

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 87.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid. VOLUME III. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

## Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, July 11th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Minstrel Troupe.—General Meeting, at 8.  
Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.
- FRIDAY, July 12th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.  
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, July 13th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Choral Society.—Excursion to Kew.  
Rambler's Club.—To Kew Gardens.  
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.  
Gymnasium.—Closes for Season.  
Cycling Club.—Run to Hampstead.
- SUNDAY, July 14th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.  
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, July 15th.—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 weekly meeting, Technical Schools.  
Donkey and Pony Show, in Grounds.
- TUESDAY, July 16th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Donkey and Pony Show, in Grounds, and Distribution of Awards by Countess of Aberdeen.  
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, July 17th.—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.  
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 14th, 1889.

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

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- |                                   |        |              |
|-----------------------------------|--------|--------------|
| 1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor   | ... .. | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Slow movement in F             | ... .. | Mozart.      |
| 3. Air, "Let the bright Seraphim" | ... .. | Handel.      |
| 4. Introductory Voluntary in A    | ... .. | F. Turner.   |
| 5. Reverie                        | ... .. | Hollins.     |
| 6. Prelude, No. 20                | ... .. | Chopin.      |
| 7. March on a Theme, by Handel    | ... .. | Guilmant.    |

AT 4. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- |  |        |              |
|--|--------|--------------|
| 1. Sonata, No. 3                       | ... .. | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Meditation in A flat                | ... .. | Klein.       |
| 3. Chorale with Variations             | ... .. | Smart.       |
| 4. Melody in C                         | ... .. | Salome.      |
| 5. Impromptu                           | ... .. | ...          |
| 6. Song, "The Better Land" (by desire) | ... .. | Cowen.       |
| 7. Grand Offertoire for Easter Day     | ... .. | Batiste.     |

## Notes of the Week.

ON the 14th day of June, 1789, the Bastille was stormed by the people. How they came to take a fortress defended by well-armed soldiers, fighting behind strong walls, I have never clearly understood. It would seem that the mere aspect of the furious mob compelled surrender: yet there was a good deal of fighting first. The people forced their way into the place, tore open the doors of the dungeons, gazed upon the iron rings and the chains on the walls, broke away the heavy locks, and carried off the keys in triumph. But the dungeons were empty: there were no prisoners except seven: four of them were forgers, the others were madmen. These seven were brought out with every mark of joy and congratulation, and the mob murdered the Governor of the Prison. Then they went home and to bed.

THE destruction of the Bastille has been made to appear the first and most important step in the Revolution. Let us consider. The Bastille had never been a prison of the people at all. For three hundred years it was the prison of the nobles. Why, then, in a revolt against the nobles, did the people begin by destroying the prison which had been the captive-house of so many aristocrats? Well, it was not for love of the aristos that they pulled down the place, but as a standing symbol of kingly power and authority. The prison stood in the midst of them to remind them of the king's power. Whomsoever he chose he could send to the Bastille, and keep them without any question or redress possible. Now it certainly is the first right of every man to preserve his freedom unless that is taken from him for some crime by a court of his peers; therefore the people are right to remember the taking of the Bastille.

THE Shah is with us. I have not, for my own part, gone out of my way to gaze upon him, nor have I assisted at any of the festivals in his honour. To take a theatre and give him a special performance seems a very princely, and even a royal way of entertaining a Shah. I believe, however, that it costs less to take a theatre for the night than it would to throw open a great house for such a purpose: certainly it must be less trouble. There are not many stories told as yet concerning his Majesty. I remember that on his last visit, he left behind him several very choice anecdotes. Thus being entertained by—I think—the Duke of Sutherland, when he walked out he carried an umbrella which, when he tired of it, he threw over his back for anybody who liked to pick up. It is, however, reported of him, that he has asked for a new set of ladies at his next entertainment, being tired of those whom he has already met on every occasion. This is not a graceful compliment to English beauty.

I WAS speaking last week of country holidays for London children: I said that there can hardly exist, at this moment, a single child, unless by some chance, who has never seen the green grass or the flowers blossoming. To do this, however, in the park is one thing and in the country for a whole week or fortnight is another thing. Now the Children's Country Holiday Fund sends children away for a fortnight's visit to villages. The parents pay 1s. a week for each child; the Fund finds the rest. They sent away last year 17,637 children, at a cost of £7,742, the parents contributing the rest. Well, there are more than half-a-million children in London. Shall all go? Then a much larger fund must be raised, and the parents must contribute more.

THE weak point about this scheme is, that if so much money were raised as to send all or even a majority of the children into the country at no expense to their parents, the thing would very quickly come to be regarded as a right: the parents

would refuse to regard it as a charity, or to accept it as such: they would think it a duty of the ratepayers: and there would be a clamour to put the matter formally and regularly on the rates. Therefore one can only advocate the support of the fund if it is distinctly understood that only the very poor children are sent,—those whose parents do not mind accepting a charity: and that it is acknowledged to be the free and voluntary gift of kind-hearted people. I see, however, no objection, but very much the reverse, to the establishment of a fund to be worked by the parents themselves. Each child costs about 12s. for the fortnight: this means a weekly contribution of one shilling a month. Come now: self-reliance and thrift are better than charity: let us begin that fund at the Palace: one shilling a month, or threepence a week, for the little one's fortnight in the country? Who will refuse threepence a week?

THE Hospital Sunday Fund this year amounts at present to £29,500. I have always thought that the English hospitals, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, are the noblest movement of modern benevolence. They are not endowed, and then done with: they are kept up, year after year, by a continual stream of charity, and that of the best kind. Can we conceive, even faintly, the great mass of human suffering which is alleviated and removed by these hospitals? He who gives to a hospital gives not to an individual, who may be an impostor and undeserving: he gives to humanity. Nor does he give to living humanity only: he gives to his children and his posterity for ever, because it is only at the hospitals, where cases are classified, and diseases taken singly, that prevention can be arrived at and cure achieved.

ANOTHER thing. The hospitals have been and are often attacked for this or that point of administration: for one thing they are never attacked. No one accuses the officers of a hospital—managers, physicians, surgeons, nurses, secretaries—of making money by them. All services are paid for at the lowest possible rate, and the work of medicine and surgery is done for salaries which, compared with those paid for any other kind of work, are ridiculous. A young man goes through an education which costs him a thousand pounds, and then works for wages no better than those of a dock labourer. It is only in the Church and in literature, besides medicine, that such services are rendered to mankind for such pay.

Now, if the hospitals are maintained for the good of humanity at large, it is evidently the bounden duty of all to do their best to maintain them. They are not institutions of the rich for the rich, or of the poor for the poor, but of men and women for men and women. We are all alike liable to decay, disease, and death: we are all alike interested in the discovery of new remedies, the alleviation of suffering, and the prolongation of life and strength. Therefore, I put to every one who reads this Journal this simple question—How much can you give this year to the hospitals?

HAS life been lengthened by modern science? Not much, I take it, as yet: but something. Life in the village has always been longer than life in the towns, but when one learns that a hundred years ago it was thought that a man of the town had done pretty well who had arrived at fifty, and that by fifty-five most of the worthy citizens had gone the way of all flesh, one feels that we do better on the whole. But it is modern temperance, not modern science, which has chiefly contributed to this result. Rum—old King Rum—the King of Jamaica—has been deposed. We no longer drink rum punch, rum and water hot and strong, rum shrub, or any of the various drinks into which rum used to enter. Rum has gone from our midst. We no longer drink port, except in occasional glasses. We actually take our port in sips, where our fathers took it in bottles. Wherefore the good old bottle nose has disappeared, and gout is losing some of its horrors, and apoplexy is not so common. Perhaps, after all, it is not science which will prolong life by curing disease, but a truer knowledge of the way to live, which will lengthen our days and prevent disease altogether.

STRAWBERRY season is in full swing, the strawberries being finer than any ever remembered, and the present season being the best on record. The fruit is also so cheap as to be within the reach of everybody. How are they picked, packed and sent about the country? Here the romance of the strawberry gives place to reality somewhat grim. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has been inquiring, and this is what the reporter of that paper has to say about the strawberry picker. They come, it appears, from Barking, Chatham, and Gravesend, among other places. Our own little village also sends its chosen few. "A more ghastly, hideous, gallow-looking crowd I never

set eyes on outside a penitentiary. They swamp the various rural districts in Kent at stated seasons of the year in caravans and on foot, but migrating mostly from London. The villagers, to whom they are objects of dread, facetiously describe them as foreigners. For the most part they locate themselves in tents fixed on vacant lots of land, and such an encampment I saw on the London road near Swanley. At a distance the children of the gipsies look extremely pretty in white muslin dresses, decorated with pieces of coloured material in a more or less tattered condition; but as to their parents they are as laws and customs have made them. Round the 'Chequers Inn' at Crockenhill, they swarmed the greater part of Sunday, the men covered with a very slender outfit, and the women wearing a costume that may be described as easy. Their conversation, or rather their continuous shrieking, was composed of ribald jests, with which the denizens of Seven Dials could alone compete, and the measure of the liquor they consumed would be the measure of the wages they had just received. The day's drinking, so I was told, is regularly terminated with frays that are a terror to the villager, who is careful rarely to be out after dark."

THE fruit-growing powers of this country seem to me the most neglected part of our farming. Why cannot Great Britain and Ireland, seeing that it no longer pays to grow wheat, grow fruit in quantities immensely larger than has been hitherto attempted? We are importing apples from America and from Australia, yet this is a country which bears the best apples in the world. There are whole villages near Hamburg, which live by the sale of their cherries in the London market,—they have no other trade at all,—yet this country grows cherries quite as good. Flowers are already largely cultivated, but this industry might be increased. Of vegetables we ought not to import a single ton. It must be remembered that fruit, flowers, and vegetables can be cultivated in a small area, and with very little labour. In the Scilly Islands, there are flower farms of twelve acres, which produce several hundreds a year to the farmer. Where there are so many farms unlet, would it not pay to get up Companies for fruit and vegetable farming?

LAST Thursday was the great National day of the United States: Declaration of Independence day: the great Fourth of July. Well, they have every reason to be satisfied with themselves. I hope in future ages they will give the credit of their progress a little less to their own wonderful wisdom, and a little more to their wonderful luck and to the Mother country. At present they steadily ignore the fact, that we, of Great Britain and Ireland, at the expense of endless treasure, and the cost of lives by the hundred thousand, turned out of North America the French, the Spaniards, and the Dutch. As soon as this task was accomplished, the Colonials, as they were then called, resolved that they would bear no part in the expenditure of the country which had created them and had given them so enormous a territory, and that they would be independent. They ought, however, to have begun their independence by taking over that part of the National Debt which was incurred on their behalf. This they did not do.

THEY started quite fair without any debt at all. They had no enemies in America, except of their own making. They had the advantage—a wonderful advantage it was to them—of starting on this great Continent just before the time when the European natives engaged in their long war of twenty-five years, and neither France, Spain, or Holland was in a position to recover their lost domains. At a later period, when they wanted, above all things, labour, a great famine in Ireland caused to overflow into the United States millions of strong Irishmen: these Irishmen have made the United States: they have done the whole of the hard work: not the Americans themselves, but the Irish immigrants have constructed the railways, without which the country would never have been developed: they have formed the army, which has beaten back further and further the Red Indian: they are the policemen: they still, in fact, do the real hard work of the country. More than this: in the great Civil War, the Irish element was strong enough in the Northern army to turn the scale. Had the Irish gone for the South, instead of the North, where would the United States now be? And at this day, if it were not for the Irish, domestic servants would be almost impossible to be found. The Irish do not cause themselves to be loved in the States; but a little gratitude might be shown in recognition of these facts, as well as that of the debt due to Great Britain, by the United States.

THE EDITOR.

## Palace and Institute Notes.

THE Workmen's and Apprentices' Exhibition closed on Saturday night, and the exact number of people who visited it during the month was 113,554, beside the great number of our Institute Members who came and went as they pleased. This is a great result. Try to imagine a hundred and thirteen thousand people all together. Why, if they had all stood in a line waiting their turn to enter our gates, one on every yard of ground, the last man would have been sixty-five miles away!

THERE were 800 exhibits, and from among the exhibits the following have been selected for awards:—

CLASS I. PRINTING.—*Silver Medals*, Geo. Wm. Jones, Walter White. *Bronze Medals*, Alfred J. Burgess, James Cox, Francis A. Mouque, Richard Edward Newman, James F. Stroud. *First Class Certificates*, Thos. Fredk. Clark, Robert Grayson, A. E. Walters. CLASS II. DECORATIVE ART.—*Silver Medals*, Campbell Argyle, John Curtis, Arthur James Osmond, Allen Sharp Randle, Alfred A. Samson, Wm. E. Wade. *Bronze Medals*, Hy. Arthur Barns, jun., John Stephen Beagley, John Brades, Leonard F. Beardsell, Fredk. Chas. Brown, Wm. Henry Brittan, Ernest Chas. Collings, Arthur James Collins, Willie John Flack, Smith Halliday Gudgeon, F. Harman, Wm. Arthur Lipscombe, James Wm. Mellor, Arthur George Sowler, Frederick Smith, Walter Turnbull. *First Class Certificates*, George Albeury, John James Clarke, Henry Cooper, Charles Frederick Davis, Emily Fulford, Adrian Van Hooydoux, Arthur Jones, Wm. Joseph Miller, Joseph Phillips, Joseph Rogers, Ernest Smith. CLASS III. SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS.—*Silver Medals*, Solomon Drucker, Richard Henry S. Wells. *Bronze Medals*, Wm. Albert Algar, Alfred Armitage Cooke. *First Class Certificates*, Wm. Dickenson, Elijah Herbage, George F. C. Johnson, Henry Pritchard, James Pritchard. CLASS IV. PHOTOGRAPHY.—*Silver Medal*, John W. Wharton. *Bronze Medals*, George Elliott, Elizabeth Lucy Hare, Henry P. Webber. *First Class Certificates*, W. Barrett, Samuel J. Beckett. — Doublet, John Hawkins, T. Kerr, Herbert Chas. Wharton. CLASS V. FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, ETC.—*Silver Medals*, John Hiron, jun., George Edward Hughes. *Bronze Medals*, Peter Nicholls, Alfred Thomas, Arthur Wakeling. *First Class Certificates*, John Hiron, jun., Luer Koster, Wm. Newman. CLASS VI. CARPENTRY, TURNING, ETC.—*Silver Medals*, C. W. D. Boxall, Thomas Harper. *Bronze Medals*, George Back, John Cuthbert, John Davies, William Graves, George A. Mitchell. *First Class Certificates*, A. E. Colley, Wm. A. Cross, Geo. Dunkley, Harold Evans, Silas Evans, Edward Fuller, George T. Hall, Alfred Jackson, Alfred Geo. Morrice, F. H. Pearse, Nathaniel Perkins, Wm. Rumble, C. Rutherford, Hy. Shepherd. CLASS VII. CARRIAGE BUILDING AND HARNESS MAKING.—*Silver Medals*, Henry Richard Hosking, Wm. Henry Perkins. *Bronze Medals*, James Albert Fletcher, Ernest Harris, George Jeffries, Chas. King, Durham College. CLASS VIII. CHINA AND GLASS.—*Silver Medal*, Edward Hillebauer. *Bronze Medal*, Edward John Hillebauer. *First Class Certificates*, Samuel Ross Harris, Valentine Weinich. CLASS IX. METAL WORK.—*Silver Medals*, Wm. Jas. Dewhurst, Edwin R. Grout, Christian Koester, George Snailum. *Bronze Medals*, John S. Barwick, Wm. F. Harris, John Gorrill, Chas. Martin, H. Ross, Jos. Wm. Simms. *First Class Certificates*, Thos. Wm. Davis, Arthur Wm. Elwood, W. J. Featherstone, Alfred Oskroft. CLASS X. JEWELLERY.—*Bronze Medal*, Hy. Joseph Drake. CLASS XI. AND XII. WATCHES AND CLOCKS.—*Silver Medals*, J. Kleyser, Robert Benson North. *Bronze Medals*, John C. Collier, Jabez Jackson. CLASS XIII. ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS.—*Bronze Medals*, Charles Caswell, Edward Daniel New, Frederick W. Crocker. CLASS XV. CLOTHING.—*Silver Medal*, Hermon Kenwood. *Bronze Medals*, Miss A. Bose, Miss M. Dorrington, Wm. Greenfield, Samuel Holmes, Edward Swaysland. *First Class Certificates*, Albert Cheek, Mary Fitz-Gibbon, Eliza Youdan. CLASS XX. INDIA RUBBER AND GUTTA PERCHA.—*First Class Certificate*, Louis Wartski. CLASS XXI. MACHINERY.—*Silver Medals*, Edward Henry Maney, Poly. Engineering Students. *Bronze Medals*, Albert Binks, Job Brine, Edward Alfred Graeff, Samuel Hobbs. CLASS XXII. TOOLS.—*Bronze Medals*, Robert Baillie, George Coulson, Rotchford M. Hanner, Fredk. Wm. Jordan, Poly. Day School, Arthur F. Smith, John Wormald. *First Class Certificate*, Fredk. C. Ashwell. CLASS XXIII. WORKING MODELS.—*Silver Medal*, John Richard Holliday. *Bronze Medals*, Thomas Edwin Davis, Joseph Gilbert, David William Pullar, William Benjamin Webb. CLASS XXIV.—DRAWINGS. *Silver Medal*, George Harvey. *Bronze Medals*, Albert C. Breden, Ernest Bailey, Wm. Ripper, Wm. W. L. Elliott. *First Class Certificates*, Henry Jas. Carpenter, Fredk. Halkyard, George John Witney. CLASS XXV. BUILDING TRADES.—*Silver Medals*, Fredk. Knight, Wm. Mason Paxton, Wm. Wilkins. *Bronze Medals*, James Deeks, Henry Edmund Finn, Arthur Charles Hammon, Wm. Jeater, jun., Thomas Smith, Robert Stevens. *First Class Certificates*, John Alexander, Thomas David Finn, Walter Frogley, Walter Gouldsmith, William J. Glover, Edwin Yeates, Horatio Canock. CLASS XXVI. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—*Silver Medal*, Joseph Withers. *Bronze Medals*, Charles Chick, James Hallett. CLASS XXVII. FANCY TRADES.—*Silver Medal*, Wm. Geo. Ellis Tame. *Bronze Medals*, Charles Bryant, Robert F. Cook, Charles Hodds, Alfred Hanns. *First Class Certificates*, Mrs. M. Broadley, Edward J. Wakeling. CLASS XXVIII. DESIGNS.—*Bronze Medals*, John Beeby, Herbert Briscoe, Chas. Fredk. Davis, Sidney Chas.

Houghton. CLASS XXIX. INVENTIONS.—*Silver Medals*, Wm. Balch, Daniel Clark, George James Hone, Henry Parkin. *Bronze Medals*, Henry Fredk. Bangest, Alfred Jackson, Edward Townsend, John Reuben Tozeland. *First Class Certificate*, Henry Parkin. CLASS XXX. APPRENTICES' SECTION.—Section I. Printing.—*Bronze Medals*, Alexander Abrahams, Thomas J. Bennett, Albert Henry Collings, Wm. Henry Quilter. *First Class Certificates*, Fredk. Walter Cooper, George Gray, Arthur John Gynnell, Thos. Malkin, Thomas Henry Rew, George Scates. Section II. Decorative Art.—*Bronze Medals*, Joseph Aldis, John P. Quigley. *First Class Certificates*, Chas. Crick, Arthur B. Haines, Henry P. Rigger. Section III. Scientific Instruments. *Bronze Medals*, Henry Daniels, William Gibbs, George Henley, Harry Newbold, S. G. E. Ostinelli. *First Class Certificates*, Joseph William Allum, Charles Beaumont, Alfred Beauchamp, Robert Cameron, Harry Percy Cooper, James Henry Graham, Samuel Guyatt, John S. Mackitt, H. W. Newton, jun., Joseph Rosenthal, John Scott, Alfred Arthur Segus, Section IV. Photography.—*Bronze Medal*, Ernest Walter Wesson. Section V. Furniture, Upholstery, etc.—*Silver Medal*, John Harry Johnson. *Bronze Medals*, George T. Barnard, F. F. Fabian, Henry Ford. *First Class Certificates*, Henry James Curry. Section VI. Carpentry, Turning, etc. *First Class Certificates*—Frank Henry Chapple, Josiah E. Tibbs. Section VII. Harness.—*Bronze Medals*, James D. Paul, Edward Tatchell. Section VIII. Glass.—*Bronze Medal*, Franziska Weinich. *First Class Certificate*, Marcus Cooper. Section IX. Metal Work.—*Bronze Medals*, Joseph Byron Imison, Robert Osmond, William Harry Jaques, Joseph Alexander Smith, James D. Walsh. *First Class Certificates*, Wm. Hawes, A. S. King, Wm. Lindsay, Fred G. Warn. Section X. Jewellery. *First Class Certificate*, Charles Winterbourne. *Bronze Medal*, G. Munson Pilgrim. *First Class Certificate*, Marc Justus Bronkhurst. Section XII. Clothing.—*Bronze Medal*, Arthur H. Simmonds. Section XIII. India Rubber.—*First Class Certificate*, Fredk. Wm. Mitchell. Section XIV. Machinery.—*Bronze Medals*, Edmund Alfred Boaz, Benjamin Edwin Hiplins, Freeman Welham. Section XV. Tools.—*Bronze Medal*, Herbert Ed. Ellis. *First Class Certificates*, Walter Chambers, Wm. Howes. Section XVI. Working Models.—*Bronze Medals*, Geo. Wm. James Bryant, Frank Henry Selby. Section XVII. Drawings.—*Silver Medal*, John Joseph Henderson. *Bronze Medals*, Benj. King, George Robert Bale. Section XVIII. Building Trades.—*Bronze Medal*, William Benjamin Blake. *First Class Certificate*, Caleb Pattman. Section XX. Fancy Trades.—*Bronze Medal*, Walter Andrews. *First Class Certificates*, Walter Harmer, Charles F. Herbert. Section XXI. Designs.—*First Class Certificates*, Henry Alfred Green, Wm. Jas. Galloway. CLASS XXXI. AMATEUR WORK. *Silver Medal*, Arthur T. Crossweller. *Bronze Medals*, Charles Balls, Grace Bessel, Frank Joseph Booth, Alfred Brady, William Butler, John Denis, Joseph Featherstone, Frederick Finn, George Gaskin, B. M. Hone. John Godward, James Haines, Paul Hannel, George John Law, Nathan Thompson Lee, Frederick G. Matthews, Charles Perrin, Nellie Perrin, John Plumley, James Steer. CLASS XXXIII. VARIOUS.—*Silver Medal*, Frank Harry Czuner. *Bronze Medals*, Arthur Wm. Catherall, Morris Phillips, James Wm. Scudds. *First Class Certificates*, E. X. Geiger, Wm. S. Smith. TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOLS. MECHANICAL DRAWING.—*First Class Certificates*, Masters Billington, Vale, and Paskell. ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.—*First Class Certificate*, Master Rutter.

THERE will be great doings on Monday and Tuesday, when the Costers with their donkeys and ponies will take possession of the space in front of the Queen's Hall. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are to visit us on the second day, when the Countess will distribute the prizes and certificates. Then, at the end of next week, there will be a Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea-pig invasion.

GREAT news for those shut out from the Paris trip. Arrangements have been made for another party of ten, to start on July 20th. Names should be given to Mr. Were on Friday night. Read the letter in another page, you with a week's holiday in prospect, and get to Mr. Were's office as early on Friday night as possible, or you will lose your chance.

DURING the last week of the Exhibition the Scots Guards' Band were called away to play to the Shah of Persia, but their place was admirably filled, on different nights, by the Regent Street Polytechnic and the Thames Iron Works Bands. The performances of both these bands were excellent.

THE Boys' Excursion to Ramsgate will start on Friday, and every one who saw their splendid work at last week's *Conversazioni*, will wish them a merry holiday. The school closes till September 2nd.

THE Index to Volume III. of the Journal is now ready, and can be obtained at the office, price one penny. Very excellent covers for binding the volume are also available at 1s. 6d.

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.]

## BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

## GALLERY NOTICES.

Grosvenor Gallery, closes 31st July, 1889.  
Royal Academy, closes 5th August, 1889.  
Royal Watercolour Society, closes 5th August, 1889.  
New Gallery, closes 6th August, 1889.  
The monthly exhibition will be held on Monday, 12th August.

Subjects for the month as under:—

Figure .. .. .	"Sold."
Landscape .. .. .	A Shady Nook.
Marine .. .. .	Calm Waters.
Animal .. .. .	Optional.
Design .. .. .	For a Chair.
Still Life .. .. .	A Study.

The Committee trust that all our Members will endeavour to illustrate the above subjects. The sketches will be criticised by one of the Club patrons. The subjects for the annual competition in connection with the Club, will be published next week. We again draw the attention of our Members to the subjects for the annual competition of Sketching Clubs. The names of the competing Members must be given in to the Hon. Sec. on the Exhibition night, Monday, 12th August. Subjects for Club's competition:—

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

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

A Meeting of the above club will be held in the Trustees Offices on Friday evening, the 19th inst., at 8.30.

EDMUND HAY CURRIE, Chairman of Trustees.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

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

The General Meeting of the above Society is adjourned until this evening (Wednesday), at 8 p.m. Important business.

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

## THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

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

The General Meeting of the above Troupe is adjourned until Thursday evening, at 8 p.m. All Members should attend, as there is some important business to be gone through.

A. W. J. LAUNDY.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—MR. R. STOCKWELL, Engineer M.F.B.

The Brigade will meet to-night (Wednesday), at 10 p.m., in the Gymnasium. An important question is to be discussed.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Our Annual Excursion will take place on Saturday next, the 13th July, to Kew Gardens. Members of the Choral Society who wish to go, can obtain full particulars of the Secretary. We shall give a Concert for our own benefit on Wednesday, the 17th July, in the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Rehearsals on Friday and Tuesday next, at 8 p.m. All Members please to attend. We still have vacancies in all the parts, but are particularly in want of tenors. Application may be made to the Secretary after any rehearsal.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE TENNIS CLUB.

The Courts behind the Technical School are now re-opened. There are vacancies for a few new Members. Subscription for season, 3s. 6d. Apply any evening on the Court to Mr. Patterson, or to

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Saturday last, we had a photograph taken of the twelve or fifteen Members who turned up. The light was just the thing, and we hope the picture will come out well. Members will be informed when the copies are ready.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

The Members will meet on Tuesday evenings only during the summer months from 8 till 10. The above Society is formed for the practice of high-class music, including the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, etc.; also selections from the well-known operas and waltzes by Strauss, Gung'l, etc. Ladies and gentlemen playing string, wood-wind, or brass instruments, and wishing to join the Society, are requested to apply to the Secretary. There are vacancies for all instruments. We have a good library of music, which is lent free of charge for rehearsal. Persons joining this Society will find it an excellent means of improving their musical practice. The subscription is 2s. 6d. per quarter.

Wm. Stock, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a party of twenty-one Ramblers took train from Coborn Road to North Woolwich, and proceeded thence by ferry to South Woolwich.

As we were leaving the Arsenal Gates by the tramway for Plumstead, the 3rd Essex Artillery Corps of Volunteers left the yard for the Common, to the admiration of a large crowd that had assembled outside.

When we reached Plumstead, we went to see the Church; the building is very plain, both outside and inside, but nicely situated. We took the pathway through the churchyard, and across the fields to Abbey Wood. The air was clear, and the surroundings very pretty; we enjoyed the walk to the cottage near the station, where we had tea. After tea we proceeded up the hill, the hedgerows on either side of which were full of wild flowers, an opening enabled us to obtain glimpses of the glens below which were thick with trees. In the course of our ramble we lost our way, but eventually found ourselves leaving the Erith Road, and returning through fields of potatoes and raspberry lanes to the high road leading to Bostall Heath, we came upon one of the most delightful scenes we have as yet visited; the grass is very high, and in great variety of colour, and with furze and ferns and wild flowers makes a most picturesque scene. We descended to the hollow by a footpath through a very thickly wooded part; here we sat, rested, and occasionally sang; when we reached the summit of the hill again, we could see in the distance the electric light of the Albert Docks beyond the winding River Thames. Altogether we had a most enjoyable ramble.—On Saturday next, July 13th (by request), the ramble will be to Kew Gardens. We meet at Bow Station at 3 p.m., and take return tickets to Kew Bridge; fare, 1s. 3d. The train leaves Broad Street Station at 3.20.

PROSPECTIVE ANNOUNCEMENTS.—On Saturday, July 20th, there will be no ramble, on account of the Beaumont Harriers holding their Garden Party at Snaresbrook, tickets for which can be obtained of the Secretary.—On July 27th, Eltham, via Blackheath and Shooter's Hill. August 5th, Bank Holiday, Hadley Woods, High Barnet.—The Boating trip is finally settled to take place on Saturday, August 17th, and Members wishing to take part in this trip are requested to leave their names at the General Offices as soon as possible. Members desirous of spending their holidays (week or fortnight) together, please note that parties can be arranged for the following well-known watering places: Yarmouth, Hastings, and Ventnor (Isle of Wight). The first party leaves Fresh Wharf, London Bridge, for Yarmouth, on Saturday, July 27th. An entirely different programme of rambles will be made up each day. The Hon. Secretary will be in the Secretaries-room on Monday next, July 13th, from 8.30 till 9.30, when any information respecting the above parties will be most readily given, and tickets for the Harriers' Garden Party can be had on the same evening.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

The Gymnasium will close for the season on Saturday next, the 13th inst. Members should not fail to clear their lockers before that date, as otherwise they will not be able to obtain their things before October next. The trustees will not be responsible for any loss that may arise through non-compliance with this notice. Members of the Palace, who would like to go to the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 20th inst., when we give a display, should apply to Mr. Hunter, who will obtain tickets for them at a reduced rate.

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

## BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, sixteen Members joined in the run to Broomfield Gardens. The roads were dusty, and the riding consequently heavy; the gardens, however, were delightful, and plenty of fun was going on among the various garden parties. After tea many cyclists strolled along the banks of the Lea, while others paddled their hired canoes. The sight of a burning mansion quite demoralized the Club, and it was with great difficulty they could be got together for the return home. However a start was at last made, and the Ferry Boat reached by 11 o'clock.—Run next Thursday to Woodford. On Saturday to Hampstead (via Tottenham), Tea at "Jack Straw's Castle."—H. Ransley lately succeeded in covering the 100 miles in 7 hours 35 minutes, thereby gaining the Club Silver Medal.

D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Hon. Sec.

## Maiwa's Revenge:

OR

## THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

"WELL, the game was about up. Already I saw one man throw down his spear in token of surrender, which act of cowardice cost him his life, by the way,—when suddenly a shout arose.

"Look at the mountain," they cried; "there is an impi on the mountain side."

"I glanced up, and there sure enough, about half-way down the mountain, nearing the first fortification, the long-plumed double line of Nala's warriors was rushing down to battle, the bright light of the morning glancing on their spears. Afterwards we discovered that the reason of their delay was that they had been stopped by a river in flood, and could not reach the mountain crest by dawn. When they did reach it, however, they instantly saw that the fight was already going on, was 'in flower,' as they put it, and so advanced at once without waiting to light signal fires.

"Meanwhile they had been observed from the town, and parties of soldiers were charging up the steep side of the hill, to occupy the schances, and the second line of fortifications behind them. The first line they did not now attempt to reach or defend; Nala pressed them too close. But they got to the schances or pits protected with stone walls, and constructed to hold from a dozen to twenty men, and soon began to open fire from them, and from isolated rocks. I turned my eyes to the gates of the town, which were placed to the north and south. Already they were crowded with hundreds of fugitive women and children flying to the rocks and caves for shelter from the foe.

"As for ourselves, the appearance of Nala's impi produced a wonderful change for the better in our position. The soldiers attacking us, realizing that the town was being assailed from the rear, simply turned, and clambering down the koppe streamed off to protect their homes against this new enemy. In five minutes there was not a man left except those who would move no more, or were too sorely wounded to escape. I felt inclined to ejaculate 'Saved!' like the gentleman in the play, but did not because the occasion was too serious. What I did do was to muster all the men and reckon up our losses. They amounted to fifty-one killed and wounded, sixteen men having been killed outright. Then I sent men with the cooking-pots to the stream for water, and we drank. This done I set my bearers, as being the most useless part of the community, from a fighting point of view, to the task of attending the injured, and turned to watch the fray.

"By this time Nala's impi had climbed the first line of fortifications without opposition, and were advancing in a long line upon the schances or pits which were scattered about between it and the second line, singing a war chant as they came. Presently puffs of smoke began to start from the schances, and with my glasses I could see several of our men falling over. Then as they came opposite a schance that portion of the long line of warriors would thicken up and charge it with a wild rush. I could clearly see them leap on to the walls and vanish into the depths beneath, some of their number falling backward on each occasion, shot or stabbed to death.

"Next would come another act in the tragedy. Out from the hither side of the schance would pour such of its defenders as were left alive, perhaps three or four and perhaps a dozen, running for dear life, with war dogs on their tracks. One by one they would be caught, then up flashed the great spear and down fell the pursued—dead. I saw ten of our men leap into one large schance, but though I watched for some time nobody came out. Afterwards we inspected the place and found these men all dead, together with twenty-three Matukus. Neither side would give in, and they fought it out to the bitter end.

"At last they neared the second line of fortifications, behind which the whole remaining Matuku force, numbering some two thousand men, was rapidly assembling. One little pause to get their breath, and they came at it with a rush and a long wild shout of 'Bulala Matuku' (kill the Matuku) that went right through me, thrilling every nerve. Then came an answering shout, and the sounds of heavy firing, and presently I saw our men retreating, somewhat fewer in numbers than they had advanced. Their welcome had been a warm one, for the Matuku fight splendidly behind walls. This decided me that it was necessary to create a

diversion; if we did not do so it seemed very probable that we should be worsted after all. I called to the captain of our little force, and rapidly put the position before him.

"Seeing the urgency of the occasion, he agreed with me that we must risk it, and in two minutes more we were, with the exception of my own men, whom I left to guard the wounded, trotting across the open space and through the deserted town towards the spot where the struggle was taking place, some seven hundred yards away. In seven or eight minutes we reached a group of huts—it was a head man's kraal, that was situated about a hundred and twenty yards behind the fortified wall, and took possession of it unobserved. The enemy was too much engaged with the foe in front of him to notice us, and besides, the broken ground rose in a hog-back shape between. There we waited a minute or two and recovered our breath, while I gave my directions. So soon as we heard the Butiana impi begin to charge again we were to run out in line to the brow of the hog-back and pour our fire into the mass of the defenders behind the wall. Then the guns were to be thrown down and we must charge with the assegai. We had no shields, but that could not be helped; there would be no time to reload the guns, and it was absolutely necessary that the enemy should be disconcerted at the moment when the main attack was delivered.

"The men, who were as plucky a set of fellows as ever I saw, and whose blood was now thoroughly up, consented to this scheme, though I could see that they thought it rather a large order, as indeed I did myself. But I knew that if the impi was driven back a second time the game would be up, and for me at any rate it would be a case of the 'Thing that bites,' and this sure and certain knowledge filled my breast with valour.

"We had not long to wait. Presently we heard the Butiana war-song swelling loud and long; they had commenced their attack. I made a sign, and the hundred and fifty men, headed by myself, poured out of the kraal, and getting into a rough line ran up the fifty or sixty yards of slope that intervened between ourselves and the crest of the hog-backed ridge. In thirty-seconds we were there, and immediately beyond us was the main body of the Matuku host waiting the onslaught of the enemy with guns and spears. Even now they did not see us, so intent were they upon the coming attack. I signed to my men to take careful aim, and suddenly called out to them to fire, which they did with a will, dropping thirty or forty Matukus.

"Charge!" I shouted, again throwing down my smoking rifle and drawing my revolver, an example which they followed, snatching up their spears from the ground where they had placed them while they fired. The men set up a savage whoop, and we started. I saw the Matuku soldiers wheel round in hundreds, utterly taken aback at this new development of the situation. And looking over them, before we had gone twenty yards, I saw something else. For of a sudden, as though they had risen from the earth, there appeared above the wall hundreds of great spears, followed by hundreds of savage faces shadowed with drooping plumes. With a yell they sprang upon the wall shaking their broad shields, and with a yell they bounded from it straight into our astonished foes.

"Crash! we were in them now, and fighting like demons. Crash! from the other side. Nala's impi was at its work, and still the spears and plumes appeared for a moment against the brown background of the mountain, and then sprang down and rushed like a storm upon the foe. The great mob of men turned this way and turned that way astonished, bewildered, overborne by doubt and terror.

"Meanwhile the slayers stayed not their hands, and on every side spears flashed, and the fierce shout of triumph went up to heaven. There too on the wall stood Maiwa, a white garment streaming from her soldiers, an assegai in her hand, her breast heaving, her eyes flashing. Above all the din of battle I could catch the tones of her clear voice as she urged the soldiers on to victory. But victory was not yet. Wambe's soldiers gathered themselves together, and bore our men back by the sheer weight of numbers. They began to give, then once more they rallied, and the fight hung doubtfully.

"Slay, you war-whelps," cried Maiwa from the wall. "Are you afraid, you women, you chicken-hearted women! Strike home, or die like dogs! What—you give way! Follow me, children of Nala." And with one wild long cry she leapt from the wall as leaps a stricken antelope, and holding the spear poised on high rushed right into the thickest of the fray. The warriors saw her, and raised such a shout that it echoed like thunder against the mountains. They massed together, and following the flutter of her white robe crashed into the dense heart of the foe. Down went the Matuku before them like

trees before a whirlwind. Nothing could stand in the face of such a rush as that. It was as the rush of a torrent bursting its banks. All along their line swept the wild desperate charge; and there, straight in the forefront of the battle, still waved the white robe of Maiwa.

"Then they broke, and, stricken with utter panic, Wambe's soldiers streamed away a scattered crowd of fugitives, while after them thundered the footfall of the victors.

"The fight was over, we had won the day; and for my part I sat down upon a stone and wiped my forehead, thanking Providence that I had lived to see the end of it. Twenty minutes later Nala's warriors began to return panting. 'Wambe's soldiers had taken to the bush and the caves,' they said, 'where they had not thought it safe to follow them,' adding significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

"I was utterly dazed, and now that the fight was over my energy seemed to have left me, and I did not pay much attention till presently I was aroused by somebody calling me by my name. I looked up, and saw that it was the chief Nala himself, who was bleeding from a flesh wound in his arm. By his side stood Maiwa panting, but unhurt, and wearing on her face a proud and terrifying air.

"They are gone, Macumazahn," said the chief; "there is little to fear from them, their heart is broken. But where is Wambe the chief?—and where is the white man thou camest to save?"

"I know not," I answered.

"Close to where we stood lay a Matuku, a young man who had been shot through the fleshy part of the calf. It was a trifling wound, but it prevented him from running away.

"Say, thou dog," said Nala, stalking up to him and shaking his red spear in his face, 'say, where is Wambe? Speak, or I slay thee. Was he with the soldiers?'

"Nay, lord, I know not," groaned the terrified man, 'he fought not with us; Wambe has no stomach for fighting. Perchance he is in his kraal yonder, or in the cave behind the kraal,' and he pointed to a small enclosure on the hill-side, about four hundred yards to the right of where we were.

"Let us go and see," said Nala, summoning his soldiers.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### MAIWA IS AVENGED.

"THE impi formed up; alas, an hour before it had been stronger by a third than it was now. Then Nala detached two hundred men to collect and attend to the injured, and at my suggestion issued a stringent order that none of the enemy's wounded, and above all no women or children, were to be killed, as is the savage custom among African natives. On the contrary, they were to be allowed to send word to their women that they might come in to nurse them, and fear nothing, for Nala made war upon Wambe the tyrant, and not on the Matuku tribe.

"Then we started with some four hundred men for the chief's kraal. Very soon we were there. It was, as I have said, placed against the mountain side, but within the fortified lines, and did not in all cover more than an acre and a half of ground. Outside was a tidy reed fence, within which, neatly arranged in a semi-circular line, stood the huts of the chief's principal wives. Maiwa, of course, knew every inch of the kraal, for she had lived in it, and led us straight to the entrance. We peeped through the gateway—not a soul was to be seen. There were the huts, and there was the clear open space floored with a concrete of lime, on which the sun beat fiercely, but nobody could we see or hear.

"The jackal has gone to earth," said Maiwa; 'he will be in the cave behind his hut,' and she pointed with her spear towards another small and semi-circular enclosure, over which a large hut was visible, that had the cliff itself for a background. I stared at this fence; by George! it was true, it was entirely made of tusks of ivory, planted in the ground with their points bending outwards. The smallest ones, though none were small, were placed nearest to the cliff on either side, but they gradually increased in size till they culminated in two enormous tusks, which set up so that their points met, something in the shape of an inverted V, formed the gateway to the hut. I was dumbfounded with delight; and indeed, where is the elephant-hunter who would not be, if he suddenly saw five or six hundred picked tusks set up in a row, and only waiting for him to take them away. Of course the stuff was what is known as 'black' ivory; that is, the exterior of the tusks had become black from years or perhaps centuries of exposure to wind and weather, but I was certain that it would be none the worse for that. Forgetting the danger of the deed, I actually ran

in my excitement right across the open space, and drawing my knife, scratched vigorously at one of the great tusks to see how deep the damage was. As I thought, it was nothing; there beneath the black covering gleamed the pure white ivory. I could have capered for joy, for I fear that I am very mercenary at heart, when suddenly I heard the faint echo of a cry for assistance. 'Help!' screamed a voice in the Sisutu dialect from somewhere behind the hut; 'help! they are murdering me.'

"I knew the voice; it was John Every's. Oh, what a selfish brute was I! For the moment that miserable ivory had driven the recollection of him out of my head, and now—perhaps it was too late.

"Nala, Maiwa, and the soldiers had now come up. They, too, had heard the voice and interpreted its tone, though they had not caught the words.

"This way," cried Maiwa, and we started at a run, passing round the hut of Wambe. Behind was the narrow entrance to a cave. We rushed through it heedless of the danger of an ambush, and this was what we saw, though very confusedly at first, owing to the gloom.

"In the centre of the cave, and with either end secured to the floor by strong stakes, was a huge double-sprung lion trap edged with sharp and grinning teeth. It was set, and beyond the trap, indeed almost over it, a terrible struggle was in progress. A naked or almost naked white man, with a great beard hanging down over his breast, was, in spite of his furious struggles, being slowly forced and dragged towards the trap by six or eight women. Only one man was present, a fat, cruel-looking man, with small eyes and a hanging lip. It was the chief Wambe, and he stood by the trap ready to force the victim down upon it so soon as the women had dragged him into the necessary position.

"At this instant they caught sight of us, and there was a moment's pause, and then, before I knew what she was going to do, Maiwa lifted the assegai she still held, and whirled it at Wambe's head. I saw the flash of light speed towards him, and so did he, for he stepped backward to avoid it—stepped backwards right into the trap. He yelled with pain as the iron teeth of the 'Thing that bites' sprang up like living fangs and fastened into him, such a yell I have not often heard. Now at last he tasted of the torture which he had inflicted upon so many, and though I trust I am a Christian, I cannot say that I felt sorry for him.

"The assegai sped on and struck one of the women who had hold of the unfortunate Every, piercing through her arm. This made her leave go, an example that the other women quickly followed, so that Every fell to the ground, where he lay gasping.

"Kill the witches," roared Nala, in a voice of thunder, pointing to the group of women.

"Nay," gasped Every, 'spare them. He made them do it,' and he pointed to the human fiend in the trap. Then Maiwa waved her hand to us to fall back, for the moment of her vengeance was come. We did so, and she strode up to her lord, and flinging the white robe from her stood before him, her fierce beautiful face fixed like stone.

"Who am I?" she cried in so terrible a voice that he ceased his yells. 'Am I that woman who was given to thee for wife, and whose child thou slewest? Or am I an avenging spirit come to see thee die?'

"What is this?" she went on, drawing the withered baby-hand from the pouch at her side.

"Is it the hand of a babe? and how came that hand to be thus alone? What cut it off from the babe? and where is the babe? Is it a hand? or is it the vision of a hand that shall presently tear thy throat?"

"Where are thy soldiers, Wambe? Do they sleep and eat and go forth to do thy bidding? or are they perchance dead and scattered like the winter leaves?"

"He groaned and rolled his eyes while the fierce-faced woman went on.

"Art thou still a chief, Wambe? or does another take thy place and power, and say, Lord, what doest thou there? and what is that slave's leglet upon thy knee?"

"Is it a dream, Wambe, great lord and chief? or—'and she lifted her clenched hands and shook them in his face—'hath a woman's vengeance found thee out and a woman's wit o'ermatched thy tyrannous strength? and art thou about to slowly die in torments horrible to think on, oh, thou accursed murderer of little children?'

"And with one wild scream she dashed the dead hand of the child straight into his face, and then fell senseless on the floor. As for the demon in the trap, he shrank back as far as his iron bounds would allow, his yellow eyes starting out of his head with pain and terror, and then once more began to yell.

(To be continued.)

### Calendar of the Week.

July 11th.—On this day, 1450, was slain Jack Cade, leader of the great Rebellion of that year. The story of the Rebellion is obscure. Cade himself was an Irishman, who had been a soldier in France. It was thought that he was secretly put forward by the Duke of York—it was just before the Wars of the Roses—but this is uncertain. What is quite certain is, that for some time Jack Cade, with twenty thousand armed men, was the master of the situation. The movement seems to have been instigated from the outside, and the grievances put forward by the leaders do not look like genuine grievances, such as the people would feel, and for which they would rise in rebellion.

Charles Macklin, actor, died this day, 1797, one hundred and seven years of age. Born in 1690, he could remember King William III., and he passed his youth under Queen Anne. His last appearance on the stage was in his hundredth year, in the character of Shylock; but he broke down, and solemnly apologised and took leave of the audience.

July 12th.—One of the greatest men of antiquity was born on this day. He was named Caius Julius Cæsar.

Erasmus died, 1536. The history of Erasmus's birth and parents is told in Charles Reade's delightful book, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Titus Oates died, 1704. To his name is attached the greatest reputation ever acquired by any man for lying and perjury. Ananias was truthful compared with Titus. When James II. came to the throne, Oates was flogged at the cartwheel all the way from Newgate to Tyburn and back again. Never before or since has mortal man endured such an almighty flogging and survived.

July 13th.—Many illustrious persons have given their memory to this day. Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France, 1380; Richard Cromwell, 1712—he succeeded his father Oliver as Protector, but held that rank for six months only; Dr. Lingard, Catholic Historian of England; Marat, French Revolutionary leader, killed by Charlotte Corday, 1793. Revolutions bring to the front many wild beasts, crawling reptiles, and noxious animals of all kinds. No revolution ever produced such a wild beast as Marat. He was a Swiss by birth: at the time of the revolution he was about five-and-forty; he was puny in stature, but possessed a fierce face, a frantic eye, and was devoured by rage against the aristocrats. Day after day the paper which he edited called aloud for blood. Charlotte Corday killed him in his bath. He had formerly been in England, where he published a frantic pamphlet against the crimes of kings.

July 14th.—Storming of the Bastille, 1789: exactly a hundred years ago. I have made one or two remarks on this subject elsewhere.

July 15th.—St. Swithin:  
St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain;  
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

A similar superstition is attached to the days of St. Médard (June 8th), and Saints Servins and Protais (June 19th), by the French.

Swithin was Bishop of Winchester about the year 850; and a very excellent Bishop he seems to have been. In fact, it may be laid down as a general rule that, when we find a saint belonging to the middle ages, he was in life a good man, a friend to the people, and generally an excellent administrator.

The Duke of Monmouth was executed this day, 1685. The Duke of Buccleuch is his lineal descendant.

Praed, the poet, died to-day, 1839. Praed wrote one or two most delightful poems, and a good many that are not so delightful.

July 16th.—Day sacred to the memory of Beranger, the French poet, who died on this day, 1857. Read his life, my friends, and read his poems, if not in the original French, then in translation.

Mahomet ran away from Mecca to Medina on this day. It is, therefore, kept sacred by the Moslems, whose chronology dates from the Hegira or Flight.

July 17th.—Isaac Watts, whose hymns some of us still sing, came into the world this day so long ago as 1674.

It has been a most fatal day for female criminals. Lady Glammis was burned on this day, 1537, for a witch. The Marchioness of Brinvilliers was executed for wholesale poisoning, 1676: and Charlotte Corday, slayer of Marat, the person above-mentioned, in 1793. Also on this day, Joan of Arc, afterwards burned as a witch by the Burgundians and English, assisted at the crowning of the king whose throne and country she had saved.

### Letter to the Editor.

#### THE PARIS TRIPS.

(No. 5 Party.)

DEAR SIR.—We started from London Bridge Station at 9 p.m. on Saturday last, spending a pleasant time in the train to New-haven, where we arrived at 11 p.m., having a nice trip across the Channel; numbers of our *compagnons de voyage* going through the formal ordeal of repeating short sentences in French. There was plenty of feasting on board (which is "English, you know"), but very few were troubled with *mal de mer*. We proved not such bad sailors after all.

We landed and stood on the quay at Dieppe, silently waiting, and peering in the far distance at the sun just rising on the horizon, but we were not left long here. We walked through the railway station, into a romantic street, which we examined with some curiosity while awaiting the train, which subsequently landed us in Paris, at about 8 a.m., after a pleasant journey through miles of country, the scenery of which soon sent several trippists in our carriage into the arms of Morpheus.

We met our guide at the station, who took us to Porte Maillot by a local train (which, by-the-way, would equal any in England). We all had the "appetites of hunters" when we arrived at our destination, and did good justice to breakfast, before commencing our experiences of the Paris Excursion, which we can one and all now recommend.

The cafés, which are numerous, are very select and beautifully clean. Trams and busses are cheap: you can ride from one end of the city to another for 1½d.

Among other places we visited by brakes, were: The Palais Royal, Notre Dame, Pantheon, Place de la Bastille, Gardens of the Tuilleries, Cluny Museum, Church of St. Eustache, not forgetting the Bois de Boulogne, where the cascades, rocks, and woodland are very romantic; also the Palais at Versailles, which contains wonderful paintings and mirrors. We have visited the Exhibition, which is a mammoth show, as well as the Eiffel Tower.

Our party wish to tender their hearty congratulations to the Trustees for the excellent manner they have arranged the accommodation. W. T. C. (a "Trippist").

Paris, 6th July, 1889.

### The Japanese Theatre.

A JAPANESE theatrical performance commences generally at early dawn and lasts a dozen hours. The stage occupies the end of the building from wall to wall. Oddly, the actors do not make their appearance from the side or back (there are no wings), but strut along a narrow platform over the heads of the pit by means of just such a boarded footway as is used by European conjurers. Faithful to the canon of no illusion, the performers stand ready dressed in an open place off the entrance lobby, where all who come in may see them. When they hear their cue, they push through a knot of loiterers and march to the stage along the platform, acting as they go. Indeed, important portions of a scene which demands a rapid exit are frequently gone through upon this narrow footway and not on the stage at all. The effect is apt to be very often unintentionally comic.

In a Japanese theatre there are two tiers of boxes, the lower of which is provided with sliding paper doors, forming small rooms like bathing machines. The pit is divided by low cross-bars into squares, reminding one of the cattle pens of old Smithfield, each capable of holding four persons comfortably. A Japanese family bent upon enjoyment engage a compartment for the day in a position suited to the purse—in the middle of the house if well to do, nearer to the stage or the back, according to the scarcity of coin—and, having deposited clogs in the ante-room, take up a position with cushions, kettle, tea-things, smoking tray, and never move till midnight, unless to pay some visits to their friends.

"How do we hear?" asks a scientist. "That is easily told. Somebody tells a friend and tells him not to tell, and the friend of the teller tells a friend of ours and he tells us, and so we hear."

## PROGRAMME

OF

## A GRAND CONCERT,

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, JULY 13TH, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

BY THE

## West London Choral Association,

Conductor, Mr. W. HOLMES.

At the Organ ... Mr. ALBERT WOOD.

At the Pianoforte ... Mr. WILLIAM F. BROWN.

VOCALISTS:

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

SOLO PIANOFORTE, MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

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

## 1. CHORUS "The Heavens are telling" (Creation) Haydn.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

The Heavens are telling the glory of God,  
The firmament displays the wonders of His work,  
How day unto day is speaking His praise,  
While night unto night His glory proclaims.

## 2. MORNING HYMN .. .. . Gersbach.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

Oh, how, my God, shall I requite,  
The love that never faileth,  
That after each refreshing night,  
A glorious day unvaileth.

I fain would serve Thee all my life,  
Courageous be yet humble;  
Oh, arm me for the noble strife,  
And raise me when I stumble.

Give me a wise and gen'rous heart,  
With kindness overflowing,  
On earth to do mine earthly part,  
And still be heav'nward going.

A heart to feel a friend's distress,  
Nor shrink from pains and labour,  
Nor grudge to see the happiness  
And goodness of my neighbour.

I fain would taste my earthly good,  
Yet shun what Thou forbid'st me,  
And close my course with gratitude,  
Content, whene'er Thou bidst me.

## 3. AIR .. .. "Inflamatus" Rossini's Stabat Mater.

Miss DELVES-YATES.

Inflamatus et accensus  
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus  
In die iudicii.  
Fac me cruce custodiri  
Morte Christi praemuniri,  
Confoveri gratiâ.

## 4. PART SONG .. "Excelsior" .. .. W. H. Birch.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As thro' an Alpine village pass'd  
A youth who bore mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
"Excelsior!"

His brow was sad, his eye beneath  
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung,  
The accent of that unknown tongue,  
"Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent's deep and wide,"  
But loud that clarion voice replied,  
"Excelsior!"

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon my breast,"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh,  
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,  
Beware the awful avalanche."  
This was the peasant's last good night;  
A voice replied far up the height,  
"Excelsior!"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice,  
The banner with the strange device,  
"Excelsior!"

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,  
And from the sky serene and far  
A voice fell like a falling star,  
"Excelsior!"

## 5. PIANOFORTE SOLO, "Waltzes" (Op. 39) .. .. Brahms.

MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

## 6. GLEE, "O waving, moaning autumn trees" Theo. F. Seward.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

O waving, moaning autumn trees,  
Say wherefore do ye sigh;  
Ye weave yourselves such royal robes,  
It must be sweet to die,  
Clad in more lavish beauty now  
Than drapes the western sky.

O faint, faint life! O doubting soul!  
These leaflets that I tread  
Send forth sweet incense as they fade,  
Perfume their lowly bed,  
And teach sweet truths, if we will read  
What every leaf has said.

O waving, moaning autumn trees,  
'Tis meet that ye should sigh,  
While lovelier things than autumn leaves  
Do fade, and droop, and die;  
Yet change your dirge-notes to a psalm,  
They bloom again on high.

## 7. RECIT. AND ARIA "Che farò" (Orpheus) .. .. Gluck.

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

RECITATIVE.

Sposa! Euridice! Consorte! Ah! più non vive! la chiamo  
in van! Misero me! la perdo e di nuovo, e per sempre! O legge!  
O morte! O ricordo crudel! non ho soccorso, non m'avanza  
consiglio! Io veggio solo (oh fiera Vista!) il luttuoso aspetto dell'  
orrido mio stato! saziati, sorte rea! son disperato!

ARIA.

Che farò s' Euridice?  
Dove andrò s' il mio ben?  
Euridice! Oh Dio rispondi!  
Io son pur il tuo fedel!  
Ah! non m'avanza più soccorso,  
Più speranza nè dal mondo;  
Ah! nè dal ciel!

## 8. GLEE !.. "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower" .. Stewart.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,  
The bells of St. Michael's Tower,  
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife  
Arrived at the church door.

Merrily, merrily, &amp;c.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,  
Cheerful and frank and free,  
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,  
For a terrible shrew was she.

Merrily, merrily, &amp;c.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,  
Till patience availed no longer,  
Then Richard Penlake a crab-stick would take,  
And show her that he was the stronger.

Merrily, merrily, &amp;c.

## 9. DUET .. .. "Sull 'Aria"

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

Sull 'aria, "Che soave zefiretto,  
Zefiretto; Questa sera spirerà,  
Sotto i pini del boschetto,  
Ei già il resto capirà.  
Canzonetta sull 'aria.

## 10. PART SONG .. "Song of the Vikings" .. Eaton Fanning.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

The wind is blowing from the shore,  
And our sail has felt its force,  
For our bark bounds forth o'er the crested waves  
As a wild and restive horse.  
Our sharp brow cleaves the billows,  
And breaks them into spray,  
And they brightly gleam in the glad sunlight  
As we speed upon our way.

Lords of the waves we are,  
Kings of the seething foam,  
Warriors bold from the Norseland cold,  
Far o'er the seas we roam.

We have left our wives and our sweethearts fair  
On the rock encircled strand,  
To entreat the gods to watch o'er their loves,  
And to bring them back to land.  
Each day they'll pray to heaven,  
Nor will they pray in vain,  
For the gods will watch o'er our sturdy bark  
And will guide her home again.

Lords of the waves, etc.

To our oars we bend with a right good will  
And all sorrow leave behind,  
As the white-wing'd gulls which around us skim,  
We are racing with the wind.  
And when our foes are vanquish'd  
And we return once more,  
Oh! the welcome glad they will greet us with  
As we gain the long'd for shore.

Lords of the waves, etc.

## 11. ARIA .. "Roberto, o tu che Adoro" .. Meyerbeer.

MISS DELVES-YATES.

Roberto, o tu che adoro,  
A cui donai mia fe,  
Deh mira il mio terror!  
Per te pietà, de imploro  
Pietà di me! abbi pietà  
E fia ver, che il tuo core  
La fede e l'onor calpesti?  
Tu, omaggio a me rendesti,  
Or vedi me al tuo piè.

## 12. PART SONG .. "Liberty" .. Eaton Fanning.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

The wicked Ten have worked their will:  
The sons of Rome are naught but slaves!  
Down-trodden, crush'd by weight of ill,  
And flinching 'neath the lictors' staves.

Alas, our homes are bright and glad no more,  
Where dwells that love, the purest love of all,  
The Love of Mothers for the babes they bore,  
That love so true which nothing can recall.

From insults foul our daughters pure,  
And sisters dear are no more free,  
Shall we our wrongs in peace endure,  
Nor strike a blow for Liberty?

No! no more shall the tyrants reign,  
Away, with the wicked Ten,  
No more will we wear the chain,  
But to-day we'll prove that we are free men.

To-day we will claim our right,  
Nor longer bow 'neath the hated might,  
Our every wrong we will now requite.  
To arms! to arms! ye sons of Rome!

Fathers avenge your daughters' fate,  
To-day, shall Rome be free!  
Fathers, be men, and strike with bitter hate:  
No longer will we bow, and slaves no more will be.  
Away! Away! to arms!

## 13. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. "Waltzes" .. .. Dvořák.

MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

14. HUMOROUS PART SONG "Dame Durham" Dr. Harrington.  
THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

Dame Durden kept five serving maids,  
To carry the milking pail,  
She also kept five labouring men,  
To use the spade and flail,  
'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate,  
And Dorothy Draggletail:  
And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack:  
And Humphrey with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly,  
And Dick kiss'd Betty,  
And Joe kiss'd Dolly, and Jack kiss'd Kitty,  
And Dorothy Draggletail,  
And Kitty was a charming maid,  
To carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon,  
She did begin to call,  
To rouse her servant maids and men,  
She then began to bawl,  
'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate,  
And Dorothy Draggletail:  
And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack:  
And Humphrey with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly, etc.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,  
The birds began to prate,  
Dame Durden's servant maids and men,  
They all began to mate.  
'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate,  
And Dorothy draggletail:  
And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack:  
And Humphrey with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly, etc.

## 15. SCENA .. .. "O Fatima" .. .. Weber.

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

O Fatima, gift sent from heaven,  
With sweet words my heart to bless,  
Never my lute's dull power,  
Can my tender love express.

Ever unbroken mine affection,  
Shall within my bosom lie;  
Thou alone doth make life precious,  
For thee only would I die!

## 16. GLEE .. .. "I think of thee" .. Annie F. Curwen.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

I think of thee!  
Across the sky the rosy tints of morning  
Beam forth a welcome to the rising sun;  
And while its light the landscape is adorning,  
I think of thee when day has just begun.

I long for thee!  
Beneath the clouds which glow with tints of heaven,  
The sun has passed in glory from my sight.  
With aching heart I watch the stars of even,  
And long for thee while o'er me falls the night.

I watch for thee!  
The sun pours down its flood of noonday splendour,  
And melts the shadows from the hill and lea,  
While I all weary doubts and fears surrender,  
As full of hope I watch and wait for thee.

I pray for thee!  
The night is dark; but oh! it hides my sorrow,  
My fondest hopes have perished with the day!  
I look beyond, but see no bright to-morrow,  
And so with tears for thee, for thee I pray.

Turner.

It is related of Turner that he had once painted a sea-piece, which was hung next Constable's "Waterloo Bridge." Turner was a grey picture; Constable's glowed with colour. Turner, at work on another picture which he was touching up on "varnishing day," crossed the room with his palette in his hand, and laid a round spot of red lead, about the size of a shilling, in the centre of his grey sea. It took all the brightness and strength out of Constable's work.

"Turner has been here," he said to Leslie, who came in at the moment, "and has fired a gun."

Before the day was over, Turner had glazed the red patch and shaped it into a buoy.

It is only fair to the great landscape painter to give another anecdote of "varnishing day" that leaves quite a different impression on the memory. This year—it was 1826—Turner's picture was not grey, but brilliant, and it was hung between two of the president's portraits, to which it did very decided injury. Turner deliberately reduced the glow of his own picture by covering it with a wash of lamblack.

"Poor Lawrence was so unhappy," he said: "and it will wash off after the exhibition."

Strange African Races.

THE statements of a popular novelist concerning the existence of white races in the interior of Africa have received most remarkable and unexpected confirmation from what should be considered as a reliable source. Zebehr Pasha, the old slave-king of Central Africa, said recently, in talking about the slave countries on the White Nile, which are entirely savage, "that at Benghieh and Sakara, in the very heart of the slave country, there are tribes as white as Europeans, with long and silky hair. The beards of the old men sometimes reach down to their feet." So it would appear that it could hardly be possible to write of, or even imagine, anything so wonderful or improbable that we need be surprised to receive, at some time, confirmation of its truth. He also asserts that cannibalism still prevails among the black tribes, and says: "Men and women are sold in the markets by the pound, exactly as one sells beef or mutton!"

HOW HE WAS APPRECIATED.—Well, my dear Bellerino, how did the duke like your singing? "Oh, splendid, splendid! Whenever I went to sing for him, he gave me a cigar and said, 'There, my dear Bellerino, we'll have a jolly good smoke.'"

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS,  
MILE END ROAD, E.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education.

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
Intermediate .. ..	"	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
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
" .. ..	"	M. & Wed.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Intermediate .. ..	"	Monday ..	9.0-10.0	4 0
" .. ..	"	Wed. & Fri.	7.0-8.0	4 0
Advanced .. ..	"	Wednesday ..	9.0-10.0	4 0
Conversational .. ..	"	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	4 0
Commrel. Corres. ..	"	"	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 ..	8.0-10.0	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,	Tu. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
" .. ..	B.A. (Lond.)	"	"	"
" .. 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	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday ..	7.0-9.0	5 0
Making & Art Needlework	"	"	7.0-9.0	4 0
Dressmaking .. ..	"	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
" .. ..	"	Friday ..	7.0-9.0	4 0
Millinery .. ..	Miss Newall	Tuesday ..	7.30-9.30	4 6
Cookery .. ..	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday ..	7.30-9.30	3 0
" Practical .. ..	"	"	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, includ-	Mr. Michell	"	8.0-9.30	2 0
ing Reading, Writing,	"	"	"	"
Arithmetic, etc. ..	"	"	"	"

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 .. ..	Mrs. Spencer	Monday ..	6.0-10.0	5 0
" .. ..	Mr. W. Jackson	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

THE "BROOKES" SAFETY.

VICTORIES!!

In the Beaumont 15-Miles' Road Race, H. RANSLEY made absolutely THE FASTEST TIME by 45 seconds—finishing second.

During the same week, E. RANSLEY succeeded in accomplishing ONE HUNDRED MILES on the Bath Road in actual riding time of 7 hours 35 minutes.

The Machine may be inspected at

THE EAST LONDON CYCLE SUPPLY STORES,  
264, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.

Now Ready.

NEW NOVEL.

In Anarchy's  
Net.

BY E. J. BAXTER.

Crown 8vo, 224 pages, hand-  
somerly bound in cloth  
boards, with Special  
Design on cover,

Post Free, One Shilling.

SMITH & BOTWRIGHT

70, Finsbury Pavement.



KEATING'S POWDER.  
Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.

If you want to Buy, Sell,  
Let or Take Apartments,

ADVERTISE

IN THE

Palace Journal

SEE NEXT PAGE.

WORMS IN CHILDREN.

WORMS IN CHILDREN.

Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Nearly all children suffer from Worms. If suspected, do not wait, you can with ease cure the child (has no effect except on Worms). Sold by all chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.

TRY  
KING'S  
MEN'S  
TWEED  
Trousers

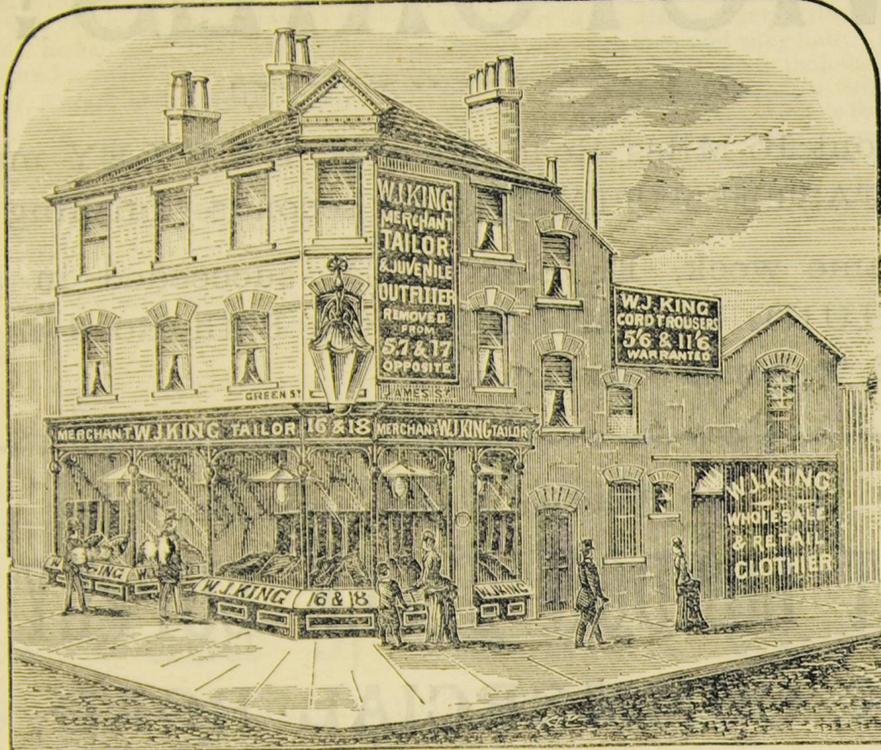
FROM  
**5/6**

To Measure same  
price.  
Hundreds of Patterns.

Largest assortment  
of  
Knicker Suits

in London, from  
**4/6**  
VEST INCLUDED.

**W. J. KING**  
16 & 18, GREEN ST.,  
BETHNAL GREEN, E



TRY  
KING'S  
MEN'S  
SUMMER  
SUITS

FROM  
**16/6**

To Measure same  
price.

Hundreds of Patterns.

Large STOCK of

**MEN'S**

Black Diagonal  
Morning

Coat & Vest,

FROM

**21/-**

IMPORTANT TO ALL WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

**ALLCOCK'S  
POROUS  
PLASTERS**

Will be found to be an invaluable as  
well as inexpensive remedy for.

COLDS,  
COUGHS,  
ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS,  
RHEUMATISM.

The Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE,  
says:—"Dear Sir,—I think it only right  
that I should tell you of how much use  
I find ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my  
family and amongst those to whom I  
have recommended them. We are never  
without them, and find them a very  
breast-plate against Colds and Coughs.  
Yours ever faithfully, M. GUY PEARSE,  
11, Bedford Place, Russell Square,  
London, Dec. 10, 1888."

Sold in various sizes from 1/1½ to 22/6.  
A great saving is effected in purchasing  
the larger sizes. The 1/9, 4/6, and 22/6  
are put up in Tin Cases, and are very  
handy for Families and Travellers.



**ALLCOCK'S  
POROUS  
PLASTERS**

Are the best preventatives of all the  
evils arising from exposure to weather.  
An immediate relief in

PAINS IN BACK,  
PAINS IN SIDE,  
SCIATICA,  
IN RUPTURES

They are a very good substitute for the  
uncomfortable Truss.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,  
Special Correspondent to the *Daily  
Telegraph*, says:—"And in particular a  
couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS  
clapped on—one on the chest and  
another between the shoulder blades—  
soon set me right again," referring to an  
attack he had of bronchitis and asthma  
on his way to "The Land of the Golden  
Fleece," and the above remarks are  
contained in his letter to the *London  
Daily Telegraph*, published August 14,  
1885.

**CAUTION.**—Insist on having  
the genuine. The guarantee is the words  
"THOS. ALLCOCK & CO. POROUS  
PLASTER" on the Stamp.