

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 88.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 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 18th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Football Club.—Annual General Meeting, at 8.  
 Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.
- FRIDAY, July 19th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea Pig Show.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.  
 Sketching Club.—General Meeting, Trustees' Office, at 8.30.  
 Literary Society.—Monthly Meeting.  
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.  
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, July 20th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea Pig Show.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.  
 Harriers.—Garden Party and Athletic Sports, at "Eagle," Snaresbrook.  
 Ramblers' Club.—To Harriers' Garden Party. No Ramble.  
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.  
 Gymnasium.—Display at Crystal Palace.  
 Cycling Club.—Run to Snaresbrook, Harriers' Garden Party.
- SUNDAY, July 21st.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.  
 Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, July 22nd.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea Pig Show.—Performance of "Daniel," by North London United Choirs, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
- TUESDAY, July 23rd.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
 Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.  
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, July 24th.**—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.  
 Fire Brigade.—General Meeting, at 10, in Gymnasium.  
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 21st, 1889.

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

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Chorus, "Fixed in His everlasting seat" ... .. *Handel.*
2. Andante in F sharp minor ... .. *Wesley.*
3. Fugue in A minor ... .. *Bach.*
4. Sacred Song, "There is a green hill far away" ... .. *Gounod.*
5. Impromptu ... ..
6. March Cornelius ... .. *Mendelssohn.*

AT 4. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

1. Pastoral Sonata ... .. *Rheinberger.*
2. Song without words, No. 18 ... .. *Mendelssohn.*
3. Fugue in B minor ... .. *Bach.*
4. Pastorale ... .. *Whitney.*
5. Impromptu ... ..
6. Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs (by special request) ... *Guilman.*

## Notes of the Week.

THE shooting for the Queen's Prize began on the 11th at Wimbledon for the last time. It is a good many years now since I visited the Camp to see the shooting, but it is melancholy to think that the old ground will be deserted after this year. To be sure, the Volunteers are not going to be suppressed, nor will the annual festival be discontinued, but for a few years there will be lamentation over the lost associations of Wimbledon. When are we going to have the Palace Rifle Corps? When is a Member of that corps going to win the Queen's Prize?

IN the list of scores I notice what seems to me a radical mistake. The corps are numbered First, Second, etc., Middlesex or Essex, as the case may be. Would it not be wiser and more convenient to number them after the districts to which the men belong? Thus, "Captain Hawkeye, People's Palace Brigade," would sound a good deal better, and command a great deal more interest than "Captain Hawkeye, 15th Middlesex." Well, I have had many pleasant visits in the old days to the Camp, though circumstances over which one seems to have had no control, always prevented me from becoming a volunteer. Perhaps an abominable shortness of sight, which does not allow me, even with spectacles, from seeing the target, may be accepted as a sufficient reason.

YET once I nearly won a prize in artillery practice. The way of it was as follows:—I went forth to see a prize shooting. The target was something out at sea, I have no idea what, because I was totally unable to see it. For some reason the competition fell through, and it was decided to get up another on the spot, and to take in strangers: they took in me. I very nearly took in them. My duty, when my turn came, was to direct the pointing of the gun. Now, as I had no idea in the world where the target might be, and as I was obviously anxious not to drop a cannon ball into a casual three-decker, I got behind the back of the man who preceded me, and observed, in general terms, the direction in which he pointed the gun, and the signs he made. When my turn came, I got up, and imitated his gestures, and pointed the gun much in the same direction. Immense applause followed the discharge of the abominable weapon, and I believe the target disappeared, and was for ever lost, being shattered into a thousand pieces by the precision and wonderful accuracy of my shot. They did not, however, for some reason or other, give me the prize. And that is the only time that I have ever fired a big gun.

WITH the rifle I have more often made experiments, and considering that a target at a couple of hundred yards is invisible to me, I think I have done well in not potting some harmless rustic, cow, sheep, or dog, instead of the butt. I hope that this explanation of the reasons why I have never joined the volunteer force will be accepted as sufficient by my friends: particularly as I find nothing but praise for those young fellows who form our real army of defence. Nothing so good for youth as drill, discipline, continued action, and regimental spirit: nothing so good for the country as the maintenance of the martial and patriotic spirit. Let us get together the Palace Corps with as little delay as may be. Would Lord Rosebery become its colonel?

THERE is a society which, I believe, is not much known in our part of the world; but it is doing a work which deserves to be known. It is called the Society of Psychical

Research: in other words it is a society for inquiring into ghosts, ghost stories, and all such things. The society has made already an extensive and profound investigation into many so-called ghost stories with results which may be described as negative, and, therefore, unsatisfactory. So far as the Committee have got, the great ghost question remains just as it did before: that is to say, those of us who like to believe in ghosts may go on doing so unreprieved by the society. Will, however, any of my readers, who have a ghost story to tell, of their own experience, *not hearsay*, be so good as to send it to me. I will not only publish it, but I will also send it on to the secretary of the society. But please to remember what Dr. Johnson said, "Nobody has seen a ghost, but everybody knows a man who has seen a ghost."

THE society has classified ghosts into different kinds and sorts. It has also classified ghost stories, and conducts its inquiries according to scientific principles arrived at after a good deal of experience. Now there are a great many stories telling how people have received messages, heard voices, or seen figures belonging to friends and loved relations, at a time when, as afterwards appeared, these persons were actually dying. The society has now undertaken this special branch of ghost story, and has prepared a question to which they ask for 50,000 replies. The question is as follows:—Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice: which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

THERE is the question—will everybody who reads this Journal make a note of it? If they will also send me an answer to it, I will undertake to forward the reply to the society. It is not a humbugging society, but a real thing which means business, under the presidency of one of the most learned Professors at Cambridge. There is to be a great Congress on the subject at Paris in August. If there should turn up anything interesting or uncommon in the Congress, I will translate it for the benefit of our Journal. Meantime, dear readers,—send me stories,—oh! send me stories,—real, genuine, well authenticated stories about ghosts.

FOR my own part I have never had any hesitation whatever in confessing that I do believe in ghosts. Anyone who believes in the next world must, I am sure, believe in ghosts. But I think, also, that very few people in the world are able to fall into such a mental or psychical condition as to receive communications from the next world. And I further believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred spirit-rappers and spiritualists are liars of the first water; and this for the reason that not a single message from the next world has ever been recorded which was worth hearing. Most men are never troubled at all with the sense of the supernatural: some, however, feel this sense very strongly at different times of the day,—at evening twilight especially, and at midnight. Some nations, again, feel this sense much more strongly than others. All good Scotchmen believe in ghosts: so do Welshmen: so do the Irish: so do the honest Northumbrians, every man among whom has seen his ghost. But the young people of the modern city have no such terrors: they never see the sheeted spectre gliding across the lawn: they never see the figure transparent, yet clearly outlined, standing between the bed and the window.

FROM ghosts to phonograph. They have actually begun to conduct diplomatic correspondence by the phonograph. Consider. In future not the telegraph which may be read, even in cipher, by clerks, but the phonograph will be the medium of diplomacy. The Queen's messenger will carry a box under his arm, and present it to Prince Bismarck. "The Marquis of Salisbury requests the honour of ten minutes confidential conversation with your Highness." Then he retires. Bismarck opens the box, and Lord Salisbury speaks. Then, Bismarck gets another box, speaks his reply into it, locks it up, and sends it back by return messenger. Now, this suggests an admirable situation for a novel. The Queen's messenger, returning home with Bismarck's reply to Salisbury, followed and waylaid by Russian myrmidons, in hopes of cutting him off, capturing the box, and hearing the final decision of the Chancellor. Adventures of the messenger: hair-breadth escapes: final triumph and delivery of the box unopened, with its speech unheard, to the Premier of the United Kingdom.

A VERY curious superstition has been mentioned in the House of Commons: it is the prejudice which is said to attach to being buried on the north side of the churchyard. Now that churchyards are everywhere giving place to cemeteries, which have no sides, so to speak, the superstition will speedily exist no longer. Mr. Mathews, the Home Secretary, —is he not a Roman Catholic?—said that he had never heard of the prejudice. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, declared that the objection to being buried on the north side is almost as widespread as the custom of building churches east and west. If I may be allowed to differ from so great an authority, I would point out that I have been in almost every part of my native country, that I never go into any village or town without visiting church and churchyard, and that I have found this superstition common but *not* universal, as Mr. Gladstone says. There are many parts of England where I have found the north part of the churchyard as freely used for burial as any other part.

HERE, however, is a little superstition which I heard as a child. It was in the South of England. We were taught that when a bramble grew over the grave of a dead person, it was a sure sign that he had gone to Heaven: if nettles grew, then it was a sign that—alas!—he had gone to the only other place. Now, this was in the days before they began to pay so much attention to the decoration of churchyards, and I am sorry to say that my youthful respect for ancestral virtue was prematurely destroyed, owing to the fact that most of the graves were covered with nettles.

THE City of London is about to expend a sum not exceeding a thousand pounds in the production of a work illustrating the whole history of the city from the earliest times. This ought to be a work of very great importance, and of the highest interest. The Charter which the City obtained from King William the First is still in their possession—a little brown parchment in three lines. But I doubt very much whether the thousand pounds proposed will be a tenth part of what such a work, to be done properly, will cost; for it will require the labour of a highly-skilled person, one who can read and master old documents, who is a lawyer as well as a historian, and an archaeologist of the first rank, to attack this gigantic task. And it will take such a man ten years to do it properly.

CAN we not, without the assistance of the Common Council, get together an exactly similar account of the growth and history of that Great London which lies East of Aldgate? It is true that a great part of it has only existed since the last fifty years. But there are all kinds of curiously interesting historical associations about nearly every parish of the East End. As soon as I have time, I will draw up a prospectus of what is wanted, get together a staff of workers, and produce a most delightful volume on this unchronicled great city of two millions, which has no government, and no public buildings except the Palace, and a Town Hall or two.

THINK of the Riverside Parishes alone! There is a field for anecdote and for adventure. St. Katherine's, Ratcliffe, Poplar, Limehouse, the Isle of Dogs, Millwall,—the riverside as far as Barking, nay, as far as Tilbury,—here is a wonderful hive for histories. And there are Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, Stepney, Bow, and the formerly rural retreats of West Ham, Plaistow, Hackney, and the rest. My friends, we will produce, between us, a very noble volume.

THE EDITOR.

### Waterproof Tweed.

GOOD Scotch tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain; and the following is the recipe: Into a bucket of water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear; pour it off into another bucket and put the garment therein; let it be there for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry, without wringing it. You may wear garments thus treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, the cloth is waterproof. A friend of ours, a short time ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind, and when he slipped off his overcoat his clothes were as dry as when he put it on.

### Palace and Institute Notes.

SHOCKING disaster to Paris Trippers! Total rout of several parties! Gloom has been cast over several erewhile happy East-End homes by the discovery that certain Paris Trippers can't possibly take their holidays at the time they had arranged for, and are consequently shut out from Paris. But human nature is selfish, and great rejoicings are going up from those hitherto kept out by numbers. Great preparations are in hand for storming Mr. Were's office on Friday evening next, when these vacancies will, no doubt, be eagerly competed for:—

3rd August to 10th August .. ..	One vacancy.
17th " 24th " .. ..	Four vacancies.
7th September to 14th September ..	Three "
14th " 21st " .. ..	One vacancy.

At the same time Mr. Were would like to see those who have already secured their places, and have them pay their brake-hire, etc.

THE Technical School boys at Ramsgate are reported to be having a rare week's fun. They may be expected back at Blackwall Pier on Friday next, by the boat which leaves Ramsgate at 11 a.m.

YESTERDAY and Monday were given over to the Donkeys and Ponies, and some very splendid specimens the East End costers turned out too. One would never imagine there were so many fine donkeys in all London, so different as they were from the miserable animal one expects to find harnessed to an ordinary donkey barrow.

FRIDAY, Saturday, and Monday will bring us the Cats, the Rabbits, and the Guinea-Pigs. It is a good thing to see how tenderly the people of East London treat their animals, and gratifying to notice how well it influences their condition. There is always something good in a man who can keep a pet.

IT is a proud distinction of this column, that it is the portion of the *Journal* set apart for the insertion of lists of honour. Last week I printed a list of the awards at the Workmen's Exhibition, and here below are the names of the ladies who have passed the Examination in Nursing, held recently by Dr. Clark, after lectures given by Dr. Stokes, under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association. I cannot think of anything in the whole world which a woman should be prouder of proficiency in than this; and in my own opinion (a humble one, but one which I believe in), each of the young women mentioned in this list has distinguished herself in a higher and more legitimate way than she would have done by coming out at the top of the London B.A. list. The names are:—

Ada Mulhern, Cecilia Williamson, Emily Dugwell, Lillian Bartlett, Elizabeth Forth, Elizabeth Williams, Catherine Levene, Eleanor Cohen, Mary Mardle, Alice Lansdowne, Anna Pound, Nellie Pound, Maria Mogge, Elizabeth Parfett, Lizzie Anker, Mary Rilly, Florence Holmstead, Jennie Clifton, Alice Marchant, Frances Parnell, Alice Cole, Kate Hitch, Mary Ann Miller, Rose Munro, Elizabeth Kemp, Agnes Atkins, Frances M. Stevenson, Eliza Seaborne, Louisa Hockett, Selina Atkinson, Helenor Kay, R. Moses, Mary Bon, Kate Harrison, Laura Bray, Emmie Summerfield, Sarah Thomas, F. M. Sheppard, Jane Macdonald, Elizabeth Brown.

MISS BLACK (whom everybody who knows the Palace will be sorry to lose) reports that during June some 20,000 persons visited the Library, including 2,461 who came on Sundays. The number of books out each week (not including bound volumes of newspapers, such as *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and the *Illustrated London News*) were,

From June 2nd to June 9th .. ..	598
" 9th to " 16th .. ..	505
To boys on Sunday .. ..	103
From June 16th to June 23rd .. ..	631
To boys on Sunday .. ..	96
From June 23rd to June 30th .. ..	611
To boys on Sunday .. ..	59

Total .. .. 2,544

The total, not including the boys books, is 2,286.

THE lady Members of the Institute should not forget that there is a Members' Library at their service, from which books may be borrowed to read at home. It is not a great library, but it is a good one, and contains a good number of those books which everybody must read whose ability to read is to be of proper service to him.

NEXT week's issue of the *Journal* will contain the first half of a bright little comedieta, by a very good friend of the Palace—Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw. Our Dramatic Society members should all get this. It seems a very suitable piece for amateur representation, and there are no expensive properties needed.

SUB-EDITOR.

### Soldier Women.

TOWARDS the end of the last century some excitement was caused by the achievements of a woman known as the Chevalier d'Eon. In furnishing particulars of her life, she stated that when young her parents made her pass for a boy, and sent her to a college in Paris. She became doctor in civil, then in canon law, and afterwards a counsellor.

Russia being at variance with France, she was selected to go to St. Petersburg to reconcile the two Courts. On hearing that capital, however, she resumed the dress of a woman. She proved so successful in her mission that she was called upon to make a second journey to St. Petersburg; but this time she went in man's attire, and was not recognised. Shortly after returning she was given a lieutenancy in the Dragoons of the French army, and while in this capacity she was engaged in active service. She afterwards became secretary to an Embassy in London; "and here she made herself so agreeable to that Court that his Britannic Majesty, contrary to custom, chose her to carry to Versailles, and to the Duke of Bedford, his Ambassador in Paris, the ratification of peace concluded between the two nations."

A woman alive in 1808, was then one hundred and ten years of age, but still in good health and spirits. She had lived in the reign of five monarchs, beginning from King William, having been born in Scotland on the 1st January, 1698. She was credited with having borne a distinguished part in the battles of Dettingen, Culloden, Fontenoy, and others, under the Duke of Cumberland.

The following epitaph tells of another woman who served her country in the ranks:—"In memory of Phoebe Hessel, who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years, as a private soldier, in the 5th Regiment of Foot, in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, at the Battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in the arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to George the Fourth, by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12th, 1821, aged 108."

She was well known in Brighton, where she sold fruit at a stall in the street, "and when over a hundred frequently afforded proof to any who offended her of the determined spirit which animated her to extraordinary adventures in her youth." It appears, when fifteen years of age, she formed a strong attachment for a private in the regiment called "Kirk's Lambs," which was ordered to the West Indies. She determined to follow her lover, and consequently enlisted into the 5th Regiment. After serving several years on the Continent, she disclosed her sex to the wife of her general, and was sent home, her lover in the meantime having been wounded and sent to Plymouth. She nursed him in the hospital, and when he was discharged, married him. King George IV. allowed her eighteen pounds a year in her declining years; and it is said that he described her, on one occasion, as "a jolly old fellow."

Eleanor Job died in 1823, aged 105. In the first war with America she accompanied her husband, who was a soldier in the artillery, to that country, where she attended with the army in every campaign that took place as principal nurse in the Flying Hospital. She was familiarly known amongst the soldiers by the name of "Good Mother Job."

Women have also adopted male attire and passed for men in other walks of life. Thus, in 1822, a woman who for four years had worked as a plasterer, dressed as a man, was discovered by her friends and obliged to leave her employment.

AN estate agent announces in one of the papers that he has "a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land."

## 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 AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

Copies of the photograph taken by Mr. Barrett on the 6th inst. can now be had, price 1s. 6d., of Mr. Laing, who will be at the Palace to-night (Wednesday), at about 8.30. Members are reminded that we have private practice every Tuesday evening during the summer.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

The Monthly Meeting of this Society will be held on Friday next, for which occasion productions are invited.

C. J. WHITE, } Hon. Secs.  
H. S. CAYZER, }

## PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Certain work being in progress in our room, we have been obliged to adjourn, and there will be no meeting till further notice.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.  
H. A. GOLD, Hon. Lib.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Mr. H. H. BURDETT.

On Saturday last fourteen of our Leaders went down to the "Valentines," Ilford, and gave a short display, the occasion being the Annual Garden Party of the Upton Choral Society.—On Saturday next we give a display at the Crystal Palace. Members wishing to go should communicate with Mr. Hunter.—Our second season closed on Saturday last, and we may congratulate ourselves on the success we have obtained, under the very able direction of Mr. H. H. Burdett, assisted by Messrs. Nelson and Wright; we have given twenty-three displays since December 22nd, and our efforts have been greatly appreciated by the large audiences we have drawn together, and it is to be hoped that our third season (which will commence in October) will be even more successful than our last.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

BRIGADE NOTICE.—General Meeting of the Brigade on Wednesday, 24th July, at 10 p.m., in the Gymnasium.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

## THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

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

At the General Meeting of the above Troupe, held on Thursday last, after several matters had been gone into, several vacancies which had occurred in the Committee were filled up by Messrs. E. Trappitt, Lingard, and W. Thomas being elected. Due notice of the next rehearsal will be given to Members.

HENRY A. GOLD, Hon. Sec. and Treas.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Owing to the unsettled condition of the weather, only a small party took part in the ramble on Saturday last. We started from Bow at 3.5 p.m., arriving at Kew Bridge at 4.15 p.m., and walked down by the river entrance to Kew Gardens, where we commenced a most delightful walk through avenues of elm and oak trees to the lake; here we obtained a view of the Thames, with its pleasure boats at frequent intervals, proceeding towards Richmond, and on the opposite side of the river, Sion House and Park, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. In another direction, a beautiful green walk by the lake through the Royal Gardens to the Palm House and Winter Gardens. After we had inspected the magnificent palms, ferns, lilies, etc., contained therein, we returned by the river-side to the Boat-house, where we had tea. When tea was over, we again proceeded through the gardens, to the flagstaff of the Douglas pine, from Vancouver's Island, presented by Mr. Edward Stamp. The length is 159 feet; weight, 4 tons, 8 cwt., 2 qrs.; age, about 250 years. The flagstaff and the pagoda form splendid way-marks in these extensive grounds, and can be seen from most parts. There is evidence of careful arrangement everywhere; the various specimens of shrub, plant, trees, and flower beds, afford ample subjects for enthusiastic gardeners, and are picturesque in the extreme. As the time seemed to pass so quickly and pleasantly, we were only able to see a comparatively small part of these beautiful gardens, and look forward with pleasure to a second visit, which we might very profitably devote to the examination of the museum portion, especially Miss North's gallery.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

The First Annual Garden Party and Athletic Sports will be held in the grounds of the "Eagle Hotel," Snaresbrook, on Saturday next. During the afternoon the following events will be decided, commencing at 2.45 p.m. sharp:—1. Two Miles' Handicap (3 prizes), entrance fee 1s.; 2. Obstacle Race (2 prizes), entrance fee 6d.; 3. Sack Race (1 prize), 6d.; 4. Three-Legged Race (2 prizes), entrance fee 6d. An efficient band has been engaged, and will play selections during the day. The grounds will be illuminated at dusk with hundreds of Vauxhall lamps and Chinese lanterns, and dancing will take place during the evening on the lawn. (Provision will be made in case of wet weather.) Tea will be provided at reasonable charges; tickets, 1s. each, can be had of any of the Members, or of

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.,  
35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate.

## BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club will be held on Thursday next, the 18th inst., at 8 o'clock. Old Members should endeavour to be present.

T. W. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Our Benefit Concert takes place in the Queen's Hall this evening (Wednesday), at 8 p.m.—Members will please note that our next rehearsal will be held on Tuesday, July 30th, at 8 p.m.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join the above Society may be seen after any rehearsal.

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

## BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Nineteen fellows turned out for the run on Saturday to Hampstead, all bent on a lively evening, which they certainly had on the Heath, especially among the automatic machines. Our J. Howard on Saturday, too, had a merry time at the Chelmsford Sports, winning the first prize in the Mile, and second (his brother was first) in the Three Miles' Handicap.—Next Thursday's run is to Woodford, and Saturday's to the "Eagle," at Snaresbrook, where the Beaumont Harriers give their Garden Party. A good muster wanted to support them.—Two errors crept into last week's report. It was E. Ransley (not H. R.) who won the 100 Miles Club Medal, and the time was 9 hours 35 minutes, not 7 hours 35 minutes as stated.

D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Hon. Sec.

## BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

## GALLERY NOTICES.

Grosvenor Gallery, closes 31st July, 1889.

Royal Academy, closes 5th August, 1889.

New Gallery, closes 6th August, 1889.

The monthly Exhibition of Sketches will be held on Monday, 12th August, 1889. The subjects for illustration are as under:—

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

The sketches will be criticised by one of the Club patrons. The subjects for the Sketching Club Competition for prizes will be issued next Wednesday. We trust our Members are not forgetting the Annual Competition of Sketching Clubs, to be held at the Society of British Artists, and we hope all Members wishing to compete will give in their names and fees on Monday, 12th August, at the monthly Exhibition. A General Meeting will be held in the Trustees' Offices on Friday evening next, the 19th, at 8.30.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

## Old Laces.

MANY of our girls do not know why old lace is so much more valuable and generally so much more beautiful than new lace. The fact is, that the valuable old lace is all woven in lost patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the four gospels, to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began all work of this kind was interrupted for a time. After the storm had subsided the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands, and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one; and this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrine, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there were instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day, specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in gold.

A few years ago, Mr. Ruskin uttered some opinions upon machine-made and hand-made lace which seemed to bear so closely upon the subject before us, that we venture to quote them. "There is still some distinction," he said, "between machine-made and hand-made lace. I will suppose that distinction so far done away with, that a pattern once invented, you can spin lace as fast as you now do thread. Everybody might then wear not only lace collars but lace gowns. Do you think they would be more comfortable in them than they are now in plain stuff—or that when everybody could wear them, anybody would be proud of wearing them? . . . You don't think it would be convenient, or even creditable, for women to wash the doorsteps or dish the dinners in lace gowns? Nay, even for the most lady-like occupations—reading or writing or playing with the children—do you think a lace gown . . . so great an advantage or dignity to a woman. If you think of it, you will find the whole value of lace as a possession depends on the fact of its having a beauty which has been the reward of industry and attention.

"That the thing itself is a prize—a thing which everybody cannot have. That it proves by the look of it the ability of its maker; that it proves by the rarity of it, the dignity of its wearer—either that she has been so industrious as to save money which can buy say, a piece of jewellery, of gold tissue, or of fine lace—or else that she is a noble person to whom her neighbours concede as an honour the privilege of wearing finer dress than they.

"If they all choose to have lace, too—if it ceases to be a prize—it becomes, does it not, only a cobweb?

"The real good of a piece of lace, then, you will find, is that it should show—first, that the designer of it had a pretty fancy; next, that the maker of it had fine fingers; lastly, that the wearer of it has worthiness or dignity enough to obtain what is difficult to obtain, and common-sense enough not to wear it on all occasions."

## Postmen.

IN "Original English, as written by the Little Ones at School," there are many amusing specimens of juvenile composition:

"Nobody could be happy in the world except for the useful gentleman what we call a postman. For how would you know whether those arnts and uncles of yours who live right across the fields and rivers was dead if the gentleman did not bring a henvelope with black all round? You would think they was still alive, and you'd keep all on writing to them. That is why postmen are allis little thin men without beards, cuz they have to keep on walking quick all day. They are not dressed up so fine as soldiers cuz they haven't to go and fight across the sea. You never see postmen fight, not even with their fists, for they haven't got no time with all those letters to take round. I don't think postmen dare even fight boys, for when me and some more boys was a looking at a postman unlocking a pillar-box, and one of the boys pushed his head into the hole, and we all run away, he wouldn't even run after us, but only told a pollecceman when he came round the corner. And when he came away from the pollecceman he was frightened of walking our way past us, but jumped on a tramway and shammed not to see us. Postmen allis nocks so as to waken babies, and then they tries to look as if they didn't no as baby was behind the door. If the postman don't bring your letters, you can summons him, that's why they're so frightened. Two or three postmen come together without letters at Christmas, and they ask your mothers for a Christmas box. My mother gave them a penny to share amongst them, but some didn't. Many boys become postmen, cuz they think it is a good trade. I don't think they get good dinners, same as men who hasn't to dress up. My father has a lot of meat and bread, and he keeps on a eating. Postmen allis black their boots, cuz they are frightened of being summoned. They are very frightened men, and won't hurt you whatever you do. Never be cruel to them, for they have to take care of their clothes more than you, and are not so big as they would like. I once seed a postman not dressed up, and he was smokin' a pipe, and he put it away when he seed me and the other boys. But we seed him, though; and some of the boys called out after him, 'you'll go and get summoned for smoking yer father's pipe, you will.' But he wouldn't turn round, and he puffed the terbacca out again as soon as he got further on. This is all I no about postmen, except they are very clean men most any time you like to look."

## FULLY QUALIFIED FOR A BOARDING HOUSE.

A YOUNG woman recently answered an advertisement for a servant, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask.

"Suppose," said the lady—"now only suppose, understand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what should you do in such a case?"

The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment, before asking, "Is it a private family, or are there boarders?"

"Boarders," answered the lady.

"Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl.

She was engaged.

## A QUESTION FROM THE JURY.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said the judge, as he concluded his charge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia, even indirectly, was the cause of the man's death, the prisoner cannot be convicted."

An hour later, a messenger came from the jury-room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, your honour," he said, "desire information."

"On what point of evidence?"

"None, your honour; they want to know how to spell pneumonia."

ANXIOUS TO BEGIN.—Prison-warder, to new convict: "We assign men here to work with which they are familiar. So, if you have any special line, say so, and we will start you at once." Convict, who can scarcely believe his ears: "Thanks; I can't begin too soon. I'm an aeronaut."

A SOLEMN PROCEEDING.—Among the Romans, if a man kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby the half of his effects in the event of his dying before the celebration of their marriage. If the lady herself died under the same circumstances, her heirs or nearest of kin took the half due to her. A kiss was regarded very seriously by the ancient Romans.

## Matiwa's Revenge:

OR  
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"THE whole scene was more than I could stand. "Nala," I said, "this must stop. That man is a fiend, but he must not be left to die there. See thou to it."

"Nay," answered Nala, "let him taste of the food which he hath fed so many; leave him till death shall find him."

"That will I not," I answered. "Let his end be swift; see thou to it."

"As thou wilt, Macumazahn," answered the chief, with a shrug of the shoulders; "first let the white man and Maiwa be brought forth."

"So the soldiers came forward and carried Every and the woman into the open air. As the former was borne past his tormentor, the fallen chief, so cowardly was his wicked heart, actually prayed him to intercede for him, and save him from a fate which, but for our providential appearance, would have been Every's own."

"So we went away, and in another moment one of the biggest villains on the earth troubled it no more. Once in the fresh air Every quickly recovered. I looked at him, and horror and sorrow pierced me through to see such a sight. His face was the face of a man of sixty, though he was not yet forty, and his poor body was cut to pieces with stripes and scars, and other marks of the torments which Wambe had for years amused himself with inflicting on him."

"As soon as he recovered himself a little he struggled on to his knees, burst into a paroxysm of weeping, and clasping my legs with his emaciated arms, would have actually kissed my feet."

"What are you about, old fellow?" I said, for I am not accustomed to that sort of thing, and it made me feel uncomfortable.

"Oh, God bless you!" he moaned, "God bless you! If only you knew what I have gone through; and to think that you should have come to help me, and at the risk of your own life! Well, you were always a true friend—yes, yes, a true friend."

"Bosh," I answered testily; "I'm a trader, and I came after that ivory," and I pointed to the stockade of tusks. "Did you ever hear of an elephant hunter who would not have risked his immortal soul for them, and much more his carcase?"

"But he took no notice of my explanations, and went on God blessing me as hard as ever till at last I bethought me that a nip of brandy, of which I had a flask full, might steady his nerves a bit. I gave it him, and was not disappointed in the result, for he brisked up wonderfully. Then I hunted about in Wambe's hut, and found a kaross for him to put over his poor bruised shoulders, and he was quite a man again."

"Now," I said, "why did the late lamented Wambe want to put you in that trap?"

"Because as soon as they heard that the fight was going against them, and that Maiwa was charging at the head of Nala's impi, one of the women told Wambe that she had seen me write something on some leaves, and give them to Maiwa before she went away to purify herself. Then of course he guessed that I had had something to do with your seizing the koppie and holding it while the impi rushed the place from the mountain, so he determined to torture me to death before help could come. Oh, heavens! what a mercy it is to hear English again."

"How long have you been a prisoner here, Every?" I asked.

"Six years and a bit, Quatermain; I have lost count of the odd months lately. I came up here with Major Aldey and three other gentlemen and forty bearers. That devil Wambe ambushed us, and murdered the lot to get their guns. They weren't much use to him when he got them, being breech-loaders, for the fools fired away all the ammunition in a month or two. However, they are all in good order, and hanging up in the hut there. They didn't kill me, because one of them saw me mending a gun just before they attacked us, so they kept me as a kind of armourer. Twice I tried to make a bolt of it, but was caught each time. Last time Wambe had me flogged very nearly to death—you can see the scars upon my back. Indeed I should have died if it hadn't been for the girl Maiwa, who nursed me by stealth."

He got that accursed lion-trap among our things also, and I suppose he has tortured between one and two hundred people to death in it. It was his favourite amusement, and he would go every day and sit and watch his victim till he died. Sometimes he would give him food and water to keep him alive longer, telling him or her that he would let him go if he lived to a certain day. But he never did let him go. They all died there, and I could show you their bones behind that rock."

"The devil!" I said, grinding my teeth. "I wish I hadn't interfered; I wish I had left him to the same fate."

"Well, he got a taste of it any way," said Every; "I'm glad he got a taste. There's justice in it, and now he's gone to hell, and I hope there is another one ready for him there. By Jove! I should like to have the setting of it."

"And so he talked on, and I sat and listened to him, wondering how he had kept his reason for so many years. But he didn't talk as I have written it, in plain English. He spoke very slowly, and as though he had got something in his mouth, continually using native words because the English ones had slipped his memory."

"At last Nala came up and told us that food was made ready, and thankful enough we were to get it, I can tell you. After we had eaten we held a consultation. Quite a thousand of Wambe's soldiers were put *hors de combat*, but at least two thousand remained hidden in the bush and rocks, and these men, together with those in the outlying kraals, were a source of possible danger. The question arose, therefore, what was to be done—were they to be followed or left alone? I waited till everybody had spoken, some giving one opinion and some another, and then being appealed to I gave mine. It was to the effect that Nala should take a leaf out of the great Zulu T'Chaka's book, and incorporate the tribe, not destroy it. We had a good many women among the prisoners. Let them, I suggested, be sent to the hiding-places of the soldiers and make an offer. If the men would come and lay down their arms and declare their allegiance to Nala, they and their town and cattle should be spared. Wambe's cattle alone would be seized as the prize of war. Moreover, Wambe having left no children, his wife Maiwa should be declared chieftainess of the tribe, under Nala. If they did not accept this offer by the morning of the second day it should be taken as a declaration that they wished to continue the war. Their town should be burned, their cattle, which our men were already collecting and driving in great numbers, would be taken, and they should be hunted down."

"This advice was at once declared to be wise, and acted on. The women were despatched, and I saw from their faces that they never expected to get such terms, and did not think that their mission would be in vain. Nevertheless, we spent that afternoon in preparations against possible surprise, and also in collecting all the wounded of both parties into a hospital, which we extemporized out of some huts, and there attending to them as best we could."

"That evening poor Every had the first pipe of tobacco that he had tasted for six years. Poor fellow, he nearly cried with joy over it. The night passed without any sign of attack, and on the following morning we began to see the effect of our message, for women, children, and a few men came in little knots, and took possession of their huts. It was of course rather difficult to prevent our men from looting, and generally going on as natives, and for the matter of that white men too, are in the habit of doing after a victory. But one man who after warning was caught maltreating a woman was brought out and killed by Nala's order, and though there was a little grumbling that put a stop to further trouble."

On the second morning the headmen and numbers of their followers came in in groups, and about midday a deputation of the former presented themselves before us without their weapons. They were conquered, they said, and Wambe was dead, so they came to hear the words of the great lion who had eaten them up, and of the crafty white man, the jackal, who had dug a hole for them to fall in, and of Maiwa, Lady of War, who had led the charge and turned the fate of the battle."

"So we let them hear the words, and when we had done an old man rose and said, that in the name of the people he accepted the yoke that was laid upon their shoulders, and that the more gladly because even the rule of a woman could not be worse than the rule of Wambe. Moreover, they knew Maiwa, the Lady of War, and feared her not, though she was a witch and terrible to see in battle."

"Then Nala asked his daughter if she was willing to become chieftainess of the tribe under him."

"Maiwa, who had been very silent since her revenge was accomplished, answered yes, that she was, and that her rule should be good and gentle to those who were good and gentle

to her, but the froward and rebellious she would smite with a rod of iron; which from my knowledge of her character I thought exceedingly probable."

"The headmen replied that that was a good saying, and they did not complain at it, and so the meeting ended."

"Next day we spent in preparations for departure. Mine consisted chiefly in superintending the digging up of the stockade of ivory tusks, which I did with the greatest satisfaction. There were some five hundred of them altogether. I made inquiries about it from Every, who told me that the stockade had been there so long that nobody seemed to exactly know who had originally collected the tusks. There was, however, a kind of superstitious feeling about them which had always prevented the chiefs from trying to sell this great mass of ivory. Every and I examined it carefully, and found that although it was so old its quality was really as good as ever, and there was very little soft ivory in the lot. At first I was rather afraid lest, now that my services had been rendered, Nala should hesitate to part with so much valuable property, but this was not the case. When I spoke to him on the subject he merely said, "Take it, Macumazahn, take it; you have earned it well," and, to speak the truth, though I say it who shouldn't, I think I had. So we pressed several hundred Matuku bearers into our service, and next day marched off with the lot."

"Before we went, I took a formal farewell of Maiwa, whom we left with a bodyguard of three hundred men to assist her in settling the country. She gave me her hand to kiss in a queenly sort of way, and then said,

"Macumazahn, you are a brave man, and have been a good friend to me in my need. If ever you want help or shelter, remember that Maiwa has a good memory for friend and foe. All I have is yours."

"And so I thanked her and went. She certainly was a very remarkable woman. A year or two ago I heard that her father Nala was dead, and that she had succeeded to the chieftainship of both tribes, which she ruled with great justice and firmness."

"I can assure you that we ascended the pass leading to Wambe's town with feelings very different from those with which we had descended it a few days before. But if I was grateful for the issue of events, you can easily imagine what poor Every's feelings were. When we got to the top of the pass he actually, before the whole impi, flopped down upon his knees, and thanked Heaven for his escape, with the tears running down his face. But then, as I have said, his nerves were shaken,—though now that his beard was trimmed, and he had got some sort of clothes on his back, and hope in his heart, he looked a very different man from the poor wretch we had rescued from death by torture."

"Well, we separated from Nala at the little stairway or pass over the mountain—Every and I and the ivory going down the river which I had come up a few weeks before, and the chief returning to his own kraal on the further side of the mountain. He gave us an escort of a hundred and fifty men, however, with instructions to accompany us for six days' journey, and keep the Matuku bearers in order, and then return. I knew that in six days we should be able to reach a district where porters were plentiful, and whence we could easily get the ivory conveyed to Delagoa Bay."

"And did you land it up safe?" I asked.

"Well, no," said Quatermain, "we lost about a third of it in crossing a river. A flood came down suddenly just as the men were crossing, and many of them had to throw down their tusks to save their lives. We had no means of fishing it up, and so we had to leave it, which was very sad. However, we sold what remained for nearly seven thousand pounds, so we did not do so badly. I don't mean that I got seven thousand pounds out of it, because, you see, I insisted upon Every taking a half share. Poor fellow, he had earned it, if ever a man did. He set up a store in the old colony on the proceeds and did uncommonly well."

"And what did you do with the lion trap?" asked Henry.

"Oh, I brought that away with me also, and when I got to Durban I put it in my house. But really I could not bear to sit opposite to it at nights as I smoked. Visions of that poor woman and the hand of her dead child would rise up in my mind, and also of all the other horrors of which it had been the instrument. I began to dream at last that it had me by the leg. This was too much for my nerves, so I just packed it up and shipped it to its maker in England, whose name was stamped upon the steel, sending him a letter at the same time to tell him of what purpose the infernal machine had been put. I believe that he gave it to some museum or other."

"And what became of the tusks of the three bulls which you shot? You must have left them at Nala's kraal, I suppose."

The old gentleman's face fell at this question.

"Ah," he said, "that is a very sad story. Nala promised to send them with my goods to my agent at Delagoa, and so he did. But the men who brought them were unarmed, and, as it happened, they fell in with a slave caravan under the command of a half-bred Portuguese, who seized the tusks, and what is worse, swore that he had shot them. I paid him out afterwards, however," he added with a smile of satisfaction, "but it did not give me back my tusks, which no doubt have long ago been turned into hair-brushes," and he sighed.

"Well," said Good, "that is a capital yarn of yours, Quatermain, but—"

"But what?" he asked sharply, foreseeing a draw.

"But I don't think that it was so good as mine about the ibex—it hasn't the same finish."

Mr. Quatermain made no reply. Good was beneath it.

"Do you know, gentlemen," he said, "it is half-past two in the morning, and if we are going to shoot the big wood to-morrow, we ought to leave here at nine-thirty sharp."

"Oh, if you shoot for a hundred years you will never beat the record of those three woodcock," I said.

"Or of those three elephants," added Sir Henry.

And then we all went to bed, and I dreamed that I had married Maiwa, and was much afraid of that attractive but determined lady.

THE END.

## Fire and Burglar Proof Safes.

UNTIL the present century safes were simply boxes of hard wood, strengthened by iron bands, and provided with several locks. The first patent for a fire-resisting safe was issued in 1801 to Mr. Thomas Scott. This consisted of a box whose sides were of double metal plates, the space between them being filled with charcoal saturated with an alkaline solution. The first American safes were patented by C. J. Gaylor in 1833, and were constructed on essentially the same plan. The great fire in New York in 1835 gave rise to new inventions for increasing the fire-proof quality of safes. The safe patented by B. G. Wilder about that time was considered the best. It consisted of a double box of wrought-iron plates, strengthened at the edges with bar-iron, the space between the inner and the outer plates being filled with plaster of Paris and mica.

Other successful safes, patented since, have used other fire-proof substances for filling, such as asbestos, or alum, mixed with plaster of Paris, fire-clay, and hydraulic cement; also a mixture of alum, fire-clay and chalk.

In the case of one largely used fire-proof safe the space between the double sides is filled with sawdust in which are packed a number of small tubes filled with an alkaline solution, or crystals of alum or soda. When a fire occurs, and the safe becomes heated, the tubes burst or the crystals melt and the solution saturates the sawdust, and still further protects the contents of the safe from the effect of the heat. The safe has been made burglar proof by the construction of intricate locks.

The first "combination" lock was patented by Dr. Andrews in 1841. The very successful "parautoptic" lock was invented by Mr. Newell about 1845. The Yale lock was patented in 1855. The internal construction of these and other locks since invented is too complicated to be understood by any verbal description, but the general plan includes a number of inner tumblers, slides, or wheels, each of which must be brought into a certain position before the bolt of the lock can be slipped back.

## A Queer Name.

AN Englishman travelling on the continent had engaged a smart servant, and on arriving one evening at an inn in Austria, knowing well the stringency of the police regulations, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as an "English gentleman of independent property."

"But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you."

"I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it from monsieur's portmanteau."

"But it is not there. Bring me the book."

What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself: "Monsieur Warrantedsolidleather!"

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17th, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA.

The People's Palace Choral Society &amp; Orchestra,

Conductors—MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE.

MISS KATE PERCY DOUGLAS.

MISS KATE CHERRY.

MR. BERNARD LANE.

SOLO PIANIST—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

SOLO VIOLINIST—MR. W. R. CAVE.

ORGANIST—MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.,

Assistant Organist to the People's Palace.

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

1. OVERTURE .. "Cœur de Lion" .. .. . Cave.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.2. CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 37,  
in C minor. First movement .. .. . Beethoven.  
MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND THE PEOPLE'S PALACE  
ORCHESTRA.

3. SELECTIONS, from "The Hymn of Praise" .. Mendelssohn.

CHORUS.—All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to  
the Lord. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord with the lute and  
harp, in joyful song extol Him, and let all flesh magnify His  
might and His glory.SOLO AND SEMI-CHORUS.—Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and  
my inmost soul praise His great loving-kindness. Praise thou  
the Lord, O my spirit, and forget thou not all His benefits.

MISS KATE PERCY DOUGLAS.

RECIT.—Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed of the Lord, redeemed  
from the hand of the foe, from your distresses, from deep afflic-  
tion; who sat in the shadow of death and darkness. All ye  
that cry in trouble unto the Lord, sing ye praise! Give ye  
thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.AIR.—He counteth all sorrows in the time of need. He comforts  
the bereaved with His regard. Sing ye praise, give ye thanks,  
proclaim aloud His goodness.  
MR. BERNARD LANE.CHORUS.—All ye that cry unto the Lord in distress and deep  
affliction. He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need.DUET AND CHORUS.—I waited for the Lord, He inclined unto me,  
He heard my complaint; O, blessed are they that hope and  
trust in the Lord.

MISS KATE PERCY DOUGLAS AND MISS KATE CHERRY.

AIR.—The sorrow of death had closed all around me, and hell's  
dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep  
heaviness; but, said the Lord, "Come, arise from the dead, and  
awake thou that sleepest, I will bring thee salvation."RECIT.—We called through the darkness, "Watchman, will the  
night soon pass?" The watchman only said, "Though the  
morning will come, the night will come also." Ask ye, enquire  
ye, ask if ye will, enquire ye, return again, ask, "Watchman,  
will the night soon pass?"

MR. BERNARD LANE.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—The night is departing, the day is approaching.  
Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird  
on the armour of light. The day is approaching, the night is  
departing.

MISS KATE PERCY DOUGLAS.

CHORAL.

Let all men praise the Lord,  
In worship lowly bending;  
On His most Holy Word,  
Redeem'd from woe, depending.  
He gracious is and just  
From childhood us doth lead;  
On Him we place our trust  
And hope, in time of need.  
Glory and praise to God,  
The Father, Son, be given,  
And to the Holy Ghost,  
On high enthron'd in heaven.  
Praise to the Three-One God;  
With pow'ful arm and strong,  
He changeth night to day;  
Praise Him with grateful song.4. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Fantasie" .. .. . De Bériot.  
MR. W. R. CAVE.5. PRELUDE, No. 3, for Orchestra and Organ .. .. Cavetti.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA AND  
MR. R. T. GIBBONS.6. MÉLODIE RELIGIEUSE .. "Agnus Dei" .. .. Bizet.  
MISS KATE PERCY DOUGLAS.  
Organ Obligato .. .. MR. R. T. GIBBONS.  
Violin Obligato .. .. MR. W. R. CAVE.Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis, dona  
nobis pacem.Oh, Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have  
mercy upon us, give us peace.7. OVERTURE .. "Crown Diamonds" .. .. Auber.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.8. SONG .. .. "Parted or Near" .. .. L. Moir.  
MR. BERNARD LANE.Give me thine eyes, those tender eyes of thine,  
The heav'n is dark, I need a light to shine;  
Give me thine eyes, that I may look and see  
Thy heart through them, and know thou lovest me.  
Give me thy hands, those loving hands to hold,  
The ways are dark, and all the world is cold;  
Give me thy hands, that I may feel and know  
Thy heart is with me wheresoe'er I go.Ah, gentle hands, that lie so sweet in mine,  
Ah, tender eyes, that look with light divine;  
Yet more I ask, as at thy feet I fall,  
It is thy heart I crave, to crown it all.  
Give me thy heart, and then our ways may run,  
Parted or near, in shadow or in sun;  
Give me thy heart, and neither earth nor sea  
Shall come between us, for eternity.9. WALTZ .. .. "Jungherren Tänze" .. .. Gungl.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.10. SONG .. .. "Orpheus with his Lute" .. .. Sullivan.  
MISS KATE CHERRY.Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze;  
Bow themselves when he did sing;  
To his music, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.11. CHORUSES from "Messiah" .. .. Handl.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY  
AND ORCHESTRA.

"For unto us"

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the  
government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be  
called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting  
Father, the Prince of Peace.

"Hallelujah!"

HALLELUJAH! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.  
The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord  
and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.  
KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. HALLELUJAH!

## Calendar of the Week.

July 18th.—There are fourteen saints in the Romish Calendar who adorn this day, but no one would recognise the names of any of them if we were to write them down. Godfrey of Bouillon, leader of the first crusade, king of Jerusalem, died on this day, 1100. The Latin kingdom, which was founded at the expenditure of so much blood and treasure, lasted rather less than 100 years. The chief credit of the Crusades belongs to the French, who undoubtedly contributed far more than the English or Germans to the creation of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. At this day, it is every Frenchman's ambition, which few can achieve, to boast himself a descendant of some Crusader.

July 19th.—On this day was fought the battle of Halidon Hill, between the Scotch and English. The defeat of the Scotch by Edward III. on this occasion was accompanied by a great destruction of the vanquished, amounting, it is said, but this need not be believed, to 35,000.

July 20th.—The poet Petrarch was born on this day, 1304, and a few tolerably well-known persons died on this day. On this day, 1662, one of the greatest storms ever witnessed in this country occurred in the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire. It was marked by a heavy fall of hailstones, and a great pillar of smoke. It overturned trees by the hundred, scattered the hay, broke down the houses, and levelled fences and stone walls. It does not appear, however, to have caused much loss of life.

July 21st.—William, Lord Russell, was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields for high treason: and on this day died Scotland's greatest poet, Robert Burns; he was buried with military honours in the churchyard of Dumfries. The following is the epitaph placed over his grave:—

Consigned to earth, here rests the lifeless clay  
Which once a vital spark from Heaven inspired:  
The lamp of genius shone full bright as day,  
Then left the world to mourn its light retired.  
While beams that splendid orb which lights the spheres—  
While mountain streams descend to swell the main—  
While changeful seasons mark the rolling years—  
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain.

July 22nd.—Day of St. Mary Magdalene. Many curious legends are attached to this saint in connection with the South of France. She, is said, in company with the Virgin Mary, and Mary of Salome, to have sailed from Palestine over the Mediterranean to the South of Gaul, where, according to the mediæval tradition, the incorruptible dead body of Mary Magdalene was afterwards found and worshipped. Harry Hotspur was killed on this day at the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403; and on this day, in 1376, the famous rat story happened at the town of Hamel, Brunswick, a story which has been so wonderfully well told by Robert Browning.

July 23rd.—The most important thing that ever happened on this day seems to have been the throwing of the stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, when he introduced the service of the Church of England on the 23rd of July 1637.

July 24th.—Jane Austin, the novelist, died in the year 1817; and on this day Alexander Dumas, the great French novelist, was born in 1803, and died in 1870.

## A Story of an Ex-Nihilist.

IN the Blind Asylum at S—, a short distance from Berlin, there lives a man who until recently was as mysterious a personage as the famous "Man in the Iron Mask." Certain persons high in authority made application for apartments at the asylum which should be worthy of a wealthy occupant. He appeared a short time after, accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was addressed as his wife.

The man was tall and well formed, and dressed in the height of fashion, with hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in looks and bearing. About the face of the man was a linen mask, with an opening opposite the mouth and nostrils, which was never removed in the presence of attendants. He sat in a dark room, to which the servants were rarely admitted, and conversed with few.

His food was given to his wife, and the inmates of the asylum knew nothing of their name and history further than the fact that they were from Russia.

Rumours were rife, as was natural, and many ingenious stories constructed to account for the strange imprisonment. But the mystery has at last been solved, and the "Man in the Linen Mask" proved to be the hero of a strange and touching tale.

A year before the death of the late Czar of Russia, although the scion of a high and mighty family, the young nobleman, like so many of his class, became interested in the trials and hopes of the Nihilists. Time and association made him one of their ardent sympathisers and assistants. When the murder of the Emperor was planned, unfortunately the execution of the dreadful deed fell to him. The news staggered him. His oath bound him to the Nihilists, his family ties to the Czar. Thoughts of his people and the attendant disgrace influenced him, and finally deterred him; he refused to commit the crime.

A year passed by. Another revolutionist had thrown the bomb which he had declined to throw, and Alexander was dead. He had forgotten almost that he had been a Nihilist, but not so those whom he had forsaken. Passing along one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, when about to greet a lady upon the opposite side, something was dashed into his eyes, and in a moment the light of day had gone. His mouth was deformed; his cheeks were burnt and disfigured.

It was the work of a Nihilist, before whose modern inquisition he had been found wanting; vitriol had performed the work. Mad with pain, he was taken to his home, but the injury was beyond reparation, and the doctor's aid in vain.

The Government had confiscated his estates upon learning of his revolutionary sympathies, but restored them in part when informed of the fate which had overtaken him. The mask was placed upon his head, for he was unpleasant to look upon.

But the heroism of one woman was shown—the heroism of the woman to whom he was betrothed. She was a countess, and the daughter of a house as famous and powerful in Russia as was his own. She was heartbroken when told of the fiendish act, and the meeting between the lovers was touching in the extreme. With sorrowful heart he offered to break the engagement and make her free again. But the brave woman refused, and declared that she would remain with him till death took her away.

And they were married in the little church on the old estate, attended by their relatives and friends. And on their wedding day they started for the Blind Asylum in S—, where they had hope of restoring the poor man's sight. And here his wife attends him with unflinching devotion, and prays for the day when the afflicted nobleman can again look upon her face.

## Piron the Persistent.

IN the eighteenth century the gentlemen of Beaune were not all men of wit. Piron, the witty poet, found it a barren soil, if not for Bacchus at least for Apollo. It was a fertile field for epigram, but a joke, to be intelligible to them, must needs be broad.

Piron dressed up a jackass as an archer, and dragged him by main force to the training ground.

"Here," says he, "is one of the company whom I met as I came along."

The animal began to bray, and the archers looked at one another with vexation, like people whose secret has been found out.

In the evening all the archers, except the jackass, went to the theatre.

As the actors spoke somewhat inaudibly, the spectators began to cry, "Louder! Louder! We can't hear!"

"It is not for want of ears!" exclaimed Piron. The indignant audience threw themselves on the poet, who made his escape with the greatest difficulty in the world, exclaiming, "Alone, I could whip them all!" In sober earnest twenty rusty swords were drawn upon him.

The next day, as he returned to Dijon, he mowed down vigorously all the thistles which he found along the road.

Some of the people of Beaune, meeting him slashing away in this manner, asked, "What are you about?"

"About! why, I am at war with the inhabitants of Beaune, and am cutting off their provisions!"

The war lasted a long time. It was as celebrated as the Battle of Fontenoy. To this day the gentlemen of Beaune do not relish any pleasantry on the subject.

The Growth of Gossip.

IT takes a long, conscientious life, to build up a reputation, which may yet be injured for a time by a breath of gossip. For example, something like this may easily happen:—

Mrs. A. says, in all innocence, to Mrs. B.: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles with them through a common clay pipe."

Mrs. B., in her next conversation with Mrs. C., retails the story, slightly altered: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so odd. Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe."

Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.: "That Mrs. Newcomer uses a common clay pipe."

Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid old pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses can do that."

Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks dreadfully."

Social conversations are often like the game of scandal. An innocent statement becomes so distorted, after many repetitions, that it would never be recognised at the source from which it started.

A Curious Experiment.

PUT a lighted candle behind a bottle, pickle jar, or any other object having a polished surface; then station yourself at about twelve inches from the object, so that it hides the flame of the candle from you; and blow with your breath. The candle will be very easily extinguished, in consequence of the currents of air that you have created around the object meeting near the flame. With a board or a sheet of cardboard of the width of the bottle extinction would be impossible. This experiment has a counterpart that has been communicated by M. Harmand, of Paris. Take two bottles instead of one, and place them alongside of each other, so as to leave a space of half an inch between them. Place the candle opposite this space, and, preserving the same distance as before between your mouth and the candle, blow strongly against the flame. Not only will the latter not be extinguished, but it will incline slightly towards you, as if through the effect of suction. The phenomenon, which is analogous to the preceding, is due to the fact that as a portion of the air cannot pass between the bottles, it flows around their exterior and returns to the operator.

WHEREVER there is a flatterer, there is also a fool.

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	1 0
† Arithmetic—Elementary ..	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	2 6
Commercial .. ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Advanced .. ..	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
† Book-keeping—Elem. ..	"	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	2 6
Interme. .. ..	"	Thursday ..	7.0-8.0	2 6
Advanced .. ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Grammar & Compn. Advn.	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Saturday ..	7.30-8.30	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks ..	"	Tuesday ..	"	"
Female Clerks (Prelim.) ..	"	"	"	"
Excise (Beginners) .. ..	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners) .. ..	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) .. ..	"	"	"	"
(Competitive) .. ..	"	"	"	"
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 .. ..	"	"	"	"
† Shortland (Fitman'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
" Commrc. 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) .. ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	3 6
Shakespeare Class .. ..	"	Monday ..	8.0-10.0	3 6
Writing .. ..	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday ..	8.0-10.0	2 0
† London Matriculation .. ..	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Tu. & Fri. ..	6.0-10.0	31 6
" .. ..	"	"	6.0-10.0	42 0
" .. ..	"	"	6.0-10.0	42 0

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

Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Plain Needlework, Garment Making & Art Needlework ..	Mrs. Scrivener ..	Monday ..	7.0-9.0	5 0
Dressmaking .. ..	"	Tuesday ..	7.0-9.0	4 0
" .. ..	"	Wednesday ..	7.0-9.0	4 0
" .. ..	"	Thursday ..	7.30-9.30	4 0
" .. ..	"	Friday ..	3.30-5.30	7 0
" .. ..	"	"	6.30-8.30	4 0
Millinery .. ..	Miss Newall ..	Tuesday ..	7.0-9.0	4 0
Cookery .. ..	Mrs. Sharman ..	Thursday ..	7.30-9.30	3 0
" Practical .. ..	"	"	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. ..	Mr. Michell ..	"	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 ..	Friday ..	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. Scarran ..	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. ..	{ (Wk. 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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