

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 113.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 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.

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. 9th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club Committee Meeting, at 9.—"Open Night" Entertainment in Lecture Hall, by Elocution Class and Choral Society, at 8.

FRIDAY, Jan. 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Jan. 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club Social Dance in Exhibition Buildings.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Sports at Wanstead Flats, at 2.20.

SUNDAY, Jan. 12th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Jan. 13th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

TUESDAY, Jan. 14th.—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. 15th.—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.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JANUARY 12th, 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.

EVERYBODY is now talking about the new Russian influenza; and everybody either has it or has had it, or if we are to believe all we are told, is going to have it. I have had it myself, and am scarcely rid of it now. I am in fear that my editor has it also, for he went away for a fortnight a little while ago and I haven't heard of him since. In the East End it is particularly prevalent, and large numbers of people are rushing about to everybody they know, each recommending some different preventive or remedy. Well, after all, there seems little to be frightened at. The newspapers have their living to get, and those who fail to make the most of a new sensation get left behind in the race. No matter what the trouble might be,—if it were corns,—some men claiming to be experts would be found ready to rush into print and prophesy horrors. Somebody has even on this occasion actually proclaimed the Russian influenza a mild form of the terrible Black Death, the scourge of continental nations centuries ago. Of course, in a city of five millions like ours, there is always a considerable proportion of the population who are constitutionally sickly, and open to any attack, and among these even a visitation of severe weather brings much mortality. These, and particularly those among them in very poor circumstances, fall an easy prey to an ordinary cold, which would not confine an ordinarily robust man to his house, so that an epidemic of colds, and those of a rather more severe nature than usual, causes heavy loss among them; although we have not here, as yet, at any rate, even this heavy loss.

LET every man, woman, and child keep as warm and well-fed as possible. Let each guard the weak point in his constitution and avoid damp: and let those who are never satisfied without recourse to drugs, take each morning as much sulphate of quinine as will cover a sixpence (not six pennies, after the manner of the Irishman), and all necessary preventive measures will be taken. If, after all the influenza does come, and a doctor is not called in, keep in a warm room, use the quinine thrice instead of once a day, and apply the other good old remedies for colds,—feet in hot water, tallow, etc. Don't take antipyrin.

IF nowadays a man is ambitious for literary distinction, but hasn't any ability to gain it for him, a very good plan is to find some new author for Shakespeare's plays. Poor Shakespeare himself has been out of the running for a long time, and although Bacon has in the past held rather a strong lead, there are other men riding their hobbies strong and well, and getting toward the front. Last week somebody started on Cardinal Wolsey, and I would suggest no delay on the part of the aspiring ingenious or the available names will all be used up. The *Globe* last week suggested, for further working up, Guy Fawkes. To this very promising suggestion I would add Titus Oates, George Psalmanazar, Queen Anne, and Pontius Pilate.

It is a good thing to be as brief as possible in one's advertisements, and save money, but it is very easy to overdo the thing. Last week the following appeared in the *Guardian* newspaper:—

LADY strongly recommends her late HD. GR.; 16 years' experience; energetic and trustworthy; abstainer.

Now, after a good deal of study, I came to the conclusion that the lady was talking about her head gardener; but at first I thought she must be trying to sell her old bonnet.

SUB-EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) there will be given in the Lecture Hall an "Open Night Entertainment," under the direction of Messrs. Orton Bradley and Hasluck. The performers will be our own Elocution Class and Choral Society, and I make no doubt a very excellent entertainment it will be. Admission will be free, by ticket obtainable in the Schools Office.

ON Monday last the Evening Classes re-opened after Christmas with a very large attendance.

THE Old Boy's Club is going merrily, and already numbers some 120 Members.

ON the 17th December last, an examination was held by Dr. Andrew Clark, of the students in the Female Ambulance Class, when of twenty-six candidates, the twenty-one following passed:—Sarah Marshall, Fannie Hill, Sarah Jones, Mary A. Jones, Kate E. Brennan, Elizabeth A. Youton, Elinor A. Clark, Louisa M. Hockett, Nina Corner, Amelia Dixon, Eliza E. Riches, Mary E. Riches, Miriam Goldstraw, Agnes L. F. Carey, Elizabeth Wilson, Emma Mitchell, Augusta E. H. Pettersson, Mary Sayers, Edith M. Gall, Susannah J. Collier, Maxwell Emily.

MR. OSBORN hands me the following notices as to School work:—Mr. Low will begin a Course of Lectures on Friday next on Engineering subjects; the first course will be on Graphic Statics. In this course of lectures the subject of Graphic Statics will be treated in a thoroughly practical manner. Special attention will be given to the determination of the stresses in braced structures, such as are used for roofs and bridges. No previous mathematical knowledge will be assumed, nor will an acquaintance with Geometry or Mechanics be absolutely necessary in order that students and practical men may profit by this course. Exercises will be set at each lecture for practice at home, but the working of these will be optional. Fee for the Course of Five Lectures, One Shilling.

A PRACTICAL CLASS for TYPE-WRITING will commence on Tuesday next, Jan. 14th. Instructor: Mr. W. R. Kilburne, F.Sh.S. Terms: 10s. 6d. quarter. Early application should be made at the office for class tickets, as the number must be very limited.

THE lessons will include instruction in the general principles of the mechanical structure of the type-writer and care of the machine, the proper manipulation of the keyboard, and correct arrangements of various kinds of work.

SUB-EDITOR.

A PICTURE of Japanese life, drawn by Professor Morse, shows such a pleasant relation existing between the human and the brute creation, that no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is needed. Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese, and ducks alight in the public parks, wild deer trot about the streets. He had actually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind out of his hand as tame as calves and lambs on our farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest street, and men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree, and the busy, jostling throng stopped. Every man's hand went into his pocket, just as they would with us, but instead of bringing out "copper," out came pencil and sketching paper.

SCENE.—Small hotel in the north. Commercial traveller, summoning new and rather raw-looking boots: "Look here, boots—I wish particularly to be called at seven to-morrow morning! Now mark me, you must have me up at that hour, sharp!" Boots: "A'richt, sir!" On the stroke of seven the next morning, when the commercial traveller is in the midst of a profound sleep, boots ascend the stairs, opens the bedroom door, walks boldly across the floor to the bed, and, getting hold of the commercial traveller by the collar of his night-gear, shakes him as a terrier would a rat, and in sonorous tones chimes out: "Yer hour is come, sir!" Indescribable tableau!

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 CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

Practice will be held on Tuesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, until further notice. The next Social Evening will take place on Saturday, the 18th inst., at 7 o'clock. Tickets to admit Member and friend may be obtained of the Hon. Sec. on Tuesday next.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—There are still a few vacancies for contraltos, tenors, and basses, who are fair readers of music, and who will find the 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 Members are provided with music from the library of the Society.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

ON Saturday last a party of ten met at Mansion House Station at six o'clock, to go to the evening performance at Barnum's "greatest show on earth," and having our seats already booked we had but to take possession, after seeing the curiosities of nature and science, the menagerie and stables, for a description of which we must refer readers to Mr. Bevis' report (in the Journal, dated December 25th, 1889) on the occasion of the Technical School's Excursion. There is much to marvel at, and the time seems to fly. The ordinary circus business is well done, but is a little tiring; there is no doubt that the principal attraction of the show is the great spectacular performance of "Nero." The taste displayed in the grouping of colours in the procession and dance is exquisite, and we shall certainly not hesitate to recommend all who have not yet been to pay a visit to the show.

A Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday, 9th inst., at 9 p.m., January 11th.—Our Second Social Dance will be held in the Exhibition Buildings, tickets to admit member and Student friend can be obtained from either Messrs. Marshall, Rosenways, Bowman, or the undersigned. January 18th.—Arrangements are being made for a specially conducted party over the British Museum, and members are particularly requested to attend this ramble, as it promises to be very interesting.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS HARRIERS' CLUB.

Next Saturday, January 11th, 1890, there will be sports on the Wanstead Flats. Meet at Wanstead at 2.20 p.m.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS RAMBLING CLUB.

VISIT TO WOOLWICH ARSENAL.—Thirty of us started from Canning Town Station, on Thursday morning last, at ten o'clock, and at eleven arrived at the gates of the Arsenal. For the following report of the time spent within these gates, I am indebted to Mr. Forth, who accompanied our party. Arriving at the gates of the Arsenal, we presented our credentials to the policeman, who guards the entrance, and after a short delay, were handed over to a guide, an old Crimean veteran. He first conducted us to the Royal Laboratory machine room, where we saw in process of manufacture various parts for large conical shells. From this we passed into the main factory, and here we were quite bewildered by the extent and variety of machinery and accessories. This shop is well lighted and large, being quite twice the size of the Queen's Hall. Standing at one corner of the room, and looking along its length, we had the feeling that the place was filled with huge cobwebs. Straps and bands were running hither and thither in all directions, shafts and pulleys were turning and rattling, machines were working away, and nimble-fingered men and boys were feeding the latter with all sorts of odd looking little things, which we afterwards learnt were parts of the bullets and cartridges used in various breech-loading rifles, such as the Martini-Henry, etc. The tin shop next claimed our attention, and here we saw the manufacture of tin cases to hold cartridges for the Hotchkiss and other guns. In a small room adjoining this a very interesting machine was at work. Molten lead was poured into a kind of circular box, a cover with a hole on the top put on and securely fastened, and then by hydraulic pressure the bottom of the box was forced inwards; this caused the lead to issue from the hole in the lid in a long coil, about the

diameter of the forefinger. The coil was wound on a cylinder, taken away, and cut up into lengths suitable for making bullets. The mine shop was next inspected, and we saw the manufacture of cases made of wrought iron plates strongly rivetted together. These cases were cylindrical in shape with spherical ends, and in size about equal to an ordinary washing tub. When completed they are filled with gun cotton or other explosive, and used to protect harbours, earthworks, and in blowing up bridges, mines, etc. From here we passed into the pattern shop, and then into the Royal Laboratory carpenter's shop. The boys were greatly struck by the fine machinery of this department, but especially with a machine for dovetailing. Two circular saws of peculiar construction were fixed on an axis, and rotated at a very high speed. Oblong pieces of wood were fixed to a plate of iron, and this plate was carried along horizontally by means of a screw until the wood met the saw. The saw first made a diagonal cut in the end of the wood, and then another at right angles. This was repeated as the wood passed in front of the saw, and result being a piece of the most perfect dovetailing. A number of these lengths of wood were taken, knocked together with a hammer, and there we saw all complete a box to carry ball cartridges for rifles. The workmen's dinner time had now arrived, and the inner man began to call out for attention, so we returned to the entrance and proceeded thence to a large coffee tavern. Here, contrary to custom, we were not welcome visitors, for the workmen of the Arsenal patronised this establishment at dinner time, and occupied all available space. Indeed, the good lady who managed the tavern, seemed rather offended with us for calling at such an unseasonable hour. Not wishing to perturb the good lady's temper more than absolutely necessary, several of us decided to visit the Rotunda museum on Shooter's Hill, leaving the rest to make the best of things, and accordingly set off at a brisk walk, passing through the barracks on our way up. Arrived at the building, we found to our great disgust that it was closed until two o'clock. After looking around we managed to unearth the keeper of the museum from his den close by, and means were found to induce a relaxation of the rule. The keeper of the museum was an old soldier and quite an original character, interspersing his description of the curiosities with a running fire of his own opinions upon men and things, and the world in general. He seemed profoundly impressed with the truth of the old age, that "there's nothing new under the sun," for he took great pains to point out that breech-loading firearms, of which we have made so much talk during the past five-and-twenty years, were known as far back as Henry VIII.'s time. Other curiosities are a gun used at Waterloo; a Krupp gun, captured from Arabs in the Soudan; a gun taken from the King of Oude; a large mortar of the fourteenth or fifteenth century; a Mitrailleuse, a wooden gun used by Canadian rebels, in 1837; Brown Besses from Waterloo; Minie guns, etc. A very fine gun of Chinese make was shown us; it is said to be composed of two-thirds platinum, which is one of the rare metals more valuable than gold, and to be worth from £22,000 to £24,000. We also saw a fine model of Gibraltar, and one of St. James's Park.

We now returned to the Arsenal and recommenced our tour of inspection, proceeding first to the cartridge factory, where the cartridges were being put together; next we went to the dial square and saw various repairs being made. From here to the foundry the furnaces and the great masses of molten iron carried about in all directions interested the boys amazingly. We saw here the moulds for the large chilled-pointed steel shells and also many shells already cast. The process of grinding and finishing the shell, previous to charging it, was seen in the next room,—the rifle shell factory. The next department visited, the gun factory, proved of great interest, for here we saw huge lathes turning enormous cannon round and round as if the weight of the latter were a mere bagatelle.

Passing on we came to the harness room, and saw stored away equipment for about 20,000 horses, and most startling of all, a tawny lion crouching in a dark nook behind a pile of saddles; our alarm didn't last long, however, for it was only stuffed. It was interesting as having been shot by the brave Gordon when a young officer, and given by him to his brother who was engaged at Woolwich Arsenal. Our guide now announced in ominous accents that we would proceed to the Arsenal "graveyard." Here we saw, stretched out before us on the sward, the remains of many old servants of the nation; worn and battered they looked in their resting places, bearing evidence of many a hard knock and stunning blow received in their country's cause, and it sent a regretful shock through our hearts to learn that they were being broken up, and melted to make new cannons.

The gun which burst upon H.M.S. "Thunderer," in 1881, was here shown us, and one could scarcely believe that such an enormous mass of metal could be so thoroughly shattered; it was broken and splintered in all directions. In this catastrophe three officers and nine sailors were killed. The ordinary charge of powder for this type of gun is 110 lbs., and weight of shot thrown 668 lbs. We next proceeded to the Royal Carriage Department, where we saw the building of gun carriages, as well as many of the processes for manufacturing the parts of them. The carpenter's shop attached to this department was also full of interest, amongst the most remarkable machines being several Blanchard coping lathes, which were turning saddle trees, gunstocks, etc., and hydraulic machines for pressing together the parts of wheels for artillery wagons. Many other astounding things were shown us, such as cranes to lift 300 tons, huge steam hammers, cannon balls,

mortars, etc. We were taken also to the model house, where we saw samples of the various types of the shot and shell used from time immemorial, rocket apparatus, Whitehead fish torpedo, chain shot, and a great many other curiosities. Our guide told us that the building had at one time been the residence of William Rufus, but looking at the style of architecture we were inclined to take this *cum grano salis*. This is a utilitarian age, and we saw brass cannon captured in the last China war, and which one would expect would be preserved as trophies of British pluck and prowess, being melted up to make the breech mechanism for our big guns. Some idea may be gained of the extent of this department of the public service, when we learn that in the Arsenal there are over 300 miles of narrow gauge railway, and thirty-three small locomotives running upon it. Yet these are said to be insufficient for the transport of material throughout the department. There are also seven large locomotives running on lines of ordinary gauge. This report may recall to those who have visited the Arsenal many of the very many points of interest to be seen there. Though we worked hard and spent much time, we left many things we should like to see again, and many more we had not time to see at all. We got home about 6.30 p.m., all feeling very tired, but having had the most instructive and enjoyable of all our rambles.

A. W. B.

People's Palace Junior Section.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday we did not have an afternoon ramble, but saw the evening performance of Barnum's great show at Olympia. Meeting outside the Royal Exchange at four o'clock, allowing ten minutes for late ramblers, we proceeded to Mansion House Station, and purchased our tickets for Addison Road, arriving there about 5.15 p.m. Getting our tickets, after a good deal of pushing, etc., we proceeded on, passing Jumbo's skeleton, and then his stuffed skin, looking, as the bills say, "like life," the Giant Brothers of Texas, the man with no arms, who wrote for a penny "People's Palace Junior Ramblers," better than hundreds who write with their hands. We thoroughly enjoyed the different performances which I shall not attempt to describe. I should advise everyone else to go, only mind the crush.

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

A HANDSOME RECEPTION.

"I NEVER was rebuffed in so pleasant a way as on my last journey," said Joblots, the commercial traveller, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when I saw a staircase with a sign, 'This way for commercial travellers.' I supposed the stairs led to the counting house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls where pointing boards directed the way. I passed through the hall and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and opening the door at the lowest step, I found I was—in the street again!"

HIS DIAGNOSIS.

An amusing story comes from Japan of a native doctor who had so far assimilated his practice to European methods that an English resident, being ill, sent for him in the absence of the only European doctor of the district.

Our countryman having elaborately described his symptoms, the Jap doctor in his turn made a long and very vague statement, from which it was impossible to gather anything really definite.

"But, come doctor," exclaimed the patient, at last, naturally anxious to know the nature of his complaint, "you have not told me what it is."

"Ah! you ask what it is?" returned the native medico, in what he intended to be his best European manner, "well, I will tell you, sar: it is five shilling!"

It was a new anthem, composed by the village organist, and this was its effect. The soprano started off with the laudable, though rather startling announcement: "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency."

Curious Finds.

NATURE accommodates herself to the most extraordinary conditions of life. A lady lost her gold ring. Some three years afterwards the loser's cat caught a rat, from which pussy had eaten the head. The neck of the rat was exposed, and the owner of the cat saw something metallic glittering on the rat's neck. On examination this proved to be the lost wedding ring embedded in the flesh. The ring must have been carried by the old rat to its nest, and a very young rat must have thrust its head into the ring. As the animal grew larger each day, its novel collar would become a fixture. The wonder is how nature continued to permit her living demands to be supplied through such a small circumference; yet the creature lived, was fat and looked healthy.

Cats in their hunting expeditions sometimes meet with an untoward fate. As some workmen were felling timber they discovered in the centre of one of the trees a cavity, in which were the remains of a cat. The skeleton was entire, and some hair of a sandy colour yet remained on the skin. It is conjectured that the animal, having entered a hollow part of the tree, was unable to extricate itself, and the wood in process of years had grown around it.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the forest of Drommling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing the skeleton of a man in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knees, were perfect. By his side were a powder horn, a porcelain pipe bowl, and a silver watch. It is conjectured that while engaged in hunting he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died from starvation.

Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind, a large block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an augur hole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the centre of the block, and fastened in with a wooden plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was shown in a timber merchant's workshop; this was the skeleton of a bird embedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all around the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture into it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found. The nest appeared to be built with mud, and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably at the lopping of a branch, a cavity was formed, and the outside subsequently grown over; but how the bird was enclosed seems difficult to imagine.

A NOVELIST'S ECONOMY OF TIME.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE always felt uncomfortable at the thought that a long railway journey meant the loss of great part of a day, and it preyed on his mind till he got a writing-table specially constructed for the train. This was a complete success. There might be other persons in the compartment, but as soon as the novelist got in he set up his table, got out his writing materials, and worked as unconcernedly as if he were at home.

SIR WALTER SCOTT says that a shoulder of mutton used to be known in Scotland as a "poor man of mutton," just as in England it was called a "poor knight of Windsor" to distinguish it from a baronial "Sir Loin." Then Sir Walter proceeds to illustrate this curious nickname by a story about an old Scottish peer, of a very fierce-looking and forbidding face, who was taken ill in London during the session of Parliament. The landlord of the hotel where he was staying, anxious to pay some special attention to the nobleman in his unfortunate condition, waited on him, and told him the contents of his well-stocked larder, in hope that he might name a dainty dish that would tempt his lordship's appetite. "I think, landlord," said the peer, throwing back the plaid which screened his ferocious face—"I think I could eat a morsel of poor man." The landlord fled in terror, thinking his guest was a kind of cannibal who might like a slice of human flesh when he was ill!

Is Man Advancing?

A SEEDY man edged his way into the office of a business man, who is known to be interested in scientific subjects, and said, "Beg pardon, but I dropped in to inquire if you had read Professor Huxley's recent treatise, entitled, 'Is Man Advancing?'"

"I have it here now, but I haven't read it as yet. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wanted to know your opinion on the subject. Do you believe that man is really advancing?"

"Most certainly I do," replied the business man, earnestly. "Look at the wonderful advances he has made in every way during the present century. Consider steam propulsion, the electric telegraph, the telephone, the type-writer, the—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the seedy man, "are you advancing yourself?"

"Of course I am. Why this question?"

"Because, if you are," said the seedy man, eagerly, "I would like you to advance me about two pounds until I see you again."

Before the business man could jump to his feet and seize the poker the seedy man was gone.

An Arab Dentist.

SIR HENRY LAYARD, in his recently published "Early Adventures," says that on the occasion when in the desert he was suffering greatly from the toothache; and the sheikh having declared that there was a skilful dentist in the encampment, "I made up my mind," he says, "to put myself in his hands rather than endure it any longer. He was accordingly sent for. He was a tall, muscular Arab. His instruments consisted of a short knife or razor, and a kind of iron awl. He bade me sit on the ground, and then took my head firmly between his knees. After cutting away the gums he applied the awl to the roots of the tooth, and, striking the other end of it with all his might, expected to see the tooth fly into the air. But it was a double one, and not to be removed by such means from the jaw. The awl slipped and made a severe wound in my palate. He insisted upon a second trial, declaring that he could not but succeed. But the only result was that he broke off a large piece of the tooth, and I had suffered sufficient agony to decline a third experiment."

MR. JAMES FRANCIS OSWALD, who, after practising for a short time as a solicitor, donned the wig and gown in 1869, is said to be the "bones" of the Chancery troupe. He has probably been in more squabbles with the Bench, and is responsible for more good stories, than any other living barrister. Although it has not been stated Mr. Oswald was the junior counsel who, when Mr. Justice Kay, after being irritated into a small passion, said, "I can teach you law, sir, but I cannot teach you manners," quietly replied, "That is so, my lord." Before Mr. Justice Chitty the ready barrister did not fare so well in the battle of wit. Mr. Oswald was once addressing the Court in a bill-of-sale case, and, having spoken at great length and with greater dryness, exclaimed: "And now, my lord, I address myself to the furniture." "You have been doing that for some time past," said Mr. Justice Chitty, awakening from a judicial lethargy into which Mr. Oswald's eloquence had sent him. Perhaps Mr. Oswald's most brilliant piece of humour was the application he made recently to Mr. Justice North that a commission should be appointed to take the evidence of a certain witness at his house, because, being somewhat of intemperate habits, the refreshment-bars of the Law Courts would be too great a temptation for the witness, who earnestly desired to be sober when he gave his evidence.

THE manner in which a mediæval monarch went to bed is thus described in "The Pages of History": "First, a page took a torch and went to the wardrobe where the bedding was kept. The articles were brought out by the keeper to four yeomen, who made the bed, while the page held the torch at the foot. One of the yeomen searched the straw with his dagger, and when he found there was no evil thing hidden there he laid a bed of down on the straw and threw himself upon it. Then the bed of down was well beaten and a bolster laid in its proper place. Then the sheets were spread in due order, and over these was laid a fustian. Then came a "pane sheet," which we now call a counterpane. Finally the sheets were turned down and some pillows laid on the bolster, after which the yeoman made a cross and kissed the bed where their hands were. And then an angel, carved in wood, was placed beside the bed and the curtains let down. After this a gentleman usher brought the King's sword and placed it at the bed's head, and the whole was then delivered into the custody of a groom or page, who watched it with a light burning until the King retired to rest.

The Eagle as an Emblem.

THE eagle was called in ancient mythology the Bird of Jove, as it was believed that it bore the souls of the dying to their abode on Mount Olympus. The bird was also sacred to Vishnu in the mythology of India, and is the bird of Wisdom in the mythology of the Scandinavians. The ancient Etruscans first took the eagle as a symbol of royal power, and bore its image upon their standards. The Romans adopted the same symbol in the year 87 B.C., the second year of the Consul Marius. A silver eagle, with expanded wings, poised on the top of a spear, with a thunderbolt held in its claw, was adopted as the military standard to be borne at the head of their legions. This image was made of silver until the time of Hadrian, after which it was gold. The standard adopted by the Byzantine emperors was a two-headed eagle, as a symbol of their control of both the East and the West.

From these early standards come all the eagles on the standards of modern Europe. The double-headed eagle of Russia was adopted on the marriage of Ivan I. with a Grecian princess of the Eastern empire; that of Austria was first used when the Emperor of Germany took the title of Roman Emperor. The national standard of Russia bears a black eagle; that of Poland a white one.

The emblem used in the United States is a large bald-headed eagle. It was in favour there, no doubt, because of its connection with the Romans, those early champions of civil liberty.

The Home of the Coral.

CORALS are of many colours, the most beautiful of which is the red coral. This grows on the rocks that lie in the bottom of the sea, in little groves of trees, each stalk of which looks like a red leafless shrub, bearing small star-like flowers. The largest coral reefs are found in the warm waters of the Pacific Ocean, although some varieties of corals grow in all oceans. The coral employed in jewellery comes mostly from the Mediterranean and Red Seas; the dark red is brought from the African coast of the Mediterranean, and also from the Red Sea; the pink from the coast of Italy, the yellow from the coast of Sardinia, and the black from the Red Sea. The principal coral fisheries are situated along the coast of Sicily, at the mouth of the Adriatic Sea, in the Strait between Sardinia and Corsica, and off the coast of Algeria.

The Harp of Nature.

O ROARING winds and drifting snows,
I love your sound and sight;
O harp, attuned to human woes,
Breathe out your strains to-night.

Strike all your strings, however wild,
Sweep o'er the earth and sky;
Sweep through the orchards late that smiled
When summer brooded nigh.

There is no peace—go, storms, and tell;
Go tell it to the waves,
For they do love the music well
That thunders in their caves.

And to mankind go whisper it
So hoarsely with your breath—
In vain, in vain, ye weepers sit
Upon the shores of death.

Rouse up, and with the storms contend;
Rouse up, and face the blast;
Defy the winds that surely bend
But do not break the mast.

The air is full of martial strains,
Retreating is the foe;
Full soon upon life's battle-plain
The star of peace will glow.

Pickpockets and their Ways.

"UN JOLIE MONDE," is the title of a book by M. Macé, published in France not long since. It deals with crime in its different grades, from the simple drunkard to the professional assassin. M. Macé's descriptions of pickpockets, and their modes of procedure, are particularly interesting, more especially as the English pickpocket is so typical of that class of criminal, that the English term "pick-pocket" is in constant use on the continent.

The true pickpocket is not a vulgar criminal; on the contrary, he holds a good social position. Some pickpockets are proprietors of coffee-houses; others are tobacconists and jewellers, either at home or abroad; but all have the appearance of honest tradesmen, or of real gentlemen. Robbery is only practised during certain seasons. One class, composed chiefly of spendthrifts, carries on operations without accomplices. In picking pockets they trust to chance, and in that way they take indifferently pocket-books, purses, watches, and tobacco cases.

The English pickpocket is best known, and he is to be found everywhere, although he is not the most skilful. He has a reputation which he does not merit. He is stiff, awkward in his movements, and, though very quick with his hands, he is still a little phlegmatic, as is characteristic of England. He can walk a great deal without being fatigued. In a day he traverses all the principal parts of Paris, wherever a crowd is to be found; and the police agents who give chase to him, watching for the psychological moment of his flagrant crimes to catch him, soon get exhausted with fatigue, but the pickpocket never does. Wise as a serpent, he never allows himself to be allured by any dangerous temptation. He never takes his stand more than ten minutes on the same ground, and generally makes only one victim in one place. The racecourses are the only places where the English pickpocket excels, and where he does not practise the rules which elsewhere are his constant guide. There, bustle is favourable to his exploits, and he commits one robbery after another.

The German is a good hand at a very ancient kind of robbery, consisting of hustling a person violently, and then, profiting by his flurry, carrying off his purse. He frequents racecourses and shops very little, but he may always be found in large financial establishments. There he sees the people who receive money, and takes note of the importance of the sums which they collect in choosing his victim. The carrying off of a purse takes place often between two doors, or at the corner of a street.

The Italian pickpocket is the master of the art; he knows his skill, he is conscious of his superiority, and he can mock at all the European police. Unfortunately, for him, his too great confidence in himself is fatal, but, says M. Macé, "if the Italian had the prudence of the Englishman, he could indeed set at defiance all the police-agents of the universe."

The French pickpocket is eclectic; all ways are good, and he will accept co-operation.

It is impossible to follow M. Macé in all the details which he gives of the pickpocket; the only impression resulting from his curious chapter is, let us take care of our pockets!

HE DEFINES HIS WANTS.

THE advertiser who inserts the following sample of his moderate desires, in a country newspaper, seems a very clear-sighted, intelligent man: "Wanted, Lodgings, by a B.A. Advertiser wishes it clearly understood that none need apply who object on principle to fall in with his not excessive requirements, which include: (1) punctuality in serving meals; (2) moderate quiet in house; (3) dry toast thrice daily; (4) joints to be roasted (not baked), and chops and steaks to be grilled (not fried); (5) the free use of a latch-key; and (6) the absence of a cat."

Answers to Correspondents.

S. W.—We have done as you wish.

A STUDENT.—You must sign your own name to any letter intended for insertion in the *Journal*, even if you wish it to appear as a *nom de plume*. We fear it is too late in the session to do as you suggest, but think it a matter which might well be brought forward before the beginning of the next winter session.

L. COX.—Many thanks for your good wishes.

H. PRIOR.—We are sorry that you have had to wait, but you shall have the covers at the earliest possible moment. We have to deal with the binders.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1890,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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

VOCALISTS:

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

MR. J. A. BOVETT.

MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN.

SOLO VIOLIN—MR. GEORGE WILBY.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

1. ORGAN SOLO—Symphonie, No. 5 (1st Movement) .. *Widor.*

MR. B. JACKSON.

2. SONG .. "Hybris the Cretan" .. *Elliott.*

MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN.

My wealth's a burly spear, and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untanned
Which on my arm I buckle.
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield,
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword,
Oh! I bring those hapless, heartless drones,
Down in a trice in suppliant tones,
To call me king and lord.

3. SONG .. "Alas! those chimes" .. *Wallace.*

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

Alas! those chimes so sweetly stealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like Pity's voice revealing,
Lo! the dying death is near.
Still he slumbers, how serenely,
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh! that angels now might waft him,
To the mansions of the blest!

Yes, yes, those chimes so softly swelling
As from some holy sphere,
Sound like hymns of spirits telling,
Lo! the dying peace is here.
Come abide with us in heaven,
Here no grief can reach thy breast,
Come, approving angels wait thee,
In the mansions of the blest!

4. SOLO VIOLIN .. "Andante and Finale" .. *Mendelssohn.*

(From Concerto)

MR. GEORGE WILBY.

5. RECIT AND AIR .. "Ah Fors'è Lui" .. *Verdi.*

MISS DELVES-YATES.

E strano! in core scolpiti ho quegli accenti!
Saria per me sventura un serio amore?
Che risolvi, turbata anima mia?
Null' uomo ancora t' accendeva
O gioja ch'io non conobbi, esser amata amando
E sdegar la poss'io per l'aride follie del viver mio.

Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima solinga ne' tumulti
Godea sonente pingere de'suoi colori occulti,
Tui che, modesto e vigile all'egre soglie ascese,
Destandomi all' amor!
A quell' amor che è palpito dell' uniuerso intero
Misterioso, altero, croce e delizia al cor.
Sempre libera degg'io folleggiare di gioja in gioja,
Vo' che scorra il viver mio pei sentiero del piacer
Nasca il giorno muoja, sempre lieta ne' ritrovis
A diletta sempre nuovi volare il mio pensier.

TRANSLATION.

Surprising! his words are rooted in my bosom,
Does it portend my sorrow—a deep affection?
How determine, O heart on fire and restless?
Before I rang'd in fancy's freedom—
A transport, a new emotion, this interchange of spirits.
Shall I throw such a treasure away for worldly baubles?
For senseless pleasure—

To me a child, a simple heart, mov'd by a vague emotion,
Sudden appear'd this noble youth radiant with fond devotion;
Thus by the voice of nature, thence was my fate decided,
Ah, 'tis the love, 'tis the love that moves the spheres,
Shines in the skies by human tears reflected,
Tyrant resistless, 'gainst him who is protected.

6. ORGAN SOLO .. (a) Pastorale .. *Rheinberger.*
.. (b) Gavotte Mignon .. *Thomas.*

MR. B. JACKSON.

7. SONG .. "Where'er you walk" (Semele) *Handel.*

MR. J. A. BOVETT.

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish, where'er you turn your eyes.
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.

8. DUET .. "Sainted Mother" .. *Wallace.*

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

Sainted mother, guide his footsteps,
Guide them at a moment sure,
Let the wicked heart then perish,
And the good remain secure.
Sainted mother, oh, befriend him,
And thy gentlest pity lend him!

9. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Bolero" .. *J. E. German.*

MR. GEORGE WILBY.

10. SONG .. "The Goodwin Sands" .. *Stephen Adams.*

MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN.

We'd made the English Channel, we were coming home once more,
When we heard the fog-bells sounding on the dear old Kentish shore,
When out of the North a snowstorm came down on our starboard way,
Wrapping us round in a thick white fog, till we knew not where we lay;
And our pilot stared in terror as we veered from side to side,
For he could not see the lighthouse light, or ever a star to guide;
When suddenly—all in a moment—the helm leapt from his hands:
And he cried, "Heaven help us all to-night, we're aground on the Goodwin Sands."

Then we rushed to the signal rockets; "Let's fire them quick, we cried,
"They'll see us and send the lifeboat across the stormy tide."
"No, no!" said our captain sternly (and he spake with bated breath),
"They too have wives and children, why tempt them out to death?
They cannot save us now, my lads, in such an angry sea;
They shall not risk their lives for us, we'll face it alone," said he.
And we gave him a calm "Ay, ay, sir," and we took each others' hands,
And side by side we waited for death on the pitiless Goodwin Sands.

The night grew blacker and wilder, the billows across us rolled,
Our little craft groaned and shivered, she couldn't much longer hold,
Then we thought of the home so near us, where we might be no more,
Till the sea gave up our bodies upon the gleaming shore.
And I saw my own trim cottage and the dear wife on her knee,
As she taught our bairns their little prayer for father out at sea;
I seemed to hear her very voice, and see their folded hands,
As we lay in the face of death all night on the pitiless Goodwin Sands.

The night wore on to daybreak, our timbers one by one
Had parted and leapt asunder, our ship was almost gone;
When hark! 'tis the sound of voices coming over the roaring sea,
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis the lifeboat coming to save us, to save us and set us free.
And whenever I think of angels and the work they've got to do,
I reckon they came on earth that morn and woke the lifeboat crew;
And our Father in Heaven he saw us, and held us in His hands,
And saved us all from death that night on the pitiless Goodwin Sands.

11. SONG .. "Darby and Joan" .. *Molloy.*

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

Darby, dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day;
Shadow and sun for ev'ry one as the years roll on;
Darby dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I;
Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then;
"Things will be better, sweet wife, again!"
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Darby, dear, but my heart was wild,
When we buried our baby child;
Until you whisper'd "Heav'n knows best!" and my heart found rest.
Darby, dear, 'twas your loving hand,
Show'd the way to the better land;
Ah! lad, as you kiss'd each tear,
Life grew better and Heaven more near;
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for ev'ry one as the years roll on,
Hand in hand when the long night-tide,
Gently covers us side by side;
Ah! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us for ever then;
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

12. ORGAN SOLO "March Solennelle" .. *Lemaigre.*

MR. B. JACKSON.

13. SONG .. "My Queen" .. *Blumenthal.*

MR. J. A. BOVETT.

Where and how shall I earliest meet her,
What are the words she first will say,
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day.
With the selfsame sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlets sheen,
She is standing somewhere, she I would honour,
She that I wait for, my queen, my queen!

I will not dream of her, tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does, it will sure be right.
And she may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
But whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my queen, my queen!

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, that maiden I love,
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping
E'er I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!

14. SONG .. "Scenes that are brightest" .. *Maritana.*

MISS DELVES-YATES.

Scenes that are brightest
May charm awhile,
Hearts that are lightest
And eyes that smile;
Yet o'er them, above us,
Tho' nature beam,
With none to love us
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter
They mock the ear;
Hope will still deceive us,
With tearful cost,
For when they leave us
The heart is lost.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12TH, 1890.

AT 12.30.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

- Overture to "Daughter of Jairus" .. *Stainer.*
- Andante in B flat .. *Merhel.*
- "Pro Peccatis" (Stabat Mater) .. *Rossini.*
- Prelude and Fugue .. *Mendelssohn.*
- Adagio in D .. *Mozart.*
- "My soul shall be joyful"
(from Oratorio "The Shunamite") .. *Garrett.*
- Finale in D .. *Guilmant.*

AT 4.—ORGAN RECITAL & SACRED CONCERT

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

VOCALISTS:

MISS ANNIE LAYTON AND MR. A. J. LAYTON.

- Adagio and Fantasia .. *Stainer.*
- Recit. and Air, "For behold darkness" (Messiah) .. *Handel.*
MR. A. J. LAYTON.
- Intermezzo in F (Sonata 4) .. *Rheinberger.*
- Solo, "O ye that love the Lord" (the Lord is King) *Burnby.*
MISS ANNIE LAYTON.
- Variations on the Vesper Hymn .. *Turpin.*
- Air .. "How great, O Lord" (St. Peter) .. *Benedict.*
MR. A. J. LAYTON.
- Andante .. *Wély.*
- Arioso, "But the Lord is mindful" (St. Paul) *Mendelssohn.*
MISS ANNIE LAYTON.
- Postlude .. *Rink.*

AT 8.—ORGAN RECITAL.

ORGANIST - MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

- Sonata, No 4 .. *Guilmant.*
- "God is a Spirit," and "Abide with me" .. *Bennett.*
- Concerto, No 1 (last movement) .. *Handel.*
- "Songs in the night" .. *Spinney.*
- Introduction and Fugue (from new Sonata, No 12) *Rheinberger.*
- "God shall wipe away all tears"
(from "Light of the World") *Sullivan.*
- St. Alban's Festal March .. *Berridge.*

The Gentle Boy.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Continued from page 93.)

I REMEMBERED how I had been moved to go forth a wanderer, when my daughter, the youngest, the dearest of my flock, lay on her dying bed, and"—

"Couldst thou obey the command at such a moment?" exclaimed Pearson, shuddering.

"Yea, yea," replied the old man, hurriedly. "I was kneeling by her bedside when the voice spoke loud within me; but immediately I rose, and took my staff, and gat me gone. Oh! that it were permitted me to forget her woful look, when I thus withdrew my arm, and left her journeying through the dark valley alone! for her soul was faint, and she had leaned upon my prayers. Now in that night of horror I was assailed by the thought that I had been an erring Christian, and a cruel parent; yea, even my daughter, with her pale dying features, seemed to stand by me and whisper, 'Father, you are deceived; go home and shelter your grey head.' Oh! thou to whom I have looked in my farthest wanderings," continued the Quaker, raising his agitated eyes to Heaven, "inflict not upon the bloodiest of our persecutors the unmitigated agony of my soul, when I believed that all I had done and suffered for Thee was at the instigation of a mocking fiend! But I yielded not; I kneeled down and wrestled with the tempter, while the scourge bit more fiercely into the flesh. My prayer was heard, and I went on in peace and joy towards the wilderness."

The old man, though his fanaticism had generally all the calmness of reason, was deeply moved while reciting this tale; and his unwonted emotion seemed to rebuke and keep down that of his companion. They sat in silence with their faces to the fire, imagining perhaps, in its red embers, new scenes of persecution yet to be encountered. The snow still drifted hard against the windows, and sometimes as the blaze of the logs had gradually sunk, came down the spacious chimney, and hissed upon the hearth. A cautious footstep might now and then be heard in a neighbouring apartment, and the sound invariably drew the eyes of both Quakers to the door which led thither. When a fierce and riotous gust of wind had led his thoughts, by a natural association, to homeless travellers on such a night, Pearson resumed the conversation.

"I have well-nigh sunk under my own share of this trial," observed he, sighing heavily, "yet I would that it might be doubled to me, if so the child's mother could be spared. Her wounds have been deep and many, but this will be the sorest of all."

"Fear not for Catharine," replied the old Quaker; "for I know that valiant woman, and have seen how she can bear the cross. A mother's heart, indeed, is strong in her, and may seem to contend mightily with her faith; but soon she will stand up and give thanks that her son has been thus early an accepted sacrifice. The boy hath done his work, and she will feel that he is taken hence in kindness both to him and her. Blessed, blessed are they that with so little suffering can enter into peace!"

The fitful rush of the wind was now disturbed by a portentous sound;—it was a quick and heavy knocking at the outer door. Pearson's wan countenance grew paler; for many a visit of persecution had taught him what to dread; the old man, on the other hand, stood up erect, and his glance was that of the tired soldier who awaits his enemy.

"The men of blood have come to seek me," he observed with calmness. "They have heard how I was moved to return from banishment; and now I am to be led to prison, and thence to death. It is an end I have long looked for. I will open unto them, lest they say, 'Lo, he feareth!'"

"Nay, I will present myself before them," said Pearson, with recovered fortitude. "It may be that they seek me alone, and know not that thou abidest with me."

"Let us go boldly, both one and the other," rejoined his companion. "It is not fitting that thou or I should shrink."

They therefore proceeded through the entry to the door, which they opened, bidding the applicant "Come in, in God's name!" A furious blast of wind drove the storm into their faces, and extinguished the lamp; they had barely time to discern a figure, so white from head to foot with the drifted snow, that it seemed like winter's self, come in human shape to take refuge from its own desolation.

"Enter, friend, and do thy errand, be it what it may," said Pearson. "It must needs be pressing, since thou comest on such a bitter night."

"Peace be with this household," said the stranger, when they stood on the floor of the inner apartment.

Pearson started, the elder Quaker stirred the slumbering embers of the fire till they sent up a clear and lofty blaze; it was a female voice that had spoken, it was a female form that shone out, cold and wintry, in that comfortable light.

"Catharine, blessed woman," exclaimed the old man, "art thou come to this darkened land again? art thou come to bear a valiant testimony as in former years? The scourge hath not prevailed against thee, and from the dungeon hast thou come forth triumphant; but strengthen, strengthen now thy heart, Catharine, for Heaven will prove thee yet this once, ere thou go to thy reward."

"Rejoice, friends!" she replied. "Thou who hast long been of our people, and thou whom a little child hath led to us, rejoice! Lo! I come, the messenger of glad tidings, for the day of persecution is overpast. The heart of the king, even Charles, hath been moved in gentleness towards us, and he hath sent forth his letters to stay the hands of the men of blood. A ship's company of our friends hath arrived at yonder town, and I also sailed joyfully among them."

As Catharine spoke, her eyes were roaming about the room, in search of him for whose sake security was dear to her. Pearson made a silent appeal to the old man, nor did the latter shrink from the painful task assigned him.

"Sister," he began, in a softened yet perfectly calm tone, "thou tellest us of His love, manifested in temporal good; and now must we speak to thee of that self-same love, displayed in chastenings. Hitherto, Catharine, thou hast been as one journeying in a darksome and difficult path, and leading an infant by the hand; fain wouldst thou have looked heavenward continually, but still the cares of that little child have drawn thine eyes, and thy affections, to the earth. Sister! go on rejoicing, for his tottering footsteps shall impede thine own no more."

But the unhappy mother was not thus to be consoled; she shook like a leaf, she turned white as the very snow that hung drifted into her hair. The firm old man extended his hand and held her up, keeping his eye upon hers, as if to repress an outbreak of passion.

"I am a woman, I am but a woman; will He try me above my strength?" said Catharine, very quickly, and almost in a whisper. "I have been wounded sore; I have suffered much; many things in the body, many in the mind; crucified in myself, and in them that were dearest to me. Surely," added she, with a long shudder, "He hath spared me in this one thing." She broke forth with sudden and irrepressible violence. "Tell me, man of cold heart, what has God done to me? Hath He cast me down, never to rise again? Hath He crushed my very heart in His hand? And thou, to whom I committed my child, how hast thou fulfilled thy trust? Give me back the boy, well, sound, alive, alive; or earth and Heaven shall avenge me!"

The agonised shriek of Catharine was answered by the faint, the very faint voice of a child.

On this day it had become evident to Pearson, to his aged guest, and to Dorothy, that Ibrahim's brief and troubled pilgrimage drew near its close. The two former would willingly have remained with him, to make use of the prayers and pious discourses which they deemed appropriate to the time, and which, if they be impotent as to the departing traveller's reception in the world whither it goes, may at least sustain him in bidding adieu to earth. But though Ibrahim uttered no complaint, he was disturbed by the faces that looked upon him; so that Dorothy's entreaties, and their own conviction that the child's feet might tread Heaven's pavement and not soil it, had induced the two Quakers to remove. Ibrahim then closed his eyes and grew calm, and, except for now and then a kind and low word to his nurse, might have been thought to slumber. As nightfall came on, however, and the storm began to rise, something seemed to trouble the repose of the boy's mind, and to render his sense of hearing active and acute. If a passing wind lingered to shake the casement, he strove to turn his head towards it; if the door jarred to and fro upon its hinges, he looked long and anxiously thitherward; if the heavy voice of the old man, as he read the Scriptures, rose but a little higher, the child almost held his dying breath to listen; if a snowdrift swept by the cottage, with a sound like the trailing of a garment, Ibrahim seemed to watch that some visitant should enter.

But, after a little time, he relinquished whatever secret hope had agitated him, and, with one low complaining whisper, turned his cheek upon the pillow. He then addressed Dorothy with his usual sweetness, and besought her to draw

The Leaders of the World.

A WELL-KNOWN American newspaper (*The Boston Herald*) has recently expressed its opinion on the merits of Englishmen. It will not be disputed, says that journal, that men can be found in the United States with as large native endowments as men have in England. And yet there somehow prevails in all the higher associations of life the impression that for the highest mechanical skill, for the lead in literature, for the broader and stronger thought of the world, for the truest eminence in those things which pertain to leadership in society or politics or religion, the Englishman is the superior man. What does this mean? Is the race running out in the offshoots of Great Britain so that the stock can only be found in its full vitality as a home product, or is there something in the climate and traditions of Old England which has no counterpart anywhere else? The question is a leading one, and in the departments of industry and intellectual action it is constantly asked. Go to the Public Library, and look over the new books which every steamer brings from London, and you will be greatly impressed with the plentitude of power which rests in the British intellect; go to our great wholesale stores, where the chief fabrics produced in England are on sale, and you will find that British workmanship on certain lines leads the world. There is a surplus of energy in English life to-day which resembles the traditions of that surplus in the grandly vigorous life of the seventeenth century. There is a first-class man for every position, from that of the humblest artisan to that of the Prime Minister or that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There is a reason for this which ought to be known, and perhaps it lies nearer the surface than many think. The English stock, where it is good, is always very good. The same stock, as in a family like the Adamses, where you can trace it from one generation to another, is excellent in this country. But here it is the exception, and there it is the rule. In the ranks of those who have prestige and carry weight into life the English have only one rival, and that is the Germans, who share with them the massive strength that rules the world. Added to the English stock comes the English training in the great schools like Rugby and Eton and Harrow. Here the drill is both athletic and classical, and it is the drill that hardens the body at the same time that it subdues the mind to the will. Take the prize essays won at Oxford by the octogenarians of our own day, and you find that nearly every man who won one of these prizes reached one of the highest distinctions in English life. Take the Oxford and Cambridge graduates of a generation ago, and you detect the hands there that rule England to-day. The large game of the nation was in the grasp of these men from the beginning. They marched to the conquest with all their forces alert, and with the determination to win the prizes open to all England on their merits; and the effect of such exertions has been to raise the character of intellectual exertion all over England. Where we have one good training school England has a dozen, which drill into the mind and heart of a young man that everything depends upon his making the most of himself. Think of Lord Brougham, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Gladstone, and Dean Stanley, who have joined enormous industry with the first abilities, and compare them with men of corresponding ability and industry in this country—men like Rufus Choate, Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, and living leaders whom one can think of—and it is easy to see that there are more men apparently in England than in this country who are willing to pay the price of eminence.

M. MASPERO, the famous Egyptologist, who has given the world much valuable knowledge through his study of the relics of the ancient Egyptian civilisation, related in a recent lecture a singular experience which he had in bringing to Europe an Egyptian mummy. It was a mummy of a king, and an important contribution to an archaeological collection, and M. Maspero fancied that the Custom House officers would not insist too rigidly upon payment of duty. The first of these functionaries whom he encountered, however, insisted upon doing his full duty. He opened the box which contained the mummy, and exclaimed: "Halloa! what have we here?" "A Pharaoh—a genuine Pharaoh of the sixth dynasty," said the scientist. "A Pharaoh!" said the puzzled officer. "I don't seem to remember what the duty on Pharaohs is." He set to work to look up "the Pharaohs" in his tariff-schedule, but found no such article entered in the list. "This importation," said the officer finally, "does not seem to be provided for under the statutes. We have to follow our rule in such cases, and class it with the highest-taxed article of the kind that it seems to belong to. I shall classify your Pharaoh as dried fish." S. M. Maspero paid the tariff on dried fish for his mummy.

near him; she did so, and Ibrahim took her hand in both of his, grasping it with a gentle pressure, as if to assure himself that he retained it. At intervals, and without disturbing the repose of his countenance, a very faint trembling passed over him from head to foot, as if a mild but somewhat cool wind had breathed upon him, and made him shiver. As the boy thus led her by the hand, in his quiet progress over the borders of eternity, Dorothy almost imagined that she could discern the near, though dim delightfulness, of the home he was about to reach; she would not have enticed the little wanderer back, though she bemoaned herself that she must leave him and return. But just when Ibrahim's feet were pressing on the soil of Paradise, he heard a voice behind him, and it recalled him a few, few paces of the weary path which he had travelled. As Dorothy looked upon his features, she perceived that their placid expression was again disturbed; her own thoughts had been so wrapped in him, that all sounds of the storm, and of human speech, were lost to her; but when Catharine's shriek pierced through the room, the boy strove to raise himself.

"Friend, she is come! Open unto her!" cried he.

In a moment his mother was kneeling by the bedside; she drew Ibrahim to her bosom, and he nestled there, with no violence of joy, but contentedly as if he were hushing himself to sleep. He looked into her face, and reading its agony, said, with feeble earnestness, "Mourn not, dearest mother. I am happy now." And with these words the gentle boy was dead.

The king's mandate to stay the New England persecutors was effectual in preventing further martyrdoms; but the colonial authorities, trusting in the remoteness of their situation, and perhaps in the supposed instability of the Royal government, shortly renewed their severities in all other respects. Catharine's fanaticism had become wilder by the sundering of all human ties; and wherever a scourge was lifted, there was she to receive the blow; and whenever a dungeon was unbarred, thither she came, to cast herself upon the floor. But in process of time, a more Christian spirit—a spirit of forbearance, though not of cordiality or approbation, began to pervade the land in regard to the persecuted sect. And then, when the rigid old Pilgrims eyed her rather in pity than in wrath: when the matrons fed her with the fragments of their children's food, and offered her a lodging on a hard and lowly bed; when no little crowd of schoolboys left their sports to cast stones after the roving enthusiast; then did Catharine return to Pearson's dwelling, and made that her home.

As if Ibrahim's sweetness yet lingered round his ashes; as if his gentle spirit came down from Heaven to teach his parent a true religion, her fierce and vindictive nature was softened by the same griefs which had once irritated it. When the course of years had made the features of the unobtrusive mourner familiar in the settlement, she became a subject of not deep, but general interest; a being on whom the otherwise superfluous sympathies of all might be bestowed. Every one spoke of her with that degree of pity which it is pleasant to experience; every one was ready to do her the little kindnesses which are not costly, yet manifest good will; and when at last she died, a long train of her once bitter persecutors followed her, with decent sadness and tears that were not painful, to her place by Ibrahim's green and sunken grave.

THE END.

WHICH will you do—smile and be happy, or be crabbed and make others around you miserable? You can live, as it were, among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face and a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make a number of persons wretched beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow in your face. There are few joys so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about daily business.

ONE of the 14th was singularly lucky in what appeared a chance mode of saving his life, in one of the actions in which the regiment was engaged. The drum beating to arms before he had finished his dinner, he thrust a piece of bacon, too precious a morsel in such precarious times to be wasted, into the breast-pocket of his coat. After the battle was over, he discovered a bullet in the bacon; and ever afterwards, when thankfully recounting the tale of the miraculous escape, he used to say that he was doubly fortunate, for he had "not only saved his bacon, but his bacon had saved him."

Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session commenced 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. Umbach	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. G. Scarmen	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*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	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" High-class Prac.	Mrs. Pitcher	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" Demonstration.	Mrs. Sharman	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Thursday	3.5 & 6-8	10 6
Elocution ...	Mrs. S. L. Hasluck	"	8.0-9.30	2 6
Shakespeare ...	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	5 0

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	(Wh. Sc.) M.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
" II.	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
*Magism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	A.I.E.E. and	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	Mr. Brooker	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac.	Ph.D., F.C.S.	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " Theo. Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac.	"	"	8.0-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" —Honrs.	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics	(Wh. Sc.)	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

* 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 ...	and	Tuesday	"	"
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	"	"
*Decorative Designing ...	and	Friday	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
†Drawing from Life ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Etching ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	6 0
†Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Repoussé Work & Engv.	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0

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

Musical Classes.

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

Per Quarter.

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

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	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.) ...	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	"
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.ist	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " 2nd	"	"	4 0	"
" " Elemen.3rd	"	"	4 0	"
" " Advanced	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	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	Mon. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
*Land Surveying and	B.A. (Lond.)	"	"	"
Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Saturday	3.30-5.30	"
Chess ...	Dr. Stoker	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	1 0
Literary ...	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0
"	Mr. H. Spender	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 0

Per Quarter.

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

Technical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Boot and Shoe Making ...	Mr. W. R. Admitt	Thursday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. D. A. Low	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Printing (Letter Press) ...	Mr. E.R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Electrical Engineering—	"	"	"	"
Elec. Litng. Instrument	Mr. W. Slingo	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Making & Telegraphy	A.I.E.E. and	"	"	"
Laboratory and Work-	Mr. A. Brooker	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
shop Practice ...	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	Friday	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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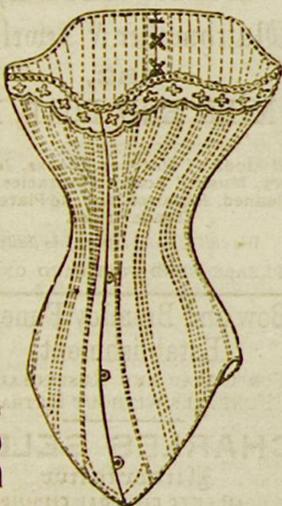
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