

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. V.—No. 109.] WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 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. 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Singing Examination, at 8.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Meeting of Old Technical School Boys, at 8.15.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Dec. 14th.—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 Guildhall.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Cycling Club Dinner, at Aldgate.—Technical Schools' Rambling Club.—To Guildhall.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.

SUNDAY, Dec. 15th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Dec. 16th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

TUESDAY, Dec. 17th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Ladies' Ambulance Class Examination, at 7.30.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall; and Match with London Banks, at "Clachan," Sherborne Lane, E.C.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Conversazione in Technical Schools; and Gymnastic Display in Queen's Hall, at 8. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.30.

### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 15th, 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.

TWO new Trades' Unions have just been formed, or are about to be formed, which I for one shall watch with the deepest interest. The first of these is a Union of Shop Assistants. If this Union can be really established, and if all shop assistants will come in, great things should be accomplished. The fear is that half of them may remain out, selfishly hoping to curry favour with the masters on the one hand, and to reap all the benefits acquired by their more honest brethren on the other. It is quite certain that shop assistants have very substantial grievances. Thus, in all other kinds of trade, the hours have been reduced. Fifty years ago, the London clerk began his day's work at nine, and rarely finished before nine at night: the solicitor's clerks often went on working till ten, or even later: the shop assistants were then no worse off than others. But times have changed. Clerks now begin at half-past nine or ten, and knock off at five or six. Shop assistants begin at nine, or even earlier, and go on until nine, ten, or even midnight. And all for nothing, because nobody is a penny the richer for the late hours: not the shop proprietor, who flares away the gas, which costs a great deal of money, and spoils his goods: he sells no more than he would sell were his shop closed at six: not the public, which could do all its purchases perfectly well by six o'clock. What shop assistants now ask for is moderate indeed: viz., a day of twelve hours, except Saturday, when they would give fourteen, with a weekly half-holiday. In some parts of London, I believe, this demand has been conceded. At Hampstead, for instance, the shops are all closed on Thursday afternoon, and no one seems a bit the worse for it.

It is said that there are a million and a quarter of young persons employed in shops: they work from 75 to 110 hours a week. The shops are badly ventilated, and poisoned with gas: and complaints are made about food, times for meals, compulsory standing about, and other minor grievances. Some time ago I made some partial inquiries about the treatment of shop assistants in these matters. What I learned pointed to the fact, that as everywhere else, so in shops: there is the greatest difference in the treatment of assistants: in one big establishment in the North of London, the girls were, and are, treated horribly: the food offered them is detestable: the time allowed for taking it is too short: they are not allowed to sit down all day long, and the master, the foreman, forewoman, and all concerned, are bullies and tyrants. On the other hand, I heard of many other shops, where the girls owned that they were treated with the greatest kindness and consideration. The master of a shop is human: therefore he is sometimes good and sometimes bad.

At any rate, he is always open to the argument of the pocket. If we can persuade him by any means that long hours bring no profit, but the reverse, he will prefer short hours. How can that be done? Because, you see, if everybody knew that no shops at all would be open after six, everybody would lay in supplies before six. It would seem simple, therefore, if all the shops would agree to close at that time. Then comes in the difficulty of the sneak. He would most certainly, everywhere, creep out of his hole, when the rest were all shut up, and open his shop, so as to make a sneaking profit. Well: we have made laws closing all the public-houses at eleven. Why not take another step and close all shops at seven? No one, as I said above, would be a loser: the evening traffic would cease: and the shop assistants would be put on a level with the clerks in the matter of hours. As for the shop people's lives being, as one of the speakers put

it "one long monotonous round from Monday morning to Saturday night," that is ridiculous rubbish, because every kind of compulsory work is a monotonous round. I suppose clerks do not take a very lively interest in their daily work, and that bricklayers find their task sometimes monotonous. Do not let us spoil a good case by piling up charges; and do not let us begin by blaming the cruelty of shop masters.

THE other union spoken of is that of female typewriters. This is a new industry, and it ought to be very easy for them to make and maintain a union, or rather a confederacy. Here, co-operation may very easily be tried, with every chance of success. There is no prejudice against such a confederated union of typewriters. They would, I believe, sweep all the work into their own hands: they have no capitalists to contend against. It is true that sweating has made its appearance already, but the disease has not achieved any great proportions. Be wise, therefore, ye typewriters, and unite in time.

I AM very anxious to see the successful introduction of the electric light into private houses, but the accidents which are continually happening in New York, make one tremble. When the Americans have found a way to manage their wires, without continually killing somebody; or when we have learned how to avoid their carelessness, it will be time for us to bring the arc light to our own homes: until then, we will wait. The last accident in New York occurred the other day, when a clerk, moving a show case in a store, accidentally brought the metal lining into contact with a wire—instantly he fell dead. Let us pause and reflect.

THE Metropolitan Police Force is to be augmented by an additional thousand men: this is welcome news. A thousand men, of good character, will be put into good work and fairly good pay, and we shall all feel a little more secure. It is a great mistake to let down the strength of the police. On the other hand, if we have too many police about, they are apt to think it their business to control anything, and we ourselves are apt to leave every kind of order-keeping in their hands. In the perfect government, every private man—not every "citizen," if you please—knows that it is his own duty to assist in keeping order. Picture a London, in which every man was determined to put down lawlessness! We might limit the Metropolitan Police to a single solitary specimen, just to parade opposite the Royal Exchange—just to show the people what the police were like in the old times.

AN attempt is to be made to establish a free Library in Whitechapel, at the cost of the ratepayers. Objection is made that the Charity Commissioners are about to found an Institute and Library in Bishopsgate Street. The promoters of this Whitechapel library, speaking through the Rectors of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, and the delegate Chief Rabbi, reply that Bishopsgate Street is a good way from Tenter Street and Dock Street. Well, the distance of the latter from Bishopsgate Street is half-a-mile, or ten minutes' walk; not a great way for one who wishes to use a library; but we understand the feeling. It is not distance that separates Whitechapel from Bishopsgate: they belong to different sets of people, so to speak. Whitechapel and Bishopsgate do not know each other.

OLD Whitechapel parish is now divided into three new parishes: Whitechapel itself, Spitalfields, and Mile End New Town. The old precinct of St. Katherine's, now covered by the dock, also now forms a part of Whitechapel, I believe. It is a densely crowded district. If it gets the library—I am sure I hope it will—there will then be four free Libraries—that to be formed in Bishopsgate: that of Whitechapel—unless, as they propose—they make two in the parish: that of Bethnal Green, in Oxford Street; and that of the Palace: all within a-mile-and-a-half. East London is looking up. Before long, we shall be better provided in the matter of libraries and Technical Schools than any other part of London.

THE Bishop of Rochester has issued an appeal for the Restoration of St. Saviour's Church. I fear that at our end of London the significance of this proposal will not be understood. St. Saviour's should be the Cathedral Church of Southwark: fortunately the most beautiful part of it has escaped destruction. The chancel, the transept, and the Lady Chapel remain: the nave is new and ugly. In its his-

tory it is second in interest only to that of our own great and venerable church, which should have become the Cathedral Church of East London,—St. Katherine's, of which we have been robbed. Long years ago, before even London Bridge was built, a ferry crossed the river from what are now the Old Swan Stairs, to Southwark, then a riverside village in a great swamp. At the Surrey side, where still remains a little dock, some pious persons erected a chapel called St. Mary of the Ferry, corrupted into St. Mary Overies. In the year 1100 or so, two Norman knights—their monuments yet standing in the church—founded a monastery called the Priory of St. Mary Overies. The church, which was built for the Priory, is now the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Within the church lie the bodies of Gower, the great poet. Edmund Shakespeare, brother of William, Fletcher and Massinger the dramatists, Sir Edmund Dyer, and Bishop Lancelot Andrews. There are also many old and curious monuments: very few people go to see this church, and most of the visitors are Americans, because Harvard, who founded the first university in the States, was here a chaplain. Roger, Hooper, and Saunders, were here tried for heresy, and sentenced to be burned. At the Reformation, the name of St. Mary Overies was changed to that of St. Saviour. Let us hope that the Bishop will get the money he wants to complete this goodly church.

WHEN St. Katherine's is restored to East London, to which it belongs, one of two things may be done with its revenues. The Hospital was undoubtedly an ecclesiastical foundation; it may still be considered as such. In that case, the proper use to be made of its funds, would be the erection and endowment of a Cathedral for East London in some central site, a good deal east of the old St. Katherine's. If, on the other hand, it be considered that its revenues may be applied to secular purposes, technical education would be the proper and natural application of the funds. For my own part, I should in theory be in favour of the latter; but the prospect of having a really beautiful Cathedral Church, with a complete cathedral establishment as a centre of all kinds of good works in this great city of East London, is very attractive.

A SIGN of the times. Messrs. Peto, Brothers, of Gillingham Street, Pimlico, have taken a contract for a building. They issue a manifesto, in which they offer to their workmen, in addition to their wages, one fourth of the whole profits on the contract. The men are to have access to the books, and payment is to be made to the men when the work is completed. There are certain conditions. No one is to share who "may individually or in combination do any thing tending to diminish the profits on the contract, by neglecting their duties, misconducting themselves, wasting their time, or by joining any strike for shorter hours, or for wages above the existing recognised rate of wages on which the trades for the above-mentioned contract was based, whether the strike be general or otherwise." Very well, I pass over these clauses without other remarks than the obvious one, that the contractors, by constituting themselves sole judges of misconduct or neglect, may exclude anybody they please. But the offer is a remarkable illustration of what I said the other day: that the feeling among working men that they ought to share in the profits of their labour over and above the market value of their services, is not only prevalent with them, but is gaining ground everywhere. How the working man will like the clause about strikes is doubtful.

EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

MISS JAMES, in her monthly Library Report, informs us that the number of persons admitted through the library turnstiles during November was 38,378. There has been an increase of 384 in the number of books issued on week days in October, and of 340 in the number issued on Sundays. Mr. James Spier has presented two volumes of "Arcana Cœlestia," which now completes the Swedenborg set.

UNDER "Club Notes" will be found Mr. Marshall's notice of the Students' grand Christmas Dance, in the Queen's Hall. This is to be something out of the common, and every student must come. Tickets will be issued in the student's social-room each evening from next Monday,

between 8 and 9.30 o'clock. Mr. Marshall further proposes decorating the hall in honour of the occasion, and would be glad to receive presents of holly, evergreens, etc., from country friends, articles which the taste of the lady students will rapidly adapt to the purpose intended.

I FEAR I have done a grievous wrong to Mr. A. Pightling, who has successfully passed his first re-examination in Ambulance matters, by including him, in last week's "Palace Notes," among those who have only just got through their first examination. I hasten to set Mr. Pightling's "first aid" acquirements in their proper light.

WE are to have a short fête at Christmas, with extra music and other attractions. It will last nine days, and will commence on Boxing Day. More particulars shortly.

A MEETING of the old boys, of the Technical Day School, will be held on Friday next, the 13th. Tea and coffee will be served at 8.15 p.m. Sir Edmund Hay Currie will preside, and is anxious to have all the old boys present. Any boy not receiving an invitation by post, will oblige by communicating with the Schools Office.

EVENING Class Tickets for the next quarter are being issued, and pocket cases to hold same can be provided at one penny each.

THE examination in singing will take place on Thursday (to-morrow), at 8, in the Lecture Hall.

THE Ladies' Ambulance Class will meet on Tuesday next, at 6 p.m., and at 7.30, the examination, by Dr. A. Clark, will take place.

ON Wednesday next, the 18th, a Conversazione will be held in the Technical Schools, commencing at 8 o'clock. The programme will include demonstrations and exhibitions by the boys and evening class students of the Technical Schools. In the Queen's Hall, a Gymnastic Display will be given under the direction of Mr. Burdett.

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 SKETCHING CLUB.

The following are the subjects for the monthly exhibition, to be held in January:—

- Figure .. .. Study of a Head.
Landscape .. .. A Winter Scene.
Design .. .. A Panel.
Wood-carving .. .. A Panel.
Still Life .. .. A Study from Nature.

CHARLES WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

The Second Annual Dinner of the above club will take place on the 14th inst., at the "Three Nuns Hotel," Aldgate, at 6.30 p.m. All members are particularly requested to be present on this occasion. Tickets, 3s. 6d. each, can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., or of

J. HOWARD, Reporting Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

We shall meet for practice on Friday and Tuesday, at 8 o'clock, until further notice. Our next Social Evening will be held early in January. PUBLIC NOTICE.—There are vacancies for Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses, but none at present for Sopranos. A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

At the ordinary meeting, held on the 16th inst., Mr Kerr occupied the chair. After several photographic questions were asked and discussed, the business of the evening was proceeded with. Over eighty pictures were put through the lantern, and shown on the screen, the following gentlemen contributing:—Messrs. Herr, Barrett, Edwards, Young, Beckett, junr., Albu, Paton, and Lauday. The transparencies of the first-named member consisted mostly of some good bits taken in Paris by means of a detective camera, the view taken from the top of the Arc de Triomphe, looking towards the Eiffel Tower deserving special notice; those of the other members were mostly well-known buildings and landscapes, and good work was to be seen in the majority of them. The next meeting of the club will be held in the Studio on the 20th inst. (8 o'clock), when Mr. S. J. Beckett, junr., will read a paper on, and demonstrate the platinum process.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East Ante-room. A match was played on Wednesday last in the Cup Competition with Kentish Town, resulting in a draw, the full score was as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: PEOPLE'S PALACE and KENTISH TOWN. Rows include names like Cudmore, Smith, E. J., Dinns, Rev. F. H., Bacon, Evans, Clegg, Burgess, Corpe and Yarnold, Grady (absent), Fish, Smith, B. M., Bush, Tiley, King, Fitch. Total scores are 4 for both sides.

A match will be played with the London Banks, on the 17th inst., at the "Clachan," Sherborne Lane, E.C. Ten boards. E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

By an oversight no mention was made of our Society having played in the Queen's Hall, on Sunday, the 1st inst., when the sacred cantata, "The Woman of Samaria," was successfully performed before a crowded audience.

Members are particularly requested to attend rehearsal on Friday evening next, at 8 o'clock, instead of Saturday at 5, when there will be no rehearsal. We play in the Queen's Hall on Saturday evening next at 8 o'clock, and the Members are also particularly requested to attend then, and show up in good numbers. Rehearsal following Tuesday at 8, as usual, also following Saturday, 5 till 7.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for all instruments, especially oboes, bassoons, and brass.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec. W. H. BARKER, Librarian.

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 next Monday, 9.30 p.m., 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. For the benefit of those who are unable to dance, a room will be provided, where they can find enjoyment in music, etc.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Notwithstanding the genuine London weather of Saturday last, twenty-one jolly ramblers met to visit the meeting-house of the most important council of modern time, governing, as our Imperial Parliament does, the greatest empire since "Papa Adam" was king of the whole earth." Starting from the Beaconsfield statue, we passed through the Norman porch, at the side of the Victoria tower, into the Royal Robing-room, which is only used when Her Majesty personally opens or prorogues Parliament, the chief item

of interest being the fresco paintings, by the late Mr. Dyce, R.A. From this room we passed through the Royal Gallery, where the public are supposed to be admitted to view the Royal Procession from the Robing-room to the Lords, the Prince's Chamber, used as a kind of ante-room, into which it leads. The Upper House is certainly the finest specimen of Gothic civil architecture in the world. At the west end stands the Throne, glowing with gold and colours; a chair on the right for the Prince of Wales, and the left for the Prince Consort, not much the worse for wear. We were shown the Woolsack; the Episcopal, ministerial, "opposition," and "cross" benches, the latter where peers sit who are not allowed to have any political opinion, such as Lord Wolseley and the Duke of Cambridge. At the east end is the Bar, where the Speaker of the Commons stands, when called by that industrious official, Black Rod, to hear the Royal assent to some bill, or receive the Queen's Speech. From this magnificent building we passed along the peers' corridor, the walls of which are exquisitely painted, to the Central hall or lobby, to which the public are admitted, and where constituents can interview their members, or pass into the Strangers' gallery. From thence we visited the Inner Lobby, and the House of Commons, which is smaller than the House of Peers, with hardly accommodation for its members. We were shown the ministerial and opposition benches, the Speakers' chair, reporters' gallery, and the ladies' cage. The mace of the Speaker is his staff of office, without which he must go as Speaker nowhere. On our way out we passed the great St. Stephen's Hall, (in which a dynamite explosion took place some years ago), into the Palace Yard, where we found it had actually stopped raining. We had spent a very instructive afternoon, and now hurried through the dirty streets home to an early cup of tea.

On Saturday next, 14th inst., we visit the Guildhall, and particularly request the members to turn up, as Mr. Welch the Librarian has promised to conduct the party round, and show us more than the ordinary public are privileged to see, also to give us an address on the historical connections of the Guildhall, meeting outside at 3 p.m. sharp. Saturday, 21st, ramble.—Messrs. S. Walter and Sons' Silk Works, Tredegar Road, Bow. Notice.—Mr. W. Marshall will be in attendance from December 16th to 20th, in the Social-room (issuing students' dance tickets for the 23rd inst.), and will gladly give any information respecting the Rambler's Club; also issue tickets of membership, and take names and cash of Members, who purpose going to Barnum's Show on January 4th, 1890. Booked seats, 3s.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL HARRIERS' CLUB.

The run, on Saturday, December 7th, 1889, did not come off owing to the bad weather, which caused a postponement till next Saturday, when we hope that every Member will attend.

H. B. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

Many of our members thought that the snow which fell on Saturday morning would prevent, or at least spoil, the pleasure of our country ramble; but contrary to their calculations, it neither prevented nor spoiled, but rather enhanced its pleasures by the novelty of its experience. Seventeen plucky rovers, "fearing not and caring not," started from Coborn Road Station for Leytonstone. Passing the "Green Man," and entering the open plain, where the snow had rendered the turf, the path, and the road indistinguishable, we started off, "follow my leader," at a quick run. Wanstead and Snaresbrook were passed, when the many who were lagging behind conspired together to attack the leaders with the wily snowball. The conspiracy was betrayed by a thoughtless shot from the rear, thus giving the leaders time to seek a mound (which, if built for the occasion, could not have been better), to raise up fortifications, and to get in a good store of ammunition. A desperate struggle ensued, which ended in the laggards behind being defeated, although many small skirmishes still took place. We next turned up a narrow lane, but only to learn it was a private road, and that we must retrace our steps. The laggards were wiser than we had given them credit for, as they had discovered our mistake, and were quietly making big preparations for our return. It was inevitable, we must pass them! The order, "A volley, and then a charge," was given, and what happened immediately after that I am unable to state. A truce for half-an-hour was agreed to, and the two parties continued their walk. Fifteen minutes, however, had not elapsed, when a rebel from the laggards behind fired at one of our men. A court-martial was held; the truce-breaker condemned to be "rolled," which punishment was forthwith proceeded with. A rescue being attempted, led to an open warfare between the two parties again. On reaching Leytonstone, and finding our feet wet, we took off our shoes and sat in a ring round the fire. Tea was brought to us, which was very acceptable. H. Pattison, on his

violin, and Dowsett, Eve, and Robinson, on the piano, played several pieces, which were well appreciated; this, interspersed with yarns and jokes, gave much enjoyment. Finally we went into the woods and spent an hour at hide-and-seek, which added the final touch of enjoyment to the day's proceedings. We left Leytonstone Station at eight minutes after nine. New members, W. Sayers, W. Everett, and Barrelet. Next Saturday, we meet at the Royal Exchange, at 11.45, to visit the Guildhall.

A. W. B.

### People's Palace Junior Section.

#### JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday our visit was to be Mann and Crossman's Brewery, Whitechapel. As our number was deficient, we agreed not to trouble them, but were told that we should see more of the place at work one evening we had to spare, as Saturday was an early day for the workmen.

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

### Presentation of Technical School Prizes.

BY THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, M.P.

MR. RITCHIE, the President of the Local Government Board, who represents St. George's-in-the-East, on Monday night distributed the prizes and certificates to the successful students at our Technical Schools. The ceremony took place in the Queen's Hall, which was tolerably well filled by the students—boys from ten years and upwards—and their friends or the friends of the Institution. Mr. J. Sharpe C. Heywood, the Master of the Drapers' Company, who was to have taken the chair, was unavoidably detained until the proceedings had progressed some little way, and until his arrival Sir John Rogers Jennings presided. Sir Edmund Hay Currie shortly opened the proceedings, after which

Mr. RITCHIE, in addressing the gathering, said he was very glad indeed to be present, first of all to take part in the interesting ceremony which they were about to witness, and secondly because he was anxious to see the stage at which this great undertaking had arrived. They all of them knew that its object was now within measurable distance of the end they all desired to see, and they hoped very shortly to see the completion of this magnificent scheme. When he saw the near approach of the completion of this great scheme his mind was carried back to the time when originally the Beaumont Trustees were appointed, and had to consider what they would do with the comparatively small sum of money which at that time was entrusted to their charge, and he remembered that among the trustees, and in the minds of some of the public, there was a desire that they should do the best they could with that small sum, and not delay in putting into execution the wishes of the gentleman who had been good enough to place the money at their disposal. But he remembered quite well that to that policy Sir E. Hay Currie was distinctly opposed, and so, he was glad to say, was the majority of trustees, and he among them. Sir E. Hay Currie proposed that this small sum should be made the nucleus of what he hoped to make a very great sum for the purpose of carrying out this work. And when they looked around at that magnificent building, when they thought of the thousands of people who were gaining recreation and instruction, he was sure they would agree with him that they ought to be deeply grateful to Sir E. Hay Currie, who was the moving spirit in the matter, that he formed that resolve which he had alluded to. They had to face three great difficulties at the commencement—the difficulty of finding money, the difficulty of finding a site, and the difficulty of forming a scheme, and he did not know what they would have done if it had not been for those great friends of their undertaking, the masters, wardens, and Company of Drapers, for to them they were primarily indebted for the creation of this great scheme. The indomitable energy of their friend Sir E. Hay Currie overcame difficulties with regard to money and site; and also with reference to the formation of the scheme, his ideas were those which they saw embodied around them; and he was sure they would agree with him that they had been guided by a wise master-spirit in everything which had been done. But these were only the initial difficulties, and the difficulty of making this great institution work was the most stupendous difficulty of all. But they were met that night to say that all these difficulties had been

triumphantly overcome. The report which Sir E. Hay Currie was able to lay before the trustees was a record of brilliant success which had attended every department of the institution. He thought recreation had been properly placed to the fore-front, and he was sure that they would all agree with him that, knowing as they did the enormous efforts Sir E. Hay Currie had made in order to render that great palace amusing to them, this part of the scheme was in a highly successful condition. It would nevertheless have been a great mistake to have confined the work to recreation and amusement, and he was glad to think that art, science, and technical education formed so large and important a feature of this great undertaking. He was glad to think that was so, considering the great interest which was now taken by all classes of the community in the social condition of the people. Although at the present time there was, as unhappily there must be in great communities, a large number of people willing to work who could not find employment, he was glad to think the number was smaller than it had been for some years past. They had heard a great deal about one scheme and another for getting rid of this great evil, but he was afraid they would never quite get rid of it. Of this, however, he was certain, that, whatever might be the merits of emigration and other proposals, the one way of meeting the difficulty and making the unemployed employed was to make the unskilled labour skilled labour. He was afraid that as far as the men and women of the present day were concerned no great amount of good could be done. He was of opinion that they must tackle the growing male and female of the country if they wished to grapple with the evil. They wanted the young people of the present day to grow into mankind and womanhood with the capacity for making their way in the world and competing with others, and that, in his opinion, could be done best by paying attention to technical education. He ventured to hope and trust that, large as was the number of those who came forward to take advantage of the opportunities which the People's Palace afforded, year after year they would go on progressing, and that this great undertaking would not only maintain the reputation it had achieved, but would obtain an even wider one. Thankful as they were for what had been done, and for the fact that the palace was the kind of institution which it was well to copy, he hoped soon that such institutions would be erected in all quarters of London, and if that were one of the results of this great undertaking, he ventured to say that Sir E. Hay Currie and those who had worked with him would secure not only the grateful thanks of the present generation but of many generations yet to come. (Cheers.)

Mr. Ritchie then presented a large number of prizes and certificates to the students who had gained them, and votes of thanks were accorded to Mr. Ritchie and the chairman, Mr. J. S. C. Heywood, who in the course of his reply, reminded the students that their institution was now setting an example to the whole country, north, south, east and west, and that they should render it worthy of the high position it occupied.

An excellent concert, by the People's Palace Orchestral and Choral Societies, closed the proceedings.

DURING one of his visits to Paris, Baron Von Humboldt expressed to his friend Dr. Blanche, the distinguished authority in matters concerning insanity, a desire to meet one of his patients. "Nothing easier," said Dr. Blanche; "come and take dinner with me to-morrow." The next day Humboldt found himself seated at the dinner-table of the famous doctor, in company with two unknown guests. One of them, who was dressed in black, with white cravat, gold-rimmed spectacles, and who had a smooth face and very bald head, sat with great gravity through the entire dinner. He was evidently a gentleman of undoubted manners, but extremely taciturn. He bowed, ate, and said not a word. The other guest, on the contrary, wore a great shock of hair brushed wildly into the air, his shabby blue coat was buttoned askew, his collar was rumpled, and the ends of his cravat floated over his shoulders. He helped himself, ate, and chatted at the same time. Story after story did this incoherent person file up. He mixed the past with the present, flew from Swedenborg to Fourier, from Cleopatra to Jenny Lind, from Archimedes to Lamartine, and talked politics and literature in the same breath. At the dessert Humboldt leaned over and whispered in his host's ear, glancing at the same time at the fantastic personage, whose discourse was still running on: "I am very much obliged to you. Your maniac has amused me immensely." "My maniac!" said the doctor, starting back. "Why, that isn't the lunatic! It's the other one." "What! The one who hasn't said a word?" "Certainly." "But who in the world can the man be who has talked all this time in such a fashion?" asked the Baron. "That's Balzac, the novelist."

### Habits Worth Breaking.

"JUST look at that girl!"

"Yes; it is Miss Blank. What about her?"

"Don't you see her tongue?"

"Oh! yes. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? They say she always sticks it out like that when she's thinking about anything."

The young woman in question was promenading early one morning recently, attired in a bewitching costume, and with a pensive expression, while the tip of her little tongue protruded between two lips of the description known to novelists as coral.

"Yes," said one of her feminine acquaintances, "she always does that when thoughtful or worried. It's one of those terrible habits which, when once contracted, stick closer than a million brothers. Miss Blank began it when a child, and no one ever took the trouble to break her of it. Now, poor girl, it mortifies her terribly to be told about it, though, of course, she is anxious to cure her herself. But then nearly every one has some curious little habit which he would be very glad to break if he could some trick more or less unpleasant, caused in the first place probably by nervousness.

"We all know the man who tugs at his moustache and the one who is perpetually pulling up his collar. Then there is the girl who is always rubbing one eye as if in search of a stray eyelash, and the man who can't be quite happy without some more or less fragile article to twist and bend and turn about in his fingers. Anything and everything, from your finest lace handkerchief to your new and extremely delicate paper cutter, is sacrificed to the demon of nervousness which possesses him, and yet you can't find it in your heart to rob him of his plaything. He is quite happy and at his ease so long as he is allowed to twist and twirl as much as he wants to, but, bereft of the temporary object of his affection, he would be abjectly miserable, and you know it. Many a man can talk fluently and well while winding something—anything—about his finger, who, without it, would be constrained, awkward, and silent.

"One of the most annoying forms of this disease is the incessant tattoo which some people keep up on their knees or the table or whatever happens to be most convenient as a keyboard. I have noticed that musicians usually indulge this habit, and it is a very trying one, though I don't know that it is worse than 'twiddling your thumbs.' There are lots of other little ways peculiar to individuals. I know a man who, when embarrassed, always taps the side of his nose with his little finger; and a girl who is so given to pushing her hair behind her left ear that she has worn a bald spot there."

### When Ah Sing is Born.

NO sooner is a Chinese boy born into the world than the father proceeds to write down eight characters or words, each set of two representing respectively the exact hour, day, month, and year of his birth. These are handed by the father to a fortune teller, whose business is to draw up from them a certain book of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's pat-tsz, or "eight characters." Herein the fortune teller describes the good and evil the boy is likely to meet with in after-life, and the means to be adopted in order to secure the one and avert the other. In order to understand something of the value of this document, we must glance at the Chinese method of reckoning time. There are only twelve Chinese hours to our twenty-four. Beginning with eleven p.m. to one a.m., which is their first hour, the names are rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog, and pig. As everybody is supposed to partake more or less of the nature of the animal at whose hour he is born, it appears obvious that, e.g., it would never do to send a rabbit boy to the school of a tiger schoolmaster. Hence the necessity of consulting the pat-tsz of both parties before entering upon any kind of agreement. It is a fact that it is thus referred to on every important occasion.

#### THE NECESSITY OF INTRODUCTIONS.

De Smythe (at a literary reception): "Who is that tall, spectacled, baldheaded gentleman yonder? I have been discussing free trade with him, and he agreed with me that Blowitoff's work on the subject was a very stupid affair."

Thompson: "I'm sure he ought to know. He's Blowitoff!"

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1889,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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

ARTISTES:

## The People's Palace Orchestra,

CONDUCTOR - - MR. W. R. CAVE.

VOCALISTS:

MISS MAUDE BALLARD. MISS DE VERNET.  
MR. A. R. SENNETT. MR. ALFRED MOORE.

SOLO VIOLINIST—MR. W. R. CAVE.

SOLO PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,  
Organist to the People's Palace.THE ADVANCED PUPILS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE  
VIOLIN CLASSES.

1. OVERTURE .. "Fra Diavolo" .. .. Anber.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

2. SONG .. "The Wonders of the Deep" .. .. Jude.

MR. ALFRED MOORE.

I'll sing to-night of the mighty deep  
And of comrades brave who fell,  
Old England's flag their winding sheet,  
Their dirge the cannons' knell;  
And how the good ship sail'd along  
In her glory and her pride;  
In dreams I'll think of messmates gone,  
Who fought, who won, who died.And this shall be my song  
As my bark sweeps along—  
Sweet memories of home I'll ever keep;  
I'll ride the angry foam,  
And I'll soon come home  
To tell of the wonders of the deep.In solemn midnight on the deep,  
When stars shine bright and clear,  
Low murmuring tones from watery graves  
Seem wafted thro' the air;  
In dreams lov'd angel forms I see,  
With their harps of gold so sweet,  
Calling old comrades from the gloom  
And the wonders of the deep.  
And this shall be my song, etc.

3. WALTZ SONG "Nella Calma" (Romeo e Giuletta) Gounod.

MISS MAUDE BALLARD.

Nella calma,  
D'un bel sogno,  
D'olce all'alma,  
Vivo ognor,  
E fidente,  
Lo vagheggio,  
Nella Meute,  
Come 'un tesoro.Juesta pace si fugace  
Non dura ohimè che un di  
Vien l'istante che iremante  
All'amor s'apre il cor,  
E tutto ohimè  
Sva nisea allor.Lungi dal verno algente,  
Voglio ancora spirar,  
L'Aura d'April tepente,  
Che fa boci sognar.  
Quest'ebbrezza,  
Di giovinezza,  
Dolce parla al cor,  
Piu d'oni amor.

English Translation of words of Waltz Song (Romeo e Giuletta).

Ah! song, jest, perfume and dances,  
Smiles, bows, love-laden glances,  
All that spells or entrances,  
In one charm blend,  
As in a fair dream enfolden,  
Born of fantasy golden,  
Sprites from fairy land olden  
On me now send.Ah! for ever would this gladness  
Shine on me brightly as now!  
Would that never, age and sadness  
Show their shade o'er my brow,  
But short as day, youth passeth away.  
Song, jest, etc., etc.Then 'ere the summer's failing,  
Pluck the rose that but bloometh to die,  
Love with its breath inhaling,  
Love that steals in its odours sigh.  
Ah! ah! song, jest, etc., etc.4. DUET (for Pianoforte and Violin), Sonata, 2nd  
and 3rd Movements .. .. Grieg.5. SONG .. "Oh, restore to me my heart" (Martha) Flotow.  
MR. A. R. SENNETT.M'appari tutt' amor il mio sguardo l'incontrò;  
Bella si che il mio coransioso a lei rollò;  
Mi ferì, m'invaghi quell' angelica bel tà  
Cancellar si non potrà; il peusier di poter palpitar con lei d'amor.  
Puo sopir il martir che m'affanna e strazia il cor e strazia il cor,Marta, Marta, tu sparisti, eil mio cor col tuo n'ando!  
Tu la pace mi rapisti, di dolor io morirò.  
Ah di dolor morrò, sì, morrò.Ah, sweet maid, young and fair,  
Thou art crowned with beauty rare;  
Evermore, though we part,  
Thou shalt dwell within my heart.  
Like a light, calm and bright, on my soul thy coming broke,  
As a star, from afar, thoughts of love thy glance awoke.  
It is gone! I'm alone, scarce I feel its cheering ray,  
'Twas a gleam, on the stream, of my life that's past away.Martha, Martha, I awaken  
From a dream of bliss and thee;  
Give me back what thou hast taken,  
Oh, restore my heart to me,  
Oh, restore my heart to me.6. CONCERTO IN C MINOR "First Movement" .. Beethoven.  
(For Pianoforte Solo and Orchestra)MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND THE PEOPLE'S PALACE  
ORCHESTRA.7. SONG "Il segreto per esser felici" (Lucrezia Borgia) Donizetti.  
MISS DE VERNET.Il segreto per esser felici, So per prova, e l'insegno agli amici,  
Sia sereno, sia nubi, il cielo, Ogni tempo sia caldo, sia gelo;  
Scherzo e bevo, e derido gl'insani Che si dan del futuro pensier;  
Non curiamo l'incerto domani Se quest'oggi n'è dato goder!Profittiammos degl'anni fiorenti, Il piacers li fa correr piu lenti;  
Se vecchiezza con livida faccia Stammi a tergo e mia vita minaccia,  
Scherzo e bevo e derido gl'insani Che si dan del futuro pensier!  
Non curiamo l'incerto domani Se quest'oggi n'è dato goder.

8. ORGAN SOLO

MR. B. JACKSON.

9. DUET .. "Parigi, o cara" (Traviata) .. Verdi.  
MISS MAUDE BALLARD AND MR. A. R. SENNETT.Alfredo.—Parigi, o cara noi lasceremo,  
La vita uniti trascoreremo.  
De' corsi affauni compenso avrai—  
La tua salute rifiorirà.  
Sospiro e luce tu mi sarai,  
Tutto il futuro ne arriderà.Violetta.—Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo,  
La vita uniti trascoreremo.  
De' corsi affauni compenso avrai,  
La mia salute rifiorirà.Alfredo and Violetta.—Sospiro e luce tu mi sarai,  
Tutto il futuro ne arriderà, etc.Alfredo.—Charming Paris, once so cherish'd we now  
will leave,  
Our lot's in union, we no more need grieve  
For woes now o'er past I offer a bright  
morrow,  
Joy and gladness instead of sorrow.  
Breath, life, and beauty thou shall bestow,  
All our future glorious shall glow.Violetta.—Charming Paris, once so cherish'd, we now  
will leave,  
Our lot's in union, we no more need grieve  
For woes now o'er past I offer a bright  
morrow,  
Joy and gladness take the place of sorrow.Alfredo and Violetta.—Breath, life, and beauty thou shall bestow,  
All our future glorious shall glow.Violetta.—All woe is past, I offer a bright morrow,  
Yes in the future fortune bright shall smile;  
Thou shall have compensation for thy  
vexation,  
Once more thy face shall bloom again,  
All woe now past I offer a bright morrow,  
For all thine afflictions thou shall have  
compensation;Once more thy face, now so pale and wan,  
shall with roses be decked,  
My long lost health restored shall be to me.Alfredo.—Charming Paris we now will leave, yes we  
leave gay Paris,  
Our lot's in union, farewell to sorrow;  
For thy past anguish joy thou shall find,  
Dearest, thy face, so faded, once more shall  
bloom,  
Once more thy face, now so pale and wan,  
shall with roses be decked,  
Thy long lost health restored shall be to thee.10. PRÉLUDE, No. 3, in C, for Orchestra and Organ.. W. R. Cave.  
PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA AND MR. B. JACKSON.11. SONG .. "The Captain of the lifeboat" .. Diehl.  
MR. ALFRED MOORE.Would you like to hear a tale of what a man can do?  
If you'll gather round the capstan, boys, I'll tell a tale to you;  
'Tis about a mate of mine—you remember old Jem Brown,  
'Twas the night afore his wedding, when the "Bonny Lass" went  
down.  
He was rigging up his hut, just to make it snug and trim,  
For next morning little Polly was to give her hand to him:  
He was singing to himself, for his heart was full of joy,  
When he heard a shouting from the pier and the call of "Help,  
ahoy, ahoy!"With a yeo, heave ho, let the good ship go,  
For the tide is high, and the breezes blow;  
With a yeo, heave ho, pullee, haullee, ho,  
As away from the shore we go.Out he rushed upon the sand, there was little Polly there,  
With the salt wind in her pretty cheeks and bonny golden hair;  
For 'twas Jem was in command of our jolly lifeboat crew,  
And to-morrow was his wedding, and what was Jem to do?  
Then he looked in Polly's face, and he took her trembling hand,  
For the last time it might be, and she seemed to understand.  
'I must go, sweetheart," he said, "'tis my duty I must do,  
But there's One above will guard me, love, and bring me back to  
you." Ahoy.  
With a yeo, heave ho, let the good ship go, etc.Then we pulled across the bar, just before the wreck went down,  
And we saved the men and women, and brought 'em to the town;  
And next morning Jem and she, they were wedded man and wife;  
And we danced to keep their wedding, and we wished them luck  
for life.Then Polly she upstood, and she said, "My lads," said she,  
"I thought you'd break my heart last night when taking Jem from  
me;But whenever duty calls, he'll be ready still again,  
For I'll give him up, God bless him, tho' it break my heart in  
twain." Ahoy.  
With a yeo, heave ho, let the good ship go, etc.12. MARCH .. .. Cinderella .. .. Pafini.  
THE ADVANCED PUPILS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE  
VIOLIN CLASSES.

13. SONG .. .. "Dear heart" .. .. Mattei.

MISS MAUDE BALLARD.

So long the day, so dark the way,  
Dear heart, before you came,  
It seems to me it cannot be,  
This world is still the same.  
For then I stood as in some wood,  
And vainly sought for light,  
But now day dawns on sunlit lawns,  
And life is glad and bright.  
Oh leave me not, dear heart,  
I did not dream that we should part,  
I love but thee, oh love thou me,  
And leave, ah leave me not.With you away, the brightest day,  
Dear heart, goes by in vain;  
I dare not dream what life would seem  
If you ne'er came again!  
Dark ways before would darken more,  
The world would change to me;  
Each sun would set in vain regret,  
That morning brought not thee.  
Oh leave me not, etc.14. MARCH .. .. "Prophète" .. .. Meyerbeer.  
PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

15. SONG .. .. "Tom Bowling" .. .. Dibdin.

MR. A. R. SENNETT.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew—  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death hath broach'd him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below Tom did his duty,  
And now he's gone aloft.Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare;  
His friends were many and true hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair.  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah, many's the time and oft:  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.Yet shall Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He, who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd—  
For though his body's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft.16. IRISH SONG .. "Terence's Farewell"  
MISS DE VERNET.17. WALTZ .. .. "Soldaten-Lieder" .. .. Gung'l.  
PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

## Indian Tobacco.

THE American Indians never smoke pure tobacco. It is  
always three-quarters adulterated with the "Red  
Willow," which is common along the western streams, a  
shrub about eight feet high called killikinick, or a herb called  
larb, which grows in the Rocky Mountains. They cannot  
smoke tobacco as a white man can: it is too strong for them.  
The larb has a small leaf half as long as a willow, and grows  
on the side of the mountains as a small shrub. It is merely  
spread out to dry in the sun, and is then crushed in the  
hand. But with the Red Willow they cut switches or sticks  
three feet long, and, scraping off the red bark on the out-  
side, they whittle the inner bark up in curls all along the  
stick, and then toast it over a fire until it is perfectly hard  
and dry. They then crumble it in their hands just as they do  
the larb. They very often make immense quantities of this  
to use, as it is always preferred in the spring of the year,  
when it is fresh. It has a very sweet flavour and odour, and  
it is very much sought after by the Indians.

## The Gray Champion.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumour reached our shores, that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights, and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favourite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undimmed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages, and slaughtered young and old with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards, and assumed a

more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honour of his profession—the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied at that period that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred; man and male child!"

Neither was this rumour wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldierlike. Those around him were his favourite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbour, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily amongst the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"Oh! Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude between lofty edifices which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least

fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriot?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councillors, giving laws and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as grey in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray, but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, the attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blanched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the old dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man!" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favour earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor,

back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor was overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all aftertimes, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

## The oldest form of Bread.

BISCUITS are the oldest form of bread. At what period of man's history the lightening of dough by fermentation was first adopted no one of course knows. It is, however, certain that cakes made of nothing but meal and water and then baked are very much older. Fragments of unfermented cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the Neolithic age, an age dating back far beyond the received age of the world. This is the earliest instance of biscuits as yet discovered, for biscuits are merely unfermented bread. Although this rude form of bread was early discarded for the fermented variety, yet in this, as in many other matters, it was found convenient to return to a discarded and apparently valueless process. Thin, unfermented cakes were found to possess merits for special purposes. They would keep good for a great length of time and they were convenient to carry, and thus afforded wholesome and nutritious food in a portable and convenient form. The simplicity with which they could be made and baked was also a point in their favour. It is not a little odd that the word "biscuit" embodies the process by which biscuits were made from time immemorial to within the last century, if not indeed later. *Bis*, twice, and *coctus*, cooked, shows that they were twice baked; and although the double process has now been discarded, yet the name is retained.

### Remarkable Suicides.

UNDER the above head, we comprehend suicides by novel methods, as well as suicides from strange or ridiculous motives.

The most remarkable suicide of ancient times was that of the poet-philosopher Empedocles. He, to be thought a god, and that his death might not be known, threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna. The fact was not discovered until some short time afterwards, when one of his sandals was thrown up. This feat has been paralleled in modern times, for in 1834 an English lord threw himself into the crater of Mount Vesuvius. Zeno, the founder of the sect of Stoics, seems to have acted up to the principles which he professed. It is said that, as he was going out of his school one day, at the age of ninety-eight, he fell down and put his finger out of joint. When he reached home he hanged himself, but we are not informed whether or not it was in consequence of having a broken finger. Another remarkable suicide was that of the Roman epicure who killed himself because he had only £80,000 remaining to him out of a large fortune.

A German, who felt impelled to imitate the philosopher spoken of above, but unable to travel so far, threw himself into a smelting furnace. A Frenchman, with an unconquerable desire for notoriety, devised a plan such as only a Frenchman could devise. He fastened himself to an enormous rocket, and blew himself up. Vatel, a cook and a compatriot of the last mentioned, plunged his sword into his body because fish had not arrived in time for dinner. A Venetian shoemaker, named Matteo Lovat, once, in a fit of religious monomania, crucified himself in a very ingenious manner.

There existed in Paris some years ago a society which went by the name of the Friends of Suicide. It consisted of twelve members, and lots were cast annually to decide which of them should commit suicide next in the presence of his fellow-members. The number always remained at twelve, a new member being elected immediately after the death of the fated one. The society flourished for many years, and there was quite a rush for admission to membership. Each applicant was to prove that he was a man of honour; that he had experienced the injustice of mankind, the ingratitude of a friend, or the falsehood of a wife; and that he had felt for years an irremediable vacuity of soul and distaste of life.

Hume once lent a friend his manuscript "Essay on Suicide," and so impressed was the latter with the writer's argument that, immediately after returning the work, he killed himself. We have read of a young lady who so muddled her head over Paine's "Age of Reason" (though, we believe, it does not recommend suicide) that she also killed herself. But the eloquence of neither of these writers was so persuasive as that of the Ptolemaic philosopher, who so convinced a large audience, before whom he was lecturing, of the advantages of suicide, that a great number of them went straightway and committed it. A Frenchman, in the last century, wrote a large work advocating self-destruction, and thought it incumbent on himself to give a practical illustration of its tenets. With this object he threw himself into the Lake of Geneva. A young French dramatist, named Escoupe, destroyed himself because his play failed. He was too clever for this ignorant and tasteless world, he said. A young man, some years ago, blew out his brains because he could not persuade a London publisher to purchase a long epic poem which he considered equal to "Paradise Lost." Another young man, ambitious to become an actor, who, on his first appearance, was hooted and hissed, also shot himself. Yet another, after breaking down in a speech, went into an ante-room, and from sheer vexation severed his jugular vein.

As evidence of the imitiveness of suicide, we may mention two incidents. A rich Jewish merchant threw himself from the London Monument, and was killed. His example was followed by a girl, and her example by a boy, who, on being questioned as to his motive, said he wanted to be talked about. The other incident occurred in the Hôtel des Invalides. A man hanged himself from a cross-bar in a corridor. No suicide had been committed in the house for two years before, yet within a fortnight five others had hanged themselves from the same cross-bar, and the governor was forced to shut up the passage.

The suicide of Jeremiah Clarke, at one time organist of St. Paul's, was rather whimsical. He had been disappointed in love, and determined to destroy himself. He rode some miles into the country, and came at last to a field, in one corner of which was a pond overhung with trees. The spot

seemed particularly suited for his purpose, but he could not determine which was the better way to quit the world, by hanging or by drowning, and to resolve his doubts he tossed up a penny. The coin fell on some mud, and stuck edge up; and this decided him that neither of the two proposed methods was the right one. He returned to London, therefore, and shot himself in his own room.

The inhabitants of Fressonville, in Picardy, were one night called from their beds in consternation by hearing the bells of the parish church ring in a most extraordinary manner. They went to the church, and found a man suspended from the bell-clapper. The coolest thing we ever heard of in the way of suicides was the conduct of the Englishman who advertised extensively that on a certain day he would put himself to death in Covent Garden Market, for the benefit of his wife and family, the public to be admitted at a uniform charge of a guinea apiece. There was a deal of grim humour also in the action of the apothecary who attempted to beat his brains out with his own pestle.

### The Power of Sea-Waves.

THE Engineer-in-Chief to the Trinity House, Sir J. N. Douglass, gave the other day a striking illustration of the power of sea-waves. He was explaining to the committee that has recently been inquiring into the desirability of electrical connection between lightships and the shore some of the difficulties that beset any project of the kind. The force of the sea, he observed, is almost incalculable; and in proof of this he mentioned that when the first Bishop Rock Lighthouse was in course of erection they had landed one of the iron columns, twenty-three feet long and weighing over three tons. Wind and waves suddenly increased to a degree which rendered it necessary to leave the rock; but as they were very anxious to save the column, they hurriedly took such steps as they could to secure it. They lashed it in what they deemed a safe position with half-inch chain to strong eye-bolts, and this was done at both ends of the ponderous mass. They left it, feeling that it was perfectly secure, and returned in three days expecting to find it just where they had left it.

To the amazement of everybody concerned, however, they perceived, on sailing round the rock, that the column had been tossed up twenty feet on to the top of a rock, where it was still swaying about like a piece of timber. When they landed two days later they found a further proof of what the storm had been capable of. In a hole partially sunk in the rock for one of the columns, two feet six inches in diameter and three feet six inches deep, the blacksmith had left his anvil, weighing a hundredweight and a half. This had been washed out of the hole.

### A RASH CONCLUSION.

"THEN I am to understand that this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?"  
 "My final answer."  
 "Nothing can move you?"  
 "Nothing."  
 "Then my life will be a lonely one, and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle with whom I lived has just died and left me—"  
 "That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I cannot be harsh to one who has sustained such recent bereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere—"  
 "Sincere! Oh, Miss Stubbles!"  
 "You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it."  
 "How long?"  
 "After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours!"  
 "Oh, Genevieve!"  
 "Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"  
 "Three days."  
 "It is too bad! You say he left you?"  
 "Yes, he has left me."  
 "How much?"  
 "How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless, but with you by my side, why—she's fainted!"

### Answers to Correspondents.

MISS COBB.—Subscription received with thanks.  
 ISAAC TELLER.—Sir Edmund Currie would not like any such appeal as you suggest to be made in the *Palace Journal*.  
 MRS. GREG.—Subscription received with thanks.

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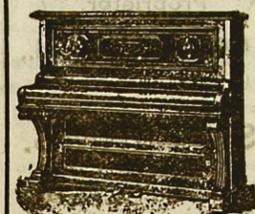
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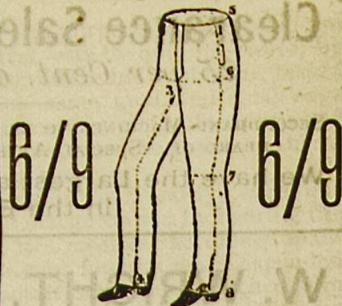
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