

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 81.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 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 30th.—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.
Choral Society.—Committee Meeting, at 7.
Cycling Club.—Run.
- FRIDAY, May 31st.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Lawn Tennis Club.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
Ladies' Gymnasium.—Grand Display, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
Sketching Club.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.
Literary Society.—Meeting, at 8.15.
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 7.30.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
Boxing Club.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
- SATURDAY, June 1st.—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.—To Chislehurst.
Cricket Club.—Match with City Mills C. C., at Stratford.
Cycling Club.—Woodford Meet.
Photographic Club.—To Sewardstone.
- SUNDAY, June 2nd.—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, June 3rd.—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.
Club Representatives' Committee.—Meeting, at 8.30.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
Gymnastic Display, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
- TUESDAY, June 4th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal, at 8.
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY, June 5th.—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.
Junior Harriers.—Race at Wanstead.
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
Gymnasium.—Leaders' Meeting, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 2nd, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

THE Birthday List of Honours and Promotions is out. We are not greatly concerned with these things, but there are questions which arise out of them. Thus, one is tempted to ask whether, first of all, it is well to keep up the system of honours; I, for one, am of opinion that an outward mark of distinction, whether a ribbon in the button-hole, as in France, or the title of Colonel or Honourable, as in the United States, or that of Sir instead of Mr., as in this country, is useful to the State, a stimulus to good work, and an honourable recognition. It is, indeed, impossible to abolish titles. The French, in their glorious Revolution, tried to chop off the heads of all titled people. But the titles remained. That the title should be hereditary is another matter altogether. However, the Queen has in her gift the Orders of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle and St. Michael, and St. George, not to speak of the Star of India. These carry with them titles which are not hereditary and are supposed to be the reward of services. Now, service is rendered to the State in a great variety of ways. The advancement of science in all its branches: the exhibition of skill and genius in art, music, literature and the stage: the successful foundation and maintenance of great industries: the administration of great corporations: services in the field: in fact every honourable department of human industry should be represented in the distribution of these honours. If they are to be continued intelligently they must be truly and thoroughly representative of the national life and mind. They must include every branch.

If we are agreed upon this principle, as a principle, let us go on to examine Her Majesty's Birthday List, and ascertain how her advisers have selected the persons whom the Queen is to pronounce worthy of honour. Five Baronets have been created. One of them is a German,—the country would be better pleased if its honours were bestowed upon Britons. Two are connected with Steamship Companies. One is a surgeon; one is a mathematician. The Order of the Bath has been bestowed upon ten persons, of whom one is a physician, and the rest are all civil servants. Eleven persons are knighted. Five of them are mayors, or are connected with municipal. One is an Associate of the Royal Academy. One is a Doctor of Laws, and one is a Colonial Judge. Thirty-eight persons are promoted or admitted to the Naval and Military Branch of the Order of the Bath. As for the Order of India, and that of St. Michael and St. George, which belong to the Colonies, we need not examine this list. We observe, in short, that while thirty-eight persons in the Army and Navy, five mayors, and nine civil servants,—concerning most of whom the world knows nothing,—are thought worthy of honours; out of all the other professions and callings of men, only one physician, one lawyer, one surgeon, and one mathematician are rewarded with a title. As for engineers, physicists, authors, musicians, professors, teachers, actors, manufacturers, inventors, journalists, scholars, and all the rest of the people whose activity of brain, and whose industry keep Great Britain in the front rank of nations, no honours at all are given to them. Their success—it will be said, which brings them the gratitude of the country—ought to be considered their real honour. So it is: but the title, if titles are to be preserved, should be the outward sign of that honour,—the expression of the nation's gratitude. If the men who really deserve honour are passed over every year, in order to make room for obscure civil servants, and for officers who have not distinguished themselves above any other officers who do their duty, then the system itself is degraded: the mark of distinction ceases to be honourable, and the thing is a mockery.

WOULD it be better to transfer the granting of titles from the Sovereign to the House of Commons? So long as party and not patriotism rules in that august assembly we had better keep this business, at all events, out of their hands. Fancy a successful general being refused rank because he was not a good Radical or a good Conservative! Better let things stay as they are, but subject the list to the criticism of the press. Now, in the question of titles, as upon some others of considerable importance, the press of London, whatever may be done in the country, has not thought proper to speak. Yet a fearless criticism upon every title as it is granted could not fail to open the eyes of Her Majesty's advisers. The principle advanced above must be insisted upon. Let us repeat it. If titles are to represent national honours, they must be bestowed upon all men alike of any profession or calling who do well. If a title signifies Royal or Ministerial caprice or favouritism without regard to the nation at all, let us treat the new batches, as they come out, with expressive silence.

THE Rochefort-Pilotell case has comic elements about it. M. Pilotell, who has resided among us for fourteen years,—not without trouble from the police,—meets his old enemy Rochefort walking down Regent Street with a lady. Most of us, if we meet an enemy in Regent Street, with or without a lady, content ourselves with the cut direct, or, maybe the scowl of hatred. This is not enough for a brave Pilotell. He slaps his enemy on the cheek with a glove, and calls him "miserable." Rochefort hauls out a pistol in a case, but the case will not open: Pilotell runs away: Rochefort runs after him, always trying to open that case: Pilotell tumbles down: Rochefort kicks him when he is down. On the whole Rochefort gets the best of it.

LAST week we permitted ourselves certain observations on the new appointment of a Deputy-Chairman by the London County Council. It is always best to be fair, therefore, one is glad to insert the following remark upon the appointment made by a gentleman of great experience in things municipal. He says, "For my own part, I would always rather pay a man for work, than trust a man who would promise to work for nothing. And I reflect that it is better to pay a man £2,000 a year to do that work, than that another man should pretend to do it for nothing, and make as much by secret commissions and bribes." But we did not elect the London County Council in the belief that any one of them could possibly stoop to take bribes or commissions. That was the work of the wicked Board of Works, not of the virtuous County Council, chiefly composed of the friends of the people. We thought that they all came in with perfectly disinterested motives: we thought that if anybody was to be paid it was to be the Executive staff, not the Directing Council. And again, the appointment hath an unpromising look, and a fragrance which is not pleasant.

I CONFESS that I am personally very much pleased to find that women are not to be admitted on the County Councils. I am a deeply prejudiced person, and old-fashioned: I do not like the Womens' Suffrage Movement, nor the admission of women into Parliaments of any kind. Everything that can be said against this innovation has already been said over and over again: and will continue to be said over and over again. But it is all summed up in the simple law of Nature. Woman is woman and man is man. That is to say, one is father, the other is mother. One works and creates; fights every day and all day long; is always inventing, advancing, forming new combinations, getting up new enterprises, following up new branches of science. The other sits down, receives and distributes. She enjoys the fruit of man's labour. She cannot really work,—that is, do productive work,—and she cannot fight. When she tries, she can only stab in the back or hit below the belt. She cannot fight fair: she understands not the art of fighting. I should like to see every woman a wife and a mother. Since that cannot be, I do not desire, on account of this weak point in our civilization, to reverse the order of Nature. If women were to succeed in getting the control of affairs, there would be in a few years such a revolt and forcible return to the old condition as would astonish them. It is now seven years since I advanced these opinions in a little book, wherein I pictured such a condition of things and such a revolt. I got into terrible trouble with a certain class of women and their womanish supporters: but I have not yet been convinced that I was wrong. When I can find women actually doing men's work, I mean in the way of invention, fighting in the arena of

competition, and fighting according to the rules, advancing science, creating new and original thought, carrying on war and extending the science of war, showing enterprise and power of combination,—then I will believe that they are fitted by nature to rule and govern the sex which has hitherto done all this. And that will never happen.

AND there is so much in the other half of affairs, the half which naturally falls to women! Why should they desire to step out of that world which belongs to them? All knowledge, all art, all accomplishments are open to them: their influence in the field of morals, culture, humanity, order, ought to be unbounded. It is the society of gentle women which humanises man whose rough work,—always more or less of a fight,—makes him tend to coarseness: it is the beauty of womanly form which gives men the sense of beauty, in which they so conspicuously excel women: it is the contemplation of womanly virtues in mother, wife, sisters and daughters, which restrains man. There is, in fact, nothing which can be said in praise too high of woman as she was designed by her Creator.

ANOTHER uncomfortable sign of the times is the way in which women are crowding into the employments of men. I know of a certain journal which loudly applauds every new invasion by women in another opening. Purblind creatures! Do they not see that where a woman gets a place previously occupied by a man, she turns a man out? Consider if women were to take to house-painting—Why not? It is not such very hard work—they might turn all the men painters out altogether: this is certainly not an impossible event, because they would work for half the wages. Those men who still remained would have to take greatly reduced wages. Apply this to another case. Say that a thousand women become clerks: there are only so many clerkships in the country,—the thousand lads turned out,—what are they to do? They must emigrate. A thousand women therefore have lost their husbands. Again, the thousand women clerks take half the pay. Down goes the pay of all the rest. How many thousand households, frugal before, will then become pinched? We have talked about this before, my brothers; it is a most serious business. Let the men resolve to keep women out of men's work: and let us all resolve to keep women from ruling over us. We have liberties of our own, which we have won in manly fight. How many, do you think, would be left to us when a majority of women should decide in council what is good for man?

THE death of Bishop, the Thought Reader,—a clever Bishop, yet a Bishop of Humbug,—and the extremely unpleasant suspicions that he was not dead but in a trance, and that the autopsy of the surgeons killed him, inspire many grave thoughts. There are dozens of cases on record of people who have fallen into a state of catalepsy, so closely resembling death as to deceive even the physicians. It is again truly appalling to think that any poor wretch should be buried in a trance, and should revive in the grave, ten feet below the sod. Therefore it behoves all people to be perfectly certain, by watching for the well-known symptoms, that death, and not catalepsy, has happened.

To remove at least the horror of being buried alive, cremation offers a certain preventive. This method of burial is rapidly finding favour. Every day at Woking there are conducted two or three cremations. The body is placed in a kind of oven, round which are burning six hundred weight of coal confined in a furnace: the flames are so directed as to wrap up the whole body and to consume it completely in less than an hour, when the ashes and bits of bone are collected and placed in an urn. Observe that this process, which has been adopted by most nations of antiquity, is natural, speedy, and healthy. No irreverence is paid to the lifeless clay, which is thus prevented from decay: it vanishes: we have left nothing but the memory of what once existed and a handful of ashes. I think that as cremation becomes better understood it will be far more widely practised. As regards cost, I believe the Woking people charge £10, inclusive of railway expenses for each funeral.

I POINTED out last week, concerning the House of Lords, that hereditary genius is so little believed in that they never do make a peer out of a man of genius. Of course Lord Tennyson is the one living exception. Another exception was Lord Lytton, who, however, was raised to the House of

Lords more on account of his political than his literary services. Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, were never made peers. Lord Macaulay was raised to the peerage for his services in India and to the State, not for his history. Modern peers are made out of lawyers, generals, and rich tradesmen. Why not? But we must cease to talk about hereditary genius in connection with the Lords. Those who read the *Spectator*—I hope a vast number of my readers—will find in the number for May 24th, this week's number, a most sensible and excellent article on the House of Lords.

THE Master of St. Katherine's Hospital is dead. So is one of the sisters. This sets free about fifteen hundred pounds a year and two houses. The income of the Charity was stated in the House the other day to be £7,500 and the expenditure £9,000, so that the more they spend the richer they get. Something was said about nursing. Very well. There is room for nurses among us. But is it not possible to take this opportunity of asserting the claims of the East End?

EDITOR.

Palace and Institute Notes.

NOTHING succeeds like—the People's Palace Swimming-bath. There was a great deal of very heavy rain during last week, beside the hot weather, but it did not prevent about 6,300 swimmers paying at the gates.

WHAT I am convinced will be a Gymnastic Display really worth seeing will be given to an audience of ladies only in the Queen's Hall on Friday. It will be seen from the report, in another column, of their recent competitions that the ladies are in good training. Miserable man creatures who are shut out from this entertainment will have their opportunity next Monday evening, when the male Members of the Gymnasium will give a Display and Assault-at-Arms.

THE Paris Trip is coming—is almost here. The Members leaving on June 1st must call on Mr. Were on Friday next for their tickets. Party No. 3 (who leave on June 15th) will have a meeting to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at 8.30, when Mr. Stursberg (in the absence of Mr. Were, who is plunged eye-deep in Workmen's Exhibition business) will take the chair.

HERE is a final corrected list of the trippers which, it is hoped, will be useful for reference:—

June 1st to 8th.—Messrs. G. Kitchener, W. Cutmore, H. Duffin, H. R. Cooper, T. Sheppard, A. T. Lloyd, F. Box, G. A. Dix, J. J. Starling, and W. E. Taylor.

June 8th to 15th.—Messrs. A. G. Sowler, Clifton, Mazengarb, Bentley, Newson, Chatterton, A. Dodson, T. Moody, Locke, and F. Albu.

June 15th to 22nd.—Messrs. P. Levene, R. A. Noble, T. W. Bennett, A. E. Smith, F. W. Dix, T. Jones, H. C. Pohl, C. H. Gibbins, P. J. Hill, and J. Wilding.

June 22nd to 29th.—Messrs. J. Etridge, A. W. Bushford, A. Harper, E. J. Clark, A. D. B. Harding, W. Lowe, H. Pride, W. Mallett, W. H. Davis, and E. F. Gillard.

June 29th to July 6th.—Messrs. W. T. Connor, H. H. Medcalf, D. Mackay, W. G. Haseltine, H. L. Birtles, H. Cutbush, J. Treadwin, F. G. Barnes, W. E. Dumble, and A. Collier.

July 6th to 13th.—Messrs. H. B. McGuire, W. T. Connor, Drury Thompson, A. Berger, B. A. Forrow, J. Lee, J. Whittick, J. H. Maynard, J. Hiron, and J. Dumble, Junr.

July 13th to 20th.—Fête week.—Messrs. J. Chapman, A. Albu, W. J. Hendoy, H. Rosenway, W. Marshall, A. V. Pyman, G. Patterson, C. G. Rugg, E. C. Butler, and M. Parish.

July 20th to 27th.—Messrs. D. A. Low, M. E. Pointin, E. J. Burrell, A. W. Bevis, R. Montgomery, F. C. Forth, E. H. Smith, F. G. Castle, T. Bremner, and H. H. Burdett.

July 27th to August 3rd.—Messrs. A. E. Were, J. Brisk, T. Woolley, G. Webzell, A. Parker, W. J. Skinner, H. Swain, D. McDonald, J. A. Wearn, and G. Brookfield.

August 3rd to 10th.—Messrs. H. Harrington, W. J. Downing, R. Tranter, W. H. Lightup, A. W. Payne, H. F. Britton, S. H. Payne, A. R. Tidd, A. Lyon, and T. W. Gamble.

August 10th to 17th.—Messrs. H. Sheppard, P. Turtle, H. D. Toe, B. L. Balmforth, W. Horth, C. H. Buck, W. Manning, A. Drahm, J. W. March, and A. R. March.

August 17th to 24th.—Messrs. Gretton, W. B. Ratcliff, H. Glikstein, A. W. Theis, J. Tydeman, A. C. Leach, W. H. Butler, Pickering, C. T. Smith, and H. C. Farrant.

August 24th to 31st.—Messrs. A. W. Course, F. C. Hurn, R. T. Vaughan, H. Smith, H. S. Rudd, A. E. Young, A. Everett, G. W. Bailey, and F. W. Spicer.

August 31st to September 7th.—Messrs. W. H. Sarson, F. Pearce, W. Machin, G. Machin, G. La Rivière, W. Goodwin, H. Keell, J. W. Holloway, T. Mayfield, and Foster.

September 7th to 14th.—Messrs. F. G. Tomkin, Irwin, J. Harrison, A. T. Gordon, E. E. Ford, G. E. Murdoch, J. Murdoch, A. Jupp, J. T. Robson, and E. G. Sheppard.

September 14th to 21st.—Messrs. H. Williams, G. Ensum, A. Collett, A. Ringe, E. M. McCardle, H. Lishawe, A. M. Lester, R. H. Rowlinson, G. Withrington, and W. S. Finnis.

STILL we can take eleven more ladies to Paris, thus:—

August 17th to August 24th	Five vacancies.
August 24th to August 31st	Six ..

These chances have remained open rather long, and I expect are getting less secure every minute. So delay not, ladies.

WHEN the trippers have taken their tickets, and bought Mr. Were's Guides to the Exhibition, they should step across the premises to the General Office, where this *Journal* is published, and see Mr. Parkes, who sells the most remarkably cheap Accident Insurance Policy in connection with these trips imaginable. For sixpence only you will be insured for £500 in case of death by accident on the journey, either out or home, or £3 a week during recovery from injury. A shilling covers double these amounts, and other surprisingly cheap insurances are available, for which please inquire of Mr. Parkes. 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.

An usual Shakespeare Evening was held on Friday last, the charms of music being well in evidence from adjoining rooms during the evening. In spite of this, however, we managed to conclude the reading of "Othello," the parts being taken as follows:—

Iago	Mr. King.
Othello	Mr. Spender.
Cassio	Mr. Taylor.
Roderigo	Mr. Whittick.
Clown	Mr. Maynard.
Desdemona	Mr. Auerbach.
Emilia	Mr. Sayers.

With the conclusion of the tragedy, the death rate last Friday rose terribly,—in fact to no less than ten per cent of the Members. We have several productions promised for next Friday, including papers upon "Eternal Punishment," "Four-and-twenty Hours in a Railway Station," and "Don Quixote." As we are acquainted with the writers, we are convinced the papers will be well worth our attention. Meetings in No. 11 Room, Club-buildings.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—Mr. R. STOCKWELL. Engineer—M.F.B.

Wednesday, May 29th. The competition, which was postponed from last Saturday, will take place at 10 p.m., in the Gymnasium. Sir Edmund Hay Currie will, in all probability, be present.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday last, at the General Meeting, the following proposals were unanimously agreed to, viz:—

That the Club should open every Tuesday during the summer for private practice; the room to be in charge of a Committeeman. There will be no practice, however, on Tuesday, 11th June.

That the Club should be photographed on Friday, 21st June, when we trust every Member will turn up. Costumes with badges to be worn. We shall be glad to receive the names of all who intend buying a copy, together with a deposit.

Next Friday being the last night of the season, we hope Members will turn up in force, as we intend giving a vote of thanks to our able Instructor. Committee Meeting also next Friday, at 8-30 sharp.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a party of twelve ramblers started from Coborn Road by the 4.16 p.m. train to Loughton. We at once proceeded along the main road to England's Lane, which is beautifully shaded by trees, and on either side are hedges with a great variety of wild flowers. Continuing along up the bridle path, across the fields, on our way we were agreeably entertained by the note of the cuckoo, and, passing through a farmyard, we were soon afterwards taking tea at Rigg's Retreat, where, on arrival, our party was augmented by four other ramblers, who had come down by an earlier train. Much refreshed, we proceeded through the Forest to Jack's Hill, and crossing the road, we reached Dulsome Hollow, a very pretty glade; having enjoyed the beauties of which we returned to Loughton Station. Arrived at Coborn Road by 10.30, unanimously agreeing this was quite an ideal ramble—On Saturday next, June 1st, we ramble to Chislehurst. Members are requested to meet at Cannon Street, 3.55 p.m. Leader, Mr. F. DUNNELL.—On Whit Monday we ramble to Billericay, or Abbey Woods. For further particulars, see next week's Journal.—Members wishing to take part in the Boating Trip are requested to leave their names in the General Offices by Friday next, May 31.

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

THE LADIES' GYMNASIUM AND CALISTHENIC COMPETITION.

The finals of this Competition took place on Friday night last, the 24th inst., in the Queen's Hall, and comprised the following events:—Parallel Bars (winners) Miss J. Seigenberg, first; Miss E. Newport, second; Miss B. Orchart, third. Vaulting Horse: Miss E. Newport, first; Miss Scudder, second; Miss A. Heinemann, third. Bar Bells: Misses E. Newport, S. Hale, and F. Luckock. Dumb Bells: Misses S. Hale, J. Baxter, and A. Heinemann. Indian Clubs: Misses K. Turner, K. Kingston, and J. Rotenberger. Free Exercises: Misses M. Scott, R. Edwards, and M. Luckock. The Competition for the Bar Bells and Free Exercises was so close that the judges were unable to decide who was best of the three selected, consequently they all receive a medal of equal value. At the conclusion of the Competition, the names of the winners of the different events (as above) were read out by the request of Sir Edmund Hay Currie, who expressed his delight at the satisfactory way in which the Competition had been carried out, and thanked the judges for their attention and pains in the matter. Sergt-Major G. S. Noakes, of the Army Gymnastic Staff, then addressed a few words to the Competitors, explaining how very difficult it was to judge a Competition of this description, in which there were such a number of Competitors all nearly equal. He expressed himself highly delighted with the work he had seen, which he said was of first-class quality, and concluded his remarks by paying a high compliment to Mr. Burdett, the Instructor. The medals for this Competition will be distributed shortly. Due notice of the distribution will be given in the Journal.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

P.P.C.C. v. R.A. NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

The grounds were looking their freshest on Saturday last. Altogether the day was one to put cricketers in the best of form. We went to Woolwich and received a thrashing, not such a great thrashing after all, when one thinks of the amount of time the officers can give to cricket, always playing together, and in excellent practice. Taking the game all through, the Palace team played exceedingly well against their senior and more experienced opponents. The pitch was an excellent one, and some capital cricket was shown on both sides. The officers started batting, and before the two first batsmen could be separated no less than 92 runs had been scored. Cochrane's faultless innings was brought to a termination by a splendid catch from C. Bowman at long-off, the fieldsman falling in bringing off the catch, a feat that brought forth loud cheers from the spectators. Paitson joined Osman, and only 3 runs were added when a good ball from A. Bowman upset Paitson's wicket: 2 for 95. But a downfall now came, the next four batsmen only adding 12 runs between them, the fielding of the Palace team at this time being very smart: 6 for 107. At 153 Osman was run out, brought by a piece of good fielding on the part of A. Bowman and Carter. Osman played splendid cricket for his 69. At the fall of the eighth wicket, the Officers' Captain, taking advantage of the new rule, declared the innings at an end. The Palace team certainly deserve praise for the pluck shown, the fielding throughout the long innings never for a moment tired. Carter was in excellent form at the wicket, only one bye being scored, the other two extras being wides. With two hours exactly to bat, there was only one thing for the Palace to do, and that was to play for a draw, and this they just failed in the last few minutes, and the last over of the match. Three wickets were down for 15. A. Bowman joined Carter, and a long stand was made; Bowman gave the spectators some idea of his hitting powers, while Carter rested contented with keeping up his wicket. No less than 41 runs were put on before the partnership was dissolved, Bowman being caught at 56. His 31 included one 5 and two 4's, all run out; though he gave a somewhat easy chance to cover-point, his 31 proved of great service to the Palace team. Cowlin and Carter played good cricket together, a splendid on drive from the former

realizing 6 runs. At 82 Cowlin was bowled for an excellent 14. Hunter helped his Captain to raise the score to 92. At that score Carter's patient innings came to an end, lbw; no fewer than 80 runs were put on while Carter was batting, and it is noticeable that he was batting an hour and a half for his 14 runs. Byard did all he knew to play out time, but in the very last over of the match Sheppard succumbed to Cochrane, the innings closing for 101 runs, the result being a win for the officers by 54 runs. Following are the scores and bowling analysis:—

R.A. NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.		PEOPLE'S PALACE.	
Bombardier Osman run out	69	G. Patterson c Cochrane b	4
Corporal Cochrane c C. A.		Osman	7
Bowman b A. Bowman ..	49	R. Hones b Osman	0
Bombardier Paitson b A.		H. Sharman b Osman ..	0
Bowman	1	T. G. Carter (Capt.) lbw b	14
Sergeant Dovey c Sheppard	0	Osman	14
b Knight	0	A. Bowman c and b Lewis..	31
Battery Sergt-Major Spence		F. Knight b Lewis	4
(Capt.), st Carter b A.		J. Cowlin b Cochrane ..	14
Bowman	0	F. Hunter b Cochrane ..	7
Bombardier Fulcher b	0	C. A. Bowman b Osman ..	0
Knight	0	H. W. Byard not out ..	7
Sergeant Norris b A. Bow-		G. Sheppard b Cochrane ..	2
man	4		
Bombardier Crowe run out	29		
Bombardier Lewis not out ..	0		
Bombardier Lindley did not			
Bombardier Knills } bat			
Extras	3	Extras	11
Total	155	Total	101

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.
F. Knight	11	0	41	2
R. Hones	12	0	21	0
H. W. Byard	6	1	18	0
A. Bowman	16	4	38	4
G. Patterson	8	1	21	0
J. Cowlin	3	0	5	0

Next Saturday we play the City Mills C.C., the following will represent the Palace:—H. Byard, R. Hones, H. Sharman, A. Bowman, C. A. Bowman, F. Knight, J. Fox, J. Cowlin, D. Dormer, G. Sheppard, J. Etridge, J. G. Carter (Capt.). The ground is situated between Bow and Stratford. Match to start at 3 o'clock sharp.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A Summer Dress Ball will take place in the Beaumont Hall, on Thursday, June 13th (dress optional). Tickets, single, 1s. 6d.; double, admitting either two ladies or two gentlemen, 2s. 6d.; can be had from any Members of the Cricket Club. T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Miss Larter was most successful in providing the Members with an amusing entertainment last Thursday. Miss Hill commenced with a brilliant pianoforte solo, and with her two sisters gave us the novelty of a pianoforte trio. Mr. Anscombe sang to his own accompaniment. Mr. Palmer gave the last new comic song, "It's the latest." Mrs. Downton and Mr. Lytton's comic duet, "Very suspicious," was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Havard acted as Chairman. The Commedietta, by Misses, Larter, Bisley, Elstob, and by Messrs. Hargrave and Havard, was acted with great spirit, and much laughter was created as the details of this "Pretty piece of business" were unfolded to the audience. The Concert next week will be given by Miss Valentine. L. A. ADAM.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The Second Handicap of the season took place over a ten-mile course on Saturday last, and resulted as follows:—

	Min.	Secs.	start.	
J. Burley	6	45	1st.
M. Moyle	1	20	2nd.
E. Ransley	1	20	3rd.
H. Raggett	0	0	4th.

Every Member is desired to put in an attendance, if possible, next Saturday, the occasion being the Woodford Meet.

JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The pictures competing for the Amateur Photographer Silver and Bronze Medals have been adjudicated upon by L. Howard Farmer, Esq., and his award is as follows:—Silver Medal, Mr. William Barrett; Bronze Medal, Mr. S. J. Beckett.—There will be no ordinary meeting of the Club until Friday, June 7th, when it is hoped a good number will be present. The prints of the last two meetings will be shown, and the Monthly Prize awarded.—On Saturday next, the 1st inst., the outing to Sewardstone *via* Chingford, will take place; Members are requested to meet at Liverpool Street Station at 2.25 p.m., so as to be in good time to catch the 2.32 p.m. train. WILLIAM BARRETT, 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.
The rehearsal will take place at 7.30 next Friday evening, instead of 8 o'clock, and a Committee meeting will be held on Thursday at 7 p.m. sharp.

We have vacancies in all the parts, but are particularly in want of Tenors. Candidates may be seen after any rehearsal. The fees are 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. J. HARGRAVES.
Rehearsal as usual on Wednesday, at 8 p.m., in No. 12 Room, Old Schools. ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

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 the Hon. Sec.—On Saturday last Mr. H. Cudmore played eight games simultaneously, winning five and losing three, the successful players being Messrs. Lane, Banks, and Druitt. This is the first occasion on which a performance of the kind has been given by one of our own Members. During the summer months we shall have other chess novelties, such as blindfold games, consultation games, problems, evolutions, etc. E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.
Musical Director—A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—A. E. REEVE.
Rehearsal on Tuesday next, at 8 o'clock sharp. We shall give a performance at the Palace shortly.
A. E. SELBY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Mr. H. H. BURDETT.
The Annual Display will take place on Monday next, the 3rd inst., at 8 p.m., when the medals for own and open competitions will be distributed.—Leaders' meeting on Wednesday, June 5th, at 8 p.m.
ALBERT E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.
F. A. HUNTER, }

CLUBS' REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE.

The monthly meeting will be held Monday, June 3rd, at 8.30 p.m. Important business. WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The President wishes hereby to call a General Meeting of this Club for Friday next, May 30th, at 8.30, in the Old Buildings.
EDMUND HAY CURRIE, Chairman of Trustees.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TENNIS CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club will be held in the Social-rooms, at 8.30, on Friday next, instead of Thursday, to elect Committee, and do other business; new Members will also be elected.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, 21st May.—They've done it at last! After six months' onslaught, the Opposition at last has driven the Radical Government from the anomalous position of being in office but not in power. Home Rule was the question upon which the Government came to grief. The adjourned debate was continued by Mr. Ring (Kensington), Messrs. Hawkins (E. Manchester), Callard (S. Paddington), Taylor (Strand), and Maynard (Merionethshire), also orated; the hon. and gallant member for Strand being dramatically energetic in endeavouring to smash the Bill by dashing a copy on the table of the House. The Premier (Mr. Ives) closed the Debate, making a final appeal for the principle of the Bill. His eloquence, however, availed not, a majority of four being against the Government, which promptly resigned. The popular and new Leader of the late opposition (Mr. Taylor), is to be congratulated upon the speedy manner in which he has led his Party to victory, also upon his foresight in seeing that his *confères* will enjoy the sweets of office during the summer without undergoing the dread ordeal of facing the criticisms of their friends, the Opposition. From late accounts from the Palace, St. Stephen's, I learn that Premier Taylor is busy Cabinet-making. JOHN H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

The above Club commenced their Second Season on Thursday last with a Sealed Handicap Race in the Palace Bath, but as there were only six entries, it was decided not to open the handicap so as to give others a chance. Any gentleman who did not compete can therefore take part in the race by turning up to-morrow night (Thursday). New Members also wishing to join can take part in this race by giving early notice to the Secretary. At the General Meeting, May 16th, the rules were amended, and now read as below:—

- 1.—That the name of the Club be the People's Palace Swimming Club.
- 2.—That all Members be amateurs, as defined by the Amateur Swimming Association Laws.
- 3.—That the colours of the Club be Blue and White, and each Member is to procure and wear suitable bathing dress at Club meetings.
- 4.—That the subscription be 2s. per annum, payable in advance; entrance fee for Non-Members, 1s.
- 5.—That the officers consist of a President, Vice-President, Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary, and Treasurer, and Assistant Secretary, who, together with a Committee of six gentlemen, shall conduct the business of the Club; five to form a quorum.
- 6.—That an Annual General Meeting be held for the election of officers, etc., during the month of April. All officers retire, but are eligible for re-election.
- 7.—That the Club meet two evenings a week for practice and racing.
- 8.—Notification of all meetings to be made in the *Palace Journal*.
- 9.—That the handicapping be managed by the Committee.
- 10.—That the Committee and officers shall arrange the programme of races and fixtures, and shall have power of framing bye-laws and rules for the regulation of the Club.
- 11.—That the Captaincy Race be decided in the Palace Bath during the month of July, the distance twelve lengths, 360 yards. No Member will be allowed to compete who has not been an active Member for one month prior to the event.
- 12.—Applications for Membership to be made to the Secretary or a member of the Committee.
- 13.—That all Members comply with Palace regulations.
- 14.—That any case not provided for in above rules be decided by the Committee, who will meet when necessary.

A programme of races for the first half of the season will be published in next week's *Journal*. We want some more new Members, and should be very pleased if intending Members would come forward at once, so that they could take part in the early races. The race for to-morrow night is Ninety Yards' Challenge Race; there will be three races and three prizes given as before.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.
C. G. RUGG, Assist. Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

All members who intend competing in the Trial Race on Wednesday, June 5th, are requested to give their names into the Secretary, not later than June 1st, and also to be at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, not later than 8 o'clock on June 5th.

The Secretary or his Assistant can receive the names on any Tuesday or Thursday in the Gymnasium, or on any night of a run out.

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

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

In fine weather, on Saturday last, we met the St. Paul's C.C. on Lake's Farm, Wanstead, and after an exciting and interesting game, succeeded in providing a victory for St. Paul's by 24 runs. Scores:—

BEAUMONT.		ST. PAUL'S.	
Jagers	2	Brown Smith	5
Branch	0	Comin	0
Frith (Capt.)	13	North	2
Gurr	2	Francis	15
Sanderson	0	Wilderspin	0
Pocknell	11	Wellinn	6
Byford	0	Turner	0
Hardley	0	Pearson	6
Harvey	1	Warren	6
Newport	0	Cressy	8
Winyard	1	Ager	4
Extras	3	Extras	5
Total	33	Total	57

T. J. SANDERSON, Hon. Sec.

Mwai's Revenge.

OR
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

NOW, no man on earth can run as fast as an irritated rhinoceros can gallop, and I knew that he must soon catch me up. But having some slight experience at this sort of thing, I, luckily for myself, kept my head, and as I fled, I managed to open my rifle, get the old cartridges out, and put two fresh ones in. To do this I had to steady my pace a little, and by the time that I had snapped the rifle to, I heard him snorting and thundering away within a few paces of my back. I stopped, and as I did so, rapidly cocked the rifle and slued round upon my heel. By this time the brute was within six or seven yards of me, but, luckily, his head was up. I lifted the rifle and fired at him. It was a snap shot, but the bullet struck him in the chest, within three inches of the first, and found its way into his lungs. It did not stop him, however, so all I could do was to bound to one side, which I did with surprising activity, and as he brushed past me, fire the other barrel into his side. That did for him. The ball passed in behind the shoulder and right through his heart. He fell over on to his side, gave one most awful squeal,—a dozen pigs could not have made such a noise,—and promptly died, keeping his wicked eyes wide open all the time.

"As for me, I blew my nose, and going up to the rhinoceros, sat on his head, and reflected that I had had a capital morning's shooting.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST ROUND.

"AFTER this, as it was now midday, and I had killed enough meat, we marched back triumphantly to camp, where I proceeded to concoct a stew of buffalo beef and compressed vegetables. When this was done we ate the stew, and then I had a nap. About four o'clock, however, Gobo woke me up, and told me that the head man of one of Wambe's kraals had arrived to see me. I ordered him to be brought up, and presently he came, a little, wizened, talkative old man, with a waist-cloth round his middle, and a greasy, frayed kaross made of the skins of rock rabbits over his shoulder.

"I told him to sit down, and then abused him roundly. 'What did he mean,' I asked, 'by disturbing me in this rude way? How did he dare to cause a person of my quality and evident importance to be awakened in order to interview his entirely contemptible self?'

"I spoke thus because I knew that it would produce an impression on him. Nobody except a really great man, he would argue, would dare to speak to him in that fashion. Most savages are desperate bullies at heart, and look on insolence as a sign of power.

"The old man instantly collapsed. He was utterly overcome, he said; his heart was split in two, and well realised the extent of his misbehaviour. But the occasion was very urgent. He heard that a mighty hunter was in the neighbourhood, a beautiful white man, how beautiful he could not have imagined had he not seen (this to me!), and he came to beg his assistance. The truth was, that three bull elephants such as no man ever saw had for years been the terror of their kraal, which was but a small place—a cattle kraal of the great chief Wambe's, where they lived to keep the cattle. And now of late these elephants had done them much damage; but last night they had destroyed a whole patch of mealie land, and he feared that if they came back they would all starve next season for want of food. Would the mighty white man then be pleased to come and kill the elephants? It would be easy for him to do—oh, most easy! It was only necessary that he should hide himself in a tree, for there was a full moon, and then when the elephants appeared he would speak to them with the gun, and they would fall down dead, and there would be an end of their troubling.

"Of course I hummed and hawed, and made a great favour of consenting to this proposal, though really I was delighted to have such a chance. One of the conditions that I made was that a messenger should at once be despatched to Wambe, whose kraal was two days' journey from where I was, telling him that I proposed to come and pay my respects to him in a few days, and to ask his formal permission to shoot in his

country. Also I intimated that I was prepared to present him with 'hongo,' that is, blackmail, and that I hoped to do a little trade with him in ivory, of which I heard he had a great quantity.

"This message the old gentleman promised to despatch at once, though there was something about his manner which showed me that he was doubtful as to how it would be received. After that we struck our camp and moved on to the kraal, which we reached about an hour before sunset. This kraal was a collection of huts surrounded by a slight thorn-fence, perhaps there were ten of them in all. It was situated in a kloof of the mountain with a rivulet flowing down it. The kloof was densely wooded, but for some distance above the kraal it was free from bush, and here on the rich deep ground brought down by the rivulet were the cultivated lands, in extent somewhere about twenty or twenty-five acres. On the kraal side of these lands stood a single hut, that served for mealie stores, which at the moment was used as a dwelling-place by an old woman, the first wife of our friend the head man.

"It appears that this old lady, having had some difference of opinion with her husband about the extent of authority allowed to a younger and more amiable wife, had refused to dwell in the kraal any more, and, by way of marking her displeasure, had taken up her abode among the mealies. As the issue will show, she was, it happened, cutting off her nose to spite her face.

"Close by this hut grew a large baobab tree. A glance at the mealie grounds showed me that the old head man had not exaggerated the mischief done by the elephants to his crops, which were now getting ripe. Nearly half of the entire patch was destroyed. The great brutes had eaten all they could, and the rest they had trampled down. I went up to their spoor and started back in amazement—never had I seen such spoor before. It was simply enormous, more especially that of one old bull, that had, so said the natives, but a single tusk. One might have used any of the foot-prints for a hip-bath.

"Having taken stock of the position, my next step was to make arrangements for the fray. The three bulls, according to the natives, had been spooring into the dense patch of bush above the kloof. Now it seemed to me very probable that they would return to-night to feed on the remainder of the ripening mealies. If so there was a bright moon, and it struck me that by the exercise of a little ingenuity I might bag one or more of them without exposing myself to any risk, which, having the highest respect for the aggressive powers of bull elephants, was a great consideration to me.

"This then was my plan. To the right of the huts as you look up the kloof, and commanding the mealie lands, stands the baobab tree that I have mentioned; into that baobab tree I made up my mind to go; then if the elephants appeared I should get a shot at them. I announced my intentions to the head man of the kraal, who was delighted. 'Now,' he said, 'his people might sleep in peace, for while the mighty white hunter sat aloft like a spirit watching over the welfare of his kraal what was there to fear?'

"I told him that he was an ungrateful brute to think of sleeping in peace while I, perched like a wounded vulture on a tree, watched for his welfare in wakeful sorrow; and once more he collapsed, and owned that my words were 'sharp but just.'

"However, as I have said, confidence was completely restored; and that evening everybody in the kraal, including the superannuated victim of jealousy in the little hut where the mealie cobs were stored, went to bed with a sense of sweet security from elephants and all other animals that prowl by night.

"For my part, I pitched my camp below the kraal; and then, having procured a beam of wood from the head man—rather a rotten one, by the way—I set it across two boughs that ran out laterally from the baobab tree, at a height of about twenty-five feet from the ground, in such fashion that I and another man could sit upon it with our legs hanging down, and rest our backs against the bole of the tree. This done I went back to the camp and had my supper. About nine o'clock, half-an-hour before the moon-rise, I summoned Gobo, who, thinking that he had had about enough of the delights of big game hunting for that day, did not altogether relish the job; and, despite his remonstrances, gave him my eight-bore to carry, I having the '570-express. Then we set out for the tree. It was very dark, but we found it without difficulty, though climbing it was a more complicated matter. However, at last we got up and sat down, like two little boys on a form that is too high for them, and waited. I did not dare to smoke, because I remembered the rhinoceros, and feared that the elephants might wind the tobacco if they

should come my way, and this made the business more wearisome, so I fell to thinking and wondering at the vastness of the silence.

"At last the moon came up, and with it a moaning wind, at the breath of which the silence began to whisper mysteriously. Lonely enough in the newborn light looked the wide expanse of mountain, plain, and forest, more like some twilight vision of a dream, some faint reflection from a fair world of peace beyond our ken, than the mere face of garish earth made silvery soft with sleep. Indeed, had it not been for the fact that I was beginning to find the log on which I sat very hard, I should have grown quite sentimental over the beautiful sight; but I will defy anybody to become sentimental when seated in the damp, on a very rough beam of wood half way up a tree. So I merely made a mental note that it was a particularly lovely night, and turned my attention to the prospects of elephants. But no elephants came, and after waiting for another hour or so, I think that what between weariness and disgust, I must have dropped into a gentle doze. Presently I awoke with a start. Gobo, who was perched close to me, but as far off as the beam would allow—for neither white man nor black like the aroma which each vows is the peculiar and disagreeable property of the other—was faintly, very faintly, clicking his forefinger against his thumb. I knew by this signal, a very favourite one among native hunters and gun-bearers, that he must have seen or heard something. I looked at his face, and saw that he was staring excitedly towards the dim edge of the bush beyond the deep green line of mealies. I stared too, and listened. Presently I heard a soft large sound, as though a giant were gently stretching out his hands and pressing back the ears of standing corn. Then came a pause, and then, out into the open, majestically stalked the largest elephant I ever saw or ever shall see. Heavens! what a monster he was; and how the moonlight gleamed upon his one splendid tusk—for the other was missing—as he stood among the mealies, gently moving his enormous ears to and fro, and testing the wind with his trunk. While I was still marvelling at his girth, and speculating upon the weight of that huge tusk, which I swore should be my tusk before very long, out stepped a second bull, and stood beside him. He was not quite so tall, but he seemed to me to be almost thicker set than the first; and even in that light I could see that both his tusks were perfect. Another pause, and the third emerged. He was shorter than either of the others, but higher in the shoulder than No. 2; and when I tell you that, as I afterwards learnt from actual measurement, the smallest of these three mighty bulls measured twelve feet one-and-a-half inches at the shoulder, it will give you some idea of their size. The three formed into line and stood still for a minute, the one-tusked bull gently caressing the elephant on the left with his trunk.

"Then they began to feed, walking forward and slightly to the right as they gathered great bunches of the sweet mealies and thrust them into their mouths. All this time they were more than a hundred and twenty yards away from me (this I knew, because I had paced the distances from the tree to various points), much too far to allow of my attempting a shot at them in that uncertain light. They fed in a semi-circle, gradually drawing round toward the hut near my tree, in which the corn was stored and the old woman slept.

"This went on for between an hour and an hour and a half, till what between excitement and hope, that maketh the heart sick, I got so weary that I was actually contemplating a descent from the tree and a moonlight stalk. Such an act in ground so open would have been that of a stark staring lunatic, and that I should even have been contemplating it will show you the condition of my mind. But everything comes to him who knows how to wait, and sometimes too to him who doesn't, and so at last those elephants, or rather one of them, came to me.

"After they had fed their fill, which was a very large one, the noble three stood once more in line some seventy yards to the left of the hut, and on the edge of the cultivated lands, or in all about eighty-five yards from where I was perched. Then at last the one with a single tusk made a peculiar rattling noise in his trunk, just as though he were blowing his nose, and without more ado began to walk deliberately toward the hut where the old woman slept. I got my rifle ready and glanced up at the moon, only to discover that a new complication was looming in the immediate future. I have said that a wind rose with the moon. Well, the wind brought rain-clouds along its track. Several light ones had already for a little while lessened the light, though without obscuring it, and now two more were coming rapidly up, both of them very black and dense. The first cloud was

small and long, and the one behind big and broad. I remember noticing that the pair of them bore a most comical resemblance to a dray drawn by a very long raw-boned horse. As luck would have it, just as the elephant got within twenty-five yards or so of me, the head of the horse-cloud floated over the face of the moon, rendering it impossible for me to fire. In the faint twilight which remained, however, I could just make out the gray mass of the great brute still advancing towards the hut. Then the light went altogether and I had to trust to my ears. I heard him fumbling with his trunk, apparently at the roof of the hut; next came a sound as of straw being drawn out, and then for a little while there was complete silence.

"The cloud began to pass; I could see the outline of the elephant; he was standing with his head right over the top of the hut. But I could not see his trunk, and no wonder, for it was *inside the hut*. He had thrust it right through the roof, and, attracted no doubt by the smell of the mealies, was groping about with it inside. It was growing light now, and I got my rifle ready, when suddenly there was a most awful yell, and I saw the trunk re-appear and in its mighty fold the old woman who had been sleeping in the hut. Out she came through the hole like a periwinkle on the point of a pin, still wrapped up in her blanket, and her skinny legs and arms stretched to the four points of the compass, and as she did so, gave that most alarming screech. I really don't know who was the most frightened, she, or I, or the elephant. At any rate, the last was considerably startled; he had been fishing for mealies—the old woman was a mere accident, and one that greatly discomposed his nerves. He gave a sort of trumpet, and threw her away from him right in the crown of a low mimosa tree, where she stuck, shrieking like a metropolitan engine. The old bull lifted his tail, and flapping his great ears, prepared for flight. I put up my eight-bore, and aiming hastily at the point of his shoulder (for he was broadside on), I fired. The report rang out like thunder, making a thousand echoes in the quiet hills. I saw him go down all of a heap as though he were stone dead. Then, alas! whether it was the kick of the heavy rifle, or the excited bump of that idiot Gobo, or both together, or merely an unhappy coincidence, I do not know, but the rotten beam broke, and I went down too, landing flat at the foot of the tree upon a certain humble portion of the human frame. The shock was so severe, that I felt as though all my teeth were flying through the roof of my mouth, but although I sat slightly stunned for a few seconds, luckily for me I fell light, and was not in any way injured.

"Meanwhile the elephant began to scream with fear and fury, and, attracted by his cries, the other two came charging up. I felt for my rifle; it was not there. Then I remembered that I had rested it on a fork of the bough in order to fire, and doubtless there it remained. My position now was very unpleasant. I did not dare to try and climb the tree again, which, shaken as I was, would have been a task of some difficulty, because the elephants would certainly see me, and Gobo, who had clung to a bough, was still aloft with the other rifle. I could not run because there was no shelter near. Under these circumstances I did the only thing feasible, clambered round the trunk as softly as possible, and keeping one eye on the elephants, whispered to Gobo to bring down the rifle, and awaited the development of the situation. I knew that if the elephants did not see me—which, luckily, they were too enraged to do—they would not smell me, for I was up-wind. Gobo, however, either did not, or (preferring the safety of the tree) would not hear me. He said the former, but I believed the latter, for I knew that he was not enough of a sportsman to really enjoy shooting elephants by moonlight in the open. So there I was, behind a tree, dismayed, unarmed, but highly interested, for I was witnessing a remarkable performance.

"When the two other bulls arrived, the wounded elephant on the ground ceased to scream, but began to make a low, moaning noise, and gently touch the wound near his shoulder, from which the blood was literally spurting. The other two seemed to understand; at any rate they did this: Kneeling down on either side, they got their trunks and tusks underneath him, and aided by his own efforts, with one great lift, got him on his feet. Then, leaning against him on either side to support him, they marched off at a walk in the direction of the village.* It was a pitiful sight, and even then it made me feel a brute.

(To be continued.)

* The Editor would have been inclined to think that in relating this incident, Mr. Quatermain was making himself interesting at the expense of the exact truth, did it not happen that a similar incident has come within his knowledge.—EDITOR, *Mwai's Revenge*.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 29th, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:

MRS. OREL D. ORVIS, MISS CLARA LOUISE CORNWALL,

MR. FREDERIC WOOD, MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

SOLO VIOLIN—MR. J. PAYNE.

PIANOFORTE—

MISS KATHARINE HOVIL AND MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

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

1. DUET FOR TWO PIANOFORTES ... "Rondo" ... Chopin.

MISS KATHARINE HOVIL and MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

2. DUET ... "Te'l Rammenti" ... Campana.

MISS CLARA LOUISE and MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

Te'l rammenti? In notte estiva, Guardava moemtrambi Cielo. Che di puro si copriva Ingemmato azzuro vel, In suo corso—altera stella, Col tuo sguardo,—i mio segui, Ti parlai d'amore e quella, Sfavillando disparri.

TRANSLATION.

"Dearest, do you remember?" Dearest one, do you remember? As we watched the stars at night, How one star more pure than all beside, Purer far than all the gems of light, Seemed to smile, love— To smile upon us— Seemed to guard us— When love was plighted; When our love was plighted Neath the silent shining stars.

3. SONG ... "Brindisi" (Drinking Song) "Lucrezia Borgia" Donizetti.

MRS. OREL D. ORVIS.

Il segreto per esser felice, So per prove l'insagno gl'amici, Sia sereno sia nubiloso, in cielo Ogni tempo sia caldo sia gelo, Schenzo e bevoe derido gl'ineani, Che ci daniel futuro penecier, Non curiamo l'incerto domani, Se quest'oggi ne dato go der, Prohtiamo de gl'anni fiorenti, Il piacer li fa correr piu lenti, Se vecchezza con livida faccia, Stamma tergo mia vita mia naccia, Scherzo e bevo e etc.

TRANSLATION.

It is better to laugh than be sighing, When we think how life's moments are flying; For each sorrow fate ever is bringing, There's a pleasure in store for us springing, Though our joys like the waves of the sunshine, Gleam awhile then are lost to our sight; But for each sparkling ray, That so passes away, Comes another more brilliant and bright. Then 'tis better to laugh than be sighing, They are wise who resolve to be gay, When we think how life's moments are flying, O, enjoy pleasure's gifts while you may.

In the world we some beings discover Far too frigid for friend or for lover, Souls, unblest and for ever repining, Though good fortune around them be shining, It were well if such hearts we could banish, To some planet far distant from ours; They're the dark spots we trace, On this earth's favoured space, They're the weeds that choke up the fair flowers. Then 'tis better to laugh than be sighing, etc.

4. SONG ... "Yes! 'tis a Spell" ... J. F. Duggan.

MR. FREDERIC WOOD.

Yes! 'tis a spell hath e'er me cast its all-absorbing pow'r, And thus for ever may it last, e'en to my latest hour. Let those who cannot love, forego all hope of future bliss; In Paradise they ne'er can know more happiness than this. Her bright eyes now before me shine, and, laughing, seem to say, "Thou lovest me, my heart is thine; be happy while we may." We will be happy, nor forego all hope of future bliss; In Paradise they only know more happiness than this.

5. VIOLIN SOLO— MR. J. PAYNE.

6. SONG ... "Entreat me not to leave Thee" ... Gounod.

MISS CLARA LOUISE CORNWALL.

And Ruth said:— Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me: Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

7. SONG ... "The Mountebank's Song" ... Watson.

MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

Over the hills we wend our ways, wandering ever free; Never was king in all the world knew less cares than we. Poets may tune their golden lyres, glories of rank to sing, Dearer to us the song by far of birds upon the wing. When the day's done rest again soon, Then, then, then are we blithe and gay, a fig for sorrow we reck not to-morrow, Sufficient the evil, the evil to-day, sufficient the evil to-day. So-ho so-ho, wherever we go whate'er our lot may be, A welcome kind we ever find, a mountebank life for me! "All the world's a stage," they say, the players great and small, Who strut awhile the path of life till Time's unfailing call! If this be so we greet ye all! the king upon his throne, The rich and poor, the old and young, we all as brethren own! So-ho so-ho, wherever we go, etc.

8. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... (a) Sarabande ... J. Farmer. (b) Waltz ... Chopin.

MISS KATHARINE HOVIL.

9. SONG ... "My Queen" ... J. Blumenthal.

MR. FREDERIC WOOD.

Where and how shall I earliest meet her, What are the words she first will say, By what name shall I learn to greet her? I know not now, but 'twill come some day. With the self-same sunlight shining upon her, Streaming down on her ringlets sheen, She is standing somewhere, she I would honour, She that I wait for, my queen, my queen! I will not dream of her, tall and stately, She that I love may be fairy light; I will not say she should walk sedately, Whatever she does, it will sure be right. And she may be humble or proud, my lady, Or that sweet calm which is just between; But whenever she comes, she will find me ready To do her homage, my queen, my queen! But she must be courteous, she must be holy, Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love, Whether her birth be noble or lowly I care no more than the spirit above. And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping, And ever her strength on mine shall lean, And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping E'er I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!

10. DUET ... "Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?" Seymour Smith.

(By request.)

MISS CLARA LOUISE and MR. JOHN CORNWALL.

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

11. SONG ... "The Lover and the Bird" ... Guglielmi.

MRS. OREL D. ORVIS.

O sing, sing on sweetly, to cheer me, bird, thy music solace will bring, This will not fly; why should'st thou fear me? sing of love, of love only sing, Those honeyed notes of thine through me are thrilling, This heart, long desponding, with rapture filling; O sing, sing on sweetly, to cheer me, sing of love, of love only sing. Sing, sing, ah, songster pity me, Why can I never sing a song of rapture like thee? O sing, sing on, e'en to deceive me, bird with visions, glittering and vain; Vain, flattering hopes, O do not leave me, sing of love, of love only sing; Soon from my dreams shall I waken to sorrow, To-day give me rapture, I'll weep to-morrow; O sing, sing on, e'en to deceive me, sing of love, of love only sing. Ah, songster, pity me, etc.

12. VIOLIN SOLO— MR. J. PAYNE.

13. SONG ... "For You" ... Smith.

MISS CLARA LOUISE CORNWALL.

They say the years have swallow's wings, but mine have leaden feet, Since last we stood and said good-bye, that eve in Junetide sweet; I read the anguish in your eyes, as sad you turned away. But oh! you guessed not what I bore, the tears I could not stay. For you! for you! my darling, I spoke those words untrue, I left you though I loved you! and broke my heart for you. O love, forgive me, and forget that on life's road our pathways met, O Time, thy kindly mantle cast upon the memory of the past. They told me if we linked our lives that you would rue the day, And when the sorrows gathered round your love would pass away. But had I known what life would be, when every hope had fled, Those cruel words I spoke that night had ne'er by me been said. For you! for you! my darling, etc.

14. SONG ... "I am so sleepy" (Yawning song) A. Cellier.

MR. FREDERIC WOOD.

Tired and worn, rest now I crave; oh, dear! I am so sleepy. Blown by the wind, toss'd by the waves; oh, dear! I am so sleepy. Rest for the weary, blest be thy name; oh, dear! I am so sleepy. Slumber soft, nurse, my spirit can tame; oh, dear! I am so sleepy (Yawns) I really am so sleepy. Many a night sleepless I've lain; oh, dear! I am so sleepy. Rock'd by the ocean, tortur'd with pain; oh, dear! I am so sleepy. Sleep now my senses seem to enchain; oh, dear! I am so sleepy. Now all my care seems to be taken; oh, dear! I am so sleepy. (Yawns) I really am so sleepy.

Calendar of the Week.

May 30th.—This has been a fatal day in history. Voltaire, greatest of modern Frenchmen, died this day, 1778, being eighty years of age; Alexander Pope, English poet, died in 1744, being then fifty-seven years of age; Rubens, the painter, died 1640; Joan of Arc was burned 1431; and King Arthur, of miraculous memory, is also reported to have died on this day. As it is uncertain whether this renowned king ever lived at all, we need not weep over his death.

May 31st.—Day of the deaths of Charlotte Brontë, novelist, 1855; Grimaldi, the clown, 1837; Marshal Lannes, one of Napoleon's best generals. Of Grimaldi, who appears to have been the most comic clown that ever walked the boards, a very curious thing is recorded. He had a brother, who went to sea, and whom he did not see for the space of thirty years. One evening, while he was playing in the pantomime, a visitor called upon him at the theatre. It was no other than the long-lost brother. Grimaldi welcomed him, and begged him to wait for a quarter of an hour, when the performance would be at an end. The brother said that he would go away, and return in that time. He went away, but he never came back again, nor was he ever again heard of.

June 1st.—Christopher Marlowe, dramatist, died 1593. The figure of Marlowe is certainly the most interesting of all the Elizabethan dramatists. He was born at Canterbury, where his father was a shoemaker: he was educated at Cambridge, and came to London to seek his fortune as a poet and dramatist: he lived and consorted with the circle of poets and actors who lived around the Globe, the Swan, and the Rose Theatres, on Bankside, Southwark. Here he drank, sang, and gambled, and wrote his dramas, which are wonderful for their wealth and extravagance of imagination and language. At twenty-nine years of age, Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl.

This is the day of Lord Howe's famous victory over the French Fleet off Brest. It was in the year 1794; Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar were to come, but the glorious First of June led the way.

June 2nd.—Garibaldi the Great died this day, 1882, aged seventy-five years. There was nothing in the birth of an obscure lad of Nice to show that here was the man who was to turn the Bourbons out of Naples, and to unite Italy. Everybody has read his life, and what a life! Forty years of fighting, always on the popular side: sometimes a prisoner: sometimes defeated: sometimes forced to be inactive: but never dismayed. The century has produced many great men: but Garibaldi in Italy, and Gordon in this country, are the purest, the most single minded, and the bravest.

The first Saxon King who embraced Christianity was christened on this day. Ten thousand of his subjects showed themselves open to reason the day after, and were also baptized. History does not explain what became of those who were not open to reason.

June 3rd.—On this day the ex-Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon, was buried. They relate a story about the telling of her fortune, which is a little too circumstantial to be believed; but it is pleasing. She was born in the French Colony of Martinique. When she was about fifteen years of age, a mulatto woman told her fortune for her. "You will marry a fair man," she said. "Your husband will be a native of Martinique, but will pass his life in Europe with a girded sword. An unhappy lawsuit will separate you; he will perish in a tragical manner. Your second husband will be a dark man, of European origin, and small fortune; he will fill the world with his glory and his fame. You will become an eminent lady, more than a queen. Then, after having astonished the world, you will die unhappy."

This was a very neat prophecy. Josephine married the Count de Beauharnais with whom she subsequently quarrelled. He was guillotined in the Reign of Terror. She was afterwards married to Napoleon, became Empress, and was then separated from her husband. She was an interesting, amiable and gentle woman, possessed of many virtues, but not quite all.

June 4th.—Battle of Magenta, 1859. One of the battles in the war between France and Austria. It was a glorious victory, but there have been many battles since

then. The nameless soldier who dies on the field of battle is supposed to have covered himself with glory: the officer who performs heroic deeds immortalizes himself: and in thirty years the very battle is forgotten or fills a single line in history.

June 5th.—Day of St. Boniface. This saint should be commemorated because he was an Englishman: his name was Wilford, and he was born at Crediton, in Devonshire. He converted the Germans with incredible exertions, and was murdered by certain obstinate pagans in Friesland. There is no doubt as to the reality of this personage, who was a very real and living man indeed. Weber, the great musician, died this day, 1826.

Buried Alive Six Months.

A TRAVELLER from India relates the following trick of the fakirs, which, if true, certainly out-Houdinises Houdin (says the Boston Home Journal).

A fakir makes a wager with some sceptical person or persons, generally officers of the British army, that he will allow himself to be buried in the earth from "corn to corn," a period of about six months. When the arrangements are completed, the fakir betakes himself to his family, probably for the purpose of going through a course of treatment.

He is then brought forth, dressed in the flannel, which is the chief article of apparel among his class. Everyone who desires is permitted to witness what occurs from this point.

The fakir is then laid upon the ground by his brother fakirs, and his tongue is thrust upward and backward into his throat, and there secured. This is probably done, physicians think, to prevent the flow of saliva.

His knees are then drawn up, and his head thrust down between them, bringing him into as small a compass as possible. In this position he is allowed to remain until such time as he becomes unconscious, and his respiration imperceptible. It is supposed that unconsciousness is produced by the position of the tongue.

He is then placed in a rubber bag, to protect him from all moisture, and the bag is sealed up. By this time the physicians claim that he has passed through the comatose state, and into a state of coma only one remove from death.

The persons who have made the wager are then allowed to select the spot in which they wish the body buried, there being but one restriction imposed upon them, which is that they shall select a place slightly elevated above the surrounding country, in order that the water or moisture may not settle. The fakir is buried in plain view of all. Over him the ground is harrowed, and corn sowed and reaped. In one instance where this trick was performed the officers who laid the wager kept two sentinels, who were relieved according to regular military custom, pacing over the body of the buried fakir both night and day, from the time he was interred to the time he was exhumed in their presence.

When the six months or thereabouts had expired, the body was disinterred and laid upon the ground in the presence of a considerable audience. After a short time the rubber bag was removed, care being taken to keep the body always on the right side, and another interval occurred.

Then the flannel covering was loosened, and, shortly after, the tongue was brought back to its proper position. The body was then raised to a standing position, and carried about between two fakirs until its limbs became capable of motion.

These demonstrations were continued but a short time before the fakir, to the stupefaction of his audience, walked up and down unaided several times before them, and then departed alone to his home to be cared for by his family.

Medical men who were present at this experiment, and were allowed to examine the fakir when exhumed, asserted that they were able to detect the slightest evidence of circulation by feeling the pulse or the heart.

"In your instructions to your patients," said an American physician to a practitioner, "be particular in giving minute directions concerning diet. This has great effect, on the minds of old women especially, as their maladies are in a great measure imaginary. Give a list of what is to be eaten at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and you may depend upon being made the subject of conversation, and will be considered very clever. I brought myself into notice, and gained several prominent families, by recommending to a wealthy old lady the left leg of a boiled fowl. Once, when I was away on a short vacation, this old lady fell ill, and was obliged to send for a neighbouring physician, who, by-the-way, was really a well-read man. On his attempting to persuade her that the left leg possessed no particular virtue, she became quite indignant and uncomplimentary."

A Pilgrim Disenchanted.

A WRITER in a contemporary recently made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon. He thus records his experiences. "Shakespeare 'otel, sir?' greet me at the railway station; and, on reaching the Shakespeare 'otel,' I am astonished to hear the order, 'Boots, take the gentleman's luggage up to *Romeo and Juliet!*' On mounting the stairs, this amazing instruction to Boots is explained, each bed-room in the house having the name of a play over it instead of a number. In the morning I learn that Shakespeare's house opens to the public at nine o'clock, so I breakfast early, and am there by the stroke of nine. I step into the brand-new 'restored' porch and ring the bell; the door is opened by a pleasant man, who begins cheerfully, 'Good morning. Sixpence for the house and sixpence for the museum.' I get out a shilling, and am given two little well-thumbed tickets. The man then shuts the door and says by heart, 'This is the house where Shakespeare was born; you will be shown the actual room where he was born upstairs; that large chimney has never been altered, and those seats on each side of it are just as they were when Shakespeare was a boy; will you take a seat where Shakespeare sat?' I feel a

violent desire to get back into the street, but at the same time do not want to offend a worthy fellow-creature, so I stand helplessly looking at the seat I am invited to fill. The man smiles at me and says, 'They are wiped round carefully every morning; they are quite clean.' I turn desperately, and escape up a couple of steps into an inner room. Here I find an elderly austere-looking female. Before she begins to say her lesson, I have time to observe that the walls and ceiling of this room, like those of the last, are black with the accumulated pencil scribbles of Robinsons of Birmingham and Joneses of Chicago. The woman begins her tale in a determined tone; but I perceive a staircase on the right of the door, and up I go at once. She follows, reciting as she ascends; she gets to the window in time for the words, 'Here, you see, Sir Walter Scott wrote his name on the glass with his ring off his finger. Have you been to the church yet?'—the query part of the recitation. We get down again into the lower room, and I am asked to write my name in the book. This done, the woman shows a picture of Shakespeare, then a bust. She lays her hand upon the forehead, and says, 'Plenty of room 'ere for the mighty brain.' This is too much; I make for the street. At the porch door there is the man, who says to me, 'This way, please, to the museum.' 'No, I cannot,' I answer, and escape."

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Time Table of Evening Classes

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	5 s. d.
+ 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) ..	" "	" "	" "	" "
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	" "	Tuesday ..	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.)	" "	Thursday ..	8.30-10.0	" "
Male Telegraph Learners	" "	" "	" "	" "
Boy Copyists	" "	Thursday ..	6.30-8.30	10 0
Female Tele. Learners	" "	" "	" "	" "
Female Sorters	" "	" "	" "	" "
+ Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	and	" "	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Report	Wilson	" "	9.0-10.0	5 0
+ French, Elementary ..	Mons. Pointin	Monday ..	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Intermediate ..	" "	M. & Wed.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advanced	" "	Monday ..	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Conversational ..	" "	Wed. & Fri.	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Commrcl. Corres. ..	" "	Wednesday	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
" Interm. Arts ..	" "	" "	6.0-10.0	42 0
" B.A. Degree	" "	" "	6.0-10.0	42 0

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

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	" "	" "	7.0-9.0	4 0
"	" "	Tuesday ..	7.0-9.0	4 0
"	" "	Wednesday	7.30-9.30	4 0
"	" "	Thursday ..	3.30-5.30	7 0
"	" "	" "	6.30-8.30	4 0
Millinery	Miss Newall	Friday ..	7.0-9.0	4 6
Cookery	Mrs. Sharman	Tuesday ..	7.30-9.30	4 0
"	" "	Thursday ..	7.30-9.30	3 0
" Practical	" "	" "	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
"	" "	Friday ..	8.0-10.0	" "
Pianoforte	Mr. C. Hamilton	Monday ..	5.0-10.0	9 0
"	" "	Tu. & Thur.	5.30-8.30	9 0
"	Mrs. Spencer	Wed. & Fri.	5.0-9.0	9 0
Violin	Mr. W. Jackson	Monday ..	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	" "	Tuesday ..	6.0-10.0	5 0

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

Practical Trade Classes.

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

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