

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 110.] WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 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.—The "Palace Journal" will be published next week early on Tuesday, and will contain several extra pages, with special Christmas contributions by well-known writers including, "A Fatal Dance," by L. Clifford; "Christmas Eve in the Streets," by Arthur G. Morrison; "Christmas Carols," by Nym, etc.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Dec. 19th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Dec. 20th.—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.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Dec. 21st.—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 Bethnal Green Museum.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Junior Ramblers.—To Shot Tower, Lambeth.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Sports on Wanstead Flats.

SUNDAY, Dec. 22nd.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Dec. 23rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Students' Dance in Queen's Hall, in Evening.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 22nd, 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.

IS this the Christmas week, considered from the point of view of the Journal, or is next week? This week we are beginning, making ready, preparing for the festivities of Christmas. At those theatres where they have a pantomime, the carpenters are hard at work day and night: the scene painters, the inventors of tricks, the costumiers know no rest, and snatch their meals when they can: the ballet is rehearsed, morning, noon and night: and the children—if there are to be any children—are put through the drill which causes them such delight. The shops are all dressed: there is the goodliest show of things to eat: the fruiterers' shops are all colours: there is a endless display of toys: everybody is buying and sending Christmas gifts, addressing Christmas cards. It is the greatest national holiday of the year.

CHRISTMAS falls at a time of year when rejoicing is natural: it has always been a time of holiday, feasting and congratulations. It is the season of the shortest days, but the sun has turned and is travelling northwards again, and the new year is actually born. The new year, you see, properly, begins not on the 1st of January, but on the day after the shortest day. In the ancient rejoicings at this season, men welcomed the return of the sun, the birth of the new year, the lengthening of the days, and the prospect of spring. To mark the universal joy, and to show that all mankind should join in the festival of the time, the Romans gave their slaves liberty at this season. They became the masters: they did what they pleased: but I suppose the line was drawn at flogging. They would not be allowed to flog their masters. The Christian festival, of course, swallowed up all the old Pagan traditions, but adopted many of the Pagan customs.

THE Christmas feastings begin, I suppose, with St. Thomas's day, which is on December 21st, and is the shortest day.

St. Thomas gray, St. Thomas gray,
Longest night and shortest day.

On this day village people used to make up bands and go round among the gentry and the more substantial sort begging for money, provisions, or drink to enable them to feast at Christmas. They called this custom by different names in various parts of the country. It was "going a gooding," because they asked for good things: "going a corning," because they carried a bag and asked for wheat: "going a doleing," because they asked for a dole: or "going a mumping," that is simply begging. They used to keep tankards of hot spiced ale in the kitchens ready for the mumping party, who, in return, gave a sprig of holly or mistletoe. In a certain Worcestershire village, the children went round, singing,—

Wassail, wassail, through the town:
If you've got any apples, throw them down:
Up with the stocking, and down with the shoe:
If you've got no apples money will do.
The jug is white and the ale is brown;
This is the best house in all the town.

In other places they used to carry round "Advent images," viz., images representing the Virgin Mary and our Lord. The image bearer received money from each house. The figure was sometimes covered up with evergreens, and a leaf taken from them was considered a cure for the toothache for the whole of the following year. If such is the result of this pious custom, let us by all means start it again, and so abolish toothache for a whole twelvemonth. But, alas! we believe nothing in these days.

HERE is a pretty legend. The seven days before the shortest day, and the seven days after it, were called Halcyon days. The reason was that the Halcyon, or Kingfisher, was supposed to be sitting on her eggs in a floating nest during this fortnight, and that the sea was always calm in order that she might safely hatch her eggs. I know not the origin of this fable—or its meaning.

If the preparations for Christmas begin with St. Thomas's Day, the great festival of Christmas begins on Christmas Eve: then is the mistletoe hung up, and the yule log is lighted. These very ancient customs belong to the old Pagan times. Two thousand years ago our ancestors used to hang up the mistletoe and drag in the great yule log. A piece of last year's log was preserved to light that of the next year. Herrick, the poet of the seventeenth century, sings,—
Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she,
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.
Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;
For the rare mince pie
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

It was very bad luck if a squinting person entered the hall when the log was burning, and also unlucky if a bare-footed person or a flat-footed woman came in. They also burned, in some places, a great Christmas candle. In Devonshire, instead of the Yule log, they had a faggot of ash-sticks: as soon as the sticks, when placed upon the fire, began to crack, they began to drink egg-hot: that is, cider heated and mixed with eggs beaten up and spice.

THERE is no end to the Christmas customs. In Norfolk and elsewhere, they used to sprinkle the orchards with spiced ale, singing:—
Apples and pears, with right good corn,
Come in plenty to every one:
Eat and drink good cake and ale,
Give earth to drink and she'll not fail.

In Cheshire, the servants all went away on Christmas Day to make merry by themselves, leaving their masters and mistresses to get on without them as well as they could. They used to believe that bees sang in their hives on Christmas Eve, and that cattle in their stalls went down on their knees. The Christmas tree is new in this country: it came from Germany. Snapdragon is a good old Christmas game, and to dress up and act at this season has always been usual. The waits used to signify musicians in general, and afterwards, in particular, those who played at night for two or three weeks before Christmas. The children who are now sent out to sing a Christmas Hymn, and to beg for coppers, are a sad falling off from the old waits. One grudges not the penny for the children, but there is doubt whether the penny will not find its way to the paternal pocket, and be spent in beer.

So now is come our joyfulest feast,
Let every man be jolly:
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed;
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

These lines were written by the poet George Wither in the seventeenth century. It is indeed a good thing that once in the year at least, we should admonish each other to put away care, and to feast and be jolly. At this time of the year, not only, as we have said already, is the shortest day past, and the sun turned on his way back, but it is the season of the greatest plenty. All the barns are full: the apples are stored, the cider is made, the fat poultry are ready to be killed: it is the season of the greatest plenty. Let us feast and rejoice, and acknowledge that there are many things in the world—not the least being fellowship, friendship, and good cheer—which should help to make life happy.

THERE is another side to Christmas—the cold and starving side. Let no single household, which has the power to provide itself with a feast at this season, forget those households which have no means of providing even a sufficient supply

of food. Let each family seek out some other not so happily situated, and give out of their abundance. Give no money to beggars—not one penny. There are, alas! many honest and respectable families—too proud to beg—which you may find with a little searching, and with the help of those parish-workers who know. Here are some simple lines, written by one who was no great poet, yet they go straight to the point.

Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes:
In pity drive him not away
But scatter out your crumbs.
And leave your door upon the latch,
For whosoever comes:
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.
All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own;
Then scatter out your crumbs.
Soon winter falls upon your life:
The day of reckoning comes:
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

ABOUT influenza—are we going to have it? I think it is very likely. It is running over Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Paris. It has broken out in Boston, U.S.A. There are instances here and there of the disease. It will probably be upon us before long. I have been looking out for plain and practical directions but can find very few—keep warm: wear flannel: don't let your feet get wet: practise bathing regularly: avoid excesses of eating and drinking—and perhaps you may escape the pestilence though all the rest of the world are down with it. A sharp frost would be the best preservative against it: the worst for us is weather, which continually chops and changes, now sinking to frost, and an hour afterwards rising to temperate. And this is the weather which we are having.

LET us spare a moment, even at this festive season, to recall the memory of some of those who have made the month of December illustrious by their deaths. Somehow, this month marks the obituary of a vast number of great men, to enumerate all of whom would fill a dozen numbers of the Journal. Let us only take a few. There are King Henry I., of England, 1135: Hernando Cortes, who conquered Mexico with a handful of Spaniards, 1547: Richelieu, the great French statesman, 1642: Gay, the English poet, 1732: Mozart, the musician, 1792: Bewick, the great wood engraver, 1795: Algernon Sidney, beheaded 1683: Richard Baxter, the Nonconformist Divine, 1691: Thomas de Quincy, author, 1859: Vandyke, the painter, 1641: Charles XII., of Sweden, 1718: Lord Bolingbroke, 1751: Brunel, the engineer, 1849: Samuel Johnson, 1784: George Washington, 1799: Prince Albert and the Princess Alice of Hesse: Izaak Walton, author of the *Complete Angler*, 1683: Grimm, author of the *Fairy Tales*, 1859: Kasper Hauser, 1833: Samuel Rogers, the poet, 1855: Turner, the painter, 1851: Boccaccio, the novelist, 1375: Baron, the great French actor, 1729: Hugh Miller, geologist, 1856: Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital, 1724: Charles Lamb, 1834: Queen Mary II., 1694: Lord Macaulay, 1859: Thomas a'Beckett, 1670: Robert Ascham, 1568: John Wycliffe, 1384: Robert Boyle, natural philosopher, 1691. These are only a few of the names which belong to the death list of December. It is a pretty comprehensive list. And even while writing these names, I learn the death of Robert Browning, the greatest poet of this century. EDITOR.

A GERMAN dramatic author tells a good story of an improvised monologue to which he had to listen not long ago on the occasion of the first production of a new comedy. The hero had finished a tolerably long piece of solitary declamation, and at that precise moment a medical man ought to have emerged from the wings. But he didn't emerge. "Ah, here comes the doctor," began the hero afresh, in order to fill up the time; and he anxiously stared in the direction of the prompt side of the stage. "But how slowly he walks. One would imagine that there was no need for hurry. Now he has positively stopped to talk to a lady. What can he have to say to her? At last he is once more on his way. No—now he has stopped to talk to a man. Why, the doctor knows everyone. Here he comes again. Thank Heaven!" At that moment the doctor entered, but from the "opposite prompt" side. For an instant the hero was a little taken aback, but with admirable coolness he recovered himself, and as he greeted his visitor exclaimed: "How did you get round the corner so quickly, doctor?"

"They drove me forth from the prison when they took my father thence," said the boy, "and I stood afar off, watching the crowd of people; and when they were gone, I came hither, and found only this grave. I knew that my father was sleeping here, and I said, 'This shall be my home.'"

"No, child, no; not while I have a roof over my head, or a morsel to share with you!" exclaimed the Puritan, whose sympathies were now fully excited. "Rise up and come with me, and fear not any harm."

The boy wept afresh, and clung to the heap of earth, as if the cold heart beneath it were warmer to him than any in a living breast. The traveller, however, continued to entreat him tenderly, and seeming to acquire some degree of confidence, he at length arose. But his slender limbs tottered with weakness, his little head grew dizzy, and he leaned against the tree of death for support.

"My poor boy, are you so feeble?" said the Puritan. "When did you taste food last?"

"I ate of bread and water with my father in the prison," replied Ibrahim; "but they brought him none neither yesterday nor to-day, saying that he had eaten enough to bear him to his journey's end. Trouble not thyself for my hunger, kind friend, for I have lacked food many times ere now."

The traveller took the child in his arms, and wrapped his cloak about him, while his heart stirred with shame and anger against the gratuitous cruelty of the instruments in this persecution. In the awakened warmth of his feelings, he resolved that, at whatever risk, he would not forsake the poor little defenceless being whom Heaven had confided to his care. With this determination, he left the accursed field, and resumed the homeward path from which the wailing of the boy had called him. The light and motionless burthen scarcely impeded his progress, and he soon beheld the fire-rays from the windows of the cottage which he, a native of a distant clime, had built in the western wilderness. It was surrounded by a considerable extent of cultivated ground, and the dwelling was situated in the nook of a wood-covered hill, whither it seemed to have crept for protection.

"Look up, child," said the Puritan to Ibrahim, whose faint head had sunk upon his shoulder: "there is our home."

At the word "home," a thrill passed through the child's frame, but he continued silent. A few moments brought them to the cottage door, at which the owner knocked; for at that early period, when savages were wandering everywhere among the settlers, bolt and bar were indispensable to the security of a dwelling. The summons was answered by a bond-servant, a coarse-clad and dull-featured piece of humanity, who, after ascertaining that his master was the applicant, undid the door, and held a flaring pine-knot torch to light him in. Farther back in the passage-way, the red blaze discovered a matronly woman, but no little crowd of children came bounding forth to greet their father's return. As the Puritan entered, he thrust aside his cloak, and displayed Ibrahim's face to the female.

"Dorothy, here is a little outcast, whom Providence hath put into our hands," observed he. "Be kind to him, even as if he were of those dear ones who have departed from us."

"What pale and bright-eyed little boy is this, Tobias?" she inquired: "is he one whom the wilderness folk have ravished from some Christian mother?"

"No, Dorothy, this poor child is no captive from the wilderness," he replied. "The heathen savage would have given him to eat of his scanty morsel, and to drink of his birchen cup; but Christian men, alas! had cast him out to die."

Then he told her how he had found him beneath the gallows, upon his father's grave; and how his heart had prompted him, like the speaking of an inward voice, to take the little outcast home, and be kind unto him. He acknowledged his resolution to feed and clothe him, as if he were his own child, and to afford him the instruction which should counteract the pernicious errors hitherto instilled into his infant mind. Dorothy was gifted with even a quicker tenderness than her husband, and she approved of all his doings and intentions.

"Have you a mother, dear child?" she inquired. The tears burst forth from his full heart, as he attempted to reply; but Dorothy at length understood that he had a mother, who, like the rest of her sect, was a persecuted wanderer. She had been taken from the prison a short time before, carried into the uninhabited wilderness, and left to perish there by hunger or wild beasts. This was no uncommon method of disposing of the Quakers, and they were

accustomed to boast, that the inhabitants of the desert were more hospitable to them than civilised man.

"Fear not, little boy, you shall not need a mother, and a kind one," said Dorothy, when she had gathered this information. "Dry your tears, Ibrahim, and be my child, and I will be your mother."

The good woman prepared the little bed, from which her own children had successively been borne to another resting-place. Before Ibrahim would consent to occupy it, he knelt down, and as Dorothy listened to his simple and affecting prayer, she marvelled how the parents that had taught it to him could have been judged worthy of death. When the boy had fallen asleep, she bent over his pale and spiritual countenance, pressed a kiss upon his white brow, drew the bed-clothes up about his neck, and went away with a pensive gladness in her heart.

Tobias Pearson was not among the earliest emigrants from the old country. He had remained in England during the first years of the civil war, in which he had borne some share as a cornet of dragoons, under Cromwell. But when the ambitious designs of his leader began to develop themselves, he quitted the army of the parliament, and sought a refuge from the strife, which was no longer holy, among the people of his persuasion in the colony of Massachusetts. A more worldly consideration had perhaps an influence in drawing him thither; for New England had offered advantages to men of unprosperous fortunes, as well as to dissatisfied religionists, and Pearson had hitherto found it difficult to provide for a wife and increasing family. To this supposed impurity of motive, the more bigoted Puritans were inclined to impute the removal by death of all the children, for whose earthly good the father had been over-thoughtful. They had left their native country blooming like roses, and like roses they had perished in a foreign soil. Those expounders of the ways of Providence, who had thus judged their brother, and attributed his domestic sorrows to his sin, were not more charitable when they saw him and Dorothy endeavouring to fill up the void in their hearts, by the adoption of an infant of the accursed sect. Nor did they fail to communicate their disapprobation to Tobias; but the latter, in reply, merely pointed at the little quiet, lovely boy, whose appearance and deportment were indeed as powerful arguments as could possibly have been adduced in his own favour. Even his beauty, however, and his winning manners, sometimes produced an effect ultimately unfavourable; for the bigots, when the outer surfaces of their iron hearts had been softened and again grew hard, affirmed that no merely natural cause could have so worked upon them.

Their antipathy to the poor infant was also increased by the ill success of divers theological discussions, in which it was attempted to convince him of the errors of his sect. Ibrahim, it is true, was not a skilful controversialist; but the feeling of his religion was strong as instinct in him, and he could neither be enticed nor driven from the faith which his father had died for. The odium of his stubbornness was shared in a great measure by the child's protectors, inasmuch that Tobias and Dorothy very shortly began to experience a most bitter species of persecution, in the cold regards of many a friend whom they had valued. The common people manifested their opinions more openly. Pearson was a man of some consideration, being a representative to the General Court, and an approved lieutenant in the train-bands; yet within a week after his adoption of Ibrahim, he had been both hissed and hooted. Once, also, when walking through a solitary piece of woods, he heard a loud voice from some invisible speaker; and it cried, "What shall be done to the backslider? Lo! the scourge is knotted for him, even the whip of nine cords, and every cord three knots!" These insults irritated Pearson's temper for the moment; they entered also into his heart, and became imperceptible but powerful workers towards an end, which his most secret thought had not yet whispered.

On the second Sabbath after Ibrahim became a member of their family, Pearson and his wife deemed it proper that he should appear with them at public worship. They had anticipated some opposition to this measure from the boy; but he prepared himself in silence, and at the appointed hour was clad in the new mourning suit which Dorothy had wrought for him. As the parish was then, and during many subsequent years, unprovided with a bell, the signal for the commencement of religious exercises was the beat of a drum. At the first sound of that marshal call to the place of holy and quiet thoughts, Tobias and Dorothy set forth, each holding a hand of little Ibrahim, like two parents linked together by the infant of their love.

(To be continued.)

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session commences on Monday, January 6th, 1890. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. By payment of an additional fee of Sixpence per Quarter Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday Evenings. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc. The Lecture Rooms are commodious and well supplied with apparatus, etc. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus required for a thorough practical instruction. Separate Lavatories and Cloak Rooms are provided for Male and Female Students. Students also have the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Tailors' Cutting...	Mr. G. Scarman	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.)	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Quarter. † Per Session.

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

Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery ...	Mrs. Sharman	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	3 0
Practical ...		Thursday	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 ...		Tuesday	8.0-9.30	5 0

Per Quarter.

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	(Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E.			
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.		Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.		Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	8.0-10.0	4 0
—Ele.		Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Adv.		Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
—II.		Tu. & Th.	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...		Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth		8.45-9.45	4 0
Assoc. R. C. Sc.				
Magism. & Ecty.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	A.I.E.E., and	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	Mr. Brooker	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. A. P. Laurie		7.0-8.0	4 0
M.A., B.Sc.				
—Prac.		Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
—Theo., Adv.		Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.		Friday	8.0-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry.—Theo.		Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.		Monday	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
(Wh. Sc.)				
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 ...		Tuesday		
*Draw from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing ...		Friday		
*Modelling in Clay, etc.		Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Drawing from Life ...		Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†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
†Reposé 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.]	Thursday	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 0
Military Band ...	Mr. Robinson	Tu. & Sat.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton	M. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
Violin ...	(Mrs. Spencer)	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
" ...	(Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave)	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.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners)...	"	"		
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"		
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"		
(Competitive)	"	"		
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	12 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"		
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Tele. Learners...	"	"		
Female Sorters ...	"	"		
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" 2nd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme. 1st	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" 2nd	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elemen. 3rd	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advanced ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Commrc. Corres.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	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. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman	"	6.0-10.0	21 0
B.A. (Lond.)	"	"		
* Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Dr. Stoker	Saturday	3.30-5.30	
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0

Per Quarter.

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

Technical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Boot and Shoe Making ...	Mr. W. R. 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. Litng. Instrument	Mr. W. Slingo	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
" Making & Telegraphy	A.I.E.E., and	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Work-shop Practice ...	Mr. A. Brooker	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Medist.				
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.

MUSIC BY THE PEOPLES' PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Conductor, Mr. ROBINSON, Late Prince of Wales' 3rd Dragoon Guards.

- I. GRAND MARCH - "Preciosa" - Devery.
- II. FREE EXERCISES—BY SQUAD OF LEADERS (under Mr. NELSON).—F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec., J. H. HULLS, C. PUGH, W. CHAPMAN, H. R. JONES, E. TUCKER, P. TURTLE, F. BOX, E. NORFORD, G. KITCHENER, E. NYKERK, W. ANDERSON, W. T. PENTNEY, A. C. LEACH, G. A. HOOD, W. WHITING, G. OFFIN.
- III. PARALLEL BARS (Leader, D. M. NELSON).—Leaders, C. PUGH, J. H. HULLS, W. CHAPMAN, W. T. PENTNEY, H. R. JONES, H. POPE, A. C. LEACH, Mr. H. H. BURDETT. Music, Valse, "Little Soldier," *Bonheur*.
- IV. FENCING.—Mr. D. M. NELSON versus Mr. M. ROONEY.
- V. INDIAN CLUB SQUAD (Conducted by Mr. H. H. BURDETT).—Leaders, H. R. JONES, P. TURTLE, E. TUCKER, E. NORFORD, E. NYKERK, W. WHITING, C. PUGH, W. CHAPMAN, W. JONES, F. W. CHIPPS, W. JOSKEY, R. HYSLOP, J. BLAND, A. HYATT, R. TOOPE, F. DENNISON, J. MCDUGALL, SLATER, W. SELWOOD, J. RUSSELL, J. WILLIAMS, W. J. PATMORE, W. T. PENTNEY.
- VI. FANTASIA - "Reminiscences of Scotland" - F. Godfrey. PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.
- VII. HORIZONTAL BAR (Leader, Mr. H. H. BURDETT).—Leaders, Messrs. H. R. JONES, J. H. HULL, C. PUGH, W. CHAPMAN, W. T. PENTNEY, F. A. HUNTER, E. NORFORD. Music during Bar Performance "Valse," *The Colonel*, *Bucalossi*. Instructors, D. M. NELSON, M. ROONEY, C. WRIGHT.
- VIII. BAR BELL EXERCISES, by Squad conducted by H. H. BURDETT.
- IX. BOXING.—H. DEAN v. G. MURDOCH, E. MITCHELL v. C. FUNNELL (Captain People's Palace Boxing Class).
- X. DUMB BELLS, by Class, conducted by Mr. H. H. BURDETT.
- XI. HIGH VAULTING HORSE (led by Mr. M. ROONEY).—Leaders, E. TUCKER, H. POPE, G. KITCHENER, F. BOX, W. WHITING, J. H. HULLS, C. PUGH, W. CHAPMAN, E. NORFORD, P. TURTLE, G. HOOD, A. C. LEACH, W. T. PENTNEY, G. HOOD, F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec. Music, "Hit and Miss" Galop, *Herve*. Instructors—Mr. H. M. NELSON and C. WRIGHT.
- XII. TUG OF WAR. Leaders, G. KITCHENER, C. PUGH, H. R. JONES, E. TUCKER.
- XIII. MUSICAL RUNNING MAZE, by Leaders and Students, led by Mr. H. H. BURDETT.

DISSOLVING VIEW ENTERTAINMENT IN LECTURE HALL,

Under Messrs. — CARLEY and A. E. WERE.

- 8 o'clock. THE SWEEP AND THE WHITEWASHER (Comic).
 " THE NEWSBOYS DEBT.
 " VARIETY OF COMIC, EFFECT AND OTHER SLIDES.
 8.30 " THE PARIS EXHIBITION.
 " THE EIFFEL TOWER, BY DAY, NIGHT, AND ILLUMINATED.
 9.0 " THE SWEEP AND THE WHITEWASHER (Comic).
 " BILLY'S ROSE.
 " VARIETY OF COMIC, EFFECT AND OTHER SLIDES.
 9.30 " BROWN AND JONES' FENCE (Comic).
 " ENGLISH RIVER SCENERY.
 " VARIETY OF COMIC, EFFECT AND OTHER SLIDES.

The Gentle Boy.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN the course of the year 1656, several of the people called Quakers, led, as they professed, by the inward movement of the Spirit, made their appearance in New England. Their reputation, as holders of mystic and pernicious principles, having spread before them, the Puritans early endeavoured to banish and to prevent the further intrusion of the rising sect. But the measures by which it was intended to purge the land of heresy, though more than sufficiently vigorous, were entirely unsuccessful. The Quakers, esteeming persecution as a divine call to the post of danger, laid claim to a holy courage, unknown to the Puritans themselves, who had shunned the cross, by providing for the peaceable exercise of their religion in a distant wilderness. Though it was the singular fact, that every nation of the earth rejected the wandering enthusiasts who practised peace towards all men, the place of greatest uneasiness and peril, and therefore in their eyes the most eligible, was the province of Massachusetts Bay.

The fines, imprisonments, and stripes, liberally distributed by our pious forefathers—the popular antipathy, so strong that it endured nearly a hundred years after actual persecution had ceased, were attractions as powerful for the Quakers, as peace, honour, and reward would have been for the worldly-minded. Every European vessel brought new cargoes of the sect, eager to testify against the oppression which they hoped to share; and when shipmasters were restrained by heavy fines from affording them passage, they made long and circuitous journeys through the Indian country, and appeared in the province as if conveyed by a supernatural power. Their enthusiasm, heightened almost to madness by the treatment which they received, produced actions contrary to the rules of decency, as well as of rational religion, and presented a singular contrast to the calm and staid deportment of their sectarian successors of the present day. The command of the Spirit, inaudible except to the soul, and not to be controverted on grounds of human wisdom, was made a plea for most indecorous exhibitions, which, abstractedly considered, well deserved the moderate chastisement of the rod. These extravagances, and the persecution which was at once their cause and consequence, continued to increase, till, in the year 1659, the government of Massachusetts Bay indulged two members of the Quaker sect with the crown of martyrdom.

An indelible stain of blood is upon the hands of all who consented to this act, but a large share of the awful responsibility must rest upon the person then at the head of the government. He was a man of narrow mind and imperfect education, and his uncompromising bigotry was made hot and mischievous by violent and hasty passions; he exerted his influence indecorously and unjustifiably to compass the death of the enthusiasts; and his whole conduct, in respect to them, was marked by brutal cruelty. The Quakers, whose revengeful feelings were not less deep because they were inactive, remembered this man and his associates in after times. The historian of the sect affirms that, by the wrath of Heaven, a blight fell upon the land in the vicinity of the "bloody town" of Boston, so that no wheat would grow there; and he takes his stand, as it were, among the graves of the ancient persecutors, and triumphantly recounts the judgments that overtook them in old age or at the parting hour. He tells us that they died suddenly, and violently, and in madness; but nothing can exceed the bitter mockery with which he records the loathsome disease, and "death by rotteness," of the fierce and cruel governor.

On the evening of the autumn day that had witnessed the martyrdom of two men of the Quaker persuasion, a Puritan settler was returning from the metropolis to the neighbouring country town in which he resided. The air was cool, the sky clear, and the lingering twilight was made brighter by the rays of a young moon, which had now nearly reached the verge of the horizon. The traveller, a man of middle age, wrapped in a grey frieze cloak, quickened his pace when he had reached the outskirts of the town, for a gloomy extent of nearly four miles lay between him and his home. The low, straw-thatched houses were scattered at considerable intervals along the road, and the country having been settled but about thirty years, the tracts of the original forest still bore no more proportion to the cultivated ground. The autumn wind wandered among the branches, whirling away the leaves from all except the pine-trees, and moaning as if it lamented the desolation of which it was the instrument. The road had penetrated the mass of woods that lay nearest

to the town, and was just emerging into an open space, when the traveller's ears were saluted by a sound more mournful than even that of the wind. It was like the wailing of some one in distress, and it seemed to proceed from beneath a tall and lonely fir-tree, in the centre of a cleared, but uncultivated and uncultivated field. The Puritan could not but remember that this was the very spot which had been made accursed a few hours before, by the execution of the Quakers, whose bodies had been thrown together into one hasty grave, beneath the tree on which they suffered. He struggled, however, against the superstitious fears which belonged to the age, and compelled himself to pause and listen.

"The voice is most likely mortal, nor have I cause to tremble if it be otherwise," thought he, straining his eyes through the dim moonlight. "Methinks it is like the wailing of a child; some infant, it may be, which has strayed from its mother, and chanced upon this place of death. For the ease of mine own conscience, I must search this matter out."

He therefore left the path, and walked somewhat fearfully across the field. Though now so desolate, its soil was pressed down and trampled by the thousand footsteps of those who had witnessed the spectacle of that day, all of whom had now retired, leaving the dead to their loneliness. The traveller at length reached the fir-tree, which, from the middle upward was covered with living branches, although a scaffold had been erected beneath, and other preparations made for the work of death. Under this unhappy tree, which in after-times was believed to drop poison with its dew, sat the one solitary mourner for innocent blood. It was a slender and light-clad little boy, who leaned his face upon a hillock of fresh-turned and half-frozen earth, and wailed bitterly, yet in a suppressed tone, as if his grief might receive the punishment of crime. The Puritan, whose approach had been unperceived, laid his hand upon the child's shoulder, and addressed him compassionately.

"You have chosen a dreary lodging, my poor boy, and no wonder that you weep," said he. "But dry your eyes, and tell me where your mother dwells. I promise you, if the journey be not too far, I will leave you in her arms to-night."

The boy had hushed his wailing at once, and turned his face upward to the stranger. It was a pale, bright-eyed countenance, certainly not more than six years old; but sorrow, fear, and want had destroyed much of its infantile expression. The Puritan, seeing the boy's frightened gaze, and feeling that he trembled under his hand, endeavoured to reassure him.

"Nay, if I intended to do you harm, little lad, the readiest way were to leave you here. What! you do not fear to sit beneath the gallows on a new-made grave, and yet you tremble at a friend's touch. Take heart, child, and tell me what is your name, and where is your home?"

"Friend," replied the little boy, in a sweet, though faltering voice, "they call me Ibrahim, and my home is here."

The pale, spiritual face, the eyes that seemed to mingle with the moonlight, the sweet, airy voice, and the outlandish name, almost made the Puritan believe that the boy was in truth a being which had sprung up out of the grave on which he sat. But perceiving that the apparition stood the test of a short mental prayer, and remembering that the arm which he had touched was lifelike, he adopted a more rational supposition. "The poor child is stricken in his intellect," thought he, "but verily his words are fearful in a place like this." He then spoke soothingly, intending to humour the boy's fantasy.

"Your home will scarce be comfortable, Ibrahim, this cold autumn night, and I fear you are ill provided with food. I am hastening to a warm supper and bed, and if you will go with me, you shall share them!"

"I thank thee, friend, but though I be hungry and shivering with cold, thou wilt not give me food nor lodging," replied the boy, in the quiet tone which despair had taught him, even so young. "My father was of the people whom all men hate. They have laid him under this heap of earth, and here is my home."

The Puritan, who had laid hold of little Ibrahim's hand, relinquished it as if he were touching a loathsome reptile. But he possessed a compassionate heart, which not even religious prejudice could harden into stone.

"God forbid that I should leave this child to perish, though he comes of the accursed sect," said he to himself. "Do we not all spring from an evil root? Are we not all in darkness till the light doth shine upon us? He shall not perish, neither in body, nor, if prayer and instruction may avail for him, in soul." He then spoke aloud and kindly to Ibrahim, who had again hid his face in the cold earth of the grave. "Was every door in the land shut against you, my child, that you have wandered to this unhallowed spot?"

A Celebrated Conjuror.

THE author of "Random Recollections of Courts and Society" gives some anecdotes of the world-renowned Conjuror Bosco. "He was," he says, "a wonderfully jovial man, revelling in the practice of legerdemain, of which he was a consummate master, and not in the least reluctant to fool all he met, high and low, in public and in private. He was the last of the prestidigitators who trusted more to their marvellous manipulation than to artificial tricks and prepared contrivances; short and very stout, he would perform in a sleeveless shirt, black velvet tunic, and flourishing his massive white arms in the air, apostrophise the '*spiriti infernali miei*' before executing some almost incredible feat. He did not confine himself to public performances. One day, walking with the Piedmontese Chargé d'Affaires on the Boulevards in Paris, he suddenly said: 'I must give a sou to that beggar'; then with a rueful face of consternation he continued: 'Oh, I should not have expected that of you, Count! I am a poor player, and you are a gentleman, yet you have taken my purse,' and on seeing the startled face of the diplomat, he requested him to feel in his own breast-pocket under his overcoat, where indeed he found Bosco's portemonnaie. On market days, strolling before the countrywomen and their wares, he would carefully pick up a carrot or a turnip, cut it open abstractedly, and with feigned surprise extract a piece of money, repeating the experiment several times from different baskets, till the dazzled vendors ruthlessly performed the same operation on their whole stock in quest of the coveted silver. Bosco, laughing like a boy at his practical joke, generally handed his dupes the value of their damaged goods, preaching meanwhile a serious little homily on the dangers of covetousness.

"During his stay in Berlin he was asked to perform before the Regent and his family. In the course of the *séance* he pointed to a terrestrial globe on a stand, saying to the Prince: 'Highness, drop your finger on the Kingdom of Prussia and you will see it grow under your touch.' The Prince complied with the request, and as he placed his hand on the specified spot the frontiers expanded on either side, to the incredulous surprise of a score of bystanders. Bosco did not know that he had the gift of prophecy."

Advertisement in Action.

M. K—, well known as a novelist, and as the "creator" of Etréat, a very picturesque village on the coast of Normandy, was examining his publisher's returns one day, when he discovered that the sale of one of his books was falling off. On the following morning all the newspapers of Paris announced that M. K— had been killed in a duel. The office of his publisher was at once besieged by inquirers.

"Is it true that M. K— is dead?"

"Alas! it is true."

The rush upon the novelist's works was immediate, and in a couple of days a new edition was advertised.

"What wretch was it that killed you?" asked a friend on meeting M. K— at the opera a few days afterwards.

"Myself, my dear fellow," was the reply. "My 'So-and-So' (naming the book) was not selling well."

A distinguished politician, who is still in our midst, is credited with the remark that in order to succeed in affairs of State, it is first of all necessary to "hit the public hard between the eyes." Having once arrested attention in this vigorous way, you may modify, or even change, your views, without much danger of being overlooked in the scramble for place and power. This advice, of the value of which M. K— was fully persuaded, sounds cynical, yet it is the foundation of many a solid fortune, and of not a few successes that stand the test of time, as well as of triumphs slowly but surely achieved and built up, so to speak, brick by brick.

The vagaries of personal advertisements are often audacious and ridiculous, though they serve their purpose as effectively as the announcement that "cardinal virtues are rarely to be met with, but good hats can always be had at —"; or, that "the man who follows his nose may be right, but he who wears shabby shoes places himself beyond the pale of society!"

To what shifts have not men put themselves in order to sweeten success with fame. Statesmen, heroes, authors, and

even poets have not scrupled to make themselves ridiculous, so that they might be kept in evidence.

The popular belief is that Sarah Bernhardt sleeps in a coffin. The idea, if true, is by no means novel. A famous countryman of the actress not only slept in a coffin, between two lighted candles, but furnished his rooms in ghastly harmony with his couch. Walls, ceiling, and floor were painted black. Human bones, skulls, rusty armour, and stuffed owls were the only ornaments of this dread abode. When a friend entered, he was greeted with sinister solemnity, and invited to dine with an undertaker!

This curious domicile underwent several transformations, none of which was allowed to escape public notice, and all of which served the purpose of the occupant, whose reputation for eccentricity aided greatly the sale of his books. The coffin and bones disappeared, and their place was taken by a mat, on which he wrote, ate, slept—and developed a rheumatism for which he suffered to the end of his days. He received his visitors in a brilliant scarlet dressing gown, and a cap out of which sprang three great peacock feathers. This same ingenious gentleman appeared at a first performance at the Odéon in evening dress and the brazen helmet of a fireman! His outdoor costume varied between that of a circus riding master, tight-fitting trousers of buckskin, dark coat with silver buttons, riding boots and whip, and that of a common labourer, blue blouse, shabby velvet trousers, cap over his ears, and pipe in mouth. He was not mad; on the contrary, he was a man of great literary ability, who stooped to push his wares in the same manner that a tradesman seeks to promote his interests, by making guys of men out at elbows and sending them to promenade the public roads.

Monsieur—was not long without that tribute of success—an imitator. His rival, a poet, set up house as a Chinese mandarin, and insisted upon his guests feeding themselves with chopsticks. From a mandarin he became an Osmanli, with a costume of gold, bright as the sun, and a house in which nothing was wanting to complete the illusion that its owner was a "true believer." The air was heavy with fumes of aloe pastilles that burned in large scent jars; the walls were hung with silks; scimitars, turbans, and slippers: everything was in keeping.

If Sarah Bernhardt kept, until recently, a tiger for a pet, this poet had a hyena for a dog, and insisted upon retaining it until his friends deserted him, and even the "printer's devil" refused to call upon him with proofs. The banished hyena was replaced by a large Newfoundland dog, which a negro lad led about the streets, informing all who cared to know that this fine animal was the property of M. K—, the poet. This dog became as notorious as his master when it was made known, through the newspapers, that every morning, at a certain hour, it carried a couple of sous in its mouth to a baker near the Palais Royal, and received in exchange a cake, which it ate before resuming its walk.

Even these whimsical examples of advertisement in action are overshadowed by several that are told of Dumas, the novelist who wrote "Monte Christo." This famous contractor for stories "posed" on various occasions as a cook, a restaurant keeper, a collector of red shirts for Garibaldi, the director of a museum, and the commander of a war vessel. He was, in short, the Barnum of literature. It is beyond question that he hired himself to write in his shirt sleeves in a shop window, where the public could behold the process as they watch a cobbler who obliges his customers "while they wait." His vanity was so great that, according to his distinguished son, he would not have hesitated to get up behind his own carriage—he was dark, and of negro extraction—in order to make the public believe that he kept a negro footman. Had he been caught in such a position, it is quite possible that he would have been as ready-witted as the footman who, forgetting that he had come into a fortune, stepped into his accustomed place behind his own carriage, and excused himself by remarking that he had merely desired to see how many more footmen he could put there.

As "there are no snobs in literature," according to Thackeray, so there are in England no personal advertisements. Society paragraphs, small talk, personal gossips, interviews, all that kind of thing is scouted by the men and women of to-day! A popular writer, a politician, a public man is outraged by the noising abroad of his personal habits and his eccentricities, and, when an advertisement appears at great cost in all the daily papers offering six guineas for six stalls at a first performance of a new play, you may rest assured that there are six ardent "first nighters" out in the cold, and not one ingenious manager putting advertisement into action!

The People's Palace Technical Schools

(BEAUMONT TRUST).

CHAIRMAN OF TRUSTEES SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.
 HEAD MASTER MR. D. A. LOW, Wh.Sc., M.Inst.M.E.
 SECRETARY TO SCHOOLS MR. C. E. OSBORN.

Programme of Conversazione

On WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1889, commencing at Eight o'clock,
 IN THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

BASEMENT.—*Carpentry and Cabinet Making.*—Under Messrs. GRAVES, EMERSON, and JACOB.
Wood Carving.—Under Mr. PERRIN.
Repousse Work and Engraving.—Under Mr. DANIELS.
Etching.—Under Mr. COSTELLO.
Electrical Engineering.—Under Messrs. SLINGO and BROOKER.
Engineering, including Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making, Moulding, &c.—
 Under Messrs. A. W. BEVIS, D. MILLER, and DRAYCOTT.
Plumbing.—Under Mr. G. TAYLOR.

GROUND FLOOR.—*Machine Drawing and Geometry.*—Under Mr. E. J. BURRELL.
Building Drawing.—Under Messrs. GRENVILLE and T. BREMNER.
Cookery.—Under Mrs. SHARMAN.

FIRST FLOOR.—*Dressmaking.*—Under Mrs. SCRIVENER.
Millinery.—Under Miss NEWALL.
Tailors' Cutting.—Under Mr. UMBACH.
Boot and Shoe Making.—Under Mr. ADNITT.
Upholstery.—Under Mr. G. SCARMAN.
Art.—Under Messrs. A. LEGGE and A. H. G. BISHOP.
Sketching Club Exhibit.—Hon. Sec., Mr. WHITE.

SECOND FLOOR.—*Sound, Light and Heat.*—Under Messrs. F. C. FORTH and F. G. CASTLE.
Magnetism and Electricity.—By Mr. G. J. MITCHELL.
Chemistry (Practical).—Under Dr. McNAIR and Mr. POPE.

THIRD FLOOR.—*Photography.*—Under Messrs. HOWARD FARMER and C. GAMBLE.

Programme of Gymnastic and Calisthenic Display

BY THE

INSTRUCTORS, LEADERS and STUDENTS of the GYMNASIUM,
 In the QUEEN'S HALL, at Eight o'clock.

Arranged by MR. H. H. BURDETT, Director of Gymnastics, &c., assisted by
 Messrs. D. M. NELSON, M. ROONEY, C. WRIGHT, Instructors.

During the evening LADY CURRIE will present SASHES to the following STUDENTS of the Gymnasium who have been lately appointed leaders:—*Girls' Gymnasium*—Miss J. BAXTER and Miss R. JOSEPH. *Men's Gymnasium*—Mr. W. WHITING and Mr. W. JONES. *Junior Section*—EMERSON and McCARDLE.

Palace Notes.

NEXT Monday evening is to see grand doings in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Marshall and his faithful committee will then be hard at work with the great Students' Dance. It will be seen from Mr. Marshall's notice among the Club announcements, that some decorations have already been given or lent, and there is still plenty of room for any number more of these. Everything lent will, of course, be returned as soon as possible, and in perfect condition. Each student may introduce a friend, who need not necessarily be a student also, although it is hoped that this privilege will be exercised in each case in favour of a friend of the opposite sex.

OUR schools close to-morrow for the Christmas holidays, and the evening classes on the following evening. These latter re-open on January 6th.

NEXT week we shall issue a Christmas Number of extra size, with special Christmas contributions, at our usual price of one penny. For particulars, see front page.

COMMENCING with Boxing Day, we shall have at the Palace an admirable series of extra Concerts and Gymnastic Displays for nine days; the Scots' Guards Band has been engaged, and the British Army Quadrilles, which have always proved such a great attraction, will be performed.

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

[NOTICE.—NEXT WEEK ALL CLUB NEWS MUST REACH THE SUB-EDITOR BY FIRST POST MONDAY MORNING AT LATEST.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, a party of thirty-two members, friends and Junior Ramblers, visited the Guildhall. We were conducted through to the librarian's private room, where we were cordially received by Mr. C. Welch, and his assistant, Mr. Barrajo,—these gentlemen had evidently made great preparations for our reception. Mr. Welch, after inviting us to be seated, said he had very great pleasure in welcoming us on behalf of the committee as visitors to the Guildhall, and he then proceeded to give us an interesting account of its history from its foundation in the fifteenth century to the present day. The present building was erected in the year 1411, when a "little college" was changed into the great Guildhall,—funds having been obtained by large gifts from different Companies, and by other means. Among the particular benefactors, were the executors of Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor, who gave £35 towards paving the Hall with purbeck marble. The Library was founded in 1425 by Sir R. Whittington, and all his books were among those first presented; the library had a peaceful history, until in Edward the Sixth's reign, when the Protector, Duke of Somerset, removed some cartloads of the books to furnish his own private mansion. From 1550 to 1824, nothing of note was done, but in the latter year Lambert Jones formed a lending library to the citizens of the City of London; from that time it had a steady growth, until now it is considered one of the finest in London for history, topography, and fiction. A great variety of books, manuscripts, engravings, pictures of Civic pageantry, etc., were shown us, which are not generally accessible to the ordinary visitor, and we became so interested that we were loth to leave. The Reading Room presented quite a cheerful appearance with its many readers thoughtfully occupied. On the other side of the barrier are cases containing autographs of men who have figured in history, also Greek and Roman antiquities, and various coins. Above these are portraits of Charles II., James II., William III., and Mary. On Lord Mayor's day this room is used to receive the guests, and afterwards for the dance. Mr. Welch introduced us to Mr. Gannon, the Hall-keeper, under whose guidance we were taken to the Court of Common Council, where the municipal business is arranged; this is an imposing circular building and cost £55,000. All seats are numbered—in front of the Lord Mayor's chair is the press or signature of the Corporation, and at the back of the chair is a very fine statue of George the Third. Leaving here we proceeded to the Alderman's Court Room, the furniture of which is most comfortable, and the ceiling is beautifully painted; altogether it is a beautiful room, leading to what was formerly the Court of Common Council Chamber for 150 years, but is now used for law business and committees of magistrates. The walls of this are hung with portraits of the twelve judges who had to arbitrate in connection with the great fire, and in this room a great number of distinguished persons have received the freedom of the City. Passing through another room used for committees, we reached the member's private reading room, decorated with pictures and portraits, among others that of George the Second. A map of London, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, hangs alongside the fireplace, showing that beyond Oxford Street

and Mile End the country commenced. The Hall next claimed our attention; it is one of the most noble and stately buildings of the fifteenth century and contains some fine statuary. At one end of the Hall, Gog and Magog stand in either corner, and cause some speculation as to what the Mayor and Aldermen want with these pretty monstrosities. The Crypt below the Hall is scarcely less interesting. It seems to have been a custom at the period in question to build these strange-looking places too low and dark to have been intended for any public or important proceedings, and too beautiful for mere vaults beneath the halls of great mansions. The Crypt is now used as an immense kitchen, cooking apparatus of every kind being there sufficient for the preparation of the Lord Mayor's banquet.—Mr. Gannon introduced us to Mr. Price, and having commended us to the care of that gentleman, we were then shown round the museum, but by this time our party were getting tired of sight-seeing, and but a cursory glance sufficed, on the promise that we would certainly avail ourselves of Mr. Price's invitation to visit him again at an early period. It will be some time before our visit to the Guildhall will be forgotten, or the great courtesy we received at the hands of the gentlemen mentioned.

On Saturday next, owing to Mr. Walters being unable to conduct our party over the silk works as announced, we have decided to visit Bethnal Green Museum, meeting outside at 3.30 p.m.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

A display will be given this evening, by the Instructors, leaders, and members. The Gymnasium will close at 10 p.m. on Saturday the 21st inst., and reopen with a display on Saturday, the 28th.

H. H. BURDETT.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

The Second Annual Dinner of the above club took place on Saturday last, at the "Three Nuns Hotel," Aldgate. Of the dinner itself little need be said except that it was excellent, and a distinct advance on last year's. The smoking concert that followed was the best on record, for the club, which is saying a good deal, and those Members who failed to put in an appearance missed a treat. The programme opened with a piano solo, by Mr. J. Dowley. Mr. L. M. Nathan then, in a few well-chosen words, called upon the Chairman to present a handsome testimonial, consisting of a copying apparatus and a brief bag to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. H. Burley. The Chairman having presented the testimonial, amid loud applause, Mr. Burley replied with thanks, and a modest disclaimer of his excellent work. The Chairman now had a hard task before him to get the programme through before midnight. The artistes were Messrs. A. E. Selby, Tom Silva, Ned Levestra, Joe Burrows, and J. Crowley, of the Mohican Minstrels. E. C. Tibbs, of the Beaumont Harriers; Mr. W. H. Knight, the man with the mobile face; Mr. Griffiths, comedian; Funny Ted Williams; and Messrs. J. Dawson, Howard, Kilbride, and A. Giles, of the home-club. The accompaniments were played by Mr. J. Dowley, whilst Mr. J. Crowley, of the Mohicans, gave a splendid performance on the violin.

J. HOWARD, Reporting 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. On Wednesday last a match was played with the Ibis at their rooms, the score being as follows:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE.		IBIS.	
Cudmore	1	Schooling	0
Smith, E. J.	1	Boulger	0
Bacon	0	Webb	1
Clegg	0	Strachan	1
Evans	0	Phillips	1
Burgess	1	Alletson	0
Pike	1	Sayer	0
Corpe	0	Herbert	1
Total	4	Total	4

STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

Our grand Social Dance will be held next Monday in the Queen's Hall. The tickets, to admit student and friend, can be obtained from 8 till 9.30 p.m. in Social-room, 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 disappointments, 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. Several members have promised the loans of decorated fans, Indian grasses, artificial wreaths, etc., and if other students and friends will co-operate, we shall be able to make the hall look very pretty. Great care will be taken of articles lent to us, and they shall be returned as soon as possible after the dance.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL HARRIERS' CLUB.

The above club had a very enjoyable run on Saturday, Dec. 14th; fourteen Members attended, namely:—McCormell, Wright, Warrington, Flower, Moxhey, H. Howard, Young, White, Ames, Parish, Lloyd, Davis, Turner, and Mr. Castle.—Wright and McCormell running off to Leytonstone to get some buns; the rest of the club starting for the Red House, Barking Side, at 3 p.m., with Mr. Castle leading the way, we made our way down Blake Hall Road; turning to the right at the end of this, we came into Cambridge Park Road, then again turning to the right we cut across a field; here we had some difficulty with the marshy ground, but were soon on the Red House Road; keeping all together, we went along at a very good pace, and soon reached the Red House, and went inside the gardens, which were very pretty, with the lawn in the centre, and little summer houses down at the bottom. In one of these summer houses we took up our quarters, and Mr. Castle sending for some lemonade, we conjoined it with the buns in a quiet feast. Then we went for a stroll round the gardens, until it was time to go home. This we did, through Wanstead Park, which was not so muddy as the roads were; this way home was nearer than the way by the road, and we were soon in sight of our Head-quarters, and reached it at 4.10 p.m., after having a very good run.—Next Saturday, we shall have some sports on the Flats, including racing, jumping, pole-jumping, etc.

H. B. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

Our visit to the Guildhall last Saturday was most interesting, and we were only sorry that not more than twenty-six of our ramblers were present to enjoy it. A full report of our proceedings will be found in the Senior Ramblers' report, this occasion having been one of a general visit of all the Palace Rambling Clubs.—New members, S. Pattison, Leon Belcher.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday, December 14, we accompanied the Senior Ramblers over Guildhall, meeting outside it at 3. I have no need to write a notice for the *Journal*, as Mr. Mc Kenzie, Secretary of the Senior Ramblers, will give a full account. Next Saturday, we visit the Shot Tower, Belvedere Road, Lambeth, S.E., meeting outside St. Paul's at 3.0 sharp.

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

Class and Section Notes.

GIRLS' JUNIOR SECTION.

Since this branch was started on October 28th, 1889, sixty-five girls, aged from 13 to 16, have joined, who pay the low fee of 6d. per month and 6d. entrance fee, and the classes have been well attended and appreciated. The classes are held from 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. in the Old School-house, and are arranged as follows:—Monday—Dress-making, millinery, cookery; Tuesday—Gymnasium; Thursday—Reading, writing, arithmetic, domestic economy (treating of the practical every day arrangements of a household). Each member is required to attend three evenings a week, one in the gymnasium, and to take up one or other of the above subjects as well. In connection with this Section, a choir will shortly be formed, and later on, rambling and other clubs be started. By payment of an additional 6d. per quarter, members are reminded that they will have the privilege of attending the concerts and entertainments in the Queen's Hall. Early in January, an Evening Party will be given, to which all the members will be invited.

M. MAITLAND, Superintendent.

WOOD CARVING CLASS.

Our class is steadily developing into a School of Art Wood Carving. It has been uphill work as we have not improvers and apprentices like those in the Polytechnic—all the students being some different occupation, and working for the love of the art, beginning laboriously with the elementary stage before proceeding with the higher branches. Our old students are making splendid progress. I might mention the names of E. Manson, the first to join

the class, who has finished a fine piece of Italian Renaissance: Mr. Mc Keckney and Mr. J. White, with groups of dead fish, game and birds, and Mr. Haynes with an Italian panel. These works of art would do honour to any Art Wood Carving Class in London. One lad, who is deaf and dumb, is making capital progress. We have represented our class in four Industrial Exhibitions; the class has doubled its numbers this quarter, and we have only room for two or three more; those wishing to join should make an early application.

T. J. PERRIN.

The Pneumatic Tube.

THE pneumatic tube is simply a contrivance for transportation by means of atmospheric pressure. The first idea of a plan for pneumatic transmission occurs in a paper read before the Royal Society of London, by Denis Papin, in 1667. He suggested exhausting the air from a long metal tube, and then driving a piston, to which a carriage was attached through it by pressure of the air on the other side. No practical application of this idea was made, however, until 1810, when Medhurst, an engineer, of London, advanced the plan of a pneumatic railway. Since that time Medhurst's plan has undergone important modification by himself and others, and any number of pneumatic railway patents have been taken out, but though some of these have been made to work with a fair degree of success, the invention is not yet likely to become commercially important. But about 1854 the principle of the pneumatic tube was successfully applied to the transportation of small packages in France, and in 1857 Mr. Latimer Clark patented the device in England, and in the following year laid down a tube in London, connecting Euston Station with the General Post Office. Cylindrical boxes, encased in india-rubber, were fitted in this tube, and were moved by exhausting the air in front of them and admitting compressed air behind them. This worked so well that the carrying of mails from one part of London to another is now largely done by pneumatic pressure, and the city has a complete system of tubes for the purpose. The tubes are about four-and-a-half feet in diameter, and have within them cylinders ten feet four inches long, which, by means of a casing of india-rubber, fit the tubes as tightly as a piston. These cylinders are driven from the outside stations to the central office by means of compressed air, and are drawn back again by exhausting the air in the tube. Paris also has a very complete and successful system for transmitting mails through pneumatic tubes, and, by employing the water supply of the city to create the alternate compression and expansion of the air required, conducts the whole at a very moderate cost.

The pneumatic system in London is estimated to move the mail packages during those times in the day when collections are made at the outside stations at the rate of a ton per minute. The Paris line is quite as effective. In America we do not think that any such complete system of transmission has ever been constructed. The pneumatic tube, however, is much used for moving packages and small articles through large buildings, though even for that purpose it is less in demand now than it was before the use of the lift became general.

The telephone, also, has largely supplanted the pneumatic tube for the transmission of messages. As a rival of the telegraph and telephone, the pneumatic tube is not at all likely to prove successful; but as a means for facilitating the transmission of mails and other matters in packages through large cities, and perhaps for limited distances in the country, it can be used to a great saving of labour and expense, and in the future will no doubt come into very general service.

Answers to Correspondents.

ISAAC TELLER.—We didn't intend to cast the slightest reflection on your object, which is a most praiseworthy one, but simply to inform you that the gentleman most interested preferred that it should not be promoted through the *Palace Journal*.

M. MAITLAND.—Many thanks for your notes. May we suggest your writing, in any future case, on one side of the paper only? It is a great assistance to the printers.

T. J. PERRIN.—Thank you for your notes. If you can manage in future to inscribe them upon one side only of the paper, we shall feel doubly obliged.

WALTER MARSHALL.—Have done as you wish. Trust you will have a pleasant evening.

W. B. COX.—We know of no arrangement of the sort, and indeed, cannot see the necessity for it.

INSPECTION (1890) INVITED.

WE have several Machines of next year's patterns to hand. Sole Agents in the East End for J. & H. Brookes (The Brookes), J. H. Starley & Co. (The Rover), Buckingham & Adams (The Buckingham and The Adams), A. Paine (The Demon), S. & B. Gorton (The Earlston). Any make of Machine supplied for Cash, or on the Easy Payment System. *Special attention given to Repairs.*

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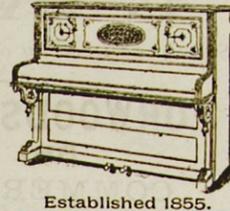
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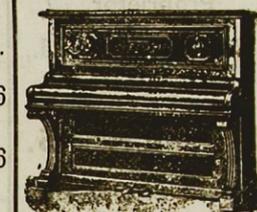
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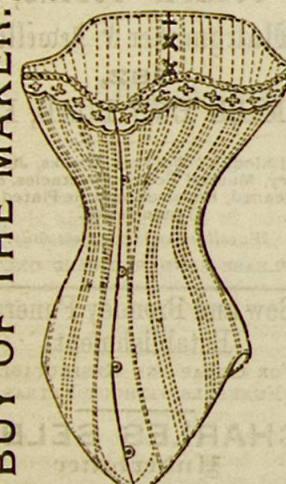
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