

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 91.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 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.

In consequence of the Annual Exhibition of Pictures, the Library will be closed until further notice. Newspapers can be seen in the Queen's Hall every week-day, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.

The Library will be open on Sundays as usual: viz., from 3 to 10 p.m.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Aug. 8th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission, One Penny.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.

FRIDAY, Aug. 9th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission, One Penny.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.—Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

SATURDAY, Aug. 10th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission, Threepence.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.—Return of Junior Section Boys from Ramsgate.

SUNDAY, Aug. 11th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.

MONDAY, Aug. 12th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission, Threepence.

TUESDAY, Aug. 13th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission, Twopence.—Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. International and other Bands. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission, One Penny.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, AUGUST 11th, 1889.

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

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

IT is not always a safe thing to say what one thinks, particularly, it would seem, under a republican government; but ingenious people have never been wanting who could manage to vent their sentiments in words without incurring risk. There is a Legitimist (or Royalist) newspaper in Paris, which comes out day after day with the words "Vive le Roi!" in large block capitals, right across the page, in the most conspicuous place in the paper. But the wildest Republican cannot accuse the paper of anything inimical to the government, because the words are only the title of the feuilleton or continued story, running its course day by day, as is the practice in all French papers, and occupying the lower half of the journal. The title may not have any very direct reference to the matter of the story, but then that is the case with, perhaps, most titles; and any man, Legitimist, Boulangist, or anything else, has a perfect right to call his novel what he likes, give anything or a bas anything. It would seem to be a feeble sort of satisfaction after all that one might derive from such a device, but no doubt it is all very refreshing. Verdi, the composer, was a very useful man to the cautious among the revolutionists of Italy, nearly thirty years ago. "Viva Verdi!" was a shout nobody could impeach, although in the mind of the shouter it meant "Viva V.E.R.D.I."—Vittorio Emanuele, Re D'Italia.

I HAVE never heard, however, of anything of the kind to beat for ingenuity the invention of an old Scotch lady, a friend of the Stuarts one hundred and fifty years ago. In the manner of her time she was called upon, in Hanoverian company, for a toast or sentiment, and gave a Scriptural one,—“But the tongue can no man tame”—James the Third and Eighth.” Of course, nobody could refuse to subscribe to a Scriptural sentiment, and the old lady had the satisfaction of compelling her company to drink to James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland, besides driving home with a heavy hand the significance of the text itself.

WE shall now be publishing, from time to time, a selection of the short stories and sketches of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Somehow these short tales never seem to have been widely read, although I know no collection in our own language to in any way compare with them for beautiful, delicate fancy and purity of diction. Hawthorne himself, who is of course best known by his "Scarlet Letter," was born at Salem, in Massachusetts, America, in 1804, and came of an old English family, the Hawthornes, who went over with the Pilgrim Fathers. His father and grandfather were both captains of privateers, but his own ambition was always to be a great author. For his charming tales he was at first most wretchedly paid, and he soon accepted a situation as weigher in the Custom House. A change of government, as is the manner of changes of government in America, put him out of his berth, and he took to writing again, producing the "Mosses from an Old Manse." Another change of government saw him again installed in the Custom House, this time as surveyor, but there was another change before very long, and Nathaniel went home again with his discharge in his pocket, and told his wife of his ill fortune. His wife was a sensible woman; she set out his pens and paper, and wheeling him up a comfortable chair, said, "Now you can begin your book." He began it, and it was "The Scarlet Letter." After that he was no longer a what he had previously boasted of being,—the obscurest man of letters in America. "The Scarlet Letter" is, perhaps, almost the only work many people know him by, although some prefer his "Transformation."

HAWTHORNE delighted, in legends of the old times of the American puritan settlements, and of the first symptoms of the breaking away from the mother country. He should have lived in England, or better still, somewhere along the Rhine, for the full exercise of such a genius as his. To wander among old castles, deserted mansions with whispered legends haunting their ancient gables,—to listen to weird old stories of the manifestations of human minds and hearts in strange times and in abnormal circumstances,—these would supply food for the genius of such a poet as Hawthorne; for he was a poet, although he did not rhyme. No other American writer ever approached his purity and delicacy of style, and indeed, very few Englishmen. These short sketches give us pleasant glimpses of America as it is little known, in its old days, before the times of railways and telegraphs, and there is generally more in them than the mere tale which first meets the eye. Everyone should read them carefully—every member of our Literary Society should study them, out and in. Hawthorne died in 1864, and his son, Julian Hawthorne, the author of "Garth," is a prominent American novelist of to-day.

"DROP of beer. Said something to other fellow. Got together. Knocked him down. Drunk, I s'pose, same as I was." It was not Mr. Alfred Jingle who said this, but a labourer charged the other day at Marlborough Street Police Court with assault. One hesitates whether or not to award these sentences higher distinction on account of their straightforward ingenuousness than on account of their admirable brevity and force. Could anything possibly be put with more clearness and truth? There have lived three men whose names have been recorded as excelling all others in this concise style of expression. One was a gentleman of the name of Tacitus; another was the Mr. Alfred Jingle already mentioned; and nobody will deny the honour of at least third place to the labourer who was charged at Marlborough Street the other day with getting drunk and knocking down another gentleman of the same profession.

SUB-EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

OUR Examination results keep pouring in, much faster than the Journal can possibly print them. Here is the second instalment:—

FREEHAND DRAWING.

1st Class.—Batcheler, C. E.; Hassall, A. E.; Atlee, C. E.; Nutter, A. E.; Skinner, F.; Smith, S. G.; Hill, A.; Thorley, A.; Coram, W. H.; Baum, D.; Overnell, T.; Bucks, M.; Parker, G. F.; McCardle, F.; Bersey, W. C.; Moxhay, E. A.; Sansom, C.; Paskell, A. E.

1st Excellent.—Stock, A. E.; Priestley, G. W.; Angus, H. F.; Burnham, F. J.; Hobbs, Florence E.; Layton, H.; Evans, E. H.; Waterson, H. G.; Ellerton, H.; Taylor, Margaret; Scott, J.

2nd Class.—Long, A.; Butler, H.; Wenn, A. J.; Toyne, R. M.; Bishop, J. E.; Winter, H. J.; Holmes, J. E.; Amor, G. W.; Bowsher, A. H.; Baker, S.; Scarlett, A. E.; Sawden, H. F.; McGuire, W. J.; Watson, E. B.; Dixon, J. A.; Howard, H. B.; Davis, S. R.; Wright, R.; Gibson, H. R.; Beard, H. W.; Everett, J.; Ganly, W.; Farley, G. H.; Bryant, G. W.; Edwards, J. G.; Ford, R.; Harwood, E. B.; Murray, G. J.; Bonfield, H.; Barnett, H.; Durrant, E. W.; Page, F. C. J.; Taylor, W.; Bourne, F. W.; Aldridge, J.; David, H.; Willshire, E.; Kearney, R.; Carr, H. G.; Welch, A. J.; Tanner, A. B.; Shotton, L.; Brown, G. A.; Fletcher, A.; Hawkins, W. F.; Pratt, F. W.; Driscoll, G. T.; Dayes, A.; Wood, J.; Payne, J. A.; Francis, A.; Banks, J.; Rosenberg, B.; Johnston, C. W. M.; Plester, A. C.; Leach, S. A.; Hones, A. O.; Slade, J.; Boustead, J.; Finch, A. G.; Fox, T. H.; Hubert, E. C.; Clark, S. W.; Nightingale, C.; Lock, A. E.; Jessop, J. A.; Williams P.; Harry, C. J.; Sampson, A. H.; Brinkman, W. J.; Fardell, C. J.; Davies, A.; Matthews, H.; Watts, E.; Williams, D. J.; Brooks, P. H.; White, F. T.; Bryant, W. A.; Evans, E. J.; Bungard, G. N.; Caunt, F. R.; Clark, B.; Peachey, H.; Burrell, A.; Parrish, R. G.; Hughes, W. A.; Backhouse, A. E.; Seymour, C. T.; Lowman, F. H.; Mahoney, Wm.; Lumsden, A. J.; Bloomfield, L.; Sainsbury, E. H.; Gravener, F. W.; Judd, A. E.; Merritt, G. L.; Beirne, E. H.; Kennedy, J. H.; Laken, W. J.; Beirne, S. A.; Smith, J. F. S.; Flynn, F. J.; Hazall, H.; Law, J. F.; Piper, A. S. J.; Murch, W. A.; Sims, T.; Ashford, W. H.; Sides, M. H.; Nott, J. F.; Huggett, Emmie; Robb, Agnes M.; Rae, L.; Driver, H.; Lelen, F. H.; Weston, D.; Orchard, F. R.; Orchard, E. A.; Stopps, G. W.; Ryan, G. F.; Miller, W. J.; Sayers, W.; Frenzel, F. H. W.; Phillips, H. A.; Brooks, A.; Waters, H.; Lloyd, A. H.; Bartrip, A. C.; Rodger, J. M.; Bolton, E. J.; Baines, H.; Cole, J. W.; Burton, E. T.; Nursey, R.; Fardell, L. G.; Rushbrook, R.; Madden, A.

Perspective and Model, Building and Machine Construction results, will be given in next week's issue.

In another column appears an account of the Boys' Holiday Trip, contributed by one of the Masters. Subscribers to Lady Currie's Fund will no doubt find pleasure in its perusal, and an assurance that their money could not have been better applied.

STILL the Paris trippers trip and return. Mr. Were will attend in his office on Friday evening next to receive subscriptions, and settle outstanding matters generally. Mr. W. T. Connor has sent me a very complete account of the experiences of his party, but this issue is so full, that I fear I can scarcely find room for it yet.

OUR picture show is attracting thousands; 17,502 came on Monday alone. The bands, the concerts, the floral hall, and the illuminations, are bringing enormous crowds every night.

THIS time next year the Palace will have undergone a wonderful change. Approaching it from the Mile End Road first will be seen an elegant, slender stone tower, surmounted by an illuminated clock, and carrying a drinking fountain at its base. Then, probably, a small grass plot with gravel walks and trees, behind which will rise the fine stone frontage to the Palace itself, the building of which frontage will shortly begin. On the left there will stretch away to the end of the Library, Sir Edward Guinness's glass Winter Garden, with its palms and promenades. This is all certain. But I hope we shall also see a Cookery School, a permanent brick Gymnasium, and a large Music Room.

ALL this work is to be done during the winter and spring. Old buildings are to be pulled down, passages blocked up, and a large slice taken off the temporary gymnasium to make way for the alterations and additions. This will so squeeze together our available space, that the Trustees have decided to suspend the Institute during the operations, except in this modified form. That is to say, any person attending a class in the evening schools, or joining the gymnasium, may take a quarterly ticket (costing 6d.), which will entitle him to attend free all the concerts or other entertainments to be given on Wednesday evenings, in the Queen's Hall, and to participate in such other Institute privileges as the exigencies of the situation will permit. Wednesday evenings will be kept free of classes to enable the entertainments to be attended by the students. This arrangement will not, I imagine, cause much inconvenience after all, for there must be very few Members of the Institute not wide-awake enough to use their privileges of class attendance and gymnasium practice.

SUB-EDITOR.

THE medals and certificates awarded at the recent Workmen's Exhibition, will be publicly distributed on Wednesday, October 2nd next. Further particulars will be announced in due course.

NOT often may a lawyer's charges be mentioned as bordering on the fee-nominal.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

FASHION makes fools of some, cowards of many, and apes of all.

THE very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

"WHAT have you got in the shape of oranges?" "Only round ones, sir."

A STATIONER's traveller, having had a run of bad luck in prosecuting business, received from the "boss" the following wire: "If you can't make expenses, come home at once." The reply was: "All right. Can make plenty of expenses, but no sales."

WELL, farmer, how does this sunny weather suit you? "Bad. Corn's being burned up. What we need is a shower." "Well, I guess you'll have it. A rain is predicted for to-morrow." "That so? The deuce! The corn'll jest be drowned out, as usual."

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 CRICKET CLUB.

PEOPLE'S PALACE v. ALL SAINTS.

This match was played at West Ham Park, on August 3rd, and resulted in a victory for the People's Palace by 20 runs on the first innings. Scores and bowling analysis:—

ALL SAINTS.		PEOPLE'S PALACE.	
J. Kidder b G. Sharman .. 5	F. Young b G. Sharman .. 0	G. W. Maines c H. Sharman b G. Sharman .. 0	H. Merk b G. Sharman .. 5
F. Young b G. Sharman .. 0	G. W. Maines c H. Sharman b G. Sharman .. 0	H. Merk b G. Sharman .. 5	H. Howes c Carter b A. Bowman .. 10
G. W. Maines c H. Sharman b G. Sharman .. 0	H. Merk b G. Sharman .. 5	H. Howes c Carter b A. Bowman .. 10	W. Johnson run out .. 14
H. Merk b G. Sharman .. 5	H. Howes c Carter b A. Bowman .. 10	W. Johnson run out .. 14	
H. Howes c Carter b A. Bowman .. 10	W. Johnson run out .. 14		
W. Johnson run out .. 14			

PEOPLE'S PALACE.		PEOPLE'S PALACE.	
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
H. Sharman c Fuller b Burton .. 23	A. Bowman b Burton .. 4	T. G. Carter b Kidder .. 10	G. W. Sharman b Johnson .. 9
A. Bowman b Burton .. 4	T. G. Carter b Kidder .. 10	G. W. Sharman b Johnson .. 9	E. Bell b Howes .. 0
T. G. Carter b Kidder .. 10	G. W. Sharman b Johnson .. 9	E. Bell b Howes .. 0	H. W. Byard b Howes .. 0
G. W. Sharman b Johnson .. 9	E. Bell b Howes .. 0	H. W. Byard b Howes .. 0	H. Shaw b Howes .. 7
E. Bell b Howes .. 0	H. W. Byard b Howes .. 0	H. Shaw b Howes .. 7	W. Hendry b Howes .. 0
H. W. Byard b Howes .. 0	H. Shaw b Howes .. 7	W. Hendry b Howes .. 0	F. A. Hunter b Howes .. 0
H. Shaw b Howes .. 7	W. Hendry b Howes .. 0	F. A. Hunter b Howes .. 0	C. A. Bowman not out .. 0
W. Hendry b Howes .. 0	F. A. Hunter b Howes .. 0	C. A. Bowman not out .. 0	G. Shepherd b Howes .. 0
F. A. Hunter b Howes .. 0	C. A. Bowman not out .. 0	G. Shepherd b Howes .. 0	Extras .. 13
C. A. Bowman not out .. 0	G. Shepherd b Howes .. 0	Extras .. 13	
G. Shepherd b Howes .. 0	Extras .. 13		
Extras .. 13			
Total .. 66	Total .. 46		

BOWLING ANALYSIS.				
	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
G. Sharman	6	1	17	4
H. W. Byard	6	1	12	0
H. Shaw	4	0	7	3
A. Bowman	3	0	15	2
T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.				

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

A Cabinet Council was held on Thursday evening last, when the following Ministers were present:—Messrs. London, Hawkins, Goldhill, Albu, Billings, and Taylor. The deliberations were adjourned at a late hour until to-morrow (Thursday), at 8.30 p.m. sharp.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

The next rehearsal of the above Society will take place on Friday, 16th August.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

Members will please call at the General Officers for orders as usual.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TENNIS CLUB.

There are a few vacancies in the above Club. Members can have the use of the Court at Manor Park, or at the Palace. Subscription for the remainder of the season, 2s. 6d. As it is intended to charge an entrance fee of 7s. 6d. next season, intending Members should join at once and save this fee. Application to be made to the Secretary personally on Thursday evening, from 7 to 8 o'clock, at the Palace court.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription: Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. During the Autumn Fête, the Club meetings will be held in the Old School Buildings, Room No. 12, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, from 7 p.m. As the winter matches with other clubs will soon be arranged, I shall be glad to receive the names of players who will take part in them. Those desirous of becoming Members, are requested to pay us a visit on Club night.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The One Mile Handicap of the above Club took place at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, on July 29th, with the following results:—J. Dodd, 22 secs. start, first; J. Pocknell, 22 secs. start, second; H. Young, 60 secs. start, third; time 5 min. 7 secs. (7 ran). The One Mile Junior Section Race also was decided. The first three being F. J. Harvey, first; H. Gardiner, second; G. Green, third; time 5 min. 30 secs. After the races we adjourned to the "Forest Gate Hotel," and thoroughly enjoyed a splendid tea (kindly provided by Sir Edmund Hay Currie, who took the chair). After tea the Chairman proposed a song, and E. Griffiths obliged with two, and J. Bowman also obliged. The Chairman then heard the reports, and distributed the prizes of the last race. J. Deeley, handicapper; H. Jacobs, starter; L. G. Lowther, time-keeper.

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

In School Days.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a grey-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

J. G. Whittier.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN EAST LONDON.—At a time when much thought is being given to this matter, a practical suggestion may be of service. Last year more than £300,000 worth of foreign matches were purchased by inconsiderate consumers in this country, to the great injury of our own working people—so true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." If all consumers would purchase Bryant and May's matches, that firm would be enabled to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigour of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but for a long while past she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were some times thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and be sprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt with its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half-a-century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well-known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendour was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it

spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumpled flower blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half-a-century would ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half-a-century looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; "pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous 'Fountain of Youth,' if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, through numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the 'Fountain of Youth.' It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectful old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that—knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error—they should ever go astray again. "Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor—if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it—could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party,—not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine,—together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger; but we are still too old! Quick! give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely you might be content to grow young in half-an-hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face while the shadows of age were fitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the present, past, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been troling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered towards the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror curtsying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favour me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor, "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendour gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a grey dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy time of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly-marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gaiety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the darkness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young; their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favours, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madame Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They

looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half-a-century which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose," ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before? Was it an allusion? Had the changes of a life-time been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully. In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it had created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful. "Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger; "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very door-step, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night from the Fountain of Youth.

A Great Man's Wrongs.

THE closing years of Wren's work at St. Paul's Cathedral were darkened by wrongful and insulting treatment. There had been a commission appointed to superintend the progress of the works, the author of "Cathedral Churches" tells us, the majority of whom were no more fitted for the duty than have been some modern ediles. An idea took possession of their minds that Wren wanted the work prolonged as much as possible in order that he might continue to enjoy his sumptuous salary (two hundred pounds a year!) as architect. Accordingly, three years before the close of the seventeenth century, a clause had been inserted in an Act of Parliament, which had authorised them to suspend the payment of one half his salary till the work was finished. When the building was substantially complete, Wren was still only able to obtain this by petitioning the Crown. But disputes about this comparatively paltry sum was not all; the commissioners continued to meddle with the work and to thwart the architect. Contrary to his strongly-expressed wishes they cooped up the cathedral with an enclosure consisting of a stone wall, surmounted by a heavy cast-iron railing, which since, and with such good effect, has been removed from the west front. The iron-work of this was cast from ore smelted in the furnaces of the Sussex Weald, and has thus the one solitary interest of being a monument of a vanished industry. The commissioners insisted upon crowning the side walls of the cathedral with a balustrade, since this, to quote Wren's words, "was expected by persons of little skill in architecture," and by ladies, who "think nothing well without an edging." At last they brought their disputes to a close by a crowning act of insult and ingratitude. As the result of a miserable Court intrigue they obtained from George I. the dismissal of the illustrious architect from his office of Surveyor of Public Works. Wren, then in his eighty-sixth year, but in full possession of his faculties, bore this ill-treatment with equanimity, retired to his house at Hampton Court, and resumed his studies in philosophy and theology, until, four years later, he passed quietly away from this world. His successor, a Court favourite named Benson, has received as his reward a place in the "Dunciad," without which his name would already have been forgotten.

Irish Bulls.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, of the ancient family of the De La Russes of Fermoy, was Member for Tralee from 1775, and was created a baronet in 1782. He commenced one of his speeches in the Irish House of Commons as follows:—"Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes." And another began: "Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater." A letter of his is still preserved, supposed to have been written during the rebellion of '98, though it is doubtful if he ever put so many "bulls" together on paper. It is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God! killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whisky. When we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this, I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end, and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a standstill. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been very judiciously left behind, and by great good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword, not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different, chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu! I have only time to add that I am yours in great haste,

"B. R.

"P.S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you to write and let me know."

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

IN the year 1790, Dumonstier brought out a play in Paris, entitled "The Three Sons." It turned out a failure. The author witnessed the result of the performance from a box on the third row. "Ha, wretched stuff!" a young man who was standing near him exclaimed every now and then. "It is disgusting! If I had only a hollow key, wouldn't I whistle!"

"Monsieur," replied Dumonstier, "I am happy to be in a position to meet your wishes; here is a key." The young man took it, and whistled with the full power of his lungs to the great amusement of his neighbour.

At the close of the play a friend of the author's stepped into the box, and said: "My dear Dumonstier, I am awfully sorry to see your work decied in this fashion!"

"What! Monsieur," said the man with the key: "you are M. Dumonstier? I beg a thousand pardons!"

"It does not matter in the least," answered our playwright; "pray do me the favour to come to breakfast with me to-morrow."

The next day the visitor (who proved to be a dramatic author himself) craved permission of his host to read him a comedy that he had brought; this was granted, and when he had finished he asked his listener:—

"Well, sir, what do you think of it?"

Dumonstier smiled as he replied:—

"My good friend, have you a hollow key to lend me?"

The Technical School Boys' Excursion and Camp-out.

LAST year the boys of the Technical Day Schools were, through the kind endeavours of Lady Currie, enabled to spend a week at Clacton-on-Sea.

This year the continued efforts of the same lady have resulted in a party of 200 boys enjoying a pleasant holiday on the coast.

Messrs Bevis and Burrell having been appointed to make arrangements with Mr. C. E. Osborn as Treasurer and Secretary to the trip, it was decided to locate the camp at Dumpton Farm, midway between Ramsgate and Broadstairs, and about half a mile from the sea.

A large and commodious farm at this spot provided sleeping accommodations in the form of two granaries and a barn, while a second barn was by considerable labour converted into a dining hall and concert room.

The very hearty co-operation of the schoolmasters enabled a detailed programme of each day's proceedings to be drawn up; this with the rules deemed necessary for the successful conduct of the camp having been distributed, the 200 most eligible boys were selected for the trip, and on Friday, July 12th, the party, numbering in all 215, set out by the steamship *Laverock* (General Steam Navigation Company) for Ramsgate, landing at the East Pier at 5 o'clock. Some few were reported to have paid the usual penalty for invading Neptune's dominions, but after a hearty tea on arriving at the camp everybody appeared to enjoy the highest of spirits. After spending the evening in inspecting the farm premises and neighbouring country, a move was made for bed, but there was little sleep before the church clock, which, however, was too far off to be heard, struck one. Notwithstanding this fact, many of the boys rose at three o'clock and set out on voyages of discovery to the neighbouring towns. However a storm came on and the luckless adventurers returned about six o'clock wet through and hungry, only to find they had to wait 2½ hours for breakfast. It is, perhaps, needless to add, that on Saturday night and Tuesday morning there was no repetition of these proceedings. The only difficulty was in getting the lads to rise in time for breakfast.

On Sunday a very quiet day was spent, morning and evening services being conducted in the Concert room. Monday, and the succeeding days, were passed in bathing, sketching, yachting, quoits, cricket, lawn tennis, and walking excursions to places of interest. A concert was given each evening at 8.30, harmony being contributed by the boys and masters.

On Tuesday the camp sustained a severe loss by the departure of Mr. Bevis through sickness in the family; then to prove the adage that "troubles never come singly," a gloom was cast over all, when, on Wednesday a telegram summoned Mr. Low the Head Master (who personally supervised the camp arrangements) to Scotland, owing to the fatal illness of his father. On Thursday Sir Edmund and Lady Currie came over from Folkestone, and were heartily welcomed on alighting at the station, by a large number of the boys who had assembled there for that purpose. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie thoroughly inspected the camp, and in the afternoon the Athletic Sports took place in Dumpton Park, by the kind permission of Lord Clifton. The prizes were distributed by Lady Currie, who was presented with a handsome silver mounted card case, the gift of the boys and teachers. A very excellent and seasonable speech by Sir Edmund Currie concluded the afternoon's programme.

On Friday the camp was struck at 10 o'clock, and after a pleasant voyage by the Steamship *Oriole*, as far as Blackwall, the party dispersed in various directions, everyone feeling happier and heartier for the trip.

This short account should not be concluded without referring to the fact that, owing to the admirable behaviour of the boys, no complaints whatever were received from the farmer or the neighbouring residents.

That 200 healthy boys should succeed in conducting themselves for a week in camp, so as to avoid causing any annoyance whatever to neighbours, is a fact well worth recording, and one which must be very satisfactory to all those interested in the trip.

The masters, Messrs. Burrell, Bevis, Forth, Pointin, Smith, Castle, Miller, Graves, Michell, were indefatigable in their efforts in helping the boys to thoroughly enjoy their outing.

Calendar of the Week.

August 8th.—George Canning, great statesman died, 1827. He was born, 1770, and in his youth suffered a good deal from poverty. He very nearly in fact became a strolling actor, but was rescued from this, sent to Eton and Oxford, called to the bar, and entered Parliament with the help of his friends in the year 1793. He married an heiress with £100,000, and from 1793 to the hour of his death, continued to take an active part in the House of Commons. He was Prime Minister a few months before he died.

August 9th.—At this time of Royal Marriages, it is interesting to recall the story of that of the Duke of Sussex, youngest son of George III. In 1792, when the duke was twenty years of age, he contracted a private marriage with the daughter of Lord Dunmore, while in Italy. On returning to England, the duke was publicly married over again in the Church of St. George's, Hanover Square. The king, however, relying on the Royal Marriage Act, declared the marriage invalid, the child born of the marriage was called illegitimate, and the king never forgave his son or allowed him to hold any post that would augment the allowance granted him by Parliament.

August 10th.—Day of St. Lawrence, martyr of the third century, and a Spaniard. The manner of martyrdom is said to have been slow-roasting on a gridiron. The Escorial of Madrid is built in imitation of the gridiron. Greenwich observatory was founded on this day. This day, 1792, was the last day of the old French monarchy: King Louis XVI. was made a prisoner, and the monarchy was abolished.

August 11th.—On this day died a young gentleman, who would have been long forgotten but for a curious story attaching to his name,—a story referred to in last week's Notes of the Week. He was Lord Dalmeny, son of the second Earl of Rosebery. He made the acquaintance of a lady whom he married and took abroad; they lived together for some time in great happiness, when the lady was taken ill, and, finding she was about to die, confessed on her deathbed that she was the wife of a clergyman in Essex. This in fact was the case, she had deserted her husband, it is not known why, and on marrying Lord Dalmeny, concealed from him the facts of her previous history. Her body was brought home, and both husbands attended the funeral, the only case on record in which a woman had two husbands to lay her in the grave. Lord Dalmeny died shortly afterwards, unmarried.

August 12th.—Term ends. George Stephenson, the great engineer died this day.

August 13th.—Old Lammas Day. It must not be forgotten that when we speak of Old Christmas Day, Old New Year's Day, etc., that the confusion between the new and the old day was caused by the alteration of the calendar in the last century, which brought all the days eleven days forward: the old calendar is still observed in Russia. There was an earthquake on this day, which was felt over the whole of the north of Scotland.

August 14th.—Singular death of great men. Buckland, the geologist; Combe, the phrenologist; Cary, the translator of Dante; and George Colman, the elder; belong to this day, by reason of their deaths, but it must be confessed the day presents a poor show.

THE Buddhist monks, as seems to be the universal custom, both in Burmah and the Shan country, are the village schoolmasters, and appear to exercise a beneficial control over their pupils, and when one of these dignitaries dies it means a period of mourning—or perhaps it should be said rejoicing—to all classes of the community. Feasts are held, crackers let off on every available occasion, an elaborate funeral car is constructed, ornamented with pictures, tinsel, and cloths specially procured from Mandalay, and at the new moon the embalmed corpse is placed upon it, and drawn to a selected spot and publicly burnt. These funerals mean a general holiday for a fortnight, for every man, woman and child, give what assistance they can, and abandon their ordinary work, and the expenses of the funeral often amounts to over 20,000 rupees.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND AUTUMN FETE

ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7TH, 1889.

Programme of Arrangements.

At 6.30.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGAN RECITAL.

Organist, Mr. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O. (Assistant Organist to the People's Palace).

- 1. Overture "Les Sirenes" Auber.
2. Air (Hush! ye pretty) (Acis) Handel.
3. March (Tannhauser) Wagner.
4. Fantasia in E flat Best.
5. Selection (Il Trovatore) Verdi.
6. Cornelius March Mendelssohn.

At 7.—IN GROUNDS (weather permitting).

Band of the 2nd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade

E.D.R.A.—By the kind permission of Lieut.-Col. E. GARRETT.

Conductor.—Mr. J. VENN.

- 1. QUICK STEP .. "Battle of Magenta" Marie.
2. WALTZ .. "The Gift of Love" Meissler.
3. OVERTURE .. "La Dame Blanch" Boeldien.
4. SELECTION .. "Martha" Flotow.
5. WALTZ .. "Kate Kearney" Coote.
6. GALOP .. "Roulette" Coote.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

At 7.—IN FLORAL HALL.

People's Palace Military Band,

Conductor.—Mr. A. ROBINSON.

At 8.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

Vocal & Instrumental Concert.

INTERNATIONAL BAND.

CONDUCTOR.—MR. F. G. HEIDLEMANN.

VOCALISTS:

MADAME REICHELHANN AND MR. THURLEY BEALE.

- 1. MARCH .. "The Queen" C. Godfrey.
2. SONG .. "Sunshine and Rain" Blumenthal.

MADAME REICHELHANN.

The rain is on the river,
But the sun is on the hill,
And I know the clouds will sever,
When the storm has had its will:
Set your hearts, then, on the morrow,
If the skies be grey to-day,
For the darkest of your sorrow
Be ye sure will pass away.

Lift your eyes to yon Day-giver!
Look up higher, hoping still;
Though the rain is on the river,
Yet the sun is on the hill.

'Tis the winter's white snow shower
That defends the shiv'ring root;
'Tis the falling of the flower
That gives birth unto the fruit.
Then arise from helpless moping,
Nor repine at each annoy,
There is room for wider hoping
If your days are void of joy.
Time is kind, and will deliver
All your days from every ill;
Though the rain is on the river,
Yet the sun is on the hill.

- 3. OVERTURE .. "Poet and Peasant" Suppé.
4. WALTZ .. "Isar Leider" Gung'l.
5. SONG .. "My Lass" Pinsuti.

MR. THURLEY BEALE.
She is standing alone on the threshold,
Watching the busy shore;
The roses are framing the window,
And clust'ring the door.

Hundreds of Beautiful Pictures on view. Floral Hall Splendidly Illuminated at Dusk with Gas and Thousands of Fairy Lamps. Variety Entertainments in Exhibition Courts during the Evening, &c., &c.

I'll tell you a yarn about her,
That maiden so slim and slight;
The heart of a lion's hers, lads,
I'll prove it to you this night.

Was there ever a love like my love?
So bonny, so brave, so fair;
With so true a ring in her voice, lads,
Or so golden a light on her hair.

There were two of us out in a tempest,
On a sea that the men couldn't face;
There was room for one in the life-boat,
And, comrades, she took that place.

Never a word did she utter,
But nobody said her nay;
She seem'd like an angel from heav'n,
Steering across the bay.

Was there ever a love like my love,
So bonny, so brave, so true;
With the heart of a man in her bosom,
And the heart of an angel too.

There was two of us out in that tempest,
Only another and me;
And we thought that our order had come, lads,
To sail to eternity.

But just as our hands were clasping,
In the mute wild clasp of farewell;
The rest of the yarn you may guess, lads,
It's rather too hard to tell.

But there's never a love like my love,
There's never a lad so blest;
For in choosing a boat or a wife, lads,
It's safest to choose the best.

- 6. SELECTION .. "Carmen" Bizet.

- 7. SPANISH DANCE "Postillon de la Rioga Oudria"

- 8. SONG .. "Somebody's Wooing" Lohr.

MADAME REICHELHANN.
So somebody's coming to woo, dear,
To woo and to win, may be—
With a light in his eyes of brown, dear,
For none but your own to see.
Fashions have altered of late dear,
May be I should not know—
What did he say to you, darling,
How did he tell you so?

When somebody wooed me of old, dear,
It seems only yesterday,
'Twas with touch of hands in the gloaming
And never a word to say.
No word, not a whisper even
We needed no plighting vow—
I knew that he loved me then, dear,
I know that he loves me now.

For as that which glitters the brightest
Is not always the purest gold,
So the truest and deepest wooing
Is the soonest and simplest told.
And words that are spoken perish,
Be their meaning ever so true,
By the lips the story is told, dear,
But only the heart can woo.

- 9. WALTZ .. "Frühliugs Leider" Gung'l.

- 10. DANSE DE SATYRS (Piccolo Solo) C. Le Theire.

- 11. SONG .. "A Tar of the Queen's" M. Watson.

MR. THURLEY BEALE.
Our boy is a tar who sails the sea,
When the waves roll high, and the wind blows free,
And to show how hard he would be to beat,
He's call'd the pet of the Royal Fleet;
He's the bluest eyes and the frankest smile,
His brave heart beats without thought of guile,
And as for the crew, why they all agree
That he's just what a tar of the Queen's should be.

So cheerily ho! my lads, we'll sing
And over the waves our song shall ring,
And the breeze that's wafting his good ship back
Shall whisper the welcome we'll give our Jack.

There's a lass he loves as he loves his life,
A lass he one day will make his wife,
And search as ye may the whole world round,
A bonnier couple will ne'er be found;
And when he returns to his own sweet Sue,
She's certain of more than a trinket or two,
A shawl for the dame and some "twist" for the dad,
Why bless ye, he thinks of us all, dear lad!
So cheerily ho! my lads, we'll sing, etc.

- 12. GALOP .. "Princess Mary" C. D'Albert.

Freaks of Generosity.

SOME years ago a magazine writer told a story which conveys a two-fold lesson. While walking in the country, the narrator in question opened a gate for a comfortable-looking old gentleman who was on horseback. The gentleman, touched apparently by this little act of kindness, drew rein, and asked the name and address of his polite servant. He was facetiously informed that the gateholder's name was Brown, that his father was a cheese dealer, and that he lived at some false address which the joker gave. Thanking him, the old gentleman rode on. Years afterwards the writer learned, to his great dismay, that the old gentleman had died and had left all his money to the eldest son of the cheese dealer whose name he had taken in vain. A more expensive joke was probably never made.

This story, however, would sound decidedly apocryphal were it not for the fact that analogous freaks are not rare. It is recorded that one old lady left £20,000 to a gentleman whose only claim to her gratitude was that he once held her pew door open. More recently, a carpenter was walking along the banks of the Tyne, when he saw a gentleman stagger and fall into the river. He rescued him, and received for his trouble five shillings, and the courteous formalities usual on such occasions. Three or four years afterwards, however, the gentleman died, leaving his rescuer the handsome sum of £25,000 in property and £1,450 in money. Gratitude of this kind is very rare, yet there is an even more remarkable instance in point in an old newspaper. Nearly thirty years ago an old bachelor of Manchester lost a pocket-book containing bank-notes and valuable documents, and when it was returned to him he rewarded the finder with half-a-crown. But some time before his death he sent for that individual and made him a present of £1,000, at the same time investing a considerable sum in his name.

Literary men have frequently been the recipients of marks of gratitude from generous admirers. A year or two ago Professor Huxley found a cheque for £4,000 in his morning letters—the bequest of a Bolton manufacturer. Charles Gibbon, author of "Auld Robin Gray," once received a legacy of £1,000 from a Scotch lady who had read his books, and wished thus to show her appreciation of them. Charles Reade was remembered in the wills of more than one admirer; and if we mistake not, Mr. James Payn once received a large sum in a manner as unexpected as it was pleasing. A late benefactor by this form of generosity is Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic critic, who has received as a legacy the interest on £10,000 from a Miss Drew, lately deceased. All these instances of generosity are, however, trifling as compared with the offer made by an American millionaire to Mr. Tupper. "I'm one of the richest men in New York, sir," said he to the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' "and I know authors must be poor. I like your books, and have told my bankers (naming them) to honour any cheques on me you may like to draw." When the offer was declined, the millionaire's house, his yacht, and his carriage were placed at Mr. Tupper's disposal.

As several public men have recently been remembered in the wills of strangers, it is interesting to recall the peculiar manner in which the pecuniary affairs of the first Pitt were affected by such windfalls. In 1744 the old Duchess of Marlborough died. Pope, long before her death, prophesied the fate of her vast property:—

"To heirs unknown descends the guarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor."

"Pitt," says Macaulay, "was then one of the poor, and to him heaven directed a portion of the wealth of the haughty dowager. She left him a legacy of £10,000, in consideration of 'the noble defence he had made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country.'"

Such were the rather romantic circumstances under which Pitt received his first windfall. Twenty years afterwards he was again singled out by Fortune for a still greater slice of increment. This time a certain Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baron whom Pitt had never seen, left the great statesman nearly £3,000 a year, simply because he thought he perceived a close analogy between the events of his own life, and those of the life of the man he benefitted. There is, perhaps, no other case on record where a man has experienced two such freaks of generosity.

It would not be difficult to cite many cases similar to those we have quoted; but without going into them, we shall content ourselves by looking at the obverse side of the picture, and by showing what a trifle will sometimes seriously affect one's chance of figuring in that interesting column in the Illustrated London News.

A well-known Nonconformist minister, lately resident at Bangor, was in the habit of calling on a tradesman who for some years had sat under his pulpit. On one occasion the minister in question was conducting a special service, and in his hurry to catch a train went past the shop without calling. The tradesman, who was rather eccentric, died shortly afterwards. His will had contained a legacy of £1,000 for the minister, but it had been cancelled the day following that upon which he omitted to make his customary call.

An Unfortunate Mistake.

A LAUGHABLE but rather embarrassing case of mistaken identity occurred the other day in a large draper's shop. A gentleman who is a little too fond of joking entered the shop for the purpose of meeting his wife at a certain counter. Sure enough there stood a lady dressed, to his eye, at least, just like the woman he was after.

Her back was turned and no one was near her; so he quietly approached, took her by the arm, and said in a voice of stimulated severity: "Well, here you are, spending my money as usual, eh?"

The face turned quickly toward him was not his wife's; it was that of an acrid, angry, keen-eyed woman of about fifty years, who attracted the attention of everybody in that part of the shop by saying, in a loud, shrill voice:

"No, I ain't spending your money or no other man's money, and I'll—"

"I beg your pardon, madam," cried the confused gentleman. "I supposed you were my wife, and—"

"Well, I just ain't your wife, nor no other man's wife, thank fortune, to be jawed at every time I buy a yard of ribbon! I pity your wife if you go about shaking her like you did me. If I was her, I'd—"

The chagrined joker waited to hear no more, but made his way out of the shop amid the titters and sly chuckles of those who had witnessed his confusion.

George III.

GEORGE III. was extremely fond of visiting Weymouth for the benefit of the sea air; and it was whilst staying there on one occasion that the following incident occurred: One morning very early he was taking his usual walk about the grounds—which he often did alone—when he came in contact with two sentinels, and was challenged by one of them, as being on forbidden ground, with, "I say, old 'un, you have no business here." The King's dress being, as it always was—except on State occasions—very plain, made the new recruit mistake him for a country farmer—which he might easily have been mistaken for. The sentinel and the King had a few words together, when the latter gave him a crown, in true kingly style, knowing that the man had only done his duty, and meant no harm, and that strangers were forbidden entrance into that part of the premises. On the King's retiring, and before he was out of hearing, the challenger went up to the other sentinel, and shaking the money in his hand, said: "I have done the old 'un out of five shillings!" when he was thunderstruck by his companion saying: "Why, do you not know who that was? It was the King!" The King heard it and passed on, leaving the poor sentinel in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. George III., as is well known, loved a joke. Two years afterwards he was going into the House of Peers, at the meeting of Parliament, and passing between two files of soldiers from the carriage to the door, he recognised the recruit who had so politely accosted him at Weymouth, and turning round suddenly, addressed him with: "I say, have you done another old 'un out of five shillings since I saw you last?" The King then went smiling into the House of Peers, and left the soldier in a state of confusion more easily imagined than described.

The rain of terror.—When a lady is out with no umbrella and a new bonnet.

PERHAPS the secret regrets of life are the weightiest, and chiefly on this account—that they are incommunicable.

THERE is no beautifier of complexions or form of behaviour like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

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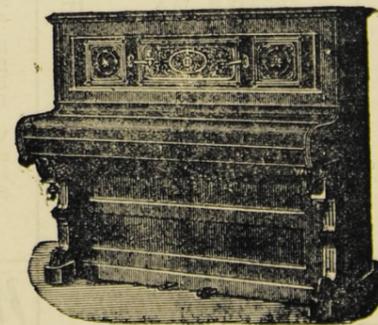
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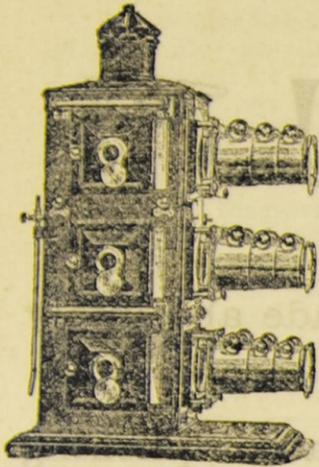
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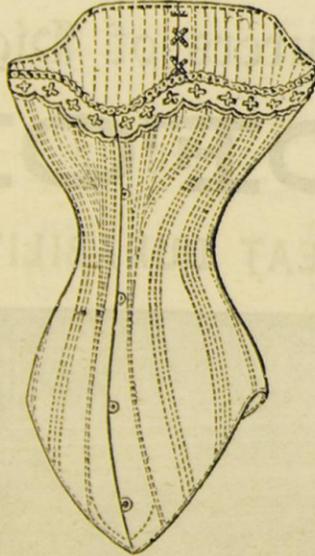
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