

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 106.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 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.

NOTICE.

CLASS TICKETS are issued every day in the Schools Office until 9 p.m.

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.

AN EFFICIENT COOKERY SCHOOL is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools Office.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Nov. 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Nov. 22nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Nov. 23rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Harriers.—Run.—Rambler's Club.—To the Commercial Gas Works.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Technical Schools' Rambling Club.—To Broadwood's Piano-forte Manufactory.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

SUNDAY, Nov. 24th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Nov. 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Chess Club.—Match with London County Council Club.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 7.30.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Gymnastic Display and Assault-at-Arms, in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.30.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 24th, 1889,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30, 4, AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

Notes of the Week.

ONCE more I have purchased my Prophetic Almanac for the year 1890. It is, as usual, filled with prophecies, and those, as generally happens with prophecies, are of the most doleful kind. No one has ever dared to prophecy cheerful things. On the outside cover are printed the cheerful words "War and Rioting! Strikes and Fires! Death!" There is also a prophetic "Hieroglyphic" for the year. Why it is called a Hieroglyphic I do not know, because the old Egyptian alphabet was in Hieroglyph and here there is nothing in the least resembling the Egyptian alphabet. There are nine divisions of this prophetic picture. Four are battles: one is a street row: one is a funeral: one represents three officers playing cards: one a Greek, Turk, Bulgarian, Servian, Roumanian, or Albanian resting on one knee: one is a city in flames—not London, happily: and one is a murder combined with an attack on a stage coach. There, readers, you now know exactly what is going to happen in the year 1890.

THERE is a great deal more in this beautiful almanac. You can read, beforehand, what the weather will be like for nearly every day in the year: you can be guided by this infallible adviser what to do and what not to do on every day in the year: you can learn what to expect in the way of foreign intelligence. All this makes a wonderful sixpenny's worth. But think how it must add to the cares and worries of life to have to find out before anything is attempted whether the day is lucky or not. For instance, here is a whole week of advice:—

- March 9. Sunday. "Travel and visit thy friends."
10. Monday. Sell. For aught else the day is evil.
11. Tuesday. Ask favours, buy, and push thy business up to 6 p.m.
12. Wednesday. Buy, deal, and push thy business up to 6 p.m.
13. Thursday. Uncertainty prevails.
14. Friday. Travel and deal with the aged before noon.
15. Saturday. An unpropitious day. Be careful.

In this single week, picked out at hazard, there are only two days out of the whole seven in which business can be freely carried on. Thursday and Saturday are days on which nothing can be done. Friday is also a doubtful day, because there may come along no aged men to be dealt with.

THE Prophet enumerates the wonderful successes he had last year. Most of the wonderful successes are like the following:—

- Prophecy—"Strikes and Rioting."
Event—New York tramcar men go on strike.

Considering that all over the world there are working men, all of whom have learned to combine, this is indeed a safe prediction. Again:

- Prophecy—"Probably a Royal Marriage."
Event—Betrothal of Princess Louise to the Earl of Fife.

Again, considering the very large number of young Princes and Princesses all over Europe, if there is one prediction safer than another, it is that of a Royal marriage. Finally, if astrology can do nothing better than interfere with trade and work, and foretell what is quite certain, I think the astrologer had better sit down and hold his tongue.

SUPERSTITIONS, however, are hard to kill. I believe that thousands of people buy and consult this almanac. These are the people who have their fortunes told, learn how to deal and interpret the cards, inquire the future of dice, dominoes, tea and coffee grounds, etc. There are also some, but they are few, who inquire of the stars, and do nothing that is not sanctioned by these authorities. The only way to kill these old superstitions is to keep the children from them. As for adults, their only cure is to do everything that the Prophet warns them against. They might also form clubs, like the Thirteen Club, who always sit down thirteen to dinner, spill the salt, walk under ladders, begin everything on Friday, and so on, defying the Demon of Superstition. As for beginning a thing on Friday, the most successful voyage ever performed, Cook's first voyage round the world, was begun on Friday.

THE burial of the unfortunate Mr. Rose's boots, shows the survival of a superstition which has a historical value. He was murdered: the Highland constable who found the body buried the boots under water with the intention of laying the ghost of the murdered man. Why the boots? Why not the hat? Now this superstition evidently grew up in quite recent times, because until very lately all the people in the Highlands went barefoot. Therefore—again—Why the boots? What connection is there between a pair of boots and a ghost?

THE old controversy about sermons in church has been revived in the *Times*. Everybody knows the kind of talk—sermons are long; sermons are dull; sermons are bad. It seems to me—and I have often exercised the liberty—that anybody who does not want to hear the sermon, may go out quietly, while the hymn is being sung. The sermon is not part of the service: it began to be considered a part of the service when the clergy had to explain to the people the meaning of the Protestant doctrines. A great number of people have continued to regard the sermon as the more important part of the service. But if those who do not want to hear the sermon choose to go out, why should they not?

THE immediate result would be that the clergy would begin to take pains about their sermons. Criticism is always a good thing: the mute verdict announced by the departure of the congregation would show the vicar or his curates, that they must learn elocution, grace of style, delivery; and in fact, the mechanical part of oratory. The Nonconformists have long understood, that if they cannot preach they will get no pay. It will be an excellent thing for the clergy of the Church of England to understand that if they cannot preach they will talk to empty seats.

WE were talking last week of the Voice Figures shown at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Since then I have had an opportunity of seeing these wonderful things actually made. Any one may try to make them. Take a glass, shaped like a flower pot, with a broad top and a hole below: tie a thin—very thin—India-rubber membrane over the top, very tightly. Sprinkle the membrane with lycopodium. Then with a tube, about an inch in diameter, constructed with a bend at the end, so that it can be applied to the hole of the glass, you may sing clearly but not loudly, a note—one prolonged note. Then you will see marvels. If you add a drop of water to the powder, and experiment with the wet mixture, you will see other marvels. I have a photograph of one kindly given me by the discoverer of these wonders. It is a perfect daisy, produced by singing one note *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. You can make it come and go, appear or disappear, at pleasure. Nothing more wonderful has been discovered of late. In the next Art Exhibition at the Palace we will ask Mrs. Watts Hughes to lend us some of her pictures.

SOMEBODY gravely suggests that there should be in every parish public cooking kitchens where wholesome food may be prepared and sold. Well—but in every parish, in London at least, there are cookshops in every street, and they sell the things that the residents want and ask for. In some parts they sell fried fish: in others steak and chops: the demand for cooked food in short is already met by the supply. And if the parish starts a public kitchen it must be either self-supporting, that is, it must pay for the people who do the work, and pay the rent and rates. That is no more than the private cookshops do now. If it is not self-supporting it must be paid for by the ratepayers—and the general opinion of ratepayers is, I believe, that they have quite enough to pay for already.

HERE is a new industry. It has been discovered by some enterprising Germans. They found on investigation that the English silver coinage is worth a great deal less than it pretends to be. The new half-crown weighs half-an-ounce exactly. Seventy-five out of every thousand parts are of alloy worth 3s. 6d. an ounce. Therefore, from the half-crown must be subtracted a fraction of $\frac{1}{1000}$, worth at the rate of 3s. 6d. an ounce. This, if you like to work it out, shows that a profit of a little more than 1½d. may be made by simply making English half-crowns and selling them for gold. If a thousand half-crowns were made there would be a profit of £6 5s. by the sale. I would not, however, advise my readers to turn their attention to this industry, because the laws against coining are still severe. Let them leave it to the Germans, profits and all.

FORMERLY the greatest severity was exercised towards those who made and issued false coins. In England, I believe that they had their right hand struck off. In France, they were boiled alive; that is to say, they were plunged into caldrons of boiling oil—a horrible punishment. Henry VIII., 1531, passed an act for executing poisoners in this manner. The Bishop of Rochester's cook, named Richard Rosse, was destroyed in this way, and one miserable Margaret Davy, for poisoning: but the act was repealed sixteen years afterwards. People have been burned in plenty since then, but none have been boiled in this country.

STRIKES, and still more strikes. Meanwhile it is positively asserted as one result of the great dock strike, that trade to the extent of many thousands of tons, has been already diverted from the Port of London. That has gone: it is to be hoped that more will not follow. Meantime, so many men the fewer will be wanted by the docks. It is not, as one must continually insist, war against employers that is wanted, but justice and fair play for all, employers and employed. Has the history of the great strike of the London shipwrights ever been told? I cannot tell it—but I can tell the effect it produced upon one industrious couple. The man was a decorator and ships' painter, a highly skilled workman, who painted the panels and decorations in the saloons of steamers. He lived at Ratcliffe. When the shipwrights struck, the trade of ship building in the Thames, which had been in a languishing condition, was transferred almost entirely to the Clyde. This man lost his work suddenly and entirely: and it never came back to him: he could get no more work. For twelve years he lived on at the East End, where he was born, and where he had his friends, cadging about every day and finding nothing but an odd job here and there—he whose decorative art was marvellous, and his work, in its own limited line, exquisite. How he lived I cannot tell. At last he was persuaded to give it up and to move to another suburb, where, until his death, he found work enough to live upon. The case of that man—he has often assured me—was the case of thousands. May it never be repeated!

EDITOR.

AN OLD ONE.

A BRITISH officer tells a story of the Fiji settlements in the early days:—

A white man who was taken prisoner by an inland tribe had a cork leg. Noticing that his captors were building an oven, he became nervous, and to conceal his fear called for something to eat. Food being given him, he used a large jack-knife to cut it up. Between every mouthful he stuck the jack-knife into his leg with such force that it stood erect. The natives looked on in great astonishment and evident alarm. After the meal was over he began to unscrew his leg. That was too much for the poor savages. They hadn't the slightest curiosity to see what he would do next, but opened a passage for him and let him walk away unmolested. When he reached his horse the natives began to gather around, but after mounting he made a motion as if to unscrew his head, and the spectators fled in dismay.

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

A VERY amusing mistake recently occurred in one of the public schools. The reading class was up, and a bright little fellow was reading away. The master was listening with admiration, but presently was startled when he heard, "And he garnished his teeth with rags."

"What's that? What did you say?" he asked.

The answer came with childlike simplicity—"He garnished his teeth with rags."

The master could not refrain from laughing outright when he saw how his pupil had distorted the sentence, "He gnashed his teeth with rage."

Palace Notes.

THE concluding lecture of the present Ambulance course will be given by Dr. Stoker on Saturday next, and on Tuesday, the 26th, Dr. Andrew Clark will examine the students.

A MEETING will be held on Tuesday evening next (the 26th), at 8.30 o'clock, as a result of a wish expressed in the Shorthand Classes to form a Shorthand Club.

EVERYBODY will be coming to the grand Gymnastic Display and Assault-at-Arms next Wednesday, in the Queen's Hall. This will be something worth coming a long way to see, and the Palace Military Band and the Technical Day School Choir, who will both perform, will be worth coming a long way to hear.

On Monday, December 9th, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., is to visit us and distribute the prizes and certificates gained by our students in the various Science and Art Department, Society of Arts, and City and Guilds examinations held during last session.

ONE of the most successful entertainments ever given in that home of successful entertainments, the Queen's Hall of the People's Palace, took place last Wednesday, when Mr. Harland Lemon gave a really fine series of recitals. It takes a good reciter to command even a moderate success in a small room only, but Mr. Lemon completely carried his audience with him in the great Hall.

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, November 16th, a party of eleven visited Temple Church. Entering by the west door we met Mrs. Stroud, the sexton's wife, who, with her son, acted as guide, and gave us a very interesting account of this most historical and beautiful old church. It was built by the Knights Templars after their return from the Holy Land. The roof is supported by a cluster of purple marble columns, formerly covered up with plaster of Paris, and discovered accidentally by a workman repairing the roof, who dropped a chisel, which fell on the plaster and disclosed the marble. They are now kept beautifully polished, and have a very imposing appearance. The old round church is of Norman architecture, a half fortress, half chapter-house-like structure, with a beautiful oblong gothic church body attached to it on one side, which was built in 1145. There are eight marble effigies of Knights Templars, including Baron de Roos, one of the barons to whom the bloodless field of Runnemede has given undying reputation, he being among the eighteen barons who signed Magna Charta. The floor and ceiling are figured with crests, coats of arms, and heraldic devices,—from the aisles on either side the centre, a few stairs lead to oaken pews, at each end of which some design is splendidly carved. All the books used bear the Middle Temple coat of arms, and the names of the owners printed on the cover. The church was consecrated by Bishop Salvator Everden, whose effigy is in one of the nooks at the back of the choir,—near the magnificently painted windows descriptive of the life of Christ. Having inspected the organ, which is 200 years old, we then proceeded up steps to the watch tower, where there are several tablet memorials, one of them being dedicated to Oliver Goldsmith, who was buried in the adjacent churchyard. When we left the church we passed through the cloisters to the Middle Temple dining hall, which was completed in 1570, after ten years had been spent in its erection. It is the largest and most sumptuous of the halls of the Inns of Court.

The arms of a great number of eminent lawyers, who have received their legal education in the society, are emblazoned on the windows. There is also much rich carving, but the principal feature of the place is the famous painting by Vandyke, of Charles I. on horseback. The hall abuts on the garden, where stands what was, till comparatively a few years ago, the only fountain in London, opposite to where the garret stood, in which the butler (of the Middle Temple at that time) and Oliver Goldsmith lived,

and in which the latter wrote his famous "Deserted Village." The ceiling of the hall is considered the finest in the world; at one end of it a Union Jack flag, of considerable age, is suspended, and on the floor beneath the flag a leaden chest, discovered when laying the foundations of Temple Pier. On the walls of the library are some fine portraits, among others the Prince of Wales, in court robes, by Frank Holl, and between the rooms quite a picture gallery of famous lawyers. There is also a cabinet made from a tree, planted by Mathew Hale, and battleaxes that used to be carried by yeoman of the guard. After we left the hall, we went to see the chrysanthemum show in the gardens, and then continued along the Embankment to Queen Victoria Street, parting at the Mansion House with one regret, and that was that there were not more to enjoy, the finest ramble we have as yet had.

Next Saturday, we visit the Commercial Gas Works, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, meeting outside the gates at 3 p.m. sharp.

NOTICE.—To those Students who desire recreation and intellectual amusement on Saturday afternoons, we beg to recommend the above club; the subscription is nominal, being 2s. per annum. The object of the club is to visit places of interest in and around London, and to increase social intercourse amongst the Members. The Committee arrange the places to be visited, and all that ordinary Members have to do is to enjoy themselves. The advantages gained by membership are great as may be seen by the following list of some of the places we hope to visit during this winter:—Commercial Gas Works, Glass Blower's Works, Newgate Prison, Westminster Abbey, Barnum's Show, Polytechnic Institute, Christ's Hospital, Houses of Parliament, Silk Works, Davis's Rope Works, St. Paul's Cathedral, South Kensington Museum, Nevill's Bakery, and South Lambeth Palace. In addition to outings as above, we hope to hold Monthly Social Dances, etc., the first of which is being arranged for November 30th. Ladies and gentlemen, students of the Palace, wishing to join the club, may become members at any of the rambles as advertised in the *Palace Journal*, or should address their application to either of the undersigned, care of Technical School Office.

A. MCKENZIE, } Hon. Secs.
W. POCKETT, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

On Wednesday last, a match in the Junior Metropolitan Club's Competition was played against the Lewisham Club, which was won by our club by seven games to one. The score was as follows:—

People's Palace.	Lewisham.
Cudmore, H. . . . 1	Betts 0
Smith, E. J. . . . 1	Ball 0
Dinnis, Rev. F. H. . . 1	Williams 0
Bacon, C. E. . . . 1	Longsdon, Rev. W. H. . 0
Clegg, A. 1	Rock 0
Evans, W. 0	Wightwick, W. M. . . 1
Pike, E. V. 1	Evans 0
Stevens, C. A. . . . 1	Wightwick, E. W. . . 0
	7
	1

The next Cup match is against the London County Council Club, on Monday next, 25th inst., at the Palace, at 7.30 p.m.

On Saturday last, Dr. J. W. Hunt paid us his promised visit, and played eighteen games simultaneously. Play commenced at 8 o'clock, and was of a very stubborn character throughout, our men contesting every inch of ground. The result was, seven games won, seven lost, and four drawn.

The names of the winners were Messrs. Cudmore, Druitt, Powell, Bacon, C. A. Stevens, Burgess, and Corpe; and those who drew were Messrs. E. J. Smith, C. W. Stevens, Pike and Ball. At the close of the evening, the players passed a very hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Hunt, for his kindness in giving this exhibition, to which the doctor responded, wishing us success in the club's cup competition. We shall always be glad to see the doctor among us.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

Our Social Evening, held on Saturday last, was a great success, owing in a great measure to the hearty co-operation of the gentlemen of the Orchestral Society in providing a very efficient band. We hope the support given to this, the first dance of the season, will be continued throughout the series. We meet as usual on Friday and Tuesday.

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

STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

To-night the second of these winter festivities will be held in the Exhibition-building. Admittance will be by class ticket only, and a charge of 3d. each will be made for programmes, which it is hoped will be purchased in large numbers to avoid monetary loss on the enterprise.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

Owing to the falling through of arrangements to see over the paper mills at Ilford, the programme for last Saturday's ramble was not a taking one. This, coupled with the fact that the weather did not invite a country ramble, caused only seventeen of the club to be present. Ilford Church was the first place to be attacked, and there we saw all that was to be seen; true, it had not much to recommend it, except that it was a church, and in the country about a mile from the town. We learnt that it was built in 1831, twenty years afterwards a peal of eight bells was given to it, and consequently a clock-tower was erected to hang the same. Unfortunately, on trial of the bells, the tower proved too weak for them, and so the bells hang in silence, save one, which tolls the hour for worship. The bells, I believe, are to be removed to a larger church, which is being built in the town itself, and is expected to be ready at Christmas. We next, by a series of walking, running, and hopping races, crossed the fields, and reached Cromwell Castle. No one being within, we had to content ourselves with inspecting the outside, and the dungeon below. The castle is of a triangular shape, with a round tower at each of the angles, used, I believe, by Cromwell as a prison. Darkness coming on, and having still some distance to go, we pressed on and arrived at Leytonstone at 5 p.m. After tea, we spent an hour in jokes, puzzles, and music, J. Eve distinguishing himself as our pianist. We next went to the wood close by, which is a part of Epping Forest. Much fun and excitement was had in playing hide-and-seek in the dark among the bushes and trees. At one time a fear was entertained that one of the hares, A. Bright, had fallen down and hurt himself, for he had not been seen for some time, so well had he hidden himself; the search now became more than usually exciting. In answer to the command to "number" he was obliged, if able, to respond, which he did, and then the excitement of the boys knew no bounds in the chase home, which, however, the hare reached first. I trust the parents of these juvenile savages were not vexed at their being home so late, or at their clothes having received so severe a brushing from the bushes. I would, at the same time, advise them not to allow the boys to wear their "Sunday bests" on future country rambles. Next Saturday, we propose going over Broadwood's Pianoforte Manufactory, Pimlico. At a General Meeting of Members on Wednesday last, the code of rules proposed by the Committee were agreed to, and a card of membership containing the rules will shortly be ready. New members enrolled this week, H. Robinson, J. Crane, W. Weller, S. Pattison.

A. W. B.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Saturday last, the above club met the Fairfield Road Football Club on the Palace Grounds, at Lake Farm, Wanstead, the result being a very easy victory for the Juniors by 10 goals to nil. The opponents played up very well in both halves.

Team.—Hiron (goal); Bersey, Birkett (backs); White, Clements, Baker (half-backs); Gurr, Lakeman, M'Cardle (capt.), Loudon, Newport (forwards).

J. T. GURR, Hon. Sec.

F. C. BIRKETT, Assist. Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR HARRIERS.

We had a very enjoyable run on Saturday last to the "Rabbits," Ilford. Run out on Wednesday next, at 8.30. All members are requested to turn up.

J. G. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.

E. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Our ramble last Saturday was to the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, W. Meeting outside the Royal Exchange at 3 p.m., we took a Charing Cross 'bus, and arrived at the National Gallery about 3.30. We saw a good many splendid paintings, including the picture the Government bought for so much money from the Duke of Marlborough's collection. To our disappointment,

we heard the whistle to clear out at 4, being only about twenty-five minutes there. On coming out, one of our party suggested we should go to the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, which was very interesting.

H. J. GARDNER, Acting Sec.
E. SEABOURNE, Assist. Sec.

JUNIOR CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

A match for the captaincy of the above club was played on Saturday evening last, and three preceding nights, resulting in a victory for R. Pogson, a very promising player, who won 8½ out of a possible 9; A. McDonald running him very close with only half a game behind, his score being 8.

R. Pogson (captain), 8½; A. McDonald (vice-captain), 8; W. Mahoney, 7; W. Page, 5½; A. E. Clements, 4½; S. H. Young, 3½; W. Branch, 2; J. E. Young, 2; Hill, 1½; Comyn, 1½. Practice as usual on Wednesday, in the Art-room, at 8 p.m.

W. MAHONEY, Hon. Sec.

W. WAYGOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

"Re-covered."

A LONG-SUFFERING man, who had lost many umbrellas, fell upon the expedient of putting his name and address on the handle of a good one. But this did not prevent his gamp again going astray. Some months after his loss he was surprised to receive it back from an umbrella shop with an account, "To covering umbrella, 6s."

This was too much happiness, so he went to the shop and said, "Look here, Mr. —, I don't want to know who left my umbrella to be covered, but through a mistake of your shopman I have now got back my property. I won't pay for the covering, though. Give my compliments to my unknown benefactor, and tell him he has got off cheap with having to pay that six shillings."

The shopman looked dumbfounded, but kept his own counsel, and to this day our friend does not know to which one of his wide circle of acquaintances he owes his "re-covered" umbrella.

A Personal Reason.

THE Duc de Roalore, the favourite wit and buffoon of Louis XIV., was, in his person, far from agreeable; his countenance was rather forbidding, and his figure ill-shaped.

Another nobleman, whose figure was even inferior to that of Roalore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon.

The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into a compliance. After the king had finished a fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he inquired of Roalore what could possibly make him so strenuous in his intercession.

"I will tell your Majesty," said the facetious duke; "if he had suffered, I should have been the ugliest man in France."

A FRENCH savant has fixed the next deluge for the year 8159. The world will be by that time dirty enough to need it.

JONES last Saturday received the following note from a friend: "Come and dine with me to-morrow, with two or three friends." Jones, who is a very literal person, turned up promptly at the appointed hour with—three of his friends.

ASPIRING Author: "I have the manuscript of a play which I would like to submit." Manager: "Has it a good plot?" A. A.: "Good plot! I should say so! Why" (waxing confidential) "the plot is so intricate, that the audience who sees it once will have to come every night for a week to find out exactly how things turn out."

A YANKEE has just invented a method to catch rats:—"Place your bed in a room much infested by these animals, and on retiring put out the light. Then strew over your pillow some strong-smelling cheese, three or four red herrings, some barley-meal or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried cod-fish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, then make a grab."

BUTTONS: "Marm, will you please tell Master to stop ringing his bell, for Bliffins, who generally answers it, is hout, and it hannoys the cook."

Superstition of Sailors.

OF all men, the sailor is, even in the present day, the most superstitious—a fact which is principally owing to the circumstances and surroundings in which he lives. Continually exposed to the greatest perils, from habit he soon becomes bold and daring as regards physical dangers, but, at the same time, he is one of the greatest slaves of superstitious fear. Education, however, is doing much to disperse the mist of superstition that, to a sailor's mind, surrounds the most commonplace occurrences at sea.

Excepting by some of the "old salts," it is no longer considered unlucky to commence a voyage on a Friday, but Sunday is still generally looked upon as the best or most lucky day to do so. Should a shark follow a ship for any length of time, it is supposed by sailors to betoken an early death on board, and then they believe that all good fortune will leave the ship while she carries a corpse. The dolphin and porpoise are never looked upon as favourable omens if they make their appearance during a calm, the superstition being that the fish and the wind come from the same quarter.

A great deal of superstition is also attached to the Stormy Petrel, commonly known as "Mother Carey's Chicken." This delicate little bird is not much larger than a lark, and takes very wide flights from the shore. Consequently, when a gale springs up, the birds are frequently obliged to seek refuge on rocks in the sea, or on vessels. Hence the reason of their being looked upon by seamen as "tempest birds." The petrel is held sacred by sailors all the world over, the belief being that it contains the souls of old sailors, whilst they also believe that the albatross contains the spirits of departed sea captains.

A very common superstition, which, however, is not confined to sailors only, is that the black spot on each side of the gills of the John Dory and haddock was made by St. Peter with his finger and thumb when he took the tribute money out of the mouth of this species of fish, and that the mark had continued on the whole species ever since the performance of the miracle.

Events frequently happen at sea strongly tending to feed and cherish superstitious feelings, and men who only judge of things from appearances, without attempting to inquire into the cause, are naturally apt to ascribe to supernatural agency that which could easily be explained by anyone with even a slight scientific knowledge. The following is an instance in point:—

A few years since a ship left an English port on a distant voyage, and was expected to be absent about a year. Some months after that period of time had elapsed, and the vessel not having returned as expected, her owners began to grow uneasy regarding her fate. Month after month passed, and at length all hope of seeing her return safe was abandoned even by those who had been most hopeful. In the course of the summer a violent storm of thunder and lightning arose, which on clearing away left the sky serene, when a ship, bearing a striking resemblance to the missing vessel, appeared in the air, standing under all her canvas, and making for the harbour. The phantom ship was borne along until she appeared within half a mile of the spectators on shore. She then gradually disappeared, becoming fainter and fainter, until she completely vanished from sight. The vision was believed by the seafaring folk on shore to be the spectre of the missing ship come to warn them of her fate, and naturally the greatest excitement prevailed. Within thirty hours after, however, much to the amazement of all on shore, the real missing ship sailed into the harbour, her long absence being accounted for by various causes, the principal of which being adverse winds.

The explanation of the mysterious appearance is briefly this: that when the spectre of the missing ship was first seen the real vessel herself was still some distance out at sea, but her image was reflected on the clouds within the view of the spectators in the town, by certain laws of optics, before her outlines could be discerned on the horizon—the sudden disappearance of the phantom being caused by a slight shifting of the sun's rays or a different density of the atmosphere.

The captain of the Norwegian ship *Ellen*, relates how it was that he, some years since, came to rescue the unfortunate passengers on board the *Central America*. According to the captain's story, it appears that some time before he heard the cries of the shipwrecked crew the wind had dropped, necessitating the ship's course being altered a little, which change took them every moment farther away from the then

unknown scene of disaster. Immediately after altering his course, a small bird flew across the ship twice, and then darted at the captain's face. He did not take any particular notice of the circumstance, and a few moments later it again flew around the ship and again darted in his face. This time he began to regard the occurrence as something out of the common, and while thinking over the matter, and hesitating whether to pay any attention to the bird, it appeared for the third time, and repeated its extraordinary actions. The captain immediately ordered the ship to be put back into the course they had been originally steering, and shortly afterwards he heard noises in the water around them. These proved to be the shouts of the shipwrecked. Had the vessel continued upon her altered course, it is beyond a doubt that every one on board the ill-fated steamer would have perished.

A sailor almost daily sees or hears something which tends to increase his belief in the supernatural, even in the most commonplace matters. The peculiar formation of the clouds, the wild cries of some affrighted sea birds, the moaning of the wind, and a host of similar everyday occurrences, create in his mind an amount of superstitious fear, of which he finds it difficult to rid himself. Sailors of to-day are not, of course, nearly so superstitious as their forefathers, but still somehow or the other, in the course of their journeying around the world, nautical men still manage to gather a great number of strange ideas and fancies.

Possessing but slight powers of observation, and still less of reflection, it is not to be wondered at that the ordinary sailor is not an adept at tracing causes. Hence it is that he readily believes that anything taking place out of the ordinary routine of his daily life is of a supernatural character, when a moment's inquiry into the causes of things would at once disperse the mist of superstition which he has constantly before his eyes.

The Worship of Serpents.

THE small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upwards of a thousand serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads pointing downwards, and in all sorts of strange contortions. The priests make the small serpents go through various evolutions by lightly touching them with a rod, but they do not venture to touch the largest ones, some of which are big enough to enfold a bullock in their coils.

It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have the greatest difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punished with death; and if a European were to kill one, the authority of the king himself would scarcely suffice to save his life. Any one killing a serpent unintentionally must inform the priest of what has occurred, and go through the course of purification which takes place once a week.

Cool.

A GENTLEMAN was travelling in a smoking compartment on the Midland Railway, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite him. When the train had started the foreigner, noticing the other's Havana, asked him if he would oblige him with a cigar. The Englishman, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case, and with great disgust saw the other select the best he could find, and take a match from his pocket and light it.

After taking a few puffs with evident enjoyment, the German, beaming at his companion through his spectacles, said, affably,—

"I would not haf droubled you, but I hat a match in mein boggit, and I did not know vhat to do mit him."

Answers to Correspondents.

H. MACY (Innsbruck).—The omission, for which we apologise, has now been rectified.

MISS KOE.—The number has now been sent.

J. C. M.—Your suggestions are noted, and will be considered.

PROGRAMME

OF

Mr. Alfred Hollins' Benefit Concert,

TO BE GIVEN ON

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1889,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

THE CONCERT WILL BE GIVEN BY THE ARTISTES AND STUDENTS OF THE

Royal Normal College & Academy
of Music for the Blind,

AND OTHERS.

ARTISTES:

Miss AMELIA CAMPBELL. Miss MARIAN HYDE.

Miss EMILY LUCAS. Miss MABEL DAVIS.

Miss CONSTANCE DAVIS. Miss EDITH HAIGH.

Mr. W. R. CAVE. Mr. BERESFORD JANKINSON.

Mr. A. BAGGS. Mr. H. GREENWOOD.

Mr. G. C. HARDEBECK. Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.

CHOIR OF THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE
FOR THE BLIND,

UPPER NORWOOD,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. F. J. CAMPBELL, Principal.

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

PART I.

1. ORGAN SOLO .. "Overture in C" .. Mendelssohn.
Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.2. MOTET .. "Hear my Prayer" .. Mendelssohn.
Miss CAMPBELL AND CHOIR.

Organ, Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.

Hear my prayer; O God, incline Thine ear,
Thyself from my petition do not hide.
Take heed to me; hear how in prayer I mourn to Thee,
Without Thee all is dark; I have no guide.The enemy shouteth, the godless come fast;
Iniquity, hatred, upon me they cast!
The wicked oppress me, and where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered, O God, hear my cry.My heart is sorely pained within my breast;
My soul with deathly terror is oppressed:
Trembling and fearlessness upon me fall,
With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call.
Lord, hear me call.Oh! for the wings of a dove,
Far away would I rove:
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest.3. AIR] "With joy the impatient husbandman" Haydn.
Mr. JANKINSON.

Pianoforte, Mr. HARDEBECK.

With joy the impatient husbandman
Forth drives his lusty team,
To where the well-us'd plough remains,
Now loosen'd from the frost;
With measur'd step he throws the grain
Into the bounteous earth.
O sun, soft show'rs and dews!
The golden ears in plenty bring;
There freely yok'd their toil begins,
Cheer'd by the rustic lay.

4. VIOLIN SOLO Sonata, Op. 8 (last two movements) Grieg.

Mr. W. R. CAVE.

Pianoforte, Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.

5. SACRED SONG "There is a green hill far away" Gounod

Miss MARIAN HYDE.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us,
He hung and suffered there.He died that we might be forgiven!
He died to make us good!
That we might go at last to heav'n,
Sav'd by His precious blood!There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

6. RECIT. AND AIR "If with all your hearts" .. Mendelssohn.

Mr. ALFRED BAGGS.

RECITATIVE—Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions; even as Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God, I therefore say to ye, forsake your idols, return to God, for He is slow to anger, and merciful and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil.

AIR—If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me. Thus saith our God. Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence.

7. PIANOFORTE SOLO Galop, Capriccio Op. 104 .. Raff.

Mr. GREENWOOD.

8. AVE MARIA (arranged from a Prelude of Bach) .. Gounod.

Miss MABEL DAVIS.

Violin Obligato, Mr. W. R. CAVE. Pianoforte, Miss EMILY LUCAS. Organ, Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.

Ave Maria, gratia plena! Dominus tecum. Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui! Jesu, Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

9. CHORUS .. "Awake thou that sleepest" .. Stainer.

Miss MARIAN HYDE AND CHOIR.

Organ, Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.

Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.—Ephesians v. 14.

Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Romans vi. 11.

Let not sin reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey the lusts thereof. But yield yourself unto God as those that are alive from the dead.—Romans vi. 12.

PART II.

10. PART SONG .. "Break, break, break" Sir George Macfarren.

CHOIR.

Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay.And the stately ships move on
To their haven under the hill;
And oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never return to me.

11. SONG .. "When the tide comes in" .. Barnby.

Miss EMILY LUCAS.

He sailed away at break of day,
The skies were blue and fair,
He kiss'd his bonny hand to me,
With heart as light as air;
"Mother," he cried, "go watch the tide,
As it cometh up to Lynn,
For, foul or fair, I will be there,
As the flowing tide comes in."I watched the clouds that came in crowds,
Like flocks of evil birds,
My heart sank low with bitter woe,
Rememb'ring Donald's words;
"O God," I cried, and none beside
Knew the grief my heart within,
"O give me back my bonny lad,
When the flowing tide comes in."Across the strand, far up the land,
The fierce wild waters swept;
Laid at my feet a burden sweet,
With smile as if he slept;
I could not weep, so soft his sleep,
For fear 'twould waken him,
Peace, let him rest, God knoweth best,
And the flowing tide comes in.12. PIANOFORTE SOLO Andante and Rondo Capriccioso,
Op. 14 .. Mendelssohn.

Miss CONSTANCE DAVIS.

13. SONG AND CHORUS "Children's voices" .. Claribel.

Miss EDITH HAIGH AND CHOIR.

On a still September day,
Passing down a quiet street,
Heard I voices all the way—
Children's voices, clear and sweet.
By the church's open door,
Wistfully I waited long,
While my heart, so sad and sore,
Joined the children's holy song.
Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!Comforted, I went away,
Richer for that simple strain—
Many a night and many a day
Heard that melody again:
And through years to come I know
I shall hear it evermore,
As I heard it soft and low,
By the church's open door
Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!
Amen.

14. PART SONG .. "The song of the birds" .. Rubinstein.

WESTMINSTER GLEE CLUB.

Pianoforte, Miss MABEL DAVIS.

To glide through bush and meadow,
In sunshine or in shadow,
To rest in soft and grassy cot,
Yes! 'tis our lot, new joys to gather daily,
How sweet—how bright our lot! So gaily!Sweet Zephyr, gentle maiden!
Draw nigh with perfume laden;
Ye butterflies, your pinions move,
Come sport with us while winds are stirring,
In cool and shady grove! Naught fearing.Where soften'd sunlight shineth,
Where forest foliage twineth,
We build our nests the trees among,
While flows along the clear, clear brooklet,
Ling'ring and list'ning to our song.And when the day is ended,
Content, our way is wended,
To seek our shelt'ring cot.
Yes! 'tis our lot new joys to gather daily.
How sweet—how bright our lot! So gaily!15. ORGAN SOLO (a) Allegretto in B minor .. Guilmant.
(b) Gavotte, from "Mignon" .. Thomas.
(c) Scherzo Widor.

Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.

16. SONG .. "Let me dream again" .. Sullivan.

Miss AMELIA CAMPBELL.

The sun is setting, and the hour is late,
Once more I stand beside the wicket gate;
The bells are ringing out the dying day,
The children singing on their homeward way;
And he is whisp'ring words of sweet intent,
While I, half doubting, whisper a consent.
Is this a dream, then waking would be pain,
Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again.The clock is striking in the belfry tower,
And warns us of the ever-fleeting hour;
But neither heeds the time which onward glides,
For time may pass away, but love abides;
I feel his kisses on my fever'd brow,
If we must part, ah! why should it be now?
Is this a dream, then waking would be pain,
Oh! do not wake me, let me dream again.

17. HUMOROUS GLEE "Little Jacky Horner" .. Caldicott.

CHOIR.

L. I. double T. L. E.
J. A. C. K. Y Horner,
Is supposed to have sat
A long time ago in a corner.Little Jacky Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plum,
And said, "Oh, what a brave boy am I!"

18. ORGAN SOLO .. "Marche Militaire" .. Gounod.

Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1889.

AT 12.30.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

AT 4.—ORGAN RECITAL & SACRED CONCERT

ORGANIST - Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

VOCALISTS:

Miss BERTHA BURNETT AND Mr. J. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

AT 8.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

The Wedding Knell.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THERE is a certain church in the city of New York which I have always regarded with peculiar interest, on account of a marriage there solemnised, under very singular circumstances, in my grandmother's girlhood. That venerable lady chanced to be a spectator of the scene, and ever after made it her favourite narrative. Whether the edifice now standing on the same site be the identical one to which she referred, I am not antiquarian enough to know; nor would it be worth while to correct myself, perhaps, of an agreeable error, by reading the date of its erection on the tablet over the door. It is a stately church, surrounded by an enclosure of the loveliest green, within which appear urns, pillars, obelisks, and other forms of monumental marble, the tributes of private affection, or more splendid memorials of historic dust. With such a place, though the tumult of the city rolls beneath its tower, one would be willing to connect some legendary interest.

The marriage might be considered as the result of an early engagement, though there had been two intermediate weddings on the lady's part, and forty years of celibacy on that of the gentleman. At sixty-five, Mr. Ellenwood was a shy, but not quite a secluded man; selfish, like all men who brood over their own hearts, yet manifesting, on rare occasions, a vein of generous sentiment; a scholar, throughout life, though always an indolent one, because his studies had no definite object, either of public advantage or personal ambition, a gentleman, high-bred and fastidiously delicate, yet sometimes requiring a considerable relaxation, in his behalf, of the common rules of society. In truth, there were so many anomalies in his character, and though shrinking with diseased sensibility from public notice, it had been his fatality so often to become the topic of the day, by some wild eccentricity of conduct, that people searched his lineage for an hereditary taint of insanity. But there was no need of this. His caprices had their origin in a mind that lacked the support of an engrossing purpose, and in feelings that preyed upon themselves, for want of other food. If he were mad, it was the consequence, and not the cause, of an aimless and abortive life.

The widow was as complete a contrast to her third bridegroom, in everything but age, as can well be conceived. Compelled to relinquish her first engagement, she had been united to a man of twice her own years, to whom she became an exemplary wife, and by whose death she was left in possession of a splendid fortune. A southern gentleman, considerably younger than herself, succeeded to her hand, and carried her to Charleston, where, after many uncomfortable years, she found herself again a widow. It would have been singular, if any uncommon delicacy of feeling had survived through such a life as Mrs. Dabney's; it could not but be crushed and killed by her early disappointment, the cold duty of her first marriage, the dislocation of the heart's principles, consequent on a second union, and the unkindness of her southern husband, which had inevitably driven her to connect the idea of his death with that of her comfort. To be brief, she was that wisest but unloveliest variety of woman, a philosopher, bearing troubles of the heart with equanimity, dispensing with all that should have been her happiness, and making the best of what remained. Sage in most matters, the widow was perhaps the more amiable for the one frailty, that made her ridiculous. Being childless, she could not remain beautiful by proxy, in the person of a daughter; she therefore refused to grow old and ugly, on any consideration; she struggled with Time, and held fast her roses in spite of him, till the venerable thief appeared to have relinquished the spoil, as not worth the trouble of acquiring it.

The approaching marriage of this woman of the world with such an unworldly man as Mr. Ellenwood, was announced soon after Mrs. Dabney's return to her native city. Superficial observers, and deeper ones, seemed to concur in supposing that the lady must have borne no inactive part in arranging the affair; there were considerations of expediency, which she would be far more likely to appreciate than Mr. Ellenwood; and there was just the specious phantom of sentiment and romance in this last union of two early lovers, which sometimes makes a fool of a woman, who has lost her true feelings among the accidents of life. All the wonder was, how the gentleman, with his lack of worldly wisdom, agonising consciousness of ridicule, could have been induced to take a measure, at once so prudent and laughable. But while people talked the wedding day arrived. The ceremony was to be solemnised according to the Episcopalian forms,

and in open church, with a degree of publicity that attracted many spectators, who occupied the front seats of the galleries, and the pews near the altar, and along the broad aisle. It had been arranged, or possibly it was the custom of the day, that the parties should proceed separately to church. By some accident, the bridegroom was a little less punctual than the widow and her bridal attendants, with whose arrival, after this tedious, but necessary preface, the action of our tale may be said to commence.

The clumsy wheels of several old-fashioned coaches were heard, and the gentlemen and ladies composing the bridal party came through the church door, with the sudden and gladsome effect of a burst of sunshine. The whole group, except the principal figure, was made up of youth and gaiety. As they streamed up the broad aisle, while the pews and pillars seemed to brighten on either side, their steps were as buoyant as if they mistook the church for a ball-room, and were ready to dance hand-in-hand to the altar. So brilliant was the spectacle, that few took notice of a singular phenomenon that had marked its entrance. At the moment when the bride's foot touched the threshold, the bell swung heavily in the tower above her, and sent forth its deepest knell. The vibrations died away and returned, with prolonged solemnity, as she entered the body of the church.

"Good heavens! what an omen," whispered a young lady to her lover.

"On my honour," replied the gentleman, "I believe the bell has the good taste to toll of its own accord. What has she to do with weddings? If you, dearest Julia, were approaching the altar, the bell would ring out its merriest peal. It has only a funeral knell for her."

The bride, and most of her company, had been too much occupied with the bustle of entrance to hear the first boding stroke of the bell, or at least to reflect on the singularity of such a welcome to the altar. They, therefore, continued to advance, with undiminished gaiety. The gorgeous dresses of the time, the crimson velvet coats, the gold-laced hats, the hoop-petticoats, the silk, satin, brocade and embroidery, the buckles, canes, and swords, all displayed to the best advantage on persons suited to such finery, made the group appear more like a bright coloured picture than anything real. But by what perversity of taste had the artist represented his principal figure as so wrinkled and decayed, while yet he had decked her out in the brightest splendour of attire, as if the loveliest maiden had suddenly withered into age, and become a moral to the beautiful around her! On they went, however, and had glittered along about a third of the aisle, when another stroke of the bell seemed to fill the church with a visible gloom, dimming and obscuring the bright pageant, till it shone forth again as from a mist.

This time the party wavered, stopped, and huddled closer together, while a slight scream was heard from some of the ladies, and a confused whispering among the gentlemen. Thus tossing to and fro, they might have been fancifully compared to a splendid bunch of flowers, suddenly shaken by a puff of wind, which threatened to scatter the leaves of an old, brown, withered rose, on the same stalk with two dewy buds; such being the emblem of the widow between her fair young bridesmaids; but her heroism was admirable. She had started with an irrepressible shudder, as if the stroke of the bell had fallen directly on her heart; then, recovering herself, while her attendants were yet in dismay, she took the lead, and paced calmly up the aisle. The bell continued to swing, strike, and vibrate, with the same doleful regularity as when a corpse is on its way to the tomb.

"My young friends here have their nerves a little shaken," said the widow, with a smile, to the clergyman at the altar. "But so many weddings have been ushered in with the merriest peal of the bells, and yet turned out unhappily, that I shall hope for better fortune under such different auspices."

"Madam," answered the rector, in great perplexity, "this strange occurrence brings to my mind a marriage sermon of the famous Bishop Taylor, wherein he mingles so many thoughts of mortality and future woe, that, to speak somewhat after his own rich style, he seems to hang the bridal chamber in black, and cut the wedding garment out of a coffin pall. And it has been the custom of divers nations to infuse something of sadness into their marriage ceremonies; so to keep death in mind while contracting that engagement which is life's chiefest business. Thus we may draw a sad but profitable moral from this funeral knell."

But, though the clergyman might have given his moral even a keener point, he did not fail to dispatch an attendant to inquire into the mystery, and stop those sounds so distastefully appropriate to such a marriage. A brief space elapsed, during which the silence was broken only by whispers and a few suppressed titterings among the wedding

party and the spectators, who, after the first shock, were disposed to draw an ill-natured merriment from the affair. The young have less charity for aged follies, than the old for those of youth. The widow's glance was observed to wander for an instant towards a window of the church, as if searching for the time-worn marble that she had dedicated to her first husband; then her eyelids dropt over their faded orbs, and her thoughts were drawn irresistibly to another grave. Two buried men, with a voice at her ear, and a cry afar off, were calling her to lie down beside them. Perhaps, with momentary truth of feeling she thought how much happier had been her fate, if, after years of bliss, the bell were now tolling for her funeral, and she were followed to the grave by the old affection of her earliest lover, long her husband. But why had she returned to him, when their cold hearts shrank from each other's embrace.

Still the death-bell tolled so mournfully that the sunshine seemed to fade in the air. A whisper, communicated from those who stood nearest the windows, now spread through the church; and a hearse, with a train of several coaches, was creeping along the street, conveying some dead man to the churchyard, while the bride awaited a living one at the altar. Immediately after, the footsteps of the bridegroom and his friends were heard at the door. The widow looked down the aisle, and clenched the arm of one of her bridesmaids in her bony hand with such unconscious violence that the fair girl trembled.

"You frighten me, my dear madam!" cried she. "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," said the widow; then whispering close to her ear,—"There is a foolish fancy that I cannot get rid of. I am expecting my bridegroom to come into the church with my two first husbands for groomsmen!"

"Look, look!" screamed the bridesmaid. "What is here? The funeral!"

As she spoke, a dark procession paced into the church. First came an old man and woman, like chief mourners at a funeral, attired from head to foot in the deepest black, all but their pale features and hoary hair; he leaning on a staff and supporting her decrepit form with his nerveless arm. Behind appeared another, and another pair, as aged, as black, and mournful as the first. As they drew near, the widow recognised in every face some trait of former friends, long forgotten, but now returning, as if from their old graves, to warn her to prepare a shroud; or, with purpose almost as unwelcome, to exhibit their wrinkles and infirmity, and claim her as their companion by the tokens of her own decay. Many a merry night had she danced with them in youth. And now, in joyless age, she felt that some withered partner should request her hand, and all unite, in a dance of death, to the music of the funeral bell.

While these aged mourners were passing up the aisle it was observed, that, from pew to pew, the spectators shuddered with irrepressible awe, as some object, hitherto concealed by the intervening figures, came full in sight. Many turned away their faces; others kept a fixed and rigid stare; and a young girl giggled hysterically, and fainted with the laughter on her lips. When the spectral procession approached the altar, each couple separated, and slowly diverged, till in the centre appeared a form that had been worthily ushered in with all this gloomy pomp, the death-knell, and the funeral. It was the bridegroom in his shroud!

No garb but that of the grave could have befitted such a deathlike aspect; the eyes, indeed, had the wild gleam of a sepulchral lamp; all else was fixed in the stern calmness which old men wear in the coffin. The corpse stood motionless, but addressed the widow in accents that seemed to melt into the clang of the bell, which fell heavily on the air while he spoke.

"Come, my bride!" said those pale lips, "the hearse is ready. The sexton stands waiting for us at the door of the tomb. Let us be married; and then to our coffins!"

How shall the widow's horror be represented! It gave her the ghastliness of a dead man's bride. Her youthful friends stood apart, shuddering at the mourners, the shrouded bridegroom, and herself; the whole scene expressed by the strongest imagery, the vain struggle of the gilded vanities of this world, when opposed to age, infirmity, sorrow, and death. The awe-struck silence was first broken by the clergyman.

"Mr. Ellenwood," said he, soothingly, yet with somewhat of authority, "you are not well. Your mind has been agitated by the unusual circumstances in which you are placed. The ceremony must be deferred. As an old friend, let me entreat you to return home."

"Home! yes; but not without my bride," answered he, in the same hollow accents. "You deem this mockery; perhaps madness. Had I bedizened my aged and broken frame with scarlet and embroidery—had I forced my withered lips to smile at my dead heart—that might have been mockery, or madness. But now, let young and old declare, which of us has come hither without a wedding garment, the bridegroom or the bride!"

He stepped forward at a ghostly pace, and stood beside the widow, contrasting the awful simplicity of his shroud with the glare and glitter in which she had arrayed herself for this unhappy scene. None that beheld them, could deny the terrible strength of the moral which his disordered intellect had contrived to draw.

"Cruel! cruel!" groaned the heart-stricken bride. "Cruel!" repeated he; then losing his deathlike composure in a wild bitterness,—"Heaven judge, which of us has been cruel to the other! In youth, you deprived me of my happiness, my hopes, my aims; you took away all the substance of my life and made it a dream, without reality enough even to grieve at—with only a pervading gloom, through which I walked wearily, and cared not whither. But after forty years, when I have built my tomb and would not give up the thought of resting there—no not for such a life as we once pictured—you call me to the altar. At your summons I am here. But other husbands have enjoyed your youth, your beauty, your warmth of heart, and all that could be termed your life. What is there for me but your decay and death? And therefore I have bidden these funeral friends, and bespoken the sexton's deepest knell, and am come in my shroud to wed you, as with a burial service, that we may join our hands at the door of the sepulchre, and enter it together."

It was not frenzy; it was not merely the drunkenness of strong emotion, in a heart unused to it, that now wrought upon the bride. The stern lesson of the day had done its work; her worldliness was gone. She seized the bridegroom's hand.

"Yes!" cried she. "Let us wed, even at the door of the sepulchre! My life is gone in vanity and emptiness. But at its close, there is one true feeling. It has made me what I was in youth; it makes me worthy of you. Time is no more for both of us. Let us wed for eternity!"

With a long and deep regard, the bridegroom looked into her eyes, while a tear was gathering in his own. How strange that gush of human feeling from the frozen bosom of a corpse! He wiped away the tear, even with his shroud.

"Beloved of my youth," said he, "I have been wild. The despair of my whole lifetime had returned at once, and maddened me. Forgive; and be forgiven. Yes, it is evening with us now; and we have realized none of our morning dreams of happiness. But let us join our hands before the altar, as lovers, whom adverse circumstances have separated through life, yet who meet again as they are leaving it, and find their earthly affection changed into something holy as religion. And what is time to the married of eternity?"

Amid the tears of many, and a swell of exalted sentiment, in those who felt aright, was solemnized the union of two immortal souls. The train of withered mourners, the hoary bridegroom in his shroud, the pale features of the aged bride, and the death-bell tolling through the whole, till its deep voice overpowered the marriage words, all marked the funeral of earthly hopes. But as the ceremony proceeded, the organ, as if stirred by the sympathies of this impressive scene, poured forth an anthem, first mingling with the dismal knell, then rising to a loftier strain, till the soul looked down upon its woe. And when the awful rite was finished, and with cold hand in cold hand, the married of eternity withdrew, the organ's peal of solemn triumph drowned the Wedding Knell.

NO WONDER.

OVERHEARD. Child: "Oh, see the man!"
Father: "Yes, my child, I see the man."
C.: "Does he not look hideously ferocious?"
F.: "Yes, he looks as though he were thirsting for gore."
C.: "Is he a pirate of the Spanish main?"
F.: "No, he is not a P.S.M.; he is a very good, harmless man."

C.: "Then why does he scowl so horribly?"
F.: "Because, my child, he desires to rest his face. He has just returned from an informal gathering, where he has been entertained very much by a young, oh, very young amateur, who kindly offered to give what he thought was an imitation of a celebrated and popular actor, and he had to smile, out of politeness, until his cheeks cracked."

"He is now resting himself by imagining what a pleasant time he and the young man would have if they were alone in the centre of a boundless prairie."

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. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. 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...	Mr. G. Scarman	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Thursday	8.0-10.0	4 0
*Plumbing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	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 ...	Mrs. Sharman	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Practical ...		Thursday	7.30-9.30	3 0
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs. S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
Shakespeare ...		Tuesday	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	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.			8.0-10.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Egs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Ele.			8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.			8.0-9.0	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		8.45-9.45	4 0
Assoc. R. C. Sc.				
Magnism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	A.I.E.E. and		9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	Mr. Brooker		7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie		7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.	M.A., B.Sc.			
—Theo., Adv.		Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
—Prac.			7.0-8.0	4 0
Organic Chemistry—Theo.		Monday	8.30-10.0	12 6
—Prac.		Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Honrs.		Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Applied Mechanics	(Wh. Sc.)	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0

* Per Session. † 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

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday		
*Perspective Drawing ...		Tuesday		
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing ...		Friday		
*Modelling in Clay, etc.		Friday		
*Drawing from Life ...		8.0-10.0		5 0
*Etching ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	4 0
*Repoussé Work & Engv.	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	3.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Session. † Per Quarter.
Day Classes are held for Landscape and Flower Painting, Still Life, and Monochrome Painting in Oil and Water Colours. For hours, fees, &c., apply for prospectus.

Musical Classes.

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

Per Quarter.

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

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Sarll, 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
Interme...		"	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.)				
Excise (Beginners) ...			6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners) ...				
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...				
(Competitive)		Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Excise & Customs (Adv.)		Thursday	8.45-10.0	10 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...				
Male Telegraph Learners		Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Boy Copyists ...				
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
" Intermediate		"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" 2nd		"	4 0	
" Elemen, 3rd		"	4 0	
" Advanced ...		"	4 0	
" Commrcl. Corres.		Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced	Herr Dittell	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Beginners		"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate		"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	9.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...		"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	B.A. (Lond.)		6.0-10.0	21 0
Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Assoc. R. C. Sc.		Saturday	1.30-5.30	
Ambulance—Nursing	Dr. Stoker	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	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. W. R. Admitt	Thursday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. D. A. Low	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Printing (Letter Press) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Electrical Engineering—Elec. Litng, Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Medist.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice ...		Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Brickwork ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Masonry	Mr. A. Grenville	Monday	8.0-9.30	7 6
Cabinet Designing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tuesday	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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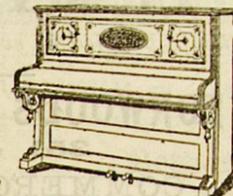
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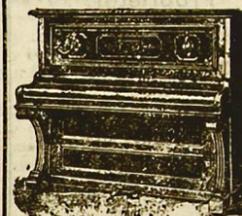
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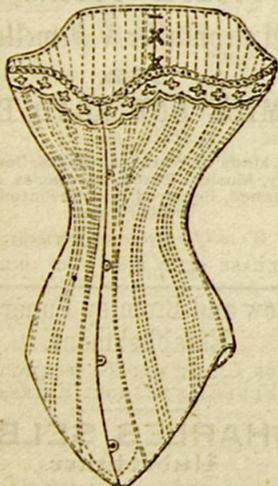
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