

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 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. VOLUME III. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

NOTICE.

CLASS TICKETS are issued every day in the Schools' Office until 9 p.m.

By payment of an additional fee of sixpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings.

THE TIME TABLE is now ready, and may be had by applying at the offices, which are now open each evening till nine, to issue class tickets.

AN EFFICIENT COOKERY SCHOOL is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools' Office.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Technical Schools Rambling, Club to Hampstead and Primrose Hill.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

SUNDAY, Oct. 20th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Oct. 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.45.—Students' Dance, at 7.30.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 20th, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30, 4, AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. JAMES LOURING, F.C.O.

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

ABOUT thirty miles from the West Coast of Hayti, on what used to be called the Spanish Main, there lies a little island called Navassa. In the scramble and fight for possession of the West Indian Islands, Navassa seems to have been forgotten; at least, no map that I have consulted has thought it worth while to colour the island so as to show the country to which it belongs. There was established in Navassa, up till the other day, a factory of some kind, started and managed by Americans but worked by negroes. And here there has suddenly broke out, from no apparent cause, one of those curious mad revolts which make the negro so dangerous a neighbour. They rose: they murdered all the white men, except one or two who escaped. They actually bombarded the house in which they took refuge with dynamite bombs, of which there was a whole magazine full. The story shows that there is still plenty of adventure and peril for those who seek their fortunes afloat. The romance of the Spanish Main is not yet completed.

It also illustrates the character of the negro. Thirty years ago, while the States still endured the reproach of slavery, we were continually hearing of the wonderful qualities and gifts of the black brother. In those days, it was not convenient to consider the island of Hayti: we therefore spoke as if it did not exist. What has happened, then? In this country, which is without any exception the richest, the most abundantly provided, and the most beautiful country in the world, the negro has been for close upon a hundred years left to himself and his own government. He started with religion, education, a free constitution, and the wealth of his unrivalled country. After a hundred years we find the island divided into two republics, each of which hates the other with an animosity as intense as it is ridiculous. One of these is called the Mulatto Republic, the other is the Black Republic. There are no industries, arts, or manufactures: the rich forests are allowed to rot: the mines of iron, copper, and gold are unworked: the government is bankrupt: the men live on the work of the women: they have lost their language—Creole Spanish or French—and now speak a mixed jargon: they have gone back to the wildest superstition, and practice rites and ceremonies indescribable, including cannibalism. In the Black Republic they have even passed a law preventing whites from holding land or any office. In fact, a hundred years have seen the negro, starting with every possible advantage, relapse from a promising start upon the path of civilisation to a condition worse than that of his ancestors on the West Coast of Africa.

As for his occasional outbursts of fury, the most important was that in which he rose in Hayti, and massacred all the French on the island: but in Jamaica, there are wonderful histories of negro risings, and the murder and torture of the planters. The last of these was during the rule of a governor, who acted with promptitude and vigour, treating these murderers to the only handling they understood. Because some of them called themselves Christians, a fuss was made at home, and the governor was recalled! There are still living in the heart of Jamaica the descendants of the old Maroons, the runaway slaves who established themselves in the woods and carried on war to the knife with the white men. They are peaceable now and happy, and I believe have not shown a relapse so complete as their brethren of Hayti.

THE same ferocity characterised the negro in all the West-Indian islands. In an old map which I possess, there are pictures of the planters riding out with guns and dogs to

chase the runaway: but there are none showing the planters escaping for their lives from the insurgent blacks. I have always been astonished that the Americans have had no such trouble with these negroes. After the Civil War ended in 1865, the blacks got votes as well as freedom. They proceeded to put themselves into office, and perpetrated many things ridiculous, but not revengeful or fierce. The whites have got the upper hand again, and treat the negroes with the old scorn. But one does not learn that in South Carolina or in Georgia they are disposed to follow the example of their brethren on the islands.

THE strike of the school children is said to have begun in our part of the world. Will any reader send me exact information as to its first appearance? Nothing more curious has happened since a certain very wonderful and mysterious movement in the fourteenth century. With one accord the children are out on strike all about the country: "No more caning; no more home lessons; more play time." These are their demands. How the movement spread: who told the children of Dundee what was going on in Plumstead; nobody can tell. There is no importance in the thing, but it is curious.

A LONG time ago—I think I have already told this story—there was a most remarkable and spontaneous movement of the children in France and Germany. That it should have begun at the same time in the two countries—then as widely separated as difference of race and language could make them—is the most wonderful part of the history. They banded themselves together: they went from town to town and from village to village enlisting recruits: and they marched southwards, crying that they were going to deliver the Holy Places of Jerusalem from the hands of the infidel. God, they cried, would work miracles for them: the waters would be parted: the land should be delivered into the hands of the children.

THEY reached the sea. Those from Germany reached the sea near Genoa: those of France got to Marseilles. As regards the Germans they found no miracle waiting for them. The waters did not divide, they melted away: most of them were taken by the Italians into servitude: a few found their way home again. The French children, more unfortunate, fell into the hands of two villains, who under the pretence of taking them to the Holy Land, put them on board seven ships and carried them to Alexandria, where they were all sold for slaves. Two ships, however, were wrecked on the way, and the children in them drowned. A chapel was erected to their memory, which still stands, on the little island of St. Peter, near Sardinia.

ANOTHER bit of Old London is going to be swept away. It is the south side of Holywell Street, Strand. Here was a spring of water, to which in the ancient days the people from London, then at the other end of Fleet Street, used much to resort. In digging for new buildings some time ago, the workmen came upon the spring. I think it very likely that it is the same spring which supplies the old Roman bath almost south of it in the Strand. London very soon spread westward, beyond Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street. In the time of Henry VIII., there was an old inn here with the sign of the "Lion." This the lawyers purchased, and made it into an Inn of Chancery: it was only pulled down a short time ago. On the south side of Holywell, you will find one of the last of the old signs, the "Half Moon"; it is in fine preservation, and newly gilt; I suppose it may belong to the sixteenth century. Two or three of the old houses remain, but most are gone. This street, with Wych Street close by, the old Butchers' Row, which formerly stood behind St. Clement's Church, and the network of streets lying north of the Strand, where now stand the Law Courts, enjoyed a very unenviable reputation.

THIS is hardly the place to discuss music hall morality, but I should like to point out a fact which is not sufficiently recognised. The managers are not allowed by law to perform plays on their stage. If they could have plays, all the foolish songs which are vulgar, if they are not worse, with the jugglers and acrobats, would vanish in one moment, and the people would be invited to enjoy a performance which would only differ from that of the theatre, in the fact that the scenery would be slight, and the costumes inexpensive, while they could smoke their pipes during the play. Nay, the

music halls might even rival the theatres in the mounting of their pieces: they would become, in fact, the theatres of the people. Why not? There would be the same Licensor of Plays to keep them within bounds, and I do not think the legitimate drama would suffer at all. As for the London County Council, new brooms sweep clean, and there is too much zeal to last. One of the weekly papers publishes the songs which have brought the halls to grief. Well: they are not exactly refined, it is true; but no music hall should be condemned on a charge so slight. The popularity of the Palace Concerts proves how well the people appreciate good music. Could not some music hall try the experiment of good music? As for the songs which are supposed to be so popular, they have no tune, or rather one tune serves for all: and the words are mostly stupid. There is room for thorough reform. Could not the County Council offer them a year for consideration and reform?

PEOPLE who desire to assimilate the government of this country to that of the United States of America, are respectfully requested to read an article in this week's *Spectator* on the cost of American elections. How much does it cost to maintain a Queen, a Court, and a Royal Family? Shall we say a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year? How much does it cost to elect a President once every four years? TWENTY MILLIONS STERLING! That is to say—five millions a year. How it is done may be read in the paper referred to. It is good reading, if only to show some of our friends that there are worse evils even than the British Constitution, which they would destroy with a heart so light.

EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

A NEW departure still. The new Junior Section for girls is now to begin operations, and is to be available for girls between thirteen and sixteen years of age who have left school. They will form clubs, they will have gymnasium practice, they will learn to sing and to cook, dressmake, keep house, and other good things, and they will only pay sixpence a month. Full particulars can be heard at the Schools' Office.

CLUBS are now being formed in every direction. A set of the Trustees' rules for the formation of these clubs is now printed, and a copy (from the Trustees' Office) should be obtained and read at every first club meeting. From the report of the Cricket Club in another column, it will be seen that they, at any rate, are starting with capital prospects.

IT is good to notice that strong clubs are being formed among the Technical School boys and the Junior Section. We shall, perhaps, soon have a regular system, by which Members will be passed up from these to the Senior Clubs as they advance in years. In the meantime the *Journal* will be at the service of everybody as a means of intercommunication. There will be no need for postage expenses in calling the club Members together, since everything requiring general attention can be notified in the *Journal*.

SUB-EDITOR.

Reviews.

WE have received a little volume of "Technical Questions specially prepared for Typographical Classes," which forms one of "Wyman's Technical Series," and is a first-class handbook. Any student capable of answering every one of the questions set may consider himself a very proficient typographer. The price is fourpence, and the book is published by Mr. E. Menken, 65 and 66, Chancery Lane.

We have also received "Shorthand without Complications," by Mr. A. Janes, a shilling manual of a system compiled by the Author. The system appears, as far as a perusal of the book shows, a very simple one.

THE Bishop was at dinner, and the waiter had just spilled a plate of scalding soup on the episcopal smallclothes. Then his lordship turned round, and with an agonised expression of countenance solemnly remarked: "Will some layman make a remark appropriate to the occasion?"

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach 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.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Old School-buildings, on Thursday, 10th inst., Mr. Hugh Sharman occupied the chair. The Secretary then read his Report and Balance Sheet; both were put to the meeting and passed. On account of Sir Edmund Currie's absence, it was decided to adjourn the meeting until November 6th, when office-bearers will be elected for Season 1890. The club has been re-organised, under the new regulations of the Trustees, and only those who hold class tickets will be eligible for membership. The club promises to be much stronger next season; several students have sent in their names, and we expect to be able, at least, to put three teams in the field. I am pleased to report that there is every probability of a suitable private ground being obtained for next season. Sir Edmund is taking immediate steps in the matter, and I trust before long to be in a position to report definitely on the matter.

Students wishing to join the club are requested to leave their names at the General Offices at the Technical Schools, addressed to the Secretary.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec., *pro tem.*

TECHNICAL SCHOOL BOYS' RAMBLING CLUB.

By the suggestion of Sir Edmund Hay Currie, that a Rambler's Club in connection with the Day School should be formed, a general meeting of all wishing to join was called, and the following office-bearers were elected, under whose guidance and management the club of unlimited number of members is hoping for many pleasant rambles on the Saturday's holiday:—President, Sir Edmund Hay Currie; Vice-President, A. W. Bevis; Treasurer, G. Scott; Secretary, V. Pool; Committee, J. Low, J. Davey, F. Fryer, G. Wallis, F. D. Dowsett, G. Cleverly, C. P. Bramley, and J. White. Not much time was lost in arranging for the first ramble to Greenwich, which took place on Saturday last. At two o'clock twenty-five boys were standing on the platform at Millwall Junction, all eager, but very quiet, a quietness no doubt caused by previous instructions that perfect behaviour was expected of each Member in public streets and stations. At ten minutes past two a small engine, nearly hidden by a large advertisement of Pear's soap attached to each side of it, ran into the station, followed by three carriages; this caused some merriment, and it was not long before the muffled monotone of faint whispers was changed into laughs and shouts from young lungs. Crossing the Thames in a ferry, with the danger of running into, or being run into, by a large steamer bound up and down the river, was in itself good fun. On landing on the other side, the church was the first object of interest we visited. The Rev. Brooke Lambert was there, and took us all round. It is a splendid old edifice, supposed to have been built by Nicholas Howsworth, pupil of Christopher Wren. The old dark oak carved pulpit, the ceiling, and the royal pew, where so many kings and queens have sat, were much admired by the boys, and they longed for the time when they will have that work to do at the Technical Schools. Mr. Lambert described the old-fashioned sand-glasses that were on the pulpit, four in number, one ran down in a quarter, one in a half, one in three-quarters, and one in one hour, so that the clergyman could divide his subject into four heads of equal duration, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and lastly. We now followed the vicar into the vestry, where he hunted up some very old registers. The writing was very quaint and curious; the e's were the wrong way round, the r's upside down, and the l's and other letters were so that we could not possibly read them, but the vicar read one or two, one the certificate of marriage of John Cooper, 108 years old, to a woman eighty years old, but he warned the boys not to marry at that age, as it proved fatal to the man, for he died the next year. There was also the original tablet of Thomas Tallis, 1585, the father of church music, the register of the birth of Gordon, and several other interesting events. Before bidding farewell to the church, a torch-light procession in the vaults, under the church, was the crowning joys to the boys; there they marched two abreast, with torches in their hands, and saw the vault which contained the bones of General Wolfe, and his mother's and father's, also those of Tyndall, one of the translators of the Bible.

We next wended our way to the Sailors' Training School, where even more might be dilated upon than at the church, but I must be brief. One of the nautical instructors took us round; we saw the class-rooms, dormitories, dining halls, swimming baths, gymnasiums, etc., which were all on a very large scale, having to provide for over 1,000 boys. It being Saturday, many of the boys were with their socks and boots off, scrubbing or swilling down the decks or floors. Leaving this with one last lingering look behind, we went to the chapel and hospital. At the chapel they were decorating for the harvest thanksgiving, and the delicious fruits and large loaves of bread came in for their share of approval. Right opposite the chapel is the painted hall; here one of the attendants,

in very impressive tones, described the principal pictures to us, and took special pride in pointing out Nelson's coat and waistcoat, and the very hole in the latter where the bullet pierced, and the blood stain on the vest; in fact, he described, by the aid of pictures, Nelson's life, from the time he killed the bear, when a boy, to the time he was shot at the battle of Trafalgar, the funeral procession down the Thames, and the spot in the painted hall, where he lay for three days in state. Our ramble had not finished, for we had not yet seen the Museum. Here the attendant said we had but five minutes, and if we would follow him he would show us that which would most interest the boys. After following him into a room, he said, "Here, boys, there is Nelson's tooth brush, socks, comb, piece of soap, and here is his sword given him by the Sultan of Turkey, and here is a piece of biscuit seventy years old; and, now, here come and see Captain's Cook's compass needle telescope, been three times round the world," but before the boys could look at one of these things he moved on, calling the boys after him and began again, "Now you have all heard of the *Royal George*, that's part of her, made into a model; 800 men lost their precious lives, and here is the model of the original *Victory*, and that is part of her bow, that flag up there, been as near the North Pole as anyone." Then he opened the door and bid us good day. Our ramble through the Museum was short, sweet, and rapid. Feeling hungry we went to the "Duke Humphrey Coffee Tavern," and had each as much as 2d. would buy; we now raced through the Park, up Cow Hill and down again, up to the Observatory, timed our watches, measured the standard yard, read the temperature, barometer, and received some degree of satisfaction in reading that we were 1,550 feet above mean water at London Bridge. Then we went towards home, and after a series of songs and choruses, we found ourselves at Poplar Station, where we parted, many of the boys wishing to know if they might not begin their ramble again. This week we hope to visit Hampstead Heath and Primrose Hill.

A. W. B.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL HARRIERS.

Our first run came off on Saturday last, when sixteen runners turned up. Starting from Wanstead at 2.40, making our way towards High Beech, everything went on well till we reached the "Eagle," Snarebrook, then down came the rain, which of course made us stop, getting shelter under some bushes; however, it did not last long, and we were able to continue our journey; but when we got to the "Wilfred Lawson," a lot began to hang behind, and the others not caring about waiting for them went on, and five of us reaching High Beech (Moxey, H. Howard, Taylor, S. Davis, R. Wright) at 3.50 p.m., where we met a gentleman who took us to a little cottage and gave us some tea, the others being about one mile behind. After tea we went on our way homeward, and before we had got a mile met a stage coach, and the occupants seeing we were very tired gave us a lift to the "Castle" at Woodford. Again pursuing our way homeward, it coming on dark, we did not stop till we reached our headquarters, Wanstead, at 7 o'clock, where a good fire was waiting us; the others all had their run out to High Beech, being thirteen miles there and back, and came in a little later very tired.

H. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.
F. AUDUS, Superintendent.

The Way the Piano Grew.

THE piano, as we see it to-day, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after awhile the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings.

It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of, and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers.

For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hand of the player, and then a genius invented a keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers.

This instrument was called a clavicytherium, or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spine, because the hammers were covered with spines of quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord.

In 1710, Bartolomeo Cristofori, an Italian, invented a key or keyboard, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano.

In the past 150 years, there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano. The reason is obvious: it is the household instrument *par excellence*.

PEOPLE'S PALACE FOR EAST LONDON,

MILE END ROAD, E.

CHAIRMAN

SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

PROGRAMME AND SYNOPSIS

OF

READINGS

BY

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS,

ON

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1889.

Musical Director, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Part I.—DAVID COPPERFIELD.

CHAPTER 1.—The old boat on Yarmouth Sands—Mr. Peggotty's household—The introduction of Steerforth—The story of Ham's courtship—Steerforth and little Em'ly—Coming events cast their shadows before.

CHAPTER 2.—Another visit to Mr. Peggotty—The flight of Little Em'ly—"Who's the man?"—Mr. Peggotty's resolve—"I'm a going to seek my niece; I'm a going to seek her fur and wide."

CHAPTER 3.—Over head and ears in love with Dora—David's proposal, and how Jip received it—Household troubles—Mary Ann and the page—The child-wife.

CHAPTER 4.—Mr. Peggotty's wanderings and search for his niece—How little Em'ly sent him money, and his fear that he might die before he could give it back to Steerforth—He resumes his solitary journey through the snow.

CHAPTER 5.—Little Em'ly found at last—David goes to Yarmouth to break the news to Ham—The great storm—The solitary man upon the mast—Devotion of Ham, and his death in the attempt to save Steerforth—The body of little Em'ly's betrayer found lying on the sand, "with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school."

Part II.—BOB SAWYER'S PARTY.

Bob Sawyer and his friend Ben Allen—A little difficulty with Mrs. Raddle, Bob's landlady—"Who do you call a woman?"—Arrival of Mr. Pickwick and his friends—Mr. Jack Hopkins—Hospital experiences—The story of the boy who swallowed the necklace—The supper—The anecdote which was told by the prim man in the cloth boots—"You can't have no warm water"—Outbreak of hostilities between Mr. Jack Hopkins and the sentimental young gentleman with a nice sense of honour—The reconciliation, and Mr. Jack Hopkins's song—How Mrs. Raddle interfered and broke up the party, and how Mr. Sawyer was left alone to meditate on the pleasures of the evening and the probable events of the morrow.

INTERSPERSED WITH

RECITALS ON THE ORGAN BY MR. EDWARD D'EVRY.

- 1. OVERTURE ... "Harmoné Musick" ... Mendelssohn.
2. TOCCATA (between the Parts) ... Dubois.
3. CAPRICE ... Guilmant.

NOTICE.—ORGAN RECITALS on SUNDAYS, at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. All are invited. ADMISSION FREE.

Libel Eighty Years Ago.

NOWADAYS, when a man and a journalist may say the thing he will, if not of his neighbour, towards whom he probably manifests such reticence, at least, as is caused by the possibility of retaliation, at any rate of the powers that be; when, further, we are accustomed to swallow an unsparing criticism of, or violent invective against the Government and administration of the day, as an ordinary digestive to our breakfast, and to repeat the tonic at intervals during the afternoon,—it is not uninteresting to glance for a moment at the position and responsibilities of the Press in the time of our grandfathers, if only to measure our advance along the line of free discussion during the last eighty years.

In a volume of State Trials of the year 1811, are particulars of the prosecutions of the printers and publishers of two newspapers for "seditious libel" (as criticism of the authorities was then called) which for two or three reasons are interesting to us now. They illustrate, among other things, the glorious uncertainty of trial by jury; since, though the libel complained of was the same in both cases, the verdicts were different. Again, Leigh Hunt was one of the defendants: he, gentle creature, must have been considerably astonished to find himself regarded as a sedition-monger; and, lastly, the "libel" reminds us of a state of things in the army which has happily passed away, and is known to our generation only by hearsay.

The Stamford News published an article on flogging in the army, in which were quoted instances of punishment of incredible barbarity (though apparently seven and eight hundred lashes with the cat, which seem to have been actually inflicted in some of the cases named, were nothing very out of the way in those days). Leigh Hunt copied the paragraph, with the greater part of the article commenting on it, into his paper, the Examiner. The article, which is temperate enough in its tone, very truly points out that in England alone, among civilised nations, "in this land of liberty, in this age of refinement (?)"—by a people who, with their usual consistency, have been in the habit of reproaching their neighbours with the cruelty of their punishment—is still inflicted a species of torture at least as exquisite as any that was ever devised by the infernal ingenuity of the Inquisition; and goes on to draw an unfavourable contrast in this respect, between our military system and that of France.

This article, an able and perfectly temperate exposure of an official abomination, was regarded by the government as an endeavour "to inflame the minds of the soldiers against that code of laws which must be enforced while we have a hope of maintaining discipline," and as calculated to bring about all sorts of disaster and public calamities, such as were ever present to the minds of our fathers while the Peninsular War was raging, and Napoleon was the master of Europe. On this ground, therefore, the Attorney-General prosecuted the newspaper for seditious libel. The Hunts (for both Leigh Hunt and his brother were implicated) were defended by Lord—then Mr.—Brougham, who in the course of his speech quoted extracts from the published writings of Sir Robert Wilson and General Stewart, in which these officers animadverted on corporal punishment in language at least as strong as those used by the defendants; he argued that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that if the Hunts were convicted of libel, Sir Robert Wilson was equally guilty. The reply of the Attorney-General to this argument is instructive. Wilson and Stewart are "men of the highest character and rank—men entitled to attention from the public": "to talk of placing them side by side with the printer and publisher of the Examiner, is laughable." "Either the defendants must be raised to the height of Sir Robert Wilson, or Sir Robert Wilson must be reduced to the situation of the defendants,"—an extremely obvious truism, as we should hold: an unanswerable reductio ad absurdum, as the Attorney-General and those with him considered. One man may steal a horse, while his neighbour may not look over the hedge. Officials of high rank may attack abuses, for their object is the welfare of the State. The humble journalist may on no account attack the same abuses, in language at least as temperate, because his object can only be the overthrow of the constitution. For this is the point of the whole trial. The case for the prosecution was, not that the alleged libel was untrue, or couched in unduly abusive terms, or that flogging was justifiable, but that the object of the article was "to degrade the British soldiery in the opinion of those under whose eyes it might fall," and especially in those of Tommy Atkins himself; and that

therefore, being written with this object, it was seditious and libellous.

Lord Ellenborough summed up in a speech that made those of the prosecution almost superfluous; and was especially angry with the Hunts for using headlines! "The first thing that strikes one is 'one thousand lashes' in large letters. What is that but to attract the mind to such a punishment as one thousand lashes?" (What, indeed, Lord Ellenborough?) "to portray it as a circumstance of horror, and to excite feelings of detestation against those who had inflicted, and compassion for those who had suffered (apparently suffered) [sic] such a punishment? for it appears to have been only executed in part," and so forth; the implication being that although a thousand lashes might be a little severe, seven hundred and fifty were really such a trifle as to be hardly worth mentioning. It is very creditable to the humanity and intelligence of the jury that, in spite of the judges' plain direction to them to find a verdict, they declared both the defendants not guilty.

The prosecution of the Examiner having missed fire, the Government then took proceedings against the Stamford News, from which paper, as has been already mentioned, the Examiner libel was copied verbatim. The arguments of the prosecution in this case were precisely those adduced by the Attorney-General in conducting the trial of the Hunts,—naturally enough, seeing that the two cases were identically the same: Brougham defended the second, as he had defended the first case, and of course took the same line in rebutting the arguments of the Crown lawyer, with the further advantage of being able to refer to the verdict in the Examiner case. This he did, but only indirectly. "If I were so disposed, I might refer you to that case . . . but I will not avail myself of this advantage: I will rather suffer the experiment to be tried in the person of this defendant, of the uniformity of juries: whether that which has been shown to be innocent at Westminster, can be adjudged guilty at Lincoln" (where this trial was held). The experiment was an unfortunate one for the defendant, and Brougham overrated the intelligence of the provincial jury: for when Sir George Wood, the judge, had summed up against the defendant, as Lord Ellenborough had done in the previous case, the Lincoln jury departed from the order of procedure which so far made the two trials almost identical in every respect, and obeyed the judge's exhortation to find a verdict of guilty. The account of the trial does not record what penalty was inflicted.

Sir George Wood's summing up is interesting, from a declaration of constitutional law that he incidentally makes—a declaration which the journalist of to-day would find rather difficult of digestion. "It is said," this judge observed, "that we have a right to discuss the acts of the legislature. This would be a large permission indeed. Is there, gentlemen, to be a power in the people to counteract the Acts of Parliament, and is the libeller to come and make the people dissatisfied with the government under which he lives? This is not to be permitted to any man: it is unconstitutional and seditious."

This very remarkable enunciation of constitutional principle was made by a judge on the bench, when Mr. Gladstone was about beginning to talk. It marks the distance we have travelled in the seventy-eight years during which that statesman has been addressing his fellow-creatures.

Answers to Correspondents.

AN OLD MEMBER.—You should sign your name even if you give us a nom de plume for printing. We cannot insert anonymous letters.

J. L. W.—Mr. Walter Marshall will arrange the dances. Write to him at the Palace.

A NEW STUDENT.—Make any suggestion you please to the Trustees as to new clubs. If possible, no doubt, something will be done.

J. COWLES.—A newsagent will of course procure you the Palace Journal. Those in the neighbourhood of the Palace sell it regularly. Meanwhile you may note that the terms of subscription are very moderate indeed. Copy is being sent as you ask.

H. H. NEWELL.—The Journal has been sent to the country address given some weeks ago. It shall now be sent to your address in London.

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "I wish, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would use the thermometer, so as to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature." Susan: "Oh, don't you worry about that, ma'am: I don't need no 'mometers. If the little one turns red, the water's too hot: if it turns blue, it's too cold; and that's all there is about it."

David Swan.

A FANTASY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WE can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, a-foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple-trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up, all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind."

"And youth, besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face,

the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance," replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burthen of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple-trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead,—buzz, buzz, buzz,—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally, he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her only could he love with a perfect love—him only could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl. She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened at that identical time to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him, and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered. "I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away among his shirts. And if not there we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other. His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger towards his heart the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple-trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burthened it. Now, he stirred—now, moved his lips, without a sound—now, talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlife vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur—nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available?

How it Happened.

THIS was the way it happened. I was playing Indian in the yard. I had a wooden tomahawk and a wooden scalping knife and a bow and arrow. I was dressed up in father's old coat turned inside out, and had six chicken feathers in my hair. I was playing I was "Green Thunder," the Delaware chief, and was hunting for pale faces in the yard. It was just after supper, and I was having a nice time. Well, you know, my sister has got two fellows after her, Mr. Travers and Mr. Martin. Mr. Travers came, and he said, "Jimmy, what are you up to now?" So I told him I was Green Thunder, and was on the war-path.

Said he, "Jimmy, I think I saw Mr. Martin on his way here. Do you think you would mind scalping him?"

I said I would not scalp him for nothing, for that would be cruelty, but if Mr. Travers was sure that Mr. Martin was

the enemy of the Indians, then Green Thunder's heart would ache for revenge, and I would scalp him with pleasure.

Mr. Travers said that Mr. Martin was a notorious enemy of the Red Man, and he gave me sixpence, and said that as soon as Mr. Martin should come, and be sitting down comfortably, I was to give a war-hoop and scalp him.

Well, in a few minutes Mr. Martin came, and he, Mr. Travers, and Susan, talked as if they were so pleased to see each other, which was the highest hypocrisy in the world.

After a while Mr. Martin saw me and said, "How silly boys are; that boy makes believe he is an Indian, and we know he is only a nuisance."

Now this made me wild, and I thought I would give him a good scare, just to teach him not to call names. So I began to steal softly up the steps, and to get round behind him. When I had got about six feet from him I gave a war-hoop and jumped at him. I caught hold of his scalp-lock with one hand, and drew my wooden scalping-knife round his head with the other. I never got such a fright in my whole life. The knife was so dull that it wouldn't have cut butter; but true as I sit here, Mr. Martin's whole scalp came off in my hand. I thought I had killed him, and I dropped his scalp and said, "For mercy's sake I didn't mean to do it, and I'm awfully sorry." But he just caught up his scalp, stuffed it in his pocket, jammed his hat on his head, and walked off, saying to Susan, "I didn't come here to be insulted by a little wretch that deserves the gallows."

Mr. Travers and Susan never said a word until he had gone, and then they laughed until the noise brought father out to ask what was the matter. When he heard what had happened, instead of laughing he looked very angry, and said, "That Mr. Martin is a worthy man, my son, and you may come upstairs with me."

If you've ever been a boy you know what happened upstairs, and I needn't say any more on a very painful subject. I didn't mind it so much, for I thought Mr. Martin would die, and then I should be hung and put in gaol; but before she went to bed Susan came and whispered through the door that it was all right, that Mr. Martin was made that way, so he could be taken apart easy, and that I hadn't hurt him. I shall have to stay in my room all to-day and have bread and water; and what I say is, that if men are made with scalps that may come off any minute if a boy just touches them, it isn't fair to blame the boy.

How he Despatched them.

AN old Irish judge on the North-western Circuit loved the hunting-field more than he did the sleepy court room. His clerk was like minded, and a joyous pair they made.

One fine morning, the clerk whispered to the judge—

"Yer honour, old Billy Duane's meet's to-day at Ballykillmulligan; and I've heard they've a fine fox."

"How many names are on the docket?" asked the judge, excitedly.

"Twenty; and all for rioting and breach of peace, yer honour!"

"Tim," said the judge, "do you think you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial, and me to let him off with a week in gaol?"

"The easiest thing in the world, yer honour."

"Make haste, then, and bring the whole gang; and, I say, Tim, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile."

The twenty prisoners were brought into court,—a defiant gang,—nineteen of them prepared to fight, with counsel and jury, to the bitter end.

The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk. He was called.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crimes charged?" demanded the judge, with a propitious smile.

"Guilty, yer honour"; said the crafty prisoner.

"Well," said the judge, glancing benevolently about the room, "I fancy I can let you off with a week."

THE UNEMPLOYED IN EAST LONDON.—At a time when much thought is being given to this matter, a practical suggestion may be of service. Last year more than £300,000 worth of foreign matches were purchased by inconsiderate consumers in this country, to the great injury of our own working people—so true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." If all consumers would purchase Bryant and May's matches, that firm would be able to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

A Refractory Lion.

BIDEL, the famous French lion-tamer, in his recently-published memoirs, has told the story of his terrible encounter with his celebrated lion Sultan.

"I had fixed," he says, "on the 5th of July, 1885, as the date of my installation in my new house at Asnières. It was arranged that as soon as my performance at Neuilly was concluded we should get into my brougham and drive off to Asnières to give a house-warming to a few of our most intimate friends. On entering the menagerie I became aware of a certain excitement among the beasts, but this was nothing unusual, and gave me no uneasiness. When the time came I should be able easily enough to restore the normal and properly-regulated quiet and calm. The day was bright and sunshiny. I was revelling in the thought that I was to soon take possession of the new home that I had won for myself at the cost of so much labour and peril. At last I was to realize my long-cherished dream. I was my own master. I was to be no longer a wanderer on the face of the earth, but was about to have a settled, comfortable house of my own. It was a fête day for me, and I longed for the evening to come to an end. After all, it would not be long. A performance lasts a little under half-an-hour. I should be home before midnight. I entered the cage as usual. I introduced the first lion, the second, the third, the fourth in succession; then the two white bears. No accident happened to mar this little reunion. Each animal, one after the other, retired and was secured in its own compartment, and I remained alone with Sultan. This was the lion that had already distinguished himself at Lyons by devouring the arm of a butcher, who subsequently died. He was a handsome African, with a black mane, and was then just eighteen, an age when these beasts attain their full vigour. He was never very sweet-tempered. His eyes shot forth flames and menaces. That evening he looked more terrible than usual. I held the bar before him. He crouched in a corner and refused to jump. I threatened him with my whip. He growled. I urged him further. He growled more loudly, showing his teeth and lashing the door with his long tail. Just at that instant I felt the remains of an attack of rheumatism. My left leg pained me. What was I to do? You little know me if you suppose that such a thought ever entered my head. There must be a struggle, I knew. I made a step in advance. Suddenly a sharp twinge of pain seized me, my knee gave way, and I fell. A lion tamer who falls is lost. With one spring Sultan was upon me, with his heavy-armed paw upon my head, ripping open my flesh, slashing and tearing me. From every part arose screams—the screams of terrified women, and of men shouting for help. Perhaps I was the only person present who did not scream. I knew how necessary it was for me to remain calm and risk nothing by a wrong movement. The least mistake on my part and all would be over with me. I seized the animal, panting with fury, his mouth wide open, by the throat. Gathering up all my strength, I twisted his skin so as to choke him. He ceased his movements. His muscles relaxed. Suddenly he turned his head. What had happened? Manetti, one of my employés, with his son, had run to my assistance. One of them had slipped through the movable bar, the other through the small gate; they were worrying the beast with red-hot irons. I got on my knees, and then managed to stand upright. I was saved. Once on my feet I was again master and able to command. I faced the rebel, and, with a gesture, forced him to re-enter his cage. But what I had gone through! Moments such as those count in a life. Yet, I assure you, I was ready to recommence my performance. I wanted my revenge. I would have punished the rebel with a heavy hand. But the public had had enough, and protested. My father-in-law and the Manettis took me by the arms and led me off. I was forced to yield. They conceded something, however. They allowed me to make my bow to the audience I had so deeply excited, and who called for me with a perfect frenzy of applause. My costume, I must confess, was far from fit for me to appear in before the public. The sleeves of my coat hung in tatters, the lapels and the collar were torn off, and I was covered with sand and blood. No matter! I was cheered up to the skies! And then I was handed over to the doctors. My wounds were counted. I had seventeen. "It's nothing," one of the surgeons remarked. If it was nothing, what more did he want? The consultation ended, I got into my brougham with my wife, and we set off for the pretty new home I had never thought to enter in such a guise.

Prize Presentation at the Palace.

ON Wednesday last, at a Special Concert in the Queen's Hall, Lady Currie presented prizes to two classes of competitors. First to the successful exhibitors at the Workmen's Exhibition, held in June and July, and second to the lads and boys who proved their title to rewards in the recent Swimming Competition.

In an interval of the concert, Sir Edmund Hay Currie opened proceedings with a short statement. He described the Exhibition as surpassing its two predecessors in results. He said the Trustees were anxious to continue this Exhibition year by year, in the hope that the People's Palace might do something to encourage excellence in technical work among artisans. He announced an important regulation for next year, which was that exhibits would not be allowed to enter for prizes which had been shown previously at another exhibition, it being considered not quite desirable to encourage the practice of sending objects the round of exhibitions in order to reap a number of prizes. Expressing the hope that next year's exhibition would be better even than the last, Sir Edmund said it would be satisfactory to all present to realise that the People's Palace, so far as this sphere of its activity was concerned, was doing good work. It would be satisfactory to East London to know, that for the technical classes which began the winter session last week there, no fewer than 2,000 students had entered. He thought that a district which was capable of furnishing 2,000 students to such classes should be able to sustain an exhibition without any assistance from outside at all. Referring to a paragraph in an evening newspaper, intimating that he was about to retire from the direction of the People's Palace, Sir Edmund Currie took the opportunity of stating that the assertion was devoid of foundation in fact. He had been 35 years in East London, and had not the slightest intention of leaving it. He commenced to work for the People's Palace on December 14, 1883, and had been working for it since that date. A year hence, the place would be finished so far as the building was concerned; but the future of the People's Palace was only beginning, and he hoped God would long spare his life to work for the institution,—a sentiment which the meeting endorsed with repeated cheers.

Lady Currie then proceeded with the distribution, and handed more than three hundred prizes to the lengthy procession of East-enders that passed before her. They were of all sorts and sizes. The "horny-handed" was there, who learnt his book before School Board days began, and who, instead of wasting his time in the public-house, spends his leisure in endeavouring to get what advantage he can out of present day facilities; the young artisan was there who had a good ground work in a public elementary school, and who is now buckling on his armour to help fight in the great industrial fight of nations. The young woman was there, who is seeking by technical studies to fit herself to earn an honourable livelihood, if not called in the days to come to the duties of wife and mother. Then there were the healthy lads who had won prizes in the magnificent swimming bath which Lord Rosebery presented to us, and which, during the last summer season of five months, has been used by 94,000 bathers. Shining medals commemorated the aquatic prowess of the youths, and Miss Daisy Low handed Lady Currie, a very fine bouquet.

Mr. Osborn and Mr. Were were each presented by the exhibitors at the Workmen's Exhibition with a handsome writing case, and with more music, the proceedings came to a pleasant close.

In a very interesting article, recently published by the Popular Science Monthly, on the Directive Faculty in Brutes, the foray of a tribe of monkeys on a field of corn is described. When they get ready to start on their expedition, an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all-fours. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitring in all directions till the party arrives at the corn-field. He then assigns the sentinels to their respective posts. All being now in readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and eat to their hearts' content. When they retire, each one carries two or three ears of corn along, and from this provision the sentinels are regaled on their arrival at their lair. Here we see ability to rule, and a willingness to submit to a rule; a thoughtful preparation of means to the end in view, and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference that really exists is in degree, otherwise it is much the same.

A Would-be Editor.

FROM WILL CARLETON'S "EDITOR'S GUESTS."

A FARMER invaded the sanctum, and these are the words that he said:
 "Good mornin', sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day? I'm glad you're to home; for you fellers is al'ays a running away.
 Your paper last week wa'n't so spicy, nor sharp, as the one week before;
 But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be whoopin' it up to 'em more.
 That feller that's printin' 'The Smasher' is goin' for you perty smart;
 And our folks said this mornin', at breakfast, they thought he was gettin' the start,
 But I hushed 'em right up in a minute, and said a good word for you;
 I told 'em I b'lieved you was tryin' to do just as well as you knew;
 And I told 'em that someone was sayin' and whoever 'twas it is so,
 That you can't expect much of one man, nor blame him for what he don't know.
 But, layin' aside pleasure for business, I've brought you my little boy, Jim;
 And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen of him.
 My family stock is increasin', while other folk's seems to run short,
 I've got right smart of a family—it's one of the old-fashioned sort:
 There's Ichabod, Isaac, and Israel, a-workin' away on the farm—
 They do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things go off like a charm.
 There's Moses and Aaron are shy ones, and slip like a couple of eels;
 But they're tol'erable steady in one thing—they al'ays git round to their meals.
 There's Peter is busy inventin' (though what he invents I can't see),
 And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em boardin' with me.
 There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' his farm for hisself,
 And Sam smashed his nose at a shootin', and so he is laid on the shelf.
 The rest of the boys are all growin', 'cept this little runt, which is Jim,
 And I thought that, perhaps, I'd be makin' an editor outen of him.
 He ain't no great shakes for to labour, though I've laboured with him a good deal,
 And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel;
 But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothin' about him is big,
 Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig.
 I keep him a-carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jugs,
 And take him among the pertatoes, and set him to pickin' the bugs;
 And then there is things to be doin' a-helpin' the women indoors;
 There's churnin' and washin' of dishes, and other descriptions of chores;
 But he don't take to nothing but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid,
 So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the editor's trade.
 His body's too small for a farmer, his judgement is rather too slim,
 But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen of him!
 It ain't much to get up a paper—it wouldn't take him long for to larn;
 He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good strappin' fellow to turn;
 And things that was once hard in doin' is easy enough now to do, just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.
 I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up and how;
 But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain enough now.

And, poetry, too, is constructed by machines o' different designs,
 Each one with a gauge and a chopper to see to the length of the lines.
 And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than grease,
 And a-rentin' her heaven-born productions at a couple of dollars apiece;
 An' since the whole trade has proved easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim,
 If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen of Jim!"
 The Editor sat in his sanctum, and looked the old man in the eye,
 Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mornfully made his reply:
 "Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?
 Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath?
 Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?
 Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a week?
 Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent dunce?
 Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once?
 Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable touch?
 And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not know too much?"

Sad Ignorance.

MANY are the social blunders made by those who are in some minute detail ignorant of "the style." It is difficult for the masculine mind to realise that it is really by intention that a lady's smaller belongings—her pencils, vinaigrette, and watch—should swing from her belt; the element of recklessness in such a proceeding scarcely appeals to the prudent, who are likely innocently to remonstrate.

"Madam," said a gentleman courteously, to a lady who was rapidly passing him, "your watch is swinging from your belt."

"Well, sir," rejoined she, with a smile which relieved the words of rudeness, "let it swing."

It is said that a lady prominent in society made a call, with bonnet-strings flying, on the wife of an M.P., who said to her as she left:

"Excuse me, but your bonnet is untied."

"Oh, that's the style," said the caller; and the hostess blushed at her own ignorance.

Another lady, wearing a dress of camel's hair, was saluted by an acquaintance with the words:

"My dear Mrs. Smith, you must have been playing with the cat. Please let me brush your dress."

"You might brush as long as Mrs. Partington need trundle her mop to sop up the Atlantic," said the other merrily, "and it would do no good. These untidy hairs are woven in."

In the days when trains were worn, even in inappropriate places, a little country girl, whose mother only believed in dressing conveniently for walking, visited a fashionable hotel.

"Oh, mamma," whispered she, as she saw a lady sweep ng down a garden-path trailing some superfluous feet of cloth behind her, "mayn't I go and tell that poor lady her petticoat's coming off?"

ONE good story of Ericsson is missed from the hundreds that are now going about. It was told many years ago that the famous inventor was invited to hear Ole Bull play the violin. His reply was that he had no time for such frivolity, as he had been taught to regard music, that he never had an ear for it anyhow, that it would be a waste of his valuable time, and a breach upon his staid daily habits. But somehow his friend managed to bring the two great geniuses together. The meeting was said to have occurred in the inventor's shop. A violin was produced, and Bull began to play while the inventor worked. Pretty soon Ericsson paused in his work, then he dropped his tools, and listened spellbound to the magical tones of the musician. He said, so the story ran, he had always felt that something had been wanting in his life, and that he had never known what it was until that day.

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session will commence on Monday, September 30th, 1889. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. By payment of an additional fee of Sixpence per Quarter Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday Evenings. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

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...	Mr. G. Scarman	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Thursday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Plumbing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Monday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.)	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Quarter. † Per Session.
Only those are eligible to attend classes in this section who are actually engaged in the trade to which these subjects refer, unless an extra fee be paid.

Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery ...	Mrs. Sharman	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	3 0
" Practical ...	"	Thursday	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" Shakespeare ...	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.J.M.E.	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Ele.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" —Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" II.	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo, A.L.E.E., and Mr. Brooker, M.I.S.T.	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc.	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" —Theo., Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" —Hons.	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.)	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics ...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

* Per Session. † Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical and Trade Classes. ‡ Members of these classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations, in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 25/-.

Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/6 will be required to replace breakages.

Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Draw. from the Antique	"	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing ...	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Drawing from Life ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	0 0
*Etching ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Repoussé Work & Engv.	"	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Session. † Per Quarter.
Day Classes are held for Landscape and Flower Painting, Still Life, and Monochrome Painting in Oil and Water Colours. For hours, fees, &c., apply for prospectus.

Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" Advanced ...	" [M.A.]	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 0
Military Band ...	Mr. Robinson	Tu. & Sat.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton	M. Th. & F.	8.0-10.0	2 6
"	Mrs. Spencer	M. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
Violin ...	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

Per Quarter.

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

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen. ...	"	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday	6.30-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Prelim).	"	"	"	"
Excise (Beginners) ...	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
(Competitive)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Con.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	10 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	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
" 2nd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme.ist	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" 2nd "	"	"	4 0	4 0
" Eleme. 3rd "	"	"	4 0	4 0
" Advanced ...	"	"	4 0	4 0
" Commrc. Corres.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	"	6.0-10.0	21 0
*Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Dr. Stoker	Saturday	1.30-5.30	20 0
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	1 0
"	"	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0

Per Quarter.

* Per Course, to commence in April next. Students taking this subject are recommended to join the Class in Mathematics, Stage II.

Technical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Boot and Shoe Making ...	Mr. W. R. Admitt	Thursday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. D. A. Low	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Printing (Letter Press) ...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
*Electrical Engineering—Elec. Litng. Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice ...	Mr. W. Slingo, A.L.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, M.I.S.T.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. A. Brooker, M.I.S.T.	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Brickwork and Masonry	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	5 0
*Cabinet Designing ...	Mr. A. Grenville	Monday	8.0-9.30	7 6
"	Mr. T. Jacob	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0

Per Session.

* Free to those taking Practical Classes.

† Members of these classes can join the Mathematics on payment of half fee.

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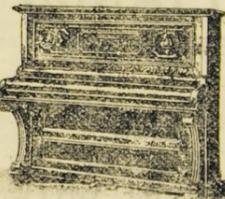
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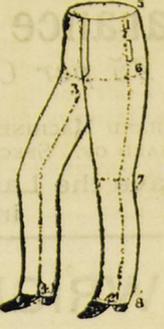
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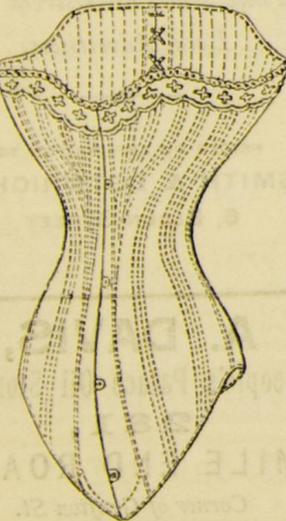
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