

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 108.]

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 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 IV. will shortly be 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, Dec. 5th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6th.—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, Dec. 7th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Harriers.—Run.—Ramblers' Club.—To Houses of Parliament.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Junior Ramblers.—To Mann, Crossman and Paulin's Brewery.—Technical Schools' Rambling Club.—To Woodford.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

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

MONDAY, Dec. 9th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Distribution of Technical Schools' Awards by the Rt. Hon. C. T. Ritchie, in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Concert by Choral Society.

TUESDAY, Dec. 10th.—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, Dec. 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.30.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 8th, 1889,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 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.

IT has been quite a tame week. A great hole has been burned in the City of Boston, and another in a shoe-making town of Massachusetts, otherwise we have been without a sensation. Happy is the chronicle which has no sensation! Our illustrious statesmen have been on the stump, as usual, and, as usual, though there is the whole wide world, with all its interests, to write about, our editors cram their columns with Lord Salisbury at Stoke Pogis, or Mr. John Morley at Pegwell Bay. The reason why the evening papers are so much more interesting than those of the morning is, that they practically ignore all the oratory. One of these days, the morning papers will discover the world, and the people in it; then our orators will speak to no more than the four walls of the place where they happen to be; after this, stump oratory will fall into disfavour.

I THINK that the *Times* will be the first to make this great discovery. Already, when there is no oration to fill up its columns, one may make a tour nearly round the whole world in reading its contents from beginning to end. The other day, I think it was last Monday, or the Monday before, the paper was simply encyclopædic. It contained articles, notes, paragraphs, whole columns of information, suggestion and instruction, ranging not quite over the whole world, but over a good part of an encyclopædia. Let us take, however, a day that was not quite so exceptional, and see what a mighty engine of instruction a great daily paper already is, and what it might become if the great disturbing element of the human jawbone was steadily kept down.

I TAKE the *Times* of November 29th. I observe the following articles:—(1) The financial condition of Egypt, in which we can see for ourselves what beautiful administrators we are. In fact, if Englishmen were only as sympathetic towards the natives wherever they go as they are just and honest, the whole world would insist on being ruled by the English. (2) We hear that the paupers of London now number about 55,000, and that about 40,000 receive out-door relief. If the population is 5,000,000, this means that one per cent. is a pauper, and not quite one per cent. is in relief of assistance. This is not very discouraging. (3) We have a long and instructive letter on life in Australia, where they are to be getting on as well as can be expected. The inter-colonial jealousies which prevent these rich countries from uniting under one Federal Government seem, to outsiders, absurd. (4) A letter from the Cape discusses the condition of the lepers there. Those who would like to help the poor lepers may send them sweetmeats—they crave for sugar. (5) The condition of Brazil. (6) The police report. The magistrates sat all day long in all the courts, but the *Times* could only find room for nine cases. It would be an instructive thing if all the cases of some one court for some one day could be reported in full. (7) There is next a correspondence on bearing-reins. I think I can remember a dozen such correspondences. Every four or five years somebody calls attention to the folly and cruelty of bearing reins; then they get taken off for a time; but they come back again. It is, indeed, hard to make people think about cruelty in small things, as well as great. (8) Private enterprise in India is the subject of the next note. Then we turn to the newspaper proper. Here we have naval and military intelligence: the mails: disasters at sea: shipping intelligence: reports of meetings: a great sale of autographs: literary notes: accidents: the supply of ivory: a great speech by somebody: financial news: sporting

news: the public health: university news: musical news: a conference of miners: the breeding of horses: the treatment of the blind: church news: foreign news: the day's obituary: meetings of the London School Board and the Court of Common Council: the Board of Trade and railway rates: medical news: the weather: theatrical news: strikes and executions in China: a communication from Stanley. There are also a dozen letters on various subjects, and certain leading articles.

THIS amazing quantity of news is supplied every day for threepence. There is, of course, no other paper in the world to compare with the *Times*. Considering this immense mass of information, I advise every one who has the time to spare to read the *Times* right through regularly for the sake of his own education. It is to be found, of course, in the Library.

ALWAYS some new thing from Africa. It is now quite certain that in the vast forests of equatorial Africa, there are scattered here and there villages or communities of pigmies; they are of the negro race, not more than four feet high. They were known to Herodotus, in whose time there were, perhaps, more of them. Perhaps we may get hold of some of these wild and fierce little men, and learn their language and traditions. Are they the survival of the inhabitants of Africa before the negro came at all? These pigmies are part of an old race of little men, now nearly extinct. There are also the diminutive Bushmen of South Africa: there are the little Negritos of the Indo Malayan region: there are the little Lapps, of Lapland: and there are the small Hillmen of South India, about whom little is known but their existence, for if they are captured they die immediately. It would be strange if the history of man, when traced back another step, should reveal a time when the earth was in the possession of a smaller and inferior man.

THE Emperor, all the grand Dukes, the Generals, the Archbishops, the Bishops, the Colonels, the Parish Priests, the captains, the lawyers, the doctors, the merchants, the shopkeepers, the working men, and their respective wives and daughters, in fact, the whole society of St. Petersburg, are down with influenza. It is a horrid thing, an aggravated form of cold, which does not kill, but keeps one in bed for three days. Two similar epidemics have appeared in London, one in 1833 and the second in 1847. The whole of London went to bed with influenza—fortunately, not quite all at once, but by relays. That portion of the British army, which was quartered in or near London, did all go into hospital at once. Then the disease suddenly went away. It is to be hoped that it will not work its way east from St. Petersburg. We shall have lots of warning if it does, because there is the German army, to say nothing of the German people, to be handled first. Perhaps we shall learn how to treat it before it arrives.

THERE seems, at first sight, material in the following on which to build a very thrilling melodrama. In taking down some old houses in Clerkenwell, eighteen coffins were discovered in a row, lying regularly. It is not stated whether they were in a garden or under a cellar. There is said to be no record of any burial ground in the parish, and it is suggested that a series of dreadful crimes must have been committed. That, I venture to think, does not follow. In the last century there were many private burial grounds close around the crowded city: some of them still survive but are no longer used. One, for instance, was pointed out to me a year or two ago, at the back of Clare Market Chapel, off Clements' Inn Passage. It was a small flagged court, with no tombstones, but crammed with bodies. The place is now all dug up, but I have not heard what has been done with the human remains. Others, again, were in the small gardens round dissenting chapels. I know several of these. There is one not half a mile from the Palace. If, a hundred and fifty years ago, an enterprising man had started a private burial ground as a speculation: if he found it fail for want of "custom": or if a small burial ground had been formed outside a chapel, and the chapel had been closed—in either of these cases the existence of the burial ground would speedily be forgotten; therefore we need not imagine crimes. Again, when people are murdered, their bodies are not, as a rule, carefully provided with coffins and laid in regular rows. Crimes enough are proved belonging to the eighteenth century without imagining more.

I HAVE seen a specimen number of the new Illustrated daily, the *Daily Graphic*. If the paper is really going to be run on the lines indicated by the specimen number, it will be the most

wonderful pennyworth ever issued. The first number will appear on January the 4th.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has discovered a Russian with an invention. This is nothing less than a boat which will travel 120 knots an hour, or will even get across the Atlantic in twenty-four hours. It is to screw its way, revolving as it goes: and it is to go under water. What the people inside are to do is not stated, but it will not be pleasant to revolve round and round the inside of a boat going at the rate of 120 miles an hour, or two miles a minute. The submarine boat is always in the course of construction, like the balloon which can be steered. Of course, a boat can be constructed which can be sunk or raised at pleasure: the difficulties are those of fresh air, light, and stowage. I expect this Russian will either go mad over his difficulties, or he will make a trial trip in his boat and never come back.

THE most successful submarine boat up to the present time was that invented and tried in the American Civil War. She made her trial trips with great success: it was resolved by her help to blow up the ships of the Confederate Navy. She started on her mission: she fixed a torpedo to the hull of the biggest ship in that navy, and she did blow her up. There was no mistake at all about the blowing up of that ship; but, unfortunately, not a scrap of that boat ever came to the surface again. Naturally, submarine boats went out of favour.

FROM what savage and lawless country comes the following story? A physician named Walker, of great reputation, conceived, rightly or wrongly, the idea that a man named Miller, old, respectable, and wealthy, had in some way or other insulted his wife. He therefore announced his intention of killing Mr. Miller. The threatened man applied to the magistrate to have Walker bound over to keep the peace: this the magistrate ordered. Whereupon Dr. Walker, after vainly seeking the Court's permission to slap his enemy in the face, pulled out his pistol and fired at him. Friends on both sides took part in the fray, and at the end of it Dr. Walker, his wife, Mr. Miller, and one of Mr. Miller's sons all lay dead on the floor. This happened, not in a Court of Law of some wild and savage country: but in one of the oldest and most settled States of America: it was in Virginia. My friends, Great Britain has still much to be thankful for.

BIRDS in bonnets! Every year a new protest is issued against this horrible fashion, which leads to the slaughter of so many lovely birds; but every year apparently in vain. Shall it be always in vain? Let us at least do what we can by way of keeping alive the flame of indignation against cruel and thoughtless folly. The best thing I can do at this moment is to copy the following letter from the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for which I think I need not ask the permission of the Editor!—

"Sir,—Will you allow me to protest against a paragraph which appeared in your paper the other day, in an article on 'Shows in the London Shops,' to the effect that birds and bird's wings are the most fashionable trimming for hats and bonnets. Of course 'Miss Mantalini' is not concerned with the ethics of dress; but I think many of your readers must have felt surprise that in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the mere statement that such a barbarous fashion still flourished should have been allowed to pass without one word of disapproval, or consider what must be the effect of the statement. One earnestly hopes that few people (in the days of Kyrle Societies and Art Congresses) can think that hats and bonnets could possibly be pretty with four humming birds stuck round the brims, or with crowns composed of the body of one gray bird. But every one knows that if the newspapers and the milliners said that bunches of onions and carrots hung round the brim, or crowns composed of rats and mice—would be the height of fashion this winter, hundreds of women would rush to order such trimmings, and would wear them with that complacent effrontery with which they have for years worn birds and bird's wings. It may seem to you, as to me, absolutely hopeless to move women to give up this fashion on the ground of cruelty. The cruelty of wantonly destroying thousands of the sweetest and loveliest of our fellow-creatures has been urged upon them so often that repetition is useless. They are deaf to rebuke, ridicule, or persuasion—where vanity is concerned. They have been scolded and coaxed in vain. Because birds in bonnets are the fashion, birds they will have—though every sweet songster of the woods be silenced—every humming bird which flashes through the forests be caught

and stuffed; though every seashore must be robbed of the gleaming white wings which hover over the white waves, and every river left desolate of the dainty creatures which dip in the stream, or dart across the shallows. All this beautiful and happy life must be ruthlessly destroyed—because our fashionable ladies will it to be destroyed. Strange that women, whose hearts are supposed to be full of tenderness, especially to all gentle and harmless and defenceless creatures, should be so pitiless! There may well be cynics and misogynists while Pity is so trampled under foot by Vanity. But, granting that it is hopeless to touch the hearts of women when it is a question of being 'in the fashion,' is it quite hopeless to persuade them of the absolute ugliness and vulgarity of this particular fashion, and so to undermine its mysterious hold upon them? Birds are indeed lovely—living. But a bird flattened and sprawled out to make the crown of a hat or bonnet is grotesque. Wings are exquisitely lovely in motion, or at rest, or when they can be examined plume by plume. But wings, in the stiff, uncomfortable, unnatural positions which milliners give them are intensely ugly and ungraceful. How can any one think it pretty to have half-a-dozen wings standing erect and rigid, dyed unnatural colours, and in distorted and unnatural positions for wings? Yet this is what one sees on all sides, and the smiling wearer of the grotesque erection perfectly complacent because it is so stylish! Or, worse still, entire stuffed birds (four little humming birds, as Miss Mantalini says) are perched here and there, as though trying to fly away; or the corpse of a bird is fixed in a painfully rigid attitude, with its little legs and claws stiffened out, and glass eyes shining, looking exactly as if it were in a fit. How can any woman with a particle of taste think this pretty? And then, has any fashion of late years become more vulgar, through cheap imitations? Every servant girl and factory hand has 'a wing' in her Sunday hat. Look round in any public assembly. If to be uncommon is to be stylish, then it is most stylish to be without wings in hat or bonnet. But if it be useless to appeal to women, can nothing be done by men in this matter? Women, it is said, dress to please men. If every man showed that birds used in dress displeased him—would that have any effect? Probably the best way of putting an end to the abominable fashion would be if one of our Royal ladies publicly expressed an opinion of its cruelty and vulgarity. But failing all other means, is it not possible that the public press—the omnipotent press—might in time waken a healthy public opinion, which would make a woman ashamed to be seen with birds or birds' wings on her head? Or, if even the press can do no good, may it not at least refrain from doing harm?—Yours faithfully, BLANCHE ATKINSON."

THE EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

NO CLASSES will be held on Monday next, December 9th, on which evening the Distribution of Prizes and Certificates will be made by the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., at 7 p.m., and Mr. J. Sharpe C. Heywood, Master of the Drapers' Company will preside. Numbered tickets will be sent to all the successful students. Tickets, admitting bearer and friend, may be obtained in the Technical Schools Office.

THE new quarter for the classes will commence January 6th. Time Tables will be ready in a few days, and students' passes can now be obtained at the office.

ON the 26th of last month, Dr. Andrew Clark (to whom, as well as to Dr. Stokes, the lecturer, our best thanks are due for their kindness) held an examination in Ambulance work at the Palace, and the following students thereat distinguished themselves by passing:—Arthur A. Frey; John Ford; James R. Sparks; Robert M. B. Laing; Harvey King; Alexander Albu; Henry F. Rockwell; William Spooner; Arthur Pightling; George Billings; Frederick A. Hunter; Walter H. March; William Spiller; Hugh Pope; William T. Chapman; Frederick E. Burton; Robert D. McIntyre; Richard Claridge; Samuel Bunce; James B. White; James White; Arthur White; Henry Marshall; Henry Rosenways; Walter Marshall; George T. Hoskins.

SUCCESSFUL.—FIRST RE-EXAMINATION.—Edgar H. Strutt; Francis C. Forth.

SUCCESSFUL.—FINAL RE-EXAMINATION.—William Wallace.

THE London County Council have decided to present a copy of their minutes to our Library, so that anybody anxious to inform themselves of the exact doings of our governing body, can do so with very little trouble.

A VERY great crowd attended to hear our Choral Society perform the "Woman of Samaria" on Sunday, and a most successful result was attained.

THE Sketching Club (a copy of whose rules will be found in another column) have not been able to communicate with Mr. Walter Fleetwood, their late secretary, but if he will return his minute books, etc., to their sorrowing owners, all will be forgiven.

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 GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

On Wednesday evening last, a grand gymnastic and calisthenic display was given by the Instructors, Leaders and Members, in the Queen's Hall. A large audience of about 3,000 witnessed a fine display, including exercises on the horizontal and parallel bars, vaulting horse, musical drill, with bar-bells and dumb-bells, boxing and fencing, free exercises, and a club solo by Mr. F. W. Chipps. The exercises were gone through with accuracy and neatness. The meeting of the Boxing Class is to be on Monday next, the 9th inst., at 9.30; important business. The following displays will be given on the days mentioned:—Dec. 13th, men; 28th, men; 30th, men; 31st, Junior Section; Jan. 1st, men; 2nd, Junior Section; 3rd, Junior Section; 4th, men. A special Indian Club Class will be held on Mondays and Wednesdays, from 9 p.m. until 10 p.m., in the Gymnasium; and Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 p.m. until 9 p.m., in the Exhibition Buildings. The band will perform in the Gymnasium on the 5th and 12th inst.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. W. R. CAVE.

At a meeting of the Members of this Society, held on Saturday evening last, Mr. W. Stock was unanimously re-elected Secretary for the ensuing year, and a most hearty vote of thanks was accorded for the valuable services rendered by him, and for his increasing efforts in making this Society a success. Mr. W. H. Barker was elected Librarian.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—There are vacancies for all instruments, especially oboes, bassoons, and brass. We have a valuable Library of high-class music, which is lent free for rehearsal, and musicians will find this Society an excellent means of improving their musical practice. We have a splendid band room, and a first-class conductor. The rehearsals are on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, and the average attendance is about fifty Members.

Any further information will be cheerfully supplied by
WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

Patron:
SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

President.—MR. A. LEGGE.

Committee.—MISS J. COLSON, MISS M. E. HILTON, MR. J. SCOTT
MR. F. CROCKER, MR. J. A. CROWLEY.

RULES.

- 1.—That the Club be called the "People's Palace Sketching Club."
- 2.—Admission to the Club shall be limited to Members of the People's Palace Art Classes.
- 3.—The business of the Club shall be conducted by a President, a Secretary, and a Committee of not less than four in number.
- 4.—The Committee, which shall be elected annually, shall resign at the end of each session, but shall be eligible for re-election. The Committee may fill up any vacancies occurring amongst themselves during the session. A quorum shall consist of three Members of the Committee, and the Chairman shall have a casting vote.
- 5.—There shall be an annual subscription of 2s., and an entrance fee of 1s.

6.—An exhibition of sketches shall be held monthly, the subjects for which shall be duly announced in the *Palace Journal*, and at the Art School, and suggestions for which shall come from Members of the Committee, and the general body of the Club.

7.—Any Member wishing to withdraw from the Club, shall give one month's notice to that effect. All communications to be addressed to the Hon. Secretary in writing.

REGULATIONS.—Sketches in oil not to exceed 22 by 15 inches; sketches in water colour, pencil, charcoal, crayon, or pen and ink must not be smaller than 5 by 4 inches, nor exceed 22 by 15 inches, and should be mounted on white or tinted mounts, having a margin of not more than 4 inches; sketches in clay, carvings in wood, etc., not to exceed 2 feet in length, breadth, or height. Works in relief may be framed. No drawing is to be signed, but each is to be legibly marked on the front right top corner with the Member's number, which will be given to him on his entrance. All sketches must be entirely original.

The following are the subjects for the Monthly Exhibition, to be held in January:—figure, study of a head; landscape, a winter scene; design in wood carving, a panel; still life, a study from nature. CHARLES WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

Our next Concert will be given on Monday next, December 9th. It is important, therefore, that all who possibly can should attend the rehearsal on Friday.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses. We are preparing several works, including "Samson" and "Stabat Mater."

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Our first Social Dance was held on Saturday last, under the direction of Messrs. Marshall and Rosenway, in the Exhibition-buildings. Over one hundred were assembled, and a programme consisting of twelve dances were successfully gone through to the satisfaction of everyone. December 7th.—Houses of Parliament, meeting at the Beaconsfield Statue at 2.30 p.m. December 14th.—Guildhall, meeting outside at 3 p.m. sharp. Notice.—Students not Members of the club, who wish to take part in the ramble over Guildhall, should apply at once to either of the Committee or the undersigned, as this outing promises to be of a specially interesting character, and only a limited number can be invited. A Committee meeting will be held next Thursday, 5th inst., at 9 p.m. sharp. Members of the Committee are particularly requested to attend.

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

STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

The Queen's Hall, on Monday, the 23rd inst., will be used for our next dance. The tickets, to admit student and friend, can be obtained on and from the 16th inst., and, as the number will be limited, an early application is necessary. To meet the expenses, a charge of 6d. is made for each programme, and it is hoped the students will be as ready to purchase them as they were at the last dance. I would suggest they be obtained at the same time as the tickets: this will save the stewards trouble, and also the students and friends probable disappointment, if they are all sold. Should this dance prove successful and pay its way, it is highly probable that a series will be given in the hall about March. To make it, as usual, a sociable party, no lady or gentleman can be admitted in evening dress.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Owing to an oversight, our name was omitted from the programme of last Wednesday's entertainment; nevertheless, we were heard and much appreciated by the large audience who had come to see the Gymnastic Display, which was a great success, and which, we are told, will be repeated on an early occasion. The attendance at the practices has fallen off a little within the last fortnight; this is not as it should be.

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec.
P. SHELLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

The boys when leaving school on Friday night did not forget to remind me of the time and place of meeting for our ramble to Price's Candle Factory. In the morning, seven-and-twenty of us went to the pier, to hear that the boats were not running as yet, and that we should have to wait till the fog rolled by; the fog remained, and we went over London Bridge, and mounted a tram

car for Battersea Park, the journey being long and the fog rendering it somewhat uninteresting. I will take the opportunity of relating an original explanation of fogs given me by an omnibus conductor on a similarly foggy morning; that the tremendous force of inspiration involved in the whole population of London breathing at once, draw the vapours and fogs from Russia and such other places. Having passed Bedlam Asylum, Lambeth Palace, Doulton's Pottery works, and the home for dogs and cats (the boys taking mental notes with a view of proposing at the next Committee meeting that we should visit all of them), we left the car, and starting with a run, the boys were not long in scampering after me along the busy Wandsworth Road. Mr. Forth, who was kind enough to again accompany us, and who brought up the rear with a quick walk, was continually asked by anxious townsmen, what was the matter? More than one of our five senses told us that we had at last reached the candle works. Here we saw the wonders and mysteries of candle making. Our total ignorance of the subject made it difficult to follow the various processes. The candles appear to be made chiefly from paraffin wax or tallow. The paraffin is imported from America, and is of a brown, oily, earthy appearance. It is first frozen, and at the same time subjected to hydraulic pressure. It was interesting in the freezing room to see how every drop of oil or water was frozen, and every escape of steam fell to the ground as snow. The temperature of this room was 10° below freezing point; the object of the freezing was to prevent the wax dissolving in the oil, and the pressure was to squeeze the oil out of the wax. The wax was next baked and treated with charcoal to purify it, and make it perfectly transparent. It was then melted up, coloured all manner of shades, and run into moulds to form candles. The candles vary in size and quality, some of the largest being 18 inches in diameter and 6 feet long. The enormous size of the works and the quantity of candles they manufacture is really astonishing. On an average one hundred tons of candles are sent out, equalling about 1,800,000 candles weekly, and in busy times as many as 200 tons have been sent out. The manufacture of night-lights next took our attention. These are made nearly entirely from cocoanut oil. The cocoanuts are dried in the sun in Ceylon, and then the oil is squeezed from them, and sent over to England in casks. The most astonishing feature in this branch was the wonderful rapidity and accuracy with which the men poured from a ladle this hot oil into the paper cups. At a guess I should say one man would fill from 80 to 100 in a minute without spilling a drop. Next was the manufacture of scented soaps. The soap is first made in large blocks, and then cut and stamped into tablets. Each boy got one of these tablets to take home with him, with special instructions that he was not to eat it. We next visited the boiler room, and were surprised to find the fires were fed with coal by mechanical arrangement, doing away with the need of stokers. Lastly, we visited the plaiting room, where the most ingenious machines were twisting and plaiting the wicks for the candles. Having spent one-and-a-quarter hours in the land of soaps and candles, we were obliged to leave. After refreshing ourselves with a penny bun, we visited the park, and spent some time at the gymnasium, and some in playing games and having races, thereby passing a couple of hours very enjoyably. We finally took the boat to London Bridge, where we separated, happy and contented with our day's excursion. Next Saturday, we intend having a run into the country, out Woodford way. Parents will please not mind if their rambling sons are not home before nine o'clock, and rest assured that every care will be taken of them. Members will please apply to the Secretary for their cards of membership, which are now ready.—New member, Alfred Long.

A. W. B.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL HARRIERS' CLUB.

The above club will in future be looked after by Mr. Castle, who has kindly consented to act as Vice-President. A meeting took place on Wednesday, November 27th, for the election of President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Committee. Sir Edmund Hay Currie has kindly consented to act as President, and Mr. Castle as Vice-President, at the unanimous request of the members; and the following other officers were elected by ballot: H. B. Howard, Secretary; O. H. Warmington, Treasurer; Committee, E. A. Moxhay, S. Davis, R. Wright, J. Ames, McConnell. On Friday, Mr. Low (the Head-master) kindly went round to the various class rooms and got the names of the boys who wished to join the club, and the following boys gave in their names:—Cox, Dayes, Gulle, Gurr, Harvey, Kitchen, Loyd, Loudon, McGowan, Manly, Martin, Nettingham, Parish, Parsley, Pattison, Pledge, Toope, Turner, Tyler, White, Willson, Wooten, Reynolds, Finningham, and Flower.

A paper chase was held on Saturday, November 30th, and a very enjoyable run resulted. Hares: Davis and Warmington. Hounds: Cox, Dayes, Gurr, Howard, Manly, Parish, Pledge, Turner, Finningham, McConnell, and Flower. The hares started at 2.53 p.m. from Wanstead H.Q., and were pursued by the hounds seven minutes later; Cox, Gurr, etc., leading the way, we went through Wanstead Park, where we had no trouble in finding the track, passing the fishing lake, and keeping straight on, we came out by the other entrance of the park into Blake Hall Road; still the track being very good, it took us across the Forest, here keeping up together we went along at a nice pace, but as we

Perspiration.

THE human body is made up for the most part of water. A man weighing 154 pounds contains about 110 pounds of water, and only forty-four pounds of dry matter. Water is therefore vitally necessary to all human existence, and is supplied in all kinds of food, as well as with liquids, and also in the atmosphere that we breathe. It is constantly being thrown off from the body, and forms a very important agent in removing decayed matter from the system. Water is removed from the system by means of the kidneys, by the lungs, and through the skin.

The amount of water daily evaporated by lungs and skin, in a healthy condition of the system, is equal to about one-third of the weight of the whole food, solid and liquid, which is taken into the stomach. The skin of a full-grown man, therefore, exhales in twenty-four hours, in ordinary circumstances, from one and a half to two pounds of water in insensible perspiration. When, in hot weather, or in undergoing violent exertion, the perspiration becomes sensible, and instead of exhaling in a gentle moisture is thrown off in large drops of water, a much greater weight is disposed of in this way. The action of this exhalation takes place through the glands. These glands are cylindrical tubes, arranged in the form of a globular coil situated in the connective tissue immediately under the third and inner layer of the skin. From each gland a small duct passes upwards through the layers of the skin, and terminates in a very minute and oblique opening on the surface. The folds of the perspiratory gland are surrounded by a close network of capillary blood vessels, from which the watery and salt ingredients of the perspiration are exuded into the tube, and by capillary attraction are drawn to the surface and thrown off.

It does not seem so strange that the human body can throw off nearly two pints of water daily, so gradually and so gently that it is not felt as moisture, when we remember how many glands there are and how very small each atom of moisture must be. On the back, the thighs, and legs there are about 500 perspiratory glands to the square inch of skin; on the breast the forehead, neck, forearm, and back of the hand and foot, about 1,000 to the square inch; and on the sole of the foot and on the palm of the hand, 2,700 in the same space. It is estimated that the number of perspiratory glands over the whole body is not less than 2,300,000, and as each tubular coil when unravelled is about one-fifteenth of an inch in length, the entire extent of tubing used to throw off the perspiration is not less than 153,000 inches, or nearly two miles and a half. A certain portion of the decaying matter of the body is thrown off through the perspiration, but the principal office of this exhalation is to regulate the temperature of the body. When the body is kept in a state of cleanliness and health, so that the circulation is regular and the perspiratory glands are always evenly but seldom abnormally active, exposure to severe cold can be safely borne. When undue exertion brings out a greater flow of perspiration than can be readily and quickly removed by evaporation, the moisture chills the skin surface, the little mouths of the perspiration tubes contract, and there is what we call a checking of the perspiration, which immediately produces a sensation of chilliness; we have taken cold.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. STOCK.—We suspect that the chief reason why you have been unable to obtain the *Journal* on Tuesday evening, is that it is not published till Wednesday. Subscription received with thanks.

F. IVISON.—You sent our printer a postal wrapper with a request for a copy of last week's *Journal*. The wrapper was quite sufficient for the postage, but didn't pay for the paper, which therefore was not sent.

A. UMBUSH.—Subscription received with thanks.

H. S. TODD.—We shall be very pleased to send you the copy you ask for on receipt of 1d. in stamps.

Miss ELLICE.—Subscription received with thanks.

Mr. WILLIS.—Subscription received with thanks.

MISTAKES IN A DICTIONARY.

WHEN the unabridged edition of Webster's Dictionary first appeared (without a definition of the word "unabridged"), that great scholar, Caleb Cushing, wrote a criticism on the stupendous work, saying that, for its size, it had as few errors as could be expected. This puzzled the editors, who asked for an explanation of Mr. Cushing's information on the subject of those errors. In reply, Mr. Cushing marked five thousand mistakes in the volume which had been presented to him, and sent it back.

came out on the road again the hounds gradually began to drop off, and soon the Secretary found himself running alone, and, seeing the hares had gone straight up the Woodford Road, quickened his pace. Turning round by the Eagle Pond, he saw the hares at the top of the road. Again quickening his pace, he came to the top of the road where the hares had turned round to the right; here he found a little difficulty in finding their track, on account of so many tracks being about, but when it was found, it took him towards the "Rising Sun Hotel," and then turning off to the left, and cutting across the forest to the back of the Eagle Pond. After much more running, hiding, and dodging, he caught them as they were turning back again, after a very good run. Reaching home, we found Mr. Castle waiting for us, and reached our Head-quarters at 4 p.m., after a distance of about six miles (time, 55 min.). The other hounds came in five minutes later, after having a very good run, and all enjoyed our afternoon's sport, thanks to Mr. Castle, who, after seeing the hares off, ran with the hounds for about twenty-five minutes, and then returned, waiting till we came back. We hope that more members will turn up next Saturday, when we shall have a run into the country, starting from Wanstead.

H. B. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR HARRIERS.

We had a very delightful run to the "Eagle," Snaresbrook, on Saturday last, a very good number turning up. Members are reminded that subscriptions are due next Saturday. Run out from Palace to-day, at 8.30, and from Wanstead at 6.30, on Saturday next.

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

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday, November 30th, our ramble was to St. Paul's Cathedral. Starting from the Royal Exchange at 3 p.m., we arrived there at 3.15. Entering by the south entrance, we crossed the cathedral, and showed our letter of invitation. We were directed up a flight of stairs which led to the library, which contains 12,000 volumes, besides letters written by King Charles, Christopher Wren, and other notable men of that time. Going a little higher we reached the whispering gallery; while walking round, a voice seemed to come from the wall, saying, "Sit down," which we did, when the same voice said, "This cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren; commenced in the year 1675, nine years after the great fire of London, 1666, and took thirty-five years to build, Sir C. Wren dying at the age of 91"; it then left off. Walking farther, we reached more steps, and mounting higher, we reached the stone gallery, 210 feet high, and would have had a nice view of London, but for the mist and fog. We managed to see Bow church and dragon, said to be the best church Sir Christopher Wren built. Coming down, we glanced at the flags, and listened to the service that was going on, having a pleasant and interesting afternoon's ramble. Next week we visit Mann and Crossman's Brewery, Mile End.

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

The Shrewd Attorney.

HER name was Sniggs—it didn't suit
Her rich, æsthetic bent,
And so she thought she'd have it changed
By Act of Parliament.

She sought a limb—a legal man
With lots of subtle learning,
And unto him she did confide
Her soul's most painful yearning.

He heard her out—he asked her wealth,
He pondered o'er her story,
And then he said he would consult
His volumes statutory.

She sighed and rose—he took her hand,
And quickly said, "How stupid!
I did forget the precedent
Of 'Hymen versus Cupid!'"

"Just substitute my name for yours."
The maiden blushed and faltered—
But in two weeks she took her name
To church and had it altered!

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1889,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

ARTISTES:

The Students of the London Organ School

AND

International College of Music,

ASSISTED BY

MR. FRANK ARNOLD - - - - - Violin.

MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN - - - - - Baritone.

HERR HERMAN HEYDRICH - - - - - Accompanist.

CONDUCTOR—MR. HENRY CLARK.

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

1. ORGAN SOLO "Allegro moderato e serioso" Mendelssohn.

MR. KEENE.

2. PIANO SOLO .. "Saltarelle" .. Scotson Clark.

MISS EVANS.

3. SONG .. "Sir Roger" (old style) .. Cobb.

MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

Give me the old world glory
Of England famed in story,
Whether for Whig or Tory,
Our homes are England's boast.
Give me old friends surrounding,
Good old port abounding,
Ancient walls resounding,
Many a hearty toast.
O, I the Squire of Esterham,
Quaff my port with the best of them;
Laugh, ho! ho! with the rest of them;
Old Sir Roger am I!

When gray the early dawning
Brings the hunter's morning,
Wind and weather scorning,
Up! and away we go.
Then on to cover rushing,
Through the meadows crushing,
Close to Reynard brushing,
Tally ho! tally ho!
O, I the Squire of Esterham,
Hunting go with the best of them;
Tally ho! with the rest of them,
Old Sir Roger am I.

When lasses and lads are dancing,
Music's strains entrancing,
Maiden's soft eyes glancing,
Head off the ball.
With stately step and bowing,
Light fantastic toeing,
In and out I'm going;
Gayest of them all.
O, I the Squire of Esterham,
Pirouette with the best of them,
Dance a jig with the rest of them,
Old Sir Roger am I.

4. PIANO SOLO .. "Caprice" .. Raff.
MASTER TWELVETREES.5. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Légende" .. Wieniawski.
MR. FRANK ARNOLD.6. SONG .. "At my window" .. Parker.
MRS. MARTIN TEGG.

When the golden morn is breaking
Thro' the mists that veil the lake,
Ere the milkmaids cross the meadow,
Ere the daisy stars awake;
Thro' my casement, flower surrounded,
Comes a cadence clear and strong,
'Tis a bird that breaks the silence
With a sudden burst of song.
Oh! happy bird, sing on for aye,
Thy carol blythe and free,
Thy music speaks of love and home,
Then sing, oh! sing to me.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Oh! sing to me.

When the twilight shadows darken
Over distant hill and lea,
Then again I long to listen
For the song that comes to me,
With fair promise for the future
In its music ever heard,
Till my heart for very gladness
Sings with thee, my bonnie bird.
Oh! happy bird sing on for aye,
Thy carol blythe and free, etc.

7. ORGAN SOLO .. "Cantabile" .. Lemmens.

MISS MITTFORD.

8. PIANO SOLO .. "Caprice de Concert" .. Lefebure.

MISS DAVIS.

9. SONG .. "Angus Macdonald" .. Roedel.

MISS ETHEL BEVANS.

O sad were the homes on the mountain and glen,
When Angus Macdonald marched off with his men;
O sad was my heart when we sobbed our good-by,
And he marched to the battle maybe to die.
O Angus Macdonald the loch is so drear,
And gloomy the mountain for thou art not here,
O Angus, my own, in the camps over sea,
I'm waiting, and longing, and praying for thee.

O Father of mercies; humbly I pray,
Thou see'st the fight and the camp far away,
O watch o'er my Angus, and bring him to me,
For Thou canst defend him, where'er he may be.
O hark! there's a stir in the trees in the glen,
There's the call of the pibroch, the marching of men;
The echoes are waking on forest and scar,
'Tis Angus, my own, coming home from the war.

10. PIANO SOLO .. "Valse Arabesque" .. Lach.

MISS SIMPSON.

11. SONG .. "She wandered down the mountain side" Clay.

MISS STELLA MARIS.

She wander'd down the mountain side,
With measur'd tread and slow,
She heard the bells at eventide,
Down in the vale below.
A bird was singing its psalm of rest,
But she heeded not its song,
For other thoughts fill'd full her heart,
And she sang as she went along,
I shall meet him where we always meet,
He is waiting for me;
My heart is full, I hear it beat.
I am coming, my love, to thee.

Poor child! he's gone to his last rest;
Alas! he perished in a foreign land,
He nobly died with face to foe,
Slain by a ruthless hand.
Ah, me! she knows not what they mean,
For she heeds not what they say,
And still at eventide again she's seen,
And she sings as she wends her way,
I shall meet him where we always meet,
He is waiting for me,
My heart is full, I hear it beat,
I am coming, my love, to thee.

12. ORGAN SOLO .. "Gavotte" .. Bach.

"Pizzicati" .. Delibes.

MISS EDROFF.

13. PIANO SOLO .. "Gigue" .. Corelli.

"Papillons" .. Gregh.

MISS C. BRAVINGTON.

14. VIOLIN SOLO "Fantasie Caprice" .. Vieuxtemps.

MR. FRANK ARNOLD.

15. SONG .. "Only once more" .. Moir.

MR. WILBERFORCE FRANKLIN.

When other hands are clasp'd in thine,
And other eyes shall smile on thee,
When other hearts shall seek my shrine
O! think how dear thou art to me.
Only once more, love, only once more,
O! give one passing thought to me;
Just as of yore, love, only once more,
O! give one passing thought to me.

When others breathe earth's sweetest vow,
When other lips their love shall tell,
O! think of me who loves thee now,
Who loves not wisely but too well.
Only once more, love, only once more,
O weave a new love's golden spell,
Just as of yore, love, only once more,
O weave anew Love's golden spell.

When other lights of love shall fade,
And every dream of love is o'er;
In smiles or tears, in sun or shade,
Only return to me once more.
Only once more, love, only once more,
Only to love as ne'er before;
In days of yore, love, for evermore,
Only to love for evermore.

16. PIANO SOLO .. "Polacca" .. Weber.

MISS FRENCH.

17. SONG .. "The Prima Donna" .. Roedel.

MRS. MARTIN TEGG.

"Viva! Paquita! Viva! Paquita! Hark! she comes!"
The lights are gleaming sweet and fair, upon the stage she stands,
Her dark eyes bright with magic light, red roses in her hands;
Her sweet voice pealing up above on music's golden wings,
What is Paquita dreaming of as there she stands and sings?
Love is a dream, so they say, so they say;
Only the rose of a day, of a day;
Love is but woe, let it be so,
But ah! give me love, give me love away.

The curtain falls: good night! good bye! you see her dark eyes
gleam;

Viva! Paquita! still you cry, but who can read her dream?
Viva! Viva! 'tis ever so: your brightest garlands bring,
The heart may break, the tears may flow, but still the lips must
sing!
Love is a dream, so they say, so they say;
Only the rose of a day, of a day;
Love is but woe, let it be so,
But ah! give me love, give me love away.

18. ORGAN SOLO "Marche aux Flambeaux" Scotson Clark.

MISS EDROFF.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8TH, 1889.

AT 12.30.—ORGAN RECITAL.

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

- Overture to "Athaliah" .. Handel.
- Intermezzo in E .. Rheinberger.
- "To God high enthroned" (from Oratorio,
"Death and Life") .. Gounod.
- Elevation .. Guilmant.
- Prelude and Fugue in G major .. Bach.
- "He shall feed his flock" (Messiah) .. Handel.
- March, Op. 108 .. Mendelssohn.

AT 4.—ORGAN RECITAL & SACRED CONCERT

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

VOCALISTS:

MISS GERTRUDE AYLWARD.

MR. NEAL FYNE.

1. ANDANTE MAESTOSO (Concerto No. 4) .. Handel

2. ARIA .. "Pro Peccatis" (Stabat Mater) .. Rossini.

MR. NEAL FYNE.

Pro Peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem desolatum
Dum emicit spiritum.

3. COMMUNION Wely.

4. ARIA .. "Rejoice greatly" (Messiah) .. Handel.

MISS GERTRUDE AYLWARD.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O daughter of
Jerusalem! behold, thy King cometh unto thee!
He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the
heathen.

5. GRAND CHOEUR Guilmant.

6. AIR .. "It is enough" (Elijah) .. Mendelssohn.

MR. NEAL FYNE.

AIR.

It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not
better than my fathers! I desire to live no longer: now let me die,
for my days are but vanity!

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts! for the
children of Israel have broken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine
altars; and slain all Thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I,
only am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

7. ADAGIO Mozart.

8. ARIA "Wise men flattering" (Judas Maccabeus) Handel.

MISS GERTRUDE AYLWARD.

AIR.

Wise men, flatt'ring, may deceive you
With their vain mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart.
But true wisdom can relieve you,
Godlike wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove.

AT 8.—ORGAN RECITAL.

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

- Sonata, No. 7 (first movement) .. Rheinberger.
- "O for the wings of a dove" .. Mendelssohn.
- "Lift up your heads" (Messiah) .. Handel.
- Andante Pastorale .. Sullivan.
- Air, with variations .. Rea.
- Evening Prayer .. Smart.
- Procession March .. S. Clark.

Wakefield.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN some old magazine or newspaper, I recollect a story, told as truth, of a man—let us call him Wakefield—who absented himself for a long time from his wife. The fact, thus abstractedly stated, is not very uncommon, nor—without a proper distinction of circumstances—to be condemned either as naughty or nonsensical. Howbeit, this, though far from the most aggravated, is perhaps the strangest instance on record of marital delinquency; and, moreover, as remarkable a freak as may be found in the whole list of human oddities. The wedded couple lived in London. The man, under pretence of going a journey, took lodgings in the next street to his own house, and there, unheard of by his wife or friends, and without the shadow of a reason for such self-banishment, dwelt upwards of twenty years. During that period he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield. And after so great a gap in his matrimonial felicity—when his death was reckoned certain, his estate settled, his name dismissed from memory, and his wife, long, long ago, resigned to her autumnal widowhood—he entered the door one evening, quietly, as from a day's absence, and became a loving spouse till death.

This outline is all that I remember. But the incident, though of the purest originality, unexampled, and probably never to be repeated, is one, I think, which appeals to the general sympathies of mankind. We know, each for himself, that none of us would perpetrate such a folly, yet feel as if some other might. To my own contemplations, at least, it has often recurred, always exciting wonder, but with a sense that the story must be true, and a conception of its hero's character. Whenever any subject so forcibly affects the mind, time is well spent in thinking of it. If the reader choose, let him do his own meditation; or if he prefers to ramble with me through the twenty years of Wakefield's vagary, I bid him welcome; trusting that there will be a pervading spirit and a moral, even should we fail to find them, done up neatly, and condensed into the final sentence. Thought has always its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral.

What sort of a man was Wakefield? We are free to shape out our own idea, and call it by his name. He was now in the meridian of life; his matrimonial affections, never violent, were sobered into a calm, habitual sentiment; of all husbands, he was likely to be the most constant, because a certain sluggishness would keep his heart at rest, wherever it might be placed. He was intellectual, but not actively so; his mind occupied itself in long and lazy musings, that tended to no purpose, or had not vigour to attain it; his thoughts were seldom so energetic as to seize hold of words. Imagination, in the proper meaning of the term, made no part of Wakefield's gifts. With a cold, but not depraved nor wandering heart, and a mind never feverish with riotous thoughts, nor perplexed with originality, who could have anticipated that our friend would entitle himself to a foremost place among the doers of eccentric deeds? Had his acquaintances been asked who was the man in London the surest to perform nothing to-day which should be remembered on the morrow, they would have thought of Wakefield. Only the wife of his bosom might have hesitated. She, without having analysed his character, was partly aware of a quiet selfishness that had rusted into his inactive mind—of a peculiar sort of vanity, the most uneasy attribute about him—of a disposition to craft, which had seldom produced more positive effects than the keeping of petty secrets, hardly worth revealing—and, lastly, of what she called a little strangeness, sometimes, in the good man. This latter quality is indefinable, and perhaps non-existent.

Let us now imagine Wakefield bidding adieu to his wife. It is the dusk of an October evening. His equipment is a drab great-coat, a hat covered with an oil-cloth, top-boots, an umbrella in one hand and a small portmanteau in the other. He has informed Mrs. Wakefield that he is to take the night coach into the country. She would fain inquire the length of his journey, its object, and the probable time of his return; but, indulgent to his harmless love of mystery, interrogates him only by a look. He tells her not to expect him positively by the return coach, nor to be alarmed should he tarry three or four days; but, at all events, to look for him at supper on Friday evening. Wakefield himself, be it considered, has no suspicion what is before him. He holds out his hand: she gives her own, and meets his parting kiss, in the matter-of-course way of a ten years' matrimony; and forth goes the middle-aged Mr. Wakefield, almost resolved to

perplex his good lady by a whole week's absence. After the door has closed behind him, she perceives it thrust partly open, and a vision of her husband's face, through the aperture, smiling on her, and gone in a moment. For the time, this little incident is dismissed without a thought. But, long afterwards, when she has been more years a widow than a wife, that smile recurs, and flickers across all her reminiscences of Wakefield's visage. In her many musings, she surrounds the original smile with a multitude of fantasies, which make it strange and awful; as, for instance, if she imagines him in a coffin, that parting look is frozen on his pale features; or, if she dreams of him in heaven, still his blessed spirit wears a quiet and crafty smile. Yet, for its sake, when all others have given him up for dead, she sometimes doubts whether she is a widow.

But, our business is with the husband. We must hurry after him, along the street, ere he lose his individuality, and melt into the great mass of London life. It would be vain searching for him there. Let us follow close at his heels, therefore, until, after several superfluous turns and doublings, we find him comfortably established by the fireside of a small apartment, previously bespoken. He is in the next street to his own, and at his journey's end. He can scarcely trust his good fortune, in having got thither unperceived—recollecting that, at one time, he was delayed by the throng, in the very focus of a lighted lantern; and, again, there were footsteps, that seemed to tread behind his own, distinct from the multitudinous tramp around him: and, anon, he heard a voice shouting afar, and fancied that it called his name. Doubtless, a dozen busybodies had been watching him, and told his wife the whole affair. Poor Wakefield! Little knowest thou thine own insignificance in this great world! No mortal eye but mine has traced thee. Go quietly to thy bed, foolish man; and, on the morrow, if thou wilt be wise, get thee home to good Mrs. Wakefield, and tell her the truth. Remove not thyself, even for a little week, from thy place in her chaste bosom. Were she, for a single moment, to deem thee dead, or lost, or lastingly divided from her, thou wouldst be wofully conscious of a change in thy true wife for ever after. It is perilous to make a chasm in human affections; not that they gape so long and wide—but so quickly close again!

Almost repenting of his frolic, or whatever it may be termed, Wakefield lies down betimes, and starting from his first nap, spreads forth his arms into the wide and solitary waste of the unaccustomed bed. "No"—thinks he, gathering the bedclothes about him—"I will not sleep alone another night."

In the morning he rises earlier than usual, and sets himself to consider what he really means to do. Such are his loose and rambling modes of thought, that he has taken this very singular step, with the consciousness of a purpose, indeed, but without being able to define it sufficiently for his own contemplation. The vagueness of the project, and the convulsive effort with which he plunges into the execution of it, are equally characteristic of a feeble-minded man. Wakefield sifts his ideas, however, as minutely as he may, and finds himself curious to know the progress of matters at home—how his exemplary wife will endure her widowhood of a week; and, briefly, how the little sphere of creatures and circumstances, in which he was a central object, will be affected by his removal. A morbid vanity, therefore, lies nearest the bottom of the affair. But how is he to attain his ends? Not, certainly, by keeping close in this comfortable lodging, where, though he slept and awoke in the next street to his home, he is as effectually abroad as if the stage-coach had been whirling him away all night. Yet, should he reappear, the whole project is knocked in the head. His poor brains being hopelessly puzzled with this dilemma, he at length ventures out, partly resolving to cross the head of the street, and send one hasty glance towards his forsaken domicile. Habit—for he is a man of habits—takes him by the hand, and guides him, wholly unaware, to his own door, where, just at the critical moment, he is aroused by the scraping of his foot upon the step. Wakefield! whither are you going?

At that instant, his fate was turning on the pivot. Little dreaming of the doom to which his first backward step devotes him, he hurries away, breathless with agitation hitherto unfelt, and hardly dares to turn his head at the distant corner. Can it be, that nobody caught sight of him? Will not the whole household—the decent Mrs. Wakefield, the smart maid-servant, and the dirty little footboy—raise a hue and cry through London streets in pursuit of their fugitive lord and master? Wonderful escape! He gathers courage to pause and look homeward, but is perplexed with a sense of change about the familiar edifice, such as affects us all, when, after a separation of months or years, we again see some hill

or lake or work of art with which we were friends of old. In ordinary cases this indescribable impression is caused by the comparison and contrast between our imperfect reminiscences and the reality. In Wakefield the magic of a single night has wrought a similar transformation, because, in that brief period, a great moral change has been effected. But this is a secret from himself. Before leaving the spot he catches a far and momentary glimpse of his wife, passing athwart the front window, with her face turned towards the head of the street. The crafty nincompoop takes to his heels, scared with the idea that among a thousand such atoms of mortality her eye must have detected him. Right glad is his heart, though his brain be somewhat dizzy, when he finds himself by the coal fire of his lodgings.

So much for the commencement of this long whim-wham. After the initial conception, and the stirring up of the man's sluggish temperament to put in practice, the whole matter evolves itself in a natural train. We may suppose him, as the result of deep deliberation, buying a new wig of reddish hair, and selecting sundry garments, in a fashion unlike his customary suit of brown, from a Jew's old clothes-bag. It is accomplished. Wakefield is another man. The new system being now established, a retrograde movement to the old would be almost as difficult as the step that placed him in his unparalleled position. Furthermore, he is rendered obstinate by a sulkiness occasionally incident to his temper, and brought on at present by the inadequate sensation which he conceives to have been produced in the bosom of Mrs. Wakefield. He will not go back until she be frightened half to death. Well; twice or thrice has she passed before his sight, each time with a heavier step, a paler cheek, and more anxious brow; and in the third week of his non-appearance he detects a portent of evil entering the house in the guise of an apothecary. Next day the knocker is muffled. Towards nightfall comes the chariot of a physician, and deposits its big-wigged and solemn burthen at Wakefield's door, whence, after a quarter of an hour's visit, he emerges, perchance the herald of a funeral. Dear woman! Will she die? By this time Wakefield is excited to something like energy of feeling, but still lingers away from his wife's bedside, pleading with his conscience that she must not be disturbed at such a juncture. If aught else restrains him he does not know it. In the course of a few weeks she gradually recovers; the crisis is over; her heart is sad, perhaps, but quiet; and let him return soon or late, it will never be feverish for him again. Such ideas glimmer through the mist of Wakefield's mind, and render him indistinctly conscious that an almost impassable gulf divides his hired apartment from his former home. "It is but in the next street!" he sometimes says. Fool! it is in another world. Hitherto he has put off his return from one particular day to another; henceforward he leaves the precise time undetermined. Not to-morrow—probably next week—pretty soon. Poor man! The dead have nearly as much chance of revisiting their earthly homes as the self-banished Wakefield.

Would that I had a folio to write instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence, beyond our control, lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity. Wakefield is spell-bound. We must leave him, for ten years or so, to haunt around his house, without once crossing the threshold, and to be faithful to his wife, with all the affection of which his heart is capable, while he is slowly fading out of hers. Long since it must be remarked, he has lost the perception of singularity in his conduct.

Now for a scene! Amid the throng of a London street, we distinguish a man, now waxing elderly, with few characteristics to attract careless observers, yet bearing, in his whole aspect, the handwriting of no common fate, for such as have the skill to read it. He is meagre; his low and narrow forehead is deeply wrinkled; his eyes, small and lustreless, sometimes wander apprehensively about him, but oftener seem to look inward. He bends his head, and moves with an indescribable obliquity of gait, as if unwilling to display his full front to the world. Watch him, long enough to see what we have described, and you will allow that circumstances—which often produce remarkable men from nature's ordinary handiwork—have produced one such here. Next, leaving him to sidle along the foot-walk, cast your eyes in the opposite direction, where a portly female, considerably in the wane of life, with a prayer-book in her hand, is proceeding to yonder church. She has the placid mien of settled widowhood. Her regrets have either died away, or have become so essential to her heart, that they would be poorly exchanged for joy. Just as the lean man and well-conditioned woman are passing, a slight obstruction occurs, and brings these two figures directly in contact. Their hands touch; the pressure of the crowd forces her bosom against

his shoulder; they stand, face to face, staring into each other's eyes. After a ten year's separation, thus Wakefield meets his wife!

The throng eddies away, and carries them asunder. The sober widow, resuming her former pace, proceeds to church, but pauses in the portal, and throws a perplexed glance along the street. She passes in, however, opening her prayer-book as she goes. And the man! with so wild a face, that busy and selfish London stands to gaze after him—he hurries to his lodgings, bolts the door, and throws himself upon the bed. The latent feelings of years break out; his feeble mind acquires a brief energy from their strength; all the miserable strangeness of his life is revealed to him at a glance: and he cries out, passionately, "Wakefield! Wakefield! You are mad!"

Perhaps he was so. The singularity of his situation must have so moulded him to itself that, considered in regard to his fellow-creatures and the business of life, he could not be said to possess his right mind. He had contrived—or rather he had happened—to disserve himself from the world—to vanish—to give up his place and privileges with living men, without being admitted among the dead. The life of a hermit is nowise parallel to his. He was in the bustle of the city, as of old; but the crowd swept by, and saw him not; he was, we may figuratively say, always beside his wife, and at his hearth, yet must never feel the warmth of the one, nor the affection of the other. It was Wakefield's unprecedented fate, to retain his original share of human sympathies, and to be still involved in human interests, while he had lost his reciprocal influence on them. It would be a most curious speculation, to trace out the effect of such circumstances on his heart and intellect, separately, and in unison. Yet changed as he was, he would seldom be conscious of it, but deem himself the same man as ever; glimpses of the truth, indeed, would come, but only for the moment; and still he would keep saying, "I shall soon go back!" nor reflect that he had been saying so for twenty years.

I conceive, also, that these twenty years would appear, in the retrospect, scarcely longer than the week to which Wakefield had at first limited his absence. He would look on the affair as no more than an interlude in the main business of his life. When, after a little while more, he should deem it time to re-enter his parlour, his wife would clap her hands for joy on beholding the middle-aged Mr. Wakefield. Alas, what a mistake! Would time but await the close of our favourite follies, we should be young men, all of us, and till doomsday.

One evening, in the twentieth year since he vanished, Wakefield is taking his customary walk towards the dwelling which he still calls his own. It is a gusty night of autumn, with frequent showers, that patter down upon the pavement, and are gone before a man can put up his umbrella. Pausing near the house, Wakefield discerns, through the parlour windows of the second floor, the red glow, and the glimmer and fitful flash of a comfortable fire. On the ceiling appears a grotesque shadow of good Mrs. Wakefield. The cap, the nose and chin, and the broad waist, form an admirable caricature, which dances, moreover, with the up-flickering and down-sinking blaze, almost too merrily for the shade of an elderly widow. At this instant a shower chances to fall, and is driven, by the unmannerly gust, full into Wakefield's face and bosom. He is quite penetrated with its autumnal chill. Shall he stand wet and shivering here when his own hearth has a good fire to warm him, and his own wife will run to fetch the gray coat and small-clothes, which, doubtless, she has kept carefully in the closet of their bedchamber? No! Wakefield is no such fool. He ascends the steps—heavily!—for twenty years have stiffened his legs since he came down—but he knows it not. Stay, Wakefield! Would you go to the sole home that is left you? Then step into your grave! The door opens. As he passes in we have a parting glimpse of his visage, and recognise the crafty smile which was the precursor of the little joke that he has ever since been playing off at his wife's expense. How unmercifully has he quizzed the poor woman! Well, a good night's rest to Wakefield!

This happy event—supposing it to be such—could only have occurred at an unpremeditated moment. We will not follow our friend across the threshold. He has left us much food for thought, a portion of which shall lend its wisdom to a moral, and be shaped into a figure. Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another, and to a whole, that by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place for ever. Like Wakefield, he may become, as it were, the outcast of the universe.

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session commenced 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. Scamman	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Plumbing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patrn. Making & Mouldg. (Wh. Sc.)	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...				

* 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
" " " " "	"	Friday	7.30-9.0	"
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery ...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	7.30-9.30	3 0
" Practical ...	"	"	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
Shakespeare ...	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

Per Quarter.

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele. (Wh. Sc.) M.J.M.E.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
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
†Magism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker, Mdist.	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc.	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " " " "	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	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

† 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 ...	and	Tuesday		
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing ...	"	Friday		
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"		
†Drawing from Life ...	"	"		
†Etching ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Repoussé Work & Engv.	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	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.]	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
"	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	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
" " " " "	Mr. Spencer	"	"	"
Violin ...	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
" " " " "	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

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)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	"
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	"	"	"
Female Tele. Learners ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
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.	"	"	"	"
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drow	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	"
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	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. W. R. Adnitt	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. Ling., Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Mdist.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice ...	"	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Brickwork and 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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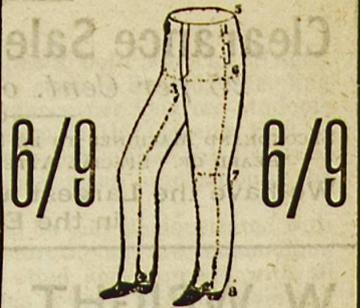
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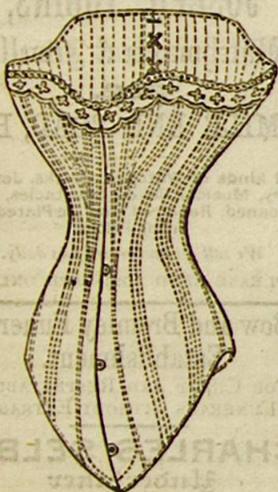
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