

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

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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.

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. 16th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Meetings of Old Boys Day and Technical Schools Clubs as follows:—Cricket, 7.45; Ramblers, 8.15; Harriers, 8.45; Swimming, 9.15.
- FRIDAY, Jan. 17th.—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.
- SATURDAY, Jan. 18th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Ramblers' Club.—To British Museum, at 2.—Orchestra 1 Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Gymnasium.—Leaders' Meeting, at 7.—Choral Society.—Social Evening, at 7.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Paper-chase, Wanstead, at 2.30.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall, at 8.
- SUNDAY, Jan. 19th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, Jan. 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- TUESDAY, Jan. 21st.—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. 22nd.—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.—Students' Social Dance in Exhibition Buildings.

### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JANUARY 19th, 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.

DEATH in the teapot; death in the bloater-paste pot; and now death in the green-pea tin. When a man sits down in a city restaurant in January, and sees on the bill of fare an offer of "green peas, sixpence," he isn't surprised because he knows that they have come out of a soldered-up tin; and unless he be a man of an optimistic habit of thought, he doesn't order them with the expectation of getting food of any particular flavour. But if they were to poison a customer the circumstance might cause him some astonishment, unless he had read the evidence in a recent police-court case in Lancashire, and ordered them in the character of *felo de se*. Peas potted in England, it seems, are all right (everything is all right in England), but there are some wicked pea-potters in France who pot a good deal of sulphate of copper to keep the peas company and preserve their healthy colour, before sending their goods over to this country. What with French green-peas and Russian influenza, it looks as though free trade had gone a little too far.

A NEW monthly review has just appeared—a sort of *Tit-Bits* among monthlies, and its title is *The Review of Reviews*. All the articles from the heavy monthlies are to be boiled down and presented in *précis* in this magazine. I suppose this will be a useful thing in these driving days of skimming, and I assume that the principle of the new venture squares with the law of copyright, although one can sympathise with a writer whose work is "boiled down" against his will.

A GREAT deal of hostility (and not altogether without reason), is nowadays being shown towards football on the score of the roughness frequently displayed; but there is a class of football still in high favour at Axholme in North Lincolnshire, which in the matter of roughness (except that sometimes expended upon the umpire), is to the ordinary Rugby game as brandy is to milk. There is no limit to the number who may engage in this gentle pastime, each village sending as big a crowd as possible. The ball consists of a solid roll of leather, and at the signal to begin, everybody makes a rush for it, and lays about him impartially with legs, arms, head and anything else he can fight with; and it is no uncommon thing for a thousand or so all told, to take part in this recreation. The rules of the game are comprised in two doggerel lines, and certainly cannot be charged with a want of simplicity—

Hoose agin hoose, toon agin toon  
First mon yo meet, knock him doon!

THESE rules seem to be stuck to as never were rules before, and they leave little room for disputes on points of the game. An umpire is appointed, it seems, although one wonders, rather, what he has to do. It isn't usual to appoint umpires at other free fights. Perhaps he has to assess the damage done to the premises of the nearest public house, into which it is the object of each noble sportsman to drive or carry the ball or "hood," and to prevent any other noble sportsman doing the same thing; this feat, successfully performed, deciding the game.

A VERY puzzling conundrum is now being asked, which awaits solution by a member of the coal trade. This is it: wages in the coal districts have recently been raised 30 per

cent. This makes coal about 1s. 6d. a ton dearer at the pit's mouth. Carriage to London is as cheap as before. *Per contra*, the City coal dues have decreased ninepence a ton, leaving a net increase of ninepence a ton in the cost of coal to the producer. Puzzle: why is it that the price of coal to London consumers has been raised 5s. in the ton? And (puzzle No. 2) why has coal in Brighton been raised to 5s. in the ton above the London price?

The influenza is leaving us fast, and panic-mongers will have to look up something new. Nothing will ever convince me that it was not my paragraph of advice as to the treatment of influenza in last week's *Journal* which has driven the epidemic away.

MR. HAMISH McCANN wrote a song recently, and it was published in a magazine. Somehow, the pages were bound together in their wrong order, bringing the middle of the song at the end, and so forth. Whereupon a musical paper criticises the production with the remark that it has a "strange and original conclusion," and that the entire song must be considered "a remarkable example of mysticism and fresh thought." Which is profound, but funny.

SUB-EDITOR.

### Palace Notes.

IN another column will be found a report of the lecture on the Phonograph, delivered last week in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Stock, the Orchestral Society's Honorary Secretary, has provided us with this report from shorthand notes taken by him mostly in utter darkness, while the oxy-hydrogen lantern was being used. Mr. Stock placed a copy of the *Journal* across his note-book, and used its edge as a guide to his lines of characters, shifting it at the conclusion of each line. We are proud of the *Journal* having taken part in so remarkable a feat, and feel convinced that no other paper would have done so well.

I PRINT below the syllabus of the Cookery lessons now being so successfully given by Mrs. Sharman and Mrs. Pitcher at the Palace. It is possible that the publication of such an appetising list of good things may bring still further crowds of young housekeepers, or even old ones, to these excellent classes.

**HIGH-CLASS COOKERY.**—Thursday, 3 to 5 and 6 to 8. *Practical Lessons.*—1. Fancy Bread, Teacakes and Buns. 2. Charlotte Russe, Savoy Biscuits, Gateau de Prunes, Shrewsbury Cakes. 3. Stewed Kidneys, Rough Puff Paste, Cheese Tartlets, Cheese Omelet. 4. Short Crust, Apricot Tart, French Pastry, Bird's Nests. 5. Jelly, Curried Chicken, Boiled Rice, Wine Biscuits, Fillets of Beef. 6. Lemon Cream, Invalid Custard, Caramel Pudding, Cup Custard. 7. Puff Paste, Brandy Wafers, Ox Tail Soup, Patties, Tartlets. 8. Vermicelli Pudding, Raspberry Biscuits, Minced Veal Florentines. 9. Dressed Mussels, Orange Pie, Ginger Genoese, Macaroons. 10. Water Souche, Mulligatawny Soup, Crab with Tomatoes, Creams. 11. Pigeon Pie, Fillet of Beef, Horseradish Sauce, Salad Dressing. 12. Lobster Cutlets, Good Friday Buns, Iced Cake, Croquettes.

*Demonstration Lessons.*—Thursday, 8 to 9.30. 1. Curry and Boiled Rice, Lemon Sponge, Ginger Beer. 2. Some Vegetarian Dishes. 3. Potato Patties, Potato Balls, Rissoles. 4. Good Home-Made Bread, Teacakes. 5. Sponge Cakes, Baked Fish, Custard Pudding. 6. Banbury Puffs, Sausage Rolls, Barley Water. 7. Meat Cake, Tomato Soup, Omelets. 8. Beef Tea, Chestnut Rissoles, Stewed Rabbit. 9. Dresden Patties, Stewed Kidney, Bubble and Squeak. 10. Pig's Fry, Savoury Pudding, Sauces. 11. Friar's Omelet, Cornish Pasties, Rice Buns. 12. Dough Nuts, Veal Pie, Rice Pudding.

**HOUSEHOLD COOKERY.**—Monday, 8 to 9.30; Friday, 7.30 to 9.30. *Practical Lessons.*—1. Household Bread, Brown and White Teacakes. 2. Baked Rhubarb Pudding, German Pudding, Bachelor's Plum Pudding, Semolina Pudding, Sweet Sauce. 3. Cressy Soup, Mulligatawny Soup, Scotch Soup, Vegetable Soup. 4. Short Crust, Flaky Crust, Kentish Teacakes, Banbury Squares. 5. Roast Heart, Melted Butter, Rice Dumplings, Drop Biscuits. 6. Pork Pie, Small Raised Pies, Biscuit Fritters, French Pancakes. 7. Fish and Egg Sauce, Scotch Woodcock, Yeast Seed Cake, Savoury Toast. 8. Dutch Buns, Potted Meat, Grantham Gingerbread, Sea Pie. 9. Rules for Roasting and Boiling, Cottage Pie, Apple Cake, Custards, Blancmange. 10. Irish Stew, Fish in

Batter, Palace Fritters, Cocomat Buns. 11. Fruit Tarts, Sponge Cake, Madeira Cake, Cold Meat Patties, Salad Dressing. 12. To Boil Vegetables, Hot Cross Buns, Beef Tea, Ways of using up Cold Meat.

REFERENCE to the Club column will disclose the fact that another Students' Dance is to take place next Wednesday. Mr. Marshall is at present, his many friends will be sorry to hear, confined to his room by illness, but he is not neglecting his excellent work.

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 CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

We meet for practice on Friday and Tuesday at 8 o'clock. It is hoped that Members will be as regular and punctual as possible in their attendance as the time is getting short before the next concert, and we have some difficult work before us. Members are requested to return all copies of music on Friday next. The Second Social Evening will be held next Saturday, at 7 o'clock. **SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Intending students, and also old Members who have not renewed their tickets, should join at once, as the vacancies are being quickly filled up.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

The following are the subjects for the next monthly exhibition, to be held on Monday, February 10th:—

Figure .. .. .	A Study of a Hand.
Landscape Design ..	A Study in Olive and Russet.
Wood Carving .. .. .	A Border.

CHAS. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

Leaders' meeting on Saturday next, the 18th inst., at 7 p.m. The next display will take place in the Queen's Hall, on February 5th.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Our Second Social Dance was held on Saturday last in the Exhibition Buildings, Messrs. Marshall and Rosenway being unfortunately too ill to attend, Mr. Robb kindly acted as M.C., and was assisted in other ways by Members of Committee, who fulfilled the duties required of them in a most satisfactory manner, and although we were late in commencing, the evening passed off very successfully. About 9 p.m. we were visited by the Exeter Hall Ramblers, who seemed highly pleased with our mode of enjoyment, and watched the dancers with marked interest.

Saturday, January 18th, British Museum, meeting outside at 2 p.m. sharp. Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, the famous Assyrian lecturer, and Mr. C. T. Jeffery, have promised to accompany the party. Members should make a special effort to attend this ramble.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

We are invited to join the Choral Society on Saturday evening next at seven o'clock, the occasion of their second Social. Members are particularly requested to attend. Tickets to be obtained from Secretary.

**PUBLIC NOTICE.**—We have vacancies for all instruments, and the Secretary will be pleased to give any information to musicians who would like to join. Rehearsals are held on Tuesday evenings, at 8, and Saturday, at 5.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

#### STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

The next Students' Dance will take place on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., in the Exhibition Buildings, at 8 p.m. Students admitted by Class Ticket only. Programmes, 3d. each, to be obtained same evening.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

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

The sports took place last Saturday, on an elevated piece of ground close to the head-quarters, on Wanstead Flats. They commenced with two running races, distances 200 yards and 400 yards. These races were keenly contested, but the ground being very slippery, the boys had some difficulty in getting along quickly. We next had two walking races, distances 200 yards and 400 yards, which were very amusing, and brought into prominence the difficulty of drawing a line between running and walking. These were followed by a hopping race, distance 100 yards. In this race the boys started very well, but owing to attempting to get along too quickly, a few of them fell out of the race by putting down their other foot. The next event was throwing the football against the wind. After this came a three-legged race, distance 100 yards; this race was very laughable. The last event was the long jump. The following boys distinguished themselves:—Wright, Moxhay, Flower, and Warmington.—Next Saturday we shall have a paper chase. Meet at Wanstead at 2.30 p.m.

F. G. C.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' TECHNICAL SCHOOL CLUB.

Members wishing to join any of the clubs as under, are requested to be present at the meeting on January 16th, when Sir Edmund Hay Currie will take the chair:—Cricket, 7.45 p.m.; Ramblers, 8.15 p.m.; Harriers, 8.45 p.m.; Swimming, 9.15 p.m. Members wishing to take part in the first monthly entertainment, which will include dialogues, recitations, and songs, are requested to give in their names to Cheltnam or Bowster as early as possible. The entertainment will take place on Saturday, February 1st, at 8 p.m. Those members who have not yet paid their subscriptions are reminded that it was due on January 6th.

E. J. WIGNALL, Secretary.

#### People's Palace Junior Section.

On Saturday evening, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, with his usual thoughtful care for the welfare of lads, held a meeting of the above Section, for the purpose of forming a club for those who have been in it not less than three months. The Committee will be formed of the Junior Gymnastic Leaders, who will be responsible for the even working of the new club.

L. G. LOWTHER.

#### Girls' Junior Section.

On Saturday, the 11th instant, the girls had a Christmas Tree provided for them in the Lecture Hall. The tree was lit up at half-past seven, and Miss Maitland's tasteful arrangement of the tree was much admired by the girls, and the visitors. About fifty girls accepted the invitation to be present. While refreshments were handed round, the articles were taken down from the tree and distributed, every girl getting a present and a bag of sweets. Then "Bingo," "Jolly Miller," and "Blind Man's Buff," were played, everyone joining in the games. At the close a vote of thanks was heartily accorded to Lady Currie for providing the necessary funds, and her unavoidable absence was much regretted. At Miss Maitland's request, Mr. Michell pointed out the desire of the promoters of the Section that the numbers of girls should increase, and suggested that each girl should induce two or three of her friends to join.

#### French Evening Classes Report.

List of Students who passed most creditably at the last Christmas French Examination.

**1ST ELEMENTARY.**—Highest obtainable marks, 100.—Mr. W. Thos. Smith (99); Miss A. M. Hodges (77); Mr. Dorée (76); Mr. T. J. McCardle (73); and about twenty other students obtained 50 marks, and deserve praise.

**2ND ELEMENTARY.**—Highest marks, 120.—Miss E. Parfitt (80); Miss R. Tooke (78); Mr. C. Reeve (64); Mr. S. Natzler (61); Miss Brodick (60); and a few others deserve special praise, as unfortunately through a mistake of mine they had to do the 3rd Elementary paper.

**3RD ELEMENTARY.**—Highest marks, 120.—Messrs. A. Geis (114); J. R. Cowling (89); H. C. Hendry (85); Miss Louisa Rattray (83); and a few others obtained two thirds of the marks obtainable.

**INTERMEDIATE.**—Highest marks, 104.—Messrs. R. Turner (99); C. Butler (92); F. Weston (85); A. Allard (77); the paper was perhaps rather hard, but on the whole was managed well by the majority of the students. The members of this class deserve the greatest credit for their punctuality, perseverance and attention. Great progress has been noticeable at the end of every term of each session.

**ADVANCED (A).**—Highest marks, 120.—Miss Julia Valentine (113); Mr. E. Salter (112); Miss L. Lindley (86); Mr. E. Bramley (84); Miss Ray Marks, although having been sometime absent on account of illness, obtained 63 marks with great credit.

**JUNIOR SECTION.**—Highest marks obtainable, 115.—A. Jones, late day scholar (108); E. Rose (106); A. J. Burchill (103); P. Pogson (97); F. Turpin (88); Callard (79); H. Hill (75). The majority of those examined obtained half the given marks, the lowest student getting 47. I am pleased to mention that the pupils of this class have been most attentive, and have given me great pleasure in teaching them. The grammatical questions have been exceedingly well answered, the translation was rather weak, and this was surprising, as the extract specially referred to those very questions which they had so well answered. I trust that with continued perseverance they will soon be able to put theory into practice.

ERNEST POINTIN.

#### Presentation to Mr. Orton Bradley.

ON Tuesday evening, the 7th instant, a very interesting little ceremony took place at the meeting of the Choral Society, when a presentation was made by the Members to their able and much-respected conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, as a mark of esteem and appreciation of his services.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie (President of the Society) kindly consented to hand the Society's little present, which consisted of a very handsome writing case, of dark oak with ivory fittings, to Mr. Bradley. In the course of a very appropriate speech, Sir Edmund said, that great things were expected of the People's Palace Choral Society; though it was still young, there was no reason why, under the excellent conductorship of Mr. Orton Bradley, it should not be the first choral society in East London, and perhaps in course of time one of the leading societies in London, or even Great Britain. He would not make a lengthy speech, but was pleased to at once hand to Mr. Bradley this splendid present, which had been subscribed for entirely by the Members themselves; and he was sure Mr. Bradley would fully appreciate this mark of the high opinion in which his services are held by them.

Mr. Bradley, in thanking the Members of the Society for their kindness, said they had taken him quite by surprise, but in accepting such a handsome gift, he should ever prize it; but he thought there was still another way in which they could show a continuance of the appreciation of his services, and this by a regular and punctual attendance at all the practices.

#### Letter to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I think that the Members of the Palace are not all aware of the fact that a Literary Class is in existence, by joining which it is possible to gain all the advantages of the Old Literary Society, and of the Palace membership, by paying the not exorbitant fee of a shilling a quarter.

When I consented to continue my co-operation in the literary studies of the Palace, after the suspension of the Institute, I had hoped that all the Members of the Old Literary Society would join the new Literary Class, and that the class would gain additions from other parts of the Palace, when it was recognised as part and parcel of the training system of the Palace.

In that hope I have been disappointed. The class is not so prosperous as the Society was, and the interest has rather fallen off than increased. In the natural course of affairs, the class would cease to exist, but I am induced to continue its existence, under a conviction of the immense importance of the study of literature—and especially English literature—as an element in the future well-being of the People's Palace, and of all the palaces that it is proposed to build in London. I am firmly persuaded that mere technical training in the handicrafts, by which the men of the East End have to earn their living, however useful and necessary, is totally insufficient as a liberal education.

This education, which in other schools of learning is derived from the study of the literature of Greece and Rome, can only, it seems to me, be acquired at People's Palaces, through the study of English literature.

We meet on Friday evenings, at half-past eight o'clock, in Class Room No. 9.

We are at present studying Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," Milton's, "Comus and Lycidas," and Wordsworth's "Lyrics."

Yours faithfully,

HAROLD SPENDER.

## Edison's Latest Phonograph.

ON Wednesday evening last a Lecture was delivered in the Queen's Hall, by Mr. J. Lewis Young, on the above subject. The chair was to have been taken by Sir Edmund Hay Currie, but owing to an attack of influenza he could not possibly attend.

Before the Lecture, we had an opportunity of inspecting the phonograph, and an idea of its general conformation will assist our readers in understanding the subsequent proceedings. A small box, about the size of an ordinary sewing machine cover, is divided into two parts, one part containing the mechanism, and the other the motive power; on the top of the box is a bar which revolves on two end uprights, and on this bar are several small wheels.

Previous to exhibiting the machine, the lecturer illustrated the subject very fully by a powerful oxy-hydrogen lantern. He showed the relation of sound to the phonograph. Sound was caused by vibration and spread in constantly enlarging circular waves in every direction, until it reached the ear.

He then gave some very good illustrations, showing the exact outline these sounds made on the phonograph; the outline of a word was very much like a number of shorthand characters joined together. He explained that one word could not be mistaken for another, the machine being so perfect in its receiving powers, this was followed by some photographs of sound waves which looked like a number of icebergs. He then explained the analogy of the human ear to the phonograph, from which it appears that the diaphragm of the phonograph is constructed exactly like the diaphragm of the ear, and with an equally thin substance. This was followed by a description of the mechanism of the machine, which though rather intricate was exceedingly simple in principle. The sound was received through a piece of ordinary speaking tube or a large tin funnel, according to its volume, by a small diaphragm made of a substance as thin as goldbeaters' skin; a small knife or pointed cutter was fixed at top of the diaphragm, and the point was pressed against a small cylinder made of a brown wax-like substance, but not wax; the sound caused the diaphragm to vibrate, and the vibration caused the cutter to cut into the cylinder (which is revolving all the time) the exact shape of the sound received on the diaphragm. The diaphragm was made in two parts like a pair of spectacles, one part was for receiving and the other for emitting the sound from the cylinder through an ordinary tin funnel. The motive power, he explained, was very inexpensive, and could be obtained from electricity, gas, etc., and even the treadles of a sewing machine. The most delicate-looking parts of the machine were the most durable; the cylinders could be duplicated, and for a small sum we might obtain the sounds of voices of eminent persons for a long period after their death. The hardest sound for the machine was the word fleece, which the machine rendered correctly. He said the cylinders could be kept for two or three years, and that the same cylinder could be used many times, there being a great number of coatings of the wax-like substance, each of which could be removed when used, so that the cylinder which brought a message could be sent back with an answer, and this could be continued until the whole of the coatings were used. A small bar attached to the machine enabled him to make the cylinder repeat any word, or if necessary go back and repeat the whole message as often as required, and this was a very valuable function.

The lecturer then gave the history of the invention of the phonograph. How in 1878, whilst Edison was engaged on his Morse paper, he spoke into the machine, and was surprised to hear an indistinct sound, and how he immediately conceived the idea of a talking machine, and how, after many experiments he succeeded in turning out his machine, which he had to lay aside for some time, owing to the incorrectness of the sound emitted, which he afterwards found out was caused by his having used tinfoil, which did not faithfully receive it. How, whilst this was lying aside, he perfected the electric light, and how after many experiments he perfected his phonograph in 1888, using the wax-like substance instead of the tinfoil. He then gave full details of the perfected machine, and its improvements on the old one, and the manner of working it. He then showed the uses and applications of the machine. First of all we had the editor of the weekly paper, instead of cutting out and pasting news from the daily papers, he read the news into a machine. Next we had the future M.P. for Slocombe-in-the-Hole rehearsing into a machine, putting

in the necessary "hear hears" and "cheers," and afterwards listening to the effect of his speech; then came the patient, giving a machine samples of his influenza and cough; then the business man dictating his letters into a machine to be afterwards written by a clerk or lady type-writer. The lecturer here remarked upon the great demand for lady type-writers, and the fact that type-writing classes were about to form in the People's Palace. He also showed how the machine could be used in connection with telegraphy, setting up type by compositors, and many other uses. The further development of the machine was explained as to the manufacture of talking dolls, and otherwise how when the dolls were first imported they had to be broken up on account of their having strong masculine voices, and in a second importation they had ladies' voices with a strong Yankee twang. He said the machine was not yet completed, and he had this week received a cable from Edison saying he would further develop the machine in two or three weeks.

He then explained as to Edison, whose photo was received with much applause; how he started as a newspaper boy, and how he afterwards made a printing press of his own, using his hands for a press, afterwards improving upon this, and ultimately becoming his own reporter and publisher; and how through his continued success he now employed over 150 men in his workshops carrying out his experiment. A view of the workshops was given, and the lecturer explained as to the gigantic and the minute machinery contained therein, by which it was possible to turn out anything from a Cunard steamer to a chronometer. He explained as to Edison's many inventions, and that what he did was not for the sake of money in its intrinsic value, but for the purpose of enabling him to carry on his experiments, and were he presented with six millions of money to-morrow, he would use it on his experiments. He explained as to Edison's mild temper, his kind and genial nature, and that to know Edison was to love him; how Edison had been likened to Napoleon, but that Napoleon was noted for his destructive powers, whereas Edison on the contrary was noted for his constructive powers.

After an hour's speech, the lecturer came to the practical demonstration of the machine. The first was an air and a jig on a tin whistle, which the machine gave off very clearly; this was followed by an American cornet, which was also very clear; then came a selection by the Coldstream Guards, which was not quite so clear, although the cornet was very prominent; this was followed by a coach horn, which came out in really first-class style, and did great credit to the machine; and then came the song, "Two lovely black eyes." This came out very well, and caused much amusement—the person who had sung the song into the machine having apparently been much amused himself, since not only did the song come out, but hearty peals of laughter. This was followed by another song well rendered. The lecturer then called for a cornet to play into the machine, but as the player had been taken ill, the lecturer whistled an air into the machine, which returned it in a very satisfactory manner. He also recited and whistled into the machine, the recitation came out very faintly, but the whistling very clearly. The Palace Military Band then played to the machine, but the rendering by the machine was very faint. We should have put this down to a sudden attack of influenza, had we not observed that owing to the members looking at their music they did not point their instruments sufficiently to the machine. The result of these demonstrations showed that the machine is more adapted to sharp single sounds, such as the whistle, cornet, coach horn, and voice, but that in the matter of combined sounds, such as bands, choirs, etc., was not so effective.

The lecture, on the whole, was a great success, and highly appreciated by a large audience. The Palace Military Band played a march and an overture in real military style.

Edison's Memeograph was to have been explained, but owing to the want of time, the lecturer was not able to deal with it. From our personal observation, we think the following short explanation will suffice:—A sheet of prepared wax-like paper is placed into a type-writer, and as the type strikes this paper, it forms a fibrous stencil, from which hundreds of copies can be reproduced.

## Answers to Correspondents.

E. POINTIN.—Many thanks for your notes.

W. MARSHALL.—We are sorry to hear of your illness, and hope soon to see you well again. We have inserted the notice.

## Two hours at Port Said.

THERE are few more novel experiences than a trip through the Suez Canal by electric light. The white focussed light moving silently along the narrow course of the water-way brings into momentary view now a group of resting camels stretched upon the soft bed of sand, now a cluster of low-walled, mud-built houses—the homes of the Arab population—now the smart, trim-built stations of the French officials; and, finally, the composite of camels, mules, pilgrims, and pollution which marks the encampment of a caravan of the devout on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Daylight breaks, and the pilgrims, whose piety is more marked than their love of soap, spread praying carpets on the sand to make their peace with Allah. The electric light is quenched, and the huge vessel ripples slowly through the water between the banks of sand on either side. The romance is dispelled with the breaking of day, and even the few poetical souls aboard for whom the unattractive camel and the abnormally dirty Bedouin have a strange fascination, yield to the spell of the breakfast gong.

Before the beefsteak and the ham and eggs are devoured, we learn that we are nearing Port Said, and the more enthusiastic travellers rush on deck to divide their time between field glasses and guide books.

"Hem; quite modern, built on débris from canal. Oh! do look at that dear little Arab boy. What is he crying for?" "Backsheesh, my dear; it is the one, the universal cry of this country. He wants coppers."

In a few minutes we are close into the town, and a flotilla of boats, with sails patched and mended till they resemble crazy quilts, are making for the vessel. We are soon surrounded by them, and vendors of Eastern curios, fruit, and sweetmeats chatter and bargain with the passengers who look down from above.

All the ports are carefully closed, for the Arab, in thieving, is a gem of the first water. A few of our visitors are admitted on deck. One, a fat, oily, profusely smiling gentleman, who embarrasses us with the number and abasement of his bows, presents a card, on which is inscribed, "Mahomed Hassan Thompson Ben-Achmed, guide to travellers, dragoon, translator of foreign languages, dealer in olive wood and rose water."

As we read he shows his teeth, and smiling affably indicates himself with a forefinger covered with much brass jewellery, and murmurs, "Thompson." We engage him as guide to a party.

"I think," remarks an aged and worldly-wise clergyman who is returning from the colonies to England, "we had better make a definite arrangement with the man."

"This, however, is not so easily done. Mahomed Thompson seems rather hurt at the suggestion, and assures us that he has been guide to many eminent men, and gentlemen have always put the utmost confidence in him, and he has never deceived them—never! At last, however, we agree to give him five francs each for a two-hour trip through the Port. We take our place in the guide's boat, and are pulled towards the shore. When about ten yards from the jetty our oarsmen cease rowing, and the guide informs us in a stage whisper that it is customary to settle with them before going ashore.

"But," we protest, "that is part of the bargain—it is in the five francs." Our guide is overcome with despair. "Never did he think to make such a bargain." It would ruin him. Did any one ever hear of such a thing—the services of an eminent guide and boat fare thrown in for five francs each? It was monstrous. Then the boatmen chimed in, and the heavens were called upon to witness the infamy of these dogs of Christians. We had to give in, and compounded for two francs a head.

"Now then, Mahomed, my boy, get along and show us the sights." On every side was a babel of noise. A decrepit old Arab—we called them all by the generic name of Arab—bartered with great volubility for a diminutive ring of bread; its value was considerably less than a farthing, but it took, so we learned, twenty minutes' negotiation to pass the property, and then the buyer wanted to exchange it for another.

"All ready?" said Mahomed, counting heads. We were; and off he started at a quick trot. "Stop! stop! We can't run like this, you know, Thompson. Now, as a man, I put it to you—is this fair? We have two hours to see things in, and yet you want to run us through like a machine."

"Besides," added the clergyman, "it certainly is not dignified, nor comfortable."

Mahomed consulted his watch with much gravity, and said, "One hour has gone."

"What?" we shrieked. "One hour gone since we left the ship; nonsense?"

"Port Said time," replied Mahomed, laconically.

"Well, let us have what's left in decency and comfort, anyhow. No, Thompson, we don't wish to go into shops; how many times more do you want to be told that? Let us see the sights."

The clergyman suggested the Mosque, and a young colonist proposed, as an amendment, the "Music hall." We voted for both, taking the Mosque, out of deference for the church, first. Down we plunged into filthy alleys, and suddenly came upon the market place. Great mats being spread on the ground, and on them were piled dates, figs, grapes, and all kinds of fruit, with generally a group of women squatted in the centre, robed in long, dark-blue gowns, half their face—after the Mahomedan fashion—concealed, only the eyes and upper part of the nose being visible. Water carriers, with goatskins slung on their back, from which they supplied their customers, wandered here and there, and flocks of goats mingled with the children, and dodged for stray mouthfuls of stolen food. At the Mosque we took off our boots, and went stockinged into the shrine. A mullah (priest) was seated in the midst of a little circle of scholars, reading in a monotonous voice from the Koran.

Suddenly a voice cried, "Thompson, I demand, where are those boots?" The clergyman's boots—a new pair of patent leathers—had disappeared.

Mahomed called Allah to witness that he was as innocent as a babe in the matter. He swore by the holy pigeon, the sacred mule, by the golden-haired horse Al Borak, that he knew not in the remotest, the faintest degree, what had become of the boots.

It certainly was not dignified, but there was nothing for it. We hired a stalwart Nubian, hoisted the pastor on his back, and sent him to the jetty to be taken aboard.

Then we went to the music hall, where a dozen Eastern ladies played on violins and guitars, and danced strange dances, while we smoked the chibouk and sipped black coffee and iced water.

"And there you are, Mahomed Hassan Thompson Ben-Achmed, and glad we are to see the last of you," said the chief of our party, after violently resisting his entreaties to enter shops.

Thompson counted the money, shook his head, consulted his watch, and said, "More!"

"No, Thompson; no more."

"Six hours"; the Eastern prevaricator knew it was under the two; "three times more."

"Thompson," said the young colonist, sternly, "I give you three minutes to clear. Now then get—"

He "got."

We returned in the same boat as the parson had hired on his return trip to the vessel. Noticing the air of dejection on the face of the owner, we inquired if his financial relations with that gentleman had not been satisfactory.

"Ah, Allah! Engleesh clergyman. Very poor man; but"—this was an inspiration—"he say gentlemen coming after pay for him!"

We had to pay.

In certain far-away territories of New Mexico and Arizona, there are great tracts of desolate lands, where the very hills seem destitute of life and beauty, and where the earth is shrivelled from centuries of terrible heat. And in these desert tracts grows a curious, misshapen, grotesque, and twisted plant that seems more like a goblin tree than a real one. Of all the trees in the world, one would imagine this to be the most outcast and worthless—so meagre a living does it obtain from the waste of sand and gravel in which it grows. And yet this goblin tree is now being sought after and utilised in one of the world's greatest industries—an industry that affects the daily needs of civilisation. Those wise folk, the botanists, call our goblin tree by its odd Indian name of the "Yucca" palm. This plant of the desert was for a long time considered valueless. But not long ago it was discovered that the fibre of the "Yucca" could be made into an excellent paper. And now the *Daily Telegraph* is printed upon paper chiefly made from this goblin tree. Indeed, the newspaper has purchased a large plantation in Arizona, merely for the purpose of cultivating this tree, and manufacturing paper from it. The "Yucca" is now, therefore, a newspaper plant.

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1890,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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

VOCALISTS:

MADAME EUGENIA MORGAN.  
MISS AGNES JANSON.  
MR. HIRWEN JONES.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

CONDUCTOR .. MR. A. ROBINSON,  
*Late Prince of Wales' 3rd Dragoon Guards.*1. GRAND MARCH, "People's Palace Military  
March" .. .. . Orton Bradley.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.2. DUET .. "Sunset" .. .. Goring Thomas.  
Miss AGNES JANSON and Mr. HIRWEN JONES.3. OVERTURE .. "La Ruche D'Or" .. .. Brepnant.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.4. SONG .. "The Jewel Song" (Faust) .. .. Gounod.  
Madame EUGENIA MORGAN.

Ah! Estrano poter il viso suo veder  
Ah! mi posso guardar, mi posso rimirar.  
Di, sei tu? Margherita!  
Di, sei tu? dimmi sù, dimmi sù!  
Dimmi, dimmi, di su presto!  
No, no, non sei più tu!  
No, no, non è più il tuo sembiante,  
E la figlia d'un re! che ognun dei salutare.  
Ah! s'egli qui fosse, per così vedermi.  
Come una damigella, mi troverebbe bella!  
Prose quiamo l'adornamento,  
Vo' provare ancor, se mi stan  
Io smaniglio edit monit!  
Ciel! E come una man,  
Che sul vranio mi posa.  
Ah! Estrano poter, etc.

Margherita non sei piu tu,  
Non è più il tuo sembiante.  
No! E la figlia d'un re,  
Che ognun dei salutare.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

Ah! the joy past compare, these jewels bright to wear,  
Ah! the joy past compare, these jewels bright to wear,  
Was I ever maiden lowly? Is it I? Come reply, come reply.  
Mirror mirror, tell me truly. No, no, this is not I.  
No, surely enchantment is o'er me;  
High-born lady I must be. This is not I, this is not I,  
But a noble, and kings shall pay homage before me.  
Ah! might it only be, he could my beauty see  
Now as a royal lady, he would indeed adore.

Here are more ready to adorn me;  
None is here to spy the necklet,  
The bracelet white, a string of pearls.  
Ah! it feels as if a weight laid on my arm did burn me.  
Ah! the joy past compare, etc.

5. CORNET SOLO, "Ständchen-Serenade" .. .. Schubert  
Mr. A. ROGERS.6. NEW SONG .. "Bird of the Greenwood" .. .. Lloyds.  
Mr. HIRWEN JONES.

Bird of the greenwood, oh why art thou here?  
Leaves dance not o'er thee, flow'rs bloom not near,  
All the sweet waters far hence are at play;  
Bird of the greenwood, away! away!

Or art thou seeking some brighter land,  
Where by the south wind vine leaves are fann'd,  
'Midst the wild billows, oh why then delay?  
Bird of the greenwood, away! away!

Chide not my lingering where storms are dark,  
A hand that hath nursed me is in the bark,  
A heart that has cherished thro' winter's long day,  
So I turn from the greenwood away! away!

7. RUSTIC DANCE .. "Villager's Polka" .. .. Riviere.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.8. SONG .. "The King of Thule" .. .. Liszt.  
Miss AGNES JANSON.

Es war ein König in Thule,  
Gar treu bis an sein Grab,  
Dem sterbend seine Buhle  
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm Nichts darüber,  
Er leert ihn jeden Schmaus,  
Die Augen gingen ihm über,  
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,  
Zählt er seine Städt' im Reich,  
Gönnt' alles seinen Erben,  
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er sass beim Königsmahle,  
Die Ritter um ihn her,  
Auf hohem Vatersalle  
Dort auf dein Schloss am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,  
Trank letzte Lebensgluth,  
Und warf dem heil'gen Becher  
Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken,  
Und sinken tief in's Meer,  
Die Augen thäten ihm sinken,  
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

TRANSLATION.

There was a King of Thule,  
True ever to the grave,  
To whom his dying mistress  
A golden beaker gave.

Beyond aught else he prized it,  
And drained its purple draught,  
His tears came gushing freely  
As often as he quaffed.

When death he felt approaching,  
His cities o'er he told,  
And grudged his heir no treasure,  
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals,  
At a royal feast sat he,  
In yon proud hall ancestral,  
In his castle by the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,  
And quaffed his last life's glow,  
Then hurled the hallowed goblet  
In the ocean's depth's below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,  
And plunging in the sea;  
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,  
And nevermore drank he.

9. CLARINET SOLO .. "Danse de Satyres" .. .. Le Thier  
Mr. O'DONNELL.10. SONG .. "La Zingara" .. .. Bucalossi.  
Madame EUGENIA MORGAN.

From a far-distant land,  
From a fair sunny strand,  
One of a merry band  
Ever thus I roam.  
Free is the life I lead,  
Heaven's bright stars I read,  
As o'er the hills I speed  
To my gipsy home.  
There at eve with songs and dances  
Fades the twilight into night,  
Maid and youth with loving glances  
Speed the hour so soft and bright.

Tra la, la, la, la, I'm a merry Zingara,  
Tra la, la, la, la, from a far distant land,  
Tra la, la, la, la, from a fair sunny strand,  
Tra la, la, la, la, thus ever I roam.

Folks come from far and near,  
Anxious my words to hear,  
I bid them hope or fear,  
Give them joy or pain,  
I promise gems or gold,  
To maids both young and old.  
A lover brave and bold,  
Waits their smiles to gain,  
Maid and youth with deep attention,  
Watch me weave my mystic spell,  
All their hopes in rapt suspension,  
As the future I foretell.

Tra la, la, la, la, I'm a merry Kingara, etc.

11. FANTASIA .. "Reminiscences of Scotland" .. .. Godfrey.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.12. NEW SONG .. "True as the Stars" .. .. Geo. F. Grover.  
Mr. HIRWEN JONES.

They said "good-bye" at even-tide,  
The sun had gone to rest;  
He bade her think of him,  
When he was on the wild sea's breast,  
He whispered "love, I'll think of thee  
In trouble," then he sighed,  
And kissed her as he pressed her hand,  
When they parted at even-tide.

True as the stars, love  
I am to thee, love;  
Tho' we may parted be,  
When I return, love, my heart will know, love,  
Thou shalt be all to me;  
Friends may forsake us, sorrow o'ertake us,  
Ever I'll faithful be,  
Farewell my darling, farewell my dear one,  
I shall come back to thee.

Fast sped the ship across the sea,  
Away out in the west;  
But she knew her heart was with him  
And she prayed he might be blest,  
And in her thoughts she wanders still  
Just by her darling's side,  
And hears those loving words he said,  
When they parted at even-tide.  
True as the stars, love, etc.

13. SONG .. "Light in Darkness" .. .. Cowen.  
Miss AGNES JANSON.

Why live, when life is sad, death only sweet?  
Why fight, when closest fight ends in defeat?  
Why pray, when in closest pray'r dark thoughts assail?  
Why strive, and strive again, only to fail?  
Live, there are many round needing thy care;  
Pray, there is One at hand heeding thy prayer;  
Fight for the love of God, not for renown;  
Strive, but in His great strength, not in thine own.

Why hope, when life has proved thy best hopes vain?  
Why love, when love is fraught with so much pain?  
Why not cool heart and brain in the deep wave?  
Why not lie down and rest in the still grave?  
Hope, there is Heaven's joy laid up for thee;  
Love, for true love outlives its agony;  
Fight, pray, and wrestle on, loving God best,  
Then, when thy work is done, lie down and rest.

14. EUPHONIUM SOLO, "Death of Nelson" .. .. Braham.  
Mr. J. HADLEY.15. SONG .. "Kathleen Mavourneen" .. .. Crouch.  
Madame EUGENIA MORGAN.

Kathleen Mavourneen!  
The grey dawn is breaking,  
The horn of the hunter  
Is heard on the hill.  
The lark from her light wing  
The bright dew is shaking,  
Kathleen Mavourneen!  
What, slumbering still?  
Oh, hast thou forgotten  
How soon we must sever?  
Oh, hast thou forgotten  
How soon we must part?  
It may be for years,  
And it may be for ever?  
Oh, why art thou silent,  
Thou voice of my heart.

Kathleen Mavourneen!  
Awake from thy slumbers,  
The blue mountains glow  
In the sun's golden light;  
Ah! where is the spell  
That once hung on thy numbers?  
Arise in thy beauty,  
Thou star of the night,  
Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
My sad tears are falling,  
To think that from Erin and thee  
I must part.  
It may be for years, etc.

16. MARCH .. "Cadets de Russie" .. .. Sellenick.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1890.

## AT 12.0.—ORGAN RECITAL.

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

1. Fantasia in F minor .. .. Mozart.  
2. "Tune the soft melodious lute" (Jephtha) .. .. Handel.  
3. Sonata in F sharp (Finale) .. .. Rheinberger.  
4. Pastorale .. .. Deshayes.  
5. Fugue in B minor .. .. Bach.  
6. "Lord God of Abraham" (Elijah) .. .. Mendelssohn.  
7. Concerto, No. 4 (1st movement) .. .. Handel.

## AT 4.—ORGAN RECITAL &amp; SACRED CONCERT.

VOCALISTS:

Miss HELEN SAUNDERS &amp; Mr. CHARLES ROCKLEY.

1. Organ Piece .. "Ite missa est" .. .. Lemmens.  
2. RECIT & AIR .. "Arm, arm ye Brave" .. .. Handel.  
(Judas Maccabeus) .. .. Handel.  
Mr. CHARLES ROCKLEY.  
3. Meditation .. .. Lemaigre.  
4. AIR .. "O, Lord thou has searched me out" .. .. Sternedale Bennett.  
(Woman of Samaria) .. .. Sternedale Bennett.  
Miss HELEN SAUNDERS.  
5. Grand Chœur .. .. Guilmant.  
6. AIR .. "Within these Hallowed Halls" .. .. Mozart.  
Mr. CHARLES ROCKLEY.  
7. Pastorale .. .. Guilmant.  
8. SACRED SONG .. "Light and Darkness" .. .. Cowen.  
Miss HELEN SAUNDERS.  
9. Sonata in F minor (1st movement) .. .. Rheinberger.

## AT 8.—ORGAN RECITAL.

1. Symphonie No. 5 (1st movement) .. .. Widor.  
2. "Angels ever bright and fair" .. .. Handel.  
3. Two Sketches .. .. Schumann.  
4. Evening Prayer .. .. Smart.  
5. Moderato in F .. .. Gade.  
6. "Lovely appear" (Redemption) .. .. Gounod.  
7. Air with variations .. .. Guilmant.

## Legends of the Province House.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## I.

## HOWE'S MASQUERADE.

ONE afternoon, last summer, while walking along Washington Street, my eye was attracted by a signboard protruding over a narrow archway, nearly opposite the Old South Church. The sign represented the front of a stately edifice, which was designated as the "OLD PROVINCE HOUSE, kept by Thomas Waite." I was glad to be thus reminded of a purpose, long entertained, of visiting and rambling over the mansion of the old royal governors of Massachusetts; and entering the arched passage, which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston, into a small and secluded courtyard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old South. The figure has kept this attitude for seventy years or more, ever since good Deacon Drown, a cunning carver of wood, first stationed him on his long sentinel's watch over the city.

The Province House is constructed of brick, which seems recently to have been overlaid with a coat of light-coloured paint. A flight of red freestone steps, fenced in by a balustrade of curiously-wrought iron, ascends from the courtyard to the spacious porch, over which is a balcony, with an iron balustrade of similar pattern and workmanship to that beneath. These letters and figures—16 P.S. 79—are wrought into the ironwork of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name. A wide door with double leaves admitted me into the hall or entry, on the right of which is the entrance to the bar-room.

It was in this apartment, I presume, that the ancient governors held their *levées*, with vice-regal pomp, surrounded by the military men, the counsellors, the judges, and other officers of the crown, while all the loyalty of the province thronged to do them honour. But the room, in its present condition, cannot boast even of faded magnificence. The panelled wainscot is covered with dingy paint, and acquires a dusky hue from the deep shadow into which the Province House is thrown by the brick block that shuts it in from Washington Street. A ray of sunshine never visits this apartment any more than the glare of the festal torches, which have been extinguished from the era of the revolution. The most venerable and ornamental object is a chimney-piece, set round with Dutch tiles of blue-figured China, representing scenes from Scripture; and, for aught I know, the lady of Pownall or Bernard may have sat beside this fireplace, and told her children the story of each blue tile. A bar, in modern style, well replenished with decanters, bottles, cigar-boxes, and network bags of lemons, and provided with a beer-pump and soda-fount, extends along one side of the room. At my entrance, an elderly person was smacking his lips, with a zest which satisfied me that the cellars of the Province House still hold good liquor, though doubtless of other vintages than were quaffed by the old governors. After sipping a glass of port-sangaree, prepared by the skilful hands of Mr. Thomas Waite, I besought that worthy successor and representative of so many historic personages to conduct me over their time-honoured mansion.

He readily complied; but, to confess the truth, I was forced to draw strenuously on my imagination, in order to find aught that was interesting in a house which, without its historic associations, would have seemed merely such a tavern as is usually favoured by the custom of decent city boarders, and old-fashioned country gentlemen. The chambers, which were probably spacious in former times, are now cut up by partitions, and subdivided into little nooks, each affording scanty room for the narrow bed, and chair, and dressing-table, of a single lodger. The great staircase, however, may be termed, without much hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence. It winds through the midst of the house by flights of broad steps, each flight terminating in a square landing-place, whence the ascent is continued towards the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower stories, but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase, with its quaintly twisted and inter-

twined pillars, from top to bottom. Up these stairs the military boots, or perchance the gouty shoes of many a governor have trodden, as the wearers mounted to the cupola, which afforded them so wide a view over their metropolis and the surrounding country. The cupola is an octagon, with several windows, and a door opening upon the roof. From this station, as I pleased myself with imagining, Gage may have beheld his disastrous victory on Bunker Hill (unless one of the tri-mountains intervened), and Howe have marked the approaches of Washington's besieging army; although the buildings, since erected in the vicinity, have shut out almost every object, save the steeple of the Old South, which seems almost within arm's length. Descending from the cupola, I paused in the garret, to observe the ponderous whiteoak framework, so much more massive than the frames of modern houses, and thereby resembling an antique skeleton. The brick walls, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the timbers of the mansion, are still as sound as ever; but the floors, and other interior parts, being greatly decayed, it is contemplated to gut the whole, and build a new house within the ancient frame and brickwork. Among other inconveniences of the present edifice, mine host mentioned that any jar or motion was apt to shake down the dust of ages out of the ceiling of one chamber upon the floor of that beneath it.

We stepped forth from the great front window into the balcony, where, in old times, it was doubtless the custom of the king's representative to show himself to a loyal populace, requiring their huzzas and tossed-up hats with stately bendings of his dignified person. In those days, the front of the Province House looked upon the street; and the whole site now occupied by the brick range of stores, as well as the present courtyard, was laid out in grass plats, overshadowed by trees, and bordered by a wrought-iron fence. Now, the old aristocratic edifice hides its timeworn visage behind an upstart modern building; at one of the back windows I observed some pretty tailoresses, sewing, and chatting, and laughing, with now and then a careless glance towards the balcony. Descending thence, we again entered the bar-room, where the elderly gentleman above mentioned, the smack of whose lips had spoken so favourably for Mr. Waite's good liquor, was still lounging in his chair. He seemed to be, if not a lodger, at least a familiar visitor of the house, who might be supposed to have his regular score at the bar, his summer seat at the open window, and his prescriptive corner at the winter's fireside. Being of a sociable aspect, I ventured to address him with a remark, calculated to draw forth his historical reminiscences, if any such were in his mind; and it gratified me to discover that, between memory and tradition, the old gentleman was really possessed of some very pleasant gossip about the Province House. The portion of his talk which chiefly interested me, was the outline of the following legend. He professed to have received it at one or two removes from an eye-witness; but this derivation, together with the lapse of time, must have afforded opportunities for many variations of the narrative; so that, despairing of literal and absolute truth, I have not scrupled to make such further changes as seemed conducive to the reader's profit and delight.

At one of the entertainments given at the Province House, during the latter part of the siege of Boston, there passed a scene which has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The officers of the British army, and the loyal gentry of the province, most of whom were collected within the beleaguered town, had been invited to a masqué ball; for it was the policy of Sir William Howe to hide the distress and danger of the period, and the desperate aspect of the siege, under an ostentation of festivity. The spectacle of this evening, if the oldest members of the provincial court circle might be believed, was the most gay and gorgeous affair that had occurred in the annals of the government. The brilliantly lighted apartments were thronged with figures that seemed to have stepped from the dark canvas of historic portraits, or to have flitted forth from the magic pages of romance, or at least to have flown hither from one of the London theatres, without a change of garments. Steeled knights of the Conquest, bearded statesmen of Queen Elizabeth, and high-ruffled ladies of her court, were mingled with characters of comedy, such as a parti-coloured Merry Andrew, jingling his cap and bells; a Falstaff, almost as provocative of laughter as his prototype; and a Don Quixote, with a beanpole for a lance, and a potlid for a shield.

But the broadest merriment was excited by a group of figures ridiculously dressed in old regimentals, which seemed to have been purchased at a military rag-fair, or pilfered from some receptacle of the cast-off clothes of both the

French and British armies. Portions of their attire had probably been worn at the siege of Louisburg, and the coats of most recent cut might have been rent and tattered by sword, ball, or bayonet, as long ago as Wolfe's victory. One of these worthies—a tall, lank figure, brandishing a rusty sword of immense longitude—purported to be no less a personage than General George Washington; and the other principal officers of the American army, such as Gates, Lee, Putman, Schuyler, Ward, and Heath, were represented by similar scarecrows. An interview in the mock-heroic style, between the rebel warriors and the British commander-in-chief, was received with immense applause, which came loudest of all from the loyalists of the colony. There was one of the guests, however, who stood apart, eyeing these antics sternly and scornfully, at once with a frown and a bitter smile.

It was an old man, formerly of high station and great repute in the province, and who had been a very famous soldier in his day. Some surprise had been expressed, that a person of Colonel Joliffe's known Whig principles, though now too old to take an active part in the contest, should have remained in Boston during the siege, and especially that he should consent to show himself in the mansion of Sir William Howe. But thither he had come, with a fair grand-daughter under his arm; and there, amid all the mirth and buffoonery, stood this stern old figure, the best-sustained character in the masquerade, because so well representing the antique spirit of his native land. The other guests affirmed that Colonel Joliffe's black puritanical scowl threw a shadow round about him; although in spite of his sombre influence, their gaiety continued to blaze higher, like—an ominous comparison—the flickering brilliancy of a lamp which has but a little while to burn. Eleven strokes, full half an hour ago, had pealed from the clock of the Old South, when a rumour was circulated among the company that some new spectacle or pageant was about to be exhibited, which should put a fitting close to the splendid festivities of the night.

"What new jest has your excellency in hand?" asked the Reverend Mather Byles, whose Presbyterian scruples had not kept him from the entertainment. "Trust me, sir, I have already laughed more than besseems my cloth, at your Homeric confabulation with yonder ragamuffin general of the rebels. One other such fit of merriment, and I must throw off my clerical wig and band."

"Not so, good Doctor Byles," answered Sir William Howe; "if mirth were a crime, you had never gained your doctorate in divinity. As for this new foolery, I know no more about it than yourself; perhaps not so much. Honestly now, doctor, have you not stirred up the sober brains of some of your countrymen to enact a scene in our masquerade?"

"Perhaps," slyly remarked the grand-daughter of Colonel Joliffe, whose high spirit had been stung by many taunts against New England—"perhaps we are to have a masque of allegorical figures. Victory, with trophies from Lexington and Bunker Hill—Plenty, with her overflowing horn, to typify the present abundance in this good town—and Glory, with a wreath for his excellency's brow."

Sir William Howe smiled at words which he would have answered with one of his darkest frowns, had they been uttered by lips that wore a beard. He was spared the necessity of a retort, by a singular interruption. A sound of music was heard without the house, as if proceeding from a full band of military instruments stationed in the streets, playing not such a festal strain as was suited to the occasion, but a slow funeral march. The drums appeared to be muffled, and the trumpets poured forth a wailing breath, which at once hushed the merriment of the auditors, filling all with wonder, and some with apprehension. The idea occurred to many, that either the funeral procession of some great personage had halted in front of the Province House, or that a corpse, in a velvet-covered and gorgeously-decorated coffin, was about to be borne from the portal. After listening a moment, Sir William Howe called in a stern voice to the leader of the musicians, who had hitherto enlivened the entertainment with gay and lightsome melodies. The man was drum-major to one of the British regiments.

"Dighton," demanded the general, "what means this foolery? Bid your band silence that dead march, or, by my word, they shall have sufficient cause for their lugubrious strains! Silence it, sirrah!"

"Please your honour," answered the drum-major, whose rubicund visage had lost all its colour, "the fault is none of mine. I and my band are all here together; and I question whether there be a man of us that could play that march without book. I never heard it but once before, and that was at the funeral of his late Majesty, King George the Second."

"Well, well!" said Sir William Howe, recovering his composure—"it is the prelude to some masquerading antic. Let it pass."

A figure now presented itself, but among the many fantastic masks that were dispersed through the apartments, none could tell precisely from whence it came. It was a man in an old-fashioned dress of black serge, and having the aspect of a steward, or principal domestic in the household of a nobleman, or great English landholder. This figure advanced to the outer door of the mansion, and throwing both its leaves wide open, withdrew a little to one side and looked back towards the grand staircase, as if expecting some person to descend. At the same time the music in the street sounded a loud and doleful summons. The eyes of Sir William Howe and his guests being directed to the staircase, there appeared, on the uppermost landing-place that was discernible from the bottom, several personages descending towards the door. The foremost was a man of stern visage, wearing a steeple-crowned hat and a skull-cap beneath it; a dark cloak, and huge wrinkled boots that came half-way up his legs. Under his arm was a rolled-up banner, which seemed to be the banner of England, but strangely rent and torn; he had a sword in his right hand, and grasped a Bible in his left. The next figure was of milder aspect, yet full of dignity, wearing a broad ruff, over which descended a beard, a gown of wrought velvet, and a doublet and hose of black satin. He carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. Close behind these two came a young man of very striking countenance and demeanour, with deep thought and contemplation on his brow, and perhaps a flash of enthusiasm in his eye. His garb, like that of his predecessors, was of antique fashion, and there was a stain of blood upon his ruff. In the same group with these were three or four others, all men of dignity and evident command, and bearing themselves like personages who were accustomed to the gaze of the multitude. It was the idea of the beholders, that these figures went to join the mysterious funeral that had halted in front of the Province House; yet that supposition seemed to be contradicted by the air of triumph with which they waved their hands, as they crossed the threshold and vanished through the portal.

"In the devil's name, what is this?" muttered Sir William Howe to a gentleman beside him; "a procession of the regicide judges of King Charles the martyr?"

"These," said Colonel Joliffe, breaking silence almost for the first time that evening—"these, if I interpret them aright, are the Puritan governors, the rulers of the old, original Democracy of Massachusetts. Endicott, with the banner from which he had torn the symbol of subjection, and Winthrop, and Sir Henry Vane, and Dudley, Haynes, Bellingham, and Leverett."

"Why had that young man a stain of blood upon his ruff?" asked Miss Joliffe.

"Because, in after years," answered her grandfather, "he laid down the wisest head in England upon the block, for the principles of liberty."

"Will not your excellency order out the guard?" whispered Lord Percy, who, with other British officers, had now assembled round the general. "There may be a plot under this mummery."

"Tush! we have nothing to fear," carelessly replied Sir William Howe. "There can be no worse treason in the matter than a jest, and that somewhat of the dullest. Even were it a sharp and bitter one, our best policy would be to laugh it off. See—here come more of these gentry."

Another group of characters had now partly descended the staircase. The first was a venerable and white-bearded patriarch, who cautiously felt his way downward with a staff. Treading hastily behind him, and stretching forth his gauntleted hand as if to grasp the old man's shoulder, came a tall, soldier-like figure, equipped with a plumed cap of steel, a bright breastplate, and a long sword, which rattled against the stairs. Next was seen a stout man, dressed in rich and courtly attire, but not of courtly demeanour; his gait had the swinging motion of a seaman's walk; and chancing to stumble on the staircase, he suddenly grew wrathful, and was heard to mutter an oath. He was followed by a noble-looking personage in a curled wig, such as are represented in the portraits of Queen Anne's time and earlier; and the breast of his coat was decorated with an embroidered star. While advancing to the door, he bowed to the right hand and to the left, in a gracious and insinuating style; but as he crossed the threshold, unlike the early Puritan governors, he seemed to wring his hands with sorrow. (To be continued.)

# 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. Scarman	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	8 0
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patrn. Making & Mouldg. (Wk. Sc.)	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

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

### Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
"	"	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
"	Mrs. Picher	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" High-class Prac. Demonstration...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	3.5 & 6-8	10 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	5 0
Shakespeare ...	"	"	6.0-7.30	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.	(Wk. Sc.) M.I.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
"	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
"	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	A.I.E.E., and	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
"	Mr. Brooker	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
"	Ph.D., F.C.S.	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
"	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	8.30-10.0	12 6
—Prac.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—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		
*Perspective Drawing ...	"	Tuesday		
*Draw. from the Antique	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing ...	"	Friday		
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	Friday		
†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. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
†Reposé Work & Engv.	"	"	"	"

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	Saturday	5.0	2 0
Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton	M. Th. & F.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Violin ...	Mr. Spencer	M. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
"	Under the direc.	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	of Mr. W. R. Cave	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

Per Quarter.

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

### General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary ...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday		
Female Clerks (Prelim.	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners)...	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
(Competitive)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	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	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	Wilson	"	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	"	"	"	"
" Elemen.3rd	"	"	"	"
" Advanced ...	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Commrcial Corres.	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced	Herr Dittell	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	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.)	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth	Saturday	3.30-5.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	1 0
Chess ...	Dr. Stoker	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0
Literary ...	Mr. Smith	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 0
"	Mr. H. Spender	"	"	"

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	1 0
Printing (Letter Press) ...	Mr. E.R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
†Electrical Engineering—	Mr. W. Slingo	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Elec. Litng. Instrument	A.I.E.E., and	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Making & Telegraphy	Mr. A. Brooker	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Laboratory and Works-	Medist.	"	"	"
shop Practice ...	"	"	"	"
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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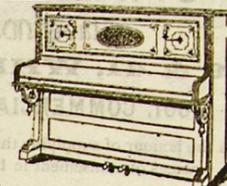
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