

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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VOL. V.—No. 112.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1890.

[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. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

## NOTICE.

FOR the convenience of Students, the Office will be open every night, including Saturday, till 10 p.m. for the renewal of Class Tickets.

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, Jan. 2nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock, Band of Scots Guards.—Gymnastic Display in Gymnasium, at 8 o'clock, by the Junior Section; People's Palace Military Band in attendance.—Meeting of Old Boys Club, in Old Technical Schools, at 8.

FRIDAY, Jan. 3rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 o'clock, Band of Scots Guards.—Gymnastic Display in Gymnasium, at 8 o'clock, by the Junior Section; People's Palace Military Band in attendance.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Jan. 4th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8, Band of the Scots Guards; Jullien's British Army Quadrilles.—Gymnastic Display in Gymnasium, at 8; People's Palace Military Band in attendance.—Rambles.—To Barnum's.

SUNDAY, Jan. 5th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Jan. 6th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Day School and Evening Classes commence.

TUESDAY, Jan. 7th.—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.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Students' Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall.—Lecture on Edison's Latest Phonograph, by Mr. J. Lewis Young.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JANUARY 5th, 1890,

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.

WHILE we, in our slow and stupid way, continue to believe that a divorce is the greatest misfortune that can possibly happen in a family, our cousins of America gaily advance in ease and rapidity of divorce. During the year 1886, the last for which returns have been made, no fewer than 25,535 divorces were obtained in all the United States. That is at the rate of one divorce to twenty people. Since those who apply for a divorce are always young, it means practically one divorce to every five people. This is a terrible proportion. In this country there are about 500 divorces—or less—in the year. That is to say one to every 6,000 people, or one to 1,500 young married people. And yet our moralists hold up their hands and cry out upon the ease with which divorce is obtained, and the consequent detriment of public morality.

LET us always remember that the marriage tie must be held practically indissoluble in the interests of the wife and of the children. The man who marries must be made to remember that he has got to work for his wife, to maintain his children, and to do his duty by both wife and children for the rest of his life. It is a most solemn and serious engagement into which he enters. The Law says to him, "You shall not desert your wife and children: I will not suffer you to escape the consequence of this engagement: you are bound to your family. If you try to escape I will imprison you, punish you, compel you." All this for the protection of the woman, and in the interests of the children. Nothing but moral disgrace and shame is allowed to be an excuse for severing this tie. It required a long and bitter struggle to get even this concession, and the Roman Catholic Church will not allow even so much: no power in the world, they order at Rome, shall be able to dissolve a marriage.

VERY GOOD. Then since about one-tenth of the population in the States is Catholic, and there can be no divorces among them, the proportion given above is greatly raised. It is evident that society in the States must contain a very sensible proportion of men and women who have been divorced. No novelist, so far as I know, has written anything on the position of the divorced woman in American society. One would like a little light upon the subject. Meantime, the practice and readiness of divorce vary with every State. The causes for which divorce is granted are in some cases ludicrous.

FOR instance, women are found to have obtained divorce from the husband because (1) he keeps a public-house: (2) he does not wash himself: (3) he has charged the wife's sister with stealing: (4) he is a spiritualistic medium: (5) he once threw a pet-dog into the fire: (6) he cut off his wife's curls: (7) he takes opium: (8) he will not speak to his wife: (9) he will not take his wife for a drive: (10) he will not let her go to church: (11) he will not work except on Sundays: (12) he smokes tobacco: (13) he gets into rages and smashes the crockery.

AND the man is found to have applied for divorce on the following grounds. Because (1) the wife beats him: (2) she calls him no man: (3) refuses to work: (4) will not sew on his buttons: (5) will not let him run out at night to see fires: (6) blows him up all night long: (7) will not get up in the

morning: (8) will not call him in the morning: (9) sends for her two brothers who threaten to thrash him: (10) has pulled him out of bed by his whiskers: (11) threatened to kill him: (12) goes out, leaving the children without any supper: (13) frequently shows bad temper.

LOOKING through this list, it is evident that bad temper is a great cause of divorce in America: so it would be here if we made it possible: but since it is impossible, we married folk learn to restrain our abominable tempers. The wives do not, as a rule, pull their husbands out of bed by the whiskers, and the men do not cut off their wives' curls.

THERE are two or three causes which I think should be allowed sufficient for divorce in this country. If one or other is sentenced to imprisonment for life, or for a long sentence,—say of fifteen or twenty years: if one or the other is hopelessly insane: and lastly, in the case where religious discord is so great as to prevent any possibility of agreement, e.g., when one party is deeply religious and the other is deeply atheistic: then chiefly for the sake of the children. The Roman Catholic Church, for instance, will not allow marriage with persons who are not Catholic, save on the undertaking that the children are to be brought up in the Catholic faith. But who is to guarantee the loyal carrying out of such a contract? And what sort of a religious training would that be where the mother taught one thing, and the father, by example, taught the children to scoff at it?

I OBSERVE in the accounts of the pantomimes that as many children are employed as last year; and this after all the agitation and the legislation! The fact shows that the agitation was artificial: that the legislation was not demanded by the people concerned: that the parents wanted the children to play, and the children wanted to play, and the public wanted them to play: that the feminine interference which brought about the agitation was meddlesome: that people will not be improved against their own wish and against their own interests: that we have now got another law which will be evaded whenever parents wish: which is only irritating, and which is bound like the law of the *bona fide* traveller, to become a dead letter. Now there is nothing more impolitic than for a Government to make laws which cannot be enforced, are not desired, and therefore only betray their own weakness.

IT is said that hypnotism, which is the new name for mesmerism, is being attempted as a means by which the confirmed drunkard may be dragged out of his vice. The manner and treatment are as follows:—The inebriate is thrown into the hypnotic trance; while in that condition he is made to believe, to say, or to do anything that the operator pleases to order or to will; and, which is more important, the belief will be continued upon his return to consciousness. How long it is liable to continue is not yet determined. Thus, the operator persuades the patient that he loathes the smell of whiskey: that a single glass of whiskey will poison him: or that a single glass will make him violently sick. When he comes to himself again the time of craving for drink returns as usual. But as soon as the glass of spirits is in his hand, the man feels an unaccountable loathing, and is compelled to put it down untasted: or if he drinks it, he feels the symptoms of having been poisoned: or, if he has been so persuaded, he becomes violently sick. It might seem, therefore, as if the toper had only to be put under treatment. Courage, however, confirmed drinkers and inebriates, toper and tosspots, it is not everybody who can be hypnotised, and it is not every day that we can find an operator. You may go on drinking.

HERE is a very curious case. In October last, a man was committed to jail for one month for being drunk and disorderly: on November the 23rd he died in the prison infirmary. The assistant-surgeon reported that he examined the man on his arrival, and found him suffering from incipient delirium tremens, and had no marks of violence on the body. The day before the death the same surgeon again examined the man, and found no unfavourable symptoms. After death, the body being examined, disclosed eight bruises on the right side of the chest and five on the left side: the left arm was bruised: the breast bone was fractured: the fifth and sixth

ribs on the left side: the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth ribs on the right side were fractured. Who broke those ribs? The first surgeon is clear that the man was not injured when he examined him the day before he died. Had he been injured in that frightful manner, a medical man must have discovered it, and the man must have died before. Who broke those ribs? Who fractured that breast bone? The officer accused has been acquitted by the jury. The question, however, remains—who smashed the man's bones? We send drunken men to prison for a month, but we do not send them to have their breast bones and their ribs broken. The matter should not be allowed to drop.

NEXT to the Bills of Mortality, I think the Pauper Returns are, perhaps, the most interesting of social statistics. The Christmas dinner given to the paupers of London provided for 100,000, and I am sure I hope the poor old folks, most of whom have never had any chance of providing for themselves, had a good time. Now in the year 1867, twenty-two years ago, the number of paupers was 147,600. In that year the population of London was three millions; the proportion, therefore, was 47 in 1,000. This year, taking the greatly increased population into account, the proportion is no more than 24 in 1,000. This is a great advance.

WHEN working men cease to talk nonsense about the State, and understand that they themselves are the State, and that the State is not and can be nothing but the people, they will resolve and decree and carry into effect a method of compulsory insurance by which every man shall receive his pension when age or sickness shall disable him. The individual working man can do this for himself, as I have shown in these columns over and over again, by saving between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight, and abstaining from marriage till the latter date: but very very few have the courage and the patience to do this. Mostly they prefer the way which is pleasant in the immediate, and they forget the future, which is, however, certain. The plan of the working men of the future will be to tax every week's wage for a great National Pension Fund. Of course there would have to be pensions of various degrees. It would not do to let the loafer, who puts in no more work than he is compelled, and therefore contributes no more than he must, have the same ultimate benefits as the steady man who has been taxed all his life. The workhouses would remain for the aged loafer and do-nothing, and one would not repine if they were uncomfortable.

WILL a few figures frighten you? A man taxed one shilling a week, between the ages of eighteen and sixty, would actually save, at compound interest, over £160; at sixty, he may expect to live sixteen years. The money still yielding interest, it is easy to see that he might have twelve shillings a week. But many men die: their deaths increase the amount due to those who survive. On a wage of thirty shillings a week, a tax of 3 per cent. produces about one shilling a week. The income tax, now sixpence in the pound, means a tax of 2½ per cent. only. But then the income tax is not a provident tax. I do not expect to see working men accept this view of their responsibilities yet; but the time is coming when they will do so.

THE "Christmas draw," or raffle, for prizes, which attracts so many at this time of year, is exposed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 27th; very likely it will be also in the *Pall Mall Budget* of the 28th. And a very pretty business it is: and so very simple, a baby might play the game. You advertise a grand Christmas distribution of turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, wines, and spirits: you sell as many of these said tickets as you can, at sixpence or a shilling: you then give as few prizes as you dare: a "result" is printed and issued. For instance, the "result" sheet published by the *Pall Mall Gazette* shows, after the grand promise of turkeys, etc., that one subscriber got a goose: nine got bottles of spirits: three got beef: one got mutton: sixteen got smaller quantities of spirits: and six got cigars. In another case, it is stated that the winner of the first prize, consisting of a turkey, a piece of beef, and five bottles of spirits, was two years running the same man, and that man employed at the shop where the turkey was sold: and though a result sheet of prizes is given, the number of tickets is always carefully concealed. If this game is played

at all, it should be played fair and square, cards face up. But it is better not to play it at all.

IN this week Mr. Gladstone was born, December 29th, 1809: Thomas Gray, the poet, was born December 26th, 1716: Thomas Guy, the founder of St. Thomas's Hospital, died 1724: also John Wilkes, 1797: Charles Lamb, 1834: Lord Macaulay, 1859: Thomas à Becket, 1170: and Wycliffe, 1384. The possible duration of sunshine is under eight hours, and the average temperature is 37 degrees. The autumn season ends and the winter quarter begins. Farewell to the old year, and welcome to the new!

THE EDITOR.

## Palace Notes.

I OUGHT to be writing a very long column indeed under this head, but I am putting in a week or two at the newly-imported influenza, and am quite helpless. I had a lot to say about the grand dance last week, into the middle of which maelstrom of waltzing I was guided during the evening, by Mr. Marshall, but prefer to append the following cutting from the *Echo*:—

"We have learnt a good deal since we began these dances," said a steward to our representative, at a Palace dance, a few nights ago. "Our cloak-room arrangements completely broke down, under the strain of two thousand coats and cloaks, on the first occasion, but now everything goes without a hitch." And so it did. There were nearly two thousand young people there, "golden lads and lasses," quite oblivious of the fact that they "must, like crossing-sweepers, come to dust,"—culled from every part of the East-end. They tripped for a whole evening on the light fantastic toe, without showing sign of weariness or fatigue, and our representative vouches for it that he has rarely seen better dancing in the West-end. The style was, perhaps, a little less restrained, the waltzes swifter, the lancers less staid and decorous, the galop less resembling a jog trot, and the polkas emphasised by smarter taps of the foot; but there seemed to be more spontaneity, more originality and *verve* about the dancing, and a keener, because a rarer, pleasure in the whole affair than is visible in an ordinary West-end drawing-room.

The great Queen's Hall was filled from end to end with the dancers, and when the band struck up for a quadrille, it was a pretty sight to watch, from the balconies above, the harmonious eddies of the great crowd, as they wove in and out in the mazes of the dance. The balconies were filled with friends of the dancers—fond and anxious mothers, favoured small brothers and sisters, and a few amazed fathers—and they had, to our representative's thinking, as beautiful a view as has led many men to risk their necks up the perilous fronts of mountains. The dancing began at half-past seven, and lasted until eleven, when the band played "God Save the Queen" punctually to the striking of the clock. Every variety of dance was indulged in, including some varieties unknown to the occidental mind of our representative. The favourite, however, was there, even as here, the waltz; and the enthusiasm with which clerks, sempstresses, shopmen, and mechanics threw themselves into it was almost enough to make one wonder whether, just as a dog is naturally a swimming animal, man be not naturally a dancing one? The band was a strictly native product, composed wholly of East-enders, and was very generous with its encores, which were exacted from it with strenuous clappings and applause.

The last dance was twice repeated before the dancers would consent to forego further delight. Of course, all are not happy even in a dance, and wallflowers grow in the East-end as well as in the West. There was a majority of ladies over gentlemen present, and some of them behaved with their usual perversity in refusing to dance except under definite conditions, which did not seem always to be present. But the insolence of man and the long-suffering of woman are phenomena of every dance in every clime, and not peculiar to palaces. As to the dresses, our representative, being but a poor male, is scarcely qualified to speak; but he was much impressed with the simplicity and unpretending grace of the ladies' costumes, though he must confess that in the matter of doing up their hair the ladies of the West could "give points" to those of the East. The marshalling was done admirably by several industrious and dutiful stewards, who made themselves less obnoxious but more useful than their fellows at the Mansion House. Finally, the coats and cloaks were given out with promptitude and regularity, and we all arrived home, vastly pleased with our entertainment, at an hour when the West-end dancer is just beginning to warm to his work.

MR. MARSHALL tells me that should another grand dance be held in March, 300 tickets will have to be the limit of issue (600 persons in all), as everybody takes advantage of the privilege of introducing a friend. Mr. Marshall also says that

everybody's most hearty thanks are due (and no doubt are accorded) to the twenty stewards at last Monday week's festivity.

MR. OSBORN hands me a paper with the following information:—"The School of Cookery will resume work on Monday, January 6th. The following arrangements have been made for the quarter:—Each Monday will be devoted to "Practical Household Cookery," commencing at 8 p.m. On Thursdays a high class practical course will be given from 3 to 5 and from 6 to 8 p.m.; at 8 o'clock a "Demonstration Course." On Friday evenings another practical household course will be given.

ON Thursday, at eight o'clock, Sir Edmund is to meet the Old Boy's Club, Old Technical School. Boys not having had an invitation should enquire at the Schools Office.

SUB-EDITOR.

## Society and Club Notes.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Next Saturday, those Members who have given in their names and booked seats, will visit Barnum's. We meet at Mansion House Station, 5.50 p.m., giving ten minutes' grace to late comers. Our next Social Dance Evening will be held in the Exhibition Buildings, on Saturday, 11th inst.; further particulars next week. A Committee Meeting takes place on Thursday, the 9th, at 9 p.m. sharp.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

The practice will be at 8 o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays, until further notice; it is hoped that we shall have a full attendance for the future at every practice in order to press forward with the work in hand with all possible speed, for performance at an early date. Our next Social Evening will probably be held on January 18th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—There are still a few vacancies for Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses, who are fair readers of music, and who will find this society, under the able conductorship of Mr. Orton Bradley, an excellent means of advancing their knowledge of high-class music, and improvement in sight reading. All music is provided from the library of the Society.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

I am pleased to announce that Mr. J. T. Perrin and Mr. A. H. G. Bishop have become Honorary Members of the club. The following are the subjects for our first Monthly Exhibition, to be held on Monday, January 13th:—

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

All Members sending in Sketches will please deliver them into the hands of the Secretary on or before the preceding Friday.

CHARLES WHITE, Hon. Sec.

## Answers to Correspondents.

S. PRENTICE.—We are sorry the mistake arose, and have sent you the number required.

A. W. COURSE.—The Sub-Editor is taking his turn at the influenza, and will probably be unable to come. Can you not send a report? Not a very long one.

R. FISON.—Subscription received with thanks.

E. POINTIN.—I thank you for good wishes, which are heartily reciprocated. We shall always be glad to hear.

## The Gentle Boy.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from page 85.)

WHEN Pearson and his wife had thus acquired all the rights over Ibrahim that could be delegated, their affection for him became, like the memory of their native land, or their mild sorrow for the dead, a piece of the immovable furniture of their hearts. The boy also, after a week or two of mental disquiet, began to gratify his protectors, by many inadvertent proofs that he considered them as parents, and their house as home. Before the winter snows were melted, the persecuted infant, the little wanderer from a remote and heathen country, seemed native in the New England cottage, and inseparable from the warmth and security of its hearth. Under the influence of kind treatment, and in the consciousness that he was loved, Ibrahim's demeanour lost a premature manliness, which had resulted from his earlier situation; he became more childlike, and his natural character displayed itself with freedom. It was in many respects a beautiful one, yet the disordered imaginations of both his father and mother had perhaps propagated a certain unhealthiness in the mind of the boy. In his general state Ibrahim would derive enjoyment from the most trifling events, and from every object about him; he seemed to discover rich treasures of happiness, by a faculty analogous to that of the witch-hazel, which points to hidden gold where all is barren to the eye. His airy gaiety, coming to him from a thousand sources, communicated itself to the family, and Ibrahim was like a domesticated sunbeam, brightening moody countenances, and chasing away the gloom from the dark corners of the cottage.

On the other hand, as the susceptibility of pleasure is also that of pain, the exuberant cheerfulness of the boy's prevailing temper sometimes yielded to moments of deep depression. His sorrows could not always be followed up to their original source, but most frequently they appeared to flow, though Ibrahim was young to be sad for such a cause, from wounded love. The flightiness of his mirth rendered him often guilty of offences against the decorum of a Puritan household, and on these occasions he did not invariably escape rebuke. But the slightest word of real bitterness, which he was infallible in distinguishing from pretended anger, seemed to sink into his heart and poison all his enjoyments, till he became sensible that he was entirely forgiven. Of the malice which generally accompanies a superfluity of sensitiveness, Ibrahim was altogether destitute: when trodden upon, he would not turn; when wounded, he could but die. His mind was wanting in the stamina for self-support. It was a plant that would twine beautifully round something stronger than itself, but if repulsed or torn away it had no choice but to wither on the ground. Dorothy's acuteness taught her that severity would crush the spirit of the child, and she nurtured him with the gentle care of one who handles a butterfly. Her husband manifested an equal affection, although it grew daily less productive of familiar caresses.

The feelings of the neighbouring people, in regard to the Quaker infant and his protectors, had not undergone a favourable change, in spite of the momentary triumph which the desolate mother had obtained over their sympathies. The scorn and bitterness of which he was the object were very grievous to Ibrahim, especially when any circumstance made him sensible that the children, his equals in age, partook of the enmity of their parents. His tender and social nature had already overflowed in attachments to everything about him, and still there was a residue of unappropriated love, which he yearned to bestow upon the little ones who were taught to hate him. As the warm days of spring came on, Ibrahim was accustomed to remain for hours silent and inactive within hearing of the children's voices at their play; yet, with his usual delicacy of feeling, he avoided their notice, and would flee and hide himself from the smallest individual among them. Chance, however, at length seemed to open a medium of communication between his heart and theirs: it was by means of a boy, about two years older than Ibrahim, who was injured by a fall from a tree in the vicinity of Pearson's habitation. As the sufferer's own home was at some distance, Dorothy willingly received him under her roof, and became his tender and careful nurse.

Ibrahim was the unconscious possessor of much skill in physiognomy, and it would have deterred him, in other circumstances, from attempting to make a friend of this boy. The countenance of the latter immediately impressed a beholder disagreeably, but it required some examination to discover that the cause was a very slight distortion of the

mouth, and the irregular, broken line, and near approach of the eyebrows. Analogous, perhaps, to these trifling deformities, was an almost imperceptible twist of every joint, and the uneven prominence of the breast, forming a body, regular in its general outline, but faulty in almost all its details. The disposition of the boy was sullen and reserved, and the village schoolmaster stigmatised him as obtuse in intellect; although, at a later period of life, he evinced ambition and very peculiar talents. But whatever might be his personal or moral irregularities, Ibrahim's heart seized upon and clung to him from the moment that he was brought wounded into the cottage; the child of persecution seemed to compare his own fate with that of the sufferer, and to feel that even different modes of misfortune had created a sort of relationship between them. Food, rest, and the fresh air, for which he languished, were neglected; he nestled continually by the bedside of the little stranger, and, with a fond jealousy, endeavoured to be the medium of all the cares that were bestowed upon him. As the boy became convalescent, Ibrahim contrived games suitable to his situation, or amused him by a faculty which he had perhaps breathed in with the air of his barbaric birthplace. It was that of reciting imaginary adventures, on the spur of the moment, and apparently in inexhaustible succession. His tales were of course monstrous, disjointed, and without aim; but they were curious on account of a vein of human tenderness which ran through them all, and was like a sweet, familiar face, encountered in the midst of wild and unearthly scenery. The auditor paid much attention to these romances, and sometimes interrupted them by brief remarks upon the incidents, displaying shrewdness above his years, mingled with a moral obliquity which grated very harshly against Ibrahim's instinctive rectitude. Nothing, however, could arrest the progress of the latter's affection, and there were many proofs that it met with a response from the dark and stubborn nature on which it was lavished. The boy's parents at length removed him, to complete his cure under their own roof.

Ibrahim did not visit his new friend after his departure; but he made anxious and continual inquiries respecting him, and informed himself of the day when he was to reappear among his playmates. On a pleasant summer afternoon, the children of the neighbourhood had assembled in the little forest-crowned amphitheatre behind the meeting-house, and the recovering invalid was there, leaning on a staff. The glee of a score of untainted bosoms was heard in light and airy voices, which danced among the trees like sunshine become audible; the grown men of this weary world, as they journeyed by the spot, marvelled why life, beginning in such brightness, should proceed in gloom; and their hearts, or their imaginations, answered them and said, that the bliss of childhood gushes from its innocence. But it happened that an unexpected addition was made to the heavenly little band. It was Ibrahim, who came towards the children, with a look of sweet confidence on his fair and spiritual face, as if, having manifested his love to one of them, he had no longer to fear a repulse from their society. A hush came over their mirth the moment they beheld him, and they stood whispering to each other while he drew nigh; but, all at once, the devil of their fathers entered into the unbreeched fanatics, and, sending up a fierce, shrill cry, they rushed upon the poor Quaker child. In an instant he was the centre of a brood of baby-fiends, who lifted sticks against him, pelted him with stones, and displayed an instinct of destruction far more loathsome than the bloodthirstiness of manhood.

The invalid, in the meanwhile, stood apart from the tumult, crying out with a loud voice, "Fear not, Ibrahim; come hither and take my hand"; and his unhappy friend endeavoured to obey him. After watching the victim's struggling approach, with a calm smile and unabashed eye, the foul-hearted little villain lifted his staff and struck Ibrahim on the mouth so forcibly that the blood issued in a stream. The poor child's arms had been raised to guard his head from the storm of blows, but now he dropped them at once. His persecutors beat him down, trampled upon him, dragged him by his long, fair locks, and Ibrahim was on the point of becoming as veritable a martyr as ever entered bleeding into heaven. The uproar, however, attracted the notice of a few neighbours, who put themselves to the trouble of rescuing the little heretic, and of conveying him to Pearson's door.

Ibrahim's bodily harm was severe, but long and careful nursing accomplished his recovery; the injury done to his sensitive spirit was more serious, though not so visible. Its signs were principally of a negative character, and to be discovered only by those who had previously known him. His gait was thenceforth slow, even and unvaried by the sudden

bursts of sprightlier motion which had once corresponded to his overflowing gladness; his countenance was heavier, and its former play of expression, the dance of sunshine reflected from moving water, was destroyed by the cloud over his existence; his notice was attracted in a far less degree by passing events, and he appeared to find greater difficulty in comprehending what was new to him than at a happier period. A stranger, founding his judgment upon these circumstances, would have said that the dullness of the child's intellect widely contradicted the promise of his features; but the secret was in the direction of Ibrahim's thoughts, which were brooding within him when they should naturally have been wandering abroad. An attempt of Dorothy to revive his former sportiveness was the single occasion on which his quiet demeanour yielded to a violent display of grief—he burst into passionate weeping, and ran and hid himself, for his heart had become so miserably sore that even the hand of kindness tortured it like fire. Sometimes at night, and probably in his dreams, he was heard to cry, "Mother! mother!" as if her place, which a stranger had supplied while Ibrahim was happy, admitted of no substitute in his extreme affliction. Perhaps, among the many life-weary wretches then upon the earth, there was not one who combined innocence and misery like this poor broken-hearted infant, so soon the victim of his own heavenly nature.

While this melancholy change had taken place in Ibrahim, one of an earlier origin and of different character had come to its perfection in his adopted father. The incident with which this tale commences found Pearson in a state of religious dullness, yet mentally disquieted, and longing for a more fervid faith than he possessed. The first effect of his kindness to Ibrahim was to produce a softened feeling, an incipient love for the child's whole sect; but joined to this, and resulting perhaps from self-suspicion, was a proud and ostentatious contempt of their tenets and practical extravagances. In the course of much thought, however, for the subject struggled irresistibly into his mind, the foolishness of the doctrine began to be less evident, and the points which had particularly offended his reason assumed another aspect, or vanished entirely away. The work within him appeared to go on even while he slept, and that which had been a doubt when he lay down to rest would often hold the place of a truth, confirmed by some forgotten demonstration, when he recalled his thoughts in the morning. But while he was thus becoming assimilated to the enthusiasts, his contempt in nowise decreasing towards them, grew very fierce against himself. He imagined, also, that every face of his acquaintance wore a sneer, and that every word addressed to him was a gibe. Such was his state of mind at the period of Ibrahim's misfortune, and the emotions consequent upon that event completed the change of which the child had been the original instrument.

In the meantime, neither the fierceness of the persecutors, nor the infatuation of their victims, had decreased. The dungeons were never empty; the streets of almost every village echoed daily with the lash; the life of a woman, whose mild and Christian spirit no cruelty could embitter, had been sacrificed: and more innocent blood was yet to pollute the hands that were so often raised in prayer. Early after the Restoration, the English Quakers represented to Charles II. that a "vein of blood was open in his dominions"; but though the displeasure of the voluptuous king was roused, his interference was not prompt. And now the tale must stride forward over many months, leaving Pearson to encounter ignominy and misfortune; his wife to a firm endurance of a thousand sorrows; poor Ibrahim to pine and droop like a cankered rosebud: his mother to wander on a mistaken errand, neglectful of the holiest trust which can be committed to a woman.

A winter evening, a night of storm, had darkened over Pearson's habitation, and there were no cheerful faces to drive the gloom from his broad hearth. The fire, it is true, sent forth a glowing heat and a ruddy light, and large logs, dripping with half-melted snow, lay ready to be cast upon the embers. But the apartment was saddened in its aspect by the absence of much of the homely wealth which had once adorned it; for the exaction of repeated fines, and his own neglect of temporal affairs, had greatly impoverished the owner. And with the furniture of peace, the implements of war had likewise disappeared; the sword was broken, the helm and cuirass were cast away for ever; the soldier had done with battles, and might not lift so much as his naked hand to guard his head. But the Holy Book remained, and the table on which it rested was drawn before the fire, while two of the persecuted sect sought comfort from its pages.

He who listened, while the other read, was the master of the house, now emaciated in form, and altered as to the

expression and healthiness of his countenance; for his mind had dwelt too long among visionary thoughts, and his body had been worn by imprisonment and stripes. The hale and weather-beaten old man, who sat beside him, had sustained less injury from a far longer course of the same mode of life. In person he was tall and dignified, and, which alone would have made him hateful to the Puritans, his grey locks fell from beneath the broad-brimmed hat, and rested on his shoulders. As the old man read the sacred page, the snow drifted against the windows, or eddied in at the crevices of the door, while a blast kept laughing in the chimney, and the blaze leaped fiercely up to seek it. And sometimes, when the wind struck the hill at a certain angle, and swept down by the cottage across the wintry plain, its voice was the most doleful that can be conceived; it came as if the Past were speaking, as if the dead had contributed each a whisper, as if the desolation of ages were breathed in that one lamenting sound.

The Quaker at length closed the book, retaining however his hand between the pages which he had been reading, while he looked steadfastly at Pearson. The attitude and features of the latter might have indicated the endurance of bodily pain; he leaned his forehead on his hands, his teeth were firmly closed, and his frame was tremulous at intervals with a nervous agitation.

"Friend Tobias," inquired the old man, compassionately, "hast thou found no comfort in these many blessed passages of Scripture?"

"Thy voice has fallen on my ear like a sound afar off and indistinct," replied Pearson, without lifting his eyes. "Yea, and when I have hearkened carefully, the words seemed cold and lifeless, and intended for another and lesser grief than mine. Remove the book," he added, in a tone of sullen bitterness. "I have no part in its consolations, and they do but fret my sorrow the more."

"Nay, feeble brother, be not as one who hath never known the light," said the elder Quaker, earnestly, but with mildness. "Art thou he that wouldst be content to give all, and endure all, for conscience sake; desiring even peculiar trials, that thy faith might be purified, and thy heart weaned from worldly desires? And wilt thou sink beneath an affliction which happens alike to them that have their portion here below, and to them that lay up treasure in heaven? Faint not, for thy burthen is yet light."

"It is heavy! It is heavier than I can bear!" exclaimed Pearson, with the impatience of a variable spirit. "From my youth upward I have been a man marked out for wrath; and year by year, yea, day after day, I have endured sorrows, such as others know not in their lifetime. And now I speak not of the love that has been turned to hatred, the honour to ignominy, the ease and plentifulness of all things to danger, want, and nakedness. All this I could have borne, and counted myself blessed. But when my heart was desolate with many losses, I fixed it upon the child of a stranger, and he became dearer to me than all my buried ones; and now he too must die as if my love were poison. Verily, I am an accursed man, and I will lay me down in the dust, and lift up my head no more."

"Thou sinnest, brother, but it is not for me to rebuke thee; for I also have had my hours of darkness, wherein I have murmured against the cross," said the old Quaker. He continued, perhaps in the hope of distracting his companion's thoughts from his own sorrows. "Even of late was the light obscured within me, when the men of blood had banished me on pain of death, and the constables led me onward from village to village, towards the wilderness. A strong and cruel hand was wielding the knotted cords; they sunk deep into the flesh, and thou mightest have tracked every reel and totter of my footsteps by the blood that followed. As we went on—"

"Have I not borne all this; and have I murmured?" interrupted Pearson, impatiently.

"Nay, friend, but hear me," continued the other. "As we journeyed on, night darkened on our path, so that no man could see the rage of the persecutors, or the constancy of my endurance, though, Heaven forbid that I should glory therein. The lights began to glimmer in the cottage windows, and I could discern the inmates as they gathered, in comfort and security, every man with his wife and children by their own evening hearth. At length we came to a tract of fertile land; in the dim light, the forest was not visible around it; and behold! there was a straw-thatched dwelling, which bore the very aspect of my home, far over the wild ocean, far in our own England. Then came bitter thoughts upon me; yea, remembrances that were like death to my soul. The happiness of my early days was painted to me; the disquiet of my manhood, the altered faith of my declining years.

(To be continued.)

# Programme of Vocal and Instrumental Concert

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1890, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

## BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS

(By kind permission of Colonel Stracey).

CONDUCTOR - - - MR. EDWARD HOLLAND.

## JULLIEN'S CELEBRATED BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES

BY THE BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS, INCLUDING THE DRUM AND FIFE BAND AND PIPERS  
OF THE SCOTS GUARDS AND THE BAND OF THE SECOND VOLUNTEER  
(ESSEX) BRIGADE E.D.R.A. (Conductor, Mr. J. VENN).

Vocalists—Miss AMY MARTIN and Mr. T. W. PAGE.

## Grand Gymnastic Display in Gymnasium,

Under the Direction of Sergeant H. H. BURDETT. PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND in  
attendance. CONDUCTOR, MR. A. ROBINSON.

1. OVERTURE .. "Stabat Mater" .. .. Rossini.

2. SONG .. "The Garden of Sleep" .. Isidore de Lara.  
Miss AMY MARTIN.

On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the steep,  
God planted a garden of sleep!  
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,  
It is there that the regal red poppies are born.  
Brief days of desire and long dreams of delight,  
They are mine when my poppy-land cometh in sight,  
O! heart of my heart! where the poppies are born,  
I am waiting for thee, in the hush of the corn.  
In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are spread,  
I wait for the living, alone with the dead!  
For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the deep,  
At whose feet are green graves of dear women asleep!  
Did they love as I love, when they lived by the sea?  
Did they wait as I wait for the days that may be?  
O! life of my life! on the cliffs by the sea,  
By the graves in the grass, I am waiting for thee!

3. SELECTION from Mendelssohn's Songs.

4. SONG .. "The Death of Nelson" .. .. Braham.  
Mr. T. W. PAGE.

RECITATIVE.

O'er Nelson's tomb with silent grief oppress'd,  
Britannia mourns her hero now at rest.  
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,  
Whose leaves, whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, we saw the Frenchmen lay,  
Each heart was bounding then;  
We scorn'd the foreign yoke, for our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men.  
Our Nelson marked them on the wave, three cheers our gallant  
seamen gave,  
Nor thought of home or beauty.  
Along the line this signal ran, England expects that every man,  
This day will do his duty.  
And now the cannons roar, along the affrighted shore,  
Our Nelson led the way.  
His ship the Victory nam'd, long be that Victory fam'd,  
For Victory crown'd the day;  
But dearly was that conquest bought, too well the gallant hero  
fought,  
For England, home, and beauty.  
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran, "England shall find that  
every man  
This day will do his duty!"  
At last the fatal wound, which spread dismay around,  
The hero's breast receiv'd;

"Heav'n fights upon our side, the day's our own," he cried;  
"Now long enough I've liv'd!  
In honour's cause my life was past, in honour's cause I fall at last,  
For England, home, and beauty."  
Thus ending life as he began, England confess'd that ev'ry man  
That day had done his duty.

5. SOLO CLARINET "Polka Caprice" .. .. Mahem.  
CORPORAL UNDERHILL.6. DUET .. .. "The Sailor sighs" .. .. Balfe.  
Miss AMY MARTIN AND Mr. T. W. PAGE.

The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its less'ning turrets blueely fade,  
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,  
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.  
Ah! now each dear domestic scene he knew,  
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,  
It's colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.  
True as the needle homewards points his heart,  
Through all the horrors of the stormy main,  
This the last wish that would with life depart,  
To see the smile of her he loves again.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain forest waving wide,  
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant palms o'er arch the golden tide,  
But lo—at last he comes, with crowded sail,  
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend,  
And hark what mingled murmurs swell the gale,  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.  
'Tis she herself, she waves her hand,  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas fur'd—  
Soon through the whiteing surge—he springs to land,  
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

7. OLD SCOTCH SWORD DANCE .. "Shean Treus."  
PIPER GORDON, Scots Guards.8. SONG .. .. "Caller Herrin'" .. .. Gow.  
Miss AMY MARTIN.

Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome fairin',  
Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth?  
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,  
Dreamed ye ought o' our puir fellows,  
Darkling as they faced the billows,  
A' to fill the woven willows?  
Buy my caller herrin', etc.

Buy my caller herrin',  
They're bonnie fish and halesome fairin',  
Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth?  
When the creel o' herrin' passes,  
Ladies clad in silks and laces,  
Gather in their braw pelisses,  
Cast their heads and screw their faces.  
Buy my caller herrin', etc.

Neighbours, wives, now tent my telling,  
When the bonnie fish you're sellin',  
At a word aye be your dealin',  
Truth will stand when all things failin'.  
Buy my caller herrin', etc.

9. COMIC OPERA SELECTION .. "Falka" .. .. Chassaigne.

10. SONG .. "Tell her I love her so" .. .. P. de Fay.  
Mr. T. W. PAGE.

Gleam, gleam, O silver stream, seaward gaily swelling,  
Flow, flow, whisp'ring low, to your banks my story telling;  
Far, far, o'er sandy bar, lies my little one's dwelling,  
Flow, flow, merrily flow, tell her I love her so.

Greet, greet, softly my sweet, by thy spangled margin roaming,  
Croon, croon, under the moon, in the tender love-tide gloaming;  
Flow, flow, softly my sweet, tell her that I am coming,  
Flow, flow, merrily flow, tell her I love her so.  
Say, say, when she's away, life is dark and lonely,  
Bright and fair when she is near, for 'tis she is the sunshine only;  
Greet, greet, softly my sweet, she is my love—mine only;  
Flow, flow, merrily flow, tell her I love her so.

11. THE BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES .. .. Jullien.  
Introduction—In Camp—Daybreak—All's Well—Patrol  
going the rounds—The Reveille—The Camp in motion.  
No. 1.—Morning—Parade of the Troops—Grand Quick  
March of the Guards. No. 2.—The Infantry Regiments—  
"The Dashing White Sergeant" (with variations for the  
principal performers). No. 3.—Music of Artillery—Field  
Exercise. No. 4.—Music of the Cavalry—The Trot—The  
Canter—The Charge of the Heavy and Light Brigades.  
Introduction of No. 5.—Night—Tattoo of the Regiments  
in Camp—Lights Out—Go to Bed, Tom—The False  
Alarm—God Save the Queen—The Alarm—Trumpets  
Call to Arms—Troops heard advancing in the distance—  
The Rifles—"The British Grenadiers"—The Highland  
Brigade—Advance to Attack the Enemy—No. 5.—The  
Battle—The Rattle of Musketry—Roar of Artillery—  
Victory—The British Army Triumphant—"See the Con-  
quering Hero Comes."

NOTE.—On Saturday, January 4th, JULLIEN'S CELEBRATED BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES  
will be repeated by the Band of H.M. Scots Guards, including the Drummers, Fifers and Pipers,  
and Band of the 2nd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, E.D.R.A. The whole under the direction of  
Mr. Edward Holland, Bandmaster of H.M. Scots Guards.

# PROGRAMME OF GYMNASTIC AND CALISTHENIC DISPLAY

By the Instructors, Leaders, and Students, under the direction of Mr. H. H. BURDETT, Director  
of Gymnastics, &c., People's Palace Gymnasium, assisted by Messrs. D. M. NELSON, C. WRIGHT,  
and M. ROONEY, Assistant Instructors, People's Palace Gymnasium,

TO TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1890, AT EIGHT P.M.

## MUSIC BY THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND,

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

## EVENTS.

- I. INDIAN CLUB CLASS.—Conducted by Mr. H. H. BURDETT.
- II. FREE EXERCISES.—(As arranged on Dr. Ling's System by Mr. H. H. BURDETT), by  
Leaders, conducted by C. WRIGHT.
- III. PARALLEL BARS.—Leader, Mr. H. H. BURDETT.
- IV. BAR BELLS.—Arranged and conducted by Mr. H. H. BURDETT.
- V. QUARTER-STAFF.—Mr. M. ROONEY v. J. H. HULLS.
- VI. HORIZONTAL BAR.—Leader, Mr. C. WRIGHT.
- VII. BOXING.—Mr. H. H. BURDETT v. H. DEAN (Captain People's Palace Boxing Class).
- VIII. HIGH VAULTING HORSE.—Leader, Mr. C. ROONEY.
- IX. DUMB BELLS.—Conducted by Mr. H. H. BURDETT.
- X. BOXING (Humorous).—Black, Mr. J. KITCHNER. White, Mr. W. ANDERSON.
- XI. RUNNING MAZE.—Led by Mr. H. H. BURDETT.

## New Year's Day in Paris.

AMONG the personal property found upon Aubertin, who attempted to assassinate M. Ferry by firing three shots in the Chamber of Deputies a few weeks ago, were twenty lumps of sugar. Any one unacquainted with French habits and tastes might mistake the presence of sugar in a man's pocket for a proof of lunacy. The sweetstuff was doubtless saved from allowances at cafés, and may have been intended for conversion into sugar-water.

This sickly drink is beloved of ladies and lecturers, who never fail to have at hand a water-bottle, a spoon, a glass, and two pieces of sugar. M. Guizot is the only professor at the College of France who rejects the sugar. Sweet-despising Teutons say that it is because the learned son of a distinguished father has devoted his life to the study of English and German literatures.

But assassins, college professors, and lump sugar—what connection have they with the New Year? Assassins and professors have no connection whatever, except when pressed into the service of a Christmas story. Sugar, however, plays a very important part in the French New Year's Day.

Could one peep into the pockets of one-half of the male population of Paris on New Year's Day, you would believe either that the men were strong in affection for sweetmeats, or that the "City of Light" was inhabited by a race of travellers in lollipops. Each man carries with him sugar-stuffs calculated in quantity and quality to give any reasonable family indigestion for a week. The rich man loads himself or his servant with beautiful baskets or packages of sweets, bearing the name of some celebrated house of confectioners. The man of comfortable means converts himself into a walking confectioner's shop, and stuffs himself out of all gentility of figure with bags of comfits. The very poor man, who cannot afford to buy bonbons, is said to offer his blushing sweetheart a few lumps of sugar, such as were found upon Aubertin. This, however, may be only an invention by some brutal and dyspeptic Saxon.

"Sweets to the sweet" is the principle on which Frenchmen act. The day of the year—as it is emphatically called—is, in reality as well as in name, the truce or carnival of confectioners—*la trêve des confiseurs*.

Young ladies and their mammas stay at home on the morning of the new year to receive the visits of their gentlemen friends. Papa, like the rest of his sex, equips himself with boxes of "goodies," and, armed with a list of friends, sets forth upon his round, somewhat after the manner of a letter carrier.

What happens in these calls is a variation on the following:—

Hat in hand, and bowing most politely, the visitor enters the room where madame and her daughters are ready to receive him. A relative or a very intimate friend is privileged to kiss both cheeks of the ladies, and of the gentlemen, too, should they happen to be present. Less fortunate mortals have to be content with a bow or a shake of the hand, for indiscriminate osculatory exercise is of the past in France no less than in England.

"A Happy New Year!"

The greeting is returned with renewed bows, hand-shaking or embraces. The basket or packet of sweetmeats is then produced, and offered to madame and her daughters, with many compliments and effusive good wishes.

Madame receives the basket with a pretty scream of delight, declares that it is loveliness itself, and thinks to herself that monsieur is very mean not to have bought a more valuable casket for the bonbons. Should the box be inscribed with the name of an inferior house, let the gentleman have a care that he is not either quietly dropped or "cut dead."

The sweets are tasted and declared, amid more pretty screams of delight, to be delicious. Should papa be at home, he is not allowed to escape. He, too, receives a packet, takes out a sweet, tastes it, and, in a voice choked with emotion and sugar, exclaims, "*Divinement fait!*" (Heavenly!)

Much money and ingenuity are expended upon these bonbons and their caskets. Every device in nature and art is enlisted by the confectioner, whose windows sparkle with myriads of coloured crystals. The outlay to a man with a large circle of friends must be very great, for the commonest sweets are three or four times more costly in Paris than in London.

Failure to discharge this annual duty towards lady acquaintances is looked upon as a mark of meanness and bad taste in a gentleman. The custom is, in fact, regarded as a sign that the gentleman is anxious to continue in the good graces of the ladies, and is, in this respect, equivalent to the custom adopted by ladies and gentlemen of sending their visiting cards by post. The list of calls and cards is sometimes printed in the newspapers. Not to send a card is taken as a dismissal from acquaintanceship, after the fashion with Englishmen, who, having married, drop their bachelor friends by the simple means of forgetting their addresses.

The gift of sugarplums does not, of course, exclude presents of a more substantial kind. Sweets, indeed, are given only by friends whose intimacy is but a few degrees removed from acquaintance. Relatives and family friends exchange more valuable *étrennes* or gifts. This is done chiefly in the afternoon, when family visits are paid.

In order to stimulate sluggish generosity, and to increase tenfold the difficulty of choice, the shops of Paris burst at this season with articles intended to give young ladies transports of delight, to flatter their mammas, to soothe papas, and even to conciliate younger brothers. And, that nothing of money or temper may escape, permission is given on New Year's Day to line the principal streets, bridges, and boulevards with stalls.

Paris becomes, in fact, a huge one-day fair, with sights and circumstances and crowds common to such occasions the world over.

The stalls groan beneath their weight of sweetmeats and of toys; many of them gems of art and wonders of ingenuity and price. Happy the man who can hit off the situation of the hour or can embody in a toy or a sugarplum some hero or heroine, famous or infamous, in the world of politics, art, or letters. His fortune is assured, for the Cockney of Paris loves nothing better than to have his wares stamped with praise or ridicule of Boulanger, Ferry, Wilson, Aubertin, or any prominent notoriety of the moment.

Only less fortunate is the man who runs a lottery, selling for a penny one chance in a hundred of security a piece of pottery worth a shilling or two. His wheel never rests until his stall is empty.

Following the example set in the streets, the Louvre and other great *magasins* or shops convert themselves into fairs. Interiors and exteriors are filled with stalls, and, for once, the attendants are so busily preventing the goods from being swept away or stolen in the rush that they do not worry one into purchases.

There is little of the English style of merrymaking at this season. The instinct of Parisians is to seek pleasure out of doors. There are, of course, many snug and delightful family parties, but this social disposition is not so strong with Frenchmen as with Englishmen, who, it is said, would meet amid the ruins of their country in order to celebrate the event with a dinner.

Having made their visits, friendly, official, and family, and having paraded the streets, the majority betake themselves to their customary restaurant. Here they linger over their coffee and cigarette, and receive from the waiter an orange or an apple, neatly wrapped in tissue paper, inscribed with the season's greeting. The orange costs the waiter a penny, and this is his polite and graceful way of asking for a franc, or ninepence, in exchange.

When the hour for the theatre approaches the Parisian rises and quits the restaurant, not freely, as on 363 days out of the 365, but between a double or quadruple file of beggars—men, women, and children, clad in rags and tatters, and clamouring pitifully for food.

Only on this day, and on the day of the national *fête* in July, have beggars permission to solicit alms in the streets. The poor are always with us, but their presence is emphasised at such a season, and must sadden the pleasure of every man and woman whose pocket is not so big as his heart.

AT OXFORD a good deal of fun is poked at the Welshmen who crowd to Jesus College, and are currently believed mostly to answer to the name of Jones. There arrived one evening at the porter's lodge a stranger, and a colloquy began as follows. Stranger: "Kindly direct me to the rooms of Mr. Jones." Porter: "There are forty-three Mr. Joneses in College, sir." Stranger: "The man I wish to see is Mr. David Jones." Porter: "Twenty-one Mr. David Joneses in College, sir." Stranger: "My Mr. David Jones has red hair." Porter: "Seven Mr. David Joneses have red hair." Stranger (in despair): "This is very awkward. Mr. David Jones asked me to come and take wine with him." Porter: "Why didn't you tell me that at first, sir? Second staircase, ground-floor, right. All the other Mr. Joneses drink beer."

## Rash Resolutions.

MAN often attempts to break loose from the power of acquired habit, by making a resolution and sealing it with a vow. Remembrance of the solemn vow may enable some to cast aside the habit from which they desire to be free; in the majority of cases second nature gradually overcomes the feeble will, and a loophole of escape is sought, by which the habit may be indulged while the vow remains unbroken.

"Vows are but words and words but wind,  
Too feeble instruments to bind."

Colonel Edgeworth furnishes us with an instance. That gentleman, who was an inveterate gambler, lost all his money at cards, and it was not until he had staked his wife's earnings that a turn of luck enabled him to retrieve his losses. Warned by this escape, he solemnly vowed never to touch cards again.

Before a week had elapsed he was found beside a rick, wagering large sums with a friend as to who should pluck the longest straws.

Peypys pledged himself to abstain from the juice of the grape, and shortly afterwards took to drinking "Hippocras," which he said was only a mixed compound. He knew, however, that it contained wine. He registered a vow also against going to the theatre, but professed to believe that his vow remained unbroken, provided he went at someone else's expense.

The resolution of the Rev. James Ellis is curious, though the reverend gentleman himself is by this time the best judge as to whether it may be considered rash. He has vowed to give up the use of tobacco until a Home Rule Bill has passed through Parliament, and to contribute the money thus saved to charity.

Many instances are recorded in which vows thus taken in the heat of the moment have been kept to the letter. Probably the last mentioned is among the number. These resolutions often bring upon the rash beings who make them years of martyrdom, which they suffer more or less cheerfully, rather than break the vows they have made.

Isabella, daughter of Phillip II., vowed she would not change her linen until Ostend was taken. The siege, however, lasted longer than the lady expected; and it was three years before, consistently with her promise, she could indulge in the luxury of a change of linen. It is believed that she remained faithful to her pledge; and the ladies of the Court adopted, as the fashionable colour in linens, a dingy shade of yellow which was called *l'isebeau*.

When Belgrade was under bombardment in 1862, some Servian patriots vowed never to check the growth of hair upon their heads or faces until they entered the fortress itself. For five years they eschewed the services of a barber, until at length the hour of triumph came, and one day in 1867 the faithful band marched through the streets of Belgrade, preceded by barbers fully equipped for operations, and entering the fortress the ceremony of shaving and cropping was conducted amid general rejoicings.

In quite another class must be placed the vows taken by rash mortals, incited thereto by no other cause than spite, and bringing no other satisfaction than they derive from wreaking their vengeance upon themselves. Under this head comes "Old Three-laps," an eccentric individual, who rendered himself and the little Yorkshire village in which he dwelt famous for a long time, by fulfilling a rash resolution which he took on discovering that the lass he loved, loved not in return. He retired in disgust to his virtuous couch, which he never left for a period of forty years.

An amusing instance is afforded by a Warrington man, who, not finding sufficient outlet for his energies in labouring as a navvy, expended some of his superfluous spirits, as navvies sometimes do, in fighting. After one of these encounters he departed, taking with him a hat, which, it was alleged, did not belong to him. It may have been the only hat left entire after the desperate struggle, and as the victor he may therefore have considered it lawfully his; but the magistrate who was called upon to arbitrate on the question of ownership came to the conclusion that our hero had stolen it, and punished him accordingly.

His resentment of injustice took the form of a violent antipathy not only to the fatal hat which led to this result, but to hats in general, and he vowed on the spot never to wear another. Twenty years have elapsed and he has up to the present kept his vow.

If, as Shakespeare says, "The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows," the following, which we find recorded in the pages of the *Lancet*, must be taken as an exception, and

should act as a warning to those who are disposed on small provocation to rashly pledge their future actions.

In the village of Glastonbury there was living, at the time his story came under notice of the paper mentioned, a man seventy-five years old, whose father, before his birth, made a vow that if his wife bore him a girl—making the fourth in succession—he would never open his lips to the child as long as he lived. The father's highest hopes were realised and a boy presented to him, but the child as it grew up would never speak to his father, nor as long as that parent lived to anyone but his mother and sisters. When he reached the age of thirty-five his father died, after which he spoke freely to everyone.

## Dinner-time.

WHAT is "dinner-time"? The hour depends altogether upon where one lives, in this age; and it has depended everywhere upon the epoch of the world. In this country, dinner-time with the great majority of people, those who live upon the farms and in the smaller towns, is between twelve and one o'clock. Their dinner-hour is almost exactly that of princes and noblemen in Shakespeare's time. Many lines in his works prove that all the world dined, at that epoch, in the middle of the day.

In Europe the dinner-hour, in the cities and towns, is always late in the day, for though in most of the country districts the poorer classes still eat their chief meal in the middle of the day, the dinner hour of society never comes before six. And in England the fashionable dinner is eight o'clock in the evening.

The more artificial and "elegant" life becomes, the later the meal hours tend to be fixed. The French breakfast—their word *déjeuner* means to break fast—comes at noon; their dinner at six or a little later, and their supper at nine or ten in the evening.

But as they do not all remain in bed until noon, a slight meal is needed early in the morning, and they usually take their "coffee" upon rising—a sort of lunch, with a cup of coffee and a roll or a few cakes.

The changes which the French dinner-hour has undergone prove the tendency to make meal-hours later as society becomes more artificial.

It is related that in the reign of Louis XII., in the simple epoch at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the king went to bed at six in the evening, rose at daylight or before it, and dined at eight o'clock in the morning. But these hours did not last long. Francis I., Louis's successor, moved the dining-hour along a little. He dined at ten o'clock in the forenoon and supped at six.

From the reign of King Henry IV. to the year 1627, it was the custom at the French Court to dine at eleven o'clock. At that time it became the usage to dine at noon, and the supper-hour came at seven in the evening.

Louis XIV., the "great monarch," dined at one o'clock; and this hour remained customary until well into the eighteenth century, when, with the elegant people of the French Court, dinner began to be postponed until two o'clock, and presently until three. And the middle classes of society followed the fashion at Court.

After the French Revolution the dinner-hour became still later, coming at five o'clock and finally at six. And "good society" in the rest of the world has imitated this custom, together with so many other French usages.

"Of all human endowments," says Mr. James Payn, "the memory is the most independent and least subject to the will of its possessor. Like fire, it is an excellent servant, but a very bad master, and when it gets the upper hand of us, plays the strangest tricks. It will leave its post of duty at a moment's notice, or at no notice at all; and, on the other hand, when, as a particular favour, it is requested to efface itself, it will exhibit an extreme vitality. The best story that has hitherto been told of its malicious humours is in connection with a certain Mr. A., a maker of musical instruments, and his wife, who, a generation or two ago, were getting into good society. They were asked to dinner at Lord B.'s, who, knowing his lady's fatal facility for talking about the wrong subject, besought her while the A.'s were with them not to say one word about a piano. She carefully avoided the topic, though it was the one thing she had in her mind, till the time came for her guest's departure, when, in answer to Mrs. A.'s, enquiry whether she had not heard her carriage announced, she replied, with polite regret, that it was so. 'Your piano, I am sorry to say, my dear, is at the door.'"

# 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. Scorman	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. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making & Moulding.	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	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	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery ...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	7.30-9.30	3 0
Practical ...	"	"	6.30-7.30	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs. S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
Shakespeare ...	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

### 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.J.M.E.	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Ele.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Mr. F. C. Foote	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magism. & Elect.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker, M.I.S.T.	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo.	Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc.	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
—Theo. Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
—Hours	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

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

### Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

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

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

### Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
—Advanced ...	" [M.A.]	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
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., Th. & F.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin ...	Mrs. Spencer	M. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
"	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

Per Quarter.

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

### General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
—Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
—Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen. ...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Interme. ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday	"	"
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	"	"
Excise (Beginners) ...	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	4 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	0 0
Female Tele. Learners ...	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters ...	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	1 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	1 0
—Report ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	1 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—2nd Stage ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Interme. ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—2nd ...	"	"	4 0	4 0
—Elemen. ...	"	"	4 0	4 0
—Advanced ...	"	"	4 0	4 0
—Comm. ...	"	"	4 0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	"	6.0-10.0	11 0
*Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing	Dr. Stoker	Saturday	4.30-5.30	20 0
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0

Per Quarter.

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

### Technical Classes.

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

Per Session.

\* Free to those taking Practical Classes.

† Members of these classes can join the Mathematics on payment of half fee.

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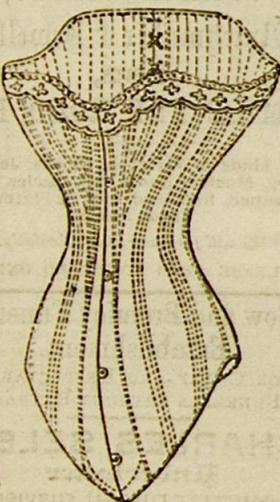
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