

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 118.]

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 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, Feb. 13th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—General Meeting.

**FRIDAY, Feb. 14th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Boxing Class.—Committee Meeting, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

**SATURDAY, Feb. 15th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—To Gray's Inn Hall and Library, at 2.45.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Paper-chase.—Technical Schools' Football Club.—Match with Coopers' Company's School, at Wanstead.—Technical Schools' Rambler's.—To Curle's Glass-Blowing Works.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Military Band.—Social Dance, at 8.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall, at 8.

**SUNDAY, Feb. 16th.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

**MONDAY, Feb. 17th.**—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Half-quarter for General Classes begins.

**TUESDAY, Feb. 18th.**—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. 19th.**—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.—Performance of Handel's "Samson," by Choral and Orchestral Societies, in Queen's Hall, at 8.

## Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 16th, 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.

IF there is one thing concerning which the well-informed Briton is perfectly assured it is that Free Trade is absolutely the best thing for any country, and that it will prevail. If any one ventures to hint a doubt he is received with derision. Very well. Doubtless the Cobden Club is quite right. Meanwhile, is it perfectly certain that all other nations are fools? Or is it the case that what is good for this country is bad for France? For the fact remains that we are alone in the world with our Free Trade. The United States will have none of it: Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, will have none of it: and here is France proposing the most stringent Protectionist proposals ever made. What a wonderful thing is the superiority of the British mind!

In France the greatest interest in the country is the agricultural. This interest it is which the French Committee of Customs propose especially to foster and protect, by imposing certain duties on imported grain. In this country it is also the greatest interest, but here we have stuck to our Free Trade, because we are so much wiser than our neighbours. The farmers are well nigh ruined: the villages are losing half their people: the landlords lose their rents: the clergy lose their incomes: when we have a great war again and the Recruiting Sergeant goes forth, where will be the stalwart plough boys and farm hands whom once he enlisted? Gone. We are fast losing our soldiers with our country population. They are gone into the towns where their sons will be stunted and pale and weak. They have emigrated: they help to make up the muscle and the bones of the Colonies. We have lost them. And, as some people say, all because we will not protect the farmers!

It is of course an exaggeration of the truth to speak of their country as a Free Trade country. One or two things, such as grain or timber, are imported free of duty. But beer is protected by a duty: wine, spirits, tea, tobacco, coffee, chicory, cocoa, currants and figs, gold and silver plate, vinegar, varnish, and various chemicals pay heavy duties. What is the sense of this? If Free Trade is desirable admit everything: why should one trade be protected and not another? If Free Trade is open to question, why not put some kind of duty on everything? I am told that doors, window frames and sashes, staircases, and even coffins, are now imported, made cheaply in places where labour is abundant, and the wood grows on the spot—to the great detriment and injury of our working men. Nay—which seems the last straw—the coffins arrive now stuffed full of matches.

SAID a man to me the other day, "The working men are Free Traders because they are afraid of dear bread. It is the memory of the time—during the long war—when bread became so dear. Consider, however, this little sum. A duty of five shillings a quarter, it is estimated, would make the whole difference to the British farmer. Will this make dear bread? A quarter contains eight bushels: a bushel is calculated to weigh 63 lbs. Therefore a quarter weighs 504 lbs. Therefore, again, a duty of 5s. a quarter makes one penny in every eight and a half pounds. That is to say, a loaf weighing four pounds and a quarter, the quarter loaf would cost one halfpenny more, and the ordinary half quarter would cost one farthing more. This," he concluded, "is not exactly dear bread."

THE Count of Paris has resigned his claims to the Crown of France in favour of his eldest son. The count is a man

a little over fifty: a quiet man of English habits and manners; said to be reserved and wanting in the accessible side which is necessary for a prince. Everybody likes him and respects him. But no one ever thought that he wanted to be King in France. His son, the Duke of Orleans, has gone boldly to Paris, and demanded permission to serve as a private in the ranks. They have put him in prison while they consider what answer shall be made.

THE Republic got a great lift by the success of the Exhibition. When the memory of that rich year begins to fade, the old charges against the Republic, of multiplying places, of harassing and persecuting the Church, and of blundering administration will be revived. Then, I think, the Orleanists will have a very good chance, and if the young Duke of Orleans knows how to watch for opportunities, and to take advantage of them, he will very likely rule in the seat of his grandfather.

Who is the greatest favourite of the people? The man who can make them laugh. Therefore the greatest favourite at this moment is Mr. Toole. I read every morning of dinners, suppers, and breakfasts, given in honour of his departure. I grudge no honour or mark of distinction given to this delightful actor, and most genial of men. But I observe the fact. We love best the man who makes us laugh. Now if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to go to Australia, our loyalty to the chief officer of the Church might rise to a single banquet; but not—certainly not—to a series of banquets. And if the Lord Chief Justice were to pay a second visit to the States, I doubt whether even a single banquet would be forthcoming. No, we love most of all the men who can make us laugh.

It is becoming quite clear that Australia is at last going to make all her five Colonies (or six, if Tasmania comes in as well) into one group of federated States, after the model of the United States. They say that they do not contemplate separation from the Empire: but that is absurd. Given a great continent like Australia, absolutely mistress of her own affairs, how long will she remain loyal to union, where she has nothing whatever to gain? I think I can prophecy the limit of that union. It will be dissolved on the firing of the first shot of the next great war in which Great Britain engages. Russia, for instance, has a very admirable fleet: not so good as our own, it is true: not so good by half: but still very good: what is to prevent that fleet from attacking the Australian Colonies? We cannot be all over the whole world at once. The true and only bond of union would be a fleet five times the present size, with sailors numbering 200,000, instead of 40,000, supported by all the Colonies, as well as by the Mother Country. If Australia is prepared to pay her share of such a fleet for national defence, I will believe her wish to preserve the union: if she is not, we may receive her protestations for what they may be worth. When she goes, however, let us have no quarrel.

THE Emperor of Germany is going to call a council, in order to enquire into the subject of work and wages. In other words, to consider the relations of Capital and Labour. We shall follow the deliberations of this learned body with great curiosity. The German idea, of course, will be that all difficult human questions can be settled by passing a law. Then, again, we shall have opportunities of considering results. Now, I read in the *Times* the other day certain words which seemed to me eminently wise and opportune. The speaker laid down the principle that Parliament—he meant laws—cannot advance a people: the advancement of a people can only be effected by its own enterprise, combination, honest work, and effort. The speaker was Mr. Bradlaugh.

BUT suppose the people will not combine, refuse to act together for the good of the country. That might happen through ignorance. In the last century they were not invited to have any opinion at all in the matter. The upper classes settled everything for them and theirs, producing the cat-o-nine tails, ordered the people to fall in, march—go out and fight: or they produced the cat-o-nine tails and ordered the people to fall in and work. This mode of management being at an end, it is clear that if the people do not combine, agree, and act at such time and in such manner as they ought, the country will be ruined. But in the other and the older plan, if the leaders did not act with wisdom and prudence, the country was also ruined. Therefore we have the choice: either the representatives of the nation to rule

and decide for the nation, or some kind of aristocracy to order what shall be done for the nation. The former may certainly make mistakes—and bad ones—the latter have also in the past made mistakes, some very bad ones. On the whole I prefer the wisdom of the representatives.

It is not the wisdom of the representatives that I doubt: the danger in the consideration of a plain question is not that they will fail to see the right and proper line, but that they will be warped, and turned from the true bearings of the point before them by the accursed influence of Party. Would that I had a million tongues that I could use them all in the abolition of Party! It is Party that makes men turncoats and rats, praising to-day what they execrated yesterday: cursing to-day what they praised yesterday: and all with brazen front. It is Party which prevents the carrying of the measures which cry aloud for consideration. It is Party which dictates the floods of talk outside the House and the interminable discussions within. It is Party which causes the mismanagement of our funds, the jobs and corruptions of the services, the postponement of all useful things. How long shall Party—this great malevolent invisible demon—continue to be tolerated? So long as we consent to allow its existence among us. We have the remedy in our own hands. We have only to return independent candidates, ready to consider every question on its own merits. Suppose twelve honest men of education and average ability were to consider in turn the great questions of the day from the sole point of view of national utility. How long would they take to decide them all?

An illustration of the desire for Protection rather than Free Trade, which seems common in every trade, is furnished in an event which happened on February 11th, 1765. It belongs to the Notes of this Week. On that day a deputation of wigmakers presented a petition to the king. They represented, no doubt, with perfect truth, that their trade was declining rapidly and themselves sinking into poverty, partly by the new fashion of gentlemen wearing their own hair: partly by the immigration of French artists who took away all that was left. And they demanded, but did not get Protection. Therefore, they became poor, and are now a humble folk. The old-fashioned wigmaker was a very important and well paid person: he still survives in the neighbourhood of the High Courts of Justice, where I hope he is as well paid, as important, and as dignified as his grandfather. The wigmaker was also, as a rule, the barber. He shaved the face and the head: he made the wig: every gentleman had his best wig and his second best: and he dressed those wigs for church and other occasions. I was shown, some time ago, in a little town in Devonshire, by a hair-dresser—descendant of an ancient wigmaker—the boxes in which the wigs used to be carried round, after being dressed, to the squire, the parson, and the doctor, and every other gentleman in the parish. The common people are always represented, in pictures of the last century, with long and ragged hair. But boys of the better sort used to wear their hair long and tied behind with a black ribbon.

THE EDITOR.

### A Pathetic Incident.

AN old lady, who used to be much in London society, relates a touching incident of the poet Moore. On one occasion when the once brilliant wit and writer was in his old age losing his memory, the lady was asked to sing to a small company of which he was one. She complied with the request and sang, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." The poet listened with evident pleasure to his famous and charming piece, and when the singer had finished he said, with much earnestness,—

"Will you please tell me who wrote that beautiful song?"

"Why, Mr. Moore," she answered, "you certainly can't expect me to believe that you have forgotten your own work."

The old man regarded her for an instant with a pathetic look, the consciousness of his infirmity and broken mind evidently forcing itself upon him. Then he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. Tom Moore, the brilliant, fiery favourite of London society, could only weep at what he was when he remembered what he had been.

It is astonishing how fast an oyster can swim after he is made up in a sauce. Brown says he saw a restaurant-keeper bale out fourteen ladles of sauce before he succeeded in catching a single oyster.

### Palace Notes.

THE display given by the female students of the Gymnasium, on Monday Evening, was, I am told, (*ladies only*) a great success from every point of view.

THE half-quarter for General Classes begins on Monday next, the 17th inst.

STUDENTS in the Technical Classes are reminded that the examinations this year take place just one month earlier than last year. The date fixed is April 30th. This will necessitate additional application to work for those who wish to come well through the ordeal.

NEXT Wednesday our Choral and Orchestral Societies will perform Handel's "Samson" in the Queen's Hall. The soloists will be Miss Helen Trust, Mr. Gladney Wolff, and Mr. Wilfrid Cunliffe.

MR. ORTON BRADLEY'S Singing Classes are to meet on Monday next instead of Thursday.

THE friends of the Military Band are reminded that their Social Dance is to take place on Saturday next.

THE Shorthand Society is rehabilitating itself, and has just blossomed forth with an excellent list of officers and new rules; these new rules I intended to print last week for the benefit of intending members, but they were crowded out; this week I have left them in another coat pocket, several miles away from where I stand writing this; but I can with confidence recommend every student and practitioner of Shorthand among our clientelage to join.

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 CYCLING CLUB.

The Eastern Counties Road Club held an adjourned meeting on Monday the 3rd inst., at the "King's Arms," Bishopsgate Churchyard, to elect official handicappers for the coming season. Messrs. Looman, Church, Nelson and Halfpenny were proposed and seconded as candidates, but the election of three of those gentlemen is set down for the next meeting. During the evening nineteen new Members were proposed and elected, amongst whom were Messrs. V. Dawson and H. Ransley, of the Palace Club.—The success of our Smoking Concert, at the "Three Nuns," was due in a great measure to the gratuitous help rendered us by some of the Mohican Minstrels. As this troupe give a performance at the Beaumont Hall, on March 1st, every Member of the club should show his appreciation of their kindness by supporting them on that date.—Our Smoking Concert list is rather full this week. On Thursday, H. Ransley gives one of these festivities at his new premises to the cyclists of the East End, and will be pleased to see all his club mates on that occasion. On Friday, the City of London Cycling Club hold their Smoking Concert at the "Champion Hotel," Aldersgate Street, Major Knox Holmes in the chair. This club is noted for its musical evenings, and I should advise every one to try to be present.—On Saturday the Unity C.C. hold their lantern show at the "King's Arms," Bishopsgate Churchyard, and it promises to equal their last month's re-union.—Those of our members who live at Poplar or Millwall have good times in store for them, as the Millwall Rovers, through the generosity of the President and Vice-Presidents, have had a suitable ground, and the money to pay for a cinder track, presented to them. Their Secretary informs me that the track will be ready before Whitsun.—I am sorry to hear that some of our neighbours have had a split in their camp. When they see how all workers are forming unions and closing up their ranks, it is a pity to multiply clubs. They must not forget that "Unity is strength."—A General Meeting will be held on Monday next, February 17th, at 8.30 p.m., in order to elect two delegates to represent the Cycling Club on the "Palace Club Union."—Don't forget the Cinderella at the Bromley Vestry Hall, on February 22nd; the celebrated Quadrille Band of Mr. Rowe's has been specially engaged.

Tickets, 1s. 6d. each, and but few remain. Members of the Palace and kindred institutions, who wish to become Members of this club, can obtain all particulars from Mr. H. Bright, 68, Lichfield Road, Bow, or from the Honorary Secretary,  
JAS. BURLEY, Hope Lodge, Walthamstow.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

On Wednesday evening last, a grand Gymnastic and Calisthenic Display was given, in the Queen's Hall, by the Instructors, Leaders, and Members of the above gymnasium. The audience was a very large one, numbering over 2,000, and the exercises were gone through with the usual neatness and precision, the dumb-bell squad eliciting an encore. A Committee Meeting of the Boxing Class will be held on Friday, at 8 p.m.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

As previously announced, our dance will take place on Saturday next, Feb. 15th, at 8 p.m. We hope the demand for programmes will be as great as that for tickets.

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec.

P. SHELLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

There will be a full rehearsal in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, and probably on Friday also; as these are the last rehearsals before the Concert, it is of great importance that all should attend. New Members, who have not done so already, should provide themselves with badges before the Concert; they may be obtained of the Hon. Sec. after any practice. The new badges for the gentlemen may be had on application to Mr. Trappitt.

A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.

J. H. THOMAS, Hon. Librarian.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter. Members meet for practice on Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East Ante-room. A match with the Borough Club will be played in our room, on Tuesday next, the 18th inst. At our last Committee meeting, the principle of a system of competitions, which shall determine the positions of Members in match teams, was agreed to, and it is hoped to start it very shortly.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

THIRD SEASON.

A General Meeting of the Club will be held in the Old School-buildings this (Wednesday) evening, at 8.30, to elect Officers, and for other important business. All past Students and intending Members are requested to attend.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

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

Figure .. .. .	An Autograph Portrait.
Landscape .. .. .	Evening.
Still Life .. .. .	Fruit.
Modelling .. .. .	A Finger Plate for a Door.
Design .. .. .	A Door.

C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A party of thirty-five ramblers visited St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday last, and were conducted over it by the vergers. We first visited the crypt and the monuments and tombs of the great departed. Among others pointed out to us were that of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, Lord Nelson,—on either side of the latter are the graves of Collingwood and Northesk, so completing the three admirals in command at the battle of the Nile,—the Duke of Wellington, at a little distance, with the funeral car, which was constructed out of the guns captured by him in his engagements with the French; it weighs twenty tons, took twelve horses to move, and cost £13,000. Having seen the grave where Lord Napier, the hero of Magdala, was so recently interred, and the wreaths sent by the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, Emperor of Germany, and others, we left the crypt to view the Reredos, which at the time

looked very beautiful as the sun was shining upon it. A full description was given by our guide, who told us this was intended to represent the Redemption; he also directed our attention to some beautiful needlework in silk tapestry, done by women in Bloomsbury. We then ascended a flight of stairs which led to the library, which contains 12,000 volumes and some interesting letters. Soon after we reached the whispering gallery, the acoustic properties of which are a great marvel; while walking round, a familiar voice seemed to come from the wall, saying, "Sit down," then it told us the oft-repeated story: "This cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren; commenced in the year 1675, nine years after the great fire of London, 1666, and took thirty-five years to build, Sir C. Wren dying at the age of ninety-one; and if you come this way I will direct you to the stone gallery." We mounted to the stone gallery encircling the dome; the breeze was lively, but although clear below, our view from the height (210 feet) was limited, and when we reached the bottom once again we were glad to avail ourselves of the seats and listen to the service. February 13th, a General Meeting will be held; February 15th, Gray's Inn Library and Hall, 2.45, Gray's Inn Road entrance; February 22nd, Newgate, 2.45 p.m. This being a limited party, names of those wishing to take part must be handed in to the undersigned as early as possible; if necessary a ballot will be taken.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB MATCH WITH SOUTH HACKNEY PARISH CHURCH CHOIR.

We played the above match last Saturday afternoon at Well Street Common. The game resulted in a draw, both sides scoring 2 goals. Our opponents' forwards were certainly superior to our own, who, owing probably to the unsatisfactory nature of the ground, were unable to play together with their usual skill. However, in the second half we pulled together much better, and made the scores equal. On our side, F. Rawlings, Worledge, Holden and Dodd played well, whilst our opponents' right wing forwards were very effective. The return match will be played at Wanstead on March the 1st, when we hope to have an even more enjoyable game. Next Saturday, we meet the Coopers' Company Grammar School, at Wanstead.—Holden and A. J. Robinson have been enrolled as Members during the last week.

E. H. S.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLER'S CLUB.

Thirty-two of our Members accompanied the Harriers last Saturday to the Forest. The weather was exceptionally bright, and the day throughout was a most enjoyable one. The boys entered into the games with untiring zeal. Although all were tired before home was reached (and deservedly so), many expressed a wish to repeat the excursion again on a future Saturday. Thanks to Mr. Castle's excellent guidance, we did not lose our way, or have to retrace our steps once on the homeward journey. Particulars of the excursion will be seen in the Harriers' report. Next week, we visit Mr. J. A. Curle's Glass Blowing and Bottle Works, Victoria Park Road. Members meet at the Clock Tower and Fountain, Victoria Park, at 10.15.—New Members: W. Coram, A. Barlow, H. W. Heath, C. J. Fardell.

A. W. B.

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

The Ramblers having accepted our invitation to join us in our walking excursion to Epping Forest, we combined our forces on Saturday, and took the 10.17 train from Coborn Road Station to George Lane, Woodford. Arriving there, our party, which consisted of thirty-two Ramblers and twelve Harriers, commenced the journey with spirits raised by the prospects of the walk and of a beautiful day. Turning to the left on leaving the station, we soon got into the Woodford Road, along which we went in the direction of Woodford Green for about half a mile, then turning sharp to the left we soon got into the country, and in a short time reached Hale End Station. After crossing the line, we proceeded along the Chingford Road, which was very pleasant, having fields on each side, but the road being muddy we had to divide our attention between the fields and our feet. Arriving at Chingford about 11.45, and feeling very thirsty, we made for a dairy, and soon exhausted the supply of milk, some of us having to get oranges or ginger beer instead. After our wants were supplied we continued our journey through Chingford, past the station and the "Forest Hotel," towards the Connaught Waters. At this point a cry of "dinner" was raised, which we decided to have, and, after finding a suitable place, we sat down on some blackberry and wild rose bushes and commenced. After having a good dinner, a quarter of an hour was allowed for play, which the lads made use of in various ways; some jumping over ditches, some going in search of sticks, while others spent the time in breaking the ginger beer bottles, and playing games. When the time was up our party was called together, and we started off through the woods. There the ground was very

slippery, and we constantly came in contact with branches of trees. This soon became uncomfortable, so we made for the open space, and got into the Epping Road, along which we went till we came to a milestone near to High Beech. This stone stated that we were four miles from Epping, and eleven miles from London. We arranged to stop at this point, and have some games. After these had been keenly contested and thoroughly enjoyed by all of us, we had at length to stop and begin our return journey. We cut across the Forest, and came back *via* Loughton, Buckhurst Hill, Woodford Wells, Woodford Green, Woodford, to George Lane Station, arriving there about 4.50 p.m., after having a very pleasant six hours' ramble, and bright sunshine all the way.

Next Saturday, we shall have a Paper Chase. Meet at Wanstead at 2.30 p.m.

F. G. C.

#### People's Palace Junior Section.

CONCERT.—On Saturday evening, we held our first Concert, which I am glad to say was very successful, the items on the programme being as follows:—W. G. Frith, pianoforte march; J. Fayers, comic song; F. Hiron, recitation; Brothers Brockington, fife and drum; W. J. Clements, song; F. Byford, pianoforte valse; A. G. Miller, song; E. Griffiths, comic song; F. Hiron, song. Some of these gave two or three songs, so as to spin out our concert. I take the opportunity of thanking those who came forward so willingly to lend a hand. We really had a capital evening, and finished up about 9.40 with the National Anthem.

L. G. L.

#### JUNIOR CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

The captaincy in Draughts was decided on Wednesday, Feb. 5th, with the result that R. Pogson became captain, and McDonald vice-captain, each holding the same respective offices in chess. The games were closely contested, an extra game having to be played between Pogson and McDonald, who had each won seven games; the odd game resulted in a win for Pogson. Practice, as usual, at 8 o'clock, when all Members are requested to turn up.

J. S. BURCHILL, Hon. Sec.

W. WAYGOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

#### Class Notes.

##### SHORTHAND CLASSES.

As the beginners' class last term *i.e.*, commencing October and ending December was very large, Mr. Wilson offered to give three prizes to the Students who could best transcribe a test letter written in longhand into shorthand, employing all the rules in their proper manner as given in the "Teacher of Phonography," the examination to take place in January, 1890.

This examination took place on Friday the 31st ult., with the following results, thirty-eight Members contesting:—W. J. Webb, 1; R. Monk, 2; Geo. Groves, 3; D. MacLean, 4; T. R. Pope, 5; P. G. Cornish, 6.

The following is a copy of the letter which was transcribed into shorthand:—

MESSRS. SMITH & Co. 31st January, 1890.

DEAR SIRS,—As requested by you, we have pleasure in informing you that we have now obtained freight for the transport of the packages from London to Calcutta, enumerated in the list enclosed in yours of the 20th November, at 50s. per ton, with ten per cent. primage. The vessel (P. & O. "Pekin") is now receiving her cargo in the Royal Albert Docks, and will sail on the 15th proximo. As the goods are heavy it would be well if the same could be sent to the docks at once. Please supply shipping marks, value, and contents. As you desire, we will attend to Customs and let you have B/L.

The greatest number of marks obtainable was 109, and the nearest approach to this number was Mr. W. J. Webb's paper, 102 marks.

H. & W.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.

The half-quarter of the Elocution Classes will commence next week, fee 2s. 6d. for each class.

S. L. H.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

W. SPILLER.—Your notice narrowly escaped destruction through not being sent direct to the Sub-Editor at the Palace; anything sent to the printers is doubly delayed,—the printers, indeed, have only to send it to the Sub-Editor after all before they can deal with it.

A. W. COURSE.—You should write to Mr. Marshall. Nothing final has yet been done in the matter.

#### Reviews.

*Bells Across the Snow; The Sisters of Seville* (Horner's Penny Stories Series). These are two soundly written, wholesome and interesting tales, an excellent contrast to the general run of penny novelettes. They should command a large sale.

*La Mare au Diable*, par George Sand.

*Edouard III. et Les Bourgeois de Calais*, par Guizot.

*Elements of French Commercial Correspondence, part II.* by G. Korts.

*The First French Reciter*, by E. Malvin.

*Sous Terre*, par Hector Malot.

*Kulturgeschichtliche Novellen.* (Librairie Hachette et Cie.) We have received this excellent parcel of books for the student of the French and German languages, and after a careful examination can unhesitatingly recommend all. "La Mare au Diable," which has been set as the French subject for the next Christmas Examination in Normal Colleges, and "Sous Terre," are provided with copious notes and a vocabulary, while for those French scholars who wish to enter upon the acquisition of old-time French, no better introduction could be offered than the "Edouard III." Altogether these books form excellent samples of a class of school-book the want of which in English schools is now being fully recognised, although until now very inadequately supplied.

#### Letter to the Editor.

TALKEE TERRACE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—You are always so ready to help us younger members, that I want you to get rid of some dogs in our manger. I rarely go to a concert at the Palace without finding myself in the neighbourhood of some churlish person (a selfish old batchelor I should think), who annoys me by turning round at frequent intervals to cry "Hush," or what is quite as bad, by trying to reduce me to silence by a stony gaze; the annoyance is so great that I am obliged to change my seat to avoid such a very unpleasant neighbour. Now as I don't want to talk to him (who would, when Bob was there?) why should he trouble his head about me? I go there to see my friends and to enjoy myself as most of us girls do, and I think it is very hard that our pleasure should be so rudely interrupted. Can you not, Mr. Editor, set apart a gallery specially for such disagreeable people, where they can sit in total silence and enjoy it, since that seems to be their notion of pleasure. They would then see what a small minority they form and would, perhaps, learn in future to interfere less with the enjoyment of others. Hoping that you will help us,

I am, yours gratefully,

P. POLLY CHATTERTON.

P.S. Harry, who has been abroad, says there are railway carriages there for "non-smokers." A gallery for "non-talkers" would, I think, be a good idea.

[We trust that some noisy young ladies and gentlemen will take the hint conveyed in the above letter.—*Editor.*]

#### It did not always Pay Him.

THE late Dr. Trousseau, a celebrated Parisian physician, had the reputation of being exceedingly sharp after his fees, though he always declined to take anything in the nature of a present from his patients—perhaps because he thought the acceptance of such gifts might render it difficult for him to extract his honorarium.

Once Dr. Trousseau had been fortunate enough to cure the only child of one of the few rich members of the French aristocracy. When the child had become convalescent, and the doctor was paying his last visit, with renewed thankful expressions, the mother pressed a small silken purse into Trousseau's hand.

"Thank you, madame," he replied, "but, pardon me, I never accept presents;" and he firmly rejected her offer, probably regarding both the purse and the appeals as things of equally problematical value.

"My fee, madame," he quietly added, "is five hundred francs."

Opening the purse, Madame la Comtesse took out the sum named, and, presenting it to Dr. Trousseau, remarked—

"I am sorry you do not take presents; the purse contained four thousand francs."

#### A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON GIRLS.

"GIRLS are very stuck up and dignified in their manners and behaviour. They make fun of boys, and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every nite and say, 'Oh, ain't the moon lovely!' This is one thing I have not told, and that is they always now their lessons bettern boys."

#### Some Bank Romances.

BANKING is not generally regarded as a romantic pursuit, nor is it so in the ordinary course of business, but inasmuch as its whole concern is with money, for which man will venture most things, it often marks the centre round which stories of love, ambition, robbery and intrigue are built.

It was a love affair that gave rise to the firm of Jones, Lloyd and Co., now amalgamated with the London and Westminster Bank. Mr. Lloyd was a dissenting minister in Manchester, and amongst the worshippers at his chapel was Mr. Jones, the banker and merchant.

Mr. Jones's daughter Mary fell in love with the preacher, and fearing that her father's consent to their union could not be obtained, she agreed to a secret marriage.

After a time Mr. Jones became reconciled to the young people, and sent his son-in-law to London to start a branch of the banking business there.

This proved to be a wise step; Mr. Lloyd made a most excellent banker, and for many years was at the head of what developed into one of the wealthiest banks in the country.

In 1844 Lewis Lloyd purchased Overstone Park, near Northampton, where he resided until 1858. He bequeathed three millions of money, and his only son, Samuel Jones Lloyd, was created Lord Overstone.

In the early years of the banking house of Coutts, many strange incidents occurred. Thomas Coutts, about 1760, married his brother's housemaid, a farmer's daughter named Elizabeth Starkey, "in whom, with a handsome countenance and great good humour, were united many rustic virtues."

In course of time she acquired the manners and appearance of a gentlewoman, and brought up her three daughters so well that, with the help of their dowries, they were able to make most aristocratic alliances.

Sophia, the eldest was married to Sir Francis Burdett; Susan, the second, became Countess of Guildford; and Frances, the third, was made the wife of the first Marquis of Bute.

But Mrs. Coutts showed symptoms of brain derangement in her later years, and eventually died, 1815. Three months afterwards, Thomas Coutts, then seventy-five years of age, married as his second wife the famous actress, Harriet Mellon.

It was for her that Holly Lodge on Highgate Hill was bought and stocked with horses, carriages and luxurious furniture.

Thomas Coutts died in 1822, leaving his wife in unrestrained possession of all his personal and landed property, as well as a large share in the annual profits of the banking house.

When, some time afterwards, Mrs. Coutts became Duchess of St. Albans, she took care to secure her vast fortune in her own hands, and at her death left it to Mr. Coutts's favourite granddaughter, the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The romance connected with the once famous firm of Thelluson has been partly made use of by Charles Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities."

This bank had a very close relationship with Paris, many of its customers being French.

Peter Thelluson had belonged to the Paris firm of Thelluson and Necker: this Necker, first clerk and then a partner, being the great financial minister whose wife was the first love of Gibbon. He migrated to London and established a bank, which grew to vast proportions in connection with the Paris house.

Peter Thelluson's will was one of the most memorable documents ever drawn up. After leaving modest fortunes to his wife and sons and daughters, he directed his property to accumulate until their descendants should become, under certain conditions, the most opulent of private individuals. Failing such descendants, the money was to go to pay off the National Debt.

It has been explained, though with what amount of truth is not known, that the accumulation was partly intended to provide against the possibility of claims being made by the representatives of such of the bank's customers as had perished by the guillotine in Paris.

Had the original bequest been upheld, the ultimate inheritor of it would have become the possessor of at least twenty millions. As it was, the lawyers wrangled over the accruing wealth for many years, and in the end an Act of Parliament was passed rendering such accumulations impossible in the future.

A NEW Irish servant being asked whether his master was within, replied, "No." "When will he return?" "Oh, he did not say when he would come in; he only told me to say he was out."

PEOPLE'S PALACE FOR EAST LONDON.  
**THE WANDERING DODO**  
 Amateur Minstrels' Entertainment,  
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL,  
 On WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, at Eight p.m.

—❧— PROGRAMME. —❧—

BONES, MR. W. H. MAY & MR. J. A. C. SHEPARD. TAMBOURINES, MR. DICK PARGETER & MR. A. E. SANDERS.  
 INTERLOCUTOR ... .. MR. F. H. YOUNGHUSBAND.

PART I.

1. OPENING CHORUS ... ..	"The Waking World" ... ..	THE DODOS.
2. BALLAD ... ..	"Ring on, Sweet Bells" ... ..	MASTER G. HICKS.
3. COMIC SONG ... ..	"Clara Nolan's Ball" ... ..	MR. W. H. MAY.
4. SONG ... ..	"A Tar of the Queen's" ... ..	MR. C. STEWART.
5. COMIC SONG ... ..	"Baby, don't you cry" ... ..	MR. A. E. SANDERS.
6. PART SONG ... ..	"Hush thee, my Baby" ... ..	THE DODOS.
7. BALLAD ... ..	"Love's Bright Visions" ... ..	MR. ARTHUR CROW.
8. COMIC SONG ... ..	"Three Small Crows" ... ..	MR. J. A. C. SHEPARD.
9. BALLAD ... ..	"'Tis only in Dreams" ... ..	MR. A. GILBERT.
10. COMIC SONG ... ..	"Hannah" ... ..	MR. DICK PARGETER.
11. FINALE ... ..	"The Naval Brigade" ... ..	MR. W. H. LAWS.

AN INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

OVERTURE ... ..	"The Horse Guards" ... ..	THE ORCHESTRA.
A DISSERTATION ON ... ..	"Events as they're going" ... ..	MR. A. E. SANDERS.

THE DODO BANJO BAND.

"The Cavalier March"  
 MESSRS BOULDER, EDMUNDS, HUNTLEY, THOMPSON, THORPE, VOSE AND YOUNGHUSBAND.  
 LA PRIMA BELLA DONNA ... .. SIGNORA GILBERTINI.  
 (Of the Royal Italian Uproara.)

"THE PHONOGRAFUM."

The Professor ... ..	Mr. W. JAQUES.	Safrina ... ..	Mr. H. C. REVILLE.
Mr. Phatead ... ..	Mr. J. A. C. SHEPARD.	Mrs. Fluker ... ..	Mr. A. H. ROOKSBY.
Bob ... ..	Mr. W. H. MAY.	Sam ... ..	MR. DICK PARGETER.
Policeman, Members, Guests and Rio <sup>l</sup> by the entire Troupe, more or less.			
SCENE ... .. Everywhere.			
TIME ... .. Ask a Policeman.			
CLOG DANCE ... ..	Mr. J. F. SAUNDERS.		
SOLO (CORNET) ... ..	"The Angel's Lullaby" ... ..	Mr. A. BETTY.	

GROTESQUE QUADRILLE.

(Music arranged by Arthur Linney.)

MESSRS. TOM GENGE, A. H. ROOKSBY, A. E. SANDERS, AND F. H. YOUNGHUSBAND.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ORCHESTRA.

VIOLINS .. ..	MESSRS. DEAKIN & LINES (Leader).	VIOLINCELLO .. ..	MR. A. COLLIS.
FLUTE .. ..	MR. G. E. CHANDLER.	DOUBLE BASS .. ..	MR. C. CORNER.
CLARINETS .. ..	MESSRS. DODWELL & GENGE.	PIANOFORTE .. ..	MR. ARTHUR LINNEY.
CORNET .. ..	MR. A. BETTY.		

CIRCLE.

LEADS.—MESSRS. HICKS, HOOD, HUGHES, REVILLE, YOUNGHUSBAND & RAINES. ALTO.—MESSRS. GILBERT & MEKLES.  
 TENORS.—MESSRS. CROW, NEWMAN, ROOKSBY & TALBOT. BASSES.—MESSRS. BUSH, LAWS & STEWART.

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

MR. FRANK HURT, PRESIDENT.	MR. GEO. EMMETT, ACTING MANAGER.	MR. J. CALVIN LINES, MUS. DIRECTOR.
MR. R. P. SHIELL, VICE-PRESIDENT.	MR. H. E. HARRISON, STAGE MANAGER.	MR. D. PARGETER, CHORUS MASTER.
MR. W. JAQUES, CHAIRMAN.	MR. A. STOCKEN, PROPERTY MASTER.	MR. F. S. MEIKLEHAM, TREASURER.
	MR. L. E. AULAGNIER, ASSIST. SECRETARY.	

MR. C. ORPIN, Secretary, 11, Alexandra Road, Hornsey, N., to whom all Communications should be addressed.

The "DODOS" are willing to give their Services for Charitable Purposes.

A Cycle Tour in France.

FROM my first introduction into things cycular, I have always had a maddening desire to tour in "La belle France." My opportunity came on the morning of Tuesday, September 17th, 1889, and I might have been seen at 8.45 on this particular day trundling my machine into Victoria Station. I always was a mug at early rising, and was not a bit surprised when I saw my friend S. awaiting my arrival with feverish anxiety about losing the train for Newhaven. While S. was booking to Dieppe for ourselves and machines (two "Quadrant" Safeties), I ran them up the platform and winked at the guard! It was all over in a moment, machines nicely stored, and a couple of comfortable seats secured. Arrived at Newhaven we were soon aboard, and after a pleasant passage made Dieppe. We had not the slightest difficulty with the Customs, who passed our machines and baggage immediately on seeing our C.T.C. badges. It was then half-past three. Pushing our machines over the rough *pavé* we arrived at a Bureau de Change, where we changed a few English sovereigns for French money. We had our first French meal here, and started at half-past four for Tôtes, a small village on the road to Rouen, nineteen miles from Dieppe. It was a very pleasant ride, as the road was excellent, and the scenery very pretty. We enquired for and found the Hotel du Cygne, and marching into the old-fashioned kitchen, which is generally the receiving room of all the country hotels and inns, I mustered the best French at my command, and ordered dinner and beds. Ten minutes after we were sitting down to a good meal of seven or eight courses, which we finished with cigars and *café noir*. We were considerably troubled on retiring to our bedroom to find that the two of us were destined to perform our ablutions in a basin capable of holding a pint of water only. However, we made light of this inconvenience by opening the casement and periodically discharging the contents of the basin below. Bright sunshine ushered in Wednesday morning. Breakfast was finished by 9 o'clock, and then I marched straight away to the barber's shop for a shave. I was politely received by a woman who herself performed the operation and did it well too. After a stroll round the village and a peep into the church, we mounted the machines and started for Rouen (20 miles). A straight road, a steep winding descent, with a richly-wooded valley on our right, and we had reached Malaunay, a large village. Here we bombarded a *café*, and partook of soothing drinks. I noticed in this district a number of cotton mills, and as we were pedalling along a little boy shouted out, "Are you English?" and after assuring him we were "quite English," he informed us that he came from Manchester, so probably his father was engaged in the cotton business carried on there. Arrived at Maromme, a small, dirty-looking town, we took the lower road, on the right of the town, to avoid the *pavé*, and after a ride of about four miles over a rather dusty road, reached Rouen. It was now noon, and we decided to have a good look round, and stay here for the night. We accordingly put up at the "Clarendon" Hotel, Rue de Vicomté, which is owned by a Mr. Flower, an Englishman, of whom I cannot speak too highly, as he was very courteous, afforded us heaps of information, and made us quite at home. After a substantial English lunch we sallied forth to see what we could of quaint and ancient Rouen. If I were to describe all we saw in Rouen I could fill a small guide (more or less), but what impressed me mostly were the narrow streets of gable-faced, timber-fronted houses, the fine broad *quais*, and the modern mansions which line either side of the Seine, the Nôtre Dame and the Church of St. Ouen, the Place de la Pucelle (where Joan of Arc was said to have been burnt), and the magnificent panoramic view of Rouen, and the winding, sparkling river Seine, spanned by its two bridges, and crowded with shipping, which may be enjoyed from the top of Mount St. Catherine, a chalk hill on the east of the city. We left Rouen with regret on Thursday morning for Vernon *viâ* Pont de l'Arche. After getting clear of the abominable *pavé*, which stretches far into the outskirts of Rouen, the road surface was splendid. The river Seine was now on our right, while high chalk cliffs bordered the road on our left. The Seine just here is thickly set with islands bearing long rows of tall poplars. Six miles from Rouen, we took the road on the left hand to avoid an unrideable hill, but as it was, we had a stiff pedal uphill for a mile-and-a-half, with a corresponding decline on the other side, then across the Seine, and we were in Pont de l'Arche. At the entrance to the town, and overlooking the river, was a *café*, to which we adjourned for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

Before partaking of this meal, I made up my mind for a swim, and after obtaining a couple of *serviettes* (the nearest approach to towels), I was conducted by a *garçon* to the riverside, and to my surprise and horror, given over to the charge of a woman, who, I discovered, was to be my boatman; however, there was nothing left but to submit myself to the custom of the country. She landed me on one of the small islands with which the river is studded at this point, and under the friendly shelter of a sort of wigwam, I disrobed and put on the bathing costume with which this thoughtful creature had provided me, and returned to the boat. I was pulled into mid-stream, and dived into the depths below. After my bathe I returned to the *café*, and enjoyed what little food the good landlady had managed to save from S.'s insatiable appetite. Leaving Ponte de l'Arche by the main street, which, by the way, is more like a winding lane than the principal thoroughfare, we missed the trail, and instead of making Vernon *viâ* Louviers, took the left hand road (bad) *viâ* Vaudreil. After coasting a steep and rough hill, called Côte Sainte Barbe, we reached Gaillon in time for dinner at the Hotel d'Evreux. We then pushed on to Vernon, and quartered at the Hotel du Soleil d'Or. It was here that a startling incident occurred. We were on the point of retiring to bed, when a man (whom we recognised as one of the occupants of the coffee-room on our arrival) entered the hotel with his throat cut, hands and arms bleeding, and coat torn, together with a *gendarme* and a host of interested followers. He had been attacked in the dark by some murderous scoundrel, who, we were glad to hear, was secured under lock and key. I got very little sleep that night, as the injured man's bedroom was next to mine, and what with doctors, *gendarmes*, mothers, sisters, brothers, and goodness only knows who else, they kept the ball rolling until early morning. After this experience we determined to avoid night-riding. Friday morning broke with a drizzling rain, which, however, stopped by breakfast time. We had a careful look round the lawn, crossed the bridge spanning the Seine, and tried to discover the particular island on which Mr. Jem Smith fought Mr. Jake Kilrain in '88, but without success. The rooms of the old bridge, a hundred paces away on our left, were very picturesque. As we left Vernon behind the sun began to shine, and we had a pleasant run into Bonnières, noted for its evil-smelling petroleum refinery, and passing on the way a waggon drawn by a team of four white oxen. As we passed a very pretty village called Rolleboise, the Seine was on our left; next came Rosny and then Mantes. Mantes is quite an important town, is on the margin of the Seine, and boasts of an exceptionally fine cathedral; it further struck me as being a particularly clean town. We had our midday meal here, and then, walking our machines over the rough cobbles, headed for St. Germain. We crossed the river at the foot of the town, climbed the hill on the other side, and bore away to the right, passing many vineyards on either side. The scenery at this point was exquisite, the sparkling winding Seine away on the right, backed with range after range of green hills, with numerous villages nestling on the slopes, was the composition of a picture we shall not readily forget. When we eventually arrived at St. Germain, it was pitch dark and raining fast, and the *pavé*, which extends some distance out of the town, was simply horrible (the worst we encountered during the tour). After a compulsory walk of fifteen or twenty minutes we reached the Hotel Prince des Galles, where we put up for the night. After dinner we lit our cigars, and the rain having stopped, we strolled down the principal thoroughfare, and then turned in. The sun was shining brightly when we awoke the next morning (Saturday), and after breakfast we mounted our machines and had a spin on the terrace, which stretches along the brow of the hill on which St. Germain stands for a distance of a mile-and-a-half. The terrace commands a delightful prospect over the valley of the Seine and its windings, with the aqueduct of Marley on the right, the Arc de Triomphe, and looming above all, the Eiffel Tower rising against the horizon in front. From St. Germain we trained into Paris, arriving at the Gare St. Lazare about noon. Here we left our machines in the cloak room until noon the following Tuesday, and were only charged *vingt centimes* (2d. each). As S. had been many times in Paris, and this was my first visit, I placed myself confidently in his care, and thereby saw as much of this beautiful city as was possible in three days. During the daytime we did the public buildings, monuments (and restaurants), and visited the vast exhibition, and when darkness set in, lounged outside *cafés*, smoking cigarettes and sipping *café noir*, until the witching hour of midnight reminded us of bedtime and sleep.

(To be continued.)

## Legends of the Province House.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## III.

## LADY ELEANORE'S MANTLE.

(Concluded from page 157.)

HE made no more resistance to the violent efforts of the gentlemen and servants, who almost dragged him out of the apartment, and dismissed him roughly from the iron gate of the Province House. Captain Langford, who had been very active in this affair, was returning to the presence of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, when he encountered the physician, Doctor Clarke, with whom he had held some casual talk on the day of her arrival. The doctor stood apart, separated from Lady Eleanore by the width of the room, but eyeing her with such keen sagacity, that Captain Langford involuntarily gave him credit for the discovery of some deep secret.

"You appear to be smitten, after all, with the charms of this queenly maiden," said he, hoping thus to draw forth the physician's hidden knowledge.

"God forbid!" answered Doctor Clarke, with a grave smile; "and if you be wise you will put up the same prayer for yourself. Woe to those who shall be smitten by this beautiful Lady Eleanore! But yonder stands the Governor—and I have a word or two for his private ear. Good night!"

He accordingly advanced to Governor Shute, and addressed him in so low a tone that none of the bystanders could catch a word of what he said; although the sudden change of his Excellency's hitherto cheerful visage betokened that the communication could be of no agreeable import. A very few moments afterwards, it was announced to the guests that an unforeseen circumstance rendered it necessary to put a premature close to the festival.

The ball at the Province House supplied a topic of conversation for the colonial metropolis, for some days after its occurrence, and might still longer have been the general theme, only that a subject of all engrossing interest thrust it, for a time, from the public recollection. This was the appearance of a dreadful epidemic, which, in that age, and long before and afterwards, was wont to slay its hundreds and thousands, on both sides of the Atlantic. On the occasion of which we speak, it was distinguished by a peculiar virulence, inasmuch that it has left its traces—its pitmarks, to use an appropriate figure—on the history of the country, the affairs of which were thrown into confusion by its ravages. At first, unlike its ordinary course, the disease seemed to confine itself to the higher circles of society, selecting its victims from among the proud, the well-born and the wealthy, entering unabashed into stately chambers, and lying down with the slumberers in silken beds. Some of the most distinguished guests of the Province House—even those whom the haughty Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe had deemed not unworthy of her favour—were stricken by this fatal scourge. It was noticed, with an ungenerous bitterness of feeling, that the four gentlemen—the Virginian, the British officer, the young clergyman, and the Governor's secretary—who had been her most devoted attendants on the evening of the ball, were the foremost on whom the plague-stroke fell. But the disease, pursuing its onward progress, soon ceased to be exclusively a prerogative of aristocracy. Its red brand was no longer conferred like a noble's star, or an order of knighthood. It threaded its way through the narrow and crooked streets, and entered the low, mean, darksome dwellings, and laid its hand of death upon the artisans and labouring classes of the town. It compelled rich and poor to feel themselves brethren, then; and stalking to and fro across the Three Hills, with a fierceness which made it almost a new pestilence, there was that mighty conqueror—that scourge and horror of our forefathers—the small pox!

We cannot estimate the affright which this plague inspired of yore, by contemplating it as the fangless monster of the present day. We must remember, rather, with what awe we watched the gigantic footsteps of the Asiatic cholera, striding from shore to shore of the Atlantic, and marching like destiny upon cities far remote, which flight had already half depopulated. There is no other fear so horrible and unhumanising, as that which makes man dread to breathe Heaven's vital air, lest it be poison, or to grasp the hand of a brother or friend, lest the gripe of the pestilence should clutch him. Such was the dismay that now followed in the track of the disease, or ran before it throughout the town. Graves were hastily dug, and the pestilential relics as hastily covered, because the dead were enemies of the living, and strove to draw them headlong, as it were, into their own dismal pit.

The public councils were suspended, as if mortal wisdom might relinquish its devices, now that an unearthly usurper had found his way into the ruler's mansion. Had an enemy's fleet been hovering on the coast, or his armies trampling on our soil, the people would probably have committed their defence to that same direful conqueror, who had wrought their own calamity, and would permit no interference with his sway. This conqueror had a symbol of his triumphs. It was a blood-red flag, that fluttered in the tainted air, over the door of every dwelling into which the small pox had entered.

Such a banner was long since waving over the portal of the Province House; for thence, as was proved by tracking its footsteps back, had all this dreadful mischief issued. It had been traced back to a lady's luxurious chamber—to the proudest of the proud—to her that was so delicate, and hardly owned herself of earthly mould—to the haughty one, who took her stand above human sympathies—to Lady Eleanore! There remained no room for doubt, that the contagion had lurked in that gorgeous mantle, which threw so strange a grace around her at the festival. Its fantastic splendour had been conceived in the delirious brain of a woman on her deathbed, and was the last toil of her stiffening fingers, which had interwoven fate and misery with its golden threads. This dark tale, whispered at first, was now bruited far and wide. The people raved against the Lady Eleanore, and cried out that her pride and scorn had evoked a fiend, and that, between them both, this monstrous evil had been born. At times, their rage and despair took the semblance of grinning mirth, and whenever the red flag of the pestilence was hoisted over another, and yet another door, they clapped their hands and shouted through the streets, in bitter mockery: "Behold a new triumph for the Lady Eleanore!"

One day, in the midst of these dismal times, a wild figure approached the portal of the Province House, and folding his arms, stood contemplating the scarlet banner, which a passing breeze shook fitfully, as if to fling abroad the contagion that it typified. At length, climbing one of the pillars by means of the iron balustrade, he took down the flag, and entered the mansion, waving it above his head. At the foot of the staircase he met the Governor, booted and spurred, with his cloak drawn around him, evidently on the point of setting forth upon a journey.

"Wretched lunatic, what do you seek here?" exclaimed Shute, extending his cane to guard himself from contact. "There is nothing here but Death. Back—or you will meet him!"

"Death will not touch me, the banner-bearer of the pestilence!" cried Jervase Helwyse, shaking the red flag aloft. "Death, and the Pestilence, who wears the aspect of the Lady Eleanore, will walk through the streets to-night, and I must march before them with this banner!"

"Why do I waste words on the fellow?" muttered the Governor, drawing his cloak across his mouth. "What matters his miserable life, when none of us are sure of twelve hours' breath? On, fool, to your own destruction!"

He made way for Jervase Helwyse, who immediately ascended the staircase, but, on the first landing-place, was arrested by the firm grasp of a hand upon his shoulder. Looking fiercely up, with a madman's impulse to struggle with, and rend asunder his opponent, he found himself powerless beneath a calm, stern eye, which possessed the mysterious property of quelling frenzy at its height. The person whom he had now encountered was the physician, Doctor Clarke, the duties of whose sad profession had led him to the Province House, where he was an infrequent guest in more prosperous times.

"Young man, what is your purpose?" demanded he.

"I seek the Lady Eleanore," answered Jervase Helwyse, submissively.

"All have fled from her," said the physician. "Why do you seek her now? I tell you, youth, her nurse fell death-stricken on the threshold of that fatal chamber. Know ye not, that never came such a curse to our shores as this lovely Lady Eleanore?—that her breath has filled the air with poison?—that she has shaken pestilence and death upon the land, from the folds of her accursed mantle?"

"Let me look upon her!" rejoined the mad youth, more wildly. "Let me behold her, in awful beauty, clad in the regal garments of the pestilence! She and Death sit on a throne together. Let me kneel down before them!"

"Poor youth!" said Doctor Clarke; and, moved by a deep sense of human weakness, a smile of caustic humour curled his lip even then. "Wilt thou still worship the destroyer, and surround her image with fantasies the more magnificent, the more evil she has wrought? Thus man doth ever to his tyrants! Approach, then! Madness, as I noted, has that good efficacy, that it will guard you from

contagion—and perchance its own cure may be found in yonder chamber."

Ascending another flight of stairs, he threw open a door, and signed to Jervase Helwyse that he should enter. The poor lunatic, it seems probable, had cherished a delusion that his haughty mistress sat in state, unharmed herself by the pestilential influence, which, as by enchantment, she scattered round about her. He dreamed, no doubt, that her beauty was not dimmed, but brightened into superhuman splendour. With such anticipations, he stole reverentially to the door at which the physician stood, but paused upon the threshold, gazing fearfully into the gloom of the darkened chamber.

"Where is the Lady Eleanore?" whispered he.

"Call her," replied the physician.

"Lady Eleanore!—Princess!—Queen of Death!" cried Jervase Helwyse, advancing three steps into the chamber. "She is not here! There, on yonder table, I behold the sparkle of a diamond which once she wore upon her bosom. There"—and he shuddered—"there hangs her mantle, on which a dead woman embroidered a spell of dreadful potency. But where is the Lady Eleanore?"

Something stirred within the silken curtains of a canopied bed; and a low moan was uttered, which, listening intently, Jervase Helwyse began to distinguish as a woman's voice, complaining dolefully of thirst. He fancied, even, that he recognised its tones.

"My throat!—my throat is scorched," murmured the voice. "A drop of water!"

"What thing art thou?" said the brain-stricken youth, drawing near the bed and tearing asunder its curtains. "Whose voice hast thou stolen for thy murmurs and miserable petitions, as if Lady Eleanore could be conscious of mortal infirmity? Fie! Heap of diseased mortality, why lurkest thou in my lady's chamber?"

"Oh, Jervase Helwyse," said the voice—and as it spoke, the figure contorted itself, struggling to hide its blasted face—"look not now on the woman you once loved! The curse of heaven hath stricken me, because I would not call man my brother, nor woman sister. I wrapt myself in PRIDE as in a MANTLE, and scorned the sympathies of nature; and therefore has nature made this wretched body the medium of a dreadful sympathy. You are avenged—they are all avenged—Nature is avenged—for I am Eleanore Rochcliffe!"

The malice of his mental disease, the bitterness lurking at the bottom of his heart, mad as he was, for a blighted and ruined life, and love that had been paid with cruel scorn, awoke within the breast of Jervase Helwyse. He shook his finger at the wretched girl, and the chamber echoed, the curtains of the bed were shaken, with his outburst of insane merriment.

"Another triumph for the Lady Eleanore!" he cried. "All have been her victims! Who so worthy to be the final victim as herself?"

Impelled by some new fantasy of his crazed intellect, he snatched the fatal mantle, and rushed from the chamber and the house. That night, a procession passed, by torch-light, through the streets, bearing in the midst the figure of a woman, enveloped with a richly-embroidered mantle; while in advance stalked Jervase Helwyse, waving the red flag of the pestilence. Arriving opposite the Province House, the mob burned the effigy, and a strong wind came and swept away the ashes. It was said, that, from that very hour, the pestilence abated, as if its sway had some mysterious connection, from the first plague-stroke to the last, with Lady Eleanore's Mantle. A remarkable uncertainty broods over that unhappy lady's fate. There is a belief, however, that, in a certain chamber of this mansion, a female form may sometimes be dusky discerned, shrinking into the darkest corner, and muffling her face within an embroidered mantle. Supposing the legend true, can this be other than the once proud Lady Eleanore?

Mine host, and the old loyalist, and I, bestowed no little warmth of applause upon this narrative, in which we had all been deeply interested; for the reader can scarcely conceive how unspeakably the effect of such a tale is heightened, when, as in the present case, we may repose perfect confidence in the veracity of him who tells it. For my own part, knowing how scrupulous is Mr. Tiffany to settle the foundation of his facts, I could not have believed him one whit the more faithfully, had he professed himself an eye-witness of the doings and sufferings of poor Lady Eleanore. Some sceptics, it is true, might demand documentary evidence, or even require him to produce the embroidered mantle, forgetting that—heaven be praised—it was consumed to ashes. But

now the old loyalist, whose blood was warmed by the good cheer, began to talk, in his turn, about the traditions of the Province House, and hinted that he, if it were agreeable, might add a few reminiscences to our legendary stock. Mr. Tiffany, having no cause to dread a rival, immediately besought him to favour us with a specimen; my own entreaties, of course, were urged to the same effect; and our venerable guest, well pleased to find willing auditors, awaited only the return of Mr. Thomas Waite, who had been summoned forth to provide accommodations for several new arrivals. Perchance the public—but be this as its own caprice and ours shall settle the matter—may read the result in another tale of the Province House.

## Juggling in Japan.

OF jugglers there are no end in Japan. Fashionable Japanese always have them at any large entertainment they give. One very clever old man goes round in a single cotton gown, with two baskets full of "properties" over his shoulders, and, putting them down anywhere, performs his tricks, with the expectant audience encircling him. A hat full of coppers rewards him sufficiently, and he goes on to eat fire, disgorge eggs, needles, lanterns, and smoking pipes at the next place.

At a recent Japanese dinner, a foreign guest determined to have no optical delusion about what the jugglers did; he never let his glances be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Noticing this, the old juggler played to him entirely. An immense porcelain vase was brought in and set in the middle of the room, and the juggler crawling up, let himself down into it slowly. The sceptic then sat for a half hour without taking his eyes from the vase that he had first been convinced was sound and firm and stood on no trapdoor.

After this prolonged watch the rest of the company assailed him with laughter and jeers, and pointed to his side, where the old juggler was seated fanning himself, and had been seated for some minutes. The sceptic was dumbfounded, and wanted the trick repeated; but the whole company protested that he had had a fair chance to catch the wizard and had failed.

## The Was Wrong.

"CAN I speak to you a moment?" he said, softly, as he beckoned a certain postmaster towards him the other day.

"Certainly."

"Thanks. I didn't know but you were busy. I came here two months ago and asked for a letter. Remember it?"

"I do not."

"Probably not, as you are always busy. I didn't get any. I gave it as my opinion that some of you had stolen it. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, but I spoke very emphatically. That was my opinion, and I went away very much hurt. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, as I am of no great consequence. I desire to ask your pardon. Do you think you can forgive me?"

"Of course."

"Thanks. I believed you would. You see, I expected a letter from my aunt. None came. She couldn't write one. She was dead. See? Therefore how could I get one? I take it back. I apologise. I was wrong. Shake hands."

"That's all right."

"Thanks. I'll never do it again. This is an honest post-office. I was wrong. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

## Oriental Regard for Beards.

THE Mahometans have a most superstitious veneration for the human beard. They bury the hairs which come off in the process of combing but break them first, because they believe that angels have charge of every single hair, and that they thus gain them their dismissal. Selim I. was the first Sultan who shaved his beard contrary to the law of the Koran.

"I do it," he said to the scandalised and orthodox mufti, "to prevent my Vizier leading me by it."

Some Oriental sects believe that the Divine image of man was located in the beard.

# 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. Scarnan	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Photography	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	8 6
*Cabinet Making	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Moulding.	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0

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

### Special Classes for females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery	Miss Newall	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" High-class Prac. Demonstration	Mrs. Pitcher	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" " " " " "	Mrs. Sharman	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	7.30-9.30	10 6
" " " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.30	3 0
" " " " " "	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
" " " " " "	"	"	"	"
" " " " " "	Mrs. S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" " " " " "	"	"	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	7 0
" " " " " "	Assoc. R.C.Sc.	"	"	"
" " " " " "	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.—Ele.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	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	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Assoc. R.C.Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magtism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Mdlt.	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " " "	Ph.D., F.C.S.	"	"	"
" " " " " "	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " " " " "	"	"	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
" " " " " "	"	"	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	4 0
Applied Mechanics	(Wh. Sc.)	Thursday	7.45-8.45	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 2/-.

### 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	"	"	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 & 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
" " " " " "	" [M.A.]	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
" " " " " "	"	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. T. Th. F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" " " " " "	Mr. Spencer	"	"	"
Violin	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
" " " " " "	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0

Per Quarter.

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

### General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
" " " " " "	"	"	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 0
Female Tele. Learners	"	"	"	"
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	5 0
" " " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	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
" " " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	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	6.0-7.30	5 0
" " " " " "	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	B.A. (Lond.)	Mon. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
* 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	1 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. Admit	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	Mr. W. Slingo	"	"	"
Elec. Ling. Instrument Making & Telegraphy	A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop Practice	Mdlt.	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.

NO. 680, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.  
(Opposite Burdett Road).

Messrs. H. & G. RANSLEY

Will open these Premises shortly with a New Stock of  
Brookes' Safeties and Tricycles.  
Buckingham & Adams' Safeties.  
J. R. Starley's Celebrated Rover Safeties.  
S. & B. Gorton's Earlsdon Safeties.

NOTE.—These Machines are now on view at the Stanley Show.



THE ALDGATE  
TURKISH BATHS.

J. & H. NEVILL.

Gentlemen—44, High St., Whitechapel.  
Ladies—7, Commercial Road.

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

2s. 6d. before 6; 1s. 6d. after 6 p.m.

And at London Bridge and Charing Cross.

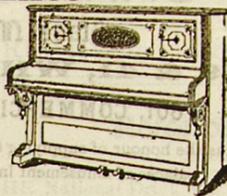
W. WRIGHT,  
Photographer.

NEW STUDIOS:  
422, MILE END ROAD.  
Opposite People's Palace.

E. C. PHILLIPS & CO.'S  
FIRST CLASS

Pianofortes & Organs

For CASH or on EASY TERMS,  
From 10/6 Month.  
A Liberal Discount for Cash.  
Every instrument guaranteed for 15 years.



EXTENSIVE SHOWROOMS:  
415, MARE STREET, HACKNEY.

Pianofortes Tuned and Repaired equal to new at Moderate Charges. Estimates Free.

Established 1855.

A. DAVIS,  
People's Palace Oil Stores,  
281,  
MILE END ROAD,  
Corner of Grafton St.

Orders by Post or otherwise punctually attended to.  
ALL GOODS SUPPLIED AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

KING'S  
Men's Tweed Trousers

FROM  
5/6  
NO BETTER IN LONDON.  
Ready Made or Made to Measure.

Hundreds of Patterns to select from.

W. J. KING  
Merchant Tailor  
AND  
JUVENILE OUTFITTER,  
16 & 18, Green St.,  
BETHNAL GREEN, E.

THE BURDETT HARDWARE STORES,  
80, BURDETT ROAD, MILE END.

The Best House in the East End for Furnishing  
Ironmongery, Tin and Ironware.  
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST SHOW OF ELECTRO-PLATED  
GOODS AND CUTLERY.  
All goods delivered free. Samples sent for inspection on receipt of postcard.  
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.  
Send Postal Order for 2/- and we will send One Dozen Nickel Silver  
Tea Spoons, delivered free to any address.

JARRETT & GOUDGE'S  
Celebrated Full Trichord, Iron-Framed, Check Action



PIANOFORTES.  
From 10/6 per Month.

A Guarantee with every Instrument.  
Unsurpassed for Quality of Tone.  
Magnificent Instruments at Manufacturers' Prices for Cash, or by Easy Terms.  
City Warehouse: 6, NEW BROAD ST., E.C.  
EAST END SHOW ROOM:  
308, MILE END ROAD, E.  
Steam Works: Triangle Rd., Hackney, E.

ALAN RAPER  
610a,  
MILE END ROAD.

Watches, Clocks  
AND  
Jewellery.

The Largest and Best Assortment in the East of London, at Store Prices.

DIAMONDS  
And other Precious Stones  
MOUNTED or RE-SET  
In 9, 15, or 18-carat Gold,  
IN ANY STYLE.

Repairs, Re-Plating & Re-Gilding of every description.  
Money liberally advanced upon every description of valuable property.

Loss of Teeth is Loss of Health.  
TEETH FITTED WITHOUT PAIN.



Teeth, 2s. 6d. to £1 is.  
Ordinary Extractions, 1s.; Painless Extractions, 5s.  
Sets, £1 is. to £10 is.

MR. W. FAIRS,  
Dental Surgeon,  
586, Old Ford Road, E.

Bow & Bromley Funeral Establishment.

FOR CHEAP AND RESPECTABLE FUNERALS WITHOUT EXTRAS.

CHARLES SELBY,  
Undertaker and Complete Funeral Furnisher,  
FUNERAL CAR AND CARRIAGE PROPRIETOR,  
31, Campbell Road, Bow Road,  
AND  
26, HIGH STREET, BROMLEY, E.

W. PRINCE  
Hosiery,  
SHIRT MAKER,  
AND  
General Draper,  
158 & 160, GREEN ST.,  
BETHNAL GREEN.

Cheapest House for  
Flannels, Blankets,  
Sheeting, Quilts,  
Calicos, Carpets,  
Shirtings, Floor Cloths,  
Linen, Blinds,  
Prints, Curtains,  
Dresses, Skirts.

SHIRTS MADE TO MEASURE.  
The 2/6 Oxford Shirt is the best can be made.

Closed 2 o'clock Thursdays.

Boots! Boots! Boots!  
BUY OF THE MAKER,  
W. H. ELLIS,  
Until recently trading as  
O'CONNOR WOOD'S Boot Stores,  
(Same proprietor 11 years.)  
11 & 12, Bridge Rd., Stratford, E.  
75, High St., Deptford, S.E.

Wholesale Factory:  
EAST ST., WALWORTH, S.E.  
Note Address: Opposite entrance to Stratford Market Station, G.E.R.  
BRING YOUR REPAIRS.

W. S. CROKER,  
Cycle Manufacturer,  
2, St. Stephen's Road, BOW, E.

Any make of Machine supplied at a large discount for Cash, or on easy payment system. Repairs of every description executed Promptly and Cheaply. All the latest pattern Machines let on hire.  
Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.  
Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.

Notice! HARRY ERSKINE, the Great Hatter.  
NOW OPEN the New Blue-Hat Warehouse,  
131, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, London Hospital.

MESSRS.  
**C. C. & T. MOORE**  
Respectfully announce the dates  
of their old established  
Periodical Sales  
OF  
**ESTATES**

AND HOUSE PROPERTY.

(Held for 55 years), which are appointed  
to take place at the Auction Mart,  
Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd  
and 4th Thursdays of the  
Month, as follows:

Feb. . . . . 27	Aug. . . 14, —
Mar. . . 13, 27	Sept. . . 11, 25
April. . 10, 24	Oct. . . . 9, 23
May . . . 8, 22	Nov. . . 13, 27
June . . 12, 26	Dec. . . 11, —
July . . 10, 24	

Special attention given to Rent Col-  
lecting and the entire management of  
house property. Insurances effected.

Auction and Survey Offices:  
144, MILE END RD., E.

**W. PALMER,**  
Electrician,  
130, BURDETT ROAD,  
MILE END, E.

Students supplied with all parts  
of Electrical Fittings.

**G. SEADEN,**  
Canning Town Cycle Works  
165, BANK BUILDINGS,  
BARKING ROAD,  
CANNING TOWN, E.

Machines Sold on the Hire  
Purchase System, from 2/6  
per week.  
Repairs on the Shortest Notice.

**Now Ready.**

**NEW NOVEL.**

**In Anarchy's Net**

BY  
**E. J. BAXTER.**

Crown 8vo. 224 pages, hand-  
somerly bound in cloth boards,  
with Special Design on cover,

Post Free, One Shilling.

**SMITH & BOTWRIGHT,**

6, Eldon Street, E.C.

**ROGERS' "NURSERY"  
HAIR LOTION**



Destroys all Nits  
and Parasites in  
children's heads,  
and immediately  
allays the irrita-  
tion. Perfectly  
harmless.

Prepared only by **W. ROGERS,**  
Chemist, Ben Jonson Road,  
Stepney, E. Bottles 7d. and 1s.  
Of all Chemists and Perfumers.  
Special Bottles, post free from obser-  
vation, 15 Stamps.

THE  
**SCOTTISH  
Sanitary Laundry,**

**131,  
MILE END ROAD.**

Specialité  
Shirt and Collar Dressing.

**CHARLES PAINE,**  
Glass Manufacturer,  
**39 & 41, WHITEHORSE ST.,**

**601, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.,**

Has the honour of supplying this popular resort; also the principal  
palaces of amusement in London, suburbs and provinces.

**C. C. TAYLOR & SON,**  
**10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.**

SALES BY AUCTION of Every Description of Property.  
VALUATIONS & SURVEYS FOR ALL PURPOSES.  
RENTS COLLECTED AND HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.

Insurances Effected in the Phoenix Fire, London and  
General Plate Glass, British Empire Mutual Life, and  
the Accident Insurance Companies.

**GROVER'S** (J. V. ROCKLEY,  
Proprietor,)

150, The Grove, } Connected by } 26, Woodgrange Rd.,  
STRATFORD, } Telephone } FOREST GATE.

**PIANOS ON EASY TERMS.**

No Deposit or Security required, and no charge for Carriage or  
First Year's Tuning.

**GIVEN AWAY!**  
**Your Rubber Stamp.**

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM,  
mounted, post free for three  
stamps, to **CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN  
BOND'S GOLD MEDAL  
MARKING INK WORKS,**

75, Southgate-road, Lon-  
don, N. **EBONITE INK;**  
NO HEATING; each  
containing a Voucher;  
6 or 12 stamps. Nickel  
Pencil Case, with Pen,  
Pencil and your Rubber Name in Full,  
7 stamps.

**THE ROYAL MAKER.**

DORSET HOUSE. Est. 1850.

**H. TURTLE,**  
**244, MILE END ROAD,**  
(Opposite Globe Road.)

**FRESH BUTTERS.**  
The Best Fresh .. .. 1/6  
The Best Brittany .. .. 1/4  
Paris Fresh .. .. 1/2  
(Usually sold as Brittany.)

**SALT BUTTERS.**  
The Very Best Dorset .. .. 1/4  
Good Mild or Salt .. .. 1/2  
An excellent Butter .. .. 1/0  
Pure Irish .. .. 0/10  
N.B.—All our Butters are warranted  
absolutely pure.

**WILLIAM FOX & SONS,**

Family Chemists,

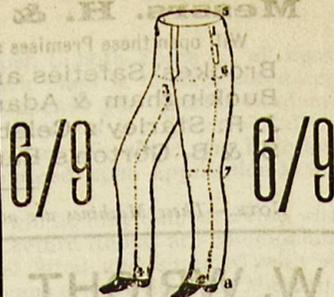
**109 & 111, BETHNAL GREEN ROAD,**  
AND  
**72, BRIDPORT PLACE, HOXTON.**

All Prescriptions, Family Recipes, and Hospital Letters dispensed  
with accuracy and at Low Prices.

Elastic Stockings, Enemas, Chest Protectors, Trusses, and all  
Surgical Appliances.

**TROUSERS**

Made to Measure.



Usual Retail Price, 10/6

**F. HANSING,**

179 & 181, Cable Street  
49, Green St., Bethnal Green,  
2+6, New Kent Road, S.E.  
9, Deptford Bridge, S.E.

**T. J. RIX,**

Practical Watch Maker,  
MANUFACTURING  
JEWELLER OPTICIAN,  
ETC., ETC.

480, Bethnal Green Road, E.  
Repairs, Plating & Gilding  
done for the Trade on the Premises.

ESTABLISHED 1862.  
Closed on Thursdays at Five o'clock.

**E. RICHARDSON,**  
**622,**

**MILE END RD.,**  
Baker & Pastrycook.

Bride Cakes made to order.

Whole Meal and Vienna Bread.  
FAMILIES WAITED ON DAILY.

For Good and Cheap  
**BOOTS**

TRY  
**J. SMITH,**  
213, Salmon's Lane,  
LIMEHOUSE.

Good Ladies' Button or Lace  
Boots from 2/11½; Gentleman's  
Lace or Side Spring Boots, 4/11.  
Dress Boots or Shoes at equally  
Low Prices. Note the Address.

**INDIARUBBER STAMPS.**

Best and cheapest in the  
World. For marking  
linen, or stamping books,  
papers, etc., invaluable.  
Two letter Monogram,  
1s.; three letter, 2s.;  
name in full, 1s. 4d.;  
three line Address, 2s. 6d.  
Round, oval, or square  
Business Stamp, from  
4s.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil and  
Rubber Stamp, 2s. 6d. Postage, 2d. extra.  
Agents wanted. E. E. IRETON & Co.,  
92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

**MILE END AUCTION MART**  
330 & 332, MILE END ROAD.

**Messrs. W. UPTON & CO.**

Sell by Auction every Tuesday & Friday, at 7 p.m., a quantity  
of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS.  
Freehold and Leasehold Houses and Land sold by auction and privately  
RENTS COLLECTED

**TEETH !!**

A Complete Set, ONE GUINEA.  
A Single Tooth, 2/6.

**Burdett Road Dental Surgery,**  
**41, BURDETT ROAD.**