

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 102.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 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. 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Rambler's Club Committee Meeting, at 8.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Junior Harriers.—Run out from Lake's Farm, Wanstead.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Technical Schools Rambling Club.—Ramble.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.—Junior Football Club.—Match with Broad Street Club.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

SUNDAY, Oct. 27th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Oct. 28th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Girls' Junior Section begins, 6 to 8.—Students' Circulating Library opens, 8 to 9.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29th.—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. 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Chess Club.—Match with Belsize Club, at Oliphant's, Ludgate Circus.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 27th, 1889.

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

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

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

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

THE arithmetical mind proves sometimes extremely useful, though it is at most times exasperating, because the great majority of mankind like to go on in a vague way and resent figures and exactness. Now here is a little history which illustrates this remark. I take it from the *Times*. Certain persons desirous of collecting a certain sum of money for a certain object, no doubt in itself laudable; and being most likely actuated by none but the best motives, hit upon the following scheme. They wrote a letter, numbered and ticketed, say thus: "Letter No. I.," asking that the recipient would kindly (1) send the applicant threepence by return of post for the good purpose mentioned, and next write two more letters each numbered "Letter No. II.," and send them to two friends asking them each to do exactly the same thing. Very good. As regards the first part of the request, one has only to remark on the excessively expensive way of collecting the money. Every threepence sent to the charity would cost twopence in stamps paid to the Revenue, and one half-penny, say, in stationery,—two sheets of notepaper and two envelopes,—to say nothing of the time taken up. So that every hundred pounds thus collected would cost seventy-five pounds to collect, without counting any further deductions which might be made by the secretary for his services. Next, however, consider the second part of the request, which is much more important. The first letter produces (1) threepence; (2) two more letters, each numbered "Letter No. II." These two second letters produce (1) sixpence; (2) four letters, each numbered "Letter No. III." The four last letters produce (1) twelve pence; (2) eight letters, each numbered "Letter No. IV." The eight letters produce (1) twenty-four pence; (2) sixteen letters, each numbered "Letter No. V." The sixteen letters produce (1) forty-eight pence; (2) thirty-two letters, each numbered "Letter No. VI." The thirty-two letters, each numbered 6, produce (1) ninety-six pence; (2) sixty-four letters each numbered "Letter No. VII.," and so on. So far it seems a pretty innocent amusement. Up to the present, only 189 pence, or 15s. 9d., have been collected. The first letter—by a mistake, says the writer now—asked that the chain should be kept up till the number 1,400 is reached. We will not carry this sum quite so far, but we will just see what would be gained by such a method when the numbers reach (10), (20), or (30). First, up to "Letter No. X.," inclusive, the amount realised would be in pence—

$$3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1,536, \\ \text{or } 3,069 \text{ pence, that is, } \text{£}12 \text{ 10s. 9d.}$$

This is very respectable, all to come from one letter asking for threepence. But still the charity has not, so far, been greatly enriched. Well, follow it up a little and you will be astonished. We now run on to the letter marked "Letter No. XX."

We have, in addition to the preceding, also in pence—

$$3,072 + 6,144 + 12,288 + 24,576 + 49,152 + 98,304 + \\ 196,608 + 393,216 + 786,432 = 1,577,792 \text{ or } \text{£}6,574 \text{ 2s. 8d.}$$

But the amount increases as we go on at a rate perfectly bewildering. Four more turns, which bring us to letter XXIV., actually produce an addition of £98,304!! or £104,878 in all. In fact, if the method be pursued till the letters reach the number LX., the whole wealth of Great Britain will be exhausted. The man who calls attention to this neat little charitable appeal, very justly suggests that the accounts after such an appeal require a most careful auditing.

It certainly seems an excellent way, not only for charitable people to raise money, but for the relief, and in fact the permanent endowment of the poor swindler, who has been found out of late so very often, and who is so chivied and harassed by the Charity Organisation Society, that he can hardly find time to write even a begging letter. In this way he may amass riches, build himself a monument entirely composed of postage stamps, become richer than a copper king, or anything he pleases, all in a week or two, especially if he can get hold of a Bishop or a secretary who does not understand the laws of Geometrical Progression. Science, my friends, is capable of many applications.

BUT one need not employ so admirable a method with a pretence to benefit a charity. No; it is so simple, so guileless, that any one may quite openly, and without stooping to any deception, apply it to the purpose of assisting himself. Thus, suppose that you, dear reader, were to sit down and write to some dear friend—a lady for choice, who knows nothing about the laws of Geometrical Progression—in these terms, "My dear friend,—You know me for a young man of most meritorious character. When I tell you that for a certain object I am anxious to have a trifle of money in my hand, you will, I am sure, assist me in the following simple scheme. You would certainly assist my really good character to the extent of one shilling. Send me that amount. Then sit down and copy this letter twice, numbering each copy 'Letter No. II.,' and send to two friends whom you can trust, asking them to do the same thing each to two friends whom they can trust. Then my anxieties will be at an end.—I remain, dear friend, yours in the bonds of honesty, Truthful James."

THIS "chain,"—they call it a chain,—once set rolling, Truthful James has nothing to do but to sit down. On the arrival of the proceeds of letter numbered XXX., I think he ought to stop the "snowball,"—they also call it a snowball. Because when that letter comes in he will have received the very handsome sum of £107,374,182. Any young gentleman ought to be satisfied with so much. If he stops at the twentieth round he will have netted fifty thousand pounds, with which he could go and open a tobacconist's shop quite respectably, and do nothing for the rest of his life but smoke his own mixture.

MORE than once I have pointed out, by reference to facts which come out in the papers, that though some of us are always ready to worship American institutions, there are holes and flaws even in the outgrowths of a Republican constitution. Let us consider the case of the Cronin trial, and compare the proceedings at Chicago with those of our own Courts. A brutal murder has been committed. Certain persons—guilty or innocent—are brought up to be tried for that murder. Months go by, and though the Court is sitting day after day, they have not yet got more than half their jury; nor is that all. It is now alleged that some of the jury have actually been bribed to return a verdict of not guilty. How can justice ever be arrived at when such things are done? And how can we be astonished at the kindness which Americans still show for Lynch law?

THE challenging of jurors is a right which certainly ought not to be given up. At the same time it is a right which should be exercised with the greatest care, and a veto should be placed in the hands of the judge. For instance, if it can be proved that a juror has private malice against a prisoner: if it can be proved that he is a near relative of the person injured or the defendant: then he ought to be challenged. But we must remember that the whole foundation of the jury system rests upon the belief that the prisoner's own country, men shall be his judges: the judge himself is no more than the interpreter of the law, and the President of the Court. If we allow the theory that juries are corrupt or untrustworthy to be accepted, we have destroyed the very foundations of trial by jury. And this is exactly what the Chicago people have done.

TRIAL by jury, in fact, has become, in certain places, a mere farce. I was present once at a trial, in a country which shall be nameless, of a murderer. He had quite certainly perpetrated a most cruel murder. He was arrested, I believe, as he was coming away from the funeral, which he attended as a friend of the deceased. On his trial his counsel challenged all the forty-eight men who were called as jurors. The Court then sent out to call *tales* men, that is to say, to press into the

service of the jury the first twelve competent persons met with. By the merest accident twelve of the prisoner's cousins were hanging about the doors of the Court. They were promptly sworn in, and the trial proceeded. The evidence was overwhelming in every particular. There seemed not a single chance for the prisoner, when a witness—a person of the very lowest kind—was put up to swear that the prisoner had passed the whole night in quite another place. Verdict: "Not guilty, and so say all of us." Exit prisoner, surrounded by his friends. But he found it convenient to leave that country.

I HAVE sat upon many juries, and I have always been greatly impressed with two things—the thorough honesty of the men—their conscientious desire to give an honest verdict. That is the first thing. The next thing I have observed is the tendency, which I think is increasing, of the judges to direct the jury as to their finding. This they have no right to do. The charge of a judge ought to consist of nothing more than a brief commentary from the legal point of view on the evidence, and a plain statement of the law. He must, in fact, confine the evidence within the limits determined by the law. Anything outside that is a transgression of his own duty, and an insult to the understanding of the jury. But judges have allowed themselves to believe that they are beyond and above criticism. This is a very unfortunate position for any man to hold, because few men have the strength to keep their heads when they are left to themselves. All the rest of us, Bishops, clergy, professional men, tradesmen, are subject to the criticism of our fellows. Judges alone must not be reviewed or commented upon. If I were the editor of a great paper, I would have a criticism by a competent lawyer of every judicial charge uttered from the Bench. It is notorious that the opinions of the Bar on certain judges and their charges would, if they were publicly uttered, ruin the reputation of those judges. On the whole, there is in no country a body of men more above suspicion of corruption or unfairness than our judges. All the more reason that they should be kept up to their present high standard by watchfulness and criticism.

EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

EVERY student who can dance should be at the first of the series of Cinderellas this evening at 7.30, and all the students who can't dance should be there too, and make a few sets by themselves and learn. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Rosenway will be M.C.'s, and there will no doubt be a great deal of enjoyment available. For particulars, see Club Notes.

A CIRCULATING Library is now in course of arrangement for the students, and will be available on Monday next. It will then be open every evening from 8 to 9 o'clock, and its location will be the Students' Social Room. We are hoping, with the help of donations of books from friends, to make this library a great feature.

ALL applicants for admission to the new Junior Section for Girls should fill up the forms to be obtained at the Schools Office at once, and should attend next Monday evening, between 6 and 8 o'clock, to see the lady superintendent. This date (Monday, the 28th,) is fixed for beginning operations in this Section.

THE Engineering Class has been such an overcrowded success, that another class on the same subject has been formed, and will meet on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

FOR the benefit of the numerous clubs now forming, I print below a copy of the rules made for their guidance. Copies can be obtained at the Trustees' Office, or at the Schools Office, where sheets are kept for the signatures of intending clubbists:—

1.—The Members of any Club or Society formed among the People's Palace Students shall be *bonâ fide* Members of classes.

2.—Any Member of a Club or Society ceasing to be a Class Member, neglecting to attend his class without sufficient excuse, or failing to pay his class fees, shall thereupon lose his Club or Society Membership.

3.—Every Club or Society formed among the Students shall be named after the Institution, thus:—People's Palace Cycling Club, People's Palace Cricket Club, People's Palace Chemical Society.

4.—Clubs and Societies shall elect their own officers, and formulate their own special rules; which rules shall, however, in every case be submitted to the Trustees for approval before coming into operation, and no additional rules or amendments shall be made without the approval of the Trustees.

5.—For the purpose of these rules, the Gymnasium, the Choral Society, the Orchestral Society, and the Military Band, shall be considered Classes.

6.—All Club and Society funds shall be deposited with the Trustees, and shall only be drawn upon by a proper requisition.

7.—The Trustees are prepared to consider applications for membership in Clubs from past Students at the People's Palace Classes, and from Students at other Institutions who can produce their Class-tickets.

EVERYONE was sorry to lose our late organist, Mr. Hollins, and more sorry still for the ill-health which took him away, but it is a matter for congratulation that a very able successor indeed has been found by Mr. Orton Bradley in Mr. B. Jackson, F.C.O., who will preside at the organ on Sunday next.

SUB-EDITOR.

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 PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

An ordinary meeting of the club was held in the studio, on Friday last, Mr. Beckett in the chair.

Owing to our being unable to gain access to the dark room, Mr. W. Barrett was prevented from giving his paper on Transparencies, which he will, however, read at our next meeting.

The evening was on that account taken up with questions and discussions on various photographic subjects, and concluded by a very interesting lecture on the use of equation by Mr. Livingstone.

The next meeting of the club will take place on November 1st, at 8 o'clock.

WILLIAM BARRETT, } Hon. Secs.
ALEXANDER ALBU, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

There will be a full rehearsal with orchestra in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, at 8 o'clock, and practice as usual on Friday. We shall perform Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" at the concert in the Queen's Hall, on Wednesday, October 30th, at 8 o'clock. There are vacancies for contraltos, tenors, and basses, but none at present for sopranos.

A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.

CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum or 1s. per quarter. Members meet on Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East Ante-room.

The first match of the season was played on 16th inst., at the "Limes," Cassland-road, Hackney, resulting in a win for our team. The score was as follows:—

People's Palace.	Limes.
E. J. Smith..... 1	Absent..... 0
Clegg..... 0	Claydon..... 1
Stevens..... 1	Bennett..... 0
Haslam..... 1	Newham..... 0
Burgess..... 1	Gardiner..... 0
Bacon..... 1	Walker, Rev. F..... 0
Pike..... 0	King, C..... 0
Hopper..... 1	King..... 1
6	2

Intending Members are invited to join without delay, in order to take part in the matches and winter tournament. The next match will be on the 30th inst., at Oliphant's, Ludgate Circus, against the Belize in the Cup Competition.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

STUDENTS' SOCIAL DANCES.

The first dance for students only will take place this evening at 7.30 p.m., in the East Section of the Exhibition Building. The room has been made very comfortable and is a great improvement on the room 2 used last season in the School Building. Programmes, 3d. each. It is hoped all present will buy them so as to make the dances self-supporting. The music is under the direction of a portion of the Claremont orchestra, who made a good impression during the last series in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Rosenway has kindly consented to act with me as M.C. It is regretted notice was not given in last week's Journal.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

On Monday, the 14th inst., the following officers of the Boxing Club were elected, viz.:—A. Bowman (Captain); G. Josephs (Vice-captain); H. Deane, C. Pugh, C. Funnell, C. A. R. Mitchell, J. Brierley, W. Pockett (Committee). Members of the Gymnasium will please learn the choruses for the musical drill. Copies of choruses will be found on each notice board, or can be obtained at the Office.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

The following members were elected to serve on Committee for the ensuing year, and are requested to meet in the Old School-buildings next Friday evening, the 25th inst., at 8 p.m.

Miss S. Marshall.	Mr. C. Bowman.
Miss E. Pockett.	Mr. F. Dunnel.
Miss M. Qauelch.	Mr. Hulls.
Miss R. Qauelch.	Mr. W. Marshall.
Miss A. Rosenway.	Mr. McDonald.
Mr. H. Rosenway.	Mr. Stannard.

For General Meeting, see next week's Journal.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB.

Our first match this season was played on Saturday last at Wanstead, against the Prisca Coborn Foundation School. The game ended in a draw, each side having one goal. The game during the first-half seemed all in our favour, but owing to the superior passing and combination of our opponents in the second-half, we were unable to hold our advantage. For the People's Palace Day Technical School, Courtney, Munsie, East, and Edmunds played well.

C. EAST, Hon. Sec.
J. H. SMITH, Capt.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL HARRIERS.

We had an enjoyable run on Saturday, October 19th; the weather not being very fine, only twelve members were present. Mr. Tucker kindly consented to run with us. Starting from Wanstead, at 3.45 p.m., we went through Wanstead Park; passing the fishing lake, we made our way towards the bathing lake. Here we turned to the left, and went through the woods a little way, and came out in front of the grotto. Running along the side of this lake, we turned to the right, and down through a grove of trees, passing the river Roding. Mr. Tucker keeping us together, we went down through another grove of trees, till we came to the bathing lake, keeping straight on through a narrow pathway. Here it came on to rain, and we sheltered under some trees till it cleared off. Again continuing our journey, we came to the boating lake; here we crossed a bridge on to an island, having a good scramble among the bushes till reaching the other side, and then crossing another bridge, went on through a little plantation, and came to the gate where we entered. Now, Mr. Tucker putting the pace on pretty sharp, we had a brisk run home, finishing very well. Time, 55 minutes. However, nobody said it was too far, and all went home, not quite so tired as last week, a distance of six miles.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS'
RAMBLING CLUB.

EXCURSION TO HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Twenty-two members of this club started from Bow (N.L.) station, at 1.50 p.m., on Saturday, 19th inst. Things went on smoothly till we arrived at Dalston, where we changed, and one member, true to his "rambling" nature, rambled into the wrong train, and proceeded towards High Barnet. He, however, changed his mind when he found he was alone, and we picked him up at the next station. On arriving at Chalk Farm, we essayed to look round the Boys' Industrial Home, but in this we were disappointed, as it was inconvenient, being cleaning day. The Secretary, however, gave us two tickets for admission to the "Zoo," and we delegated two of our number to visit it, and tell us later on what they saw. We then visited Primrose Hill and Regent's Park, where we saw some teams playing football; and we walked round to Hampstead Heath, spending the remainder of the time there. We saw some flag signalling and a paper chase, and then rambled down Haverstock Hill *en route* for tea. We ultimately found a place where we could be accommodated, and we forthwith fell to, having got splendid appetites. Tea over, we went to the station, where we found our delegates awaiting us, with a full report on the lions and monkeys; we then boarded the train, and after a lively journey, arrived safely at Bow at 7 p.m. The weather throughout was "moist," but all enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

A. W. B.

People's Palace Junior Section.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

On Saturday afternoon, we had our first winter ramble meeting at the Bank. We drove to Charing Cross, proceeding from there to the Houses of Parliament. It was rather a pity that we were given so little time in which to see anything; just, for instance, as we were feasting our eyes on the frescoes, we were told to move on until we were outside again. After this we cut across to the Abbey. Here we could do as we liked, and look about us; we roamed about listening to the organ, which was a treat in itself. Then a chat on things poetical in Poet's Corner ensued, with the sunlight streaming through the stained windows. Altogether it was one of the nicest rambles we have had.

E. P. SEABOURNE, Assist. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Saturday, 19th inst., all turned up at Wanstead to play the first match of the season against St. Paul's Junior Football Club, the result being a tie, three goals each. Although it was showery, we had a very pleasant afternoon. Next week we play the Broad Street Ratcliff Football Club.

J. T. GURR, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR HARRIERS.

All members are requested to turn up at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, on Saturday next, at 4 and 6.30 p.m., for a run out; those that can get there at 4 p.m. please do so.

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

The greatest champions of sport are not always up to the mark, and how disappointed we may be by any single performance is well illustrated in the following story. Squire Osbaldiston and Captain Ross, two of the finest shots that ever lived, were out shooting one day over Hutton Bushel, in Yorkshire, the Squire's best beat for pheasants, when a gentlemanly-looking man, a stranger to all, joined the party. Raising his hat, he said he heard that the two greatest shots in England were present, and he had come some distance, in the hope of being permitted to walk a short turn with them, and see the "cracks" shoot. The Squire was very polite, and asked him to take a gun, but this he declined, saying, he only desired to be a looker-on. A minute or two afterwards a cock-pheasant rose between the Squire and Ross, not five yards from either of them. Quick as lightning, bang went the Squire, and missed; bang went Ross, with the like result. Bang again went the Squire, and bang again the Captain, and with a "chuck, chuck, chuck," away flew the bird, unhurt. The stranger took off his hat, and with a low bow and a quiet smile, said: "Thank you, gentlemen, I have seen enough, and am quite satisfied"; and with a "Good-morning," walked away. Of course, whenever he again heard the two "cracks" lauded for their shooting, he pooh-poohed them, and told this story.

Chinese Sign-boards and Mottoes.

THE Chinese have carried the art of sign-boards and of mottoes to a high degree of excellence. In their cities, places of business and of pleasure often bear names full of poetic sentiment, to one who understands their meaning.

Thus, in one of the darkest and dirtiest of streets, you may run across an apothecary's shop with the name, "Hall of the Approved Medicines of Every Province of Every Land," and a little farther on you may see a similar establishment called "Hall for the Multiplication of Years."

Across the street there may be two restaurants, one bearing the title "Chamber of the Odours of Distant Lands," and the other, "Garden of the Golden Valley and All Fragrance Saloon." Greasy as his business may be, the butcher is poetical enough to call his shop, "The Place of the Golden Hogs," that is, roasted hogs, or "Virtue and Harmony Meat Market." A tobacco saloon bears the inscription, "The Vapour of Happiness here Ascends, Pipes and Matches being always Ready." A gambling den advertises itself as "The Home of the Twin Joys—Lucky and Happy," and confronts the passer-by with the seductive invitation, "Straight Enter the Winning Doors, for Riches are ever Flowing."

Inside of their shops you find on the scales the words, "Scales be Busy and Prosperous, Daily Weigh Your Thousands of Gold"; on the counter, "Ten Thousand Customers Constantly Arriving. Let Rich Customers Always Come"; on the safe, "Heap up Gold and Amass Precious Stones."

In like manner the interior of private dwellings are embellished with appropriate mottoes. Usually there is placed over the door such words as "Let the Five Blessings Come to this Home"; on the walls may also be seen the motto—"May Good Fortune Fill this House." In the sitting-room you may find a long strip of gilded paper hanging from the wall with the characters denoting, "Sit with Honourable Men." Above the stairway, too, are frequently written the words, "Ascending and Descending in Safety and Peace."

On the red cards posted on the walls of school-rooms are to be seen such sentiments as these: "Become Famous in Poetry and Books"; "Thorough Study, Final Success."

MR. BRIGHT, it seems, occasionally indulged in verse. Here is a proof from the visitors' book at a Lynton hotel; the date is 1875:—

They who come here in hope to shun
The turmoil and the strife,
Will find how hard it is to flee
The ups and downs of life.

The appositeness of the sentiment will be appreciated by everyone who knows "the ups and downs" of lovely Lynton and its neighbourhood.

A VERY effectual method of cleansing sponges which have become soft and slimy is to place them in water in which a large lump of common soda has been dissolved, and let them remain as long as may be necessary, which will depend on the state in which they are; a few hours may be sufficient, or a day or two may be required. The water should be frequently changed, and each time the sponge should be squeezed and pressed either with the hand or a wooden spoon. Another method, said to be very successful, is to place the sponge in a basin and completely cover it with bran; then pour a kettle of boiling water over the bran, and cover the vessel to prevent the steam escaping. Let it stand till the water is quite cold; then take the sponge and rinse it thoroughly in cold water, press out all the water, and let it dry, when it will be found to be perfectly clean. Soap should be thoroughly rinsed from sponges every time they are used with it. This prevents them from becoming foul. After use they should always be well squeezed and left to dry in a basket, where the air can get to them.

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 Jewish Wedding at Tunis.

WE descend the steps into the synagogue, which is a poor little, irregular, arcaded building with many rows of seats. We are bidden to sit, while an old black-turbaned Jew, with long, thin nose and straggling white beard, busies himself with lighting the numerous oil lamplets. At another point stands a table, on which is placed a capacious basket filled with dates mashed with leaves, which are being sold in small packets to all comers by two other Israelites. A school of boys, which has now possessed itself of several benches, begins a nasal Semitic song, interspersed with a wild and whining solo. All the boys wear fezzes, and seem full of fun. In a far corner I see a Kabyle, with rough brown burnous, telling his beads like a monk, while he puffs at a cigarette like a thoughtful card-player.

After some minutes the bridegroom appears; attended by his friends, and is greeted with another nasal song from the boys. A white scarf with black stripes covers his head entirely, and falls far down over him. Having approached the proper place, his friends now close on him, and begin to pray and to sway their bodies this way and that as they stand. He, too, prays, while the priest, in a sort of pulpit, mumbles an exhortation. Money is then collected for the lights. The vest is removed from the bridegroom, and a new blue burnous is put over him. His fez is smart and bright, and bears a fine blue tassel. He proves to be a decidedly good-looking fellow of about six-and-twenty, and his burnous becomes him.

These preliminaries ended, we rise and follow him out, and are invited to the house of the bride's father and mother. Plenty of handsome Jewish girls are seen looking down and smiling from upper windows as we pass beneath. At last we reach the happy house, and we mount some dark stairs till we are bidden from a landing into the guest-room, and are greeted courteously by the parents of the bride. Many relatives are there gathered together, and lo! on a sofa, deeply veiled, and having many handsome rings on her fingers, sits the waiting bride. Her face can just be seen dimly through the white veil, and, so far, suggests considerable beauty. Her dress is rich. Her stoutness is not so great as is usually considered fitting for a Tunisian bride, although in England she would be deemed coarse and ungainly. Bands of yellow satin descend over her bosom. Her veil is delicately bordered with gold, and her leggings and her slippers, almost from hip to ankle, are covered with thick embroidered gold.

The ceremony now began. The bridegroom came in and saluted her, and she rose. Wine mixed with water was tasted by both, and the ring was given to her. The bridegroom then had her veil spread over him, so that both of them stood covered by it, and the effect was pleasant for all. They were supposed to see one another for the first time. Cake was presented to each of the guests, as well as a little bouquet of flowers, centred by cassia blossoms cased in gold tissue-paper. A round pail or tub was placed at their feet, and into it a wine-glass was thrown by the bridegroom, and broken, while the Bearded Rabbi softly chanted, and the women of the company set up their thrill "Hil-lil."

The bridegroom after this departed with his friends, each in turn saluting the bride. Five very stout women, covered with gold brocade, and wearing pyramidal caps, now entered. Their dresses differed in colour. One was of blue, another of red, a third was of white, with a lilac pattern. Their eyebrows, after the manner of the Persian women, were joined with antimony. They removed the veil from the bride and then kissed her. She now untied the ribbon of her plaited hair, and proceeded to unplait it, and finally threw its deep black tresses over her shoulder.

All being over, we also shook hands with the pretty bride, and, giving good wishes all round, thanked her parents for their courtesy, and so left them.

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed: "Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

WHEN a lady landed on St. Kilda from a yacht the other day, the curiosity of the islanders was greatly excited by her gloves. They were anxious to learn if these were worn to cure any disease of the skin! The people of St. Kilda have a great objection to standing at the church door and gossiping after the service, so they move off in single file—none side-by-side, for fear of being tempted to talk.

Wapping Old Stairs.

THE riverside of Wapping High Street is lined with tall warehouses, mostly through the doors of which can be seen a patch of bright water, with black and red funnels rising above the landing-stage, and a glimpse of the opposite shore, with dark, ragged buildings beyond. But a sense of the pathetic comes across the mind as a painted board appears over a narrow entry, with the inscription, faded with wind and weather, "Wapping Old Stairs." And down this narrow entry let us go, past the snug corner public-house, where soldiers and longshoremen are dimly outlined through frosted glass, and along the narrow paved causeway, which ends in a little landing-place, from which a steep flight of steps leads down, not to the water just now—for the tide is down, down to the very bottom of Father Thames's fluvial boots—but to the gravelled bed of the mighty stream sprinkled with all kinds of flotsam and jetsam. A great red funnel looms out of the water in front, and boats and barges lie aground on each side. And these are "Wapping Old Stairs." Where the pathos comes in it is not easy to see, and yet it does somehow come in. Is it with Molly, who has been so faithful and true

Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,

or is it that this quiet, almost solemn nook—for thus it appears at the moment—represents all the vanished scenes, romantic, melodramatic, or what you will; but anyhow, our ideal of the old seafaring life, from the days of Drake and Frobisher, to those of "Nelson of the Nile," or even down to old Charley Napier's time, as he sailed with the gale among his stout three-deckers for the Baltic? Here came Jack ashore, cautiously perhaps, for there might be a press-gang lurking round the corner, or uproariously otherwise, with his prize-money in his pocket, and welcomed by all the lasses; and hence he took boat for his ship—his Majesty's frigate *Arctusa*, that had taken her guns and stores on board, and was expected to drop down with the tide. Looking over the scene is a projecting bay-window from the adjoining tavern, with the backs of chairs visible, as if arranged for a harmonic meeting. What an ideal meeting might be held in such a *locale*, say some moonlight night, when the tide is gently lapping against the stairs, with Charles Dibdin in the chair, and Inledon as chief performer, and so we might hear again the sweet refrain of "Wapping Old Stairs," and "Tom Bowling"!

Some Old London Streets.

IT is curious and interesting to note the origin of the street nomenclature of the metropolis in connection with the older thoroughfares. The modern names do not, in many instances, convey the least idea of the original meaning.

Mincing Lane, for example, was originally "Mincheon Lane," so called from tenements belonging to the Mincheons, as the nuns of St. Helens, in Bishopsgate, were called.

Gutter Lane was originally "Guthrun's Lane"; so-called from its first owner, a citizen of great fame and prosperity.

Lothbury was so called from the noise of founders at their work. It was a facetious designation, for the founders worked late and early, and were anything but loth in the discharge of their duties.

Garlick Hill was originally "Garlick hive," a market where this pungent herb was sold.

Gracechurch Street, called by Samuel Pepys in his entertaining diary, "Gracious Street," was first known as "Grass Street," from a herb market held there.

Lad Lane was originally "Our Lady's Lane," named in honour of the Virgin Mary.

Piccadilly was named after a hall called Piccadilla Hall, a place of sale for Picadilleis or Turnovers, a part of a most fashionable dress which appeared in 1614.

Smithfield is merely a corruption of Smoothfield, the name originally given to the level meadow lands which for six centuries at least was the great horse fair and cattle market of the kingdom. Smithfield was the site of the first horse race ever witnessed in England.

Rood Lane was so called from a Rood or large crucifix which was formerly placed there.

Fetter Lane was originally Fewtors Lane, the word Fewtor signifying an idle beggar, with which the lane, leading as it once did to some pleasure gardens, abounded. An old chronicler writes of Fewtor Lane as being "a scandalous haunt of sturdy beggars."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN
ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1889,
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

THE WHITE ROSE QUARTET

VOCALISTS:

MESSRS. VINEY, THOMPSON, MERRITT, AND MCKENZIE

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

MR. ALBON NASH.

PIANOFORTE SOLO—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

SOLO CORNET—MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.

Musical Director to the People's Palace, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

I. GLEE .. "Wanderer's Song" .. Franz Abt.

THE WHITE ROSE QUARTET.

Up away breaks the day,
Skies are all aglow,
Over vale, hill, and dale,
Free from care we go.
Lightly now our hearts are bounding,
As we march along;
Merry bells in distance sounding,
Mingle with our song.
O, what delight it is, from place to place to wander,
O'er all the world to rove, singing here and yonder;
Morning hours, blooming flowers,
In the valley bright,
Rustling trees in the breeze,
All are our delight.
Onward thus we're ever roaming,
Naught such joy can yield,
By the stream or torrent foaming,
Over dale and field.

La, la, tra, la, la.

2. DUET .. "Birdie" .. Rubenstein.

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

Birdie that so sweetly sang now is silent,
Joy that made the heart so glad, now forgotten,
Birdie, all thy life was song, why art thou mute?
Heart that was so full of promise, why art thou sad?
Ah, the birdie fell beneath icy snowdrift,
And my heart's delight undid cruel false words,
Birdie would have gladly fled o'er the wild sea,
And my love had gladly sped to the forest,
Flood and tempest move the sea, but not snowdrift,
Savage perils fill the wood, not man's falsehood.

3. RECIT. and AIR "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight" (Oberon) Weber.

MR. ALBON NASH.

RECITATIVE.

Yes, even love to fame must yield;
No recreant knight am I,
My home it is the battle-field,
My song, the battle-cry!

AIR.

Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see
The charge of the Christian chivalry,
When thundering over the ground they go,
Their lances levell'd in long, long row!
One shock, and those lances are shivered all;
But they shiver not in vain,
They have rais'd for the foe a rampart wall,
With the bodies of the slain.
On they spur, over dying and dead,
Swords are flashing round ev'ry head.
They are raised again, but they gleam no more,
Ev'ry blade is dimm'd with gore!
The fight is done! the field is won!
Their trumpets startle the sinking sun!
As the night-winds whirl the red leaves afar,
They have scatter'd the might of the Moslemah!

Mourn, ye maidens of Palestine,
Your lovers lie stark in the cold moonshine;
The eyes ye kiss'd ere ye bade them go,
Are food for the kite and the hooded crow!
Joy to the high-born dame of France,
Conquest waits on her warrior's lance!
Joy to the girls of fair Guienne,
Their lovers are hast'ning home again.
Hark! they come! the brave ones, see!
Who have humbled the pride of Paynimrie.
Twine the wreath, the feast prepare!
Fill to the brim the goblet fair;
Strike the harp, and loud and high
Swell the song of victory.

4. ARIA .. "Qui la voce" (I. Puritani) Verdi.

Miss DELVES-YATES.

O rendetemi la speme
O lasciatemi morir,
Qui la voce sua soave
Mi chiamava, e poi spari,
Qui quirava esser fedele
Poi crudele, ei mi fuggi!
Uh mai più qui assorti insieme
Nella gioja dei sospir.

Vien, diletto, è in ciel la luna
Tutto tace intorno,
Fin che spunti in cielo il giorno
Vien ti posa sul mio cor!
Deh t'affretta O Arturo mio,
Kiendi, caro alla tua Elvira,
Esser piange, e ti sospira,
Vien O caro all' amore.

5. CORNET SOLO. "Young America" Polka .. Levy.

MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.

6. PART SONG .. "The letter" .. J. Hatton.

THE WHITE ROSE QUARTET.

Three weary days have passed away,
And still I sing my mournful lay,
Because my love is far away,
And I have had no letter.
I study hard at ancient lore,
And when a knock comes at the door,
I close my book and hope once more
That I may get a letter.

Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat,
Some one is coming to the door,
'Tis the butcher or baker that's flat,
I know by their ugly rat-tat;
With all his good beef,
The butcher's a thief,
And the bakers both saucy and fat,
Rat-a-tat,
Three weary days my heart is sore.

A livelong week has fled away,
And yet I sing my mournful lay,
Because my love is far away,
And I have had no letter.
I study hard at ancient lore,
And really think it is a bore,
But hark! there's footsteps at the door,
By jingo! here's a letter.

Rat-tat, rat-tat,
Some one is coming to the door,
'Tis the postman, I know his rat-tat,
And the gilt band he wears round his hat;
He's brought me a letter
From her I love better
Than Hebrew or Greek and all that.
Fa la la,
Now welcome joy I'll sigh no more.

7. PIANOFORTE SOLOS (a) Prelude in A Flat } Kirchner.
(b) Study in E Flat Minor } Henselt.

MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

8. SONG .. "Oh! would I were a village girl" .. Randegger.

Miss LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

How dear to me the green and pleasant fields,
The glowing sunbeams and the fragrant flow'rs,
Their freshness and their brightness seem to pass into my heart!
Oh! would that I had been instead of fashion's spoilt
And petted child, a simple maiden on the village green!

Oh! would I were a village girl,
And wore a wreath of flow'rs,
How gladly would I give the gems
I wore in prouder hours,
For one fresh wreath of flow'rs.
For then my heart would be at peace,
And light would be my lot,
Oh! far above the lordliest hall
I'd prize a village cot!

Within the halls of pomp and pride,
No home is there for love;
The scheming brain, the worldly heart,
Are far his pow'r above,
No hope is there for love.
In tears he spreads his purple wings,
To find some warmer spot,
And smiling lights his rosy torch,
Within the village cot.

9. PART SONG .. "I know a maiden fair to see" .. Girshner.

THE WHITE ROSE QUARTET.

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware and trust her not,
She's fooling thee.

She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware and trust her not,
She's fooling thee.

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says it is not true,
Beware and trust her not,
She's fooling thee.

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware and trust her not,
She's fooling thee.

10. DUET "In the dusk of the twilight" .. Offenbach.

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

In the dusk of the twilight,
When our thoughts wander free,
Far away on the mountains
Our lost home we see;
Whilst we fancy the goat-bells,
Ringing out soft and low,
Keep in time with our singing,
As in days long ago.

Here the flowers bloom brightly,
And the winds whisper low,
Yet I sigh for the mountains
That I left long ago;
And I learn in the longing,
There is nought to compare
With the pale alpine roses,
And the keen mountain air.

When I dream, in the gloaming,
There are thoughts that will come,
With a whisper of sadness,
When I sing of my home;
When again, in my fancy,
While the soft shadows steal,
Do my idle songs mingle,
With the whirr of my wheel.

11. SONG .. "When other lips" .. Balfe.

MR. ALBON NASH.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well.
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light,
Which beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

12. SONG .. " 'Tis the harp in the air" (Maritana) Wallace.

Miss DELVES-YATES.

I hear it again,
'Tis the harp in the air!
It hangs on the walls
Of the old Moorish halls,
Tho' none know its minstrel,
Or how it came there;
Listen! listen! there! there!
It telleth of days that are faded and gone;
It telleth of the brave, of the lovely and fair;
Of warrior's grave, of maiden's despair.
List, pilgrim, list! 'tis the harp in the air.

13. CORNET SOLO "Killarney" .. Balfe.

MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.

14. SONG .. "A little mountain lad" .. Rachel.

Miss LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

Over the moorlands gay and glad,
He piped the sweet day long;
He was only a little mountain lad,
She loved to hear his song.
She leaned from her window weeping sad,
When he drove his flock away,
He was only a little mountain lad,
She watched for him each day.

Far from the gorse and babbling rills,
She went away one day,
He is alone upon the hills
Piping his little lay.
And she has wooers at her feet,
And all is rich and rare;
He drives his flock by her window seat,
But she is not there, not there!

Out on the moorlands lone and sad,
He weeps for the days that were,
He is only a little mountain lad,
She is a lady fair!
But there steals a hand into his so glad,
She will be, will be his little bride!
He is only a little mountain lad,
But she loves none else beside.

15. PART SONG .. "Tar's Song" .. Hatton.

THE WHITE ROSE QUARTET.

Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale,
Give it to her, boys, now give it her;
For she's the craft to carry sail,
Give it to her, boys, now give it her;
See the wind is on our quarter,
Make all taut and snug, boys,
Swiftly she'll go through the water,
Then we'll sing a song, boys.
Hark, the breeze, the breeze begins to blow,
So clear your pipes and join in our heave ho! heave ho!
Now cheerily, my men, heave ho!

Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale,
Give it to her, boys, now give it her;
For she's the craft to carry sail,
Give it to her, boys, now give it her;
Through the night how fast she sped now,
Keep her course Nor'-West, boys,
Merry England's right ahead now,
Soon we'll make the land, boys.
Hark, the breeze begins to blow,
So clear your pipes and join in our heave ho!
Now cheerily, my men, heave ho!

THE author of "Ten thousand a year" was very fond of being supposed to be intimate with grandees, and indeed he was so, only he could never have enough of them. One day he happened to mention to a legal friend—who knew this idiosyncrasy of his—that he was asked to dine with the Lord Chancellor the next day. "So am I," said the other promptly; "I am glad we shall meet." "Ah, but I am not going," observed Warren; "I have another engagement." "I am sorry for that, and so I am sure will be his lordship. I'll tell him how grieved you were." "No, don't do that," said Warren uneasily. "Why not? It will be something to say, I shall certainly do it." "Well, the fact is, my good fellow, I was only in fun," Warren then confessed. "The Lord Chancellor has not invited me to dinner." "Neither has he me; I was in fun too," said the other.

Endicott and the Red Cross.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AT noon of an autumnal day, more than two centuries ago, the English colours were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem trainband, which had mustered for martial exercise under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armour, and practise the handling of their weapons of war. Since the first settlement of New England, its prospects had never been so dismal. The dissensions between Charles the First and his subjects were then, and for several years afterwards, confined to the floor of Parliament. The measures of the king and ministry were rendered more tyrannically violent by an opposition, which had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in its own strength, to resist royal injustice with the sword. The bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently invested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts. There is evidence on record, that our forefathers perceived their danger, but were resolved that their infant country should not fall without a struggle, even beneath the giant strength of the king's right arm.

Such was the aspect of the times, when the folds of the English banner, with the Red Cross in its field, were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armour was so highly polished, that the whole surrounding scene had its image in the glittering steel. The central object in the mirrored picture, was an edifice of humble architecture, with neither steeple or bell to proclaim it,—what nevertheless it was,—the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meeting-house. The blood was still plashing on the doorstep. There happened to be visible, at the same noontide hour, so many other characteristics of the times and manners of the Puritans, that we must endeavour to represent them in a sketch, though far less vividly than they were reflected in the polished breastplate of John Endicott.

In close vicinity to the sacred edifice appeared that important engine of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post—with the soil around it well trodden by the feet of evildoers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely incased in the former machine; while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the king, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meeting-house steps, stood a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label,—A WANTON GOSPELLER,—which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ, unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend, that the moment the stick should be removed, a repetition of the offence would demand new ingenuity in chastising it.

The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy, for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several, whose punishment would be lifelong: some, whose ears had been cropt, like those of puppy-dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanours; one, with his nostrils slit and seared; and another, with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. Methinks he must have been grievously tempted to affix the other end of the rope to some convenient beam or bough. There was likewise a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter "A" on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children. And even her own children knew what that initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread and the nicest art of needle-work; so that the capital A might

have been thought to mean Admirable, or anything rather than Adulteress.

Let not the reader argue, from any of these evidences of iniquity, that the times of the Puritans were more vicious than our own, when, as we pass along the very street of this sketch, we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins, and expose them to shame, without fear or favour, in the broadest light of the noonday sun. Were such the custom now, perchance we might find materials for a no less piquant sketch than the above.

Except the malefactors whom we have described, and the diseased or infirm persons, the whole male population of the town, between sixteen years and sixty, were seen in the ranks of the trainband. A few stately savages, in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons, compared with the matchlocks of the Puritans, and would have rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates, which inclosed each soldier in an individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott glanced with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day.

"Come, my stout hearts!" quoth he, drawing his sword. "Let us show these poor heathen that we can handle our weapons like men of might. Well for them, if they put us not to prove it in earnest!"

The iron-breasted company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his matchlock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the captain. But, as Endicott glanced right and left along the front, he discovered a personage at some little distance, with whom it behoved him to hold a parley. It was an elderly gentleman, wearing a black cloak and band, and a high-crowned hat, beneath which was a velvet skull-cap, the whole being the garb of a Puritan minister. This reverend person bore a staff, which seemed to have been recently cut in the forest, and his shoes were bemired, as if he had been travelling on foot through the swamps of the wilderness. His aspect was perfectly that of a pilgrim, heightened also by an apostolic dignity. Just as Endicott perceived him he laid aside his staff, and stooped to drink at a bubbling fountain, which gushed into the sunshine about a score of yards from the corner of the meeting-house. But, ere the good man drank, he turned his face heavenward in thankfulness, and then, holding back his gray beard with one hand, he scooped up his simple draught in the hollow of the other.

"What ho! good Mr. Williams," shouted Endicott. "You are welcome back again to our town of peace. How does our worthy Governor Winthrop? And what news from Boston?"

"The Governor hath his health, worshipful sir," answered Roger Williams, now resuming his staff, and drawing near. "And, for the news, here is a letter, which, knowing I was to travel hitherward to-day, his Excellency committed to my charge. Belike it contains tidings of much import; for a ship arrived yesterday from England."

Mr. Williams, the minister of Salem, and of course known to all the spectators, had now reached the spot where Endicott was standing under the banner of his company, and put the Governor's epistle into his hand. The broad seal was impressed with Winthrop's coat of arms. Endicott hastily unclosed the letter, and began to read; while, as his eye passed down the page, a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it, till it seemed to be kindling with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose that his breastplate would likewise become red-hot, with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered. Arriving at the conclusion, he shook the letter fiercely in his hand, so that it rustled as loud as the flag above his head.

"Black tidings, these, Mr. Williams," said he; "blacker never came to New England. Doubtless you know their purport?"

"Yea, truly," replied Roger Williams; "for the Governor consulted, respecting this matter, with my brethren in the ministry at Boston; and my opinion was likewise asked. And his Excellency entreats you by me, that the news be not suddenly noised abroad, lest the people be stirred up into some outbreak, and thereby give the King and the Archbishop a handle against us."

"The Governor is a wise man,—a wise man, and meek and moderate," said Endicott, setting his teeth grimly. "Nevertheless, I must do according to my own best judgment. There is neither man, woman, nor child in New England, but has a concern as dear as life in these tidings; and if John Endicott's voice be loud enough, man, woman, and child shall hear them. Soldiers, wheel into a hollow square! Ho, good people! Here are news for one and all of you."

The soldiers closed in around their captain; and he and Roger Williams stood together under the banner of the Red Cross; while the women and the aged men pressed forward, and the mothers held up their children to look Endicott in the face. A few taps of the drum gave signal for silence and attention.

"Fellow-soldiers,—fellow-exiles," began Endicott, speaking under strong excitement, yet powerfully restraining it, "wherefore did ye leave your native country? Wherefore, I say, have we left the green and fertile fields, the cottages, or, perchance, the old gray halls, where we were born and bred, the churchyards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tomb-stones in a wilderness? A howling wilderness it is! The wolf and the bear meet us within halloo of our dwellings. The savage lieth in wait for us in the dismal shadow of the woods. The stubborn roots of the trees break our ploughshares, when we would till the earth. Our children cry for bread, and we must dig in the sands of the sea-shore to satisfy them. Wherefore, I say again, have we sought this country of a rugged soil and wintry sky? Was it not for the enjoyment of our civil rights? Was it not for liberty to worship God according to our conscience?"

"Call you this liberty of conscience?" interrupted a voice on the steps of the meeting-house.

It was the Wanton Gospeller. A sad and quiet smile flitted across the mild visage of Roger Williams. But Endicott in the excitement of the moment, shook his sword wrathfully at the culprit,—an ominous gesture from a man like him.

"What hast thou to do with conscience, thou knave?" cried he, "I said liberty to worship God, not license to profane and ridicule him. Break not in upon my speech; or I will lay thee neck and heels till this time to-morrow! Harken to me, friends, nor heed that accursed rhapsodist. As I was saying, we have sacrificed all things, and have come to a land whereof the old world hath scarcely heard, that we might make a new world unto ourselves, and painfully seek a path from hence to heaven. But what think ye now? This son of a Scotch tyrant,—this grandson of a papistical and adulterous Scotch woman, whose death proved that a golden crown doth not always save an anointed head from the block—"

"Nay, brother, nay," interposed Mr. Williams; "thy words are not meet for a secret chamber, far less for a public street."

"Hold thy peace, Roger Williams!" answered Endicott, imperiously. "My spirit is wiser than thine, for the business now in hand. I tell ye, fellow-exiles, that Charles of England, and Laud, our bitter persecutor, arch-priest of Canterbury, are resolute to pursue us even hither. They are taking counsel, saith this letter, to send over a governor-general, in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land. They are minded, also, to establish the idolatrous forms of English Episcopacy; so that, when Laud shall kiss the Pope's toe, as cardinal of Rome, he may deliver New England, bound hand and foot, into the power of his master!"

A deep groan from the auditor, a sound of wrath, as well as fear and sorrow, responded to this intelligence.

"Look ye to it, brethren," resumed Endicott, with increasing energy. "If this king and this arch-bishop have their will, we shall briefly behold a cross on the spire of this tabernacle which we have builded, and a high altar within its walls, with wax tapers burning round it at noonday. We shall hear the sacring-bell, and the voices of the Romish priests saying the mass. But think ye, Christian men, that these abominations may be suffered without a sword drawn? without a shot fired? without blood spilt, yea, on the very stairs of the pulpit? No,—be ye strong of hand and stout of heart! Here we stand on our own soil, which we have bought with our goods, which we have won with our swords, which we have cleared with our axes, which we have tilled with the sweat of our brows, which we have sanctified with our prayers to the God that brought us hither! Who shall enslave us here? What have we to do with this mitred prelate,—with this crowned king? What have we to do with England?"

Endicott gazed round at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer, who stood close behind him.

"Officer, lower your banner," said he.

The officer obeyed; and, brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the red cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head.

"Sacriligious wretch!" cried the high-churchman, in the pillory, unable longer to restrain himself; "thou hast rejected the symbol of our holy religion."

"Treason, treason!" roared the royalist in the stocks. "He hath defaced the King's banner!"

"Before God and man, I will avouch the deed," answered Endicott. "Beat a flourish, drummer!—shout, soldiers and people!—in honour of the ensign of New England. Neither Pope nor tyrant hath part in it now!"

With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records. And, for ever honoured be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognise, in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust.

George Honey.

AN amusing anecdote is related of George Honey, the actor, who, some years ago, while on a tour in the provinces, had taken lodgings in a house on the outskirts of a town. Soon after retiring, he was awakened by a fluttering noise, as of a bird, around the curtains of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a small dark creature with wings blundering about the room. Not being well versed in natural history, he did not recognise it as a bat; but thinking it a queer kind of a bird, he resolved to catch it, if possible, and examine it by daylight. So he took his felt hat and attempted, for a long time in vain, to capture the intruder; but at length he pounced upon it, carefully removed it from his hat with his hand, shut it up in a drawer, listened while it struggled for a few moments to escape, and then went to bed and was soon asleep. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off when a further fluttering awakened him, and lighting another match, he found a second bat. He had an exciting scramble before he caught this one; but finally he succeeded, and put it in the drawer with his companion, and again retired. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies, but—if the expression be allowed in "battalions." Each specimen was carefully deposited in a drawer. At last, after an unusually long chase, he was so heated that he opened the window, and having retired exhausted, enjoyed a few hours' sleep. When he awoke, he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously to look for the prizes of the night; but, lo, there were no bats there! He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, spent his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and when the window was opened, had finally escaped.

Very Literal Obedience.

"PEOPLE are always making fun of us Russians for taking things so literally," said a Russian major, in whose company Mr. David Ker was ascending the Dnieper; "and not without some reason I must admit. You remember that story you told me the other day about a man who had a china cup given to him as a model for a complete set, and finding that it had been cracked and mended, turned out the whole set cracked and mended in the very same way? Well, I could find you half-a-dozen men in any Russian town you like who would do just the same thing themselves."

"Very likely," said his companion, "though I doubt whether they would carry their literal obedience quite so far as the American printer who was told to 'follow his copy,' and, when the copy blew out of the window, jumped after it and broke his leg."

"Well, I can match even that," laughed Major K. "Did you ever hear how the telegraph-line between St. Petersburg and Peterhof was left unofficered? Well, you know, before the electric wires were laid we used to telegraph in the old fashion by signals, and all along the Peterhof road there were signal stations planted just within sight of each other, and at each station a clerk, with strict orders to repeat exactly any signal made by his right-hand or left-hand neighbour. One day the first clerk on the line, in a fit of despair at having lost nearly all his money, hanged himself on the nearest telegraph-post. His next neighbour, seeing this, took it for a signal, and instantly strung himself up in like manner, and the end of it was that all the clerks on the line hanged themselves in regular rotation."

"Well," remarked his companion, "that's no worse than the story of the order sent from Peking to the authorities of a great Chinese town, commanding that a certain native merchant should be 'hung up in his counting-house'; and then, after his execution, somebody discovered the words should have been translated 'suspended in his office.'"

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...	...	Tuesday...	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery...	Mr. G. Scarman...	Monday...	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography...	Mr. H. Farmer...	Thursday...	8.0-10.0	3 6
*Plumbing...	Mr. G. Taylor...	Monday...	8.0-10.0	3 0
*Cabinet Making...	Mr. T. Jacob...	Tu. & Th...	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patrn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. A. W. Bevis... (W.H. 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...	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery...	Mrs. Sharman...	Thursday	7.30-9.30	3 0
" Practical...	"	"	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

* Per Quarter.

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low... (W.H. Sc.) M.I.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.—Eg.	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.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker,	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
—Hours.	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis... (W.H. Sc.)	Thursday...	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

* 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...	and	Tuesday	"	"
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing...	"	Friday	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
†Drawing from Life...	Mr. H. Costello...	Tu. & Th...	8.0-10.0	5 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
†Reposse Work & Engv.	"	"	"	"

* 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
"	"	Friday...	8.0-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society...	Mr. W. R. Cave...	Tu. & Sat...	8.0-10.0	2 0
Military Band...	Mr. Robinson...	M., Th. & F.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte...	Mr. Hamilton	M. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
"	Mrs. Spencer	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Violin...	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave	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. Sarill, A.K.C.	Friday...	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Intermediate...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday...	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday...	"	"
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners)...	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners)...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.)	"	"	"	"
" (Competitive)	"	Tuesday...	8.0-10.0	12 0
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Thursday...	8.45-10.0	"
Female Clerks (Com.)...	"	"	"	"
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...	8.0-9.0	4 0
" 2nd Stage	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Interme. 1st	"	"	"	"
" 2nd	"	"	"	"
" Elemen. 3rd	"	"	"	"
" Advanced...	"	"	"	"
" Commrcl. 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
"	Mr. W. Coleman,	"	"	"
"	B.A. (Lond.)	"	6.0-10.0	21 0
London University Exams.	"	"	"	"
* Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday...	7.30-8.30	20 0
"	"	Saturday...	3.30-5.30	"
Ambulance—Nursing...	Dr. Stoker...	Tuesday...	7.0-9.0	"
Chess...	Mr. Smith...	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. Adnitt	Thursday...	8.30-10.0	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. D. A. Low...	Friday...	9.0-10.0	4 0
Photography...	Mr. H. Farmer...	Thursday...	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery...	Mr. W. Graves...	Friday...	8.0-9.0	4 0
Printing (Letter Press)...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday...	8.0-9.30	6 0
†Electrical Engineering—Elec. Litng. Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Medist.	Friday...	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice...	"	Tu. & Th...	8.0-10.0	4 0
Plumbing...	Mr. G. Taylor...	Tuesday...	8.30-10.0	5 0
Brickwork and Masonry	Mr. A. Grenville...	Monday...	8.0-9.30	7 6
*Cabinet Designing...	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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