

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 79.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

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

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, May 16th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.
- FRIDAY, May 17th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.
Photographic Society.—Exhibition, at 8.
Literary Society.—Meeting, at 8.15.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, May 18th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
Ramblers.—Westminster Abbey and Kew.
Cricket Club.—Match with St. Luke's C.C. at Barking Road.
Cricket Club (Junior Section).—Match with Latimer C.C., at Wanstead.
Judge and Jury Trial, 7.30.
- SUNDAY, May 19th.**—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, May 20th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Shorthand Society.—Usual meeting, at 8.
Sketching Club.—Monthly Exhibition.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- TUESDAY, May 21st.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsals, 7.45 and 9 p.m.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
Parliament.—Usual sitting, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY, May 22nd.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Dramatic Society.—Rehearsal at 8.
Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 19th,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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|---|--------------|
| 1. Chorus, "Fixed in His everlasting seat" | Handel. |
| 2. "Ave Maria" | Schubert. |
| 3. Fugue in D minor | Bach. |
| 4. Song, "The Children's Home" (by desire) | Cowen. |
| 5. Impromptu | ... |
| 6. Benediction Nuptial... .. | Saint Saens. |
| 7. Corneliuss March | Mendelssohn. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Offertoire in A minor | Batiste. |
| 2. Adoremus | Ravina. |
| 3. Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs | Guilmant. |
| 4. Impromptu | ... |
| 5. "Cujus Animam" | Rossini. |
| 6. Chorus, "Sing unto God" | Handel. |

Notes of the Week.

ST. DAMIEN is dead. I am not a Roman Catholic, and therefore I refuse to call him "Father" Damien, and I protest against the way in which Protestant folk concede this title, in which so much is involved, to persons in whose claims they do not believe. But I have no objection to allow that, if any man of this age has led a saintly life, that man is the Belgian priest named Damien. Also, that there is no other saint of the time to come near him, unless it be Saint Charles Gordon. Damien went of his own accord to live with the lepers. Now leprosy is not only a contagious or infectious disease, but it is an incurable disease and an hereditary disease. When it breaks out in a family, that family ought to be debarred from marriage, and cut off. The Levitical Law on this subject, which contains everything that modern science has discovered, or can invent, has provided for this. Then, again: leprosy is a very horrible and disgusting disease: it eats off the fingers and the toes: it covers the body with loathsome spots: it sometimes attacks the brain, and makes the patient lunatic: it sometimes fills him with strange and unnatural yearnings. There is no disease under the sun more dreadful than leprosy.

In the middle ages leprosy was rife among us. There was a leper's house, or hospital everywhere: lepers limped along the roads and begged: they sat in the porches of churches, and held out their leprous stumps of hands and begged: young and beautiful girls were seized with leprosy, and knew that they were doomed: strong and valiant knights were attacked by it, and in order to escape the lingering death of the leper, they rode into the thickest of the fight, and were killed. Leprosy sat upon the steps of the throne, and climbed up into the bishop's chair. As for its treatment, no one knew of anything that would help: the patient languished, grew worse, became an object of horror, and finally died. As for its cause, it was perhaps due to the absence of vegetables, and the great use of salt meat in the winter. In the Holy Land, the descendants of the Crusaders, who settled there to colonize and govern the Latin Kingdom, all became afflicted with leprosy, and attributed the disease to their inordinate fondness for roast pork. There can be little doubt that in hot countries the pig should never be eaten, unless it can be fed carefully, and in a sty as with us. However, leprosy in Europe gradually died out, and has almost disappeared, although even now, here and there, nurses and doctors whisper each other that there is a genuine case of leprosy in the hospital.

In all hot countries leprosy continues, and will continue, I suppose, until medical science is strong enough to stamp it out. Now when Damien, a good many years ago, went to Honolulu, the lepers were living by themselves on one of the islands, miserable, half-fed, wholly uncared for, with neither education, morality, or religion. This young priest resolved to go and live among them and work for them. He would give up, for their service, the whole of his life, whatever length of years should be spared to him. Remember: sooner or later it was certain death by a horrible disease. Always, it was separation from mankind. Very well: he did this: he has given to the poor lepers all he had to give: the result is that they are now as happy as their miserable lot permits, surrounded with material comfort, provided with schools: that they live moral lives: and that they have the solace of religion. Now Damien, the leper—he has been as leprous as Naaman for many years—is no more. He is dead. He is dead! Farewell, Saint Damien!

It is very much easier, somehow, to read of heroism and to believe in it, when it is at a distance, than when it is, so to

speak, on our own doorstep. Yet, is not the life of St. Damien very much that of many hundreds of our own people here in London, and in every big city? What is it but to live as Damien lived, cut off and isolated, when a young fellow gives up his learning—if he is a scholar society—if he belongs to society: his ambitions—if he has any: his prospects of wealth—if he ever thinks of money: his bodily ease, his whole days, his whole work, all his thoughts—to working in some wretchedly poor district where the people are only one day off starvation? I speak not of the Church of England, or that of Rome, or that of Wesley, or that of John the Baptist, or that of the Presbyter, or that of anybody else—whether a man call himself a father or a brother, or a guardian: whether he puts on a Cassock (which must be dreadfully uncomfortable), or a broad hat, or a long-tailed frock coat, or a biretta—all of which are very ugly: the life of that man day after day, spending his strength and his youth, and giving up everything he has for the poor, is a splendid life, and one which we should recognise by giving it the respect that is due to it. But let us never believe that any one set of doctrines has got the monopoly of producing a St. Damien or a Rev. ———, Vicar of ———, East End. That is not so, my brothers: one church produces great and good men, and self-sacrificing men, as well as another: and we must never be persuaded to change our doctrines on the ground that another sect produces men more truly great or self-sacrificing. And again, we say, farewell, St. Damien!

A MYSTERIOUS person has promised to give I know not how much for a building for the National Portrait Gallery. I hope he will remain mysterious, and never disclose his name. The guesses made as to the name of the donor must have made those who have been suggested, but have given nothing, feel rather limp. But perhaps it will stimulate them to other great benefactions. For instance, a donation of a hundred thousand volumes to our Library: half that amount in golden sovereigns to the Palace: the foundation and endowment of a Palace in Hoxton, or in Camden Town, or in Bermondsey: the erection of a good permanent Picture Gallery and School of Art at the East End: the erection of a Cathedral for East London: the erection of workrooms and shops for Co-operative needlewomen: the endowment and formation of a Labour Bureau—these are just a few objects on which those good people who have not given the hundred thousand pounds may now bestow their bounty.

ONLY, we shall lose one National Portrait Gallery. Let us, when the front of the Palace is completed, get a Portrait Gallery of our own, representing the great men of our country. It will be a worthy object. Some of our friends will copy pictures for us from those in the National Collection: some pictures will be given to us. Even a set of photographs of living men would be something.

ARE we to continue to flog criminals? I sincerely hope we are. If one man brutally assaults another—perhaps one totally unable to resist: if a man breaks into a house at night, and robs helpless people with a revolver in his hand, sometimes nearly killing poor women with terror: let us flog that man: let us appeal to that part of him which he can understand: let us flog him. It must not be forgotten that thirty years ago there was a great outbreak of garotting: that the law presently resolved to flog garotters: and garotting disappeared as if by magic. There is nothing that the habitual criminal dreads more than a flogging. As to whether the cat-o'-nine-tails is the best implement for the purpose, that is another question. It is said to be dangerous, and sometimes to kill. If that is so let us find something else. At the bottom of all social order there must be the three great deterrents from crime—the gallows, the lash, and the prison. And in the maintenance of all three, I am sure that the voice of the nation would be unanimous.

PENDING the publication of some longer and fuller account of the journey, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has half a column on the late visit of the Toynbee Hall people to Italy. The party consisted of sixty, of whom half were ladies. They spent seventeen days on the journey, and it cost them £9 18s. 10d. each. Alas! I went on the same journey last year, and it cost me five times as much. In addition, there were sundry extras, amounting to an average of 30s. a-head, but these were voluntary. In all, the trip cost £11 10s. a-head. They went by way of Harwich and Antwerp, stopping for one night at Lucerne, in Switzerland: then over the St. Gothard Pass, to Lugano, in Italy: then to Milan, Verona, and Venice. Unfortunately, the weather was bad at Venice, which is a city absolutely dependent on sunshine. I cannot conceive of anything more depressing than Venice in rain. What a splendid thing it is that such journeys

can be enjoyed for a sum so small! Brother and sister Ramblers, make a note of this. I think we must ramble out of the country—to Paris this year, and next, if it can be managed, to Switzerland for a little Alpine climbing. If I go too, I shall sit down at the foot of the mountain, and watch you all going up.

FOR a week's ramble, Holland makes a very good country. One gets across to Rotterdam in a single night: the distances are very small between the towns, and the place is wonderfully different from our own fair land. Belgium, again, is a very good country for a week's ramble. Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Brussels,—make a group of towns all interesting.

ON Saturday next we are to be the guests of the Dean of Westminster, who will take us round the Abbey. I have seen very nearly all the English cathedrals: some are larger than Westminster: none are really finer architecturally: none can rival this splendid pile in historical associations and in monuments. Let us go armed with a little knowledge, so that we may understand what it is we are looking at. Here, for instance, are a few particulars. Westminster Abbey, or the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, was originally a Benedictine monastery. There was a church here as far back as the eighth century. Edward the Confessor built a new church about the year 1060, some parts of which remain under ground of the present church. The choir and transepts were built by Henry III.: part of the nave by Edward I.: the remainder by Richard II.: King Henry's Chapel by the king, whose name it bears: and the western towers by Wren. The church is 403 feet long and 101 feet high. The centre of the choir under the tower is the spot where all the kings of England have been crowned, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria. As for the monuments in the Abbey, it is impossible to enumerate them. Kings and queens, princes and great lords, generals and admirals, statesmen, authors, poets—half the great men of the country lie buried in the Abbey, or have monuments erected to their memory. The place is now so full that there is no room for more monuments, although much of the room is taken up by works commemorating people who have no claims at all to such an honour. Surely the Dean and Chapter ought to have authority to remove the monuments of obscure men in order to make room for their betters.

OF great men whose names we all know I must mention a few, taking them from a certain work on the Abbey lying open before me as they come. Among them are—Wolfe who took Quebec, Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir John Franklin, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, Castlereagh, Palmerston, Chatham, Admiral Vernon, Warren Hastings, Herschel, Charles James Fox, Wordsworth, Keble, Congreve, Havelock, Temple, Major André, Sir Isaac Newton, Livingstone, Garrick, Grote, Macaulay, Addison, Thackeray, Dickens, Johnson, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Southey, Gray, Butler, Spenser, Chaucer, Dryden, Cowley,—is there in all the world a more magnificent muster-roll of the illustrious dead than is to be found in Westminster Abbey?

THE Gymnastic Display of last Wednesday was one of the most delightful exhibitions I have ever witnessed. Nothing could be more perfect than the training of the men who showed us the new Swedish drill. I suppose that the most important part was that which came first, and showed the drill and exercise of every part of the frame: but the most popular part was, undoubtedly, the acrobatic exercise over the great horse, and on the bars, parallel and horizontal. Some of the feats on the parallel bar were really marvellous. The fight between sword and bayonet was exciting, but it had one drawback:—nobody could tell who was killed. At one period of the performance, the floor of the Queen's Hall—that peaceful, musical, harmonious place!—was strewn with the heads of the bayonet men cut off by the swordsmen: at another period, or was it the same?—the same floor was covered with the dead bodies of the swordsmen, transfixed by the bayonets. I saw myself, with these eyes, assisted by spectacles, the bayonets go right clean through the bodies of the swordsmen, and I saw the heads of the bayonetmen lopped off neatly and cleanly, and rolling in the ground. Yet when it was all over, they all walked off together as if nothing had happened. I incline to believe that the old stories of the Roman gladiators, who were brought out to fight to the death before the Emperor, must be read in a similar sense, and that, when all was over, and everybody dead, a bell rang, and all the dead and wounded jumped up, and went off arm in arm, in step to the Imperial Roman Horse Artillery Band. In fact, I am quite sure that this must have been so: wherefore history is all wrong, and the People's Palace is the only place where the real truth can be arrived at. Which is just as it should be, and it shows how admirably we are getting on.

EDITOR.

Palace and Institute Notes.

THE recent Examination in French among the pupils of Mons. Ernest Pointin's evening classes at the Palace, has resulted in the following students passing with credit:—

ELEMENTARY, I. Stage.—Messrs. E. J. Bartlett, F. W. Green, H. Logan. II. Stage.—Messrs. C. Butler, A. Geiss, A. J. Annison. III. Stage.—Messrs. Church, W. J. Thomas, J. R. Cowling, J. F. Bew.

INTERMEDIATE, I. Stage.—Messrs. A. Berger, E. G. Sheppard, F. Weston, W. E. Bramley, R. Haines, H. Boddington. II. Stage.—Messrs. J. O. Williamson, F. Phillips, Miss Julia Valentine, Mr. A. Albu.

ADVANCED.—Messrs. Balmforth and A. R. Marsh.

COMMERCIAL.—Mr. Williamson.

HERE is another list of honour, this time the names of those Members of our flourishing Junior Section, who have satisfied the examiners in the various subjects given.

ARITHMETIC.—Upper Division.—F. Newland (1st prize); R. F. Taylor (2nd prize); A. Schaefer, John Woolley, John Winyard, F. Friend. Lower Division.—F. Webb (prize); Sam. Howes, H. Cheek, J. Burchill, E. Hutt, A. Sturdy, Claude Hayes, A. G. Miller, G. Harper.

BOOK-KEEPING.—W. J. Clements (1st prize); W. Busch (2nd prize).

FIRST CLASS.—W. J. Harper, A. Newport, W. J. Green, A. B. Harper, H. R. Jagers, J. Severwright, R. Daly. SECOND CLASS.—F. Turpin, F. Rogers, A. Miller.

WRITING.—R. F. Taylor (1st prize); A. M. Lester (2nd prize); T. H. Riches, R. Monk, Claude Hayes, William Rowe, W. Winyard, George Clarke, Fred Collins, G. Mackway, Henry Willing, J. S. Fayers, A. Sturdy, J. Tatchell, A. Mosden, John Burchill.

SHORTHAND.—H. E. Callard, first prize; H. Ruddick, second prize; Arthur Page, third prize; Wm. Frith, fourth prize; H. W. Fenney, F. J. Harvey, E. J. Wignall, F. E. Turpin, W. J. Clements, H. Diss, W. Busch, F. T. Page, A. Newport, Hy. Morden, Hy. James Ford, James Dodd, H. R. Juggers, J. Tatchell, A. W. Mosden, Wm. A. Perkins, W. J. Harper, A. B. Harper, R. Monk, A. M. Lester, P. Wooley, W. Green, J. Severwright, A. Looper, H. Scadden, —Shottler, J. Bradford, E. Wells, Hy. J. Bosanquet, T. J. Anderson, H. E. Amor.

FRENCH.—H. Callard (first prize); F. Byford (second prize); G. Frith, K. Daly, Locker, A. G. Sherring, H. E. Amor, J. Gun, E. Wells.

GEOMETRICAL AND MACHINE DRAWING.—B. E. Hipkins (first prize); G. Warren (second prize); J. Prudence, W. Page, F. Norman, Skinner, Sharp.

THE Members' own Library is doing well now, the Librarian, Mr. Hawkins, reports, and several additions have recently been made to it. It is open for the issue of books every evening from 8 till 10, when either Mr. Hawkins himself, or one of the Sub-Librarians,—Messrs. Moreton, White, Halfpenny, Burley, and Glover,—is in attendance.

NEXT Friday our Photographic Club will hold an Exhibition of a number of prints taken by its Members in competition, in the Lecture Hall of the Technical Schools. Mr. C. W. Hastings, the editor of the *Amateur Photographer*, will lecture, and the Club will, I have no doubt, provide their visitors with a very good evening. There is a great deal more of art and a great deal less of mere mechanical process about photography than many people think, and it is good to see East London well up with the times in this now very fashionable pursuit.

VERY soon our first Paris trippers will be gone upon their trip. Mr. Were has just made a furious rush over to Paris, all round about it, and back again in three days, without, I believe, going to bed all the time. He reports that the House at which the Palace visitors will stay, which is in the Rue du Marché, Passage Mequiller, Neuilly-sur-Seine, is about ten minutes' walk outside the gates of the city (Porte Maillot) and about half an hour's walk from the Exhibition. The meals (breakfast at eight and dinner at six)

will be served in a pavilion in the garden. The Bois de Boulogne, the Jardin D'Acclimation, and (with a decidedly cockney twang) Buffalo Bill's Wild West, are all within fifteen minutes' walk.

MR. WERE reports outrageous prices for everything, and warns Members that they may have to make deep dips into their pockets for things not included for in the very small amount they have arranged to pay.

MR. WERE recommends the Palais Royal (No. 5) for dejeuner at 2fr. 50c. inclusive. At the restaurants in the Exhibition itself a cup of coffee costs a franc. The Eiffel Tower turns up everywhere, in every shop window and on all the walls, as well as in its substantial self, till the wearied tripper yearns to blow it up. Many other things Mr. Were saw in the Exhibition and out of it, and perhaps he will have something more to say next week about them, although I scarcely know whether he should be allowed to tell everything first and spoil the pleasure of surprise.

MR. ALFRED HOLLINS will give a Pianoforte Recital at Princes' Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, 4th June, at three o'clock. The programme will include selections from Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, Schumann, Bennett, Bülow and Liszt.

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

Last Friday being a Shakespeare Evening, we commenced the reading of Othello. A predominance of the sterner sex is usual at our meetings, but on this occasion, we were placed in a minority by the ladies, who turned up in overwhelming numbers, and took the room by storm. Under the tuition of Mr. Spender we were enabled to accomplish the reading of half the play. Mr. Carradoc, who took several parts, is a remarkable genius, sending the audience into convulsions by the completely original manner in which he managed his parts; none the less peculiar was the remarkable metamorphosis which he underwent during the evening. The gentleman who took Cassio went through the part in a characteristic manner, and so realistically, that in Act II., after the drinking toasts, it was suggested that the worthy gentleman, who is a staunch supporter of the Temperance cause, had sadly fallen away from his principles. The audience were so impressed by the villainous scheming of Iago, taken by Senator Ring, that it is announced on reliable authority, that that gentleman will be asked to vindicate his character at the Trial by Jury on Saturday next. Mr. Whittick also gave a good rendering of his part. Many thanks are due to the ladies who, in the absence of others, took parts impromptu. Members should not miss next Friday, which will be a productive evening. Ladies and gentlemen who aspire to pre-eminence in literature, should at once join the Society, where their productions will receive plenty of useful criticism. Half-yearly subscription, 6d.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, 7th May.—The fine summer weather apparently caused political enthusiasm to wane, even such a delightful, though not novel, subject as Home Rule failing to bring up M.P.'s in very strong force. The convert to Home Rule, Mr. Ring, opened the debate, which was further carried on by Messrs. Billings (E. Belfast), Hawkins (E. Manchester), White (Mile End), and London (City); it being adjourned upon the proposition of Mr. Whittick (Maidstone). Next Sitting, Tuesday 21st, Division upon the Home Rule Bill. All Members earnestly requested to attend.

JOHN H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—Mr. STOCKWELL, M.F.B.

BRIGADE NOTICE. Wednesday, May 15th, Hose and hydrant drill in the Gymnasium, at 10 p.m.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

After a considerable lapse of time, a practice was held on Monday, May 6th, although there were not so many Members present as might have been desired. Now that we mean hard work, it is absolutely necessary that all Members, who wish to retain their position in the band, should henceforth attend both regularly and punctually. Practice nights, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7.45 to 9.45 p.m.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

At the Annual General Meeting, the following election of officers took place:—

Patrons: Isaac Pitman, Esq., T. A. Reed, Esq.

President: Sir E. H. Currie.

Vice Presidents: Walter Besant, Esq., J. R. W. Knight, Esq.,

J. Horton, Esq., W. Wilson, Esq., E. J. Nankivell, Esq.

Hon. Sec.: G. T. Stock. Hon. Lib.: H. A. Gold.

Hon. Treas.: C. Solomon.

Committee: Messrs. W. Burley, R. Pressman, and C. J. White.

The Balance-sheet, after being audited, was put before the meeting and adopted. Other minor matters were settled.—We intend holding our meetings throughout the summer months, this being the time when practice is particularly needed. Subscriptions nominal. Intending Members please apply to

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

H. A. GOLD, Hon. Lib.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

"Ye merrie monthe of May!" Yes, and no mistake it has opened merrily enough in these parts. The weather has been showery, but, on the whole fine, and on one day last week, was actually hot. But weather prophets shake their heads and prophecy more East winds, of which we have had remarkably few this spring. The M.C.C. meeting held at Lords on Wednesday week was a model meeting, and a worthy example for minor Clubs to follow at their A.G.M.'s. The principal business of interest to the outside world was the alteration of the Cricket laws, as proposed at the last General Meeting. These alterations were:—

1.—To substitute five balls in an over for four.

2.—That a bowler may change ends as often as he likes, but cannot bowl two overs in succession.

3.—On the last day of a match, and in a one-day match, at any time the in-side may declare their innings at an end.

The only thing to be said against the first rule is, that the five-ball over imposes a heavier strain upon the bowler, and in the case of young players, this will be especially noticeable. The law about changing ends is equitable enough, but it will be noticed that it involves the introduction of a third bowler. But it is really the last law that will have the most important results, and tend to populate one-day and Saturday afternoon matches. I have known men week after week spend their Saturday afternoon in the field and never get a chance of batting, and the result is that they throw up the game in disgust and take to tennis, or some other sport where the play is more equally divided. Drawn games will be fewer, and batting averages perhaps higher. The new rules are now in force, and were adhered to in most of the matches last week with good results.—The bad state of the weather prevented us from journeying to North Woolwich last Saturday. The following will represent the Palace against the St. Luke's, on Saturday next, at Barking Road:—A. Bowman, H. Sharman, L. Goldberg, R. Hones, H. W. Byard, C. A. Bowman, J. Fox, A. Wainman, F. Hunter, J. Fairweather, T. G. Carter (Capt.). Reserve:—J. Ettridge. Frequent trains to Canning Town (G.E.R.).

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The weather on Saturday last was decidedly against cycling. Messrs. Moyle and Howard succeeded in winning their heats at the Leyton Sports, but were not successful in the final. Two Members braved the elements and rode to Abridge. Members are requested to put in as many attendances as possible, so as to be eligible for the next race.—Members wishing to join this Club are requested to communicate with

JAMES H. BURLEY,
13, Carisbrooke Road, Walthamstow.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Mr. H. H. BURDETT.

By permission of the Duke of Cambridge, two very successful Gymnastic Displays were given last Wednesday in the Queen's Hall, by the Gymnastic Staff of the Royal Military Gymnasium, Aldershot. The displays, one of which was given in the afternoon, and the other in the evening, were under the direction of Colonel G. M. Onslow, the Inspector, and Captain Berkeley Quill, the Assistant-Inspector of Gymnasia. A large company assembled in the afternoon to witness the display, and over 3,000 in the evening. The displays were as nearly as possible the same, excepting an addition in the evening of an Indian Club Class, composed of Members of the People's Palace Gymnasium, who went through the various exercises remarkably well. The exercises, in which thirteen Members of the Gymnastic Staff and about thirty of the Class of Non-Commissioned Officers who are now in training for Instructors, consisted of exhibitions on the Parallel and Horizontal Bars, Vaulting Horse, Bouts of Single-Sticks, Sword *v.* Bayonet, Bayonet *v.* Bayonet, Dumb Bells, Physical Drill with arms, and Free Gymnastics, an exercise which is said to produce a considerable and uniform development of the body although no apparatus is used. These were conducted under the direction of Sergt.-Major Noakes, Chief Instructor, Military Gymnasium, Aldershot. The different pieces of apparatus were splendidly worked, and the Dumb Bell exercise elicited four encores.—Leaders' Meeting this evening at 8.30 p.m.—The Annual Display will take place on Monday, June 3rd.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Articles which have been left in lockers by Members, whose tickets are overdue, will shortly be sold to defray expenses.

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Miss Litoun's Concert attracted a large audience last Thursday. Great pleasure was given by the charming singing of Mrs. Francis Cohen, who, with much kindness, had come a long way to perform at the Palace, and by the Pianoforte Solos of Mr. Bolmer. "Dear Heart" was well sung by Miss Goldsmith, and the audience was much pleased by the recitations of Miss Alprohich, and the humorous songs of Mr. Niwmark. Mr. Ford, who acted as Chairman, gave one of his carefully-studied recitations, the pathetic parts of which were forcibly rendered.—On Thursday next, a Concert will be given under the direction of Miss Reynolds, when there will be some good music.

L. A. ADAM.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

Musical Director—A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—A. E. REEVE.

The Orchestra will meet for practice on Thursday, 23rd, at 9 p.m.; the chorus, with corner men, will meet on Tuesday, at 7.45; and the Sketch Rehearsal will take place at 9 p.m. the same evening. We now only require a Violoncello to complete our Orchestra. Members must please attend all Rehearsals, as our first performance will, in all probability, shortly take place. Members of the Troupe only will be admitted to Rehearsals.

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

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.

The Competitors for Mass Exercises (*viz.*, Bar-Bells, Dumb-Bells, Indian Clubs, Free Exercises, or Swedish Drill) are requested to attend as frequently as possible. The preliminary ties are now being held.

SELINA HALES, Hon. Sec.

JUDGE AND JURY TRIAL.

The action for libel, brought by Mr. Ring against Mr. Taylor, will be tried on Saturday evening next, at 7.30 sharp, in Room No. 2, Old School-buildings. Judges: Messrs. Marshall and Whittick. Counsel for Plaintiff: Messrs. Hawkins and White; Counsel for Defendant: Messrs. London and Ive. The trial will probably extend over two evenings, and as a large audience is anticipated, early arrivals will of course secure best seats. It is earnestly hoped that all Members, ladies and gentlemen, will co-operate in keeping the trial within strict decorum.

A. L. LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The exhibition of Prints by the Members of the Club competing for the *Amateur Photographer* Silver and Bronze Medals and Lantern Entertainment, on "Illustrated Boston," U.S.A., will be held on Friday, May 17th, at 8 p.m. Mr. C. W. Hastings, Editor of the *Amateur Photographer*, has kindly promised to read the lecture. All Members of the Institute and Palace are cordially invited to be present. Tickets to be obtained at the Offices, Technical Schools, or of the Secretary.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

The rain did it. Instead of some eight-and-twenty Saturday Ramblers who had promised to meet outside the Holborn Viaduct Station, but seven put in an appearance. One lady only had the temerity to face the elements, but she,—viewing with evident dismay the sternly-masculine order of things generally,—soon vanished, and passed by on the other side. The destination was the Horticultural and Technical College at Swanley, which was reached in a downpour about 4 o'clock. The warm welcome, however, accorded the Ramblers by Professor Cheshire, more than compensated for the caprices of the atmosphere and the attendant discomforts of spongy fields and fresh (very fresh!) pastures new: and within a very short time only were comfortably ensconced high and dry in the lecture room of the College, where we were entertained to a humorous and instructive discourse on bees. Soon after 5 o'clock—the party in the meantime having been strengthened by one—the Ramblers were invited to the tea room, and there regaled to a substantially-pleasant meal, to which, it is idle to say, they did the fullest justice. They were also introduced to the college students, who joined them at the tea table, and to A. H. Bond, Esq., the managing director of the institution. At the termination of the meal, Mr. Knight proposed thanks for the very hearty way in which the Club had been welcomed and entertained; and then, under the fraternal guidance of the students, the party proceeded to inspect the extensive orchards, greenhouses, etc., to see the cucumbers, and to ramble over the quaint old house with its cabin saloon (transported hither from a vessel by the former occupant), its roomy dormitories, etc. And it yet rained. And when the party, turning their (more or less mackintosh'd) backs upon the scene, bade a last good-bye, sundry lumps of Swanley clung so tenaciously to their nether extremities, that there was no help for it but to carry the same to the distant confines of the sagacious East. (And it still rained!) On Saturday next, May 18th, we visit Westminster Abbey. The following is a list of those entitled to participate in this ramble:—Misses E. Holland, Witherley, A. Shellard, R. Shellard, L. Pockett, A. Rosenway, S. A. Parkes, A. Doyle, E. Durrell, R. Durrell, F. Ely, S. Marshall, E. Hodges, R. Quelch, L. Smith, E. Barnes, Messrs W. Pockett, T. Edwards, W. Marshall, H. Rosenway, F. Pearce, Simpson, H. Marshall, and A. McKenzie. The above-mentioned *only* are requested to meet outside Westminster Bridge Station at 3.40 p.m. No Member will be admitted unless with a Ramblers' ticket. After this party has gone over the Abbey, they will take the boat from Westminster Pier to Hammer-smith, and join the other Members at Kew, which is the destination of the ramble arranged for those who are excluded from the visit to the Abbey. Members wishing to take part in this latter are requested to meet at Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, at 3.30 p.m.; Leader, Mr. A. Greenwood. The Secretaries will be at the Palace on Monday next, May 20th, to issue Membership tickets in the Secretaries' Room, Old School-buildings, from 8 till 9 p.m.; Members of the Palace please note this.

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Monthly Exhibition, which was postponed on account of the Art Examinations, will be held on Monday next, May 20th, in Room No. 9, Old School-buildings. The subjects for the Exhibition, to be held in June, are as under:—

Figure	Afternoon Tea.
Animal	Study of a Dog.
Landscape	Cloud Land.
Marine	A Rocky Shore.
Design	Birth-day Card.
Still Life	A Study.

The Members who wish to compete at the Sketching Club Competition, are requested to send in their names at the earliest convenience. The subjects are:—

Figure	A Critical Moment.
Animal	Interrupted.
Landscape	Break of Day.
Sculpture	Sleep.
Design	Labour.

Sketches must not exceed 30 by 25 inches in length or breadth. The next Time Sketching Evening will be held on the 28th May, in Room No. 9, Old School-buildings, at 7.30.—All these Members

who would like to visit the New English Art Club, at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, can do so by sending in a stamped directed envelope to Gleeson White, Esq., Acting Secretary at the Gallery, asking for a ticket. The tickets will admit bearer from 7 to 10 o'clock. Tickets may be obtained to admit to the Royal Institute of Painters of Water Colour Exhibition on Sunday next, by sending a stamped directed envelope to Mark H. Judge, Esq., 8, Park Place Villas, W. The Gallery has been opened through the influence of the Sunday Society.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

KNIGHT TESTIMONIAL FUND.

Members having cards for the above, are reminded that they should be returned as soon as possible.

HORACE J. HAWKINS,
1, Archibald Street, Campbell Road, Bow, E.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription to Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East ante-room; entrance through Library. For further information, apply to

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.

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

Rehearsal on Friday next, in No. 2 Room, Old Schools, at 8 p.m.—We still have vacancies in all the parts, but we are specially in want of Tenors. Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join can be seen after any rehearsal. All music is lent, free of charge, from the Society's Library. Fees, 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Manager—Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—Mr. JOHN GIBSON.
Property Master—Mr. JOHN HARGRAVES.

All Members of this Society will please attend at 8 p.m. this evening (Wednesday), for rehearsal of the *Tableaux Vivants*.

ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday, 24th inst., a General Meeting will be held, preparatory to closing for the season at the end of this month. The usual practice will take place until 9 o'clock, when the meeting will commence. We hope everyone will make a point of turning up, as, among other subjects for discussion, is a proposal for opening one night a week during the summer, for Members' private practice. There is also down for discussion a suggestion that the Club should be photographed. We shall be glad of suggestions for the improvement of the Club in any way for the next season.

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

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday last we went to Lake's farm to play the Glendale Cricket Club, but owing to the rain, we suppose they did not turn up.—Match next week against Latimer C.C. at Wanstead; commence 3.30. Team:—Frith (Capt.), Jagers, Gutt, Branch, Pocknell, Byford, Harvey, Sanders, Winyard, Young, and Newport.—A General Meeting of the above Club will be held in the Technical Schools at 8 o'clock this evening (Wednesday); important business will be transacted. Reserves: Webb, Handley, W. G. FRITH, Hon. Sec. (*pro tem.*)

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Before marriage: "Excuse me, George. Did my parasol hurt you?"

"Oh, no, dear; it would be a pleasure if it did."

After marriage: "Now then, do be careful! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out."

"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol."

"There isn't any right side of a woman with a parasol."

Matwa's Revenge.

OR
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

CHAPTER I.

GOBO STRIKES.

ONE day—it was about a week after Allan Quatermain told me his story of the "Three Lions," and of the moving death of Jim-Jim—he and I were walking home together on the termination of a day's shooting. He had about two thousand acres of shooting round the place he bought in Yorkshire, over a hundred of which were wood. It was the second year of his occupation of the estate, and already he had reared a very fair head of pheasants, for he was an all-round sportsman, and as fond of shooting with a shot-gun as with an eight-bore rifle. We were three guns that day, Sir Henry Curtis, old Quatermain, and myself; but Sir Henry had to leave in the middle of the afternoon in order to meet his agent, and inspect an outlying farm where a new shed was wanted. He was, however, coming back to dinner, and going to bring Captain Good with him, for Brayley Hall was not more than two miles from the Grange.

We had met with very fair sport, considering that we were only going through outlying covers for cocks. I think that we had killed twenty-seven, a woodcock and a leash of partridges, which we had got out of a driven covey. On our way home there lay a long narrow spinney, which was a very favourite "lie" for woodcock, and generally held a pheasant or two as well.

"Well, what do you say?" said old Quatermain, "shall we beat through this for a finish?"

I assented, and he called to the keeper who was following with a little knot of beaters, and told him to beat the spinney.

"Very well, sir," answered the man, "but it's getting wonderful dark, and the wind's rising a gale. It will take you all your time to hit a woodcock if the spinney holds one."

"You show us the woodcock, Jeffries," answered Quatermain quickly, for he never liked being crossed in anything to do with sport, "and we will look after shooting them."

The man turned and went rather sulkily. I heard him say to the under-keeper, "He's pretty good, the master is, I'm not saying he isn't, but if he kills a woodcock in this light and wind, I'm a Dutchman."

I think that Quatermain heard him too, though he said nothing. The wind was rising every minute, and by the time the beat begun it was blowing big guns. I stood at the right-hand corner of the spinney, which curved round somewhat, and Quatermain stood at the left, some forty paces from me. Presently an old cock pheasant came rocketing over me, looking as though the feathers were all being blown out of his tail. I missed him clean with the first barrel, and was never more pleased with myself in my life than when I doubled him up with the second, for the shot was not an easy one. In the faint light I could just see Quatermain nodding his head in approval, when through the groaning of the trees I heard the shouts of the beaters, "Cock forward, cock to the right." Then came a whole volley of shouts, "Woodcock to the right," "Cock to the left," "Cock over."

I looked up, and presently caught sight of one of the woodcock coming down the wind upon me like a flash. In that dim light I could not follow all his movements as he zigzagged through the naked treetops; indeed I could only see him when his wings flitted up. Now he was passing me—*bang*, and a flick of the wing, I had missed him; *bang* again. Surely he was down; no, there he went to my left.

"Cock to you," I shouted, stepping forward so as to get Quatermain between me and the faint angry light of the dying day, for I wanted to see if he would "wipe my eye." I knew him to be a wonderful shot, but that cock would, I thought, puzzle him.

I saw him raise his gun ever so little and bend forward, and at that moment out flashed two woodcock into the open, the one I had missed to his right, and the other to his left.

At the same time a fresh shout arose of "Woodcock over," and looking down the spinney I saw a third bird high up in the air, being blown along like a brown and whirling leaf straight over Quatermain's head. And then followed the prettiest little bit of shooting that I ever saw. The bird to the right was flying low, not ten yards from the line of a hedgerow, and Quatermain took him first because he would become invisible the soonest of any. Indeed, nobody who had not his hawk's eyes could have seen to shoot him. But he saw him well enough to kill him dead as a stone. Then

turning sharply, he pulled on the second bird at about forty-five yards, and over he went. By this time the third woodcock was nearly over him, and flying very high, straight down the wind, a hundred feet up or more, I should say. I saw him glance at it as he opened his gun, threw out the right cartridge and slipped in another, turning round as he did so. By this time the cock was nearly fifty yards away from him, and travelling like a flash. Lifting his gun he fired after it, and, wonderful as the shot was, killed it dead. A tearing gust of wind caught the dead bird, and blew it right away like a leaf torn from an oak, so that it fell a hundred and thirty yards off or more.

"I say, Quatermain," I said to him when the beaters were up, "do you often do this sort of thing?"

"Well," he answered, with a dry smile, "the last time I had to load three shots as quickly as that was at rather larger game. It was at elephants. I killed them all three as dead as I killed those woodcock; but it very nearly went the other way, I can tell you; I mean that they very nearly killed me."

Just at that moment the keeper came up. "Did you happen to get one of them there cocks, sir?" he said with the air of a man who did not in the least expect an answer in the affirmative.

"Well, yes, Jeffries," answered Quatermain; "you will find one of them by the hedge, and another about fifty yards out by the plough there to the left—"

The keeper had turned to go, looking a little astonished, when Quatermain called him back.

"Stop a bit, Jeffries," he said. "You see that pollard about one hundred and forty yards off? Well, there should be another woodcock down in a line with it, about sixty paces out in the field."

"Well, if that bean't the very smartest bit of shooting," murmured Jeffries, and departed.

After that we went home, and in due course Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good arrived for dinner, the latter in the tightest and most ornamental dress-suit I ever saw. I remember that the waistcoat was adorned with five pink coral buttons.

It was a very pleasant dinner. Old Quatermain was in an excellent humour; induced, I think, by the recollection of his triumph over the doubting Jeffries. Good, too, was full of anecdotes. He told us a most miraculous story of how he once went shooting ibex in Kashmir. These ibex, according to Good, he stalked early and late for four entire days. At last on the morning of the fifth day he succeeded in getting within range of the flock, which consisted of a magnificent old ram with horns so long that I am afraid to mention their measure, and five or six females. Good crawled upon his stomach, painfully taking shelter behind rocks, till he was within two hundred yards; then he drew a fine bead upon the old ram. At this moment, however, a diversion occurred. Some wandering native of the hills appeared upon a distant mountain top. The females turned, and rushing over a rock vanished from Good's ken. But the old ram took a bolder course. In front of him stretched a mighty crevasse at least thirty feet in width. He went at it with a bound. Whilst he was in mid-air Good fired, and killed him dead. The ram turned a complete somersault in space, and fell in such a fashion that his horns hooked themselves upon a good projection of the opposite cliffs. There he hung, till Good, after a long and painful detour, gracefully dropped a lasso over him and fished him up.

This moving tale of wild adventure was received with undeserved incredulity.

"Well," said Good, "if you fellows won't believe my story when I tell it,—a perfectly true story mind,—perhaps one of you will give us a better; I'm not particular if it is true or not." And he lapsed into a dignified silence.

"Now, Quatermain," I said, "don't let Good beat you, let's hear how you killed those elephants you were talking about this evening just after you shot the woodcock."

"Well," said Quatermain dryly, and with something like a twinkle in his brown eyes, "it is very hard fortune for a man to have to follow on Good's 'spoor.' Indeed if it were not for that running giraffe which, as you will remember, Curtis, we saw Good bowl over with a Martini rifle at three hundred yards, I should almost have said that this was an impossible tale."

Here Good looked up with an air of indignant innocence. "However," he went on, rising and lighting his pipe, "if you fellows like, I will spin you a yarn. I was telling one of you the other night about those three lions and how the lioness finished my unfortunate 'voorlooper,' Jim-Jim, the boy whom we buried in the bread-bag."

"Well, after that little experience I thought that I would settle down a bit, so I went in for a venture with a man who,

being of a speculative mind, had conceived the idea of running a store at Pretoria upon strictly cash principles. The arrangement was that I should find the capital and he the experience. Our partnership was not of a long duration. The Boers refused to pay cash, and at the end of four months my partner had the capital and I had the experience. After this I came to the conclusion that store-keeping was not in my line, and having four-hundred pounds left, I sent my boy Harry to a school in Natal, and buying an outfit with what remained of the money, started upon a big trip.

"This time I determined to go further afield than I had ever been before; so I got a passage for a few pounds in a trading brig that ran between Durban and Delagoa Bay. From Delagoa Bay I marched inland accompanied by twenty porters, with the idea of striking up north, toward the Limpopo, and keeping parallel to, but at a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from, the coast. For the first twenty days of our journey we suffered a good deal from fever, that is, my men did, for I think that I am fever proof. Also I was hard put to it to keep the camp in meat, for although the country proved to be very sparsely populated there was but little game about. Indeed, during all that time I hardly killed anything larger than a waterbuck, and waterbuck is, as you know, not very appetizing food. On the twentieth day, however, we came to the banks of a largish river, the Gonooroo it was called. This I crossed, and then struck inland towards a great range of mountains, the blue crests of which we could see lying on the distant heavens like a shadow, a continuation, as I believe, of the Drakensberg range that skirts the coast of Natal. From this main range a great spur shoots out some fifty miles or so towards the coast, ending abruptly in one tremendous peak. This spur I discovered separated the territories of two chiefs named Nala and Wambe, Wambe's territory being to the north, and Nala's to the south. Nala ruled a tribe of bastard Zulus called the Butiana, and Wambe a much larger tribe, called the Matuku, which presents marked Basutu characteristics. For instance, they have doors and verandahs to their huts, work skins perfectly, and wear a waist-cloth and not a moocha. The Butiana were at this time more or less subject to the Matuku, having been surprised by them some twenty years before and mercilessly slaughtered down. The tribe was, however, now recovering, and, as you may imagine, it did not love the Matuku.

"Well, I heard as I went along that elephants were very plentiful in the dense forests that lie upon the slopes and at the foot of the mountains which border Wambe's territory. Also I heard a very ill-report of that worthy himself, who lived in a kraal upon the side of the mountain, which was so strongly fortified as to be practically impregnable. It was said that he was the most cruel chief in this part of Africa, and that he had murdered in cold blood an entire party of English gentlemen, who, some seven years before, had gone into his country to hunt elephants. They had an old friend of mine with them as guide, John Every by name, and often had I mourned over his untimely death. All the same, Wambe or no Wambe, I determined to hunt elephant in his country. I never was afraid of natives, and I was not going to show the white feather now. I am a bit of a fatalist, as you fellows know, so I came to the conclusion that if it was fated that Wambe should send me to join my old friend John Every, I should have to go, and there was an end of it. Meanwhile, I meant to hunt elephant with a peaceful heart.

"On the third day from the date of our sighting the great peak, we found ourselves beneath its mighty shadow. Still following the course of the river which wound through the forests at the base of the peak, we entered the territory of the redoubtable Wambe. This, however, was not accomplished without a certain difference of opinion between my bearers and myself, for when we reached the spot where Wambe's boundary was supposed to run, the bearers sat down and emphatically refused to go a step further. I sat down too, and argued with them, putting my fatalistic views before them as well as I was able. But I could not persuade them to look at the matter in the same light. 'At present,' they said, 'their skins were whole; if they went into Wambe's country without his leave they would soon be like a water-eaten leaf. It was very well for me to say that that would be Fate. Fate no doubt might be walking about in Wambe's country, but while they stopped outside they would not meet him.'

"Well," I said to Gobo, my head man, "and what do you mean to do?"

"We mean to go back to the coast, Macumazahn," he answered insolently.

"Do you?" I replied, for my bile was stirred, "At any rate, Mr. Gobo, you and one or two others will never get there; see here, my friend, and I took a repeating rifle and sat myself comfortably down, resting my back against a tree

"I have just breakfasted, and I had as soon spend the day here as anywhere else. Now if you or any of those men walk one step back from here, and towards the coast, I shall fire at you, and you know I don't miss."

"The man fingered the spear he was carrying,—luckily all the guns were stacked against the tree,—and then turned as though to walk away, the others keeping their eyes fixed upon him all the while. I rose and covered him with a rifle, and though he kept up a brave appearance of unconcern, I saw that he was glancing nervously at me all the time. When he had gone about twenty yards I spoke very quietly—

"Now, Gobo," I said, "come back, or I shall fire."

"Of course this was taking a very high hand; I had no real right to kill Gobo or anybody else because they objected to run the risk of death by entering the territory of a hostile chief. But I felt that if I wished to keep up any authority it was absolutely necessary that I should push matters to the last extremity short of actually shooting him. So I sat there, looking as fierce as a lion, and keeping the site of my rifle in a dead line for Gobo's ribs. Then Gobo, feeling that the situation was getting strained, gave in.

"Don't shoot, Boss," he shouted, throwing up his hand, 'I will come with you.'

"I thought you would," I answered quietly; "you see Fate walks about outside Wambe's country as well as in it."

"After that I had no more trouble, for Gobo was the ring-leader, and when he collapsed the others collapsed also. Harmony being thus restored, we crossed the line, and on the following morning I began shooting in good earnest.

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING'S SPORT.

"MOVING some five or six miles round the base of the great peak of which I have spoken, we came the same day to one of the fairest bits of African country that I have seen outside of Kukuanialand. At this spot the mountain spur that runs out at right angles to the great range, which stretches its mighty cloud-clad length north and south far as the eye can reach, sweeps inwards with a vast and splendid curve. This curve measures some five-and-thirty miles from point to point, and across its moon-like segment the river flashed, a silver line of light. On the further side of the river is a measureless sea of swelling ground, a mighty natural park covered with great patches of bush—some of them being many square miles in extent. These are separated one from another by glades of grass land, broken here and there with clumps of timber trees; and in some instances by curious isolated koppies, and even by single crags of granite that start up into the air as though they were monuments carved by man, and not tombstones set by nature over the grave of ages gone. On the west this beautiful plane is bordered by the lonely mountain, from the edge of which it rolls down toward the feverish coast; but how far it runs to the north I cannot say,—eight days' journey, according to the natives, when it is lost in an untravelled morass.

"On the hither side of the river the scenery is different. Along the edge of its banks, where the land is flat, are green patches of swamp. Then comes a wide belt of beautiful grass land covered thick with game, and sloping up very gently to the borders of the forest, which, beginning at above a thousand feet above the level of the plain, clothes the mountain-side almost to its crest. In this forest grow great trees, most of them of the yellow wood species. Some of these trees are so lofty, that a bird in their top branches would be out of range of an ordinary shot gun. Another peculiar thing about them is, that they are for the most part covered with a dense growth of the Orchilla moss; and out of this moss the natives manufacture a most excellent deep purple dye, with which they stain tanned hides and also cloth, when they happen to get any of the latter. I do not think I ever saw anything more remarkable than the appearance of one of these mighty trees festooned from top to bottom with trailing wreaths of this sad-hued moss, in which the wind whispers gently as it stirs them. At a distance it looks like the gray locks of a Titan crowned with bright green leaves, and here and there starred with the rich bloom of orchids.

"The night of that day when I had my little difference of opinion with Gobo, we camped upon the edge of this great forest, and on the following morning at daylight I started out shooting. As we were short of meat I determined to kill a buffalo, of which there were plenty about, before looking for traces of elephants. Not more than half a mile from camp we came across a trail like a cart-road, evidently made by a great herd of buffalo which had passed up at dawn from their feeding ground in the marshes, to spend the day in the cool air of the uplands.

(To be continued).

PROGRAMME

ORGAN RECITAL & CONCERT, TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, MAY 18TH, 1889.

The Church Sunday School Choir

(City and Rural Deanery of Stepney Branches). Hon. General Secretary - Mr. HENRY BURBAGE. Hon. Deanery Secretary - Mr. ARTHUR J. B. MAGGS. CONDUCTOR - MR. GEORGE HARE. ORGANIST - MR. F. W. BELCHAMBER (Organist and Director of Choir, All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.).

The Principal Soloists will be MISS HELEN ORNAREY, Miss BEATRICE READ, MR. J. S. KNIGHT, MR. GEORGE SNOW. VIOLIN - MR. C. F. CROWDER.

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

Table with 3 columns: Title, Composer, and other details for the Organ Recital. Includes Overture, March, Ave Maria, Cornelius March, and Grand Festival March.

CONCERT, 7.45. 1. ANTHEM "Break forth into Joy" THE CHOIR. J. Barnby.

Break forth into joy, break forth into joy, Sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; For the Lord hath comforted His people; Break forth into joy, break forth into joy, He hath redeemed Jerusalem. Sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: For He hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the sight of all His people.

2. RECIT. "I feel the Deity within" Handel. AIR "Arm, arm, ye brave" MR. GEORGE SNOW.

I feel, I feel the Deity within, Who, the bright cherubim between, His radiant glory erst displayed; To Israel's distressful prayer He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear; And points out Maccabees to their aid. Judas shall set the captive free, And lead us on to victory.

3. CHORUS "To Thee, Great Lord" Rossini. THE CHOIR. To Thee, great Lord o'er all in earth, and sea, and sky, Thy people humbly fall; with mournful plaint they cry, O hear us from Thy throne, descend and save thine own, thine own.

4. AIR "Ave Maria" Gounod. Miss BEATRICE READ. Violin Obligato—Mr. C. F. CROWDER.

5. DUET "Now we are Ambassadors" Mendelssohn. MR. J. S. KNIGHT AND MR. GEORGE SNOW. Now we are ambassadors in the name of Christ, and God beseeches you by us, yea, God beseeches you by us in the name of Christ.

6. CHORUS "How lovely are the Messengers" Mendelssohn. THE CHOIR. How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace, To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words.

7. AIR "With verdure clad" (Creation) Haydn. Miss HELEN ORNAREY. With verdure clad the fields appear, Delightful to the ravish'd sense; By flowers sweet and gay Enhanced is the charming sight.

8. RECIT. "In splendour bright" (Creation) Haydn. MR. J. S. KNIGHT. In splendour bright is rising now the sun, And darts his rays; a joyful, happy spouse, A giant proud and glad To run his measured course.

9. CHORUS "The Heavens are telling" (Creation) Haydn. THE CHOIR. The heavens are telling the glory of God, The wonder of His work displays the firmament. A Short Interval. 10. CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS "Forth to the Meadows" Schubert. THE CHOIR. Forth to the meadows, ye fair merry maidens, Haste to the dance that awaits you to-day; Yield to the witching delights of the springtime, Gladness and love make it still to be May.

11. CAVATINA "Bid me discourse" Sir H. Bishop. Miss HELEN ORNAREY. Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear; Or like a fairy trip upon the green; Or like a nymph, With bright and flowing hair, Dance, dance on the sand, And yet no footing seen.

12. VIOLIN SOLO Mr. C. F. CROWDER.

13. MADRIGAL "Now is the Month of Maying" Morley. THE CHOIR. Now is the month of Maying, when merry lads are playing, Each with his bonny lass, a dancing on the grass. Fa la, la la. The spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at winter's sadness, And to the bagpipes' sound the nymphs tread out their ground. Fa la, la la. Fie then, why sit we musing, youth's sweet delight refusing? Say, dainty nymphs, and speak, shall we play barley break? Fa la, la la.

14. SONG "The Pilgrim of Love" Sir H. Bishop. Mr. J. S. KNIGHT. Recit. Orynthia, my beloved, I call in vain— Orynthia! Echo hears, and calls again. A mimic voice repeats the name around, And with Orynthia all the rocks resound. Romance. A hermit who dwells in these solitudes cross'd me, As wayworn and faint up the mountain I press'd; The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me, And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest. Ah, nay, courteous father, right onward I rove— No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love! Yet tarry my son till the burning noon passes, Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thy head, The juice of ripe muscatel flows in my glasses, And rushes fresh pull'd for siesta are spread. Ah, nay, courteous father, right onward I rove— No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love!

15. PART SONG "Old Neptune" A. R. Gaul. THE CHOIR. Old Neptune rose from the deep, deep sea, And he shook his tangled locks; "I am tir'd of the life below," said he, "And the sight of the same old rocks, There's much to see in the wide, wide world, That is more than shells and sand." And he laugh'd with glee, and his trident whirl'd, As he made his way to land. Old Neptune saw what he'd never seen, And his heart with joy beat high; O the land is the place for me, I ween, On the land I will live and die! There's wine to be had from the purple grape, There are maidens fair to see; Not a care dwells there in any shape; "O the land is the place for me." Old Neptune stay'd a day or so, And he watch'd the life of man; "O better far is the life below!" So off to the sea he ran. "No more my home in the deep I'll quit, For 'tis ever from turmoil free; No wars and crimes, and the rest of it— O the deep is the place for me!"

16. SONG "England" J. W. Hobbs. MR. GEORGE SNOW. My ancestors were Englishmen, an Englishman am I, And 'tis my boast that I was born beneath a British sky. I prize my peerless birth-place for its freedom and its fame, In it my father liv'd and died, I hope to do the same. I've heard of foreign countries which are very fair to see, But England, dear old England, is quite fair enough for me. And he that on its happy soil is not content to stay, May leave it when he likes and find a better where he may. We may not have the mountains which some other lands may show, Their sides adorn'd with vineyards and their summits crown'd with snow; We may not boast the grandeur, or the melancholy grace, Which tells of Time's destroying hand or war's terrific trace. But we have fertile valleys, we have hills and dales and dells, Where peace and plenty smile around, and sweet contentment dwells; And we have cliffs that beetle o'er and battle with the spray, Of a thousand waves that roll around a shore as free as they. There's not a sea that on its breast a hostile fleet can bear, But England's flag is seen to fly in stern defiance there; There's not a clime East, West, North, South, but echoes with the fame, Of England's dauntless warriors, and rings with England's name. Our ancient institutions and our good old English laws, Have wrung from e'en our bitterest foes their wonder and applause. O his must be a coward's heart who would not make a stand, For Altar, Throne, for Hearth and Home, in such a native land.

17. BRIDAL CHORUS "The Rose Maiden" Cowen. 'Tis thy wedding morning, Shining in the skies, Bridal bells are ringing, Bridal songs arise, Opening the portals of thy paradise. 'Tis the last fair morning, For thy maiden eyes, 'Tis thy marriage morning, Sweet maid, arise, Rise, arise, sweet maid, arise.

Calendar of the Week.

An immense number of events, deaths, births, and commemorations belong to this week. How shall we select from among so many?

May 16th.—Two very famous saints adorn this day. One of them is an Irish saint, named Brendan, the other a Bohemian, named Nepomuc. As for the latter, he concerns the Bohemians, but the former concerns us all, because he made the most famous voyage of the middle ages. It was somewhere about the middle of the sixth century: he was Abbot of Clonfert in Galway: he got a stout ship, provisioned his vessel for seven years (!), and sailed away in search of the Earthly Paradise. On his way he saw the most wonderful things: the Island of Fatsheep: the great fish which they mistook for an island: the Island of Singing Birds, who had once been angels: the Island of Death: and, lastly, the Island of the Earthly Paradise. On his way he also saw Judas Iscariot floating about the ocean in torment. It is supposed that Brendan did make some voyage, and that he got as far as the Azores or the Canaries. Some even think that he may have reached America. The story of the voyage grew, of course, gaining something every year from monkish imagination and credulity. The story of this miraculous voyage, however, was firmly believed for upwards of a thousand years. As late as the year 1721 the Spanish Government sent out a ship in search of Saint Brendan's Island. I have an account of the voyage written in French verse, of the 12th Century.

On this day, died Solander, who accompanied Cook on his First Voyage of Discovery: Prof. Henslow, of Cambridge, the great botanist: and Felicia Hemans, the poet.

May 17th.—On this day died Catherine I., widow of Peter the Great: the unfortunate Heloise: the equally unfortunate William Boyce, small poet: and Prince Talleyrand. A volume might be written on every one of those persons; but I must leave them all out in order to commemorate the great, illustrious, and wonderful Samuel Jessup. Why was he great and wonderful? Not because he was a general, a statesman, a poet, an author, an artist, an orator, a physicist, a follower of any recognised pursuit: for none of these things need he be commemorated, but because in the sixty-seven years of his life he actually took 226,934 pills, nearly all, in fact, during his last twenty-one years: but in the last five years of his life, his appetite possibly increasing, he took them at the rate of seventy-eight a day, in one year running up the total to 51,590. In addition to the pills, he also took 40,000 bottles of mixture. Yet he lived to see sixty-seven. With such a constitution he might have lived still, had it not been for those pills and those bottles, and that would have been for seventy-two years longer, because the good man succumbed in the year 1817. Let us find one tear for the Champion Pill-taker. Shameful to relate, the College of Apothecaries has not yet erected a statue to his memory.

May 18th.—The most important event of this day is the disruption of the Scotch Church, 1843. Four hundred clergymen of that church, followed by 320 more, gave up their livings, and went out into poverty on a question of church discipline, namely, the right of the congregation to appoint its own minister. This was the origin of the Free Kirk.

May 19th.—St. Dunstan. This good saint was not only privileged to pull the devil's nose with a pair of red-hot tongs, but was also a great statesman, and a wise lawyer. His name deserves to be remembered. Alcuin, another Anglo-Saxon theologian, died on this day also, about a hundred years after Dunstan.

Anne Boleyn was executed on this day, 1536. There have been as many controversies over her as over Mary, Queen of Scots. Froude has pointed out that all the men executed with her confessed their guilt, although she denied her own: also that her trial was open: and that none of her judges had any reason to desire her ruin.

The Battle of La Hogue was fought on this day, 1692. There have been a good many sea-fights since then, but it was a very great battle in its day.

May 20th.—Day of St. Christopher Columbus. If indomitable courage, perseverance, and single-mindedness go to make a saint, then is Christopher safe. He died on

this day, 1506. The island which he first discovered had proved one of a great archipelago. Beyond it had been found a continent, which was not, as he expected, the Continent of Asia: an empire rich beyond all dreams had been given, through him, to Spain, if she knew how to rule aright. This she did not know, and the gift of Columbus proved in the end her curse and her ruin. To be sure, the Blessed and Holy Inquisition has something to say in the matter of Spain's decay: but the drain of Spaniards from their native country, and their intolerable greed of gold, and revolting cruelty to the natives, were the chief causes of the country's decline.

May 21st.—There was a great earthquake on this day, 1382, in Kent, where it threw down some of the churches to the ground.

Admiral Van Tromp, the Dutchman, who sailed down the Channel with a broom at his masthead, to show that he was going to sweep the seas of the English ships, died on this day, 1691. It is satisfactory for Britons to know, that before he died, that broom had been hauled down or shot away. But 'twas a stout old admiral.

Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, died on this day, 1849. Some of her novels survive, and are still read. She had great clearness of conception, and her work has fine qualities: very few novelists can expect to be read for fifty years after their death.

May 22nd.—On this day, 1611, King James I. created the Order of Baronets. It began by selling, for £1,000, the hereditary title of Sir, which conferred no privilege. It was a very curious extension of the hereditary principle. When we have an overhauling of the whole subject of titles and hereditary privileges, the department of baronetries will receive great attention. There is, by the way, no reason why any man should not call himself a baronet, and, indeed, as has been pointed out by Mr. Joseph Foster, the genealogist, a good many people do, who have no right whatever to it. As regards the purchase of the title, there is still living an illustrious statesman, who could, if he chose, reveal some curious facts on that subject. The sum of £30,000 is said to have been his figure; not, if you please, for his own pocket, but for the interests of his Party.

A Curious Case.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Surgical Society, Dr. Terrier presented a communication from Dr. Defontaine, chief physician at the Creusot Steel Works, on electric sunstroke, or, rather, electric light stroke.

At present the electric light is used at these works for producing the high temperature required in casting and welding metals, metals placed in the electric arc melting as if by magic, and even steel becoming soft as butter. At Creusot an electric furnace has already been in use for some time. The electric arc in which the metals are placed is of enormous intensity, its light, concentrated on some few square centimetres, being equal to 10,000 Carcel lamps, or more than 100,000 candles.

The dazzling light is wonderful to look at, but great care has to be taken in doing so, as unprotected persons ten metres' distant, although feeling no heat, experience an acute pain in every respect resembling that of sunstroke. Even if the light be often discontinued for awhile, those engaged in these experiments experience after one or two hours a painful sensation in the throat, face, and temples, while the skin assumes a copper-red hue. Generally the eyes are protected by means of darkened glasses, like those used when looking at the sun; but, in spite of this precaution, the retina becomes so affected that for minutes afterwards those engaged in the work are unable to see any objects at all in daylight, and for more than an hour afterwards all objects assume a yellow colour.

In the pupil of the eye an irritation is caused, which lasts for forty-eight hours afterwards, and which is followed by a very painful sensation, as if some foreign substances were introduced under the eyelids. The discharge of tears is also very copious for twenty-four hours. Simultaneously headache and sleeplessness are experienced, which are caused partly by pain and the feverish state of the body. Finally, during the next few days, the skin of the face begins to peel off, ceasing only on the fifth day. Those who have seen the Alpine guides returning from an ascent of the glaciers in the middle of the summer, can form an idea of the effect produced by the electric sunstroke.

A JOKE ON A JOKER.

A good story is related at the expense of a certain hotel keeper. A stranger who had been stopping at the house for a few weeks asked the landlord how far it was to a mountain, which appeared to be a couple of miles distant, although, in fact, it was nearly fifty. The landlord winked at the bystanders, and said that perhaps it was a mile away.

The stranger said he thought he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the man, who, after borrowing the former's fine field glass, immediately started. The joke was too rich for the hotel keeper to keep, and he told everybody about it with glee. But the pedestrian did not return.

The landlord at last became suspicious, and found that the valise which the stranger had left was filled with bricks, and that he had carried off seventeen towels and everything else that he could get into his pockets. Besides this, he owed a two-weeks' bill. He is probably still walking.

A MISSIONARY writes from the Fiji Islands as follows: "Our small force of brethren seems to be absolutely unable to cope with the distress which prevails in this dark and benighted land. Many of the natives are starving for food. Please send at once a few more missionaries."

LET your anger set with the sun, but never rise with it.

This is the story that Mr. Blaine told the Prince of Wales as a typical American story, says Eli Perkins. Like all typical stories, it illustrates a point. The kilmaroo story shows that most of our troubles are imaginary. Nine-tenths of them never happen. "Now," said Mr. Blaine to the Prince, "nine-tenths of our troubles never happen. They are all imaginary. When we get to them, they are gone. They remind me of a man who was carrying something across Fulton Ferry in a close box. Every now and then he would open the box cautiously, peep in, and then close the lid mysteriously. His actions soon excited the curiosity of a naturalist who sat on a seat by him. Unable to contain his inquisitiveness, the naturalist touched him on the shoulder, and said: 'I beg pardon, sir, but I'm curious to know what you have in that box. What is it?' 'Oh, I don't want to tell; it will get all over the boat!' 'Is it a savage animal?' 'Yes—kills everything.' Then the man peeped in again. Growing still more curious, the naturalist begged him to tell its name. 'It's a kilmaroo from the centre of Africa—a very savage beast, eats men and—' 'And what do you feed it on?' interrupted the naturalist. 'Snakes, sir—plain snakes.' 'And where do you get snakes enough from to feed such a monster?' asked the eager but trembling naturalist. 'Well, sir, my brother in Brooklyn drinks a good deal, has *delirium tremens*, and when he sees snakes we just catch 'em and—' 'But those are imaginary snakes,' argued the naturalist. 'How can you feed a savage beast on imaginary snakes?' 'Why, the fact is,' said the man, opening the box and blowing in it—'don't say a word—this is an imaginary kilmaroo.'"

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For the SPRING TERM, commencing April 24th and ending July 19th.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes, will commence on September 30th next.

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.

General Classes.

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

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

Special Classes for Females only.

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

Musical Classes.

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

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

Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Upholstery, Cutting & Drap.	Mr. G. Searman	Wednesday ..	7.30-9.0	5 0
Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making & Moulding.	Mr. A. W. Bevis (W.L. Sc.)	M. and F. ..	8.0-10.0	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery ..	Mr. W. Graves	M. and Th. ..	7.30-9.30	5 0
Wood Carving	Mr. Perrin (S.A. Medallist)	M., W. and F. ..	7.30-9.30	6 0
Etching	Mr. Costello	Tu. and Th. ..	7.30-9.30	6 0
Photography, Photographers Non-Professional	Mr. E. H. Farmer	Wednesday ..	10.0-10.0	5 0
"	"	"	10.0-10.0	21 0

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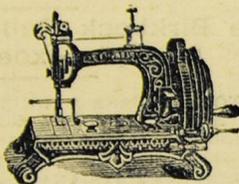


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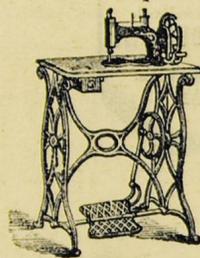
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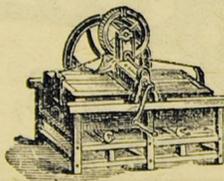
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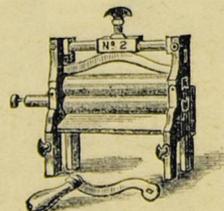
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