visit the place. Also, I am glad to learn, that they have already visited several places in London. This week I have begun to arrange a few notes upon Thames Street, which may interest them. To me, it is the most interesting street in the whole of London.

THE great event of the week cannot be ignored. Fortunately, it may be treated without reference to politics, because the famous Letters are only part of the case submitted to the Commission. Also, it is fortunate that we are all agreed in heaping contempt and execration upon the head of one wretched man. But the whole case is surrounded by mysteries. Being such as the man Pigott was, with such a record of treachery, forgery, and falsehood, why did he not run away before he was placed in the witness-box? Why did he go and make a confession before he ran away? Was he struck with remorse? And why did not the people who employed him ascertain something about his character, which now appears to have been well-known? And why did he go to confess to Mr. Labouchere? And how did these private letters of his, addressed confidentially to an Archbishop of his Church, get into Court? And why did not Mr. Houston tell the *Times'* solicitor that Mr. Pigott was a queer customer? And people are asking why, since he is so great a liar, is his confessions to be believed? It now seems true that the end has been brought about by that revolver shot in Madrid, and certainly no suicide ever had better justification.

I do not know that any novelist has ever ventured to invent such a character as Richard Pigott—traitor to all sides—liar to everybody—ready and willing to sell himself and to make any statement for money. For you see, when

such a man is found out, there is not a single soul on the whole face of the habitable globe who will take pity on him. Not the Proprietors of the *Times*, for he has deceived them and betrayed them; not the Parnellites, for he has deceived them and betrayed them. For the rest of his life, however long it might have been prolonged, no one would have helped such a man: no one would have employed him: contempt, loathing, hatred, would have been his portion from everybody. He was so clever that he must have known this. And yet he went into the witness box! And then, having sworn that he did not forge the letters, he goes to the house of a gentleman who has nothing to do with the case, and of his own free will and accord he confesses that he did forge them. Now, if he had gone back to the witness-box and persisted in his perjury, the counsel on the other side might have proved him to be a very accomplished liar and even forger, but they could not possibly have proved that he did forge these letters, and to the end of the chapter there would have been plenty ready to believe, that though Mr. Richard Pigott was a most abominable person, those letters were genuine. Let us now hope that we have heard the last of the man.

THE working of the Ruby Mines of Burmah is to be undertaken by a Company. I do not know how this can be done, because the Ruby Mines belong to the Government, and if the Government has turned them over to a private Company, then, in the words of the late Artemus Ward, the Government must be an ass. However, it seems to have been done somehow. A Company has been formed with a capital of £100,000, and on the day of issue the shares ran up to four times their nominal value. The good old times quite came back again. The prospectuses were freely sold for a sovereign: there was a raging mob outside Rothschild's Bank, and no one could get out of the Bank except by planks from the windows at the back into an old City churchyard.

It was, I said, a return of the good old times. We may expect to see this return repeated, when, as at the present moment, there is a great plethora of money lying idle, or producing a very small interest, everybody is anxiously looking out for some good thing. I suppose that we annexed Burmah, and so acquired the Ruby Mines, in order to get a few good things in trade and enterprise. Trade, we know, follows the flag; and when a good thing does come into the market, there is a general rush after it. The change of the great Breweries into Companies is a case in point: indeed, according to some thinkers, civilization means getting money without working for it. One would like to know the whole history of the Ruby Mine Company, and how much money has been made out of it before the shares were ever allotted. It is only from idle curiosity that one inquires, because, after all, the people who speculate in stocks and shares are still a small minority. At any time, however, we may expect another great Bubble, such as the historical South Sea Company of 1719, to arise in the City, and to destroy thousands when it bursts.

THE South Sea Company was started in the year 1711, its objects being to carry on trade in the South Seas. In the year 1719, in consequence of an arrangement proposed by the Directors to pay off the National Debt—then a mere trifle of £30,000,000, in consideration of certain concessions, the stock of the Company, which was at 130, rose in March to 400, declined to 330, and in April stood at 340. In May it had risen to 550: in June it rose to 890: in July to 1,100. In August it began to go down, and by the end of September it had sunk to 86. In other words, the unfortunate people who had paid £1,100 for a single share, could not sell it for more than £86. The rush of people between April and August from all parts of the country to secure shares at any price was amazing: the whole country went mad. The inflation of these shares caused all other securities to go up in the same extravagant fashion; India Stock, for instance, went up from 100 to 405; and all kinds of new and fantastic schemes were started, the mere list of which shows how men may lose reason, judgment, and every restraining force, when they go mad after money for which they are not to work. Companies were started for insurance against thieves: for making butter from beech trees, oil from poppies and from radishes, for curing gout, for discovering gold mines, for trading in hair, for making a flying machine, for making an air-pump for the brain, for extracting silver from lead, for making deal boards out of sawdust—and for a notable project, but none of the shareholders to know what it is! These Companies were not only proposed, but the shares were actually subscribed,—what became of the companies, and the shareholders' money nobody knows. As for the Directors of the South Sea Com-

pany, their estates were confiscated by Parliament. It is an old, old story, but it is well to be reminded of it from time to time.

A HUNDRED years later, in 1825, another outbreak of speculation and credulity took place. In the month of January alone there were started twenty Railway Companies—as yet there were no railways,—twenty-two Banking and Insurance Companies: eleven Gas Companies: twenty-five Mining Companies: nine Shipping Companies: and twenty-seven Miscellaneous Companies: in all one hundred and three. I wonder how many of these companies survived. The next rush for shares was in the year 1845, when the great Railway speculation was carried on.

I SAID that speculators in shares are as yet a minority. I think, however, that it is a pretty large minority, to judge by the advertisements of the outside brokers,—the obliging gentlemen who kindly receive your £10 for "cover," and hold forth promises of vast profits. I do not know who are the people who are caught by this bait, but there must be plenty of fools in the world, because the daily papers contain advertisements by the column—last week in one paper there were two long columns filled by advertising dealers in stocks and shares. The other day an unfortunate victim wrote to *The Times* an account of his experience. He had been butler in a great house: he had saved the respectable sum of £300: he was caught by one of these advertisements, and sent up his £10 cover: it was lost: he tried again and again, always being lured on by the hope of at least winning back what he had lost. In the long run he was stripped of every penny, and has now to begin the world again, at forty, a pauper. One question: if it is so easy to make fortunes by speculating on the Stock Exchange, why do not the men whose business it is to buy and sell for clients, buy and sell for themselves, and make their own fortunes in this easy and pleasant manner? They do not, however; they make their living, if not their fortunes, in the old humdrum manner, just like the rest of us, by working and being paid for work.

SINCE, however, there is such a plethora of money, and no one knows how to get good investments which would produce something like the old returns, should not this be an advantageous moment to advocate the cause of productive co-operation? One cannot but believe that in co-operation will be found eventually a solution to the great labour question. But productive co-operation requires capital. Will not capitalists embark in such a scheme, and be contented with a safe, steady, and moderate rate of interest? Of course such a concern must be managed, not by working-men, but by those who have all their lives been engaged in the work of management. This stipulation is absolutely necessary, because such a company must be conducted on the strictest business principles. For the workman a minimum weekly wage would have to be guaranteed, with the whole of the profits divided on certain principles after the capitalists had received their moderate rate of interest, and the working expenses were paid. Such an employment of capital would be legitimate, I think, and successful. Of course, there is no absolute safety in any kind of business. Trade might be diverted from our shores: foreign workmen might develop greater skill: they might undersell us. Yet, when our working men had the thing altogether in their own hands, and were not to be

**RIDGE'S FOOD,**  
Strength and Happiness.

ORDERED ADDRESS—"RIDGE'S FOOD, LONDON."

BEAUMONT TRUST, People's Palace, Mile End, E., at their Works, 6, Arthur Street West, E.C.—Wednesday, February 27th, 1889.

Palace and Institute Notes.

EVERY Member of the Institute, and, I have no doubt, many friends of the People's Palace who are not Members, will regret the loss to the *Journal* of the services of Mr. Knight, the late Sub-Editor. I am sure that whenever he may come among us in future in a private capacity, he will be most cordially welcomed by everybody, from the Trustees themselves to the newest Member.

I HAVE been requested to make known for the information of Members and intending Members, many of whom have made inquiries at the Office, that no steps have yet been taken towards the establishment of a Sick Benefit Society for the Palace. There can be no doubt of the desirability of such an institution, and therefore I am very confident that the Palace will not be long without it. But it is a matter which cannot be entered upon hastily, and, indeed, should not be entered upon at all without a very general guarantee of steady support from Members.

MR. I. P. MENDOZA, who, it will be remembered, was so good as to undertake and thoroughly carry out the entire hanging and arrangement of the pictures exhibited in the Library during the Winter Fête, in addition to lending many of his own, has further signalled his appreciation of, and desire to assist in, the mission of the Palace, by presenting the institution with a number of very fine engravings—some of them valuable India proofs—very admirably mounted and framed. It has not yet been decided where these pictures shall hang, but I cannot call to mind a more suitable place than the Library.

MANY of these engravings are from pictures which must be well-known to the Members of the Sketching Club. The original of "A Bunch of Blue Ribbons," was among those exhibited at Christmas in the Library, and "The Empty Saddle," by the same artist (Mr. S. E. Waller), Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Too Late," and, indeed, most of the others, will be familiar to those who know the best print-sellers' shops.

PASSING the front of the Gymnasium a few afternoons ago, with Mr. Walter Besant, the sound of regularly tramping feet, accompanied by the "piano's martial blast," induced a short visit to the interior. A most astonishing improvement has been effected in the smartness and discipline of the boys in the Technical Schools by Sergeant Burdett's few months' training, and the grown frequenters of the native lair of the wild vaulting-horse must keep to work, or the second People's Palace generation will outstrip the first.

THERE still remains the opportunity for eighteen of our Members to go to Paris during the summer and stay a week, in congenial company, at a total expense barely exceeding the cheapest return fare. They must apply to Mr. Were, at the Technical Schools Office, and their choice must be limited to the following dates:—

- June 1st to June 8th .. .. One Vacancy.
- June 15th to June 22nd .. .. Two Vacancies.
- August 17th to August 24th .. .. One Vacancy.
- September 7th to September 14th .. Six Vacancies.
- September 14th to September 21st .. Eight ..

It will thus be seen that eight vacancies have been filled up since the last issue of this paper, and with the weather clearing and spring approaching, one cannot predict a long life for the remaining eighteen, so that early application is advisable. A letter appears in another column, with reference to the very desirable association of Members composing the several detachments, before starting, and the Club Secretaries will probably act upon it.

SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE, who is enjoying admirable weather at Nice, intends, all being well, to be with us on Monday next.

THERE is a great future before our Junior Section, I am certain. These youths are of a very clubbable age, and will grow into a grand nucleus for our future Institute. There is very little spare space in this paper, but I should be glad to hear a little more of their Club doings, if the notes come early, and are written on one side of the paper only.

THE SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach Mr. Arthur G. Morrison, the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

TEN MILES' HANDICAP.

The report of this Club's first ten miles' handicap was crowded out of our last issue. The event took place on Saturday, the 16th ult., when a large number of spectators attended in the vicinity of the Club's head-quarters, the "Forest Gate Hotel," to witness the send off and finish. Although the weather was anything but favourable for cross-country running, snow and rain falling at intervals during the day, twenty-nine out of an entry of thirty-four came to the post. The course was found to be in a very heavy condition, through the heavy fall of snow and subsequent thaw which occurred a few days prior to the event—one field in particular, being so flooded through the overflow of the River Roding that it was some two or three feet deep, so that the competitors in crossing it were above their waists in water, and in some instances the competitors were completely enveloped, other fields being more like mud swamps than pasture land. But notwithstanding this sad state of affairs, and also the fact that the course was above the stated distance, Mr. P. H. Holland, the winner, ran in remarkably fine form, doing a fine performance by covering the full distance in 69 min. 10 sec., the fastest time in the race, and winning by some 200 yards. The start was advertised to take place at four o'clock, but it was fully half an hour later before the limit man, J. H. Hince, 8 min. 30 sec. start, was given the signal to go. The result is given below:—

	Start.	H'cap. Time.	Net Time.	Remarks.
	m. s.	m. s.	m. s.	
P. H. Holland ..	2 5	67 5	69 10	First (fastest time).
H. Marshall ..	4 15	67 44	71 59	Second.
E. Taylor ..	4 10	67 58	72 8	Third.
E. J. Taylor ..	1 50	68 27	70 17	Fourth.
J. P. Leggett ..	0 50	68 41	69 31	Fifth (fastest loser).
J. H. Crawley ..	0 55	68 42	69 37	Sixth.
V. Dawson ..	3 0	69 12	72 12	Seventh.
E. J. Crowe ..	1 55	69 14	71 9	Eighth.
E. R. Poynter ..	0 50	69 55	70 40	Ninth.
W. Dodd ..	4 30	70 10	76 10	Tenth.
J. R. Deeley ..	0 20	70 11	70 31	Eleventh.
E. C. Tibbs ..	scratch	70 12	70 12	Twelfth.
H. Johnson ..	2 5	70 20	72 25	Thirteenth.
T. B. Northmore	1 55	70 30	72 25	Fourteenth (fastest novice).
W. H. ..	4 45	(no time taken)		Fifteenth.

Also ran: F. Sewell, 1 min. 50 sec.; J. T. Bowling, 1 min. 50 sec.; H. J. Soane, 4 min. 5 sec.; J. Harvey, 4 min. 15 sec.; F. W. Spicer, 4 min. 20 sec.; W. S. Colman, 4 min. 30 sec.; W. E. Hawkes, 4 min. 45 sec.; F. Merritt, 5 min. 20 sec.; W. Fielding, W. Taylor, and J. S. Grigg, 6 min. 15 sec.; F. Williams, 6 min. 45 sec.; and J. H. Hince, 8 min. 30 sec. Mr. Deeley met with a very serious accident in the course of the race, cutting his foot very badly.—New Members are still being elected, and any gentleman wishing to join should communicate with either of the undersigned.

- J. R. DEELEY,  
35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate.
- E. J. CROWE,  
14, Canal Road, Mile End.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

In reply to numerous applications, I must announce that I have no more tickets for the Dance at the Bromley Vestry Hall at my disposal. Dancing will commence at 7.30 sharp.

ARTHUR WM. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, to Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Members meet for practice in the East Ante-room; entrance through the Library. Club nights, Tuesday and Saturday, at 7 p.m. I shall be glad if Members will kindly play off their games in handicap Tournaments and Cup Competition.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The second season of the above Club commences on Saturday next, the 9th inst., with a run to the country head-quarters, Woodford. Members are requested to be at the Palace by 4 o'clock, at which time a start will be made. All Members are invited to attend these short runs, so as to get in form for the Easter tour.

JAMES BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.**

Our usual private practice was well attended on the 26th ult., and some very good sparring was witnessed; and on Friday, the 1st inst., we had an equally good meeting. Our Vice-Captain, we regret to state, was unsuccessful in the Stanhope Boxing Club Competition, on the 26th ult., J. Callard being declared the victor by the judges, after a fourth round had been ordered, although it has been said that many disapproved of the judges' decision.—Every Monday evening, about 8.30, a run out takes place from the Gymnasium, generally under the leadership of Mr. T. A. Sniders, and any Palace Members who wish to take part, whether Members of the Boxing Club or not, will be welcomed.—At a Committee Meeting, held on 22nd ult., Mr. C. Williams was elected an Hon. Member of the Club, and was appointed to act as M.C. on all practice nights. Mr. Williams is an old Committeeman of the Royal Victor Boxing Club, and brings an amount of practical experience that will greatly tend to raise our position among other Clubs. We would advise Members to take advantage as much as possible of Mr. Williams' experience.—The attention of Members is drawn to Rule which requires them to wear the Club Badge and India-rubber Shoes when sparring, which rule will be strictly enforced. We have also to remind Members that leaning and resting on the ropes is not generally considered the best means of keeping them taut.—The March Subscriptions are due, and will be gladly received by either of the Hon. Secs.

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

**BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.**

A General Meeting was held in the Old School-buildings on Tuesday, the 28th ult., Mr. James Scott in the chair, when it was decided that the Exhibition of Sketches received in connection with the "Reeves" Competition be held in Room No. 2, on Friday, the 29th inst., admission to be by ticket, to be obtained on application to any Member of the Committee, or the Secretaries. All sketches to be delivered not later than the 11th inst. It was also decided that the Club compete in the next Annual Sketching Club Competition.—The usual Monthly Exhibition of Sketches will be held on Monday next, the 11th inst., the subjects being as follows:—

- Design .. .. . For the Cover of Club Rule Card, in one colour.
- Figure .. .. . "Then a Soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation, Even in the cannon's mouth."
- Landscape .. .. . A Shady Nook.
- Marine .. .. . Showery.
- Study from Nature.

The resignation of Mr. Halfpenny, the Hon. Sec., from the date of the "Reeves" Exhibition, owing to pressure of business, was regretfully accepted, and Mr. Fleetwood was elected Hon. Sec. from that date.

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

**LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.**

At the usual Thursday evening Concert last week the Members very ably assisted. Miss Valentine gave two excellent pianoforte solos; Mr. Levy some charming selections on the violin; Miss R. Valentine and Mr. Hurley recited; Mr. and Mrs. Mellish contributed songs; Miss Valentine, Miss Levy, and Mrs. Mellish accompanied.—On Thursday next, March 7th, a scene from the "Lady of Lyons" will be played by Miss Marks and Mr. Munro, in addition to the usual Concert.

Miss Ellice kindly comes to the Palace every Monday evening to read aloud, whilst Members who like to do so bring their work. Are there not more Members whom this would interest?

L. A. ADAM.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.**

Manager—MR. LAUNDY. } Stage Manager—MR. JOHN GIBSON.  
Property Master—MR. JOHN HARGRAVES.

Rehearsal of "Married Life," on Wednesday 6th, in Bath, at 8 p.m. sharp.  
ARTHUR E. REEVE,  
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.**

The Smoking Concert held last Thursday was a great success, and much praise is due to those guests who so kindly assisted in the entertainment. Another month will bring us to the commencement of our second season, when weekly practices will be resumed during the month of April in Victoria Park. The Secretary will attend in the Secretaries' Room on Monday next, to receive subscriptions, etc., between 8 and 9; terms, 3s. for the season. Communications, addresses, etc., to the People's Palace, will have the immediate attention of

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.**

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

A part of "Hamlet" was the subject for study on Friday evening last, when Mr. Spender was again with us. A most enjoyable and instructive evening was spent. The following took the more prominent parts:—Queen, Miss Marks; Ophelia, Miss Elstob; Hamlet, Mr. Spender; King, Mr. Hawkins; Polonius, Mr. Cayzer; and Ghost, Mr. Knight. The remainder of the play will be studied on Friday, the 15th inst., when Mr. Spender has promised to again be with us.—A productive evening will be held on Friday next. Several essays, stories, etc., have been promised, and we hope Members have not made their promises to be broken. We shall be glad to receive any essays, etc., to be read on that evening, as quickly as possible.—A General Meeting will be held at 8 o'clock on Friday next, for the purpose of electing two Committeemen, *vice* Messrs. Morris and W. White, resigned.—New Members enrolled every Friday. Subscription, 1s. per year. All Palace Members (ladies and gentlemen) are welcome at any of our meetings.

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

**PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.**

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.

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

We intend giving a Concert on behalf of the West Ham Hospital on Saturday, the 16th of March next, at the Town Hall, Stratford. All Members who can be present at that Concert will oblige by letting the Secretary have their names as soon as possible.—Rehearsals as usual, Friday at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Hall; Tuesday, at 7.40 p.m., for the Ladies' Choir; and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir in No. 2 Room of the Old Schools.

**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, Tenors, and Basses*. 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.

**BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.**

**BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB v. LONDON, TILBURY AND SOUTH-END RAILWAY FOOTBALL CLUB.**—This match was played last Saturday at Wanstead, and resulted in a victory for the Tilburys by three goals to one.—Match next Saturday. First Eleven v. Royal Artillery Non Commission Officers' Football Club at Wanstead. Team:—Whittenbury, Hart, Shaw, Cantle, Cowlin, Wenn, D. and W. Jessemann, Sherrel, Cox, Jacobson. Match for Second Eleven v. St. Mary's, at Wanstead. Team:—Edmunds, Hawkins, Jones, Witham, Jolly, Helbing, Horseman, Moreton, Stapleton, Arno, Butterwick (Capt.). T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.**

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, February 26th.—The unfortunate accident to our worthy Speaker prevented the eloquent and exciting M.P.'s catching his eye, the wig, gown, and authority, devolving upon our excellent friend, Mr. Spratley. Questions to Government were as numerous as ever, in fact, the Opposition are asking an extraordinary number of late, apparently forgetting that they may be in office themselves shortly—although at present no particular desire to turn the Cabinet out has been evinced—and that the retaliation may be as severe as richly deserved. The Debate upon the Repeal of the Coercion Act was opened by the Irish Secretary (Mr. W. H. Brown), in a capital speech and with a plentiful stock of his usual pointed and cutting phrases, particularly attacking those politicians who follow "Joe." The Opposition leaders took copious notes, evidently with the intention of following the Chief-Secretary and tearing his case to shreds, but they left the Member for Kensington (Mr. Ring) to belabour his former party and principles. The President of the Board of Trade (Mr. C. J. White), having assisted in the defence of the Bill, the Debate was adjourned. It had been very well conducted, each Speaker being accorded a patient hearing, the only drawback being the small number of Members who were able to take part. The House can, of course, remedy this if it thinks fit, by restricting the time now occupied by questions and other formal matters. I regret to announce the resignation of our esteemed Chairman of Committee (Mr. Spratley), owing to lack of time to fulfil his duties. The Members were exceedingly loth to accept this resignation, and their earnest thanks were voted him for his past services to the Society.

Order of the day for Tuesday next:—Repeal of the Irish Coercion Act.  
JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

**JUNIOR HARRIERS CLUB.**

A run was made to the "George Inn," Woodford, on Saturday last from Lake Farm, Wanstead. Run out next Saturday at 6 o'clock sharp. Members are reminded that the subscription is now due.

JOHN S. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.  
E. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.**

A goodly number—perhaps a hundred—of Palace Ramblers met together, a space removed from Aldgate Pump, on Saturday last. It was to be a short Ramble—or rather, inspection,—and purely local; and so at 3.25 the party moved *en masse* to neighbouring Leman Street, and straggled along that fragrant avenue until they paused in contemplation beneath the majestic building of the Wholesale Co-operative Company. Then the examination of the huge storehouse commenced. We dived down into all sorts of odd places, emerged into spacious rooms and roomy corridors, suffered our olfactory nerves to be saluted with the blended odours of Ceylon and Ratcliff Highway, inspected the tea treasures of the Flowery Land, re-dived into the cheese room, and grinned at the Cheshire like the proverbial cats, panted past princely pantries, making our way, laboriously enough, to where the clock dial sits aloft. We discovered also, in the course of our peregrinations, that the Co-operative Society is a manifold blessing to those beings who, wise in their generation, have incorporated themselves as part and parcel of this wonderful institution; we found that the *employes* are not only well cared for so far as sanitary arrangements and comfort go, but have also a savings bank, a debating society, etc., and capital dining and concert-rooms, where they have every chance of becoming a happy and united family. The other storehouse opposite, although comparatively dingy to that which we had lately examined, was nevertheless extremely interesting. We found cocoa-beans, chocolate in various stages of preparation, and similar luxuries. The immediate entry from the cold outer air into that of the roasting-room sorely tried the endurance of those who, like Hamlet, were fat and scant of breath. Having thoroughly exhausted the "sights" of the building, and the tea-room having been gained, we sat us down to quaff the Assam, and discuss the tender cressling and the bread and butter. 'Twas a good meal and well served; and our thanks were accepted on behalf of the Society, by one of the gentlemen engaged on the staff. Altogether a well-spent afternoon.

In consequence of the Social Evening and Tea being held on Saturday next, March 9th, there will be no ramble. The tea will commence at 6 p.m. sharp, in No. 2 Room, and the dancing at 7.30 p.m. Members wishing to partake are requested to send in their names on Friday next, so that we may have some idea of the number to arrange for.—On Saturday, March 16th, a Smoking Concert will be held at the Palace, and not a *Soirée Dansante* as stated in last week's *Journal*.—It is extremely essential that Members should send in their names as soon as possible for the Four Days' Walking Tour at Easter, so as to facilitate arrangements. The route, to a certain extent, will be different to that taken last year.

H. ROUT, } Hon. Secs.  
W. H. MOODY, }

**Thames Street.**

I SUPPOSE that there are few of those who every day swell the throng in this old thoroughfare, who understand or feel that their feet are upon the most ancient part of London. Yet this is so. There is no street more ancient: it is older than any historical records: it is older than Norman, Dane, Saxon, or Roman: it is a part of British London.

If you walk down Walbrook, you are following the course of a little stream which rose somewhere in the Poultry, and ran out into the Thames just to the west of Cannon Street Railway Terminus. Now, before there was any London at all, the river ran through a broad marsh, widening at some points, and narrow at others. This marsh was bounded by a low cliff of from eight to fifteen feet high. If you consider a map of London, you may note that the cliff touched the north bank of the river first just south of Stepney, close to the Stepney Railway Station: that it then receded northwards, leaving a small tract of marsh, that it then bent southward, and again met the river bank just at the site of the Tower of London. Here it rose into a hillock about forty-five feet high, sloping in the west to make the valley of Walbrook. On the other bank rose another hillock, thirty-six feet high, which was continued as far as the Fleet River, or the present Blackfriars Bridge. On the first of these two hillocks London began. On the other side, the south side, the present Southwark was a great marsh, the ground only beginning to rise about Camberwell and Peckham. Where there now stands London Bridge was then a ferry, and the ancient dock, the southern port of this ferry, may still be seen at the back of St. Saviour's Church. The oldest London was thus a fortified place on a hill, rising above the river between Walbrook and the Tower. When London began to stretch out her arms, the first buildings were those upon the western hill, between Walbrook and Blackfriars. And since houses began to be wanted for the growing trade of the place, and must be built there along the actual river bank, the first river wall was built very early in the history of the City, and behind the wall was built Thames Street, running at the foot of the hillock the whole breadth of the town from west to east.

That is the first thing to remember about the City of London. It began on a little hill commanding the Thames: it was at first a town fortified after the manner of the Britons, by trenches and circular mounds—you may see such an ancient fort on Hampstead Heath to this day; when the Romans came they enlarged it, and built a city wall: but the first London stood on the rising ground over the river just between Walbrook and the Tower. That London has always been a healthy place is due to this fact, that it was not like Southwark, Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and even Westminster, built in a swamp, but that it stood from the first upon rising ground: the lowest part of the City, Thames Street, being protected from the river by a strong river wall, like that which you may walk along between Barking and Tilbury. But when this river wall was built, there were no houses at the back, and fields and woods covered the site of St. Paul's Cathedral and Cheapside. Therefore, I have said that Thames Street belongs to ancient and pre-historic London.

This necessary explanation has taken us so long that there will be no time to-day to get very far down Thames Street. Let us begin, however, at Blackfriars.

Blackfriars, properly so-called, occupies that part of the City between Ludgate Hill and the river. It is a very interesting corner. Formerly there was a Tower called Montfichet, where the Fleet River ran into the Thames, that is to say just east of Blackfriars Bridge: next to Montfichet stood the great castle called after Baynard, a follower of William the Conqueror, who built it. The castle was forfeited in 1111, and granted to the Earl of Clare, from whom it came to the Fitzwalters. In 1428 it became again Crown property, and was granted to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, by whom, after a disastrous fire, it was rebuilt. In this castle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was presented by the Duke of Buckingham with a petition that he would assume the Crown. Here the Privy Council proclaimed Queen Mary instead of the Lady Jane Grey. It was burned in the Great Fire, but two towers still remained until the present century.

North of Baynard's Castle was the Monastery of the Black Friars, who came here in 1276, and built their house with stones from Montfichet Tower. The Monastery rapidly became very wealthy and had a large precinct walled in. The king kept his charters here and parliaments were held in the church. In 1522, Charles V. of Spain was lodged here, and in 1524, Katharine of Arragon was divorced in the Black Friar's Church, where also Cardinal Wolsey was disgraced. The Church of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe stands on the site of the old church destroyed in the Great Fire.

The right of sanctuary belonged to this monastery, and, after the dissolution of these religious houses, continued to be a privilege of the place. Burbage, the actor, and Shakespeare took advantage of this privilege to build a theatre here: the site is marked by the name of Playhouse Lane. The City did not acquire jurisdiction over the precinct till the year 1735. The Ward—Castle Baynard—preserves the memory of the castle.

In this ward, close to the beginning of Thames Street, is the Herald's College, formerly a quadrangle, the south side of which has been removed to make room for Queen Victoria Street. It was formerly Derby House, and was originally built by the first Earl of Derby, who married Margaret, Countess of Richmond, Mother of Henry VII. The house was burned in the Great Fire, and was rebuilt after the fire.

There are many things of great interest in the College, but all belonging to pedigrees, genealogies, coats-of-arms, and so forth. The College consists of the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal, three Kings, called Garter King at Arms, Clarenceux King at Arms, and Norroy King at Arms: six Heralds, named after Lancaster, Somerset, Richmond, Windsor, York, and Chester: four Pursuivants, Rouge Croix, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Dragon. Formerly, the Heralds had considerable power: from time to time they held visitations to ascertain that persons were not usurping the right to bear a shield: there was also a Court here, named after the Earl Marshal, whose principal duty was to guard the respect due to rank. The power and duties of the Heralds are now greatly curtailed, but they still search pedigrees and prove descents, and persons who have any chance of succession to titles register their children in the College. Its presence in our midst should at least remind us that no one has the right to assume a coat-of-arms unless he inherits one, or has one granted him, any more than he has a right to call himself a Baronet or an Earl. As regards crests, I believe that any one who chooses to pay a tax for the glory of having a crest may do so.

The walk down Thames Street promises to be long. We will resume it next week.

PROGRAMME  
OF  
CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC,

TO BE GIVEN ON  
ASH WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6th, 1889, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:  
MISS KATE PERCY DOUGLAS,  
MADAME BOLINGBROKE,  
MR. SYDNEY TOWER, AND MR. JAMES LEY.  
PIANOFORTE—MRS. JAMES LEY, MR. ERNEST FORD, AND  
MR. ORTON BRADLEY.  
ORGAN—MISS CONSTANCE DAVIES, MISS EMILY LUCAS,  
(Pupils of MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.)  
AND MR. ALFRED HOLLINS,  
Organist to the People's Palace.  
Musical Director—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PART I.

1. ORGAN SOLO ... "Fugue in E flat" (St. Anne's) ... *Bach.*  
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
2. SONG ... "Honour and Arms" (Samson) ... *Handel.*  
MR. JAMES H. LEY.  
Honour and arms scorn such a foe,  
Tho' I could end thee at a blow,  
Poor victory to conquer thee,  
Or glory in thy overthrow;  
Vanquish a slave that is half slain,  
So mean a triumph I disdain.
3. SONG ... "Hear ye, Israel" (Elijah) ... *Mendelssohn.*  
MISS DOUGLAS.  
Hear ye, Israel! hear what the Lord speaketh;  
"Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments,  
Who hath believed our report? to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?  
Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and the Holy One, to Him  
oppressed by tyrants:  
"I am He that comforteth; be not afraid, for I am thy God; I will strengthen  
thee! Say, who art thou? that thou art afraid of a man that shall die; and forget-  
test the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the  
earth's foundations, I am He that comforteth," etc., etc.
4. DUET PIANO ... "In native worth" (Creation) ... *Dwórák.*  
MRS. JAMES LEY AND MR. ERNEST FORD.
5. RECIT. AND AIR ... "In native worth" (Creation) ... *Haydn.*  
MR. SYDNEY TOWER.  
RECIT.—And God created man in His  
Own image, in the image of God created  
He him; male and female created he them,  
He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and  
Man became a living soul.  
AIR.—In native worth and honour clad,  
With beauty, courage, strength, adorn'd  
Erect with front serene, he stands  
A man, the lord and king of native all.  
His large and arched brow sublime,  
Of wisdom deep declares the seat!  
And in his eyes with brightness shines  
The soul, the breath and image of his God.  
With fondness leans upon his breast  
The partner for him form'd  
A woman, fair and graceful spouse,  
Her softly smiling virgin looks,  
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,  
Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.
6. EVENING PRAYER ... "Eli" ... *Costa.*  
MADAME BOLINGBROKE.  
RECIT.—It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises  
unto Thy name, O most high; to show forth Thy loving kindness in the  
morning, and Thy faithfulness every night. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy  
house, for a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a  
doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.  
This night I lift my heart to thee,  
Whose dwelling is in heaven above,  
O, deign to hear and answer me,  
My Father, God of love!  
Art Thou not, Lord, in ev'ry place;  
Is there a thing beneath Thy care?  
Though angels only see Thy face,  
Yet Thou, O Lord, art ev'rywhere.  
O give Thine angels charge to keep  
Their wings spread over me this night;  
Let them defend me, let me sleep  
Till darkness melts in light.  
Bless the Lord, my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy Name.

PART II.

7. ORGAN SOLOS "(a) Pastorale, (b) Marche Religieuse from op. 15," *Guilman.*  
MISS DAVIES AND MISS LUCAS.
8. QUARTET ... "God is a Spirit" (Woman of Samaria) *Bennett.*  
MISS DOUGLAS, MADAME BOLINGBROKE, MR. SYDNEY TOWER,  
AND MR. JAMES LEY.  
God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in  
truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.
9. DUET FOR ORGAN AND PIANOFORTE "Largo in G" ... *Handel.*  
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS AND MR. ORTON BRADLEY.
10. SONG ... "Nazareth" ... *Gounod.*  
MR. JAMES H. LEY.  
Tho' poor be the chamber,  
Come here, come here and adore;  
Lo! the Lord of Heaven  
Hath to mortals given  
Life for evermore.  
Shepherds, whose flocks were folded beside you,  
Tell what was told by angel voices near;  
"To you this night is born He who will guide you  
Thro' paths of peace to living waters clear."  
Tho' poor be the chamber, etc.  
Kings from a far land, draw near and behold him,  
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come;  
Your crowns cast down, with robe royal enfold Him;  
Your King descends to earth from brighter home.  
Tho' poor be the chamber, etc.  
Wind, to the cedars proclaim the joyful story,  
Wave of the sea, the tidings bear afar;  
The night is gone, behold! in all its glory,  
All broad and bright rises the Eternal Morning Star!  
Tho' poor be the chamber, etc.
11. SONG ... "Agnus Dei" ... *Bizet.*  
MISS DOUGLAS.  
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi miserere nobis, dona nobis pacem.
12. DUET ... "Children, Pray" ... *Spohr.*  
MADAME BOLINGBROKE AND MR. SYDNEY TOWER.  
Children, pray this love to cherish;  
Ye whom God hath made His like.  
Ye gentle spirits, the world is all your own—  
The beams of morning, the rays of evening, the day, the night,  
They both to you bring peace and bliss.  
Mortals rejoice! the curse is past,  
Ye now are blessed, and heaven itself e'en now draws near;  
Mortals rejoice! Earth, be thou now a land with love o'erflowing,  
So heaven remains ever with thee.
13. ORGAN SOLO (a) "Communion" ... *Grisson.*  
(b) "War March of the Priests" (from Athaliae), *Mendelssohn.*  
MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
14. RECIT. AND AIR ... "Sound an Alarm" (Judas Maccabæus) *Handel.*  
MR. SYDNEY TOWER.  
RECIT.—My arms against this gorgon will I go  
The Idumean Governor shall know,  
How vain, how ineffective his design,  
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.  
AIR.—Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets sound,  
And call the brave, and only brave around  
Who listeth, follow—To the field again—  
Justice with courage, is a thousand men.
15. SONG ... "The Better Land" ... *Arthur Cecil.*  
MADAME BOLINGBROKE.  
"I hear thee speak of the Better Land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band—  
Mother, where is that radiant shore,  
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"  
"Not there, not there, my child!"  
"Is it far away in some region old  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
Where the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—  
Is it there, sweet mother, that Better Land?"  
"Not there, not there, my child!"  
"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadless bloom,  
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb—  
It is there, 'tis there my child!"
16. QUARTET ... "O! come every one" (Elijah) ... *Mendelssohn.*  
MISS DOUGLAS, MADAME BOLINGBROKE, MR. SYDNEY TOWER,  
AND MR. JAMES LEY.  
O! come every one that thirsteth, O come to the waters:  
Come unto him. O hear, and your soul shall live for ever.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY  
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

IN the evening I told George all that had happened, and produced the brown canvas bag. George did exactly what is usual under such circumstances: without some conventional manner of receiving things, even surprises of the most startling kind, life would be too jumpy. He took the bag, looked at it, opened it, poured out the gold, counted it, held it in his hand, and weighed it; looked at it again, put it back into the bag, and laid the bag on the table.

"It is weather-stained, old man," he said, "and smells of the mould. I should think it had been there some time." He took it up again and turned it round. "Look!" he said, "here are initials; they are nearly faded, but they are certainly initials. I make out an A—no, a B; or is it a D?—and an L. Certainly an L; B. L. or D. L., which is it?"

"Looks like B. A.," I said, turning the bag about in the light, "looks like B. A.; but it may be D. L."

"Will," he cried, "I believe you have really found something important. Six years ago, when Daniel Leighan fell off his pony, he always declared that he lost twenty pounds in gold. It was tied up, he always says, in a canvas bag. This must be his bag and these must be his initials. I am quite sure of it."

"Very odd, if it is so. Why should a man steal a bag of money only to put it—money and all—into a hole and then go away and leave it?"

"Well, I take it that the thief put the bag there meaning to return for it, but forgot where he put it."

"You can't forget the Grey Wether Stone, George. There is only one Grey Wether Stone on Hamil Down, and who in the world would go all up Hamil on purpose to hide a bag of money when there are hiding-places in every stone wall about the fields?"

"Take it to Daniel to-morrow and show it to him, Will. He always declares that he was robbed of this money as well as of his bonds and securities. Nobody has ever believed him, because it seems unreasonable that a robber should take twenty pounds and leave fifty. But if it is proved that he is right about the money, he may also be right about the bonds." Strange that neither of us thought of connecting David's box which he fished out at Grimspound with his uncle's bonds. But then I did not know that the bonds were in a box: one thinks of bonds as a roll of paper.

"As for David's box," said George, "I agree with you, Will, that it is best to say nothing about it. Let him keep his secret. If it is valuable, so much the better. We will keep the thing to ourselves. But as for the canvas bag, you must certainly take it to Gratnor to-morrow, and give Daniel the chance of claiming it."

CHAPTER XI.—DAVID'S NEXT VISIT.

HAD I taken that canvas bag to Gratnor early in the morning instead of the evening, many things might have turned out differently; among other things, David's extraordinary scheme of revenge might never have been possible. If I had told Daniel Leighan the strange thing I had witnessed from Hooknor Tor, he must certainly have connected the box taken from Grimspound with the box of his own papers. As for me, however, I knew nothing till much later about the box of papers.

The scheme was almost worthy of David's American pals—the gentlemen who had all "done something." The box, when David had carried it home, proved to be quite full of papers. His own knowledge of papers and their value was slight, but he knew very well that signed papers had been his own destruction, and that the possession of signed papers made his uncle rich. I do not suppose that he could have known anything at all about shares, warrants, bonds, coupons, and such things. But he did know, and understood clearly, that the loss of a box full of papers would certainly entail the greatest inconvenience, and might cause a grievous loss of property. The loss of ordinary papers, such as share certificates and the like, causes only temporary inconvenience, which may be set right by payment of a small fee. But there are some kinds of papers the loss of which simply means that of the whole investment represented. Among these, for instance, are coupons representing certain municipal bonds. They are made payable to bearer, and if they are lost cannot be replaced. In this tin box David found certain coupons of this kind. They represented an investment of nearly three thousand pounds. This is a large sum of money, even in the eyes of a rich man; think what it means to a man who has made his money by scraping and saving, by scheming how to best his neighbour, and by being as eager to save sixpence in a bargain as to force a sale for his own advantage! Three thousand pounds! It was the half of the money which Daniel Leighan held in trust for Mary until she should marry with his consent. He had almost brought himself to think that it was part of Mary's fortune which had been lost, and that he would be able to deduct that sum from the amount which he must pay her when he suffered her to get married. Three thousand pounds lost altogether! For now six years had passed away, and there was not a single clue or trace of those coupons, so that those who did not believe that Daniel had been robbed, were inclined to think that the papers, wherever he had left them, must have been destroyed to spite their owner.

David called upon his uncle about eleven in the forenoon. He was received with the cordiality generally extended to all needy relations, and to those who think they have a right to expatiate upon their misfortunes and to ask for a temporary loan.

Mr. Leighan shuffled his papers as a sign that he was busy and wished the call to be short, nodded his head with scant courtesy, and asked his nephew what he came for.

"I've come, uncle," David began very slowly, spreading himself upon a chair like unto one who means to stay. In fact, he placed his hat upon another chair, drew out his pocket-handkerchief and laid it across his knees, and produced a small brown paper packet. "I've come, uncle—"

"Don't be longer than you can help, David. Get to the subject at once, if you can. Say what you came to say, and then go away and leave me with my own business. It's high time you were looking after your own. Will George Sidcote give you a job?"

"Damn your jobs!" said his nephew, flaming.

"I hear you borrowed a bed yesterday, and a chair and a table, and that you have settled in the cottage—my cottage. Very good. I don't mind if you have it rent free till you get into work, when you'll have to pay your rent like your neighbours. If you begin any more nonsense about robbing you of your land, out you go at once."

David, at the risk of seeming monotonous, uttered another and a similar prayer for the destruction of his uncle's cottage.

"If that is all you came to say, nephew, the sooner you go the better. And the sooner you clear out of my cottage and leave the parish—do you hear, Sir?—leave the parish—the better, or I'll make the place too hot for you—"

"I didn't come to swear at you, uncle," said David, more meekly. "If you wouldn't keep on—there, I've done; now hold your tongue and listen. I've got something very serious to say—very serious, indeed;—and it's about your business, too!"

"Then make haste about it."

"Six years ago, they tell me, you were robbed, that night when you fell off your pony, after I'd gone away."

"It was the evening of that very day."

"Ah!"—David's eyes smiled, though his lips did not—"We little thought when I used those words with which we parted, how quick they'd come true. When you lay there on the broad of your back, now, your face white and your eyes open, but never seeing so much as the moon in the sky, did you think of your nephew whose farm you'd robbed, and did you say 'David, 'tis a Judgment'?"

"No, I didn't, David." Afterwards David wished that he had denied the truth of those details about the white face and the eyes which saw nothing; because, if a man is solemnly cursed by his nephew in the morning, and gets such a visitation in the evening, it does look like Providence, regarded from any point of view. He did not, however, ask or suspect how David arrived at those details. "I didn't say that, David. You may be quite sure I didn't say that."

"You felt it all the more then. Very well. While you lay there, as they tell me, someone comes along and robs you. What did you lose, uncle? Was it your watch and chain and all your money?"

"No; my watch and chain were not taken, and only a little of the money."

"Uncle, are you sure you were robbed? Do you think that robbers ever leave money behind them? Was the money taken in notes, or was it in gold?"

"It was all in gold; fifty pounds in one bag, twenty pounds in the other, and both bags in one pocket. The small bag was taken, and the big bag left. But what does it matter to you?"

"You shall see presently. I am going to surprise you, uncle. What else did you lose besides the little bag?"

"I lost a box of papers—but what does it matter to you? Did you come here to inquire about my robbery? I suppose you are glad to hear of it."

"Never mind, uncle. You go on answering my questions; I've got my reasons. I am going to surprise you. Wait a bit."

"Well, then; but what can you know? It was a tin box secured by a lock and tied round with a leather strap; I carried it in a blue bag—a lawyer's bag—hanging round my neck for safety."

"What was in that box, did you say?"

"David!" the old man changed colour, and became perfectly white, and clutched at the arms of his chair and pulled himself upright, moved out of himself by the mere thought. "David! have you heard anything? have you found anything?"

"Wait a bit; all in good time. What was in that box, did you say, again?"

"Papers."

"What kind of papers? Were they papers, for instance, that might make you lose money?"

"Money? David, there were papers in that box that could never be replaced. Money? I lost, with that box, papers to the tune of three thousand pounds—three thousand pounds, David—all in coupons!"

"It was a Judgment! Why, my mortgages were not so very much more. Three thousand pounds! Come, even you would feel that, wouldn't you? Were there actually three thousand pounds in that box?"

"The man who stole that box might have presented those coupons one by one, and got them paid as they fell due, without questions asked—that is, he could until I stopped them. Oh! I could stop them, and I did; but I could never get them paid until I presented them through my own bankers. David, if you are revengeful, you may laugh; for it is a blow from which I have never recovered. They say that the paralysis in my legs was caused by falling from the pony, whereby I got, it seems, concussion of the brain. But I know better, David. A man like me does not get paralysed in the legs by falling on his head. 'Twas the loss of all the money—the loss of three thousand pounds—that caused the paralysis. And now I sit here all day long—I who used to ride about on my own land all day long!—and I try to think, all day and all night, if I could have left that box anywhere or given to anyone that bag of twenty sovereigns. David, tell me—I will reward you if you tell me anything to my advantage—have you heard something?"

David nodded his head slowly.

"Three thousand pounds," he repeated. "It was three thousand pounds."

"I'm not a rich man, David, though you think I am. As for taking your farm, if I hadn't taken it, somebody else would: for you were a ruined man, David—you were a ruined man. And now, even if I leave it to you in my will, for I must leave my property to someone—it is a hard thing that a man can't take his property with him when he dies!—It would be little use, because Mary's money must come out of it. Oh! it was a hard blow—a cruel, hard blow!"

"Yes," said David. "As a Judgment, it was a—a—a—winner. I never heard of a nobler Judgment. Three thousand pounds!—and a fall off your pony!—and a paralysis!—all for robbing me of my land. Did you ever offer any reward?"

"No. What was the good?"

"Would you give any reward?"

"I would give—I would give—yes: I would give ten pounds to get that box back again."

"Ten pounds for three thousand! That's a generous offer, isn't it?"

"I'd give fifty pounds—I'd give a hundred—two hundred—four hundred, David." He multiplied his offer by two every time that David shook his head.

"You'd have to come down more handsome than four hundred to get back three thousand pounds. Well," he rose as if to go, "that's all I've got to say this morning. That will do for to-day. Much more handsome you would have to come down."

"David!" cried his uncle eagerly, "what do you mean by being more handsome? Tell me, David—do you know anything?"

"Why," said David, "I may know, or I may not know. What did I tell you? Didn't I say that I might have something to sell? Well—that's enough for this morning!" He moved towards the door.

"David, David, come back! What have you got to sell?"

"That is my secret"—he stood with his hand on the door-handle—"if you tell a secret, what is the good of it?"

"David, stop—stop! Do you know where that box was taken? Oh! David, put away your hard thoughts. Remember

you were ruined already. I didn't ruin you; my heart bled to see your father's son ruining himself."

David made the same remark about his uncle's heart as he had made concerning his reference to jobs and his allusion to the cottage.

"Look here, uncle: perhaps the box exists, and perhaps it doesn't. Perhaps I have learnt where it is, and perhaps I haven't. Perhaps I've got a paper out of the box in my pocket at this minute, and perhaps—well, what would you give me for a paper out of the box, taken out this very morning, none of the other papers having been so much as touched? Not one of the books full of those coupons, or whatever you call them, but a paper worth nothing. What would you give for that, just to show that the others can be laid hold of?"

"Oh! give it to me, David," the old man stretched out both hands with yearning eyes; "let me look at it. Can it be that the box is found after all, and safe?"

"If it is found, depend upon it that it is safe, uncle. Take your oath of that. The man who's got that box won't let it go in a hurry, particularly when he knows what's inside of it. Three thousand pounds! and, perhaps, if he knew it, his own, for the trouble of presenting them at the right place."

"They've been stopped," Daniel explained, for the second time. "You don't know what that means, perhaps; it means that anyone who presents those papers for payment will find the money stopped, and himself taken up for unlawful possession of the coupons—unlawful possession, David—which is seven years, I believe!"

Perhaps he was not wise in giving this warning. For it stands to reason that the coupons might have been presented, and so the possessor been detected and the whole recovered.

"Very well," said David, who had that valuable quality, often found with the slow mind, of imperturbability. "But you can't touch the money without the papers, can you? Not you. Very well, then. Without talking of those coupons, as you call them, for the present; what should you say supposing I was to show you now—this minute—one of the other papers that were in the box?"

"Do you mean it, David? do you mean it?"

"I mean business, uncle. I mean selling, not giving."

"I suppose," said Daniel, trying to preserve a calm exterior, but trembling down to the tips of his fingers, "I suppose, David, that the man who has the box has communicated with you because he thinks you are my enemy?"

"You may suppose so, uncle, if you like."

"And that he is willing to make a deal. He would give up the papers, which are of no use to him, in return for hard cash—eh, David?"

"You may suppose that, too, if you like."

"Papers stolen from me—papers the unlawful possession of which would ensure him a long imprisonment."

"Just as you like, uncle. Only—don't you see?—at the first mention of the word 'imprisonment' all these papers would be dropped into the fire, and then—where are you? No more chance of recovering a penny!"

"Show me—prove to me—that you know something about the box."

"I am going to prove it to you." David left the door and came back to the table, standing over his uncle. "What will you give me, I ask you again, for only one paper out of the box, just to prove that the other papers exist?"

"What paper is it?"

"You shall see; one of the papers that are worth nothing. I have actually got it in this packet, and you shall have it if you give me ten pounds for it; not a penny less—ten pounds. If you refuse, and I have to take it back, ten pounds' worth of the coupons—now that I know their value—shall be torn up and burned. To-morrow I shall come back and make the same proposal, and the next day the same, and every day that you refuse you shall have ten pounds' worth of those coupons burned. When they are all gone you will be sorry."

Daniel's lips moved but no words followed. The audacity of the proposal, which really was almost equal to a certain famous proposal in "The Count of Monte Cristo," though neither of them had read that book, took his breath away; but if David really had access to the box, he was undoubtedly the master of the situation. Mr. Leighan was the more astonished, because hitherto he had supposed his nephew to be a fool. Very few men are really fools, though their faculties may lie dormant. David, before his bankruptcy, was incapable of perceiving his own opportunity in anything; David, since his wanderings, especially with those rovers in America who had all "done something," had improved.

"How do I know?" Mr. Leighan asked. "How can I tell that when you have got the ten pounds I shall be any nearer my coupons?"

(To be continued.)

## Calendar of the Week.

March 7th.—Saint Perpetua, a martyr at Carthage, A.D. 203, retained in the English calendar. It is also the day of St. Paul the Simple, a hermit with St. Anthony. He was called the Simple because he rejoiced in ignorance absolute.

On Thursday, 1755, died a saint who, on the other hand, rejoiced in being as wise as a man can make himself, Saint Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man from 1697 to 1755. He found the island in a truly wretched condition: the people ignorant and poor. The bishop made them plant, dig, and make roads; he opened schools, built churches, studied medicine, and cured the sick, and devoted the whole of a long life, prolonged to ninety-three years, to the good of his people. Also, he constantly refused the offer of a richer bishopric, saying that he was not going to desert his wife because she was poor. There is no brighter example of a saintly life—by which one means, especially the life of self-sacrifice and devotion to others—than this of the good Bishop Wilson.

On the same day, 1810, at the age of seventy-one years, died that brave man and good commander Lord Collingwood. He was a native of Newcastle: nearly the whole of his long life was spent at sea, and the greater part of it in fighting. He went to sea in the year 1750, being then eleven years of age: he died after sixty years afloat. For the first twenty-five years of his professional career he never once went home. When the war with the French Republic broke out in 1793 he was sent to sea, and fought with hardly any rest or intermission until the year of his death. Of all the British sea-dogs, none is more worthy of remembrance and respect.

March 8th.—This day has proved fatal to a large number of great men. Among them are the following: 1. King William III., 1702, at Kensington Palace. 2. The Duke of Bridgewater, the great constructor of canals. 3. Charles XIV. of Sweden. This monarch was the only one of Napoleon's creations who was able to stay where his great master's power had placed him. His name was Bernadotte: he was the son of a lawyer at Pau: he enlisted in a regiment of marines: up to the age of twenty-five he was nothing more than a sergeant. When, however, his promotion began it was rapid. To rise from marching in the ranks to be King of Sweden should be promotion enough to satisfy any one. At one time Napoleon had actually nominated six kings in Europe, namely the Kings of Spain, Holland, Sweden, Wurtemberg, Rome, and the Two Sicilies, besides the Grand Duchy of Modena. He also had the whole of Germany under his heel. The crown of Sweden is the only one which still remains in the hands of the family to whom Napoleon gave it.

March 9th.—William Cobbett was born this day, 1762. He was the son of a peasant living at Farnham: I recommend a study of his life as that of the most pugnacious, sturdy, and industrious man who ever lived. His one aim was to give his countrymen the means of procuring good meat and drink, good lodging, and good raiment. I wish that some one with leisure would make a volume of selections from his voluminous writings.

March 10th.—On this day Heliogabalus, Roman Emperor, was beheaded at the age of eighteen years. The great reputation enjoyed by Nero for enormities of every kind has made the world pass over that of this other monster of wickedness. For four long years he reigned, trampling on every law and every right. There was never before: there can never be again—a boy so inconceivably, so monstrously vicious, base, and cruel. His case and that of Nero are by themselves sufficient reply to any who would like to see despotism once more established.

Sir Hugh Middleton, who constructed the New River, died on this day in the year 1636.

March 11th.—Born on this day, 1544, Torquato Tasso, the great Italian poet.

In March, 1643, the Town of Newark upon Trent was besieged by the Parliamentary army. In the town lived with his family, one Hercules Clay, an alderman. On the night of March 11th, this good man dreamed three times that the house was on fire. On the third dream he got up, caused his family to dress, and took refuge in a neighbouring house. Hardly had he left the house than a bombshell fell upon it and burst in the house, so that had the family been in it they would all have perished. In commemoration of this deliverance he gave £200 to the Corporation. The interest of half was to be given to the Vicar for a sermon on the 11th of March, and that of

the other half he directed to be given to the poor. The day is still kept up under the name of Penny Loaf Day.

On this day, 1811, began the famous Luddite riots. The rioters were stocking weavers, and these riots were in revenge for the lowering of wages. The spirit of destruction and even of murder was maintained for five years, when it suddenly ceased. Over a thousand stocking frames were destroyed. Of course, though the poor oppressed people did not understand it, to destroy the frames was to cut off the only means of making their own livelihood.

March 12th.—St. Gregory the Great, Pope.

Bishop Berkeley, born 1684.

On this day died, at the age of ninety, a very singular and mischievous being, called Ludovick Muggleton. There are still living men who can remember the sect of Muggletonians. Indeed, as late as the year 1846, there were published some of their ranting pamphlets. The founder of the sect, with one Reeves, pretended to be the two last witnesses of God upon earth and to have power over the gates of Heaven and Hell. Reeves died, but Muggleton continued to carry on the business. They put him in the pillory and burned his books, but his sect existed down to very recent times—one of those religious bodies, whose folly and credulity make one despair of mankind.

March 13th.—On this day were born, Esther Johnson, Swift's Stella; and Dr. Joseph Priestley, the philosopher. On this day died La Fontaine, the French poet and fabulist, 1695, and Boileau, 1711. Also, Talfourd, the lawyer and dramatist, 1854; and Belisarius, the Roman General. Everybody knows the story of Belisarius, once the great conqueror, standing old, blind, and a pauper, begging a penny of the passer by. It is a pretty story, and illustrates very beautifully the fickleness of fortune—but, unfortunately it is not true. Belisarius was a man of humble origin, probably a German, who entered the Emperor Justinian's private guards as a recruit. There was any amount of fighting to be had, and the young barbarian speedily rose to the highest military rank. He saved the Empire from the Persians in Asia Minor, and from an insurrection in Constantinople: he defeated the Vandals in Africa; and the Goths in Italy: he drove the Bulgarians from before Constantinople. As generally happened with successful generals, he was at last disgraced and imprisoned. He was released, however, and died a few months later. Such, briefly, is the true story of Belisarius.

On this day, 1761, John Calas was broken on the wheel at Toulouse. Those who wish to read a story of malignity and intolerance should study the trial and execution of this most unfortunate man. Those who love to read of a good battle in the cause of justice should read the account of Voltaire's successful vindication of the martyr's innocence.

## Letters to the Editor.

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

SIR,—Members of the Palace in general, and all lovers of the game of Football, must feel grieved at the letters that appear in the *Palace Journal* week after week. The Beaumont representatives have not shown decent form almost since the beginning of the season, and now they seem to be farther away from improvement than ever. To outsiders this condition of affairs is a mystery. Last week's Football News states, that the First Team turned up with four men short, while the Second Team did not turn up at all. It is true that the Club, in general meeting assembled, inquired into and said many things about the impotency of their representatives, but though there was at that time a promise of improvement all round, that improvement has not taken place, and the Club is still in the Slough of Despond. Now, the Beaumonts having such great responsibilities on their hands, cannot afford to sit meekly at the feet of their neighbours and feed on crumbs of success, while others are enjoying a full feast of victory. There is one thing which the Club cannot hide, and that is that their First Team has not been made up of the same men on two consecutive occasions—a glance at the Club's weekly report is sufficient proof. This is proof positive that the internal management of the Club is bad. The meanest critic of football knows, that the most conducive element to success in a team is combination, and combination can only be acquired by careful practice and a distinct understanding between the Members.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
X. Y. Z.

### PARIS EXHIBITION TRIPS.

SIR,—I wish to draw attention in your columns to the fact that no steps have been taken, at present, to introduce the Members, who are down for the various dates, to each other. And as it would be desirable for each trippist to make the acquaintance of his fellows before starting, I beg to suggest the calling of a meeting for this purpose. Perhaps the Club Representatives will take it in hand.—Sincerely yours,  
GWYDDEL.

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1888-9.

Present Quarter for Practical, General and Musical Classes ending April 18th.

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc.

Practical Trade Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Tailors' Cutting, Upholstery, Cabinet Making, etc.

Technical Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Boot & Shoe Manufacture, Photography, Carpentry, etc.

Art and Design Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Freehand & Model Draw, Drawing from the Antique, etc.

Science Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Build. Con. and Draw., Geo., Chemis., Applied Mechanics, etc.

General Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Ambulance, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Grammar, Civil Service, etc.

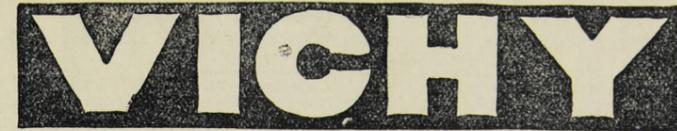
Musical Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Singing, Piano, Violin, etc.

Special Classes for Females only.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Plain Needlework, Dressmaking, Millinery, etc.

The Natural Mineral Waters of



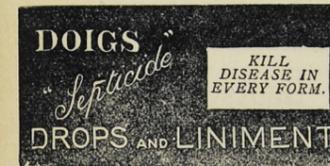
36s. per Case 50 Bottles Carriage paid.

32s. per Case 50 Half-Bottles Carriage Paid.

(STATE SPRINGS).

“CELESTINS,” for Diseases of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, &c. “GRANDE-GRILLE,” for Diseases of the Liver and Biliary Organs, &c. “HOPITAL,” for Stomach Complaints. “HAUTERIVE,” an excellent Table Water.

Sole English Branch—INGRAM & ROYLE, LONDON: 52, Farringdon St., E.G. LIVERPOOL: Finney Lane. BRISTOL: Bath Bridge. And of all Chemists. A Full Descriptive Pamphlet on application.



DOIG'S

DROPS AND LINIMENT

Cure CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS & DIPHTHERIA

TO BE HAD AT ALL CHEMISTS, OR FROM ALEXANDER DOIG, 7, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Will be found to be an invaluable as well as inexpensive remedy for.

- COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM.

The Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE, says:—“Dear Sir,—I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family and amongst those to whom I have recommended them. We are never without them, and find them a very breast-plate against Colds and Coughs. Yours ever faithfully, M. GUY PEARSE, 11, Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, Dec. 10, 1888.”

Sold in various sizes from 1/1 1/2 to 22/6. A great saving is effected in purchasing the larger sizes. The 1/9, 4/6, and 22/6 are put up in Tin Cases, and are very handy for Families and Travellers.



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Are the best preventatives of all the evils arising from exposure to weather. An immediate relief in

- PAINS IN BACK, PAINS IN SIDE, SCIATICA, IN RUPTURES

They are a very good substitute for the uncomfortable Truss.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, Special Correspondent to the Daily Telegraph, says:—“And in particular a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right again,” referring to an attack he had of bronchitis and asthma on his way to “The Land of the Golden Fleece,” and the above remarks are contained in his letter to the London Daily Telegraph, published August 14, 1885.

CAUTION.—Insist on having the genuine. The guarantee is the words “THOS. ALLCOCK & CO. POROUS PLASTER” on the Stamp.

## THE ROYAL MATERNITY CHARITY,

31, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON.

FOR DELIVERING POOR MARRIED WOMEN AT THEIR OWN HABITATIONS BY SKILLED AND TRAINED MIDWIVES.

INSTITUTED 1757.

Patron.—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., &c. &c.

Treasurer—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., &c., &c.

CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Robert Barnes, F.R.C.P., 15, Harley Street, W.; Dr. J. Braxton Hicks, F.R.C.P., F.R.S., 24, George Street, Hanover Square; Dr. Henry Gervis, F.R.C.P., 40, Harley Street, W.; Dr. George Roper, M.R.C.P., 19, Ovington Gardens, S.W.

DIVISIONAL PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Fancourt Barnes, M.R.C.P., 7, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, Senior Physician and Lecturer; Dr. Fred. J. Smith, M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., 7, West Street, Finsbury Circus, Physician of the Eastern Division.

THIS INSTITUTION is the oldest and largest Lying-in-Charity in Great Britain. About 4,000 poor Women are annually relieved at the most critical period of their lives *without removal from their own homes*, a great boon to the poor, as no one need be reminded of the importance of a mother's presence in a poor man's family. Moreover, under this system of home-ministration none are denied for want of room; as in the words of the noble President,

**"ALL LONDON IS THE CHARITY'S HOSPITAL, AND EVERY STREET A WARD."**

In fact, there is no limit to the Charity's operations but the want of sufficient funds, which are much needed. Six Patients can be annually recommended for a Life Subscription of TEN GUINEAS or an Annual Subscription of ONE GUINEA, or three for a Life Subscription of FIVE GUINEAS, which costs the Charity nearly four times that amount, and the Trustees have had to sell out their funded property to meet this deficiency. The Committee, therefore, earnestly appeal for Contributions, to enable them to fully maintain the benevolent work of this Institution, which will be thankfully received by the

Treasurer—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., 15, Lombard Street; or at the Charity's House, 31, Finsbury Square, E.C., by  
**J. W. LONG**, Secretary.

## The Celebrated "BECTIVE" Boots and Shoes.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:

### JAMES BRANCH,

Wholesale Warehouse & Manufactory: 19, 21 and 23, Bethnal Green Road, opposite Shoreditch Goods Station, LONDON, E.,  
and at St. Michael's Road, NORTHAMPTON.

Retail Boot & Leather Warehouse: 159 & 161, ROMAN ROAD, E.

A Family Trade is specially cultivated, and all Goods are recommended for their COMFORT, DURABILITY, ELEGANCE and ECONOMY.  
WE CLOSE ON THURSDAYS AT 5 p.m.

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

# SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

THE PUBLIC VERDICT IS THAT THEY ARE UNEQUALLED FOR

Simplicity, Durability, Superiority of Stitch, and Variety of Work.

PRICE FROM

**£4 - 4 - 0.**

Ten per cent. discount for Cash.

**On Hire**

AT

**PER 2/6 WEEK,**

With Option of Purchase.

INSTRUCTION FREE.

PRICE LISTS GRATIS.



OVER

**6,750,000**

OF THESE CELEBRATED

**SEWING MACHINES**

HAVE NOW BEEN SOLD,

AND THE

**ANNUAL SALES**

EXCEED

**600,000.**

To Avoid Deception, buy no Machine unless the Company's Trade Name—"SINGER," is upon the Arm

## THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Management for the United Kingdom:—39, Foster Lane, London, E.C.

Branch offices in this district:—

269, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E. 104, BARKING ROAD, VICTORIA DOCKS.  
105, CHRISP STREET, POPLAR, E. 38, BROADWAY, STRATFORD. 5, EAST STREET, BARKING.  
HIGH STREET, EPPING (5 doors from post office).