

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 116.]

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid. VOLUME IV. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

NOTICE.

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, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools Office.

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Jan. 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Jan. 31st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Photographic Club Meeting, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Feb. 1st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Section Ramblers.—To Tower.—Ramblers' Club.—To Greenwich, 3.30 on pier.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Technical Schools Ramblers.—To Messrs. Kirkaldys' Engineering Works, Southwark, at 10 a.m.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall, at 8.

SUNDAY, Feb. 2nd.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Feb. 3rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

TUESDAY, Feb. 4th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 5th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Grand Display by Members of Gymnasium, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 2nd, 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.

I HAVE noted very little during the past week except a few facts of no general interest on the rise, progress, and development of influenza. External proceedings occupy the mind very little when one is taking out the influenza in bed. I am happy to learn, however, that the epidemic is much less violent in its character, and that it seems to be going away. Indeed, one of the medical authorities speaking of it says that its visit to this country has assumed a "benign" character. Well—it might certainly have been much worse: it might have killed a great many more than it has done: but—"benign!" For my own part I can testify that its effect upon my nerves, temper, and general condition, was anything but benignant. Therefore my notes will be short this week.

FOR one thing the influenza prevented my going to see the funeral of Lord Napier of Magdala. I remember the splendid exploit from which he took his title. Abyssinia was an almost unknown country. That is to say, the resources of the king were practically unknown. General Napier marched up with a very small force, took the capital, and, in fact, did exactly what he was sent to do. Then he came home again, and has since lived the quiet life of one who had no wish to obtrude himself with public notice. I hope there are still many soldiers like Lord Napier, ready to do their work, to do it thoroughly—to do it quietly—and to make no fuss afterwards. There is another general in the British armies who might well take a lesson out of this good old officer's record, and learn that to be silent and reserved is not to be neglected.

THE Portuguese continue very angry with us for our action in Africa. It seems that no attempt is made by their papers to explain to them the truth: they do not know where the lands in dispute lies: they do not know that their man Serpa Pinto has insulted the British Flag in a way that no nation can possibly allow: and they do not know the English case, let alone their own: therefore they bluster: they will not carry on trade with us: they will no longer learn the English language: they will no longer use our money: in fact, they are behaving like a set of ignorant children. Let us not abuse them in return; and if there is any way of soothing their wounded vanity, I hope we shall find that way.

THE Forest Gate Fire incident has been terminated by the verdict of the coroner's jury. No one is to blame: on the other hand every one is to blame. Very well: but when a lot of boys are put to sleep in a dormitory, common sense should teach the managers to construct a fire escape that should be ready at a moment's notice. We very properly insist upon the means of rapid exit from a theatre, but a crowded boys' dormitory is left without the least means of escape. Let other schools and institutions see to it.

THE renewal of strikes is a very ominous and disheartening symptom. The least that could be expected, when an understanding had been arrived at, was that it should be considered binding for a reasonable term. I fear that the men are doing themselves no good by their new action, and that they are doing the great cause of combination much harm. For the essence of combination is that it should be used for just and legitimate objects only. There is no doubt, for instance, that if all the working men of the country were to combine they could force upon all masters and companies such terms

as would for ever destroy the capitalist. But would they be wise and just in so doing? Again, they may combine and strike at such a time, and for so long a time, as to drive away the whole of the trade from the Port of London to the Port of Antwerp. Trade is a very sensitive and delicate thing. In so doing they would entirely ruin everybody connected with the Port of London. And what about themselves when the trade was destroyed? I am one of those who believe in the combination of working men and in the good sense which should rule their actions. But one must not be blind to the dangers—the immense dangers—to a commercial country should such combinations act tyrannically, oppressively, and unjustly.

THE stoppage of the Chelsea Savings' Bank will do a good deal to increase the suspicion which has begun to cling about these institutions. The Post Office Savings' Bank is a formidable competitor, and, apparently, cannot break. For my own part, I should like to see all savings' banks, except those of the Government, abolished. There should be no doubt at all about the safety of one's savings, and I can hardly conceive a more bitter blow than the stoppage of a bank, and the loss of all the savings of a provident and thrifty life: therefore, let us put our savings into the Post Office and keep them there. It is, however, satisfactory to find, that the loss in the case of the Chelsea Bank will be certainly small, and possibly everybody may be paid in full.

IT was on the 28th of January, 1725, that Peter the Great of Russia died. Without Peter the Muscovites would probably be to this day the barbarians whom he found. Everybody knows how he resolved to enrich Russia by the possession of a fleet, and how he further resolved to learn for himself how ships should be built. He worked in the Dockyard of Saardam, in Holland, as a common shipwright under the name of Peter Timmerman, drawing pay. When he had taught himself all there was to learn he came over here and spent most of his time at Deptford, not working, but looking in at the building-yards, and sailing about the Thames with his people. The house where he stayed—Sayer Court—has now been pulled down; but the house in which he lived, during a short stay in London, may still be seen: it is at the bottom of Buckingham Street, Strand, on the east-side: I think the Charity Organization Society has its head-quarters there at present. Brandy, peppered, was his Russian majesty's favourite drink—one of the reasons, perhaps, for the early termination of his career.

THE end of this month has been fatal to other royal personages. King George III. died in 1820, on the 29th, being then eighty-two years of age—mad, blind, and deaf—the poor old man! On the 30th, King Charles the First was beheaded. On the 31st, King Charles the First's great grandson, once the brave and gallant Prince Charlie, died at the age of sixty-eight, a victim to brandy and other strong drinks. It would have been better for his reputation had he perished in the field of Culloden.

EDITOR.

A good little Boy.

A MOTHER said to her eldest boy, the other night, at the supper table—
 "Why, Franky, I never knew you to ask for preserves a second time."
 Franky didn't say much, but his little brother Tommy, who was innocent of the ways of bad boys, spoke up, with a guileless smile on his pure little face, and said—
 "That's because Franky lost the key he made to open the pantry. That's why he never used to want much preserves at the supper table. He used to get all he wanted before supper, but now he can't open the pantry."
 After Franky's father had administered the proper corrective, Tommy remarked to himself, as he sat down to study his lesson—
 "I expect that poor Franky is sorry he didn't give me some of those preserves when I asked him for them. He will know better next time."

Palace Notes.

MR. MARSHALL still goes ahead with his dances. For particulars, refer to Club Notes.

A GOOD tenor singer, they tell me, is a rare thing to find, and we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the frequent engagement at the Palace Concerts of Mr. Rechab Tandy, whose capital performance of "Creation's Hymn," the Serenade, and "Stay, darling, stay," was tremendously applauded in the Queen's Hall last Wednesday.

MR. J. HARTLEY KNIGHT, who was sometime Sub-Editor of this paper, writes from the Star office, Lower President Street, Johannesburg, South African Republic, that he would be glad to hear from any of his old friends, and that any newspapers or other periodicals from England would be very acceptable to him—Johannesburg being nearly 600 miles from Capetown.

NEXT Wednesday (February 5th) the members of our Gymnasium are to give a grand display. Book Wednesday evening for the People's Palace, all who love to see difficult physical feats well done,—you will find it worth your while.

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. A. Heaton, secretary to the Graphic, a party of eleven were shown the offices of that paper on Thursday evening last at six o'clock. Arrived at Milford House, we were taken charge of by Mr. Williams, the foreman at the printing works. The first visit made was to the machine for printing the contents bill; a peculiarity of this machine was pointed out to us, it being a cylindrical machine with curved wooden type, made to the same curve as the drum. We were then taken into the boiler house, where the heat was terrific,—there are two large Babcock boilers for driving the engines; they are an American invention, have great steaming powers, and are a vast improvement on the old style of Cornish boiler so much in use. Next we saw the engines, and on the way a supplemental engine for driving the electric light generator and hoists was pointed out to us; the main driving engines are of the newest type of marine triple expansion 60-horse power; they are in duplicate, in case of a breakdown, and are used for driving the immense printing and folding machines, of which there are five. The paper is put into the machine in rolls of 6,100 yards, and it will print, cut, fold, and deliver the papers ready for issue to the trade, at the rate of about 8,000 per hour. Another flight of stairs led us to where two machines were at work wetting these great rolls of paper preparatory for printing. Passing through the room in which a large number of compositors were at work making up the type and photo-zincos into pages or formes, we were introduced to the stereo foreman, who, for our instruction, kindly made a special demonstration of the process. A forme, or page, was brought in on a carriage, placed on a bench, and carefully levelled; a sheet of wet paper maché is placed on it, and afterwards beaten with large flat brushes, which work it well into the type. It is then placed in a heavy hot press and heated by steam to dry; when taken out it is stripped from the forme and placed in the casting machine, and a cast in hot metal is taken; after being trimmed, it is ready for the printer's hands; six stereo moulds were taken in the short space of twenty minutes. This completed our visit to the Daily Graphic works. We were next taken over the way and introduced to the manager of the works of the older weekly Graphic. In one of the machine rooms, we saw an entirely different system of printing at work on the issue of January 25th. The printing is here done by a special kind of machine as the work is so fine and delicate; it prints two copies simultaneously at the rate of 2,000 copies per hour. There are ten of these machines at work, driven by a beam engine, also in duplicate. Next we went to the folding room; here the copies are folded and covered by a most intricate machine, by another stitched with wire, and then trimmed by a guillotine machine. The average circulation is about 80,000, but the manager informed us that it has reached as high as 140,000 copies weekly. Continuing on upstairs, we inspected some stock jobs in colour printing, but this process could not be fully explained, as the machines were not working.

When we reached the engravers' department, they had left, and it was locked up; however, we were taken in the photographic etching department, and this was very interesting to one of our Members, who is also a Member of the Photographic Club. The artists' drawings are here photographed by electric light, and a reversed negative is taken in the camera to start with; then a plate of zinc is coated with bichromated gelatine, and dried; next the negative is placed in a pressure frame with the prepared zinc plate under it, and exposed to the electric light; after exposure, the plate is developed in hot water, and etched in by acid in large wooden rocking baths. On visiting the electrotyping department, we were cautioned to mind the black lead. The woodcuts as they came from the engravers are not capable of standing the wear and tear of the presses, so an impression is taken in copper for the printing press; a wax or gutta percha impression is first taken off the woodcut, and brushed over with black lead, then it is placed in a battery, and coated with a shell of copper by electro depositing—tinned and filled up on the under side with a thickness of type metal, afterwards shaved level by a powerful machine. When we had our guides good-night it struck eight o'clock, and we had had a very profitable two hours' ramble.

Saturday, Feb. 1.—Greenwich; 3.30 p.m. at the pier, or 3.10 p.m. at Millwall Junction, G.E.R. Feb. 8.—St. Paul's Cathedral. Feb. 15.—Gray's Inn Library. Feb. 22.—Newgate. A Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday, 30th inst., at 8.30 p.m.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

The Members of the above band intend giving a dance on Saturday, 15th February, in the Exhibition Building. Every endeavour will be made to make this, our first dance, a great success. Tickets will be out shortly. Any further information can be obtained from the undermentioned—

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec.
 P. SHELLY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

On Tuesday next, and every Tuesday before the performance of "Samson," we shall meet for full rehearsal, with the orchestra, in the Queen's Hall, at eight o'clock; it is important, therefore, that all Members should attend these practices as well as those on Friday.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for a few more contraltos, tenors, and basses.

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

STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

The Monthly Dance last Wednesday was very successful. About two hundred Students were present, and everything went pleasantly to the finish. The next dance will take place on Wednesday, 26th February, at 8 p.m. Programmes, 3d. each. Admission by Class Ticket only. Many enquiries have been made about the Calico Dance, which has been definitely fixed to take place on Wednesday, April 9th (Easter week). Full particulars will be given in next week's Journal, and in the meantime I shall be glad to give any information in the matter.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for our next exhibition, to be held on Monday, February 10th, are as follows:—

- Figure Study of a hand.
- Landscape Design A study in olive and russet.
- Still-life Glass.
- Wood-carving A border.

CHAS. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum, or 1s. quarterly. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m.

A match, in the Junior Clubs' Competition, was played on Thursday last, against St. Martin's-le-Grand, with the following result:—

People's Palace.	St. Martin's.
Cudmore, H. ½	Simkins ½
Smith, E. J. ½	Clark ½
Dinnis, Rev. F. H. 1	Macfarlane 0
Burgess, H. J. 1	Parsons 0
Evans, W. 1	Keep 0
(Absent) 0	Benny 1
Powell ½	Foot ½
Maclachlan 1	Lovejoy 0

5½

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The next meeting of the club will be held on Friday next, the 31st inst., in the Studio, at 8 p.m. Programme, "Lantern Night." All Members are requested to bring forward any transparencies which may be instructive. The meetings for February will be as follows:—Feb. 7th. Paper on "Exposure and Development," by Mr. Robert Beckett; Feb. 21st. Paper on "Defects in Negatives," by Mr. C. W. Gamble. All Palace students and students of classes held at any other institution, interested in Photography, are cordially invited.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

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. Marshall and H. Rosenways. The election of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Counties Road Club took place at the "King's Arms," Bishopsgate Churchyard, on Tuesday last. Messrs. J. Burley and J. Howard were both elected. The club has over fifty Members already on its roll. In May it will hold a Twenty-five Mile Handicap; June, Fifty Mile Handicap; August, 100 Mile Handicap; September, Fifty Mile Championship, and Twelve Hours' Road Race. The qualifications for Membership are:—

(1) Each candidate must be a Member of an Amateur Cycling Club in the Eastern Counties.

(2) Each candidate must have covered 100 miles in twelve hours on a bicycle, or eighty-five miles in twelve hours on a tricycle over a selected course in the Eastern Counties; but this second qualification has been suspended until the 24th of June, 1890.

The road through Leyton promises well for riding during the coming season, but at present it is a chaos of flints.—Inter-club runs have been arranged with the Barking Ramblers.—The Unity Smoking Concert was a great success; the Palace Club were well represented.—The Kingsdale Cycling Club hold their Smoker at the "Drapers' Arms," Barnsbury Street, Liverpool Road, N., tonight. Our sub-Captain, Mr. H. Bright, will be in charge of the Palace table, and will be pleased to see as many Members present as possible.—Our neighbours, the "Gauntlets," hold their dinner at the "Falstaff," on Saturday next. I have a few tickets to dispose of. First come, first served.

Members wishing to join the Palace club should communicate with Jas. Burley, at 13, Carisbrook Road, Walthamstow, or our sub-Captain, Mr. H. Bright, at 68, Lichfield Road, Bow.—Sir Edmund Hay Currie wishes to meet the Committee on Monday, February 3rd, at 8.30 p.m. at the Palace.

JAS. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLER'S CLUB.

It was pleasing to find the juvenile ramblers had not lost interest, during the last few weeks of cessation from all excursions and committee-meetings. This was manifested by thirty-five of our Members meeting at the Royal Exchange on Saturday last, at ten o'clock, to visit Messrs. Walker's and Parker's Shot and Lead Works. Although the weather was squally, and the morning papers stated there had been many catastrophes at sea, we ventured on board the s.s. "Orlando," and steamed up the river to Charing Cross. The boys kept themselves from getting cold by clambering upon (and slipping off in batches) the warm semi-circular boiler casing. On arriving at Charing Cross Pier, we mounted the steps to Hungerford Bridge, and crossing the river soon found ourselves at the gates of Messrs. Walker's and Parker. The manager expressed much pleasure at our visit, and interest in our club. He was sorry he could not show us round, but asked Mr. Kempell to act as our guide. The first place we visited was the Round Shot Tower. This tower is 197 feet high, and molten lead is poured through a sieve at the top, and allowed to fall the whole height into a tub of water at the bottom. It was a rare sight to see the boys winding their way up the narrow staircase of 327 steps around the inside of the tower walls, while the molten lead was rushing down the centre of the shaft, like hail in a heavy storm. Mr. Kempell threw a piece of newspaper into the stream, and it was immediately riddled into shreds by the descending shot. At the top of the tower we saw them melting the lead and pouring it through the sieves. The lead has a little arsenic mixed with it. Different sized sieves are used for different sizes of shot. From the galley outside the tower there was a splendid view, but the wind was so strong that it took all our attention to stand upright. We could distinctly feel the tower rock under the wind's force. On exceptionally windy days the rock is so much that they cannot run the shot, as there can be no certainty as to where it will fall. The shot, after being taken out of the water tub and dried, is then passed along a hollow slanting cylinder, which is rotated and pierced with holes of varying sizes, beginning small at the top and getting larger as they go down; this separates the shot according to size. The next process is to run it down a smooth inclined plate, at the bottom of which is placed two boxes, one immediately under, and the other a little way off the end of the plate. The shot, which is perfectly round, runs down very quickly, and from the impetus is shot into the further box, while the oval or rough shot runs but slowly down the plate and falls off the end into the box immediately under. The bad shot is melted

up again, the good is placed, half a ton at a time, into a revolving barrel with a little black lead, and kept churning for twenty minutes, which has the effect of giving it a high polish. The larger shot is cast in the ordinary way. About thirty tons of lead are every week so made into shot, and sent to all parts of the world. Going down by a hydraulic lift, we came to the lead pipe-making. The molten lead is put into a cylinder which has a hole on the top, the size of the outside of the pipe which is to be made; a steel core projects through this hole, the size of the inside of the pipe. The piston, which forms the bottom of the cylinder, is forced up by hydraulic pressure, which squeezes the semimolten lead through the annulus at the top, formed by the previously mentioned hole and core. The pressure on the piston is very great for a six-inch pipe, about 500 tons. Gas pipes are made of a composition, and are tinned on the outside by passing through molten tin, and are then passed through water to set them before rolling into coils for the manufacture of sheet lead. A piece of the metal, weighing six tons, six inches thick, and seven feet square, is cast and then placed between rollers and rolled out to the required thickness. Messrs. Walker & Parker do not prepare the lead from the ore, but obtain it in form of pig lead from Spain. In mixing up, it is usual to mix two thirds old with one third new. We next visited the engine house, superheater, and accumulator. The latter weighed 116 tons, and had a ram of ten inches diameter; this would mean a pressure of over 3,000 lbs., or nearly a ton and a half per square inch. The shot making, however, seemed to claim the chief attraction for the boys. With many thanks to our guide, who showed us so much kindness, and to the proprietors of the factory, we left, and wended our way back to the Exchange. Our boots, as well as our hands, no longer bore the polish of the morning, and the army of shoeblacks offered to take us on contract, a reduction for a quantity, but we declined with thanks, and separated in high spirits. Next week will be a treat for all Engineering students, and must prove most instructive to all intelligent enquirers. We meet at 10 o'clock at the Royal Exchange, and go thence to Messrs. Kirkaldy and Son, Engineering, Testing, and Experimenting Works, Southwark. New Members.—Horace Alderton, Arthur E. Nutter, W. Muckleston, John Crane, and Arthur Capel.

A. W. B.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB v. ST. PAUL'S FOOTBALL CLUB (JUNIORS).

Owing, we suppose, to the wretched weather on Saturday, our opponents failed to put in an appearance at Wanstead. The following Members of our own team braved the storm, and spent most of their time in the hut under cover:—F. Rawlings, Clements, Titterton, Wilson, Bryan, Hones, and J. Bullwinkle. The Flats seemed quite deserted, only one set of players being visible from our position.

E. H. SMITH.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL HARRIERS' CLUB.

The above club had a run into the country on Saturday, January 25th. Starting from Wanstead at 3 p.m., we made our way towards Ilford, but owing to the weather being very bad, we turned down by the "George Inn," and across a field into the Barking Road, then through Wanstead Park; at this point it commenced to rain, so we quickened our pace, but the rain came on very heavily, and the wind blowing in our faces, we were not able to get home without having a good soaking, but when we got to our head-quarters a good fire was waiting for us, and we soon changed our clothes, and a good rubbing down. Afterwards, having well warmed at the fire, we made our way home, and were none the worse for our afternoon's adventure.

H. B. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR CHESS & DRAUGHTS CLUB.

All members of the above club wishing to play for the captaincy in Draughts must give in their names not later than Thursday, Jan. 30th. Games to commence Saturday, Feb. 1st. The above club is open to all members of the Junior Section, who can join on payment of twopence entrance fee and a subscription of twopence per month. The club meets on Wednesdays and Saturdays for practice at 8 o'clock, in Junior Section Club Reading-room, Old School-buildings.

J. S. BURCHILL, Hon. Sec.
W. WAGOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last, through the kindness of the directors of the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company, we rambled over the s.s. "Rome," a vessel of over 5,000 tons, Registered 5,000 horse power effective. Thanks to the Officer in Charge, we were put under the care of a quartermaster, and so saw everything, and acquiring an appearance by the finish, more like that of the Lascar crew than

anything else owing to the fact that she was taking in coal. The black dust, in company with the high wind that was blowing, was something astonishing in its effects. On Saturday, Feb. 1st, we rambled to the Tower.

H. T. GARDNER, Hon. Sec.
C. P. SEABOURNE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

Cupido Bifrons.

SWEET Love did come to me one summer day,
And flashed his rosy wings full in my face;
And coaxing led me out with him to play,

By many a winning ride, and pretty grace.
Then, when the game was o'er, he sought my heart,
And thoughts thereon his golden head to rest:
He laughing, yet beseeching, tried each art,
But I, relentless, answered with a jest!

I told him as he lightly came, to go—
In fancy's home I could not bid him stay;
He, smiling, gathered quiver, shaft and bows,
Spread his gay wings, and swiftly flew away.

Love came again; I scarce would know the face
That once so bright, now drooping, hung forlorn.
He had no smiles; his tears they fell apace;
He stood with bleeding feet two pinions torn.
Though changed, though marred, I knew that it was Love,
That Love whom I had scornful driven away.
Now to my arms he sprang, and weeping strove
Against my breast, his tangled hair to lay.

Dear Love, sad Love, who weary, wayworn came,
How could I bid him from my side depart?
I trembling kissed his curls, and breathed his name!
He smiled, and lay in peace upon my heart.

L. M. H. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. WHITE.—It is rather late for lines on Browning, and anything printed now, after Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, and Sir Theodore Martin have handled the subject, should be at least as good as their productions, and we are sure you will not feel offended with us when we say that your lines are not so. Persevere, and strike out a subject and treatment for yourself.

F. J. B.—The next display will be, as you may see by referring to Palace Notes, on Wednesday next.

Her Influence.

IT is pleasant to turn, from time to time, to stories showing the influence of women upon art, through the medium of a happy married life.

On the tomb of the painter Quentin Matsys, in the Cathedral of Antwerp, are inscribed, in letters of gold, the words, "Connubial love made him an Apelles."

This man, known as the "blacksmith of Antwerp," was born in poverty in 1466, and for a long time supported himself and his mother by working as a locksmith. He fell in love, however, with the daughter of a painter at Antwerp, and although the young lady returned his affection, she assured him that it was impossible for them to marry. Her father had always declared that no one but an artist should possess his daughter, and she, probably with some prophetic recognition of the natural powers of Matsys, added that his suit must be hopeless unless he could transform himself from a blacksmith into an artist.

The young man immediately began to devote himself to ornamental iron-work, and produced such delicate and artistic specimens of decoration that his name became known to lovers of art. He next made a series of exquisitely modelled images for distribution among the people taking part in a certain church festival, and these were so much admired that they materially increased his fame. All this, however, was not enough for the ambitious painter; Quentin was only a worker in iron, after all.

The "blacksmith of Antwerp" did not despair. Although he was in delicate health, he shut himself up and diligently studied the art of painting, and as soon as he had produced a work which seemed to approach worthiness of display, he carried it to the father of the young lady who had thus fired his ambition. The father was delighted with the picture, and at once gave his consent to the marriage.

Many of Quentin's productions in iron and upon canvas are now carefully preserved in the art collections of Europe, and thus bear constant testimony to the influence of a deep and true affection.

Royalty in Disguise.

A GRAVE historian of the Church tells us a very good story of that prince of bullies, King Henry VIII. When out hunting once in the neighbourhood of Reading Abbey he got separated from his attendants, and was invited to dinner by the abbot, who took him to be one of the king's guards. The hungry monarch ate so largely of a "sir-loyn" of beef as to excite the envy of the Churchman, who declared he would give a hundred pounds to be able to feed so heartily on beef.

The unrecognised king departed, and the abbot probably had forgotten all about his somewhat unmannerly remark upon his visitor's appetite, when a pursuivant arrived at the abbey, with orders from King Henry that the Churchman was to return with the messenger to London. Puzzled and alarmed, the abbot went accordingly, and on his arrival in town was immediately committed to an apartment in the Tower, where, on a diet of bread and water, he spent some anxious days and nights in the vain attempt to conceive how he had incurred the king's displeasure. "At last," says the historian, "a sir-loyn of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed, and verified the proverb that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private lobbie, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. 'My lord,' quoth the king, 'presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life.'"

The king, it appeared, had found in the casual remark of his host an opportunity for playing a practical joke, and at the same time turning an honest penny or two—a pretty penny, by the way, was a hundred pounds in gold in those days—and the unlucky Churchman, it is said, had to hand up the money before he was permitted to carry out of the Tower his receipt for the enjoyment of "sir-loyn" of beef.

Monarchs in times gone by seem, many of them, to have been very fond of assuming disguises, and suddenly blazing out upon their startled subjects in all the power and pomp of kingship. There is not so much this sort of thing done now; partly, perhaps, because ideas of kingly dignity have undergone some changes, and, it may be, in some measure, because in these days of photography and telegraphs and daily papers and universal omniscience, disguises are more troublesome and difficult. Nevertheless, even in our times, rulers have amused themselves in this way. The late Sultan of Turkey, the monarch who came over to England a few years ago, was said occasionally to go out in disguise among his subjects. He drove out one night quite alone and carefully disguised, and presently lounged into a cassino in Constantinople, where he called for a cup of coffee, and inveigled those around him into conversation about the Sultan and his government. His companions, fortunately for themselves, seem to have had nothing but good to report of Abdul Aziz himself, though they had some fault to find with some of his ministers. But while the conversation was going on, somebody whispered the awful hint—"The Padishah himself!"

Of course, criticism was instantly dropped, and his Majesty and all his people and all their ways and works were absolutely perfect. The Sultan, perceiving that he was recognised, is said to have taken a portrait from his pocket, and to have asked the company if it was like the Sultan. "Not a bit. Such a portrait as that was mere filth and rubbish; whereas the portrait of the Sultan everybody knew shone like several suns. The mere picture of his Majesty's benign countenance diffused blessings wherever it was permitted to shine." The Sultan could probably get plenty of this sort of thing at home, and finding that the interest of the conversation had come to an end, the great man took his departure, forgetting, it is said, to pay for his coffee. This was certainly a little *infra dig* for a European monarch in the nineteenth century. In times gone by there have been Turkish rulers who have done a good deal in this way; and some Russian emperors have been given to the same kind of thing, but not in very recent times; though, at least, one very recent occupant of the Russian throne seems to have been quite morbidly anxious to know what the world had to say of him.

It is said that the Emperor Nicholas had all the newspapers and magazines in Europe regularly searched for allusion to himself, and he would be tickled or annoyed by the lightest allusion of the obscurest scribbler in any of them. But, so far as we are aware, he never condescended to personal disguise in order to learn other people's opinion of him. If he had done as one of his imperial predecessors is said to have done in order to learn all he could about his

people and their opinion of his government, and to gratify his whim for playing the part of an earthly providence, he would only have been mercilessly ridiculed for the puerile absurdity of the pastime. This mighty emperor, one of the Ivans, it has been recorded, once went through a whole village in the guise of a beggar, knocking at every door and imploring a night's shelter. He was repulsed at every house but the last and the poorest in the place. Here he was kindly received, and food and shelter were given to him, notwithstanding that the good woman of the house was expecting a little addition to her family circle. The pretended tramp spent the night beneath the lowly roof, and in the morning went on his way, promising to fetch a sponsor for the child. He had not been gone long when the village was startled by the announcement that the Emperor was coming down towards it, and gilded coaches and flashing armour and clattering horsemen were seen approaching in the distance. The hospitable little household came out with the rest to see the splendid *cortège* go by, but were terribly alarmed when the imperial guards drew up before their own door and the Emperor himself alighted. He had come to reward exemplary virtue in lowly life by standing sponsor for the newly-born child, and by otherwise liberally rewarding the kindness he had received.

From the days of Haroun Alraschid to our times history affords innumerable instances of this dramatic kind of performance, and one reason perhaps why it has very generally dropped in real life is that the surprises afforded by the disguises of kings and princes have been so freely adopted on the stage. If Queen Victoria were to adopt little artifices of this kind, she would not add to her renown for charity or beneficent interest in the welfare of her people; she would only get the discredit of resorting to rather stagey methods of posing as a benevolent sovereign.

In the Percy Anecdotes we find an amusing story of the great Emperor Charles V., who, unlike the Emperor Nicholas, seems to have been, or who, at any rate, affected to be, too modest to listen to an account of his life and doings which some of his flatterers had prepared for his edification, nevertheless seems to have been fond of going about in disguise to hear what opinions were entertained of him. On one of these excursions, Charles met with some accident to one of his boots, and applied to a cobbler in Brussels to mend it. The cobbler refused. It was St. Crispin's Day, and he wouldn't do a job of work that day; no, not for the Emperor. He was just off with some of his fellows. If the stranger would go and drink with him, well and good; but as to mending his boots, not he. The mighty monarch—so the story goes—entered into the cobbler's festive mood, and went off and spent the day with him and his comrades in drinking and joviality and political discussion, and by and by he left the company, well pleased with their guest.

On the next day, to his infinite surprise, the cobbler who had refused to mend the stranger's boot was summoned to Court, and, to his great horror, found that the customer he had refused to serve was no other than the great Emperor himself. Charles enjoyed his confusion and astonishment, no doubt; but soon put him at his ease. He thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him a day to consider what could be done for him. The cobbler turned the matter over accordingly, and is said to have come back next day with the curiously modest request that the Flemish cobblers might thereafter wear for their arms a boot with a crown over it. The Emperor at once granted this request, but urged the eccentric man to think of something else. According to the narrative the only additional favour he could desire was that henceforth in all civic processions the cobblers of Flanders might take precedence of the shoemakers, a favour which it need hardly be said was immediately conceded.

Austrian Executions.

THE Austrian method of executing criminals differs greatly from that in vogue in this country; and, though apparently more horrible in the deliberate rigour of the arrangements, is more speedily effective. The condemned man is placed against a post, at the top of which is a hook, and at the bottom a pulley. A rope having a loop at each end is passed round the neck of the victim; another is tied about his feet, the end being passed through the pulley. Two assistants then lift the man, by means of the rope round his neck, about six inches, and suspend him from the hook at the top of the post. At the same time, the other assistants pull with great force at the rope attached to the feet. Death usually ensues instantaneously, though there is an interval of from one-half to two minutes in many cases.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE

TO BE GIVEN BY

MR. CARL SEMPLE, F.R.G.S.,

On WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1890, at Eight o'clock,

ENTITLED :

ACROSS AMERICA; Or, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER.

PART I.

A Life on the Ocean Wave. The Barber. The Flirtation Parlour. Funeral at Sea. New York. The Gentle Baggage Smasher. Philadelphia. Buffalo, U.S. Travelling. Chicago. Young Travellers. St. Paul. The Indians. Cowboys. Confidence Men. The Yosemite. Giant Trees. Colorado. The Geysers. The Yellow-Stone Region. San Francisco. Prairie on Fire. St. Louis. White Mountains. Mauch Chunk. Mount Washington Railway. Niagara. Niagara in Snowtime. Its Beauties. "The Star Spangled Banner."

PART II. CANADA.

Emigration. Medica Comforts. The Deep Blue Sea. An Initiation. Riding the Goat. The Long Roll. The Breakfast Roll. Ground and Lofty Tumbling. The St. Lawrence. St. Anne's. Point Levi. Quebec. Montmorenci. River Boats. Habitants. Les Coureurs du Bois. Ottawa. The Houses of Parliament. Montreal. Shooting the Rapids. Fire. Toronto. The Governor's House. Normal School. Hamilton. The Suspension Bridge. Niagara River. The Falls. Luna Island. The White Canoe. Winter Time, Niagara. Snow Shoes. Ice Stalactites. New York Central. New York. A Rush for the Homeward-bound Steamer. Seven Days Out. Early Dawn. Queenstown. Dublin. Liverpool. London. Young Canada. "OUR FLAG."

These Subjects will be Illustrated by over ONE HUNDRED Photographic Transparencies.

The Elephant in the Moon.

IN the early days of the telescope, many absurd mistakes were made in the use of the new instrument, and many "discoveries" announced which have not been confirmed by the studies of astronomers who have lived since.

In the sixteenth century an English observer, Sir Peter Neal, who possessed a telescope and was very conceited about it, gave out that he had discovered an elephant in the moon. The discovery made quite a sensation, and Sir Peter

had the satisfaction of hearing his elephant in the moon talked about on every side.

"One day a gentleman, who had some knowledge of the use of telescopes, and was incredulous about the elephant, obtained the high favour of looking through Sir Peter's instrument. Presently he came to Sir Peter, holding a fly between his finger and thumb. "Well, what is it?" said Sir Peter.

"Nothing, sir, but your elephant in the moon!" was the answer.

The fly had crept into the telescope in such a way as to suggest an elephant to the amateur astronomer, who kept his instrument turned on the moon.

Legends of the Province House.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

II.

EDWARD RANDOLPH'S PORTRAIT.

THE old legendary guest of the Province House abode in my remembrance from midsummer till January. One idle evening, last winter, confident that he would be found in the snugest corner of the bar-room, I resolved to pay him another visit, hoping to deserve well of my country by snatching from oblivion some else unheard-of fact of history. The night was chill and raw, and rendered boisterous by almost a gale of wind, which whistled along Washington Street, causing the gas-lights to flare and flicker within the lamps. As I hurried onward, my fancy was busy with a comparison between the present aspect of the street, and that which it probably wore when the British governors inhabited the mansion whither I was now going. Brick edifices in those times were few, till a succession of destructive fires had swept, and swept again, the wooden dwellings and warehouses from the most populous quarters of the town. The buildings stood insulated and independent, not, as now, merging their separate existences into connected ranges, with a front of firesome identity,—but each possessing features of its own, as if the owner's individual taste had shaped it,—and the whole presenting a picturesque irregularity, the absence of which is hardly compensated by any beauties of our modern architecture. Such a scene, dimly vanishing from the eye by the ray of here and there a tallow candle, glimmering through the small piece of scattered windows, would form a sombre contrast to the street, as I beheld it, with the gas-lights blazing from corner to corner, flaming within the shops, and throwing a noonday brightness through the huge plates of glass.

But the black, lowering sky, as I turned my eyes upward, wore, doubtless, the same visage as when it frowned upon the ante-revolutionary New Englanders. The wintry blast had the same shriek that was familiar to their ears. The Old South church, too, still pointed its antique spire into the darkness, and was lost between earth and heaven; and as I passed, its clock, which had warned so many generations how transitory was their lifetime, spoke heavily and slow the same unguarded moral to myself. "Only seven o'clock," thought I. "My old friend's legends will scarcely kill the hours 'twixt this and bed-time."

Passing through the narrow arch, I crossed the courtyard, the confined precincts of which were made visible by a lantern over the portal of the Province House. On entering the bar-room, I found, as I expected, the old tradition-monger seated by a special good fire of anthracite, compelling clouds of smoke from a corpulent cigar. He recognised me with evident pleasure; for my rare properties as a patient listener invariably make me a favourite with elderly gentlemen and ladies of narrative propensities. Drawing a chair to the fire, I desired mine host to favour us with a glass apiece of whisky punch, which was speedily prepared, steaming hot, with a slice of lemon at the bottom, a dark-red stratum of port wine upon the surface, and a sprinkling of nutmeg strewn over all. As we touched our glasses together, my legendary friend made himself known to me as Mr. Bela Tiffany; and I rejoiced at the oddity of the name, because it gave his image and character a sort of individuality in my conception. The old gentleman's draught acted as a solvent upon his memory, so that it overflowed with tales, traditions, anecdotes of famous dead people, and traits of ancient manners, some of which were childish as a nurse's lullaby, while others might have been worth the notice of the grave historian. Nothing impressed me more than a story of a black, mysterious picture, which used to hang in one of the chambers of the Province House, directly above the room where we were now sitting. The following is as correct a version of the fact as the reader would be likely to obtain from any other source, although, assuredly, it has a tinge of romance approaching to the marvellous.

In one of the apartments of the Province House there was long preserved an ancient picture, the frame of which was as black as ebony, and the canvas itself so dark with age, damp, and smoke, that not a touch of the painter's art could be discerned. Time had thrown an impenetrable veil over it, and left to tradition, and fable, and conjecture, to say what had once been there portrayed. During the rule of many successive governors, it had hung, by prescriptive and undisputed right, over the mantelpiece of the same

chamber; and it still kept its place when Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson assumed the administration of the province, on the departure of Sir Francis Bernard.

The lieutenant-governor sat, one afternoon, resting his head against the carved back of his stately arm-chair, and gazing up thoughtfully at the void blackness of the picture. It was scarcely a time for such inactive musing, when affairs of the deepest moment required the ruler's decision; for, within that very hour Hutchinson had received intelligence of the arrival of a British fleet, bringing three regiments from Halifax to overawe the insubordination of the people. These troops awaited his permission to occupy the fortress of Castle William, and the town itself. Yet, instead of affixing his signature to an official order, there sat the lieutenant-governor, so carefully scrutinizing the black waste of canvas, that his demeanour attracted the notice of two young persons who attended him. One, wearing a military dress of buff, was his kinsman, Francis Lincoln, the Provincial Captain of Castle William; the other, who sat on a low stool beside his chair, was Alice Vane, his favourite niece.

She was clad entirely in white, a pale, ethereal creature, who though a native of New England, had been educated abroad, and seemed not merely a stranger from another clime, but almost a being from another world. For several years, until left an orphan, she had dwelt with her father in sunny Italy, and there had acquired a taste and enthusiasm for sculpture and painting, which she found few opportunities of gratifying in the undecorated dwellings of the colonial gentry. It was said that the early productions of her own pencil exhibited no inferior genius, though, perhaps, the rude atmosphere of New England had cramped her hand, and dimmed the glowing colours of her fancy. But, observing her uncle's steadfast gaze, which appeared to search through the mist of years to discover the subject of the picture, her curiosity was excited.

"Is it known, my dear uncle," inquired she, "what this old picture once represented? Possibly, could it be made visible, it might prove a masterpiece of some great artist—else why has it so long held such a conspicuous place?"

As her uncle, contrary to his usual custom (for he was as attentive to all the humours and caprices of Alice as if she had been his own best-beloved child), did not immediately reply, the young captain of Castle William took that office upon himself.

"This dark old square of canvas, my fair cousin," said he, "has been an heirloom in the Province House from time immemorial. As to the painter, I can tell you nothing; but, if half the stories told of it be true, not one of the great Italian masters has ever produced so marvellous a piece of work, as that before you."

Captain Lincoln proceeded to relate some of the strange fables and fantasies, which, as it was impossible to refute them by ocular demonstration, had grown to be articles of popular belief, in reference to this old picture. One of the wildest, and at the same time the best-accredited accounts, stated it to be an original and authentic portrait of the Evil One, taken at a witch-meeting near Salem; and that its strong and terrible resemblance has been confirmed by several of the confessing wizards and witches, at their trial, in open court. It was likewise affirmed that a familiar spirit, or demon, abode behind the blackness of the picture, and had shown himself, at seasons of public calamity, to more than one of the royal governors. Shirley, for instance, had beheld this ominous apparition, on the eve of General Abercrombie's shameful and bloody defeat under the walls of Ticonderago. Many of the servants of the Province House had caught glimpses of a visage frowning down upon them, at morning or evening twilight—or in the depths of night, while raking up the fire that glimmered on the hearth beneath; although, if any were bold enough to hold a torch before the picture, it would appear as black and undistinguishable as ever. The oldest inhabitant of Boston recollected that his father, in whose days the portrait had not wholly faded out of sight, had once looked upon it, but would never suffer himself to be questioned as to the face which was there represented. In connection with such stories, it was remarkable that over the top of the frame there were some ragged remnants of black silk, indicating that a veil had formerly hung down before the picture, until the duskiess of time had so effectually concealed it. But, after all, it was the most singular part of the affair, that so many of the pompous governors of Massachusetts had allowed the obliterated picture to remain in the state-chamber of the Province House.

"Some of these fables are really awful," observed Alice Vane, who had occasionally shuddered, as well as smiled, while her cousin spoke. "It would be almost worth while to wipe away the black surface of the canvas, since the original

picture can hardly be so formidable as those which fancy paints instead of it."

"But would it be possible," inquired her cousin, "to restore this dark picture to its pristine hues?"

"Such arts are known in Italy," said Alice.

The lieutenant-governor had roused himself from his abstracted mood, and listened with a smile to the conversation of his young relatives. Yet his voice had something peculiar in its tones, when he undertook the explanation of the mystery.

"I am sorry, Alice, to destroy your faith in the legends of which you are so fond," remarked he; "but my antiquarian researches have long since made me acquainted with the subject of this picture—if picture it can be called—which is no more visible, nor ever will be, than the face of the long-buried man whom it once represented. It was the portrait of Edward Randolph, the founder of this house, a person famous in the history of New England."

"Of that Edward Randolph," exclaimed Captain Lincoln, "who obtained the repeal of the first provincial charter, under which our forefathers had enjoyed almost democratic privileges! He that was styled the arch-enemy of New England, and whose memory is still held in detestation, as the destroyer of our liberties!"

"It was the same Randolph," answered Hutchinson, moving uneasily in his chair. "It was his lot to taste the bitterness of popular odium."

"Our annals tell us," continued the Captain of Castle William, "that the curse of the people followed this Randolph wherever he went, and wrought evil in all the subsequent events of his life, and that its effect was seen likewise in the manner of his death. They say, too, that the inward misery of that curse worked itself outward, and was visible on the wretched man's countenance, making it too horrible to be looked upon. If so, and if this picture truly represented his aspect, it was in mercy that the cloud of blackness has gathered over it."

"These traditions are folly, to one who has proved, as I have, how little of historic truth lies at the bottom," said the lieutenant-governor. "As regards the life and character of Edward Randolph, too implicit credence has been given to Dr. Cotton Mather, who—I must say it, though some of his blood runs in my veins—has filled our early history with old women's tales, as fanciful and extravagant as those of Greece or Rome."

"And yet," whispered Alice Vane, "may not such fables have a moral? And, methinks, if the visage of this portrait be so dreadful, it is not without a cause that it has hung so long in a chamber of the Province House. When the rulers feel themselves irresponsible, it were well that they should be reminded of the awful weight of a people's curse."

The lieutenant-governor started, and gazed for a moment at his niece, as if her girlish fantasies had struck upon some feeling in his own breast, which all his policy or principles could not entirely subdue. He knew, indeed, that Alice, in spite of her foreign education, retained the native sympathies of a New England girl.

"Peace, silly child," cried he, at last, more harshly than he had ever before addressed the gentle Alice. "The rebuke of a king is more to be dreaded than the clamour of a wild, misguided multitude. Captain Lincoln, it is decided. The fortress of Castle William must be occupied by the Royal troops. The two remaining regiments shall be billeted in the town or encamped upon the common. It is time, after years of tumult, and almost rebellion, that his majesty's government should have a wall of strength about it."

"Trust, sir—trust yet awhile to the loyalty of the people," said Captain Lincoln; "nor teach them that they can ever be on other terms with British soldiers than those of brotherhood, as when they fought side by side through the French war. Do not convert the streets of your native town into a camp. Think twice before you give up old Castle William, the key of the province, into other keeping than that of true-born New Englanders."

"Young man, it is decided," repeated Hutchinson, rising from his chair. "A British officer will be in attendance this evening, to receive the necessary instructions for the disposal of the troops. Your presence also will be required. Till then, farewell."

With these words the lieutenant-governor hastily left the room, while Alice and her cousin more slowly followed, whispering together, and once pausing to glance back at the mysterious picture. The Captain of Castle William fancied that the girl's air and mien were such as might have belonged to one of those spirits of fable—fairies, or creatures of a more antique mythology—who sometimes mingled their agency with mortal affairs, half in caprice, yet with a sensibility to

human weal or woe. As he held the door for her to pass, Alice beckoned to the picture and smiled.

"Come forth, dark and evil shape!" cried she. "It is thine hour!"

In the evening, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson sat in the same chamber where the foregoing scene had occurred, surrounded by several persons, whose various interests had summoned them together. There were the Selectmen of Boston, plain, patriarchal fathers of the people, excellent representatives of the old puritanical founders, whose sombre strength had stamped so deep an impress upon the New England character. Contrasting with these were one or two members of Council, richly dressed in the white wigs, the embroidered waistcoats, and other magnificence of the time, and making a somewhat ostentatious display of courtier-like ceremonial. In attendance, likewise, was a major of the British army, awaiting the lieutenant-governor's orders for the landing of the troops, which still remained on board the transports. The Captain of Castle William stood beside Hutchinson's chair, with folded arms, glancing rather haughtily at the British officer, by whom he was soon to be superseded in his command. On a table, in the centre of the chamber, stood a branched silver candlestick, throwing down the glow of half-a-dozen wax-lights upon a paper apparently ready for the lieutenant-governor's signature.

Partly shrouded in the voluminous folds of one of the window-curtains, which fell from the ceiling to the floor, was seen the white drapery of a lady's robe. It may appear strange that Alice Vane should have been there, at such a time; but there was something so childlike, so wayward, in her singular character, so apart from ordinary rules, that her presence did not surprise the few who noticed it. Meantime, the chairman of the Selectmen was addressing to the lieutenant-governor a long and solemn protest against the reception of the British troops into the town.

"And if your Honour," concluded this excellent but somewhat prosy old gentleman, "shall see fit to persist in bringing these mercenary swordsmen and musketeers into our quiet streets, not on our heads be the responsibility. Think, sir, while there is yet time, that if one drop of blood be shed, that blood shall be an eternal stain upon your Honour's memory. You, sir, have written, with an able pen, the deeds of our forefathers. The more to be desired is it, therefore, that yourself should deserve honourable mention, as a true patriot and upright ruler, when your own doings shall be written down in history."

"I am not insensible, my good sir, to the natural desire to stand well in the annals of my country," replied Hutchinson, controlling his impatience into courtesy, "nor know I any better method of attaining that end than by withstanding the merely temporary spirit of mischief, which, with your pardon, seems to have infected elder men than myself. Would you have me wait till the mob shall sack the Province House, as they did my private mansion? Trust me, sir, the time may come when you will be glad to flee for protection to the King's banner, the raising of which is now so distasteful to you."

"Yes," said the British major, who was impatiently expecting the lieutenant-governor's orders. "The demagogues of this Province have raised the devil, and cannot lay him again. We will exorcise him, in God's name and the King's."

"If you meddle with the devil, take care of his claws!" answered the Captain of Castle William, stirred by the taunt against his countrymen.

"Craving your pardon, young sir," said the venerable Selectman, "let not an evil spirit enter into your words. We will strive against the oppressor with prayer and fasting, as our forefathers would have done. Like them, moreover, we will submit to whatever lot a wise Providence may send us,—always after our own best exertions to amend it."

"And there peep forth the devil's claws!" muttered Hutchinson, who well understood the nature of Puritan submission. "This matter shall be expedited forthwith. When there shall be a sentinel at every corner, and a court of guard before the town-house, a loyal gentleman may venture to walk abroad. What to me is the outcry of a mob, in this remote province of the realm? The king is my master, and England is my country! Upheld by their armed strength, I set my foot upon the rabble, and defy them!"

He snatched a pen, and was about to affix his signature to the paper that lay on the table, when the Captain of Castle William placed his hand upon his shoulder. The freedom of the action, so contrary to the ceremonious respect which was then considered due to rank and dignity, awakened general surprise, and in none more than in the lieutenant-governor himself. Looking angrily up, he perceived that his young relative was pointing his finger to the opposite

wall. Hutchinson's eye followed the signal; and he saw, what had hitherto been unobserved, that a black silk curtain was suspended before the mysterious picture, so as completely to conceal it. His thoughts immediately recurred to the scene of the preceding afternoon; and, in his surprise, confused by indistinct emotions, yet sensible that his niece must have had an agency in this phenomenon, he called loudly upon her.

"Alice!—come hither, Alice!"

No sooner had he spoken than Alice Vane glided from her station, and pressing one hand across her eyes, with the other snatched away the sable curtain that concealed the portrait. An exclamation of surprise burst from every beholder; but the lieutenant-governor's voice had a tone of horror.

"By heaven," said he, in a low, inward murmur, speaking rather to himself than to those around him, "if the spirit of Edward Randolph were to appear among us from the place of torment, he could not wear more of the terrors of hell upon his face!"

"For some wise end," said the aged Selectman, solemnly, "hath Providence scattered away the mists of years that had so long hid this dreadful effigy. Until this hour no living man hath seen what we behold!"

Within the antique frame, which so recently had enclosed a sable waste of canvas, now appeared a visible picture, still dark, indeed, in its hues and shadings, but thrown forward in strong relief. It was a half-length figure of a gentleman in a rich, but very old-fashioned dress of embroidered velvet, with a broad ruff and a beard, and wearing a hat, the brim of which overshadowed his forehead. Beneath this cloud the eyes had a peculiar glare, which was almost life-like. The whole portrait started so distinctly out of the back-ground, that it had the effect of a person looking down from the wall at the astonished and awe-stricken spectators. The expression of the face, if any words can convey an idea of it, was that of a wretch detected in some hideous guilt, and exposed to the bitter hatred, and laughter, and withering scorn, of a vast surrounding multitude. There was the struggle of defiance, beaten down and overwhelmed by the crushing weight of ignominy. The torture of the soul had come forth upon the countenance. It seemed as if the picture, while hidden behind the cloud of immemorial years, had been all the time acquiring an intenser depth and darkness of expression, till now it gloomed forth again, and threw its evil omen over the present hour. Such, if the wild legend may be credited, was the portrait of Edward Randolph, as he appeared when a people's curse had wrought its influence upon his nature.

"'Twould drive me mad—that awful face!" said Hutchinson, who seemed fascinated by the contemplation of it.

"Be warned, then!" whispered Alice. "He trampled on a people's rights. Behold his punishment—and avoid a crime like his!"

The lieutenant-governor actually trembled for an instant; but exerting his energy—which was not, however, his most characteristic feature—he strove to shake off the spell of Randolph's countenance.

"Girl!" cried he, laughing bitterly, as he turned to Alice, "have you brought hither your painter's art—your Italian spirit of intrigue—your tricks of stage-effect—and think to influence the counsel of rulers and the affairs of nations by such shallow contrivances? See, here!"

"Stay yet awhile," said the Selectman, as Hutchinson again snatched the pen: "for, if ever mortal man received a warning from a tormented soul, your Honour is that man!"

"Away!" answered Hutchinson, fiercely. "Though yonder senseless picture cried, 'Forbear!'—it should not move me!"

Casting a scowl of defiance at the pictured face (which seemed, at that moment to intensify the horror of its miserable and wicked look), he scrawled on the paper, in characters that betokened it a deed of desperation, the name of Thomas Hutchinson. Then, it is said, he shuddered, as if that signature had granted away his salvation.

"It is done," said he; and placed his hand upon his brow. "May Heaven forgive the deed," said the soft, sad accents of Alice Vane, like the voice of a good spirit flitting away.

When morning came, there was a stifled whisper through the household, and spreading thence about the town, that the dark mysterious picture had started from the wall, and spoken face to face with Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson. If such a miracle had been wrought, however, no traces of it remained behind; for, within the antique frame, nothing could be discerned, save the impenetrable cloud which had covered the canvas since the memory of man. If the figure had, indeed, stepped forth, it had fled, spirit-like, at the day-dawn, and

hidden itself behind a century's obscurity. The truth probably was, that Alice Vane's secret for restoring the hues of the picture had merely effected a temporary renovation. But those who, in that brief interval, had beheld the awful visage of Edward Randolph, desired no second glance, and ever afterwards trembled at the recollection of the scene, as if an evil spirit had appeared visibly among them. And as for Hutchinson, when, far over the ocean, his dying hour drew on, he gasped for breath, and complained that he was choking with the blood of the Boston Massacre; and Francis Lincoln, the former captain of Castle William, who was standing at his bedside, perceived a likeness in his frenzied look to that of Edward Randolph. Did his broken spirit feel, at that dread hour, the tremendous burthen of a people's curse?

At the conclusion of this miraculous legend, I inquired of mine host whether the picture still remained in the chamber over our heads: but Mr. Tiffany informed me that it had long since been removed, and was supposed to be hidden in some out-of-the-way corner of the New England Museum. Perchance some curious antiquary may light upon it there, and with the assistance of Mr. Howorth, the picture cleaner, may supply a not unnecessary proof of the authenticity of the facts here set down. During the progress of the story, a storm had been gathering abroad, and raging and rattling so loudly in the upper regions of the Province House, that it seemed as if all the old governors and great men were running riot above stairs, while Mr. Bela Tiffany babbled of them below. In the course of generations, when many people have lived and died in an ancient house, the whistling of the wind through its crannies, and the creaking of its beams and rafters, become strangely like the tones of the human voice, or thundering laughter, or heavy footsteps treading the deserted chambers. It is as if the echoes of half a century were revived. Such were the ghostly sounds that roared and murmured in our ears, when I took leave of the circle round the fireside of the Province House, and plunging down the doorsteps, fought my way homeward against a drifting snowstorm.

Language of the Features.

A POINTED chin is said to be a sign of craftiness, a wisdom and discretion. A soft, fat, double chin shows sensuousness and an indolent temperament. A flat chin shows a cold hard nature; a small chin indicates weakness, want of will power and cowardice. A retreating chin is a sign of silliness, and, if the brow be shallow, of imbecility. Where the space between the nose and the red part of the lip is short and very sharply cut, it indicates refinement and delicacy of perception, but not much power. There is no force of intellect where this space is unusually short. A rather long but not flat upper lip—especially where the serpentine line of the middle of the mouth is much defined, and the middle of the lip droops to the lower lip, and is very flexible—denotes an eloquent person. A very long upper lip, which is flat, and which belongs to a straight, or formless, or too thick-lipped mouth, is a sign of a low and vicious type of character. Almost all the faces of great criminals have this type, combined with massive jaws and high cheek bones, which last defect is (both Lavater and Perneti, great French writers on the subject of physiognomy, tell us) a sign of rapacity. A square and massive chin shows strong and determined will. An old Italian writer says that "women with brown hairy moles on the chin, especially if these excrescences are on the under part of the chin, are industrious, active, and are good housewives; they are very sanguine, and are given to love follies. They talk much, and whilst they are easily excited to return a love which is offered them, they are not so readily prevailed upon to become indifferent."

FERDINAND I., King of Naples (d. 1825), was passionately fond of fishing. He followed this occupation not merely as a pastime, but also with a view to profit. We are informed by an eye-witness that he would expose his haul of fish on the shore for sale, while all classes of people thronged round him to buy his wares, treating him like an ordinary dealer, chaffering about the price, and abusing him to their hearts' content when he asked too much. The lazzaroni, who enjoyed an extra share of the Royal favour, availed themselves of this privilege to the utmost, and indulged in coarse epithets and ribald jests to an unlimited extent, which greatly amused the King, who afterwards went home to relate to the Queen his day's adventures as a fishmonger.

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	3 6
*Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making & Moulding. (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

* Per Quarter. † Per Session.
Only those 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. Fitcher	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" " " " "	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	3.5 & 6-8	10 6
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.30	3 0
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

Per Quarter.

Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	(Wk. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	"	"	"
—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.—Egs.	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
" " " " "	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
†Magism. & Electy.—Ele.	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
—Adv.	Mr. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker, Mdist.	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	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
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " " " "	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " " " "	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics ...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

Per Session. * Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical and Trade Classes. † Members of these classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations, in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 25/-
Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/6 will be required to replace breakages.

Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

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

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

Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary ...	Mr. Orton	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" " " " "	Bradley	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
" " " " "	" [M.A.]	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 0
" " " " "	"	Saturday	5.0	2 0
Military Band ...	Mr. Robinson	M. Th. & F.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton	M. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" " " " "	Mrs. Spencer	"	"	"
Violin ...	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
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday	"	"
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"	"	"
" " " " "	"	"	"	"
" " " " "	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	"
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10
Female Sorters ...	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	8.0-9.0	5 0
" " " " "	"	"	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
" " " " "	B.A. (Lond.)	"	"	"
* Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
" " " " "	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Saturday	3.30-5.30	"
Ambulance—Nursing ...	Dr. Stoker	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	1 0
Chess ...	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	5 0
Literary ...	Mr. H. Spender	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 0

Per Quarter.

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

Technical Classes.

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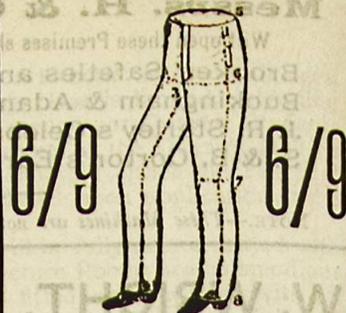
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