

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. III.—No. 74.]

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 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 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Cycling Club.—General Meeting, Woodford.
Cricket Club.—Smoking-concert, at 8.30.
Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.
- FRIDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Literary Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
Swimming Club.—Committee Meeting.
Lawn Tennis Club.—Special Meeting, at 8.30.
- SATURDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Concert, in Queen's Hall, at 7.30.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
Cricket Club.—Victoria Park, at 3.
Ramblers.—To Grosvenor House, at 3.
Choral Society.—Soirée, in Lecture Hall, at 7.30.
- SUNDAY.**—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Shorthand Society.—Usual Meeting, at 8.
Popular Entertainment in Lecture Hall, at 8.
Admission 2d.
Cricket Club.—General Meeting, at 8.30, Room No. 12.
- TUESDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 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.
Sketching Club.—Time Sketching Evening, at 7.30.
- WEDNESDAY.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 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.
Swimming Club.—General Meeting.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, APRIL 14th,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.
AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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|---|--------------|
| 1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Elevation | Batiste. |
| 3. Gloria in Excelsis | Haydn. |
| 4. Andante in B minor | Bach. |
| 5. Impromptu | |
| 6. Prelude in C minor | Chopin. |
| 7. Solo and Chorus, "O thou that tellest" (Messiah) | Handel. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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|---|--------------|
| 1. March in B flat | Silas. |
| 2. (a) Air, "Jerusalem thou that killest the Prophets" (St. Paul) | Mendelssohn |
| (b) Chorus, "How lovely are the Messengers" (St. Paul) | |
| 3. Agnus Dei (from 1st Mass) | Mozart. |
| 4. Two movements in E flat | Saint Saëns. |
| 5. Introductory Voluntary | Hollins. |
| 6. (a) Air, "He was despised" (Messiah) | Handel. |
| (b) Chorus, "All we like Sheep" (Messiah) | |

Notes of the Week.

LET us shake hands, friends. The spring has begun: there is a reasonable prospect of summer. For myself I love the warm days, the long days, the short nights of July and August. And in the spring the sight of the buds in the trees, and the first blush of green in the hedges, fills the heart with joy. Do you know the signs of spring in a London garden? Go look at your own, and then read the following indications:—

Honeysuckle leaves come out:
Chesnut buds swell sticky-stout:
Sucklings of the hop plant sprout:
Tulips spring the beds about:
London Pride grows green without:
Crocus droops and falls about:
Soft rain drops from cloud and spout:
Sun goes in and sun comes out:
Worms come forth in fear and doubt:
Cats for sparrows' nests look out:
Children run and children shout:
And on the lawn a brighter green,
To honour Spring, again is seen.

Do you know when the birds come back? This is the month of their return. An average of twenty years' observation gives the following days:—On April 10th the willow wren appears: on the 14th expect the cuckoo: on the 15th, the swallow: on the 19th, the sand swallow: on the 20th, the martin: on the 25th, the nightingale. The other spring birds arrive between the 18th and the 30th of the month. As for flowers, there are the primrose: the snowdrop—though it is late: the polyanthus: narcissus: daffodil: and as the month goes on a vast quantity of wild flowers. In the lanes of Devonshire and West Somerset towards the end of this month the hedges are a mass of splendid flowers, while the birds are thick in every copse, and the leaves are bursting forth on every tree.

A VERY noteworthy step has been taken by the London Council. It has been resolved that no servants in its employment shall receive a pension, or be ever entitled to a pension. In other words they will be paid by wages alone. Very well: in twenty or thirty years' time there will be a great cry raised over the cruelty of dismissing servants too old to do their work any longer. There is one way, however, out of the difficulty. It is to subtract from every man's pay a certain sum every week or month towards a pension fund. And, as it would clearly be most unjust that anyone should lose the amount his thrift has entitled him to receive, even for misconduct, in case of dismissal, for whatever cause, he must receive either a pension or a lump sum.

THIS is all part of a very great question. For my own part I believe, and have already advanced the theory, that the trouble about pensions in every service would be completely met by the taxation of all wages and salaries alike, in every department—so that at a certain age—say sixty—every man should be entitled to a small pension, enough to keep him. We should then have in our unions none but the very old and friendless, the sick, and children. We should save the whole of our enormous Pension List: we should remove the temptations into which many employers fall, of dismissing old servants before they become chargeable—and we should by enforcing thrift bring every man to understand that when he talks about the State he means himself.

MR. BROADHURST, M.P., wants to provide free lodging for the poor, to give a free meal to every child, and to discourage men from flocking into London. Very good. But it must be clearly understood that the moment the free lodgings are provided, and the free meals granted and paid for by the ratepayers, down will go wages to make up for these boons, so that the next condition of the working man will be worse than the present. As for the flocking of men into London that is impossible to be stopped or even discouraged, because they will come. A great town offers irresistible attractions to every ambitious lad. It is not only London, but every great town all over the world that is increasing in the same way. Meantime, a vast number go out of London every year. As for the numbers of the very poor there seem to be about a quarter of a million, or one in every ten, belonging to this vast city, who are at this moment unemployed and in real distress and poverty. From this number must be deducted, before we begin to exercise pity or to afford relief, those who will not work—the lazy and the vicious by nature—whom we cannot help?

I WISH that all Members of Parliament, all spouters, and all faddists, could be made to understand, once for all, that the power of laws, Acts of Parliament, and statutes, however they may be enforced by penalties, is extremely limited in making a nation virtuous, temperate, sober, industrious, thrifty, or inclined to work in order to raise itself. Mankind will not be driven. Little by little new ideas find their way into the heart of the country: little by little bad habits are given up: new customs arise: but it takes time. For instance, the condition of London as regards drink a hundred years ago was simply appalling. It is still, according to some, very bad: but to those who consider the past, the improvement is simply amazing even within the memory of living men. Again, the recklessness of early marriages, and the misery which follows, are being preached by a good many, as yet without apparent effect. But in another generation we shall witness a very different state of things. The girls themselves will then have taken the matter into their own hands, and they will refuse to marry unless their husbands have made some provision for the future. What I mean is this, that, with all respect to the wisdom of Mr. Broadhurst and others who would cure everything by Act of Parliament, I would suggest a little early teaching in the schools as to the conduct of life.

For instance: suppose we were to give up altogether the attempt to teach children useless things, such as spelling, which those who write will learn for themselves, and those who do not write never want. Suppose we were to spend the time thus saved in teaching them some of those laws of nature, which, if they disobey, will crush and ruin them. Suppose that quite early in life, and before they go forth into the world, they are taught the wickedness and madness of spending all their wages on themselves and their own amusement: the misery of early marriage: the ruin of drunkenness: the necessity of learning some trade: the meaning of the British Empire: their own duties as citizens, soldiers and defenders of this great inheritance: the meaning of co-operation and its possibilities—my friends, it seems to me that we might thus infuse ideas into the minds of the young generation that would bring forth fruit in generations yet to come.

THE death of the Duchess of Cambridge removes the last of the widows of George the Third's son. She was born nearly ninety-three years ago: she was eighteen at the Battle of Waterloo: she could remember the poor old king, blind, mad, roaming about restlessly from room to room. Her husband was thirty years older than herself: it is more than a hundred years since he was born. What a long procession of statesmen, soldiers, and men of distinction this old lady must have remembered! She lived in the midst of them, and she knew them all. As for her husband, one has forgotten him: I see by the papers that he used to be good at taking the chairs at meetings, but one knows very little else about him. For many years the Duchess sat in her arm-chair at Kensington Palace, unable to walk about, but cheerful and always glad to see her friends, of whom she had an immense number.

THE history of the Royal Family during the last hundred years shows the tendency to extinction which has been observed in many great families, as for instance, the Plantagenets, though battle, murder, and civil war, put an end to most of them; the Tudors, who perished owing to the bad luck of Henry the Eighth with his wives; and the Stuarts who took to drink. All that the fathers—George the First, George the Second, Frederick Prince of Wales, George the

Third, George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and the Prince Consort—can show as their descendants are the Queen's children and grandchildren, the Duke of Cambridge, his sisters and their families, and the Duke of Cumberland, without counting the German alliances. Only three distinct families sprung out of all these possible lines. Why, George the Third alone had seven sons, all of whom were married except one. Three only had any children who grew up. One of them, the present Duke of Cambridge, is said to be married, but not within the limits of the Royal Marriage Act. Therefore the Line of Succession is limited to two branches, that of the Queen and that of the Duke of Cumberland.

SUPPOSE the ordinary multiplication of the family had gone on from the time of George the Second, counting the sons only: he had three, one of whom died in infancy. If each of them had had four sons, each of the four sons other four, and so forth, there would be now no fewer than 256 princes of the present young generation: in thirty years more 1,024: in thirty more 4,096: after this, I suppose that, if they continued to be a separate Caste, we should have to make them all soldiers. Fancy being entirely garrisoned, protected, extended, and fought for by a Royal Caste of soldiers! It would be exactly like an ant hive.

IN Russia, all descendants of certain families bear a title which we foolishly translate prince. Many of these are very poor, so that it is not uncommon to find the driver of a droschky who is a prince. The actual Royal Family of Russia is growing very large, and in a few generations threatens to assume proportions something like those sketched out above. Republicans may take note, therefore, that there is little fear of the extinction, for many centuries to come, of the present Royal caste.

KING JOHN of Abyssinia is dead. This is not an event for which we shall all go into mourning. The principal pretender to the throne is Prince Menelek, whose name revives the national tradition. This is as follows:—The Queen of Sheba was the Queen of Abyssinia. She had a son whose name was Menelek, and whose father was Solomon. Now when Menelek grew to manhood he resolved on going to see the city of his father. Therefore he started with a great escort of soldiers and a following of camels bearing presents. When he approached Jerusalem the people, who knew not his history, flocked forth to see the gallant young prince, and because he was so like King Solomon they shouted for joy that their king had come back to them restored to youth. He was royally received by Rehoboam, his half-brother, and in return for his own rich presents he received a promise that an exact copy or model should be made for him of the Ark of the Covenant and its sacred contents. This was done. But behold! There was a certain priest of the temple, named Isaac, who loved the young Prince Menelek and would go with him, he and his family, to Abyssinia. Now, on the eve of their departure he cast the watchmen of the Temple into a deep sleep and then he exchanged the model of the Ark for the Ark itself, which he carried to Abyssinia.

THIS is the Abyssinian tradition. And the whole nation believes it implicitly. Nay: they say that they have the Ark still. It is kept in their most holy Cathedral, and in every Abyssinian Church instead of an altar they have a copy of the Ark. When the English forces were in Abyssinia in the year 1868, Lord Napier, the general, had arranged to visit the great church and to see the so-called Ark. But the season was late: the heavy rains threatened: and he was obliged to leave the country before he had time to carry out his purpose. Therefore the story of the Ark still awaits this illustration. Meanwhile Prince Menelek says that he is the lineal descendant of the Queen and the wise king Solomon. He has, therefore, the most ancient lineage and the oldest family tree in the world, unless the family of Confucius can rival him in this respect. Solomon reigned about a thousand years before Christ, but I confess that I know not the date of the Chinese Philosopher.

EDITOR.

True Glory.—True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and so living as to make the world happier and better for our living.

A Long Tunnel.—The longest American railway tunnel is the Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg railway. It is four and three-quarter miles in length, and is thus longer than any in England.

Palace and Institute Notes.

GOOD FRIDAY will be a pleasant day at the Palace. In addition to Handel's "Messiah," which will be performed by the Choral Society and Orchestra, the Library will be open all day from 10 a.m. I have no doubt that large numbers will avail themselves of the opportunity of escaping from the dreary dulness of an East-end Good Friday out-of doors.

WE shall shortly commence as a serial in the *Palace Journal*, by the kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, one of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's stirring tales of Africa. Further particulars in due course.

IN respect to the Paris Trip, Mr. Were asks me to again announce that "all vacancies are now full," which is his funny way of saying that there are no more vacancies. The list of trippists given last week, however (of which, by the way, there still remain a few copies which may be obtained at the General Office), has to be amended by the substitution of the name of Mr. H. Herrington for that of Mr. R. W. D. Dowding, whose place he takes in the week ending the 10th of August.

THE Special Trip for the ladies, however, still offers a few rapidly disappearing chances as below:—

August 3rd to August 10th	Two vacancies.
August 17th to August 24th	Seven "
August 24th to August 31st	Six "

The week ending on the 17th August is full. The ladies should profit by the example of their brother Members, all of whom, with the exception of those whose names were printed last week and Mr. Herrington, are, in modern slang phrase, "badly left."

ALL those Members who are fortunate enough to be included in the trip, are advised to furnish themselves with Cook's "Guide to Paris and its Exhibition," which contains all the maps, plans, and information which can possibly be wanted. The book costs a shilling, and Mr. Were at the Technical Schools' Office can supply it. Mr. Were, by-the-way, in case any lady doesn't happen to know it, is the gentleman to whom application must be made to join the Ladies' Trip.

SPEAKING of books for Paris, I have had sent me another shilling book, printed in double columns of French and English respectively, and entitled, "Un Voyage a Paris." It is in fact a conversation-lexicon. I have not found conversation-lexicons in general a very great success, but this, which is upon a novel plan, and compiled by M. F. Julien, is likely, I should imagine, to be very useful. There is a good list of railway stations, together with other information not often met with in similar works. Messrs. Hachette are the publishers.

THOSE whose French fails them may, perhaps, like to fall back upon an invention of a M. Huissier, which is a very remarkable jumble of English and French, and doesn't look unlike schoolboy dog-Latin in principle. M. Huissier says it is "more facile for all those who parl or connais Français than English be; more facile for all who connais English than Français be; more facile than English or Français be for others who connais neither of these du langues." This does not seem very original. It is the same tongue as that in which one of Mark Twain's travelling companions told his French landlord, that "last night you charged me pour deux chandelles when I only had one."

AGAIN this week have I received somebody's Club Notes written on both sides of the paper. The Secretary who sends them is generally very careful, so I have re-written them for him, and saved his conscience from the burden which the recollection of such an outrage on the printers must have imposed upon it. I hope he will remember in future.

The performance of the "Redemption" by the members of the Popular Musical Union last Saturday drew a very large audience, and without a doubt provided for it a most enjoyable evening. Friends of the Palace should read what the *Sunday Times* has to say of the work of Mr. W. Henry Thomas and his friends. I regret I have no room for an extract here.

SUB-EDITOR.

Letters to the Editor.

PROPOSED ATHLETIC SPORTS.

DEAR SIR,—Cannot the Palace Institute have its own Athletic Sports? No one would doubt their being a success, especially if he read Colonel Onslow's remarks regarding our Gymnasium, and notices the splendid success of our Harriers in the Spartan Harriers' Four Mile Inter-Club Race on Saturday. And have we not our Football, Cricket, and Cycling Clubs for support, and the rest of the Palace Members (both ladies and gentlemen) to help? Look to it, ye Representatives.—Faithfully yours, ARTHUR LYTON

SIR,—Cannot a People's Palace Athletic Meeting be arranged to take place in the summer or autumn of this year? The various Club's (Cricket, Football, Ramblers, Bicycle, Harriers, Boxing, and the Gymnasium) would furnish good and ample material, and the Secretaries in combination the necessary working Committee. Add a few Open Events, and I venture to predict good patronage, both in the shape of donors of prizes and paying sightseers. Offering the suggestion for what it may be deemed worth, I remain, yours truly, "MINORKS."

SIR,—The suggestion thrown out by you, that out-door athletic sports be held during the summer months, is certainly a very good one, and one that will meet the approval of the Palace Members in general. I notice the Beaumont Harriers intend holding their First Annual Athletic Meeting on June 22nd. Could not other Palace Clubs work in conjunction with the Harriers, and have a thorough representative People's Palace Athletic Meeting? With programme similar to the following, and the Palace Band in our midst, a most enjoyable afternoon might be spent:—

120 Yards' Race	} Confined to Members of the Beaumont Harriers.
880 "	
2 Miles "	
Football, Place Kick.—Beaumont Football Club.	
Throwing Cricket Ball.—People's Palace Cricket Club.	
One Mile and Three Mile Bicycle Race.—Beaumont Cycling Club.	
Egg and Spoon Race (100 Yards).—People's Palace Rambling Club.	
120 Yards and 440 Yards' Race.—Technical School Boys.	
120 Yards and 440 Yards' Race.—Junior Section.	
Long Jump	Open to Palace Members.
High Jump	" " "
Tug-of-War (4 teams)	" " "

I would further suggest that a special meeting of those interested be held at once, and the matter thrashed out, with the help of the Trustees. I do not see why the People's Palace should not have its Annual Athletic Meeting like other institutions.—I am, Sir, yours truly, AMATEUR.

[The Chairman of Trustees proposes to call a meeting of those interested in the proposed Athletic Sports immediately after Easter.—SUB-EDITOR. April 9th.]

JUDGE AND JURY.

DEAR SIR,—Having received the kind permission of the Chairman of Trustees to hold a mock Judge and Jury trial at an early date, I would thank any gentleman wishing to take part in the above to communicate with me at once: letters to be addressed A. L. LONDON, General Offices, People's Palace.

VICTOR HUGO had quite a mania for using pretty or high-sounding phrases, to all and sundry. It was his fate, as that of all other literary celebrities, to receive shoals of poems and plays for criticism or dedicated to himself, and his replies to the senders would be couched in the most exaggerated and often absurd terms. In acknowledging the receipt of an ode, he said, for instance: "Master Poet, you went by, and illumined my path." To an American poet who had sent him a romance, he replied in the memorable words: "You possess lofty inspiration; the gentle streams of your harmonious speech impart a new virginity to my feelings. I shake hands with you across the ocean." On receiving a sketch he wrote: "At the sight of your picture I was seized with dizziness—your lines are full of poetry. You are worthy to rank with the Muses." On a similar occasion, however, he made a slight mistake in his later years. A worthy stonemason at Roubaix, who was plagued with the demon of poetry, sent an epistle in verse to Victor Hugo, who replied as follows: "I see your image reflected in your lines; every one of your thoughts sprang from a head covered with light-haired locks. Oh, my child, long may you preserve those fair locks which the shears of old age have not yet touched!" The poetic mason—who, by-the-by, was sixty-five years of age—was dumfounded on reading this letter.

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.]

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Club nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m. Members meet for practice in the East Ante-room; entrance through the Library. The season being now over in which inter-club matches are played, the results of that branch of Club work are now given:—Of fifteen matches played, eight have been won by us, six lost, and one drawn: we take the third place in the Junior Metropolitan Cup Competition. This is a very good result, considering that this is the first match-playing season of the Club. The best individual scores are as follows:—

Name.	Position in Team.	Wins.	Out of	Per cent.
H. Cudmore	1 and 2	5½	8	69
E. J. Smith	1 and 2	6	13	46
C. E. Bacon	3 and 4	8	14	57
A. E. Hopwood	5 to 7	7	9	77
A. Clegg	3 to 8	6	11	54
G. Haslam	4 to 8	5	9	55

Of those who played in fewer matches, the following have made good scores:—

Powell	3 out of 3
Lane	5 " 6
Pike	3½ " 4
Evans	4 " 6
Foot	2 " 3
Banks	2 " 3
Baker	1½ " 2
Butler	1½ " 2

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The fortnightly meeting of the Club took place on Friday last, twenty-five Members being present, and Mr. Downing in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting being confirmed, Mr. Ridgwell was elected a Member, and Mr. Such proposed as Member. A further discussion took place concerning the summer programme, consideration of which was adjourned for a Special Meeting on the 26th inst. Mr. Beckett then commenced the business of the evening by reading a paper on the "Measurement of Lenses," which was well described, the paper being of great interest. A discussion followed in which most of the Members took part. Hearty votes of thanks were accorded our Chairman and Mr. Beckett.—Members are reminded that Friday, May 17th, is fixed for the Exhibition of Landscapes in competition for the medals which are being presented by the Amateur Photographer. Conditions will soon be published, and can be obtained of the Secretary.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

A Special Meeting of the above will be held on Friday evening, the 12th inst., at 8.30 p.m. Very important business.
ARTHUR WM. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Our Concert last Wednesday was very successful. The Members belonging to Lady Brooke's Class took part in it, and again showed the progress they had made. Lady Brooke played most of the accompaniments, the Countess Valda Gleichen and Lord Walter Lennox giving several songs. Master Edwin Porter sang three times; Mr. Hopwood gave us a recitation and a very entertaining musical sketch, "The Silver Wedding"; "Memory," sung by the Countess Valda Gleichen, Miss Rogers and Miss Fisher, accompanied by Miss Reynolds, was much applauded, as well as a second trio, in which our violinist, Miss Toope, played charmingly.—The Concert this week will be on Thursday as usual.
L. A. ADAM.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.

Next Thursday will be a Special Evening, when two new Leaders will be installed. Lady Hay Currie has kindly consented to be present.—The Gymnasium will be opened as usual on Friday.
SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

A Committee Meeting of the above Club will be held on Friday next, to arrange a programme, etc., for the ensuing season.—A General Meeting will be held on Wednesday next, April 17th, when all gentlemen interested in swimming are cordially invited to attend.
E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.
C. G. RUGG, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.

At the Leaders' last Monthly Meeting, held on Friday evening, the 5th inst., it was decided to institute a run out from the Gymnasium every Thursday evening, under the leadership of Mr. Kitchener, or one of the other leaders, the first to take place on the 18th inst., at 8.30 p.m. All Members wishing to take part will please give their names to Mr. Kitchener.—A Smoking Concert will be held in the Gymnasium on Thursday, 11th inst., at 8 p.m., to which all male Members of the Palace are cordially invited.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The Members of the above Club had a very pleasant ride with their neighbours, the Carlton Rovers, on Saturday last, the occasion being their opening run. In the evening a Smoking Concert was held at the "George," Woodford.—On Thursday next a General Meeting will be held at our country Head-quarters, the "Wilfrid Lawson," Woodford.
JAMES BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for April are as under:—

Figure	" A Love Letter."
Animal	" A Horse.
Landscape	" Moonlight.
Marine	" A Stiff Breeze.
Design	" An Easter Card.
Still Life	" A Study.

The monthly Exhibition of Sketches will be held in future on the first Monday in each month. A Time Sketching evening will be held on Tuesday next, 16th April, at 7.30, in the Photographic-room in the Technical Schools. The yearly Exhibition of Pictures at St. Jude's, Commercial Street, is now open. This is an opportunity of studying good work that must not be missed by the Sketching Club Members.
C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Intending Members are informed that the present is a favourable time to join the above. Subscription is nominal: 6d. per quarter, and an entrance fee of 1s., entitling to speed practice, correction of outlines, etc. A new feature of the Society is a Phonographic game, which proves both instructive and amusing. Further information can be obtained any Monday evening at the Technical Schools, Room 1, from 8 to 9.30, of
G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. A. GOLD, Hon. Lib.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

It is curious to observe how obliging the clerk of the weather is to cricketers at this time of the year. No matter what the week's weather may be like, he generally manages to come to the front with a fairly respectable Saturday afternoon for the benefit of these inextinguishable sportsmen; although I believe there are cricketers who would play in the worst possible weather. Last week the prospects were rather gloomy at the outset; the ground was as hard as nails, the East wind keen, and there were prospects of half-a-foot of snow at five minutes' notice. Rain succeeding, the outlook was by no means inspiring. Last Saturday afternoon, however, was simply grand for the time of the year, and with a capital attendance of Members, a most enjoyable net practice was gone through. Net practice will be continued on Saturday next at Victoria Park. Members, please meet at the Boat House.—The Smoking Concerts are fast drawing to a close. One will take place on Thursday next at 8.30, to which all Members of the Palace are cordially invited.

Special Notice.—A General Meeting will be held in Room 12, Club-house, on Monday next, at 8.30 sharp, when all Members are requested to attend. Business: Election of two Committee-men; amend Rules; the Benefit Concert to be held in the Queen's Hall, on May 1st, and other important business; so it is very essential that a goodly number of Members should put in an appearance.

The Secretary would be pleased to receive the names of intending Members: terms for the season, 3s.; no entrance fee.
T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

The usual meeting was held on Friday last. It was unanimously decided that W. Spender, Esq., be elected a Vice-President of the Society. The business of the evening was certainly interesting and profitable. A paper by Mr. Cayzer, entitled "A Stroll through Whitechapel," was first read, this being subjected to some adverse criticism, particularly from Mr. Ring. A short poem, entitled "Spring," by Mr. W. White, came next. This production seemed to more than equal Mr. White's previous efforts, whose position as the Society's poet seems assured. The last contribution was a paper by Mr. Taylor upon the "Death of Charles I." Much interest was evinced by Members in this paper, which gave rise to a very lively and lengthy discussion. This is the first contribution to the Society by Mr. Taylor, but we shall certainly expect further productions from him. The following Members took part in the discussions and criticisms:—Messrs. Whittick, Taylor, Mendoza, J. Maynard, H. J. Hawkins, M. Ring, W. White, and C. J. White. Ten o'clock saw the conclusion of a very practical evening.—A Shakespearean Evening will be held next Friday, the 12th inst., at 8.15 sharp, subject, "The Merchant of Venice." Dramatic Society please note. Palace Members (both sexes) invited.—Half-yearly subscription due now, 6d.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Thanks to the truly English hospitality of Mr. and Miss Dipnall, the Ramble to the Bluecoat School on Saturday last will ever be pleasantly remembered. Those balloted beings who were lucky enough to be of the party, spent not only an agreeable, but a thoroughly instructive time in exploring the famous hive of scholastic industry: in listening to the history and development of the hospital; and in following the after-career of many famous "Blues." The dormitories, the large hall, the sick-room, and the swimming-bath were severally inspected; and when at last the party were ushered into the private residence of Mr. Dipnall, and entertained with tea, coffee, cake, etc., the satisfaction of all was manifested in a hearty vote of thanks to our host and hostess.—To-night (Wednesday) a Special General Meeting will be held in the Old School-buildings, at 8.30 sharp.—On Saturday next, April 13th, by kind permission of his Grace the Duke of Westminster, we visit Grosvenor House, and a list of those who are entitled to participate is as follows:—Misses Mallinson, E. Vaughan, L. Smith, A. Durell, L. Tilly, N. Shellard, R. Durell, S. Parkes, C. Graydon, A. Shellard, L. Pockett, R. Shellard, A. Rosenways, S. Marshall, J. Harris, and A. Doyle; Messrs. Corbett, Aaronson, P. Levene, N. Thomas, Stockley, Bundy, E. Donovan, W. Pockett, W. Marshall, A. Albu, Wardell, Billings, H. Marshall, R. Claridge, R. Dann, R. Hooper, D. Hersant, Glikstein, Miller, Malcolm, Hulls, Holmes, and F. Dunnell. The above-mentioned are requested to meet at the Marble Arch, Oxford Street, at the time which will be given on the Notice-board.—Members wishing to take part in the ramble on Easter Monday to Boxhill, are requested to leave their names at the General Offices by Monday next, April 15th, with a deposit of 1s., so that we may have some idea of the number to arrange for. This deposit is required in order to guard against any loss the Club might sustain if the weather turned out unfavourably, and also as an inducement to make the Members turn up after having paid.—Half-a-crown will also be required from each of the Members who intend to take part in the four days' tour, towards defraying the expenses for accommodation at Brighton.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, 2nd April. It being found upon assembly of the House that the room usually occupied had been allotted for the evening to the Choral Society, an adjournment was made after the passing of a resolution of protest. Order of the day for Tuesday next, "Scheme for the Better Provision for Old Age amongst the Poorer Classes." Mr. Callard (S. Paddington). All invited.

J. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

We should be glad to see more Members turn up than we have had the last two or three practice nights. The attendance yesterday week was very bad, perhaps the smallest we have ever had. We take this opportunity of publicly congratulating our Captain on winning the Amateur Heavy Weight Championship on Friday

last. We regret, however, that he was not described as of the People's Palace Boxing Club in addition to the Royal Victor, especially considering the position he holds in our Club. Will Members, who have not yet paid their April subscriptions, as well as those who owe still earlier subscriptions, kindly settle with the Hon. Secs. as speedily as possible. Members are reminded of the run out every Monday, under the auspices of the Boxing Club. Any information required given by

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

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

We have much pleasure in announcing the formation of the long-talked-of Minstrel Troupe: the inaugural meeting was held on Saturday evening last, with Mr. Laundy in the chair. After some preliminary conversation as to the form the Troupe should take, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers:—Mr. Laundy as Musical Director; Mr. Reeves as Stage Manager; Mr. Halfpenny as Representative; Mr. A. E. Selby as Secretary and Treasurer; Messrs. T. Arnold, J. Hargraves, M. A. Nathan, and H. Smith to form the Committee. It was decided that the Annual Subscription should be 5s. payable half-yearly in advance. The Secretary was requested to ask Mr. Orton Bradley to become a Vice-President, and the meeting then adjourned until Monday next, at 8.30 p.m.—We have a few vacancies for singers understanding the old notation, to complete the chorus, preference being given to Members of a Choral Society. There are also vacancies for Banjoists, Musical Novelties, Violins, Double Bass, a Cornet, Clarinet, Violoncello, and Side Drum. The Secretary will be prepared to receive all subscriptions at the next meeting.

A. E. SELBY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.

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

Our Soirée will take place on Saturday next at 7.30 p.m. in the Lecture-hall. Tickets to admit a Member of the Society and friend may be obtained of the Secretary at the next rehearsal.—Rehearsals as usual, Friday at 8 p.m., and Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir.—On Good Friday we perform the "Messiah," in the Queen's Hall. Members who intend to perform, will oblige by letting the Secretary have their names immediately.

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 may be seen after any rehearsal.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

On Saturday afternoon the Junior Harriers had a run out. Starting from Wanstead they ran to Ilford, the hares not being overtaken. Time occupied over run, 40 min. 50 secs.

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

JUNIOR SWIMMING CLUB.

Members of the Junior Section wishing to join the above Club, are requested to give their names to the Secretary (of whom all further information may be obtained) as soon as possible.

F. J. HARVEY, Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday the above Club paid a visit to the People printing office. After being shown the machinery used in printing and folding, compositors' room, etc., each member was presented with a copy of the paper as it came from the press. All Members joined in a vote of thanks to the gentleman who so kindly showed us round these interesting works.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.
R. THORPE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

"To Call Her Mine."

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).

"A LIVELY companion!" "Yes; but to look at him you would think him a dull, heavy fellow, who seemed to have no spirit for such a desperate deed. Well; I got him away at length, and was left happy at last and alone. Before he went, however, I wrote down at his request a statement of the murder: a confession, in fact, which he and I witnessed. I warned him that I should make any use of it that I thought fit. As yet I have done nothing with it, and as I daresay he is dead by this time, I do not see why I should not tear it up. Here it is, however, written in my old note-book."

He took it out of his pocket—a thick leather note-book, stuffed full of the notes which he had made during his residence in the place—and began to read:—

"I, David Leighan, farmer, of the parish of Challacombe-by-the-Moor—"

"Hallo!" I cried, "I know that man. There is only one David Leighan, and only one Challacombe."

"Has he kept his promise and come home?"

"Yes; he came home three months ago."

"So. He is doubtless hanged by this time?"

"Why should he be hanged?"

"For the murder which he confessed in this document. He was to give himself up to the police, and confess and take the consequences."

"But he has not murdered anyone; at least, he has not confessed."

"He murdered his uncle, one Daniel Leighan, of the same parish. If he has not confessed, I must put these papers in the hands of justice."

"Why, his uncle is alive still! What could he mean by confessing?"

"Then David must have been mad. In which case it seems a pity that I took so much trouble to save him from the stewpans. But here is his confession, and if it is a work of fiction, all I can say is that David is a master of that art."

"May I read the confession?"

He handed me the note-book, and I read it through. You, gentle reader, have already had that advantage.

When I had read the paper through I understood everything. I understood why he came to the churchyard in order to see the grave of his victim; why he was so careless about his rags; why he was seized with that queer hysterical fit; why he was so moody and sullen; what it was that he took out of the hiding-place at Grimspound; what he was doing with the old man. Everything became clear; and one thing clearer than any other—that his uncle must be saved from him.

"Herr Baron," I said, "I must take you, if you please, all the way from London to Challacombe-by-the-Moor. You must stand before David with this document in your hand, and prove that he is a murderer in intent and a robber in fact."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE LAST APPEAL.

WHEN the harvest was over—it is later up among the hills than in the lowlands below—and the grain was ingathered, and the work of the year completed, George began to make his arrangements. He had received the formal notice and a six-months' grace in which to find the money. There was no longer any doubt possible that he must leave Sidcote. He had now made it all out in his own mind. There would be enough money from the harvest to pay the half-year's interest; the land would be foreclosed; and the sale of his stock, farm implements, furniture, and everything would leave him with a few hundreds to begin the world again. He would go to Tasmania; it seemed, from the books he read, the kind of country where a man might buy a small farm, and live upon the fruit of his own labour.

"Let us," said Mary, "make one last appeal to my uncle. We will go together, George. Perhaps he may relent even at the last."

They made that appeal at an unfortunate time. To begin with, it was in the morning, when David was still with his uncle; and, in the second place, it was a morning when David had been abusing his position. The redemption value of the coupon, in fact, was at a preposterous figure, and the poor old man, torn by the desire to get back his property, and by rage at the terrible ransom imposed upon it was rapidly arriving

at the condition in which his nephew loved to see him, when he lost his self-command, and in turns grovelled, wept, protested, implored, cursed, and tried to bribe his nephew. It is well to draw a veil over this picture of sordid and ignoble revenge; of old age dragged in the dust of self-abasement; of baffled avarice and of ruthless malice. There had been a battle royal, and David, as usual, was the victor. No mere physical suffering would have caused Daniel Leighan more cruel torture than this daily bargain over his own property; no mediæval poet could have invented a more crafty and complete revenge. And outside, Arcady, with its hanging woods glorious in the autumn sun, its streams hurrying downward under the trailing branches, with their red and yellow leaves of the bramble, and the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, and the calm silent mountains of Hey Tor and Blackdown across the combe; the peaceful farmyard, with the familiar sounds of contented creatures enjoying life; the dog sleeping before the kennel and the cat sleeping in the sun-warmed porch, and the water of the leet musically dropping, dropping for ever over the great wheel. In sweet Arcady man's evil passions should be stilled, otherwise the joy and gladness of Arcady are banished, and it ceases to be that sweet and happy land.

When they opened the door they found the old man trembling and shaking with the passions of impotence and rage. His face livid and distorted, with haggard eyes, was turned upwards, in an agony of entreaty, to meet David's. There was no passion in that face, nor any emotion except a calm and sober satisfaction, which might even have been holy gratitude, for David's heavy face was hard to read. He stood over his uncle's chair, dominating him, with a bundle of papers in his hand, regardless alike of prayers or imprecations.

"Wait a minute, George," he said. "We have just finished our business, and a most pleasant half-hour we have spent, to be sure. Now, uncle—it is always pleasant, as everybody knows, to do business with my uncle—steady, I say, or you will have a fit—now, is it a deal, or shall I put this little packet into the fire? Quick! take it or leave it. That's my figure!"

I'll take it—oh! I'll take it!"

David laid the papers on the table instantly, and made a note in a pocket-book.

"Pity," he said, "that you would not come to terms sooner. You'd have spared yourself a great deal of trouble and time. But there, you always would have your way, and you enjoy beating a man down, don't you?" His uncle did not look exactly as if he had enjoyed the last attempt. "Now I've done, George."

Although he had finished his business, David did not retire, but took a seat—Mary's seat—in the window, prepared to listen, and with the appearance of one interested in what was coming.

"What do you want, George?" Mr. Leighan asked, impatiently. "Why do you come here while I am busy, Mary? I'm not so strong as I was, and David made me angry. Wait a moment. David said something that angered me. Wait a moment. He doesn't mean to anger me—no—no—but he does, sometimes."

He covered his face with his hands. Presently the trembling left him, and he recovered.

"Now," he said, with a show of briskness, "I am better again. What is it, George? If it is business, have you come to propose anything? You have got your legal notice, I believe? Yes. Then you know the conditions of the law, which I didn't make. It is the same for me as for you. Pay me any other way, and keep your land. If no other way, I shall have your land. Is that sense, or is it not?"

"Hard common-sense," said George.

"So it is," said David. "It's always hard common-sense when he takes another man's land."

"Well, uncle, I've got nothing to say on that score."

"I am sorry for you, George," the old man went on; yet his face expressed a certain satisfaction. "Nobody will blame you, I'm sure; or me either, for that matter; and when your poor father borrowed the money the land was worth three times as much as it is now, so that nobody will blame him. Take a glass of brandy-and-water, George. I don't expect ever to get the value of my money back. So we're all losers by the hard times."

"He never offered me any brandy-and-water," said David. But no one took any notice of the remark, which showed jealousy.

"I shall want a tenant, George," the old man went on, "and we will not quarrel about the rent. Easy terms you shall have—oh! I shall not be hard with your father's son—and when you've got your head well above water again, we will consider about you and Mary. Don't think I shall be hard upon you."

"No," said George; "I am going to emigrate."

"To foreign lands, George? To foreign lands? Has it come to that? Dear—dear!" Mr. Leighan belonged to the generation which regarded emigration as the worst and last of evils.

"I am going to Tasmania."

"Tut, tut; this is very bad. To foreign lands! David went to foreign lands, and see how he came home. George, you had better stay at Sidcote and be my tenant."

"No," said George, shortly. "Well; the long and the short of it is, that we are here to-day—Mary and I—to ask your consent to our marriage."

"No, George; I shall not consent. What! let Mary marry a man who has lost his own land and is going to foreign lands? Certainly not! not on any account!"

"When your sister left Mary all her fortune—"

"It was mine by rights. I made it for her."

"She put in the clause about your consent to protect her. You know, as well as I, that she herself would never object to me for Mary's husband."

"She began with a thousand pounds. By my advice she made it into six thousand pounds. Do you mean to tell me that I am to have no voice in the disposal of all this money?"

"This kind of talk will not help anybody. Well; I have had my answer, I suppose. Mary, dear, it is for you to choose between your uncle and me."

"I have chosen, George, you know well. Uncle, you will have to give that money to David or to me. Here is David, and here am I. To which of us will you give it?"

"Suppose, Mary," David interposed, "suppose there was a secret arrangement—I don't say there is, but suppose there was—between your uncle and me. Suppose that I was to sell my chance for so much down, and he was to keep the rest."

"Uncle! you would not—you could not—do such a thing!" Mary cried.

"Suppose, I say—" David went on—"that arrangement was to exist. Then, you see, George and Mary"—David put the thing in his slow and deliberate manner, so as to bring out the full meaning of the transaction—"you see that if you don't marry without his consent, he will lose the money he's got to pay me; but if he does not pay me that money before you get married, he will have to pay me the whole afterwards. Therefore, he naturally wants you to marry without his consent. You are going to play his game for him."

At this unexpected blow, Daniel was covered with confusion. When two people make such a treaty, secrecy is the very essence of it; and for one of the parties concerned to blurt out the truth is, in a sense, a breach of contract. The old man actually turned red—at seventy he had still the grace to blush at being found out in a shameful job—and hung his head, but he could not speak.

"Oh! you have speculated on our marrying without your consent! You have actually bought David's chance and now you want us to marry, so that you may keep the whole yourself!"

"Not the whole," said David. "What will be left after he has bought me out."

"Mary," her uncle replied, evading the question, which was not right. "Mary"—his voice was feeble, and he trembled—"why do you want to get married yet? Stay with me. Let George stay at Sidcote and be my tenant. And I will consider—I will consider. Besides, think, Mary; I am an old man now, and you will have all my money and all my land when I die."

"Have you bought up David so that you may keep the money as long as you please, by always refusing your consent? Answer that," said George, hotly.

"I shall answer nothing," Daniel replied angrily "nothing—nothing! You have come here and asked for my consent to your marriage. Very well; I refuse it. Now, you can go."

"Mary," said George, "it is no longer possible to leave you in this house. Your uncle has deliberately set himself to rob you. Come with me, dear; my mother will take care of you till we are married." Mary hesitated. "Go, Mary, put on your hat, and come with me. As for you, Daniel Leighan," he waited till Mary had left the room, "we leave you alone. Nothing worse can happen to you. When you have no longer Mary to provide, beforehand, all your wants—when you are alone all the day and all the evening, you will remember what you have thrown away. Oh! you are seventy years of age, and you are rich already, and you rob your sister's daughter in order, for a year or two, to call yourself richer still!"

The old man crouched among his pillows and made no answer. Mary was leaving him. But if she stayed he must give his consent and then he must lose that land. So he made no answer.

Ten minutes later, Mary returned carrying a small bag in her hand.

"I have come to say good-bye, uncle." Her eyes were full of tears. "I knew that I must choose between George and you. I knew that you would refuse because George could save his land if he had my money, and I knew that your heart was set upon getting his land. But I did not know—oh! I could not guess—that you had planned this wicked thing to get my fortune as well as George's land. Everything that I have is yours; but I suppose you will let me have my clothes as wages for six years' work? Come, George."

"You will go—and leave me—all alone, Mary?"

"I am here still, uncle," said David. "I will come and stay here—I will be with you all day long and every evening. Not alone; you still have me. We shall have a roaring time now that Mary is gone. We will bargain all day long."

The old man looked up, and saw his enemy before him with exulting eyes, and the room empty, save for those two, and he shrieked aloud for terror. David with him always!

"Mary!" he cried, while yet her soft footsteps, gone for ever, echoed still about the quiet house. "Mary!" But it was too late. "Come back, Mary! Don't leave me—don't leave me—and you shall marry whom you please! Mary! Mary! I give you my consent! Mary, come back!"

She was gone; and there was no answer. Then he turned his face into the pillows and moaned and wept. Even David had not the heart to mock him in this first moment of his self-reproach and dark foreboding of terror and trouble to come.

CHAPTER XX.—THE THIRD DREAM.

THE wedding bells rang out as merrily for Mary as if she was giving her hand to an earl instead of a ruined farmer: as joyfully as if the whole of her life was planned for ease and laziness instead of hard work: as happily as if fortune had poured into her lap all that the earth can give or the heart can desire. The bells rang out over the whole great parish, from Foxworthy to Hey Tor—from Riddy Rock to Hamil Down. They were echoed along the black precipice of Lustleigh Cleeve and were lost in the woods of Latchell. They could be heard among the grey stones of Grimspound and on the open barrow of King Tor. They drowned the roaring of Becky Fall, though the stream was full. They rolled like mimic thunder from side to side of Becky Combe. They beat into the ears of the lonely old man who sat in his parlour at Graton, his papers before him, trying to persuade himself that he was happy at last, for he had what the Psalmist prayed for—who can have more?—his heart's desire. He had longed ardently for the lands of Sidcote: he had longed in vain, until a fall in land made that become possible which before was impossible. He had that land now within his grasp: the place in a few weeks or months would be his; and not only that, but five-sixths of Mary's fortune as well. He ought to have been a happy man.

Naturally, he was by this time deaf to the voice of Conscience, which had now been silent for many years. But when Conscience ceases to upbraid, she stabs, wounds, flogs, and chastises with any weapon which comes handy. And, to-day, she turned the ringing of the wedding bells into a flail with which she belaboured the soul of Daniel Leighan, so that he could find no rest or peace while they lasted, or after. He had robbed the girl who had served him faithfully and affectionately—his sister's child—of her portion. He had taken her husband's lands; he was driving her away to a far country, and he would be left alone. He had the desire of his heart, but he would be left alone. This was almost as much as if Alexander Selkirk had been informed by pigeon-post that he was raised to the peerage under the title of the Right Honourable the Viscount Juan Fernandez, and that he was condemned to remain for life upon this desert island, there to enjoy alone his title and his coronet.

Mary had left him for three weeks only: already he had found the difference between hired service and the service of love. It is a difference which shows itself in a thousand little things, but they all mean one thing—that the former, at best, does what it is paid to do; while the latter does all that it can think of to please, to comfort, and to alleviate. Every day, and all day long, he had turned to Mary for everything, and never found her wanting. Now nothing was right: not even the position of his chair and table, or the arrangement of his cushions, or the comfort of his meals; and nothing would ever be right again. Perhaps it would have been better if he had given his consent, and suffered George to redeem his land, and so kept Mary.

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10th, 1889, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

ARTISTES:

MISS AGNES WILSON, MISS CLARA L. CORNWALL, MR. HIRWEN JONES, AND MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

VIOLIN—HERR HERMAN KOENIG.

PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

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

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. "Carnival Preamble" .. Schumann. MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

2. ROMANZA .. "Sei Vendicata Assai" (Dinorah) .. Meyerbeer. MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

Sei vendicata assai, del mio fol le abbandoni; Di schiudi, O cara, irati, implori il mio perdoni! In un fatal deliro, io spero che tu la fe; Ma se tu muori, io spiro, deh torna, torna in te. O io morro al tuo pie, Dinorah, deh! ritorna, deh! torna in te. Ric che ze menzo gne re, O martir del mio cor! Falla ci ombre, chi me re, or di voi tento orror!

Translation. Ah now I feel the burden she has borne all alone, Mine angel, make and pardon, and let my tears atone! A fatal spell enthralled me, deluding heart and eye, Remorse hath now recalled me, live, or let me die mine angel, Wake, live, or let me die, live, oh live my Dinorah! or let me die! Away accused treasure, that did shine but to burn, Dear childhood, with thy pure pleasure of faith and hope return! Is all my grief in vain, love! and wilt thou not reply! Oh look on me again, love! and live, or let me die mine angel, Wake, live, or let me die, live, oh live my Dinorah! or let me die!

3. SONG .. "Should he upbraid" .. Bishop. MISS AGNES WILSON.

Should he upbraid I'll own that he prevail, And sing as sweetly as the nightingale, Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view As morning roses tipped with dew, Say he be mute I'll answer with a smile, And dance and play and wrinkled care beguile.

4. VIOLIN SOLO .. (a) "Firence" .. Herman Koenig. (b) "Katinka" .. HERMAN KOENIG.

5. RECIT. AND ARIA .. "Ministri dell'Averno" (Prophete) .. Meyerbeer. MISS CLARA L. CORNWALL.

RECIT.—Ministri dell'Averno, ove condotta mi avete voi? D'un carcer fra le mura, di trattener mio sate, Quando del figlio mio. Berta la morte vuoi? Mio figlio? E' piu non l'e! sua madre ringegava! Sull'empio capo piombi il folgore tremendo, Piombi, ah! e Dio punisca il suo delitto orrendo! Ma no, no, di lui, di lui pietà!

ARIA.—Già l'ira m' abbandona, l'amor già vinse il cor, La madre ti perdona, amato figlio ancor! Tu fosti de' miei di il solo mio pensier! A te darò la vita mia perché felice sia, Placata l'alma iro ciel, alfin l'aspetterà! ah! O figlio, ancor, O figlio ancor, ah! amato figlio ancor!

Translation. RECIT.—O fate adverse and cruel, whether hast thou brought a loving mother? Here am I now imprisoned! Ah! free am I no longer— When my son's life is threatened, by Bertha's vengeful ire! My son, he? no, no, never more! He hath disowned his mother! Ah! on thee, heartless child, may soon heaven's wrath be falling, Doomed be, yes, for thy crimes, now haste thy death's appalling! But no, what now say I? Kind heaven, forbear!

ARIA.—Love all its power now proveth, my heart, my parent's heart is now, These still thy mother loveth, thou art my child, my son! Ah! nought doth stand above a true maternal love, For thee even life I'd offer. Ah! yes, my own dear child, Thy days may hence shine clear, and doom meet me alone Thou art my son, my child, yes, my son.

6. SONG .. "Marguerite" .. Danza. MR. HIRWEN JONES.

Marguerite, my Marguerite, All alike to me are sweet, Keeper of my queenlight hours, Life or death, if at thy feet, Pearl of pearls, and flower of flowers, Marguerite, my Marguerite! Love of loves, and name of names, Marguerite, my Marguerite, Queen of all my spirit claims, Marguerite, my Marguerite! Life and death are words that mean Naught till love be writ between, Marguerite, my Marguerite! Then doth heaven brooding o'er! Hours go by, the swift days die, Our heart's passion mean no more, Suns and moons, and what care I? Marguerite, my Marguerite!

7. SONG .. "Love's Golden Dream" .. Lindsay Lennox. MISS AGNES WILSON.

I hear to-night the old bells chime, their sweetest, softest strain; They bring to me the olden time, its visions once again, Once more across the meadowland, beside the flowing stream, We wander, darling, hand in hand, and dream love's golden dream. Love's golden dream is past, hidden by mists of pain, Yet shall we meet at last, never to part again. I look into your love-lit eyes, I hear your gentle voice; You come to me from Paradise, and bid my heart rejoice, Great vision, fade not from my sight, I would not wake to pain, But dream, till at the portals bright, I clasp your hands again. Love's golden dream, &c.

8. DUET .. "Where are you going to my pretty maid?" .. Seymour Smith. MISS CLARA L. CORNWALL AND MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?" "I'm going a milking, Sir," she said; "Shall I come with you, my pretty maid?" "Oh yes if you please, kind Sir," she said "Shall I come with you?" "If you please," "If you please kind Sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?" "My father's a farmer, Sir," she said; "What is your mother, my pretty maid?" "Wife to my father, Sir," she said. "Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?" "Oh! yes, if you please kind Sir," she said; "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "My face is my fortune, Sir," she said. "I cannot marry you, my pretty maid," "Nobody axed you, Sir," she said, "I cannot marry you, my pretty maid," "Nobody axed you, Sir," she said. "I think I will alter my mind, pretty maid," "You really don't say so, Sir," she said, "Yes, may I marry you, my pretty maid?" "With the greatest of pleasure, Sir," she said.

9. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. "Waltzes" .. Dvorak. MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

10. VENETIAN SONG .. Tosti. MR. HIRWEN JONES.

The night wind sighs, our vessel flies, Across the dark lagoon, The city sleeps, and well she keeps, Her watch the gentle moon; For with her light she guides our flight, Across the silver sea, We are alone, the world, my own, Death hold but you and me, The night is still, but soft winds fill, And swell the willing sail, The wind is fair, the scented air, Brings perfumes from the vale, Then fly with me, across the sea, And leave the world behind, For here am I, to live or die, As you prove hard or kind.

11. BALLAD .. "Comin' thro' the Rye" .. Old Scotch. MISS AGNES WILSON.

Gin a body, meet a body, comin' thro' the rye, Gin a body, kiss a body, need a body cry, Ilka lassie, has her laddie, nane they say hae I, Yet a' the lad they smile at me, when comin' thro' the rye, Gin a body, meet a body, comin' frae the town, Gin a body, meet a body, need a body frown. Ilka lassie, has, etc. Among the train, there is a swain, I dearly lo'e myself, And what's his name, or whaur his hame, I dinna care to tell. Ilka lassie, has, etc.

12. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Carnival of Venice" .. Paganini. ARR. BY H. KOENIG. HERR HERMAN KOENIG.

13. SONG .. "Captain Dando" .. Roedel. MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

Captain Dando went to sea, And a light little, tight little barque had he; When he spied a Frenchman on his lee, "Hurrah!" cried Captain Dando, And he hoisted his flag, and he gave a shout, "Steady, my lads, run the long guns out, We shall have to fight, I make no doubt!" Said the brave old Captain Dando, "Haul down that flag!" the Frenchman cried, As he came along o' Dando's side, "Well, that's a game that must be tried!" Said the brave old Captain Dando, So they ranged long side and blazed all day, Till Dando's timbers were shot away, But "Never say die!" he still did say, "And I mean it, too!" said Dando, Then the Frenchman, in a rage flew he; "Haul it down! Or I'll blow you out of the sea." "Well! that's a thing don't frighten me!" Said the brave old Captain Dando, But what could the poor little schooner do? For her masts were gone, and her sides in two, So down she went with her noble crew, And down went Captain Dando, But just as the Frenchman sailed afar, For he thought he had done for the British tar, Up came the flag on a floating spar, And upon the spar was Dando! For that's the Britisher's way you know, He never will take a knock-down blow, And if ever he sinks, he comes up so! Like the brave old Captain Dando!

14. SONG .. "On the Zuyder Zee" .. Roedel. MISS CLARA L. CORNWALL.

There was an English maiden, she stood upon the strand, When there came a merry Dutchman, a-sailing to the land; And he cried, "My tear, I love you; my brite, O vill you be? Vill you come to the Zuyder Zee!" But the maiden she was prudent, and she curtsied low and said, "I should like to know a little more about you, ere I wed." And he cried, "I am a Dutchman, and de bravest cat can be!" And he was—on the Zuyder Zee! "But what about your people—are the husbands brave and true? Do they love their wives and work for them, as husbands ought to do?" "Vat you mean?" the Dutchman answered; "Dey've no time for dat you see! Dey must smoke, on de Zuyder Zee!" "And while the men are smoking, what do the women there? Do they dance and sing, and drive about, and pretty dresses wear?" "Ach Himmel!" cried the Dutchman, "vat vill a wife you be! Dey must work, on de Zuyder Zee!" "And are the wives content to work?" the little maid went on; "Do they never shake their husbands, and tell them to begone?" "Shake deir husbands!" cried the Dutchman; "vat would creation be? No, dey don't, on de Zuyder Zee!" "Then good-bye, you little Dutchman! If ever I should wed, I must be my husband's lover, and not his slave," she said; "You may wed some little Dutchee, but as for wedding me! You may go—to the Zuyder Zee!"

Calendar of the Week.

April 11th.—Day of St. Guthlac. This good old Saxon saint is well nigh lost to memory, but in the eighth century when he flourished, he was a very sturdy saint indeed. He began life as a soldier, but retired to the fen country, and devoted himself to a life of contemplation in that gloomy region of bog and black peat. Croyland Abbey was founded in his honour.

On this day were born Christopher Smart, a small poet of the last century: George Canning, statesman: and Lannes, one of Napoleon's Marshals. On this day died, 1447, Cardinal Beaufort, half-brother of Henry IV.: Guston de Foix, 1512: and Stanislaus Poniatowski, 1798.

On this day, 1861, began the American Civil War, which lasted four years, and destroyed one knows not how many thousands of men, and cost one knows not how many millions. From a legal point of view the people of the South could secede from the Union at any time. From every other point of view the people of the North were quite right to stop them if they could. And they did, and have been crowing about it ever since.

April 12th.—Day of St. Seneca. He was a great Roman philosopher, born B.C. 6. He spent his whole life of seventy-three years in battling against the corruption of his time. But in the end it was too strong for him, and Nero had him done to death. In every age, however corrupt, there are always some left to point to better things, and to show an example.

On this day, 1782, Rodney won his great victory over the French Fleet off Martinique. It was the first victory which restored the spirit of the nation, broken as it was by the American disasters, and by the combined attacks of France, Spain, and Holland. Rodney captured seven of the French ships, brought their Admiral a prisoner to England, and destroyed 9,000 French seamen.

April 13th.—Handel died this day, 1759. Those who like to travel to Edgware may see, in the florid church of Whitechurch, the organ which this great master used to play. Charles Burney, who wrote a "History of Music," also died this day, 1814.

The Edict of Nantes, by which the French Protestants were secured the right of public worship and toleration, was passed by Henry IV. on this day, 1598. Those who wish to see an illustration of what happened in consequence of the revocation of that Edict seven years later, have only to visit Bethnal Green, which is still full of the weavers' descendants of the Protestants expelled from France by Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict.

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill was passed on this day, sixty years ago.

April 14th.—Warwick, the King-maker, was killed this day, 1471, at the Battle of Barnet. A column marks the spot in the green, a little beyond the town of Barnet.

On this day, 1772, was buried one Elizabeth Russell, of Streatham. She was a very aged woman, who acted as a wise woman and herbalist. After her death she was discovered to be a man, who had assumed the petticoats for the easier practice of her craft. It is supposed that she was 108 years old.

April 15th.—Madame de Maintenon died on this day, 1719. She was at first the wife of the poor cripple-poet Scarron. After the death of the poet, she became a governess to some of King Louis the Fourteenth's children, and had the tact and cleverness to make the King marry her in her old age. On the same day, forty years later, died Madame de Pompadour, who failed to make Louis XV. marry her, perhaps because he was already married.

On this day died a very worthy, hard-working simple old scholar, William Oldys, in 1761. He worked for the publishers, and received the rich reward which has always awarded the authors who have been so unfortunate as to be their servants. He fell into debt, that is, and spent many years in the Fleet Prison. Here are some verses made by Oldys on a fly drinking out of his cup of ale:—

Busy, curious, thirsty fly! Drink with me and drink as I! Truly welcome to my cup, Couldst thou sip and sup it up: Make the most of life you may, Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are thine and mine, Hastening quick to their decline: Thine's a summer, mine's no more, Though repeated to three score! Three score summers, when they're gone, Will appear as short as one.

April 16th.—Let us drop a tear to the memory of Madame Tussaud, who died on this day, 1850, the foundress of the great wax-work show, which is really so good that it ought to be made a great deal better.

On this day was fought the battle of Culloden, 1746, in which the Stuarts met the final death-blow to their hopes. After Culloden anybody might be a Jacobite and welcome for all the harm that he could do. The young prince, gallant Prince Charlie, ended by becoming a poor brandy-drinking creature, with very little of the old gallantry left: his brother, the Cardinal, became George the Third's pensioner.

April 17th.—On this day, 1725, one John Ridge of Trysall, in Staffordshire, bequeathed twenty shillings a year to a poor man who should go about the church during service to keep the people awake. A pious bequest! I have myself seen in a church in the New Forest, at the beginning of the sermon, the whole of the singers in the organ loft openly lay down their heads in a row and go to sleep. To be sure it was in the afternoon, and they had had their dinner. I wonder if the memory of John Ridge is still blessed in that parish of Trysall.

On this day died George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, son of the man who was murdered at Portsmouth by Felton. He was then only six years of age, and a long minority gave him a princely fortune, which he squandered in a princely manner, ending his days in wretchedness and poverty. Pope wrote these well-known verses on his death:—

Behold! what blessings wealth to life can lend! And see what comfort it affords our end: In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung, The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, On once a flock bed but repaired with straw, With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw, The "George and Garter" dangling from that bed, When tawdry yellow strove with dirty red, Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim, Gallant and gay, in Childen's proud accolade, The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love: Or just as gay at council, in a ring Of mimicked statesmen and their merry king, No wit to flatter, rest of all his store! No fool to laugh at, which he valued more. There victor of his health, of fortune, friends, And fame, this Lord of useless thousands ends.

A VERY curious document was a few months ago issued by the American Commissioner of Patents, entitled: "Women to whom patents have been granted by the United States Government from 1790 to 1888." It is a quarto of forty-four pages, and records in round numbers about two thousand five hundred patents, besides fifty-seven re-issues. The first on the list was taken out by Mary Kies in 1800 for "straw weaving with silk or thread." Mary Brush followed in 1815 with a "corset"; Sophia Usher, in 1819, with "cream of tartar, carbonated liquid"; and Julia Planton, in 1822, with a "foot-stove." From that date the entries are annual with the exception of some nine years. During the half-century 1809-58, exactly fifty patents were granted. By 1881 the yearly grants were three or four times that number. The first native patentee whose address is recorded, is Agdalena Goodman, of Duval County, Florida, for "improvement in broom brushes," in 1849, and she was the only Southerner save one up to the outbreak of the Civil War. The patents are by no means confined to the domestic arts and conveniences, or the hygiene or adornment of the female sex. In 1864 Mary Jane Montgomery, of New York, brought forward her "improved war vessel"; and she also devised an "improvement in locomotive wheels," together with an "apparatus for destroying vegetation on railroads." An Iowa lady made an "improvement in cigars"; and a Philadelphia lady invented a "moustache spoon," obviously not for her own use. But none of the two thousand five hundred inventions reveal a new principle.

WHEN a man has once forfeited his reputation for integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

It is best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

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. The Lecture Rooms are commodious and well supplied with apparatus, etc. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus required for a thorough practical instruction. Separate Lavatories and Cloak Rooms are provided for Male and Female Students. Students also have the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Tailors' Cutting ...	Dr. T.D. Humphreys	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	1 s. d.
Upholstery, Cutng. & Drap.	Mr. G. Scarman	Wednesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	M. and Th.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making & Mouldg.	(Mr. A. W. Bevis) (Wh. Sc.)	M. and F.	8.0-10.0	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	M. and Th.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Wood Carving ...	Mr. Perrin	M., W. and F.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Etching ...	Mr. Costello	Tu. and Th.	7.30-9.30	6 0
Hand Rail & Staircase Wk. Chasing & Repousse Work	Mr. Daniels	W. and F.	7.30-9.30	6 0

Technical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Boot & Shoe Manufacture	Mr. Herbert Hill...	Wednesday	8.30-9.30	5 0
Mechanical Engineering ...	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc., M.I.M.E.)	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Photography ... (Amateurs) ...	E. Howard Farmer	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Retouching ...	"	Monday	8.0-9.30	10 6
Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Cabinet Designing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Wednesday	7.30-9.30	2 6
Printing (Letter Press) ...	Mr. E.R. Alexander	Friday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Electrical Engineering—Electric Lighting, Electrical Instrument Making and Telegraphy, Laboratory & Workshop Practice	(Mr. W. Slingo, A.S.T.E., assisted by A. Brooker, Med.)	Th. and F.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Wednesday	8.30-10.0	6 0
Masonry ...	Mr. L. Harvey F.R.I.B.A.	Saturday	6.0-8.0	7 6

Art and Design Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Freehand & Model Draw. Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. Arthur Legge	(Monday Tuesday)	7.30-9.30	7 6
Drawing from the Antique	assisted by	Wed.		
Decorative Designing ...	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	(Thursday Friday)		
Modelling in Clay, etc. ...	"	"		
Geometrical Drawing ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	M., W. and F.	7.30-9.30	7 6
Wood Carving ...	Mr. Daniels	W. and F.	7.30-9.30	7 6
Chasing & Repousse Work	"	"	"	"
Drawing from Life ...	Mr. Arthur Legge	Friday	7.30-9.30	7 6

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Build. Con. and Draw.—Bgs. Ele.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Adv.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mac. Con. and Draw.—Ele. Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc., M.I.M.E.)	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Geo., Pr. Pl. and Sol.—Ele. Adv.	"	Mon. and Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
*Chemis., Inor.—Theo., Ele. Adv.	Mr. A. P. Laurie, B.A., B.Sc.	Tuesday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" " Prac., " Adv.	"	Friday	8.30-10.0	10 6
" " Theo. Adv.	"	Friday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" " Prac., " Adv.	"	Friday	8.30-10.0	15 0
Applied Mechanics ...	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.)	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. and Th.	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I. ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics—Ele. Adv.	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Magnism. and Electy.—Ele. Adv.	Mr. W. Slingo, A.S.T.E., assisted by	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Lby. Prot.	Mr. A. Brooker, Medallist.	Wednesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Sound, Light and Heat ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	4 0
" " "	"	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
† Ambulance ...	G. Stoker, Esq., M.D.	Tuesday	8.15	10 6
† Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Saril, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Commercial	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
† Book-keeping—Elem.	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Interme.	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced	"	Thursday	7.0-8.0	2 6
Grammar & Compn., Elem.	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Saturday	6.30-7.30	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	7.30-8.30	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	"	Tuesday	"	"
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	"	"
Excise (Beginners) ..	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners) ..	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ..	"	"	"	"
" (Competitive) ..	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Thursday	8.30-10.0	"
Female Clerks (Com.)	"	"	"	"
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ..	"	Thursday	6.30-8.30	10 0
Female Tele. Learners	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters ..	"	"	"	"
† Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
† French, Elementary ..	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Intermediate ..	"	M. & Wed.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " "	"	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Advanced ..	"	Wed. & Fri.	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Conversational ..	"	Wednesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Commrcl. Corres.	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
German, Advanced ..	Herr Dittell	Wednesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Beginners ..	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Intermediate ..	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
† Elocution (Class 1) ..	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	3 6
" (Class 2) ..	"	"	8.0-10.0	3 6
Shakespeare Class ..	"	Monday	8.0-10.0	3 6
Writing ..	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 0
† London Matriculation ..	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Tu. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
" " Interm. Arts ..	"	"	6.0-10.0	42 0
" " B.A. Degree ..	"	"	6.0-10.0	42 0

* For Course of Five Lectures. † See Class Prospectus for details of Classes.

Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing, Elementary ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" Advanced ...	"	Tues. & Fri.	9.0-10.0	2 0
Choral Society ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	{ Tuesday } { Saturday }	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte ...	Mr. C. Hamilton	Monday	5.0-10.0	9 0
" " " "	"	Tu. & Thur.	5.30-8.30	9 0
" " " "	"	Saturday	2.0-5.0	9 0
" " " "	Mrs. Spencer	Wed. & Fri.	5.0-9.0	9 0
Violin ...	Mr. W. Jackson	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
" " " "	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

* Ladies will be admitted to these Classes at Reduced Fees, viz., 1/-

Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Plain Needlework, Garment Making & Art Needlework	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	7.0-9.0	5 0
Dressmaking ...	"	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	4 0
" " " "	"	Wednesday	7.0-9.0	4 0
" " " "	"	Thursday	7.30-9.30	7 6
" " " "	"	Friday	6.30-8.30	4 0
" " " "	"	Saturday	3.0-5.0	4 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Tues. & Fri.	7.30-9.30	4 0
Cookery ...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	7.30-9.30	3 0
" " " "	"	"	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	"	8.0-9.30	2 0

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