

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[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.

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. 23rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Jan. 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Jan. 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—To *Graphic* Office, at 6.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Technical Schools' Football Club.—Match with St. Paul's Juniors, at Wanstead.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall, at 8.

SUNDAY, Jan. 26th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Jan. 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

TUESDAY, Jan. 28th.—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. 29th.—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 26th, 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.

THE character of the Brazilian Revolutionary leaders seems clearly indicated by the news that they have changed the names of the days of the week and of the months: not only that, which is a ridiculous and stupid thing to attempt, but they have substituted the names proposed by the Positivists—a thing more ridiculous and stupid still. It is ridiculous, because no one can expect that the whole world is going to give up its days and months in obedience to a handful of Brazilian lawyers, and it is stupid, because it is impossible for them to enforce the thing even in their own uneducated country. But it shows two things: first that the leaders are desperately hostile to the Roman Catholic religion—and this in an intensely Roman Catholic country: next that they are unpractical persons with no knowledge of affairs or of human nature. I look, therefore, for the very speedy overthrow of the Brazilian Republic, or at least, of that form of it now established. Whether another monarchy will be established one cannot tell. Most probably there will be a split into a number of small independent states, of which those in the interior will lapse into barbarism.

THE half-caste Portuguese, negroes, Indians, German settlers, and Italian immigrants, which make up the population of this vast country, are called upon to forget the Sunday, Monday, and other days of the week, and to call them instead, Humanity day, Husband day, Father day, Son day, Brother day, Twin day, and Mother day. This is indeed likely to become popular! As for the months, they will no longer be January, February, and the rest, but the months of Moses, Homer, Aristotle, Archimedes, Cæsar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Gutenberg, Shakespeare, Descartes, and Frederick the Great! Fancy the nigger's joy at changing the month of March for that of Aristotle: "Dis de monf of Massa Aristot, Sah!"—to translate from the *lingua geral*, that is the Brazilian patois, into good honest nigger English.

THESE wise men of Brazil have imitated the glorious example of the French Revolution, which changed the Calendar, suppressed religion, altered the feasts, abolished royalty, and cut off everybody's head, until Napoleon came and restored everything again except the missing heads. The new French Calendar began on September 22nd. The months were called successively, that of Vintage, Fog, Frost, Snow, Rain, Wind, Budding, Flowering, Hay, Corn, Heat, and Fruit. Each month was divided into four decades, that is, periods of ten days each, called First day, Second day, Third day, etc. This nonsense was kept up for several years, but it failed to obtain any real hold: the people, for instance, all observing the Christian Sunday as a holiday. They had no objection, however, to the five special holidays in September, when they were called upon to celebrate Virtue, Genius, Labour, Opinion and Rewards. They celebrated them all, especially Virtue, in the usual manner, with plenty of wine, music, and dancing. The following is the French Calendar in English:—

Autumn, wheezy, sneezy, freezy:  
Winter, slippy, drippy, nippy:  
Spring, flowery, showery, bowery:  
Summer, hoppy, croppy, poppy.

It is remarkable that the Romans have impressed their Calendar upon the whole of the civilised world except the Dutch. They call their months very much after the French

fashion, beginning, however, as we do, with the New Year. They are the months of cold, of vegetation, of spring, of grass, of flowers, of summer, of hay, of harvest, of autumn, of wine, of slaughter, and of winter. The month of slaughter alludes to the old custom of killing and salting for winter use the cattle which they could not keep during the cold season.

To return to Brazil. Nothing in statesmanship can succeed which is not either desired or consented to by the great mass of the people. In France, the revolutionary leaders abolished things to which the people were accustomed: these things all came back again, except the things which the people detested, that is to say, the power of the nobles. Religion cannot be suppressed, however much it may be abolished by law, so long as the mass of the people desire to retain it. Therefore, I rest quite easy while certain excitable people are demanding impossible things, such as the total abolition of public-houses, and all the other remedies which are to make us good and happy. And for the same reason, I look forward with the greatest confidence to the speedy suppression of the Brazilian wiseacres.

THIS term of epidemic is very uncomfortable. I never remember to have seen so many miserable faces in the streets and in the railway carriages: they are made to look miserable by this abominable influenza from which they are slowly recovering. The method of treatment is very various. Some refuse to give in and go about their business with aching limbs and dull heavy heads. Some go to bed and stay there and do nothing else. Some dose themselves with anti-pyrene, which is a most dangerous drug and acts upon the heart. Others call in the doctor. Others cure themselves. Others again take preventive medicines. I confess, for my own part, to amoniated quinine, which is very strong and very nasty. I also obey a medical friend, and sprinkle Sanitas about the house. In my part of London the thing is very bad indeed, but we hope that it is mending. A certain chemist told me that on Sunday last he was occupied with his assistants from nine in the morning till nearly eleven at night, without stopping, in making up prescriptions, and his counter while he told me this looked as if he had been making up medicines for exportation in big ships. I suppose the disease will go on so long as the weather keeps warm. This morning, for instance, my thermometer is at 48 degrees. The mean temperature is about 36 degrees, so that we are twelve degrees warmer than we ought to be.

THE month of January should be the coldest in the whole year. In the middle of the month we get no more than eight hours and forty minutes of sunlight. I do not say sunshine, because we never see any sun. It is the month for heavy falls of snow.

As the day lengthens,  
So the cold strengthens.

Vegetation is dead, and the birds are nearly starving. There is little for the naturalists to watch, except the mosses upon the trees, which are now most beautiful. The trees also themselves, when they are covered with hoar frost are inexpressibly beautiful. Letters, however, come up from Devonshire, enumerating a great number of flowers in blossom, the weather being so mild. Here are a few sayings about frosty old January, who used to be represented as an old man, with icicles in his hair, blowing his fingers.

If the grass grows in Janiveer,  
It grows the worse for't all the year.

A January spring  
Is worth nae thing.

March in Janiveer,  
January in March, I fear.

The blackest month in all the year  
Is the month of Janiveer.

THE greatest hoax on record was perpetrated on the 16th of January, 1749. A man advertised that he would, at the Haymarket Theatre, on the evening of that day, perform upon the walking cane the music of every instrument in succession: and that he would then get bodily into a quart bottle, and in this rather cramped retreat would sing several songs, and allow the bottle to be handled by the audience. The prices were, gallery, 2s.; pit, 3s.; boxes, 5s.; and stage—they still allowed seats on the stage—7s. 6d. These very

high prices were actually paid, and the theatre crammed with people. When the time for the performance arrived, there was no performer. Among the audience was the Duke of Cumberland. When the hoax was discovered they rose in their wrath, and tore the whole of the theatre to pieces, carrying out benches, scenes, curtains, and everything into the street, where they made a great bonfire. In the scrimmage the Royal Duke lost his sword, and everybody else lost their wigs, coats, hats, swords, and purses. The perpetrator of the joke was never discovered.

WE have carried on our CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK a whole year round, and have discontinued it for a time. But I should like to call attention now and then to little anecdotes connected with the week. For instance, on January 18th, 1797, died Sarah, Countess of Exeter. This does not seem to concern us very much at first sight. Now you shall hear the story of Sarah, Countess of Exeter.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1788, a certain man calling himself John Jones, came to live at the little village of Hodnet, in Shropshire. Nobody knew who he was, but it was generally believed that he made a pretty good living in the highwayman line. However, time passed on, and he escaped the hangman, so that he became generally respected as a superior and clever highwayman. He bought a piece of land near the village, and built a house upon it; and he then married Sarah Hoggins, a respectable girl, daughter of a village labourer in the place, who had no nasty prejudices against the profession of highwayman. They were married in 1791, and they lived together in harmony until the year 1793, when the husband informed the lady that by the death of an uncle he had succeeded to great riches and honour: that his name was not Jones but Cecil, that he was now the Earl of Exeter, and that she was consequently the Countess. They moved off to Burleigh House, the seat of the Earl, and there they lived happily for five years more, when the Countess died. This is the origin of Tennyson's poem of the *Lord of Burleigh*:

"And a gentle consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such,  
That she grew a noble lady,  
And the people loved her much.

I wonder if there is a future Earl somewhere among us, courting one of our East London girls. Courage! Every thing is possible.

It is a happiness to read that the Chicago murderers—three of them at least—are in prison, there to remain for the rest of their lives. There will be no coming out on a ticket-of-leave for them: they are in, and will remain in. Perhaps hanging would have been more merciful; but one cannot understand American justice. They have trial by jury as we have, but they seem to understand it in a different way. The jury in the Cronin case brought in the man Kunze as guilty in a minor degree. The judge is allowed to overrule this decision: he says that the verdict was an absurdity. How is the system of trial by jury to be maintained, if judges are allowed to set aside the verdict as an absurdity? We have appeals in this country, but no judge is allowed to set aside a verdict of the jury in his own court. As for the man Kunze, I know nothing, except that he was undoubtedly in bad company. But I must say that I prefer the good old English system. Trial by jury means that the jury are the judges. The duty of the judge is to conduct the trial fairly: to lay down the law: to show the jury what is, and what is not, evidence; and on their verdict being pronounced, either to sentence the prisoner or to release him. I have heard judges examining and cross-examining, as if they were counsel for the prosecution or the defence, and it is a very disgraceful thing to hear: I have also heard judges actually telling the jury what their verdict must be: I have sat on juries which have been so directed: and it was a very disgraceful thing to hear and to endure. But the theory of trial by jury is as I have stated. Every man should be tried by twelve honest men of his own parish, town, or hundred, and not by any judge or magistrate at all. And though even among our judges there may be some who allow themselves to go beyond their office, I am firmly convinced that we have a better administration of justice in this country than in any other.

I STRONGLY advise everyone who is interested in financial and commercial questions, to read carefully the financial case now running through the papers. They will then learn a great deal about the getting up of companies, which should

9. SONGS .. { (a) Serenade .. .. Raff.  
(b) Creation's Hymn .. .. Beethoven.

MR. RECHAB TANDY.

(a) Thou who guardest earth and heaven,  
With a father's watchful care,  
Let thy peace be kindly given  
To my sleeping lady fair.  
Let her slumbers gently linger  
Till the morning's early ray,  
When Aurora's golden finger,  
Opens the portals of the day.  
Let her, while her eyes are closing,  
Dream of me in visions bright,  
Angels watch her while reposing,  
Lovely lady, sweet good night.

(b) The heaven's declare His glory eternal;  
All trees and plants in Him rejoice;  
The earth, air, and sea sing loud hallelujah,  
Attend, O man, the heavenly voice.  
Who placed in heaven the bright shining star?  
Along the sky who guides the sun?  
Who bids him dart forth his beams from afar,  
And gloriously his courses run?

10. ORGAN SOLOS .. { (a) "Prière" .. .. Chauvet.  
(b) "Minuetto" .. .. Guilmant.

MR. B. JACKSON.

11. OVERTURE .. .. "Figaro" .. .. Mozart.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

12. WELSH SONG .. "The Ash Grove" .. ..

MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,  
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove;  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.  
'Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,  
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart,  
Around us for gladness the blue-bells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain;  
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;  
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain;  
But what are the beauties of nature to me?  
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden;  
All day I go mourning in search of my love;  
Ye echoes, oh tell me, where is the dear maiden?  
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove.

13. SONG .. .. "Stay, darling, stay" .. .. Marzials.

MR. RECHAB TANDY.

The daylight is waning afar o'er the hill,  
The woodland is lonely, the lake lies so still;  
And bees seek their hive, and birds seek their nest,  
And no heart but now seeks the one loved the best.

Then stay, darling, stay, why should our love delay;  
Summer is passing, passing away;  
Then stay, darling, stay, why should our love delay,  
Summer is passing, oh! my darling stay.

The first star of twilight is rising on high,  
The wan star of love alone in the sky;  
And I, too, am lonely, I wait and I grieve;  
Oh! stay then, my darling, oh! stay and believe.

Oh! stay darling, stay, why should our love delay?  
Summer is passing, passing away;  
Oh! stay, darling, stay, why should true love delay?  
Summer is passing, oh! my darling stay.

14. WALTZ .. .. "Jungherr'n Tänze" .. .. Gung'l.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

### The Highest Gift.

THE flower said to the honey-bee,  
"Love is a pain—why should it be?"  
And the cloud wept, as she neared the sun,  
"Love is a pain—my day is done."  
The streamlet moaned, as she kissed the wave,  
"I give my life—more could you have?"  
And the human heart, amid smiles and tears,  
Asks, "What have I for my troubled years?"  
And the answer comes from the heaven above,  
"The highest gift is the power to love!"

### The Captain's Mistake.

"THE worst fix I ever got into yet," said good old Captain G—, with a twinkle in the corner of his small grey eye, which showed that something piquant was coming, "was when I was master of a small cargo steamer that made three or four voyages every year from New York down to the Gulf of Mexico, touching at all the chief ports in Venezuela and Columbia, and along the Isthmus of Panama.

"Early one morning we were coming out of La Guayra—the port of Caracas, you know—having taken aboard some passengers during the night; and when I came on deck I found a pretty little girl—quite a child to look at, and seemingly a Spaniard by her face—mooning around all alone, and looking quite disconsolate for want of somebody to play with.

"Well, I've always been fond of children (I guess I've got three or four of my own to keep me in practice), and I thought I'd try and amuse her a bit. I began by giving her some Spanish sweetmeats (of which I had laid in quite a stock for my own youngsters), and then I sat down upon the after hatch, and took her upon my knee, and began to tell her some sea yarns, such as I thought she'd like; and she nestled herself against my shoulder, and seemed quite comfortable.

"But all at once, just when we were as friendly as could be, a long black shadow fell across us both, and, looking up, I saw standing right in front of me, a magnificent old Spanish gentleman, with a long grey beard and moustache, looking as black as a thunderstorm.

"'Señor Captain,' he hissed out, in tones to which the filing of a handsaw would have been quite harmonious, 'do you know who zat lady is? She is my wife!'

"I dropped her like a hot potato the moment I heard the words; but my explanations didn't mend matters much, for he wouldn't believe a word of it, and she was quite mad at being mistaken for a child; although she was little better, after all, being only just thirteen.

"The story was the laugh of the whole ship all that voyage; and, worse still, somebody went and told my wife directly we got back to New York, and she hasn't let me hear the end of it yet."

### The Ulster Hand.

THE Ulster Hand, or red hand, is described in heraldry as "argent, a sinister hand, erect, open, couped at the wrist, gules;" in other words, an open left hand, cut off at the wrist, red on a silver shield.

This device formed a part of the arms of the province of Ulster, and was used to commemorate the daring of a bold adventurer, one of the O'Neill family of Ulster. The story dates back to a period before the dawn of authentic history, and it is generally placed at about the close of the first century. At that time, a band of rovers, probably from the north of Scotland, sailed towards the coast of Ireland. They had agreed among themselves that the one of their number who should first place his hand on the soil of the new country should be its king. The O'Neills' ancestor, finding his boat distanced by those of the others, cut off his left hand with his sword and flung it before him to the land, thus winning supremacy, according to the literal terms of the agreement.

In the time of St. Patrick, who came to Ireland in the fifth century, it is recorded that the O'Neills had from time immemorial been the royal race of the province of Ulster, one of the four parts into which Ireland was divided. This badge was a part of the arms of the royal family and of the province from a very early date. It became transplanted to English heraldry in the time of King James I. Various outbreaks and rebellions had resulted in the forfeiture of a large part of the province of Ulster to the English crown. Up to this time the English had never obtained any permanent settlement in the north of Ireland, but King James now determined that the seized lands should be colonised by Englishmen. To raise the funds to enable him to carry out this scheme, the king instituted a new order of nobility—that of baronets. The title was offered to all who would pay £1,095 into the royal exchequer. This order, having been created for the subjugation of Ulster, and the device of the Ulster arms, the red hand, was put upon the coats of arms of all who purchased the new dignity.

## Legends of the Province House.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## I.

HOWE'S MASQUERADE.

(Continued from page 121.)

"PRITHEE, play the part of a chorus, good Doctor Byles," said Sir William Howe. "What worthies are these?"

"If it please your excellency, they lived somewhat before my day," answered the doctor; "but doubtless our friend, the colonel, has been hand and glove with them."

"Their living faces I never looked upon," said Colonel Joliffe, gravely; "although I have spoken face to face with many rulers of this land, and shall greet yet another with an old man's blessing, ere I die. But we talk of these figures. I take the venerable patriarch to be Bradstreet, the last of the Puritans, who was governor at ninety, or thereabouts. The next is Sir Edmund Andros, a tyrant, as any New England schoolboy will tell you; and therefore the people cast him down from his high seat into a dungeon. Then comes Sir William Phipps, shepherd, cooper, sea-captain, and governor—may many of his countrymen rise as high, from as low an origin! Lastly, you saw the gracious Earl of Bellamont, who ruled us under King William."

"But what is the meaning of it all?" asked Lord Percy.

"Now, were I a rebel," said Miss Joliffe, half aloud, "I might fancy that the ghosts of these ancient governors had been summoned to form the funeral procession of royal authority in New England."

Several other figures were now seen at the turn of the staircase. The one in advance had a thoughtful, anxious, and somewhat crafty expression of face; and in spite of his loftiness of manner, which was evidently the result both of an ambitious spirit and of long continuance in high stations, he seemed not incapable of cringing to a greater than himself. A few steps behind came an officer in a scarlet and embroidered uniform, cut in a fashion old enough to have been worn by the Duke of Marlborough. His nose had a rubicund tinge, which, together with the twinkle of his eye, might have marked him as a lover of the winecup and good-fellowship; notwithstanding which tokens, he appeared ill at ease, and often glanced around him, as if apprehensive of some secret mischief. Next came a portly gentleman, wearing a coat of shaggy cloth, lined with silken velvet; he had sense, shrewdness, and humour in his face, and a folio volume under his arm; but his aspect was that of a man vexed and tormented beyond all patience, and harassed almost to death. He went hastily down, and was followed by a dignified person, dressed in a purple velvet suit, with very rich embroidery; his demeanour would have possessed much stateliness, only that a grievous fit of the gout compelled him to hobble from stair to stair, with contortions of face and body. When Doctor Byles beheld this figure on the stair, he shivered as with an ague, but continued to watch him steadfastly, until the gouty gentleman had reached the threshold, made a gesture of anguish and despair, and vanished into the outer gloom, whither the funeral music summoned him.

"Governor Belcher!—my old patron!—in his very shape and dress!" gasped Doctor Byles. "This is an awful mockery!"

"A tedious foolery, rather," said Sir William Howe, with an air of indifference. "But who were the three that preceded him?"

"Governor Dudley, a cunning politician—yet his craft once brought him to a prison," replied Colonel Joliffe. "Governor Shute, formerly a colonel under Marlborough, and whom the people frightened out of the province; and learned Governor Burnet, whom the legislature tormented into a mortal fever."

"Methinks they were miserable men, these royal governors of Massachusetts," observed Miss Joliffe. "Heavens, how dim the light grows!"

It was certainly a fact that the large lamp which illuminated the staircase now burned dim and duskily; so that several figures, which passed hastily down the stairs and went forth from the porch, appeared rather like shadows than persons of fleshy substance. Sir William Howe and his guests stood at the doors of the contiguous apartments, watching the progress of this singular pageant, and various emotions of anger, contempt, or half-acknowledged fear, but still with an anxious curiosity. The shapes, which now

seemed hastening to join the mysterious procession, were recognised rather by striking peculiarities of dress, or broad characteristics of manner, than by any perceptible resemblance of features to their prototypes. Their faces, indeed, were invariably kept in deep shadow. But Doctor Byles, and other gentlemen who had long been familiar with the successive rulers of the province, were heard to whisper the names of Shirley, of Pownall, of Sir Francis Bernard, and of the well-remembered Hutchinson; thereby confessing that the actors, whoever they might be, in this spectral march of governors, had succeeded in putting on some distant portraiture of the real personages. As they vanished from the door, still did these shadows toss their arms into the gloom of night, with a dread expression of woe. Following the mimic representative of Hutchinson, came a military figure, holding before his face the cocked hat which he had taken from his powdered head; but his epaulettes and other insignia of rank were those of a general officer; and something in his mien reminded the beholders of one who had recently been master of the Province House, and chief of all the land.

"The shape of Gage, as true as in a looking-glass," exclaimed Lord Percy, turning pale.

"No, surely," cried Miss Joliffe, laughing hysterically; "it could not be Gage, or Sir William would have greeted his old comrade in arms! Perhaps he will not suffer the next to pass unchallenged."

"Of that be assured, young lady," answered Sir William Howe, fixing his eyes, with a very marked expression, upon the immovable visage of her grandfather. "I have long enough delayed to pay the ceremonies of a host to these departing guests. The next that takes his leave shall receive due courtesy."

A wild and dreary burst of music came through the open door. It seemed as if the procession, which had been gradually filling up its ranks, were now about to move, and that this loud peal of the wailing trumpets, and roll of the muffled drums, were a call to some loiterer to make haste. Many eyes, by an irresistible impulse, were turned upon Sir William Howe, as if it were he whom the dreary music summoned to the funeral of departed power.

"See!—here comes the last!" whispered Miss Joliffe, pointing her tremulous finger to the staircase.

A figure had come into view as if descending the stairs; although so dusky was the region whence it emerged, some of the spectators fancied that they had seen this human shape suddenly moulding itself amid the gloom. Downward the figure came, with a steady and martial tread, and reaching the lowest stair was observed to be a tall man, booted and wrapped in a military cloak, which was drawn up around the face so as to meet the flapped brim of a laced hat, the features, therefore, were completely hidden. But the British officers deemed that they had seen that military cloak before, and even recognised the frayed embroidery on the collar, as well as the gilded scabbard of a sword which protruded from the folds of the cloak, and glittered in a vivid gleam of light. Apart from these trifling particulars, there were characteristics of gait and bearing, which impelled the wondering guests to glance from the shrouded figure to Sir William Howe, as if to satisfy themselves that their host had not suddenly vanished from the midst of them.

With a dark flush of wrath upon his brow, they saw the general draw his sword and advance to meet the figure in the cloak before the latter had stepped one pace upon the floor.

"Villain, unmuffle yourself!" cried he. "You pass no farther!"

The figure, without blenching a hair's breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause and lowered the cape of the cloak from about his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The sternness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement, if not horror, while he recoiled several steps from the figure, and let fall his sword upon the floor. The martial shape again drew the cloak about his features and passed on; but reaching the threshold, with his back towards the spectators, he was seen to stamp his foot and shake his clinched hands in the air. It was afterwards affirmed that Sir William Howe had repeated that self-same gesture of rage and sorrow, when for the last time, and as the last royal governor, he passed through the portal of the Province House.

"Hark!—the procession moves," said Miss Joliffe.

The music was dying away along the street, and its dismal strains were mingled with the knell of midnight from

## Apt Illustrations.

"A SCHEME to enable the wealthy to spend several hundred pounds for diamonds and dresses in order to raise a few hundred pence for the poor," is not a bad hit at a charity ball.

A comedy has been wittily likened to a cigar. If it's good, everyone wants a box; if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.

"Sitting on a fence," is rather a happy Americanism to express the position of politicians, who are ready to go back or forward, to jump down on this side or that, as circumstances suggest.

A youngster, who saw a steamer for the first time, exclaimed: "Look! There's a railway engine having a bathe!" A locomotive has been called a professional place-hunter, and an underlined article. A schoolgirl defined a bustle as a "hollow mockery"; and a boy described a lawsuit as the things a policeman wears.

A little girl was heard to say to her favourite doll: "You know, dollie, if you first cry and then smile, a rainbow will come on your face."

Children have often a happy knack of making apt illustrations. A boy on being asked to describe a kitten, said: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there."

The children at a Sunday School being asked, among other questions, what bearing false witness against one's neighbour meant, a pert little girl replied: "It is when nobody hain't done nothing, and somebody goes and tells."

That homely dish, tripe, has been compared to a "specimen of inferior sponge"; while that useful article, the needle, has been called the "rent collector."

AMONGST the strange relics in the Record Office is the original will of John Hedges, who died in 1742. It is in verse, and is believed to be the only document of its kind extant. The following is a copy of it:—

The first day of May,  
Being merry and gay;  
To Hyp not inclined,  
But of vigorous mind;  
But my body in health,  
I'll dispose of my wealth,  
And all I'm to leave,  
On this side the grave,  
To some one or other,  
I think to my brother;  
But because I foresaw  
That my Brethren in Law,  
If I did not take care,  
Would come in for their share,  
Which I no wise intended  
Till their manners are mended  
(And of that, God knows, here's no sign),  
I do therefore enjoin,  
And do strictly command  
(Of which witness my hand),  
That nought I have got  
Be brought into hotchpot,  
But I give and devise  
As much as in me lies  
To the son of my mother,  
My own dear brother,  
To have and to hold  
All my silver and gold  
As the affectionate pledges  
Of his brother—John Hedges.

Finis.

## NOT SO LARGE AS THAT.

A WITNESS was being examined in a court of law the other day. The question was about the size of certain hoofprints left by a horse in a sandy soil.

"How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" (holding up his hand for the witness to see).

"Oh, no," said the witness, honestly; "it was just an ordinary hoof."

Then the counsel had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

the steeple of the Old South, and with the roar of artillery, which announced that the beleaguering army of Washington had intrenched itself upon a nearer height than before. As the deep boom of the cannon smote upon his ear, Colonel Joliffe raised himself to the full height of his aged form, and smiled sternly on the British general.

"Would your excellency inquire further into the mystery of the pageant?" said he.

"Take care of your gray head!" cried Sir William Howe, fiercely, though with a quivering lip. "It has stood too long on a traitor's shoulders!"

"You must make haste to chop it off, then," calmly replied the colonel; "for a few hours longer, and not all the power of Sir William Howe, nor of his master, shall cause one of these gray hairs to fall. The empire of Britain, in this ancient province, is at its last gasp to-night;—almost while I speak it is a dead corpse;—and methinks the shadows of the old governors are fit mourners at its funeral!"

With these words Colonel Joliffe threw on his cloak, and drawing his grand-daughter's arm within his own, retired from the last festival that a British ruler ever held in the old province of Massachusetts Bay. It was supposed that the colonel and the young lady possessed some secret intelligence in regard to the mysterious pageant of that night. However this might be, such knowledge has never become general. The actors in the scene have vanished into deeper obscurity than even that wild Indian band who scattered the cargoes of the tea-ships on the waves, and gained a place in history, yet left no names. But superstition, among other legends of this mansion, repeats the wondrous tale, that on the anniversary night of Britain's discomfiture, the ghosts of the ancient governors of Massachusetts still glide through the portal of the Province House. And, last of all, comes a figure shrouded in a military cloak, tossing his clinched hands into the air, and stamping his iron-shod boots upon the broad freestone steps, with a semblance of feverish despair, but without the sound of a foot-tramp.

When the truth-telling accents of the elderly gentleman were hushed, I drew a long breath and looked round the room, striving, with the best energy of my imagination, to throw a tinge of romance and historic grandeur over the realities of the scene. But my nostrils snuffed up a scent of cigar-smoke, clouds of which the narrator had emitted, by way of visible emblem, I suppose, of the nebulous obscurity of his tale. Moreover, my gorgeous fantasies were wofully disturbed by the rattling of the spoon in a tumbler of whisky punch, which Mr. Thomas Waite was mingling for a customer. Nor did it add to the picturesque appearance of the panelled walls, that the slate of the Brookline stage was suspended against them, instead of the armorial escutcheon of some far-descended governor. A stage-driver sat at one of the windows, reading a penny paper of the day—the Boston Times—and presenting a figure which could nowise be brought into any picture of "Times in Boston," seventy or a hundred years ago. On the window-seat lay a bundle, neatly done up in brown paper, the direction of which I had the idle curiosity to read. "Miss SUSAN HUGGINS, at the PROVINCE HOUSE." A pretty chambermaid, no doubt. In truth, it is desperately hard work, when we attempt to throw the spell of hoar antiquity over localities with which the living world, and the day that is passing over us, have aught to do. Yet, as I glanced at the stately staircase, down which the procession of the old governors had descended, and as I emerged through the venerable portal, whence their figures had preceded me, it gladdened me to be conscious of a thrill of awe. Then diving through the narrow archway, a few strides transported me into the densest throng of Washington Street.

## SHAKESPEARE ON GRAVITATION.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is credited with the discovery of the law of gravitation; and beyond question he formulated it and made it known to the world in scientific form. But his predecessors must have known more about the matter than is generally supposed; for about a hundred years before the publication of Newton's book, in which the law was explained, Shakespeare (*Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 2) makes Cressida say—

"The strong base and building of my love  
Is as the very centre of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it."

# 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	5 0
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patrn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.)	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0

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

## Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" " High-class Prac. Demonstration...	Mrs. Pitcher	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" " " "	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 (Wh. Sc.)	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	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	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
*Magnetism & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo, A. I. E. E., and Mr. Brooker	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
—Prac.	Mr. Brooker	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair, Ph.D., F.C.S.	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac. "	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " Theo., Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
—Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
—Honrs.	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wh. Sc.)	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics	"	"	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 ...	"	Friday	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
*Drawing from Life ...	"	"	"	"
*Etching ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*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.]	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Friday	7.30-10.0	2 0
*Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 0
Military Band ...	"	Saturday	5.0	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. 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
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners)...	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
(Competitive)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	12 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Tele. Learners...	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters ...	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " and Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Interme. 1st	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " 2nd	"	"	"	"
" " Elemen. 3rd	"	"	"	"
" " Advanced ...	"	"	"	"
" " Commrel. Corres.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Mon. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	11 6
*Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Dr. Stoker	Saturday	3.30-5.30	20 0
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	1 0
Literary ...	Mr. H. Spender	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0
" " " "	"	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
*Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Printing (Letter Press) ...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
*Electrical Engineering—Elec. Ling., Instrument Making & Telegraphy	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice ...	Mr. W. Slingo, A. I. E. E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Medist.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. A. Brooker, Medist.	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Brickwork and Masonry	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	5 0
*Cabinet Designing ...	Mr. A. Grenville	Monday	8.0-9.30	7 6
" " " "	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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be useful to them. A great many companies are started every year; they appeal mostly to persons who have small sums to invest: they are in one pound shares: people apply for five, ten, or twenty shares. If the company turns out well, they may make a good interest on their investment. If not—well—they are not ruined. Will some financial person find out for us and print *in extenso* a list of the companies which have been launched, promoted, established, and failed during the last ten years? And will that same person enable us to see how much money has been lost by these companies? Further, will he tell us who has got that money? For you see if I pay £5 for five shares, and get nothing back, that little sum of £5 has gone into somebody's pockets, and one would like to find out whose pockets. Meantime, let small investors keep their own pocket buttoned up tight; let them never, never, never apply for shares, however promising may be the company, unless they are personally advised—not advised by any newspaper—as to the soundness of the company.

EDITOR.

## Palace Notes.

MR. ANDREW SARLL, our Book-keeping and Arithmetic Master, is calling his classes together for this session, and reminding them of the necessity of persistent work to acquire a thorough knowledge (nobody wants smatterers) of his subjects. Those who have already gained second and third class certificates, he invites to attempt the higher examinations. I once came across a copy of Mr. Sarll's little work on Book-keeping, and it struck me as being the clearest and simplest of all the treatises I have seen on the subject, and I have seen a good many.

THE athletic clubs, whose life-breath is the air of summer, are beginning thus early to make their preparations for the forthcoming season's work. *Vide* the Cycling Club's announcements among the Club Notes.

NEXT Saturday, January 25th, a Meeting will be held in Room No. 6, for the purpose of forming a Shorthand Society. Mr. Horton will take the chair at 7.30. All Students with a knowledge of Shorthand are invited to attend.

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.

Our Second Social Evening was held on Saturday last, when the gentlemen of the Orchestral Society joined us. It proved a great success in every way. Many thanks are due to the Members of the Committee who assisted in carrying out the arrangements. It is particularly requested that every Member will endeavour to attend all practices as punctually and regularly as possible, as we have to give two oratorio performances shortly.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—All vacancies for sopranos are now filled. We are wanting a few more contraltos, tenors, and basses. Intending members should join at once.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

A Cinderella will be held on February 22nd, at the Bromley Vestry Hall; tickets, 1s. 6d., may be had of Members of the club, or of the M.C.'s, Messrs. W. S. Marshall and H. Rosenway. The United Cycling Club hold their Smoking Concert on Saturday next, at the "Four Swans," Bishopsgate. A special table has been reserved for the Members of the Palace Club. J. Howard and J. Burley have been nominated for the Executive Committee of the Eastern Counties Road Club. There are twenty-five candidates on the voting paper, of whom twenty-one are to be elected. The candidates represent the chief clubs in the counties of Essex,

Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, Hertford and East Middlesex. Members wishing to join the Eastern Counties Road Club should acquaint their Secretary of their intention. Mr. F. Glover, our late handicapper, has removed to Brighton for a short time on business. He has joined the Brighton Excelsior C.C., but still intends to keep up his Membership of the old club. The bridge at Temple Mills is finished, but the proprietor has had a bar placed across it, and levies a toll of one penny on every bicycle passing over. Captain Kennard must go for the toll-keeper. Mr. N. Nathan and M. Taylor, of the Bow and Bromley Institute, have received permission from Sir Edmund to continue their Membership of the club. Members desiring the club to visit particular places during the coming season should send the name of the places with approximate distance from headquarters to the Hon. Sec. at once. Every cyclist should visit the Stanley Show, which opens on Friday next. Students of the Palace, or any other similar Institute wishing to join the Palace Cycling Club, should communicate with the Hon. Sec., Mr. Jas. Burley, Hope Lodge, Walthamstow. Those Members who are backward in their subscriptions from last season, are respectfully reminded to hurry up, otherwise their names will have to be published in these notes. The new rules passed by the Committee at their last meeting have been laid before the Trustees for their approval.

J. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 1s. per quarter, or 3s. per annum. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m. During this week two matches have been played, with the following results:—

People's Palace. Highbury Visiting.

Haslam .. .. .	1	Laing (absent) .. .. .	0
Gooding .. .. .	1	Harper .. .. .	0
Hopper .. .. .	1	Sinclair .. .. .	0
Maclachlan .. .. .	1	Drury .. .. .	1
Druitt .. .. .	0	Brindley .. .. .	0
		Lucas .. .. .	1

People's Palace. Bow and Bromley.

H. Cudmore .. .. .	1	W. H. Pullinger .. .. .	0
E. J. Smith .. .. .	1	A. M. Holland .. .. .	1
Rev. F. H. Dinns .. .. .	1	Dedman .. .. .	0
G. Corpe .. .. .	1	F. C. Gooding .. .. .	1
A. Clegg .. .. .	0	J. Baker .. .. .	1
G. Powell .. .. .	0	Berners .. .. .	1
E. V. Pike .. .. .	0	Clarke .. .. .	1
Maclachlan .. .. .	0	W. Bennett .. .. .	1

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, a party of twenty visited the British Museum, and were conducted round the Library by Mr. C. T. Jeffery. After examining the many interesting and historic manuscripts, as well as numerous illustrated Bibles, and beautifully illuminated scrolls, we were taken for a walk among the books and newspapers, of which former there are more than two millions stored in over forty miles of bookshelves, to which large number thirty thousand volumes are added annually; while the latter take up more than twenty-five miles of shelves. A glance at the busy readers in the room below was obtained from one of the top galleries, after which we were shown various objects of interest, including the Rosetta Stone; at which point we were met by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, the celebrated writer and lecturer on Assyria. Mr. Boscawen is a delightful lecturer, and in the pleasantest and simplest manner possible, he explained to his attentive hearers the wonders and beauties by which they were surrounded. As we stood before a splendid bas-relief, representing Assur-Nasir-Pal receiving the fir-cones, which even then were considered to contain the essence of life, of which the frequenters of Bournemouth speak so highly, and as Mr. Boscawen explained the curious resemblance between the old Norse legends of the sacred tree, which, like the Holy Tree of the ancient Babylonians, had its roots in the under world, and its top reaching to Heaven or Valhalla itself, it was instructive to note the rapt attention of his hearers, or to avoid the reflection that the march of civilisation is ever proceeding upward and onward. And as he told the beautiful story of the descent of the great Goddess Ishtar into the underworld to the great city of Death, where she vainly sought her lover, a tenderer expression stole into the faces of the men, and a wondering interesting, no less sympathetic, was visible in the countenances of his feminine auditors, of whom there were not a few.

The truth of the old Bible stories never, perhaps, was so clearly realised as when they gazed upon the colossal human-headed bull and lion, representing on a large scale the little household gods called Teraphim, which the lecturer informed his hearers were identical with those hidden away by Rachel when escaping with her patient lover Jacob; or when Mr. Boscawen, pointing to a little clay tablet covered with arrow-headed inscriptions, and which, he said, came from within ten miles of Ur of the Chaldees, where Abraham once lived, and which contained such Jewish names as

those of Cain, Ishmael, and others, and which go far to prove the truth of the assertion that the Hebrews had their far-off origin in this very city of Ur. And as we stood before the beautifully-carved picture, thousands of years old, of Merodach, the God of Light, who day by day rises from out of the sea to put to flight the serpent that is the spirit of darkness, and yet who each night reconquers the beautiful Sun-God, the lecturer showed the exact resemblance between the Babylonian legend and that old Jewish one, wherein, in the book of Genesis, it is said, "Thou shalt bruise his head and he shall bruise thy heel." Nor less interesting was the tablet which Mr. Boscawen pointed out to his hearers, and which was written by a carpenter, and was a treatise on children's ailments, presented to the temple by him on his recovery from a long illness.

The spelling-books used by the Assyrians greatly amused the young Board School teachers, and a shout of merry laughter rang through those solemn corridors when Mr. Boscawen pointed out a tablet written in old Babylonian, which language the young Assyrians of the period had to learn as we learn Latin to-day, and when he pointed out another tablet, which he designated as a mere "crib," containing an Assyrian translation, together with the text in the far more ancient language. Those in the party who were at all politically inclined were equally amused at Mr. Boscawen's account of the founding of the great libraries of Nineveh and other cities by the King Esarhaddon, who was compelled to this course of action in the hope that he would thereby counteract the teachings of the Babylonish priests, who, being greatly opposed to the Assyrian rule, were ever striving to create a reaction in favour of what would now be termed a policy of "Home Rule." What the lecturer termed the oldest object in the world—a small egg-shaped stone, most beautifully carved, and dedicated 5,700 years ago to the Sun-God at Sipar, elicited murmurs of irrepressible wonder and admiration from many Members of the party, who thronged round the glass case to gaze upon so touching a relic of a long-dead past. None who witnessed the progress of the party through these stately galleries and past the storied walls, or who noted the rapt attention with which each Member present listened to the eloquent lecturer, could any longer doubt that in the rising generation there is a desire growing stronger every day, for information and for knowledge that ought in every possible way to be encouraged. Such rambles as these are productive of endless benefit, and we can only wish that even more should be made of them than has been made in the past.

The Members are particularly requested to attend a ramble over the *Graphic* Printing Office, Milford Lane, on Thursday next, at six o'clock, meeting outside at 5.55 p.m. There will not be any ramble on Saturday next, 25th inst. Saturday, February 1st.—Greenwich.

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

#### STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

The Students' Monthly Dance takes place to-night, in the Exhibition-building; admission by class ticket only. It has been suggested that a Calico Fancy Dress Dance, for the Students and their friends, be held at the end of March, in the Queen's Hall. The idea is to have the maximum enjoyment at the minimum cost. The usual difficulty in a fancy dress is the expense, but, of course, at a calico dress dance, a costly dress would look out of place, and also defeat the object in view. As 200 double tickets would probably be the limit, application should be made directly the tickets are being issued. The above is simply a suggestion, and it depends entirely on fellow students whether the idea be carried out. If it is agreed to, I shall be glad to make arrangements with a few lady and gentlemen students, to advise on any difficulties as regards dress, characters, etc.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

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

Last Saturday the above club had an enjoyable paper chase, Flower and Young being the two hares, the rest of the club being hounds. The hares started from Wanstead at 3 p.m., and were pursued by the hounds eight minutes later. The hounds followed the track of the hares through Wanstead Park, and down Blake Hall Road, and then on towards the Red House, Barking Side, where we fell in with another track, and ran after the boys who were laying it, thinking they were the hares we were after, but when we got up to them we found out that they belonged to a different club. Then we had to go back again to the Red House, to look for our track, but could not find it; presently we saw a track leading down towards a bridge, at the back of the Red House, and we were told here, by some country boys, that they had seen half-a-dozen boys go across the field; we made our way across the field as quickly as possible, but could not see any trace of their track, and when we got on the road again we did not know which way to go after the hares, so we all proposed to go home, and did so, by a near way across some fields, and were soon back, after a very enjoyable run, having been out one hour and fifteen minutes. When we got home, the hares had not reached the head-quarters, so we got

dressed, and waited for them, and they came in about thirty minutes after the hounds, after having a very long run, and were glad to get home to their tea, which they managed to do before dark. Next Saturday, we shall have a run into the country.

H. B. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB v. BOY'S SOCIETY FOOTBALL CLUB.

Last Saturday we played our first match since the Christmas vacation, and scored another win. We were to meet at three o'clock sharp, at the Grove Road entrance to Victoria Park. At the stated time the following Members had arrived:—F. Rawlings, Dodd, Edmunds, Griffith, Worledge, and Richardson; whilst Courtney (capt.), Travers, Munsie, Laken, and Hardy, nobly failed to keep their promise, and left their school team to meet their opponents with about half its proper strength. However, Worledge and Dodd happened each to be accompanied by a brother, each of whom offered to play. Clements, a first year boy from I.E., kindly stepped in to fill up a gap, and by putting our umpire in goal, we managed to play only one short. At all points of the game our rivals were fairly beaten, and the passing of our forwards was too much for them. Our men made great efforts to beat each other in scoring goals, several of them having hard luck. For us, Worledge kicked three goals, whilst Edmunds and Dodd scored one each, the game ending in a victory for us by 5 goals to 1. Our opponents played a fair and good-natured game. They took their drubbing in very good part, and promised to bring a stronger team to meet us at Wanstead next March for the return. We earnestly invite all athletic first year boys to join the club, and by regular attendance and hard work at the game gain for the school a good reputation for football. First year boys are specially invited, as they should prove our back-bone for next year. Travers and Hardy, we afterwards learnt, were absent through illness, and Laken was unable to find the ground. Next week we play St. Paul's Juniors, at Wanstead.

E. H. SMITH.

#### People's Palace Junior Section.

##### PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday, January 18th, we took a Charing Cross omnibus from the Royal Exchange at 3.15, en route for the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, W., the founder being De La Bache. Arriving there about 3.45, we were taken over the greater part of it by Mr. F. W. Rudler. The building was opened by the Prince Consort in 1851, the pillars and parts of the walls being made of different kinds of stones, marble, and granite, all in appertainment with geology. The statues about the hall are mounted on the marble from the county or country; they came from E. Forbes, Castletown, Isle of Man, mounted on Isle of Man marble, etc. We next went along a passage leading to the lecture hall, the roof of which forms the most noticeable part of the building. Then upstairs were the different metals, and the processes from the ore to the foundry, where they are made into different articles of use, etc. We were shown a splendid snuff-box set with sixteen large diamonds and over 300 small ones, which, besides a salava and a large vase of adventurine quartz from the province of Tomsk, Siberia, was bequeathed to the Museum by the late manager, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Bart., to whom it was presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia in 1871. Mr. Rudler then took us round the cases, giving us a description of the largest nugget of gold ever found, called the "Welcome Friend," the Koh-i-noor, of which they have an exact model as it was found and in its present shape. We then looked over two large rooms full of models of mining machinery, one set for coal mining, the other for metal mining. In one of the rooms there is a large glass case with over 200 mining lamps of great historical interest from the first to those now used. Here Mr. Rudler left us to view the two galleries which contain fossils of different species of animals. With hearty thanks to Mr. Rudler for his kind attention to us, we then left the splendid building.

H. J. GARDNER, Act. Hon. Sec.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

D. OVEN, J. A. WHISH, T. H. WEBSTER, MISS L. A. ADAMS, MISS CASTER.—Subscriptions received with thanks.

H. J. GARDNER.—Please write upon one side only of the paper in your future reports.

A. SARLL.—We shall be glad to hear from time to time of the progress of your pupils.

#### A Western Court of Justice.

A FEW weeks ago (writes Mr. J. Watson) business took me to a small town situate in the north-west of the State of Michigan. On inquiry I found that the gentleman I wished to see was at the Justice Court, and accordingly followed him thither.

The court-house consisted of a small wooden shed divided into three compartments, one being the prisoners' cell, another the justice's room, and the third the court. This last was a small room, about 25 feet long and 20 feet wide. The floor of half of it was raised about one foot. My friend, having seen me enter, rose from among five other men sitting on the raised platform, and came to me. He explained that he was one of the jury, and asked me to wait a few minutes for him.

I sat down and watched the proceedings with interest, as the court seemed so totally different from what I had seen in the old country, and it was the first western court I had visited.

The case before the court was one of stealing chickens, but there was a dispute going on at the time I entered as to whether it was a case of larceny or not, as it was alleged that the prisoner had killed the chickens in the hen-house, and had not removed them.

A gentleman sitting beside me kindly pointed out to me the different persons of interest in the room. The justice sat at a small table strewn with a few books and papers, a large quid in his mouth, and a spittoon by his side. On his left sat, or rather, I should say, lolled, the lawyer for the prosecutor, with his chair tipped back, his feet crossed upon a book on the justice's table, and a cigar in his mouth. The prisoner was accommodated with a chair between the prosecuting lawyer and his own, and seemed to enjoy both the proceedings and his quid. The whole of the spectators on the lower part of the floor were either chewing or smoking, and were well supplied with spittoons.

After the case had proceeded for a few minutes, I found that the court was at a standstill, as nobody could say whether it was larceny which the prisoner had committed or not, and, as a last resource, my friend the jurymen, knowing that I had studied a little law, suggested that the matter should be referred to me. The justice and everybody concerned were quite willing to agree to this, and when I told them that to constitute larceny there must be "a taking and carrying away," and referred them to the statute, there was great rejoicing, and the justice at once asked me if I would imbibe, and passed a bottle of whiskey to me.

While the above-mentioned dispute was going on, the jurymen took matters very comfortably, passing round the bottle in good style, and I noticed that two of them amused themselves by trying who could spit the further from an open window.

The justice, having turned up the statute and found that what I had told him was correct, at once reduced the charge to one of doing wilful damage, and the case proceeded.

The evidence produced in support of the charge was of the most flimsy character, and the defence no better, the latter being little more than a repetition of the fact that the prisoner was an Irishman, and that an Irishman would not lower himself by stealing or doing damage to half-a-dozen chickens. I suppose that this was done because the justice and three or four of the jurymen were Irishmen.

The justice's summoning up consisted of the following words:—

"Now, boys, you have heard all about it, and have got to settle whether Kelly (the prisoner) was in that hen-roost or not."

The jury having retired, the prisoner, having got rid of his quid by throwing it out of the open window, coolly walked up to the justice and said—

"Have you got any chewing, governor?"

I expected to see him at once committed, but nothing of the kind occurred, for the justice simply put his hand into his pocket and passed him his tobacco, and the prisoner, having bitten a piece off, returned it.

After an absence of about ten minutes, the jury came back into court and said that "they had decided that they could not agree as to the verdict, but they all thought that the prisoner should be let off," and, accordingly the justice ordered him to be discharged.

Having still a few minutes to spare, and as my friend was busy, I waited in court, and heard the next case, which was one of drunkenness. After the case had been proved, the justice said, "I fine you five dollars and costs." The prisoner, feigning deafness, put his hand to his ear, and said,

"What?" Then the justice, in a lower tone of voice, replied, "Fifteen dollars and costs." The man's face changed at once, and he walked away very much crestfallen, amid the roars of laughter of the whole court, including the justice.

The *tout ensemble* of the court was so different from what I had been used to, and the style of doing business so free and easy, that after leaving it I could not but think that at all events in the administration of our law we are very many years ahead of the Americans in that part of the States.

#### Restoring Life in Fish.

THE marvellous recovery of fish after having been frozen has often been remarked. Mr. Lawler, formerly in charge of the Naturalists' Department of the Brighton Aquarium, records the following experiences:—

"In the early part of 1873 the directors of the Aquarium were always ready to purchase any rare or curious fishes caught anywhere round the coast; and one day we received a telegram from a well-known hotel-keeper at Bognor, stating that a local fisherman had captured a dolphin. I was at once despatched with our usual travelling tanks, etc.; and on arriving at Bognor I found the so-called dolphin swimming about in an ordinary wash-hand basin, the proprietor of the hotel watching over the fish with great anxiety, and a glass of something hot. Said he, 'I am glad you have come, Mr. Lawler; it's all right now but it would have been dead if I had not given it a spoonful of hot brandy and water.'

"The fish was a smaller specimen of the 'Lesser Fork-beard,' or Tadpole Fish, and was brought to the Aquarium, where it lived for some months.

"With regard to ordinary carp, they will live out of water for a very considerable time. I may mention that on one occasion we received a batch of fine carp from the estate of Mr. V. F. Bennet Stanford, at Tisbury, in Wilts, a distance of ninety-five miles from London. They were packed in straw. On their arrival at Brighton they were placed under a sharp stream of water, and in a very short time they were sufficiently recovered from their dry journey to be placed in the show tank, where they lived for a long time.

#### Individual Consumption of Food.

A WRITER asserts that each man who attains the age of three-score and ten, consumes, during the course of his life, twenty waggon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At four tons to the waggon, this would correspond to an average of about a hundred ounces of food per day, or, say, some one hundred and twenty ounces per day, during adult life, and about eighty ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding one hundred and twenty ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six half-pints of liquid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman. Yet, probably most of us take more than this, in one way or another, during the day. Dr. Lankester, from an extensive analysis of the dietary of soldiers, sailors, prisoners, and the better paid classes of artisans and professional men in London, found the average daily quantity of solid and liquid food to be one hundred and forty-three ounces. Doubtless many take much less; but unquestionably many take much more than this. When someone mentioned before Sydney Smith the twenty waggon-loads of food calculated for each man's allowance, the wit turned to Lord Durham, who like himself was corpulent (and not without sufficient reason), with the quaint remark, "I think that our waggons, Durham, must be four-horsed ones!"

#### HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

BINKS: "Neat place you have here my boy. How's everything?"

JINKS (young legal luminary): "Booming, old fellow—booming."

B.: "Plenty of clients, eh?"

J.: "N—no, not exactly, but I'm getting on splendidly. There was a man here this morning to get my name for the legal directory."

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22nd 1890,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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

VOCALISTS:

Mdlle. NOEMI LORENZI,  
Madame OSBORNE WILLIAMS,  
Mr. RECHAB TANDY.

The People's Palace Orchestra.

(Conductor - - MR. W. R. CAVE.)

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

1. CORONATION MARCH (Prophète) .. .. Meyerbeer.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

2. SONG (by desire) "The Spanish Gipsy" .. M. Watson.  
MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

Merry-hearted gipsies, from the south we come,  
O'er the ocean sailing, ev'ry land our home;  
Free as air we wander 'neath the greenwood shade,  
Where the wild flow'rs' perfume mingles in the glade!

Fortunes we tell as onward we roam,  
And Doña or Don respond to our call;  
"Greeting" they cry, "O daughter of Spain,  
La bella Gitana is welcom'd by all!"

Holà! 'tis the gipsy who comes from Seville,  
Where orange and citron trees perfume the grove;  
Holà! cross my palm, and I soon will reveal  
A tale that shall breathe but of joybells and love!

When twilight is spreading o'er the world,  
And sheepbells are calling the flocks to fold;  
Then hasten we homeward, seeking rest,  
Till morning is waking each bird in its nest!

Holà! 'tis the gipsy who comes from Seville,  
Where orange and citron trees perfume the grove;  
Holà! cross my palm, and I soon will reveal  
A tale that shall breathe but of joybells and love!

3. ORGAN SOLO—Sonata No. 8 .. .. Rheinberger.  
MR. B. JACKSON.

4. DUET .. "Quis est Homo" (Stabat Mater) .. Rossini.  
MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI  
AND MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

Quis est homo qui non fletur  
Christi matrem si videret,  
Christi matrem si videret in tanto supplicio?  
Quis non posset contristari  
Piam matrem contemplari dolentem cum filio?

Pow'r eternal! Judge and Father,  
Who shall blameless stand before thee,  
Or thy dreadful anger fly.  
Hear and aid us strength to gather,  
To obey thee, still adore thee, in faith and hope to die.

5. OVERTURE .. "Crown Diamonds" .. .. Auber.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

6. SONG .. .. "Douglas Gordon" .. .. Kellie.  
MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

"Row me o'er the straits, Douglas Gordon,  
Row me o'er the strait, my love," said she,  
"Where we greeted in the summer, Douglas Gordon,  
Beyond the little kirk, by the old trysting-tree."  
Never a word spake Douglas Gordon,  
But he looked into her eyes so tenderly,  
And he sat her at his side,  
And away across the tide,  
They floated to the little kirk  
And the old, old trysting tree.

"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,  
Just a word of pity, O my love," said she,  
"For the bells will ring to-morrow, Douglas Gordon,  
My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me.  
They told me you were false, Douglas Gordon,  
And you never, never came to comfort me."  
And she saw the great tears rise  
In her lover's silent eyes,  
As they drifted to the little kirk  
And the old, old trysting tree.

"And it's never, never, never, Douglas Gordon,  
Never in this world that you may come to me,  
But tell me that you love me, Douglas Gordon,  
And kiss me for the sake of all that used to be."  
Then he flung away his sail, his oars and rudder,  
And he took her in his arms so tenderly,  
And they drifted on amain,  
And the bells may call in vain,  
For she and Douglas Gordon  
Are drowned in the sea.

7. NEW SONG .. "The reason why" .. Van Lennep.  
MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

You ask me why the day grows bright,  
The hours so gaily glide,  
And why the world seems fill'd with song,  
When you are by my side.  
You bid me tell you why a night,  
A night that has no star,  
Steals o'er my heart till all is gloom,  
When you, love, are afar.

It is because,  
It is because my heart is changed,  
So changed from days of yore;  
It is because my life has lost  
What time can ne'er restore.  
It is because I love you now,  
As I never loved before  
And shall for evermore!

I may not hope to win your heart  
And claim it for my own,  
Your path and mine must lie apart,  
My way, be sad and lone!  
But will you sometimes give a thought  
To one who left your side,  
Yet, who will often murmur still,  
In the waning eventide,  
I love you, I love you as I never lov'd before.  
I love you.

Ah! then if love has touch'd your heart,  
Your heart so free and gay,  
You'll read anew and understand  
My bitterness to-day.  
Perchance, though pray it be not so,  
You too may see hope die,  
And feel how the world is lost  
In one sad word good-bye!

It is because  
It is because my heart has chang'd, etc., etc.

8. ANDANTE, from "Surprise Symphony" .. .. Haydn.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

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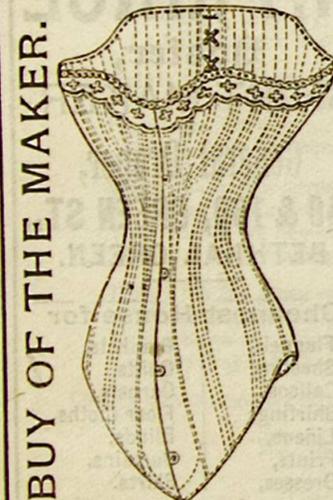
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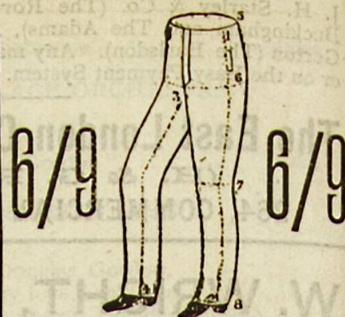
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