

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 97.]      WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1889.      [ONE PENNY.

**NOTICE.**

To prevent inconvenience and loss of time during the first week of Session, Evening Class Students are requested to take out their Class Tickets before Monday, September 30th, if possible. By payment of an additional fee of sixpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings. The Time Table is now ready, and may be had by applying at the offices, which are now open each evening till nine, to issue class tickets.

**Coming Events.**

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- THURSDAY, Sept. 19th.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Gymnasium.—Leaders' Meeting, Room No. 9, at 8.15.
- FRIDAY, Sept. 20th.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Photographic Club.—Annual General Meeting, at 8.—Ladies' Gymnasium.—Committee Meeting, at 8.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Shorthand Society.—General Meeting, at 8.—Literary Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.30.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- SATURDAY, Sept. 21st.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—To Billericay.—Athletic Meeting and Sports, Essex County Cricket Ground, Leyton, at 2 p.m.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.
- SUNDAY, Sept. 22nd.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.
- MONDAY, Sept. 23rd.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Members' Social Dance, at 7.30.
- TUESDAY, Sept. 24th.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Members' Social Dance, 7.30.—Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.
- WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25th.**—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Volunteer Fire Brigade General Drill in Gymnasium, at 10 p.m.

**Organ Recitals,**

On **SUNDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1889.**  
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

- AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
- |    |   |    |    |    |    |              |
|----|---|----|----|----|----|--------------|
| 1. | Introduction and Theme, with variations | .. | .. | .. | .. | Hesse.       |
| 2. | Cavatina                                | .. | .. | .. | .. | Raff.        |
| 3. | Fugue in D minor                        | .. | .. | .. | .. | Bach.        |
| 4. | Air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"   | .. | .. | .. | .. | Handel.      |
| 5. | Impromptu                               | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..           |
| 6. | Wedding March                           | .. | .. | .. | .. | Mendelssohn. |
- AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.
- |    |                               |    |    |    |    |           |
|----|-------------------------------|----|----|----|----|-----------|
| 1. | Sonata No. 2                  | .. | .. | .. | .. | Guilmant. |
| 2. | Larghetto in D                | .. | .. | .. | .. | Mozart.   |
| 3. | Toccata in F                  | .. | .. | .. | .. | Bach.     |
| 4. | Impromptu                     | .. | .. | .. | .. | ..        |
| 5. | Ave Maria                     | .. | .. | .. | .. | Hinsell.  |
| 6. | Fix'd in His everlasting seat | .. | .. | .. | .. | Handel.   |

ADMISSION FREE.

**THE PEOPLE'S PALACE**  
**Athletic Meeting and Sports**

WILL BE HELD AT THE  
**ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET GROUND, LEYTON,**  
On Saturday, September 21st, 1889,  
*Commencing at Two p.m.*

**OPEN EVENTS—3 p.m.**

- 1/2-Mile Ordinary Bicycle Scratch Race, 2 Prizes, Value 5 Guineas and 2 Guineas.
- 1 Mile (mixed) Bicycle Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
- 2 Miles (mixed) Bicycle Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
- 120 Yards Flat Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.
- 1 Mile Flat Handicap, Four Prizes, Value 8 Guineas, 4 Guineas, 2 Guineas and 1 Guinea.

VALUE OF PRIZES ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.

**CLOSED EVENTS—2 p.m.**

- 120 Yards Handicap .. .. Open to Members of Beaumont Harriers.
  - 880 Yards Handicap .. .. " " " " " "
  - 1 Mile Cycling Handicap .. .. " " " " Beaumont Cycling Club.
  - 2 Miles Cycling Handicap .. .. " " " " " "
  - 220 Yards Handicap .. .. " " " " Institute. " "
  - 200 Yards Handicaps .. .. " " " " Junior Beaumont Harriers, Junior Section, and Boys of Technical School.
- Throwing the Cricket Ball.
- Tug-of-War—weight not to exceed 38 stone—Four in a Team.
- Handicappers—Open events: Cycling, H. H. GRIFFIN, Esq.  
Flat Events: A. J. FOWDEN, Esq., and S. T. BROWN, Esq.
- The Track (grass) is the finest in England, and holds the 1/4 and 1/2 Mile Bicycle Records.*

**A MILITARY BAND WILL ATTEND.**

Admission to Ground, 1/-      Grand Stand Enclosure, 2/-

*Tickets purchased before the day half-price, and may be had of—*

J. Howard, Leyton Road, Leyton; "Forest Glen" Hotel, and "Forest Gate" Hotel, Forest Gate; E. Ransley, 264, Commercial Road, E.; G. Leggett, Sebert Road, Forest Gate; Buckingham & Adams, Queen Victoria St., E.C.; J. Grose, Old Jewry, E.C., etc.

*Frequent Trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street to Leyton.*

The Essex County Grounds (Grass Track) will be open for practice during the evenings from the 16th to the 20th inclusive. Admission, 3d.

WALTER MARSHALL, } Hon. SECR.  
J. R. DEELEY, }

**Notes of the Week.**

—o—

AS I sit down to write I hear that the strike is finished: as for what it has cost the country, and may yet cost the Port of London, nobody seems quite to know or to be able to calculate; one can only hope that the men were justified, and that the victory, which they have undoubtedly won, was worth the struggle. Two very strange facts were noticeable: first, that the Australians sent so much money; and next that the Americans sent none: well, I have never yet heard of the Americans, collectively, doing a generous thing to Englishmen: next, Trades' Unions are nowhere so strong, nor is the spirit of combination so widely extended as in Australia: and thirdly, all accounts tend to prove that the spirit of combination is growing weaker and not stronger in the States. The Knights of Labour, an association which at one time promised to unite the whole body of working Americans in a vast consolidated and disciplined army, is dropping to pieces rapidly. I do not pretend to give reasons, but I suspect that the country is too vast; the scheme was prema-

ture; and the continual influx of foreign-workmen—Italians, Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Hungarians—make a general combination of working men impossible. At all events, while the Australian working men sent money without even stopping to ask whether the strike was right and just, the Americans sent nothing at all.

If the strike should have the effect of making employers generally more desirous to meet the grievances of men half way, and to convince them that they are really anxious that no grievances should exist: that is to say, that the men should be paid fairly and justly for their work, the strike will have done royal service for all those who work, and are paid for work. In the case of Companies there seems a growing belief that a reasonable rate of interest for money invested should be all that ought to be looked for; but this rate of interest should surely vary with the risk and uncertainty of business; for instance, if I have a hundred pounds I can lend it to the nation, who will give me 2½ per cent. for it. I can leave it in the hands of the nation as long as I please; it will neither grow greater or smaller, unless the country gets in a very bad way indeed (e.g., during the long war the three per cents. went down to 57); and when I want to take it out I shall have it very nearly as I put it in. That is called a safe investment. But if I had put this hundred pounds ten years ago in certain London Docks, I should have had recently no dividend at all. If a period of prosperity should return, it is surely just and reasonable that wages, which have gone on steadily without diminution during the depression, should not increase until the shareholders have got back their lost interest. Let us remember, that without the capital, the docks would never have been built.

THIS is what we are too apt to forget. Where should we be without labour?—we are constantly asked. We should starve; that is quite certain. But where would labour be without capital? I have never heard any one answer that question satisfactorily. We are told to co-operate. Very good. Let us co-operate. Who will provide the preliminary cost? If the farmer will advance his wheat for nothing—to furnish us with bread; and the oxen, the sheep, and the pigs to give us meat: if the merchant will advance us tea, coffee, sugar, and the thousand-and-one other necessities of life: if the stonemasons, bricklayers, carpenters, clerks, accountants, and everybody will combine to work for nothing until our workhouses and shops, stores, engine houses, and everything are built, filled, in working order, and our productions are ready to be distributed, exchanged, or sold, then we may do without capital. As this cannot be expected, I for one cling to the theory that capital is necessary.

CAPITAL, with a fair return: an interest taken out of the profits: labour, which will take all the rest. That is, in my mind, the only scheme worthy of being considered. Then, again, there are various kinds of labour. Is the man who shovels up the dust to be considered the equal of him who makes the fine machinery? Certainly not. The skilled man, whether he be the manager, the accountant, the engineer, or the machinist,—when he brings his skill to the combined enterprise, brings another kind of capital, which must also be considered, as well as what is usually called capital.

In the first French Revolution, they used to talk a great deal of nonsense about liberty, equality, and fraternity. There is no such thing as equality, except the equality of laws: there cannot be: one man is by nature stronger, cleverer, more able, more intelligent, sharper, than another. For example, one man can teach himself all kinds of science, while his brother spends all his time over a pipe and a glass,—are these two men equal? One man is a good workman at a highly difficult trade, the other can do nothing but dig,—are these two men equal? Not so: the stronger man will take for himself the better work, the better pay, and the better place. Mind you, being the stronger, he will have it, or he will know the reason why. This, my friends, is the Law of the world: these laws may be denied, but they cannot be resisted. Those who have read Darwin, know that the whole history of life in all its forms is the history of the trampling down of the weak by the strong. We, who are civilized, do not trample to death. But for all that, we who are strong take and keep for ourselves the best things. Therefore, young men, make yourselves strong—strong in mind and strong in body.

ONE of the greatest biologists of the day,—M. Brown-Séguard, of Paris,—has written to the *Lancet* a paper in which he says that he has discovered a method of restoring vitality to the old. It is reported that a physician in Vienna claims to have made a similar discovery. I profess, confess, and declare that I do not believe one single word of it. I have seen an old man, under the restoring influence of potent drink, so far restored to vitality as to execute a hornpipe, and a very melancholy exhibition it was. When the drink went out of him his vitality went out of him too. I do not believe in the power of man ever to send the hand of the clock back the wrong way. We shall never become young again. With all respect due to the distinguished Brown-Séguard, I do not expect through any discovery of his to renew my youth.

I ONCE followed out a speculation as to what would happen if life could be indefinitely prolonged. I imagined a discovery that would arrest at a given moment all further advance in age. I did not dare to put the clock back, you see,—I simply stopped it. That is to say a man of seventy would remain seventy: he of thirty, would remain thirty, and so forth. I found that the most astonishing results would happen. As, for example; sons would not suffer the fathers for ever to enjoy their wealth: no one would consent to go on working always for others: a level would be reached of perfect equality, and thus, very soon, Love would die of sheer fatigue: one could not go on loving for ever: the springs of Art would dry up. Religion would be the first to die. In fact, I made it clear that everything in the world worth having depends upon the rise and fall of human life. Then I made a little book of it, and you may find out its name if you like.

It is said that the Paris Exhibition is to be kept open until November. The Parisians are resolved to make plenty of profit out of their big show. Meantime, there happen, now and then, little accidents which do not get into the papers. The other day, for instance, I have been told, one of the great lifts in the Eiffel Tower stuck half-way between two stages, and could neither be moved up or down for two hours. It contained about a hundred people—we may imagine the terror of those unhappy pleasure-seekers, boxed up, perfectly, absolutely helpless, and ignorant of what was going to happen next. They must have felt something like the passengers of a great ship boxed up in the saloon, while the tempest rolls the shattered ship, ignorant whether they will founder or escape.

THE British Association is at Newcastle. It matters very little to the world where the British Association meets, because the real work of the Society has long since been accomplished. That work was to create in the minds of people enthusiasm and respect for science of all kinds. Fifty years ago science was distrusted: it was not taught at the two old Universities: people suspected that science was hostile to religion: the clergy would have nothing to say to it: before the eyes of those who could see, there loomed the danger—that in all the practical applications of science, those which concern our manufactures and industries, we should be cut out by France and Germany. This, indeed, would have happened, but for the fortunate fact that neither France nor Germany, both far advanced of us in scientific attainment, was prepared, and so the opportunity was lost. In those days, the British Association went from place to place every year, lecturing, teaching, exhorting, kindling the spirit of inquiry and research. Never was any Society more successful. We who live in a time where science has branched out into endless directions, each of which has created a separate profession, cannot understand the humble position which the merely scientific professor occupied in those early days. He could not live by science: nobody wanted him: science was not taught in the schools: a laboratory was not understood. I remember, so recently as the year 1861, I was present on an occasion when the erection of a laboratory for a newly-appointed Professor of Chemistry was being considered. There was also present an officer of the Royal Engineers, one of the scientific branch. He pointed to a cupboard, and remarked, "That, I suppose, is the kind of thing you require." "Pray," asked the Professor, "have you ever seen a laboratory?" He was obliged to own that he had not. Now there are laboratories for the chemist, the physicist, the electrician, the engineer, the mineralogist, the biologist, the anatomist—everything. There is no line more honourable than the scientific, and there are few lines better paid. It requires, however, a long and laborious apprenticeship: study in Germany as well as

in England: a knowledge of mathematics: the acquisition of French and German, if not also Italian: besides the special gifts that belong to the scientific temperament.

FOR myself I find scientific men the most delightful in the world. They are always alert and alive in conversation, eager for knowledge, and modest. They are not cursed with the thirst of money-making, and they are, as a rule, generous towards each other. In the latter respect they differ from men of letters, who, as a rule, are not generous towards each other, but quite the reverse.

ONE of the most interesting papers read at the Newcastle Meeting, was one by Professor A. B. Kennedy, F.R.S., on the use of compressed air as a motor. There has been formed a Company in Paris, now very actively successful, which turns on, by means of pipes, compressed air, and makes it do the work of turning lathes, keeping the sewing machines going, and generally working all the little machinery which is wanted in small factories and home industries. An account of this paper appeared at full length in the *Times* of Saturday, the 14th. It should be read by everybody. Among other things that the compressed air does, is to thoroughly ventilate the workroom. In other words, you may have as many workpeople in a small room as you can cram: the compressed air pipe will keep the room perfectly clean and sweet. We have here what promises to form a new departure in work: the provision of cheap small machinery which may be used for home industries. Let us keep our eyes upon this invention.

HERE is an illustration which makes one inclined to deny very forcibly the alleged equality of man. There is a large factory in a certain foreign town for the making of Extract of Beef. The principal ingredient—the *Times* is my authority—in this extract is the flesh of horses, the poor old worn-out horses, who are killed and sent over for the purpose. Shall we call that man our equal who feeds us with the decayed carcase of aged horse, and smilingly tells us that it is the flesh of young and healthy oxen? Forbid it, Heaven!

EDITOR.

## Palace Notes.

THE Fête is over, the lights are out, the monkeys have gone, and the pictures are leaving our walls. Another great success has been scored for the People's Palace, only marred by the effects of the strike, which came to an end simultaneously with the Fête. Concerts and entertainments will re-commence in October.

ALL Institute tickets expire on September 30th, and after that date the new arrangements come into force, until at any rate our new premises are erected. Now every Member should join a class. Where is there one of us who can't be taught something? And where one who will not gain by learning something new?

THE Member's Social Dances will be held on Monday and Tuesday next, the 23rd and 24th, and there is no doubt whatever that they, in common with all People's Palace undertakings, will be a great success. Mr. Walter Marshall is managing matters (and a capital manager he is), and tickets may be obtained to-night or to-morrow night at the General Offices, from 8 to 9.15 p.m.

THERE is a fine old house in the Mile End Road, on the north side, close by Grove Road, called Essex House. Mile End has had its great residents in its time, and this was once the residence of the Earl of Essex; but now it is to be rented by the People's Palace as an Art School, and operations will shortly commence. Mr. Osborn tells me that arrangements will be made for Day Art Classes here as well as for the usual Evening Classes.

THE Paris trips are now, practically speaking, over, and in another column will be found a short *résumé* of their progress from a gentleman who has taken much trouble in the matter for some months.

SUB-EDITOR.

## Society and Club Notes.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Mr. H. H. BURDETT.

A Leader's meeting will be held in Room No. 9 on Thursday next, the 19th inst., at 8.15 p.m. Important business.  
ALBERT E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.  
F. A. HUNTER, }

### PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

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

BRIGADE ORDERS.—General Drill on Wednesday next in the Gymnasium, at 10 p.m.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The above Society will meet every Tuesday and Friday for rehearsal after the 1st of October. Rehearsal this week is on Friday at 8 p.m. as usual. The fees for the ensuing quarter are now due, and may be paid in the Technical Schools' Office. There are vacancies in all the parts for singers of either notation, but we are particularly in want of tenors and basses. Intending Members should apply to the Secretary of the Society as early as possible. The quarter commences on the 1st of October, and the fees are 2s. per quarter for gentlemen, and 1s. per quarter for ladies, all music being lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. W. R. CAVE.

This Society will recommence on the 1st of October. Old Members are requested to pay their subscriptions as soon as possible. We have vacancies for all instruments, but especially oboes, bassoons, trombones, euphonium, and horns, also for a drummer. We have a good library of first class music, and ladies and gentlemen playing instruments will find this Society an excellent means of improving their musical practice. The subscription is 2s. 6d. per quarter, and all music is lent free for rehearsal. Any further information will be cheerfully supplied by

W. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Members of this Society will be held on Friday evening next at 8 o'clock. Members are particularly requested to attend.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

At the Annual General Meeting, held on Wednesday last, September 11th, the Report and Balance-sheet were submitted and adopted unanimously. The Secretary's resignation was then read, and was accepted with very deep regret. It was unanimously agreed that the balance in hand be devoted towards defraying the expenses of a Ramble and Tea, and Social Evening, to be held on Saturday, October 5th. Members desirous of taking part in this Ramble are requested to leave their names in the General Offices on or before Friday, September 27th, so that we shall be able to obtain some idea of the number to arrange for. The meeting was adjourned until an early date in October for the election of officers, it having been resolved to carry on the club as heretofore, but it not being ascertained which of the Members would be students.—A Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday, September 26th, in the Old School-buildings, at 9 p.m. A party is being organised to visit Billericay on Saturday next, September 21st, and returning home on Sunday evening. Gentlemen wishing to avail themselves of this are requested to leave their names at the General Offices not later than to-morrow night (Thursday). We shall put up at the "Railway Hotel." Members, please meet at Stratford Market Station, at 2.40 p.m.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec. *pro tem.*

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

PEOPLE'S PALACE v. R.A. NON-CON. OFFICERS.  
Cricket on Woolwich Common on Saturday was played under the most favourable conditions, beautiful surroundings, lovely weather, and the best of good fellowship. The Non Cons. are decidedly lucky in possessing such an attractive ground. Cricket at Woolwich on a good day is never dull. If the spectator does not find the game particularly fascinating he is compensated for this by the beauty of the surroundings. On Saturday the People's Palace were the visitors, and treated the goodly number of spectators to a good display of cricket. Carter winning the toss, elected to bat, on a good wicket. A rather disastrous start was made, Asser being splendidly caught in the slips by Paitson, who fell in bringing off the catch, 1 for 3. Sharman and Carter then fell in more than an hour defied the strong bowling, both playing good sound and defensive cricket, and it was not until the telegraph board denoted 60, that Wright with a good length ball bowled Sharman, for a capital 23, his cutting having been particularly good and clean; Carter still playing a sound defensive game, at 75 Hones was well caught at the wicket. On Byard joining his Captain another stand was made. Just as Carter was approaching his 50, Osmond got him lbw. The outgoing batsman had played good cricket for his runs, but was somewhat lucky, 4 for 93; Chatterton failed to stop the first ball he received, 5 for 93; then Byard and N. Bowman made things lively, for both seemed set for a score. At 104 the Palace Captain, seeing no chance of losing the match, and just a possibility of winning, brought the new rule into force, and declared the innings at an end. With fifty minutes to play the Non Cons. started batting. Paitson and Crowe made a good beginning, at 26 a splendid catch in the "Country," by Byard from a hard drive, caused Paitson's retirement, 1 for 26; at 29 Cooper was c and b by Asser from a skier; Crowe was well caught in the slips by Asser off Bowman. Osmond and Davey played out time, and at six o'clock a most enjoyable game ended in a very even draw. Following are the scores and bowling analysis.

PEOPLE'S PALACE.		R. A. NON-CON. OFFICERS.	
S. A. Asser c Paitson b	Bombard. Paitson c Byard b	Osmond .. .. . 0	Asser .. .. . 21
H. Sharman b Wright .. 23	Corporal Crowe c Asser b A.	T. G. Carter (Capt.) lbw, b	Bowman .. .. . 7
Osmond .. .. . 44	Bombard. Cooper c and b	R. Hones c Spence b Mc	Asser .. .. . 0
Chanlis .. .. . 4	Bombard. Osmond not out .. 13	H. W. Byard not out .. 7	Sergt. Davey not out .. 6
H. T. Chatterton b Osmond 0	Sergt. Major Spence	A. Bowman not out .. 8	(Capt.)
F. A. Hunter	Bombard. Travers	G. A. Shepherd } Did not bat	Sergt. McChanlis } Did not bat
C. A. Bowman	Bombard. Wright	Myers	Bombard. Knibbs
	Bombard. Hendley		
Extras .. .. . 18	Extras .. .. . 3		
(Total for 5 wkts) .. 104	(Total for 3 wkts) .. 50		

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
S. A. Asser .. .. .	8	2	26	2
R. Hones .. .. .	3	0	13	0
A. Bowman .. .. .	4	1	8	1

Owing to the Athletic and Cycling Race Meeting to be held on the Essex County Ground at Leyton on Saturday, the match with the Manor Park Amateurs is cancelled.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Last Thursday was a red letter day on the B.C.C. fixture-card and the annual competition for the Club Championship and Challenge Shield was held. The race (10 miles) was run off on the Paddington track, and again resulted in a victory for J. Howard. This year, however, the winner had a very hard fight for the honours, and only secured the trophy at the expense of Mat Moyle, who had sprinted grandly, and was leading ten yards from the tape when his tyre came off. He fell, and the third man, H. Ransley, being close up, rode clean over his machine, and took second place. Moyle, however, gamely picked up his shattered machine, and hurriedly carried it over the tape before the fourth man, E. Ransley, came up. Time, thirty-two minutes dead. Judge, Mr. H. D. Faith, London B.C. F. Glover secured the lap prize. I am grieved to say that Moyle's smash up will in all probability unfit him for racing next Saturday. Mr. Burley will be glad if all those who have not yet returned unsold Garden Party Tickets, etc., will do so before Saturday, together with cash for tickets sold, and entrance fees, etc. The Leyton Grounds will be open during the week for training on payment of 3d. each.

D. JESSEMAN, Reporting Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription: 1s. per quarter, 3s. per annum; meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m. Until the end of September, the Club will meet in the Old School-buildings, Room No. 15. Matches for the season will be arranged shortly. A General Meeting will be held on Saturday, September 28th, to receive the annual report, elect officers, enrol new members, etc.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Friday evening, the 20th inst., at 8 o'clock. All Members are kindly requested to attend to hear the report of the Committee, and to consider the future working of the Club. The next outing of the Club will be on the 21st inst. to the Tower of London.

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

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Director—H. H. BURDETT.

A Committee Meeting will take place on Friday at 8 p.m. Members of the Committee will first meet at the General Offices.  
SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last, Woodford was our destination. Starting from Coborn Road, we took the train to Forest Gate, arriving there at 3.40 p.m. We then proceeded to walk the rest of our journey, passing through Leytonstone and Snaresbrook, and then on to Woodford. The weather being favourable we enjoyed the walk immensely, and were fully prepared to do justice to our tea, which we had on the return journey.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.  
E. SEABOURNE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

Hard on the Invalid.

AN amusing little chapter of Parisian life terminated in the police courts not long ago. It serves not merely to point a very obvious moral; it shows as well that an observance of the law regarding weights and measures is rigidly enforced, notwithstanding the facilities for its violation offered by the hurry of city life and the temptation to "do likewise" presented by the very general belief that one's neighbour is no more honest than he should be.

One of the inspectors of weights and measures, who was on duty in the neighbourhood of the Rue du Bac, noticed a coal dealer, with a bag on his back, coming out of one of the dingy little holes, that go by the name of coal shops, though to us they are no better than bins.

The inspector at a glance took in the situation, and said, "Your bag of coal is under weight, my man!"

"What matter?" replied the other, "since it isn't for a customer."

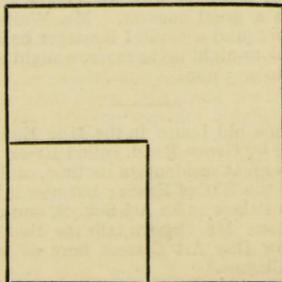
"Then why are you carrying it on your back?"

"Because the doctor told me to walk up and down like this with a bag of coal on my shoulder."

And suiting the action to the word, he gravely began to pace up and down before his coal hole to prove his sincerity.

The inspector, however, not yet convinced, had the sack weighed, and as it was found ten pounds short the Court was equally sceptical, and condemned the invalid to two months' imprisonment.

Puzzle.



A MAN has a square bit of land, out of which he reserves one-fourth, as shown in the diagram, for himself. The remainder he wishes to divide among his four sons so that each may have an equal share of similar shape. How can he divide it?

The Prophetic Pictures.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"BUT this painter!" cried Walter Ludlow, with animation. "He not only excels in his peculiar art, but possesses vast acquirements in all other learning and science. He talks Hebrew with Doctor Mather, and gives lectures in anatomy to Dr. Boylston. In a word, he will meet the best instructed man among us on his own ground. Moreover, he is a polished gentleman,—a citizen of the world,—yes, a true cosmopolite; for he will speak like a native of each clime and country on the globe, except our own forests, whither he is now going. Nor is all this what I most admire in him."

"Indeed!" said Elinor, who had listened with a woman's interest to the description of such a man. "Yet this is admirable enough."

"Surely, it is," replied her lover, "but far less so than his natural gift of adapting himself to every variety of character, insomuch that all men,—and all women too, Elinor,—shall find a mirror of themselves in this wonderful painter. But the greatest wonder is yet to be told."

"Nay, if he have more attributes than these," said Elinor, laughing, "Boston is a perilous abode for the poor gentleman. Are you telling me of a painter, or a wizard?"

"In truth," answered he, "that question might be asked more seriously than you suppose. They say that he paints not merely a man's features, but his mind and heart. He catches the secret sentiments and passions, and throws them upon the canvas, like sunshine,—or perhaps, in the portraits of dark-souled men, like a gleam of infernal fire. It is an awful gift," added Walter, lowering his voice from its tone of enthusiasm. "I shall be almost afraid to sit to him."

"Walter, are you in earnest?" exclaimed Elinor.

"For heaven's sake, dearest Elinor, do not let him paint the look which you now wear," said her lover, smiling, though rather perplexed. "There: it is passing away now, but when you spoke, you seemed frightened to death, and very sad besides. What were you thinking of?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Elinor, hastily. "You paint my face with your own fantasies. Well, come for me to-morrow, and we will visit this wonderful artist."

But when the young man had departed, it cannot be denied that a remarkable expression was again visible on the fair and youthful face of his mistress. It was a sad and anxious look, little in accordance with what should have been the feelings of a maiden on the eve of wedlock. Yet Walter Ludlow was the chosen of her heart.

"A look!" said Elinor to herself. "No wonder that it startled him, if it expressed what I sometimes feel. I know, by my own experience, how frightful a look may be. But it was all fancy. I thought nothing of it at the time,—I have seen nothing of it since,—I did but dream it."

And she busied herself about the embroidery of a ruff, in which she meant that her portrait should be taken.

The painter of whom they had been speaking, was not one of those native artists, who, at a later period than this, borrowed their colours from the Indians, and manufactured their pencils of the furs of wild beasts. Perhaps, if he could have revoked his life and pre-arranged his destiny, he might have chosen to belong to that school without a master, in the hope of being at least original, since there were no works of art to imitate, nor rules to follow. But he had been born and educated in Europe. People said that he had studied the grandeur or beauty of conception, and every touch of the master-hand in all the most famous pictures, in cabinets and galleries, and on the walls of churches, till there was nothing more for his powerful mind to learn. Art could add nothing to its lessons, but Nature might. He had therefore visited a world whither none of his professional brethren had preceded him, to feast his eyes on visible images, that were noble and picturesque, yet had never been transferred to canvas. America was too poor to afford other temptations to an artist of eminence, though many of the colonial gentry, on the painter's arrival, had expressed a wish to transmit their lineaments to posterity by means of his skill. Whenever such proposals were made he fixed his piercing eyes on the applicant, and seemed to look him through and through. If he beheld only a sleek and comfortable visage, though there were a gold-laced coat to adorn the picture, and golden guineas to pay for it, he civilly rejected the task and the reward. But if the face were the index of anything uncommon, in thought, sentiment, or experience; or if he met a beggar in the street with a white beard and a furrowed brow; or if sometimes a child happened to look up and smile; he would exhaust all the art on them that he denied to wealth.

Pictorial skill being so rare in the colonies, the painter became an object of general curiosity. If few or none could appreciate the technical merit of his productions, yet there were points in regard to which the opinion of the crowd was as valuable as the refined judgment of the amateur. He watched the effect that each picture produced on such untutored beholders, and derived profit from their remarks, while they would as soon have thought of instructing Nature herself as him who seemed to rival her. Their admiration, it must be owned, was tinged with the prejudices of the age and country. Some deemed it an offence against the Mosaic law, and even a presumptuous mockery of the Creator, to bring into existence such lively images of His creatures. Others, frightened at the art which could raise phantoms at will, and keep the form of the dead among the living, were inclined to consider the painter as a magician, or perhaps the famous Black Man, of old witch times, plotting mischief in a new guise. These foolish fancies were more than half believed among the mob. Even in superior circles, his character was invested with a vague awe, partly rising like smoke-wreaths from the popular superstitions, but chiefly caused by the varied knowledge and talents which he made subservient to his profession.

Being on the eve of marriage, Walter Ludlow and Elinor were eager to obtain their portraits, as the first of what they doubtless hoped would be a long series of family pictures. The day after the conversation above recorded they visited the painter's rooms. A servant ushered them into a room where, though the artist himself was not visible, there were persons whom they could hardly forbear greeting with reverence. They knew, indeed, that the whole assembly were but pictures, yet felt it impossible to separate the idea of life and intellect from such striking counterfeits. Several of the portraits were known to them, either as distinguished characters of the day, or their private acquaintances. There was Governor Burnett, looking as if he had just received an undutiful communication from the House of Representatives, and were inditing a most sharp response. Mr. Cooke hung beside the ruler whom he opposed—sturdy, and somewhat puritanical, as befitted a popular leader. The ancient lady of Sir William Phipps eyed them from the wall in ruff and farthingale,—an imperious old dame, not unsuspected of witchcraft. John Winslow,—then a very young man,—wore the expression of warlike enterprise, which long afterwards made him a distinguished general. Their personal friends were recognised at a glance. In most of the pictures the whole mind and character were brought out on the countenance, and concentrated into a single look, so that, to speak paradoxically, the originals hardly resembled themselves so strikingly as the portraits did.

Among these modern worthies, there were two old bearded Saints, who had almost vanished into the darkening canvas. There was also a pale but unfaded Madonna, who had perhaps been worshipped in Rome, and now regarded the lovers with such a mild and holy look, that they longed to worship too.

"How singular a thought," observed Walter Ludlow, "that this beautiful face has been beautiful for above two hundred years! Oh, if all beauty would endure so well! Do you not envy her, Elinor?"

"If earth were Heaven I might," she replied. "But where all things fade, how miserable to be the one that could not fade!"

"This dark old St. Peter has a fierce and ugly scowl, saint though he be," continued Walter. "He troubles me. But the Virgin looks kindly at us."

"Yes; but very sorrowfully, methinks," said Elinor.

The easel stood beneath these three old pictures, sustaining one that had been recently commenced. After a little inspection, they began to recognise the features of their own minister, the Rev. Dr. Colman, growing into shape and life, as it were, out of a cloud.

"Kind old man!" exclaimed Elinor. "He gazes at me as if he were about to utter a word of paternal advice."

"And at me," said Walter, "as if he were about to shake his head and rebuke me for some suspected iniquity. But so does the original. I shall never feel quite comfortable under his eye till we stand before him to be married."

They now heard a footstep on the floor, and turning, beheld the painter, who had been some moments in the room, and had listened to a few of their remarks. He was a middle-aged man, with a countenance well worthy of his own pencil. Indeed, by the picturesque though careless arrangement of his rich dress, and, perhaps, because his soul dwelt always among painted shapes, he looked somewhat like a portrait himself. His visitors were sensible of a kindred between the artist and his works, and felt as if one of the pictures had stepped from the canvas to salute them.

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Walter Ludlow, who was slightly known to the painter,

explained the object of their visit. While he spoke a sunbeam was falling athwart his figure and Elinor's, with so happy an effect, that they also seemed living pictures of youth and beauty, gladdened by bright fortune. The artist was evidently struck.

"My easel is occupied for several ensuing days, and my stay in Boston must be brief," said he, thoughtfully; then, after an observant glance, he added: "but your wishes shall be gratified though I disappoint the Chief Justice and Madame Oliver. I must not lose this opportunity, for the sake of painting a few ells of broadcloth and brocade."

The painter expressed a desire to introduce both their portraits into one picture, and represent them engaged in some appropriate action. This plan would have delighted the lovers, but was necessarily rejected, because so large a piece of canvas would have been unfit for the room which it was intended to decorate. Two half-length portraits were therefore fixed upon. After they had taken leave, Walter Ludlow asked Elinor, with a smile, whether she knew what an influence over their fates the painter was about to acquire.

"The old women of Boston affirm," continued he, "that after he has once got possession of a person's face and figure, he may paint him in any act or situation whatever—and the picture will be prophetic. Do you believe it?"

"Not quite," said Elinor, smiling. "Yet if he has such magic, there is something so gentle in his manner, that I am sure he will use it well."

It was the painter's choice to proceed with both the portraits at the same time, assigning as a reason, in the mystical language which he sometimes used, that the faces threw light upon each other. Accordingly, he gave now a touch to Walter, and now to Elinor, and the features of one and the other began to start forth so vividly, that it appeared as if his triumphant art would actually disengage them from the canvas. Amid the rich light and deep shade, they beheld their phantom selves. But, though the likeness promised to be perfect, they were not quite satisfied with the expression; it seemed more vague than in most of the painter's works. He, however, was satisfied with the prospect of success, and being much interested in the lovers, employed his leisure moments, unknown to them, in making a crayon sketch of their two figures. During their sittings, he engaged them in conversation, and kindled up their faces with characteristic traits, which though continually varying, it was his purpose to combine and fix. At length he announced, that at their next visit both the portraits would be ready for delivery.

"If my pencil will but be true to my conception, in the few last touches which I meditate," observed he, "these two pictures will be my very best performances. Seldom, indeed, has an artist such subjects."

While speaking, he still bent his penetrative eye upon them, nor withdrew it till they had reached the bottom of the stairs.

Nothing, in the whole circle of human vanities, takes stronger hold of the imagination, than this affair of having a portrait painted. Yet why should it be so? The looking-glass, the polished globes of the andirons, the mirror-like water, and other reflecting surfaces, continually present us with portraits, or rather ghosts, of ourselves, which we glance at, and straightway forget them. But we forget them, only because they vanish. It is the idea of duration—of earthly immortality—that gives such a mysterious interest to our own portraits. Walter and Elinor were not insensible to this feeling, and hastened to the painter's room, punctually at the appointed hour, to meet those pictured shapes, which were to be their representatives with posterity. The sunshine flashed after them into the apartment, but left it somewhat gloomy, as they closed the door.

Their eyes were immediately attracted to their portraits, which rested against the farthest wall of the room. At the first glance, through the dim light and the distance, seeing themselves in precisely their natural attitudes, and with all the air that they recognised so well, they uttered a simultaneous exclamation of delight.

"There we stand," cried Walter, enthusiastically, "fixed in sunshine for ever! No dark passions can gather on our faces!"

"No," said Elinor, more calmly; "no dreary change can sadden us."

"This was said while they were approaching, and had yet gained only an imperfect view of the pictures. The painter, after saluting them, busied himself at a table in completing a crayon sketch, leaving his visitors to form their own judgment as to his perfected labours. At intervals, he sent a glance from beneath his deep eye-brows, watching their countenances in profile, with his pencil suspended over the sketch. They had now stood some moments, each in front

of the other's picture, contemplating it with entranced attention, but without uttering a word. At length Walter stepped forward—then back—viewing Elinor's portrait in various lights, and finally spoke.

"Is there not a change?" said he, in a doubtful and meditative tone. "Yes; the perception of it grows more vivid the longer I look. It is certainly the same picture that I saw yesterday; the dress—the features—all are the same; and yet something is altered."

"Is then the picture less like than it was yesterday?" inquired the painter, now drawing near, with irrepressible interest.

"The features are perfect, Elinor," answered Walter; "and, at the first glance, the expression seemed also hers. But I could fancy that the portrait has changed countenance while I have been looking at it. The eyes are fixed on mine with a strangely sad and anxious expression. Nay, it is grief and terror! Is this like Elinor?"

"Compare the living face with the pictured one," said the painter.

Walter glanced sidelong at his mistress, and started. Motionless and absorbed—fascinated, as it were—in contemplation of Walter's portrait, Elinor's face had assumed precisely the expression of which he had just been complaining. Had she practised for whole hours before a mirror, she could not have caught the look so successfully. Had the picture itself been a mirror, it could not have thrown back her present aspect, with stronger and more melancholy truth. She appeared quite unconscious of the dialogue between the artist and her lover.

"Elinor," exclaimed Walter, in amazement, "what change has come over you?"

She did not hear him, nor desist from her fixed gaze till he seized her hand, and thus attracted her notice; then, with a sudden tremor, she looked from the picture to the face of the original.

"Do you see no change in your portrait?" asked she. "In mine?—None!" replied Walter, examining it. "But, let me see! Yes; there is a slight change—an improvement, I think, in the picture, though none in the likeness. It has a livelier expression than yesterday, as if some bright thought were flashing from the eyes, and about to be uttered from the lips. Now that I have caught the look, it becomes very decided."

While he was intent on these observations, Elinor turned to the painter. She regarded him with grief and awe, and felt that he repaid her with sympathy and commiseration, though wherefore she could but vaguely guess.

"That look!" whispered she, and shuddered. "How came it there?"

"Madam," said the painter, sadly, taking her hand, and leading her apart, "in both these pictures I have painted what I saw. The artist—the true artist—must look beneath the exterior. It is his gift—his proudest, but often a melancholy one—to see the inmost soul, and, by a power indefinable even to himself, to make it glow or darken upon the canvas, in glances that express the thought and sentiment of years. Would that I might convince myself of error in the present instance!"

They had now approached the table, on which were heads in chalk, hands almost as expressive as ordinary faces, ivied church towers, thatched cottages, old thunder-stricken trees, oriental and antique costume, and all such picturesque vagaries of an artist's idle moments. Turning them over with seeming carelessness, a crayon sketch of two figures was disclosed.

"If I have failed," continued he—"if your heart does not see itself reflected in your own portrait—if you have no secret cause to trust my delineation of the other—it is not yet too late to alter them. I might change the action of these figures too. But would it influence the event?"

He directed her notice to the sketch. A thrill ran through Elinor's frame; a shriek was upon her lips; but she stifled it, with the self-command that becomes habitual to all who hide thoughts of fear and anguish within their bosoms. Turning from the table, she perceived that Walter had advanced near enough to have seen the sketch, though she could not determine whether it had caught his eye.

"We will not have the pictures altered," said she, hastily. "If mine is sad I shall but look the gayer for the contrast."

"Be it so," answered the painter, bowing. May your griefs be such fanciful ones that only your picture may mourn for them! For your joys—may they be true and deep, and paint themselves upon this lovely face till it quite belie my art!"

After the marriage of Walter and Elinor, the pictures formed the two most splendid ornaments of their abode

They hung side by side, separated by a narrow panel, appearing to eye each other constantly, yet always returning the gaze of the spectator. Travelled gentlemen, who professed a knowledge of such subjects, reckoned these among the most admirable specimens of modern portraiture; while common observers compared them with the originals, feature by feature, and were rapturous in praise of the likeness. But, it was on a third class—neither travelled connoisseurs nor common observers, but people of natural sensibility—that the pictures wrought their strongest effect. Such persons might gaze carelessly at first, but, becoming interested, would return day after day and study these painted faces like the pages of a mystic volume. Walter Ludlow's portrait attracted their earliest notice. In the absence of himself and his bride, they sometimes disputed as to the expression which the painter had intended to throw upon the features; all agreeing that there was a look of earnest import, though no two explained it alike. There was less diversity of opinion in regard to Elinor's picture. They differed, indeed, in their attempts to estimate the nature and depth of the gloom that dwelt upon her face, but agreed that it was gloom, and alien from the natural temperament of their youthful friend. A certain fanciful person announced, as the result of much scrutiny, that both these pictures were parts of one design, and that the melancholy strength of feeling in Elinor's countenance, bore reference to the more vivid emotion, or, as he termed it, the wild passion, in that of Walter. Though unskilled in the art he even began a sketch, in which the action of the two figures was to correspond with their mutual expression.

It is whispered among friends that, day by day, Elinor's face was assuming a deeper shade of pensiveness, which threatened soon to render her too true a counterpart of her melancholy picture. Walter, on the other hand, instead of acquiring the vivid look which the painter had given him on the canvas, became reserved and downcast, with no outward flashes of emotion, however it might be smouldering within. In course of time Elinor hung a gorgeous curtain of purple silk, wrought with flowers, and fringed with heavy golden tassels, before the pictures, under pretence that the dust would tarnish their hues, or the light dim them. It was not enough. Her visitors felt that the massive folds of the silk must never be withdrawn, nor the portraits mentioned in her presence.

Time wore on; and the painter came again. He had been far enough to the north to see the silver cascade of the Crystal Hills, and to look over the vast round of cloud and forest from the summit of New England's loftiest mountain. But he did not profane that scene by the mockery of his art. He had also lain in a canoe on the bosom of Lake George, making his soul the mirror of its loveliness and grandeur, till not a picture in the Vatican was more vivid than his recollection. He had gone with the Indian hunters to Niagara, and there, again, had flung his hopeless pencil down the precipice, feeling that he could as soon paint the roar, as aught else that goes to make up the wondrous cataract. In truth, it was seldom his impulse to copy natural scenery, except as a framework for the delineations of the human form and face, instinct with thought, passion, or suffering. With store of such his adventurous ramble had enriched him; the stern dignity of Indian chiefs; the dusky loveliness of Indian girls; the domestic life of wigwams; the stealthy march; the battle beneath gloomy pine-trees; the frontier fortress, with its garrison; the anomaly of the old French partisan, bred in courts, but grown grey in shaggy deserts; such were the scenes and portraits that he had sketched. The glow of perilous moments; flashes of wild feeling; struggles of fierce power,—love, hate, grief, frenzy,—in a word, all the worn-out heart of the old earth, had been revealed to him under a new form. His portfolio was filled with graphic illustrations of the volume of his memory, which genius would transmute into its own substance, and imbue with immortality. He felt that the deep wisdom in his art, which he had sought so far, was found.

But, amid stern or lovely nature, in the perils of the forest, or its overwhelming peacefulness, still there had been two phantoms, the companions of his way. Like all other men around whom an engrossing purpose wreathes itself, he was insulated from the mass of human kind. He had no aim,—no pleasures,—no sympathies, but what were ultimately connected with his art. Though gentle in manner, and upright in intent and action, he did not possess kindly feelings; his heart was cold; no living creature could be brought near enough to keep him warm. For these two beings, however, he had felt, in its greatest intensity, the sort of interest which always allied him to the subjects of his pencil. He had pried into their souls with his keenest insight, and pictured the result upon their features, with his utmost skill, so as barely

to fall short of that standard which no genius ever reached, his own severe conception. He had caught from the duski-ness of the future—at least, so he fancied—a fearful secret, and had obscurely revealed it on the portraits. So much of himself—of his imagination and all other powers—had been lavished on the study of Walter and Elinor, that he almost regarded them as creations of his own, like the thousands with which he had peopled the realms of Picture. Therefore did they flit through the twilight of the woods, hover on the mist of waterfalls, look forth from the mirror of the lake, nor melt away in the noontide sun. They haunted his pictorial fancy, not as mockeries of life, nor pale goblins of the dead, but in the guise of portraits, each with the unalterable expression which his magic had evoked from the caverns of the soul. He could not re-cross the Atlantic, till he had again beheld the originals of those airy pictures.

"Oh, glorious Art!" thus mused the enthusiastic painter, as he trod the street. "Thou art the image of the Creator's own. The innumerable forms, that wander in nothingness, start into being at thy beck. The dead live again. Thou recallest them to their old scenes, and givest their gray shadows the lustre of a better life, at once earthly and immortal. Thou snatchest back the fleeting moments of History. With thee, there is no Past; for at thy touch, all that is great becomes for ever present: and illustrious men live through long ages, in the visible performance of the very deeds which made them what they are. Oh, potent Art! as thou bringest the faintly revealed Past to stand in that narrow strip of sunlight, which we call Now, canst thou summon the shrouded Future to meet her there? Have I not achieved it! Am I not thy Prophet?"

Thus with a proud, yet melancholy fervour, did he almost cry aloud, as he passed through the toilsome street, among people that knew not of his reveries, nor could understand nor care for them. It is not good for man to cherish a solitary ambition. Unless there be those around him, by whose example he may regulate himself, his thoughts, desires, and hopes will become extravagant, and he the semblance, perhaps the reality, of a madman. Reading other bosoms, with an acuteness almost preternatural, the painter failed to see the disorder of his own.

"And this should be the house," said he, looking up and down the front before he knocked. "Heaven help my brains! That picture! Methinks it will never vanish. Whether I look at the windows or the door, there it is framed within them, painted strongly, and glowing in the richest tints,—the faces of the portraits,—the figures and action of the sketch!"

He knocked.

"The Portraits! Are they within?" inquired he, of the domestic; then recollecting himself,—“your master and mistress! Are they at home?”

"They are, sir," said the servant, adding, as he noticed the picturesque aspect of which the painter could never divest himself,—“and the Portraits too!”

The guest was admitted into a parlour, communicating by a central door with an interior room of the same size. As the first apartment was empty, he passed to the entrance of the second, within which, his eyes were greeted by those living personages, as well as their pictured representatives, who had long been the objects of so singular an interest. He involuntarily paused on the threshold.

They had not perceived his approach. Walter and Elinor were standing before the portraits, whence the former had just flung back the rich and voluminous folds of the silken curtain, holding its golden tassel with one hand, while the other grasped that of his bride. The pictures, concealed for months, gleamed forth again in undiminished splendour, appearing to throw a sombre light across the room, rather than to be disclosed by a borrowed radiance. That of Elinor had been almost prophetic. A pensiveness, and next a gentle sorrow, had successively dwelt upon her countenance, deepening, with the lapse of time, into a quiet anguish. A mixture of affright would now have made it the very expression of the portrait. Walter's face was moody and dull, or animated only by fitful flashes, which left a heavier darkness for their momentary illumination. He looked from Elinor to her portrait, and thence to his own, in the contemplation of which he finally stood absorbed.

The painter seemed to hear the step of Destiny approaching behind him, on its progress towards its victims. A strange thought darted into his mind. Was not his own the form in which that Destiny had embodied itself, and he a chief agent of the coming evil which he had foreshadowed?

Still, Walter remained silent before the picture, communing with it, as with his own heart, and abandoning himself to the spell of evil influence, that the painter had cast upon the features. Gradually his eyes kindled; while, as Elinor watched the increasing wildness of his face, her own assumed

a look of terror; and when at last he turned upon her, the resemblance of both to their portraits was complete.

"Our fate is upon us!" howled Walter. "Die!"

Drawing a knife, he sustained her, as she was sinking to the ground, and aimed it at her bosom. In the action, and in the look and attitude of each, the painter beheld the figures of his sketch. The picture, with all its tremendous colouring, was finished.

"Hold, madman!" cried he sternly.

He had advanced from the door, and interposed himself between the wretched beings, with the same sense of power to regulate their destiny, as to alter a scene upon the canvas. He stood like a magician, controlling the phantoms which he had evoked.

"What!" muttered Walter Ludlow, as he relapsed from fierce excitement into sullen gloom. "Does Fate impede its own decree?"

"Wretched lady!" said the painter. "Did I not warn you?"

"You did," replied Elinor calmly, as her terror gave place to the quiet grief which it had disturbed. "But—I loved him!"

Is there not a deep moral in the tale? Could the result of one, or all our deeds, be shadowed forth and set before us—some would call it Fate, and hurry onward—others be swept along by their passionate desires—and none be turned aside by the PROPHECIC PICTURES.

### The Manufacture of Cheap Clocks and Watches.

IF one had prophesied, say fifty years ago, that the time was coming when a watch or clock could be purchased for from five shillings to ten and sixpence, such a prophecy would undoubtedly have been laughed to scorn. This, as everybody knows, however, has come to pass; and thoroughly trustworthy timekeepers, either in watches or clocks, can now be had at the above-named prices, or even less.

When cheap clocks and watches—and they were not then nearly so cheap as they are now—were first introduced into England, they were regarded by all with suspicion, everybody believing they were only catchpennies, and would not keep time. The Custom House authorities, however, took rather a different view of the matter. When the first consignment of cheap clocks arrived in this country, there was a tariff on such goods, and the Custom House officers, thinking the manufacturer had entered them at such a low price to evade part of the duty, seized them. They, of course, had to pay the manufacturer the price at which the clocks were entered. When he received the amount he was delighted, and at once sent off another and much larger consignment. This was also seized. A third followed, but the Custom House people, finding they had already quite enough clocks on hand, let it pass on payment of the duty.

By-and-by both the public and the Custom House officers became less sceptical, and now very cheap watches are worn by numbers of people, and clocks costing only four or five shillings find their way into some of the most respectable houses. Still, people cannot help wondering how these articles can be produced for the money. It is therefore our object to let them into the secret as far as we possibly can.

The Swiss were perhaps the first to start the manufacture of cheap clocks and watches. The Germans followed, but they were renowned most for clocks. After the Swiss and Germans came the French and Americans, who now seem to have the field to themselves. In the matter of cheap watches, the Americans are decidedly ahead of the French; but in cheap clocks the French are decidedly ahead of the Americans.

But how does it come that either of them can produce these articles at such prices? There are many reasons. In the old times watch and clock making was mostly done by hand, whereas it is now almost all done by machinery. Besides, whereas in the old days the number of parts were about 167 or so, they are now reduced to about sixty-five or sixty-six.

But to get an idea of how cheap clocks and watches are made, we must visit one of the factories where they are turned out. While the clock and watch factories differ in many respects, they are very much alike. We shall take the latter first. The first room we enter is that in which the various wheels are made. The blanks, which have hitherto been prepared in another room, are brought in, and by the aid of an automatic machine stamped out into wheels; in

another room the hands are stamped out in a similar manner; while in a third the dials are made. Another room is devoted to the making of springs. Here we see long ribbons of steel brought in and fed into machines, which roll out and cut them with the greatest accuracy. In another room or shop the dials are made, and in another the cases. The glasses of the watches are not, as a general rule, made in the factory. These are generally ordered of glass blowers, who can supply them much cheaper than the watch manufacturer could make them, even had he the necessary appliances.

When the various parts of the watch have been duly finished, they are at last brought together, and placed in trays. Each tray has a certain number of divisions in it, and in each division are the requisite number of parts to make a complete watch. These parts are at once put together by the deft fingers of the operatives—many of whom are females—and watches are turned out at the rate, in many cases, of two or two and a half per minute. When the watches are thus put together, they are sent to the testing room. Here, having been wound up, they are placed in trays, with divisions, each holding two or three hundred—one in every division. These trays are placed on pivots, and can be set at any angle. Every day they are re-wound, and their positions changed for about a week. At the end of that time those that have kept good time are sent off to be packed for sale, while those that have stopped or gone wrong are sent back to the person whose duty it is to find out the defect, and how it originated.

Very few of the great cheap watch manufacturers make clocks, while very few of the great cheap clock manufacturers make watches. At the same time, as already remarked, the mode of making both cheap clocks and watches is in many respects very much the same. The wheels, hands, etc., are stamped out by machinery in exactly the same way.

In the same way, too, the various parts are brought together, and the clock set up. But in clocks we have a much greater variety than in watches, all cheap watches being got up very much on the same principle. True, some cheap clocks are simply watches on a larger scale, their works being almost identical. In fact, some cheap clocks have works quite as small as those of ordinary cheap watches. We have seen one with works even smaller. The dial, however, was made of some semi-transparent substance, and consequently the hands were much larger. This clock—the cost of which was only six shillings—by a certain contrivance could be fitted on a lamp, the light of which, shining through the semi-transparent dial, gave it a very pretty appearance. But the majority of cheap clocks have works much larger than those of cheap watches. Besides, a large number of our cheap clocks are alarms; but, although this necessitates a few extra wheels, it does not add to the cost.

The cheapest clocks that can be purchased are, perhaps, those round-shaped, watch-like, white metal ones, that one can see in the windows of all cheap dealers. They work, like watches, with a spring, and have not any pendulum. The pendulum, however, in the case of cheap clocks, has not yet been discarded. Hundreds and thousands of pendulum clocks are still being manufactured, and put into frames of almost every imaginable design. Sometimes the frames are made by the manufacturer of the works, etc., but not unfrequently they are made and supplied to him by somebody else. As in the case of watches, the glasses for cheap clocks are invariably made by the glass manufacturers, hundreds of thousands of glasses being ordered at a time.

The chief materials used in the manufacture both of cheap clocks and watches are brass, steel, and white metal. The brass is used for the wheels, the steel for the springs, and the white metal for the cases in the case of watches, and the frames in the case of clocks. In England there are no really cheap clocks or watches made. The English manufacturer always prides himself on being able to turn out the most superior goods, but of course at much higher prices.

It is a strange fact, however, that while all cheap watches and clocks are manufactured abroad, the materials from which they are made are invariably brought from England. Hundreds of tons of brass, steel, and metal are annually sent to Switzerland, Germany, France, and especially to America, from this country; and this, notwithstanding the heavy freight and also heavy duty, comes back in the shape of clocks and watches at prices with which no English watch or clock manufacturer can compete.

We have received a set of Bemrose's New Code "Drawing Cards," arranged on a new system and carefully graduated to the capacities of the standards. It is a capital series and admirably thought out.

### Paris Exhibition Trips.

THE People's Palace Trips to Paris will, in a few days, have become only a pleasant recollection to all concerned, the final party having left London for Newhaven, en route for the French capital and the Great Exhibition, on Saturday evening last. This party is the sixteenth, and the nine members comprised in the same bring the total number of "Trippists" up to 147, exclusive of the ladies.

It will be readily understood that out of so large a number as 160, for whom arrangements had been made, a few would at the last moment be compelled, through unforeseen circumstances, to withdraw. Several gentlemen have discovered, when too late to exchange into a later party, that it was quite impossible to leave London on the date for which they had arranged, and consequently have perforce given up the idea of crossing the channel this year: to some it has been a great disappointment, but quite unavoidable. However, it has been hinted that a scheme may possibly be devised for a little continental tour next summer (say up the Rhine—who knows?), and in the event of this being carried out, it is hoped these disappointed Members will be more fortunate in their selection of dates.

For the information of those Members who would have liked to visit Paris this year but for various reasons were unable to do so, it may not be out of place to give a few particulars of the journey, and of the "home" in the gay capital. The trippers have left London Bridge for Newhaven a little before nine o'clock on each Saturday evening, from Newhaven boat to Dieppe (and this has probably been not the most pleasant portion of the journey to a great many), and thence by train on to their destination, which has been reached in time for breakfast on Saturday morning. The first few parties were housed in the Rue de Maillot, but it was necessary for the general comfort to find other quarters, and the last ten parties have accordingly been located in the Rue Pergolese, where they have been provided with comfortable beds, and the Parisian's two daily set meals, breakfast and dinner (the latter early in the evening). Unqualified approval of the accommodation has been expressed by all who have made any report to the Secretaries since their return, and they have been unanimous in declaring the week spent in and around Paris to have been a thoroughly enjoyable one; it is hardly necessary to say that very few have missed "doing" the Eiffel Tower, but all agree that one day, or at the most two, was quite enough to spend in the Exhibition, considering that so much of interest was to be seen elsewhere, and especially as their visit was of so short duration.

A very attractive feature of the last ten or twelve trips has been the three days' carriage drives; the Members have been able by booking before leaving London, and on payment of a very moderate sum, to drive during three days in a brake to the principal places of interest in the suburbs of Paris,—Versailles, St. Cloud, and Sevres to wit.

Since the change of the "home" in Paris, from Rue de Maillot to Rue Pergolese, it has been necessary for each gentleman to take with him a very small packet of grocery, with the view of saving the heavy amount of carriage, etc., which would have to be paid on a large quantity; all have been pleased to assist by doing this, but every party has also been required to take over a ham, weighing say 12 or 13 lbs., and considerable amusement has been caused by the desire evinced by each one to allow one of the others the privilege of carrying this; no doubt, however, the ham has safely reached Paris every week, as it has not been reported that any party were hamless at breakfast, as would have been the case had it not been duly conveyed to the Rue Pergolese. Regarding the ladies' trips,—which took place in August,—it was intended that forty ladies should be able to participate in these, but only thirteen eventually went; no doubt they thoroughly enjoyed their visit, and were made very comfortable in the Rue de Chaillot; but there are obvious reasons why the plan should not meet with so much favour from the ladies as it received from the male Members of the Palace.

As was confidently anticipated at the commencement of the project, these trips to Paris have been a most decided success, and it is to be hoped that we shall shortly hear with certainty of a scheme for an equally enjoyable holiday next year.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Robert Mitchell, for the arrangements made in Paris, while the task of receiving subscriptions, forming and dispatching the parties, has been admirably carried out by Mr. A. E. Were as Honorary Secretary, and Mr. Otto H. Stursberg, as Assistant Secretary. O. H. S.

### Preaching to the Dogs.

THE annexed good story of the pioneer and explorer of Africa,—Robert Moffat,—who was also at one time a missionary, is told in a life of him (and his wife) written by their son.

"One evening he halted at a farm which showed signs of belonging to a man of wealth and importance who had many slaves. The old patriarch, hearing that he was a missionary, gave him a hearty welcome, and proposed that in the evening he should give them a service. No proposal could have been more acceptable, and he sat down to the plain, but plentiful meal with a light heart. The sons and daughters came in. Supper ended, a clearance was made, the big Bible and the psalm-books were brought out, and the family was seated.

"But where are the servants?" asked Moffat.

"Servants! What do you mean?"

"I mean the Hottentots, of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Hottentots! Do you mean that, then? Let me go to the mountains and call the baboons, if you want a congregation of that sort. Or, stop, I have it. My sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door—they will do."

"The missionary quietly dropped an attempt which threatened a wrathful ending, and commenced the service. The psalm was sung, prayer was offered, and the preacher read the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman, and selected more especially the words, 'Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table.' He had not spoken many minutes when the voice of the old man was again heard: 'Will Mynheer sit down and wait a little? He shall have the Hottentots.'

"The summons was given, the motley crowd trooped in, many who probably had never been within the door of their master's house before, and many more who never before had heard the voice of a preacher.

"When the service was over, and the astonished Hottentots had dispersed, the farmer turned to his guest and said: 'My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head.'"

### Calendar of the Week.

September 19th.—This is the anniversary of the Battle of Poitiers, the second great battle fought by the English in France in support of the claim of the French crown, 1356. Edward, the Black Prince, defeated overwhelming numbers, as he had done at Crécy.

September 20th.—This is the anniversary of another and much later British victory, at the Alma, 1854, where the British infantry maintained their old reputation by charging uphill in face of a tremendous fire, and carrying the Russian position with a rush. Owen Glendower, the Welsh chieftain who led a revolt against Henry IV., died 1415.

September 21st.—Sir Walter Scott died, 1832. His was an anxious life of hard work, but work not soon to be forgotten.

September 22nd.—Theodore Hook born, 1788. Our old friend "arma virumque" Virgil, died, 19 B.C. Few of those who stagger through the "Æneid" know that in the middle ages the fame of Virgil, as a sorcerer, vastly eclipsed that of his poetry. He was reputed to have built Naples on eggs as a charm for its protection, to have constructed a bridge of brass which took him wherever he pleased, and to have done numberless other equally extraordinary things.

September 23rd.—The anniversary of still another British victory at Assaye, 1803. One of the most telling blows struck for our possession of India.

September 24th.—William of Wykeham the founder of Winchester School, died at South Waltham, 1404.

September 25th.—Richard Porson, a great Greek scholar, and a very singular man, died in the Old Jewry, 1808. His memory and his intellectual powers generally were prodigious, as was his ability to absorb all sorts of liquors. "Porson," said Horne Tooke, "would drink ink rather than nothing at all."

### Answers to Correspondents.

J. A. BUTLER, H. C. MILLS, F. WATERS, S. PRENTICE, L. E. ATKINSON, E. EDROFF. Subscriptions received.

CHAS. WALTON.—The index has been sent. The usual notice will be given on the expiration of your subscription.

J. W. M.—Of course you can remain a member of your club by joining the Gymnasium. This should not be a great hardship for an athlete!

## Time Table of Classes.

### SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session will commence on Monday, September 30th, 1889. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. By payment of an additional fee of Sixpence per Quarter Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday Evenings. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

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.

#### Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Tailors' Cutting...	...	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. G. Scarman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	M. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making & Moulding.	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	M. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0

\* Per Quarter. † Per Session.  
Only those are eligible to attend classes in this section who are actually engaged in the trade to which these subjects refer, unless an extra fee be paid.

#### Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery ...	...	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
† Practical... Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Thursday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Shakespeare Class ...	Mrs S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
Elocution (Class 3) ...	...	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

#### Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	(Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	"	"	"
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	"	"
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Ele.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" II.	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
† Magnetism & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker, M.I.E.E.	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	Mr. Brooker, M.I.E.E.	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
*Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc.	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac.	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " Theo. Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
*Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" —Honrs.	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics ...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

\* Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical and Trade Classes.  
† Members of these classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.  
By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations, in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 25/-  
Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/6 will be required to replace breakages.

#### Art and Design Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing ...	and	Tuesday	"	"
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	"	"
*Decorative Designing ...	and	Friday	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
†Drawing from Life ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Etching ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Wood Carving ...	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Repoussé Work & Engr.	"	"	"	"

\* Per Session. † Per Quarter.

#### Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary ...	Mr. Orton Bradley,	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
Advanced ...	" [M.A.]	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 6
Military Band ...	Mr. Robinson	Tu. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton	M. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
Violin ...	Mrs. Spencer	"	"	"
" ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
" ...	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

Per Quarter.

\* Lady Members admitted to these Classes at Reduced Fees, viz., 1/-

#### General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Saril, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday	...	...
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
(Competitive)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	12 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Tele. Learners...	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters ...	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " 2nd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Interme. 1st	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " 2nd	"	"	"	"
" " Elemen. 3rd	"	"	"	"
" " Advanced	"	"	"	"
" " Commrc. Corres.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	"	"
" " Beginners	"	"	"	"
" " Intermediate	"	"	"	"
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	"	6.0-10.0	21 0
* Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Dr. Stoker	Saturday	3.30-5.30	20 0
Chess ...	"	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	1 0
" ...	"	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0

Per Quarter.

\* Per Course, to commence in April next. Students taking this subject are recommended to join the Class in Mathematics, Stage II.

#### Technical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Boot and Shoe Making ...	Mr. D. A. Low	Friday	8.30-10.30	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. H. Farmer	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Photography ...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Printing (Letter Press) ...	"	"	8.0-9.30	6 0
†Electrical Engineering—Elec. Litig. Instrument	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, M.I.E.E.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Making & Telegraphy—Laboratory and Work-shop Practice ...	Mr. A. Brooker, M.I.E.E.	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	4 0
Brickwork and Masonry	"	"	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Cabinet Designing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	"	8.0-10.0	4 0

Per Session. \* Free to those taking Practical Classes.  
† Members of these classes can join the Mathematics on payment of half fee.

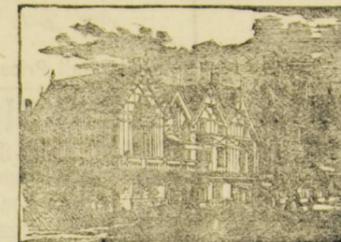
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View from the Forest Hotel.



NINE TENNIS LAWNS, BOWLING GREEN, HARD TENNIS COURT, QUOITS, CROQUET, &c.  
BOATING on the Connaught Waters. Can be engaged by the Hour.

The Hotel contains about SIXTY ROOMS available for guests. RESIDENTS will find the GREATEST COMFORT at a VERY MODERATE TARIFF (post free on application) in the luxuriously furnished apartments. The Cuisine of the Hotel is particularly good, and is under the Management of an eminent Chef. SMALL or LARGE DINNERS of the most recherché character can be served on short notice. The Hotel has achieved a reputation for its WEDDING BREAKFASTS, for which it possesses unusual facilities.

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Will Dine from 500 to 700 persons, and with the Corporation, Rangers, and Bedford Halls, forms an Elegant Suite.

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The whole under the immediate personal direction of the Proprietors. Full particulars on application.

A FOUR-HORSE COACH runs TWICE DAILY during Summer for DRIVE THROUGH FOREST. Particulars post free on application to the Hotel.

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# Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

Is a World-wide Necessary for the Nursery, the Sick Room, and the Family Table.

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of the Month,  
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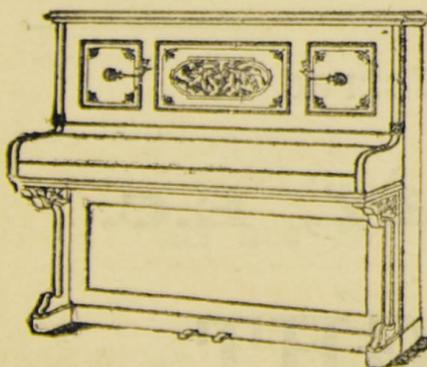
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