

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 120.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 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. 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Feb. 28th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Mar. 1st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—To Beaumont Hall, at 7.30.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Harriers and Ramblers.—Meet in Gymnasium, at 2.—Technical Schools' Football Club.—Match with South Hackney Parish Church Choir.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Military Band.—Social Dance, at 8.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall, Mr. Proudman's Choir, at 8.

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

MONDAY, Mar. 3rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Gymnasium.—Leaders' Meeting, at 8.—Shorthand Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.

TUESDAY, Mar. 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, Mar. 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.—Students' Entertainment in Queen's Hall, T. Willett's Minstrel Troupe, at 8.

### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 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.

COAL has been found in Kent. It appears to be a continuation of the great coal beds of France. Geologists have always differed as to the probability of coal being found in the southern counties. The only questions now are—whether it will pay to dig so deep—the coal was found at a depth of nearly 1,200 feet; whether there is enough of it; and whether the discovery will make coal cheap. Coal can, I believe, be purchased at the pit mouth for seven shillings a ton. If this proves to be the case with the Kentish coal, one of the necessities of life, for Londoners, will be reduced by half. Let us endeavour to prevent a corresponding fall in wages.

BARNUM is gone. That is a good thing. The spectacle of his face on every hoarding will now go too. The fact that a show is the biggest in the world does not really make it the best. For my own part I stayed away. I am one of the few millions who have not seen the big show. I do not regret this loss, except that it prevents my pointing out from personal experience why the biggest show was not the best. Others, however, have sufficiently proved the fact. Nor do I see why a showman, who is only a showman—not an actor or a performer or an *artiste* of any kind—is to be regarded as a great man, and worthy of honour.

If the biggest thing out is to be considered the best, let us reserve all our enthusiasm for the great American Exhibition which is going to be held the year after next. They have not made up their minds yet where to have it, but it is going to outdo the Paris Exhibition, and all other exhibitions put together, and we may be quite sure that we shall be overwhelmed with boasts as loud as Barnum's that it is the biggest and therefore the best. On this principle the man who lives in the biggest house has the biggest income, and spends the most money, is the best, the noblest, and the most to be venerated.

LONDON has so few old houses left, that those which remain ought to be regarded as national monuments. If we name Crosby Hall, part of Staple Inn, one side of the inner court of Barnard's Inn, one or two old hostelries, and Sir Paul Pinder's House, we have nearly exhausted the list. And now Sir Paul Pinder's House is to be taken down by the Great Eastern Railway, who are enlarging their Liverpool Street Terminus. Has a Railway Company any compassion? Can it be moved by tears and prayers? But I despair. I have seen Sion College, the most beautiful old place in London, wantonly destroyed by the London clergy, its official guardians. I am about to see the destruction of Emanuel College, one of the most charming of our almshouses. And now I am to see the destruction of this most beautiful monument of the fifteenth century. Soon there will be nothing left but endless rows of new and hideous houses.

I AM always finding new things in this City of London. The other day I lit upon a new old almshouse. I am afraid to say where it is for fear that the Metropolitan Railway will immediately want to build a station on the spot. It is in the corner of a square. Now I had walked about that square many times, but I had never seen it till the other day. It is the most peaceful little almshouse in the world. You pass into a little flagged court, and you have a row of houses on each side. In the middle of the court is a little building, like a diminutive chapel. It is, in fact, a synagogue, surely the smallest in the world. You

can look in at the window, and mark the arrangement, which will inform you exactly how on a certain memorable occasion the Synagogue of Nazareth was arranged and furnished. This is, in fact, a Jews' almshouse. As I looked in at the window, an old gentleman, one of the Brethren, came out and spoke to me. He had a kindly face, he looked contented and happy, and he spoke with a foreign accent—a German by birth probably. Do not, reader, seek to find out this almshouse, or some Railway Company will certainly snap it up and devour with its greedy teeth, and so these peaceful Brethren will be cast out again upon the noisy street.

THE Panama Canal having apparently been at last abandoned—after sinking millions of French money—the rival claims of the proposed Nicaragua canal are again coming to the front. As long ago as the year 1850, the American Government decided in favour of this canal, and made a Treaty with ourselves for the neutralisation of the canal. Again, in 1876, the Americans considered the question, and had new surveys executed with the same result. We shall now, I believe, see this canal executed in a very short time. If you will look at the map you will see that the Republic of Nicaragua contains a great internal lake, with navigable rivers flowing out of it to the sea on either side. The total distance from ocean to ocean is 170 miles, of which 120 are already navigable. Twenty miles of water communication are also open, so that there remain no more than thirty miles of new canal to be cut. The project will cost two millions sterling and can be done in ten years.

NICARAGUA is one of those queer little republics, fragments of the old Spanish dominions. They are always having revolutions: there seems to be no morality, public or private: there is no advance in civilization, but rather the reverse: there is no little trade and less industry: and there is every prospect that unless the canal brings into the country a new flow of wealth and prosperity, the place and the people will lapse into the lazy barbarism that seems the fate of all places where men can live without work, and where the restless white man is not present to be continually disturbing people, inventing new things, and making men work who would so very much rather lie in the shade smoking cigarettes. The country is reported to be perfectly lovely with vegetation, trees, flowers, rivers and lakes. But the forests are full of serpents: the rivers swarm with alligators, and the great lake is blessed with a peculiar freshwater shark, as fierce and voracious as his cousin of the seas: also, the air is thick with mosquitoes, and the towns—if they can be called towns—are filthy and squalid. Tribes of wild Indians live in the forests: the country has never been explored or surveyed. There are, however, many curious things reported: among them, for instance, there is the "Devil's Dance." This is the name applied to a curious atmospheric phenomena observed every night in certain planes of lava, which are covered after dark with blue flames, sometimes leaping up in columns of fire, and sometimes flying across the ground. We shall hear plenty of other new and interesting things when the navvies begin. Meantime one may safely prophecy that there is a very bad time indeed coming for the alligators, if they only knew it: and that before long Grey Town, the principal port, is going to become a great American city. The traffic through the Suez Canal will be as nothing compared with that through the sea route across the Isthmus of Panama.

ANOTHER fond illusion has been destroyed: another good old story lost. There is in the Eastern Pyrenees a bridge which spans a mountain torrent. It has always been regarded as the work of none other than the devil, who has been in his time rather an extensive builder of bridges, especially in precipitous and mountainous places. Now they have found in a neighbouring town an ancient registry of the fourteenth century, which actually shows that the bridge was built in the fourteenth century, and states the contribution paid by that town. The devil had nothing at all to do with it.

THE story reminds me of another exposure made by a certain scientific man, now deceased. He found in the neighbourhood of a Sussex watering place a small pond, to which there was a legend attached. The story was to the effect that certain sacrilegious persons having climbed into the belfry of the church by night, stole the bells and carried them away; but being pursued, or being anxious to conceal the bells, they threw them into this pond. On their return-

ing to fish the bells up again, they found that the pond had become bottomless: they could not with any length of line reach the bottom of that pool. Moreover, the bells began to ring of their own accord. Thereupon, the baffled burglars being smitten with remorse, went away and asked to be hanged. The authorities kindly complied with their request, and they were soon all hanging happily together. As for the pool it has remained bottomless ever since. My friend in learning the story was seized with a wicked and a mocking spirit. He tied a line across the pool, and threw a leaded string over it—he thus sounded the whole pool. It was a deep pool, and in one place fourteen feet deep, but nowhere more: and so a good old story has been ruined.

GOOD news for jurymen! A bill is to be brought in, enabling jurymen to feed as well as the more happy mortals who are not sitting in the box. I have myself served on the grand jury, the special jury, and the coroner's jury. In the first case, we separated at one in order to get lunch: in the second case, I have never been on a jury during the luncheon hour: in the third case, the jury sat in the morning at half-past nine: so that I speak not from personal knowledge. But I should imagine that there can be no more dangerous thing for the ends of justice, than to keep a pack of jurymen starving until they become as fierce as wolves and as short in the temper. I can picture the jurymen becoming hungrier and hungrier, tightening his waistband till that brings no relief, and growing momentarily more exasperated with the counsel, who will go on talking, and the judge, who will go on charging, until in a fit of desperation he resolves to acquit everybody. On the other hand, it is true that a well-fed jurymen, after his chop and his beer, may return to Court in a benevolent frame of mind, which will persuade him to take a rosy view of the case, and from a different motive altogether to acquit the prisoners. I admit this danger. Yet I hope to see the Bill not only introduced but passed.

THE chief talk of the week has been over the Parnell Commission and its Report. I would not willingly add one word to what is said in the papers, but I would ask those who believe in Party as representing the truth to look at this paper and at that. And I would further invite, very seriously, everybody in a case of so much importance to the real interests of the country, not to accept the statements of any paper whatever—to be satisfied with nothing but an independent personal opinion, gathered by reading the whole of the evidence from beginning to end. Above all, let them try to bring to their task a brain, cool and clear, free from all prejudice, and anxious only to gather the truth from the evidence before them. This is a matter on which so much depends, that it is the absolute duty of every elector to read the whole of the case. Would that every question before the people would have a Commission to sit upon it, and be judicated to the same process of sifting and inquiry!

THE last lineal descendant, bearing the same name of Oliver Cromwell, died on the 28th February, 1834. This was Susan Cromwell; she was ninety years of age, having been born in the year 1744. Her grandfather was Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There was not much wealth in the family, it would seem, because Susan's father, the grandson of Henry, was a grocer in Snow Hill. The original name of the Cromwells was Williams. Many descendants of Cromwell's daughters are still living. Susan Cromwell lived to be a *beldam*, in the old meaning of that word, namely, one who has lived to see the sixth generation. Thus her own—her children (but she was unmarried), her grand, great grand, and great great grand children. In the old days, when girls frequently married at fourteen or fifteen, this was by no means impossible.

EDITOR.

SLENDER YOUTH: "I am very anxious, sir, to enter the noble profession of journalism, to become master of the great questions and mighty truths of civilisation, to mould public opinion in the right—"

Able Editor: "Certainly: I understand your feelings perfectly, and am ever ready to extend a helping hand to aspiring youth. I will give you a trial at once. Did you notice my editorial this morning, denouncing the brutal sport of prize-fighting, and referring to Bill Slugger as a low blot on the face of humanity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we are short of reporters to-day, and I wish you would interview Slugger, and see what he thinks about it."

## Palace Notes.

ON Saturday next, Mr. Proudman's Choir, which has already so much delighted our concert audiences, will perform in the Queen's Hall.

NEXT Wednesday will witness another performance by Willett's Minstrel Troupe, and I quite anticipate a great attendance. Speaking of Minstrel entertainments reminds me, that I meant last week to have mentioned the last performance at the Palace of the Dodo Minstrel Troupe—that very admirable amateur body, who have more than once before delighted us. Anything more genuinely funny and artistically humorous, one might travel much before meeting.

I WOULD especially direct the attention of readers to a short article appearing in another column, the first of, I hope, many similar articles, from Miss Clifford, one of our Librarians, treating of various recent additions to the historical works in our Library. New works of fiction, poetry, art, and of every other class will be regularly dealt with, and these short notices will, I make no doubt, be of immense service in directing readers in their choice of our newest books.

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 GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

A Leaders' Meeting will be held on Monday next, the 3rd of March, at 8 p.m. Important business.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

This Society meets in Room 7 every Monday evening, from 8 o'clock till 9.30. *Objects.*—To extend the art of shorthand writing by maintaining a practice class for general practice in writing from dictation, and for the discussion of shorthand principles. To maintain a circulating library, consisting of books, periodicals, etc., written in phonetic shorthand (or bearing on the subject), technical and otherwise. Gentlemen wishing to join can obtain all information from the Hon. Sec., 18, Shey Street, Bromley-by-Bow.

T. W. MORETON, Hon. Sec. and Treas.  
W. G. COLLINS, Hon. Librarian.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

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

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

CHAS. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

The performance of "Samson," given by the above Society and the People's Palace Orchestral Society, before a crowded audience, was a great success. We have commenced practising the "Messiah," and it is particularly requested that Members will endeavour to attend all practices, that our next concert may be a greater success than the last. **PUBLIC NOTICE.**—We have now a few vacancies; intending students should join at once. N.B.—There are no vacancies for Sopranos.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," sings the poet; and the Ramblers, on the very last Saturday that was, had the opportunity of personally testing the truth of the assertion, for they met, thirty-five strong, beneath the frowning walls of Newgate Prison, intent on closely examining the stronghold, so inseparably associated with the memory of Mr. Jack Sheppard. Blessed with the most conscientious of cicerones, and all attention, we made a detour of the massive building, noting the curious chronicles of crime and infamy everywhere around us; the casts of murderers who have been hung; the handcuffs with which the above-mentioned Jack Sheppard escaped; and leg-irons, similar to those he carried away with him the second time; also those weighing 28 lbs., which were put on him when brought back, were severally inspected with keen interest. We invaded the kitchen and the chapel, which is so constructed that the two sexes are kept apart, and not permitted to see each other, although able to see the preacher, a person condemned to death, if present, occupying a separate chair between two warders. The flogging arrangements are simply stocks, in which the arms and legs are fastened. We realised what it meant to be shut in from the outer busy world in a cell about 13 ft. by 6 ft. Each contained books, water, brush and comb, hammock and blankets, the prisoners being compelled, upon rising, to roll and strap the last-mentioned article into a smart bundle, to be put aside until the following night. Refractory prisoners are confined in the "black hole" for hours at a time, which must indeed be a terrible punishment, for it is impossible for one ray of light to find an entrance there. The condemned cell is double the size of the others, the prisoner being constantly attended by two warders, who are allowed to talk to the prisoner, but are obliged to be careful what they say. Here he mournfully meditates for three Sundays after sentence, and is comforted with a small wooden bedstead and mattress instead of the hammock, until led, pinioned, to the scaffold, at which we subsequently gazed with feelings far from pleasant. Graveyards at the best of times are not calculated to make one cheerful, and walking over the long line of flints (about 20 yards) beneath which the remains of Wainwright, Lipski, and many others lie, with only an initial on the wall to mark their resting place, was less so than usual. Through this place the prisoners have to pass when on their way to the Court to be tried. The double cage, in which friends are allowed to see those taken care of, is so closely wired as to make it impossible for anything to be handed from one to the other; and after we had passed through to the Visitors' side and thence to the outer door of this altogether gruesome edifice, we had some faint idea of what a released prisoner's feelings must be, when he hears the great bolts fastened behind him. The visit was extremely interesting, and was voted so by all those who participated in it. March 1st.—We ramble to the Beaumont Hall, at 7.30 p.m., to hear the Mohican Minstrels, many of the troupe being old members of the club. Tickets, 1s., 6d., and 3d., can be obtained of Messrs. Marshall and Downing. March 8th.—Arrangements are being made for a visit to East London Waterworks, Lea Bridge Road, failing which, we intend to ramble between Leytonstone and Buckhurst Hill. Please see next week's Journal. March 15th.—Social Dance in the Exhibition Buildings. March 22nd.—British Museum, 2.30 p.m., when Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, the famous Assyrian Lecturer, has again promised to lecture to us. March 29th.—Westminster Abbey, when the Very Rev. Dean Bradley has promised to conduct the party, which being limited, names should be given in as early as possible.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

The Second Annual Cinderella of this flourishing club took place on Saturday last at the Bromley Vestry Hall, and was a decided success, the M.C.'s being Messrs. W. Marshall and H. Rosenoway. The Committee desire to thank all those who supported the club on that occasion, and deeply regret that so many of their friends were disappointed in being unable to obtain tickets for admission. We only had 120 tickets printed, and reckoned that at least one-third would be returned, but every ticket was disposed of at least a week before the date. We have engaged the large hall of the Royal Forest Hotel for our Garden Party this year, and advise those friends who were shut out last year to apply for tickets as soon as they are issued, due notice of which will be given in this Journal.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie has given Messrs. Kennard and Shears permission to join the club, they not being students.—Cyclists wishing to join this club can obtain all information from J. Bright, 63, Lichfield Road, Bow; or of the Hon. Sec., J. Burley, Hope Lodge, Walthamstow, E.—The opening run takes place on March 22nd to our country head-quarters, Woodford, where boxing, fencing, tug-of-war, songs, and smoking will be indulged in.—The Easter tour this year will be to Brighton, with a possibility of going on to Worthing. Members intending to take part in same, kindly communicate as soon as possible with the Secretary, so that arrangements may be made, for so many clubs will make this place the destination of their Easter tour that we shall be unable to obtain accommodation at the last moment.—Next Saturday, the club will support the Mohicans Christy Minstrels at the Beaumont Hall.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL  
RAMBLERS' CLUB.

Fifty-nine Ramblers and ten Harriers, making sixty-nine in all, met at Stratford Church, at 9.15 on Saturday last, for the purpose of visiting the G.E.R. Locomotive Works. While at the Church, we looked at the monument erected (from subscriptions collected by the Sunday School children), to commemorate the eighteen martyrs, who suffered death by the stake on this spot. We passed under a long narrow tunnel, leading under the railway to the wagon department. Here the boys stayed with Mr. Caster, and amused themselves by pushing the buffers, and swarming on the waggons, etc., while I went to the general office and found four of the staff, Messrs. Haylock, Bowden, Francis and Powell, waiting to convey our party round. Our numbers being very large, we split up into three divisions, each taking a separate route. As we saw so much during our two hours' ramble, it would be useless to attempt to give even the briefest description of all that was interesting. In the turning and fitting shop, the milling machines, which were new to most of the boys, attracted much attention. These machines, which have but recently found much favour in England, do much of the work which was formerly done by shaping, slotting, and planing machines. The material which is worked upon, is brought in contact with revolving cutters, which are of various shapes to suit the work. The machine for making twist drills, and that for grinding them, was very ingenious, particularly the arrangement for obtaining the relief from the cutting edge. In the machine shop, several steel frames for the engines were bolted together, and planed or slotted out together. In the wheel shop, wheels seven feet in diameter were being turned and bored. The tires of these wheels are forced on by hydraulic pressure of 200 tons. In the erecting shop, the frames of the engines were put together, and the details fitted to their respective places. In the boiler shop, were boilers in all stages of completion. The rivetting was done by hydraulic pressure. One furnace for heating the rivets was fed with liquid fuel, a petroleum or tar refuse; some locomotives are also fed with this fuel. It is discharged into the furnace or fire box, by means of a steam spray injector. A very little wood or coal is used to keep the fire in, when the spray is not working, and it is estimated that a great saving is obtained by this means. The iron and brass moulding, the core making and drying, were not without their interest, and the carriage department, with its many intricate and quick-running machines, occupied no small share of our time; but of all, the smiths' shop interested us the most. Here they were making all manner of forgings, from a hexagonal nut, to a flanged tube plate for a boiler, many complicated forms being stamped out from the solid. One large shearing machine, which will cut a bar of iron 4 inches square in two, was busy cutting up the scrap iron, which is then put in bundles heated in a furnace and worked into a solid mass under the steam hammer. There are 4,000 men employed in these works, and on an average they make sixty locomotives, weighing about forty tons each, 200 carriages, and 700 waggons a year. If these were placed on the line, they would reach from Liverpool Street to Stratford Station. If all the rolling stock of the Great Eastern Railway were thus placed, they would reach from Liverpool Street to Harwich, a distance of seventy-two miles. The amount of water and coal these engines consume each year is enormous, 198,000,000 cubic feet of the former, and 400,000 tons of the latter, that is, if a tank were made as wide as the engineering workshop at the palace, and as deep as that is high, and 150 miles long, it would only just hold sufficient water for one year's supply, and the same tank would have to be fourteen miles long to hold sufficient coal for one year's supply. Everyone was highly pleased with their visit, and those who used their eyes could not fail to learn something about locomotives and the machines used in their manufacture. Our guides were extremely attentive, and spared no time or trouble in our behalf. We all owe many thanks to them, to the G.E.R. Company, and especially Mr. Holden, the manager, through whose kindness we were granted the privilege of admission. Next Saturday, we meet the Harriers and Members of the Football Club in the Gymnasium, at 2 p.m., to practise the sports for the 15th March, which are to be held in the Gymnasium instead of in the playground, as previously stated. Members wishing for extra tickets, are advised to apply for them early, as only a limited number are to be sold.—New Members, S. Lamb and F. Davis.

A. W. B.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL  
FOOTBALL CLUB v. LORNE FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Saturday last, we went to Custom House to meet the above club. On alighting from the train we encountered an excellent omen of our success, for we had fourteen players to fill eleven places. A Committee Meeting was held on the ground, to decide which three should stand out, and as a result we put the following team in the field:—Robb (goal); F. Rawlings (capt.); Bryan (backs); Holden, Richardson, Dodd (half-backs); Worledge, Parsons, Titterton, Griffith, Wilson (forwards). The ground was in a terribly heavy and slippery state. Play began just a minute or two before three o'clock. Our opponents, who were a far heavier and swifter lot than ourselves, won the toss, and elected to play the first half with the slight breeze that was blowing. Our side played up with great spirit, and by pluck and unselfish combination fairly

had the best of the game, which was very fast and exciting throughout. Repeated attacks were made on both goals, but the backs and goal-keepers on each side nearly always proved equal to saving. However, shortly before half-time, our forwards got the ball from a long pass in from the back. They made a determined rush down the field, and Worledge notched the first goal from a pass in from the right. From the beginning of the first half our opponents played with great determination, and, in about a quarter of an hour, Reynolds (a P.P.T.S. boy) equalised by a good shot. The game now became fast and furious, but we are glad to say it remained perfectly good-natured. A hot scrimmage now took place round our goal, and one of our men was observed to be on the ground, tightly hugging the ball in both arms. A yell of "hands" was raised and the teams stood aside; the man was on his feet at once, and the ball thrown out into the field before a cheer from our own side announced that the "hands" man was our goal-keeper. The others looked sold,—so near and yet so far,—for they might easily have rolled goal-keeper, ball, and all through the goal. It now wanted about twenty minutes to time, and again, by careful passing and dodging, the ball got carried into our rivals' quarters, and Parsons managed to secure us another goal, with several of our enemies near him. The game was, however, by no means won yet. Another determined attack was made on our goal, and Hamilton made a capital shot, which just went over our bar. Our lads were beginning to feel the strain of the continual assaults of their heavy opponents; however, by their coolness they kept the game very even. Things again looked very dangerous for us, when Rawlings scattered a furious attack, by our enemies' right, on our goal. He was unable, however, to stop a hot shot being sent right at the head of our goal-keeper, who saved with his hands, returning the ball only a few yards in front of the goal, to get it sent at his head again with still greater force. Again his hands saved his face and the goal, and Rawlings, dashing in from the wing, cleared the lines and landed the ball on twenty yards away from our goal on the right. From now to the call of time we had rather the best of the game, and the game ended a few minutes after 4.30 p.m., in a hard and well-earned victory for us by 2 goals to 1. We undoubtedly owe the victory to the cool and neat play of Holden, Richardson, and Robb, together with the brilliant tackling of Rawlings. Next week, we play the return match with South Hackney Parish Church Choir on our ground.

G. W. S.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL  
HARRIERS' CLUB.

Last Saturday, we accompanied the Ramblers to the Great Eastern Railway Works at Stratford. The various machines that we saw in the different workshops were very interesting and instructive, and we all felt much benefited by our visit to the works. Further particulars of the ramble will be found in the Ramblers' report. Next Saturday, we meet in the Gymnasium room at 2.30, to arrange for the sports to be given after the Social Tea on March 15th.

F. G. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. F. HARDY and R. OXENHAM.—Subscriptions received with thanks.

E. A. SHARMAN.—We shall be most glad to receive the matter you suggest, as well as any news of your classes.

F. J. B.—We do not think it very likely, at any rate, for the present.

A Born Diplomat.

FUTURE NEWSPAPER EDITOR: "Have you any vacancies on your editorial staff?"  
 Busy Editor: "No, sir; no, sir. Good-day—"  
 Future Newspaper Editor: "I'm sorry you haven't, because it's my only chance to get a position in this city."  
 Editor (suspiciously): "Eh? Have you been working on the *Daily Blower* across the way? Did you come to me after being discharged from that miserable sheet?"  
 "Oh, no sir; I never worked on that paper."  
 "Oh, you didn't? Then I suppose you applied for a position on its editorial staff, and—"  
 "Editorial staff?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Editorial staff! Bless you, no. I didn't suppose from the looks of the sheet that it had any."  
 "Young man, your hand! Sit down! Have a cigar! I'll see what I can do for you."

"DOCTOR, when do you think a man weighs most?" asked a patient who was undergoing a course of dietary treatment. "When he steps on my corns," answered the doctor.

Recent Additions to the Library.

HISTORY.

*Landmarks of History, 4 vols. Vol. 1, Ancient History, from the earliest times to the Mahometan Conquest; Vol. 2, Middle Ages, from the Reign of Charlemagne to that of Charles V.; Vol. 3, Modern History, from the Reformation to the French Revolution; Vol. 4, Recent History.* By Charlotte M. Yonge.—Miss YONGE has made many epochs of history interesting, and these landmarks of history are a valuable addition to our shelves. They are told in a simple straightforward way, and a great deal seems to be compressed into a very small space. The first volume seems very successfully to supply the connection between the different branches of Ancient History, including that of the Jews. The second volume handles that tangled web, the history of the Middle Ages, and presents a sketch of those events which influenced more or less all the well-known countries of Europe. The third volume brings us to Modern History, and dates from the Reformation to the French Revolution; two events which affected the religion, art, and literature of all Europe. The fourth volume brings us quite close to our own times, and touches upon all the chief events from the Reign of Terror in 1792 to the close of the Russo-Turkish War. Of course the volumes, owing to their size, cannot contain much detail, but the more striking events in the world's history are brought forward in their often startlingly close relationship to one another.

*Half-hours of English History, from the Roman Period to the Death of Elizabeth.* Selected and edited by Charles Knight.—This is a series of the most graphic parts of English History, chronologically arranged, and selected from various well-known authors. As each piece is quite distinct from any other, they will be found to occupy many a half-hour very pleasantly.

*Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars.* A literal translation of Cæsar, with a few useful notes, and a most comprehensive index. This is likely to be particularly helpful to the classical student, as though the translation is extremely close, the style is well kept up.

*Side-lights on the Stuarts.* By F. A. Inderwick.—A delightful series of essays on that interesting period which formed so great a crisis in the History of England. The chapter containing the sketch of the Lady Arabella Stuart is a particularly pleasing study, for her name, though scarcely mentioned in history, was once familiar enough to the nation, and there are many ballads of that period which tell the story of her misfortunes and the goodness of her heart, and breathe in every line an intense sympathy with her sad life and most tragic death. Another essay dealing with witchcraft is full of most curious instances of so-called wizards and witches, and the several charges brought against them. A few words further on reveals some of the barbarities committed in merrie England, together with the cruelty of the punishments and the severe taxing of the poor. The interest of the book is enhanced by several delightful engravings and fac-similes of various documents.

*Tables of European Literature and History, A.D. 200—1875.* By John Nichol. This book of tables supplies a long-felt need, by representing at a glance the main events and the leading literary works of modern Europe with each other. The earlier tables are arranged in periods, the later in decades as events come closer together.

L. M. H. CLIFFORD, Assist. Librarian.

The Children's Crusades.

THERE were no less than three of those movements called children's crusades; the first in 1212, the second in 1237, and the third in 1458.

The first is the one usually referred to as the children's crusade; because it far surpassed the others in magnitude and importance. It consisted of two distinct movements. At about the same time, in the early summer of 1212, two immense armies of children were gathered at Cologne in Germany and at Vendôme in France, in response to the summons of the boy prophets, who believed, or affected to believe, themselves inspired by heaven. The majority of these children were boys, but there were thousands of girls with them also.

The prophet-leaders are known to history as Stephen of Cloys (France) and Nicholas of Cologne, both boys about

twelve years of age. The crusade which they preached was not a crusade of blood against the fierce Saracen, but a crusade of prayer. The children were to march to the sea, which would open as it once did for the Israelites, to permit them to pass over the Palestine dryshod. There they would convert the leaders of Islam, baptise the heathen, and by prayer and faith accomplish what the armoured hosts of kings and knights had failed to do.

The excitement aroused by this preaching spread among the children of all classes like a plague, and no remonstrance, tears, or even force on the part of parents and guardians had any effect in checking the epidemic. If they were locked up to keep them from joining the followers of the boy prophets, the little ones either died in convulsions or pined to death in hopeless melancholy; their natural affection for home and parents seeming to have been utterly destroyed by the prevalent mania. Nor was the frenzy confined to the children of the poorer classes, or the bourgeoisie only; it reached the houses of the nobility also, and drew from their ancestral castles the heirs of knights and barons.

Finally, a cry of heresy was raised against all who attempted or desired to check the mania by strong measures, and superstition and fanaticism combined to rob all parents of their just authority.

Within short intervals of each other, two unarmed hosts of German children—nearly all of them under twelve years of age, and many of them girls—left Cologne to march over the sea to the Holy Land. The first was led by the famous Nicholas; the second by a boy whose name is not known. Their combined numbers are believed to have been 40,000. In the same month another army of French children left Vendôme, on the same crusade, under Stephen; this numbered 30,000.

The German children crossed the awful Alpine passes—which great generals had never traversed without terrible difficulty—and descended into Italy to gain the sea; Nicholas crossing the pass of Mt. Cenis; the other leader that of Mt. St. Gothard. The losses of the former army between Cologne and Italy were 13,000 children; those of the latter were 17,000. The French army had lost 10,000 of its number before it reached Marseilles, heat and hunger strewing its path with corpses. Probably of the 70,000 children who joined this crusade less than 20,000 were ever heard of afterwards by their parents. Most of those who survived were those who could not keep up with the rest, but fell behind, and were cared for by the people of the districts through which they passed, and finally restored to their homes.

When the army of Nicholas reached Genoa, and found that the sea would not open to let them pass, there was a general breaking up. The humane Genoese cared for and fed the band of waifs, and offered to assist them all to return to their homes. Some, discouraged, accepted the kind offer; but the larger number passed on to Pisa, whence they obtained passage by ship to the Holy Land.

A part of the army of German children under the unknown leader also gained Brindisi, on the coast, and were thence, we are told "shipped to Palestine." Those of the two bands who did not perish on the passage were sold as slaves to the Turks and Saracens.

Of the French children, 5,000 fared equally badly, for they were induced by cunning merchants of Marseilles "to take ship with them for the Holy Land," and all who survived the voyage were sold, like the German children, as slaves.

"Way up to 'Sine Die.'"

IN a western State of America one of the political parties had for twenty years been in the habit of holding their nominating conventions at the house of a Mr. G.—

Mr. G.—happened on a recent occasion, for the first time, to be in when they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate move that "this convention adjourn sine die."

"Sine Die," said Mr. G.—to a person standing near; "where's that?"

"Why, that's away in the northern part of the county," said his neighbour.

"Hold on, if you please, Mr. Chairman," said the landlord, with great emphasis and earnestness—"hold on; I'd like to be heard on that question. I have kept a public house now for more than twenty years. I am a poor man. I have always belonged to the party, and never split in my life. This is the most central location in the county, and it's where we've always met. I've never had nor asked for an office, and have worked day and night for the party; and now I think, sir, it is contemptible to go to adjourn this convention way up to 'Sine Die!'"

# PROGRAMME OF Gymnastic Entertainment & Concert

By STUDENTS of the  
ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE AND ACADEMY OF MUSIC FOR THE BLIND,  
UPPER NORWOOD, S.E.

F. J. CAMPBELL, LL.D., PRINCIPAL.

On Wednesday, February 26th, 1890.

SOLOISTS:

MR. BERESFORD-JANKINSON. MR. JOHN NORRIS. MR. GUY M. CAMPBELL.  
TENOR.—MR. ALFRED BAGGS. BASS.—MR. JOSHUA BRAND.  
PIANO.—MR. HARRY GREENWOOD, MR. GILBERT HARDEBECK, & MR. JAMES FIELD.  
ORGAN.—MR. CHARLES HANCOX.

GYMNASTIC PERFORMERS:

JAMES AMOS, JOSHUA BRAND, HENRY BUDDEN, ALFRED CARR, STANLEY DAVIES,  
GEORGE FOUNTAIN, JOHN GILL, ALBERT GREEN, CHARLES HANCOX,  
ARTHUR MAYES, BERESFORD-JANKINSON, ALEXANDER MATHESON, JOSEPH MINES,  
AND JOHN MURPHY.

ASSISTANT.—MR. WILLIAM A. DAWE.

CONDUCTOR AND GYMNASTIC DIRECTOR.—MR. GUY M. CAMPBELL.

PART I.

1. ORGAN SOLO... .. "The Wedding March" ... .. Mendelssohn.  
MR. CHARLES HANCOX.
2. GLEE ... .. "Lady of Beauty, Away, Away" ... ..  
GARDNER GLEE CLUB.
3. DUMB BELLS.
4. SONG ... .. "The Two Grenadiers" ... .. Schumann.  
MR. BERESFORD-JANKINSON.  
Accompanist—MR. GILBERT HARDEBECK.
5. PARALLEL BARS. Piano—MR. JAMES FIELD.
6. SONG ... .. "The Champion of the Sea" ... .. Marks.  
MR. GUY M. CAMPBELL.  
Accompanist—MR. GILBERT HARDEBECK.
7. LONG WANDS. Piano—MR. JAMES FIELD.
8. PIANO SOLOS (a) Study ... .. Raff.  
(b) Jagdstück) ... ..  
MR. HARRY GREENWOOD.

PART II.

1. SOLO AND CHORUS ... .. "The Image of the Rose" ... .. Reichardt.  
MR. ALFRED BAGGS AND GARDNER GLEE CLUB.
2. SONG ... .. "Gipsy John" ... .. Clay.  
MR. JOSHUA BRAND.  
Accompanist—MR. GILBERT HARDEBECK.
3. QUICK MARCHING. Piano—MR. JAMES FIELD.
4. SONG ... .. "The Message" ... .. Blumenthal.  
MR. ALFRED BAGGS.  
Accompanist—MR. HARRY GREENWOOD.
5. VAULTING HORSE. Piano—MR. JAMES FIELD.
6. SONG ... .. "The Boatman's Story" ... .. Molloy.  
MR. JOHN NORRIS.  
Accompanist—MR. HARRY GREENWOOD.
7. PYRAMIDS, ETC., ETC. Piano—MR. JAMES FIELD.
8. ORGAN SOLO ... .. "Marche Religieuse" ... .. Guilmant.  
MR. CHARLES HANCOX.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

## A Cycle Tour in France.

(Concluded from page 168.)

AND we did sleep, for I can assure you gentle (or violent) reader, that doing Paris, the gayest city in the world, in three days is anything but an easy task. On Tuesday morning we rode from the Gare St. Lazarre, along the Boulevard Haussman, to the Arc de Triomphe, and then taking the Avenue de St. Cloud on our right, and crossing the Bois de Boulogne, headed for St. Cloud. Here a *fête* was in full swing, and while having a look round we were enticed by a scoundrel of a travelling photographer into having our photos taken, and after a tremendous row over the charge, and actually trying to find a *gendarme* to put matters right, we succeeded in getting two bad photos minus the frames. Leaving St. Cloud we had a stiff but short climb into Montretout. At the brow of the hill we dismounted and admired the view which stretched for miles below us, with St. Cloud lying in the valley at our feet. Mounting again, we pursued our way through Ville d'Avray and into Versailles, where we sat down to a light repast of chocolate, bread and butter, and grapes (quite French, you know). Quitting Versailles by the Place d'Armes, with the old royal palace frowning upon us in the dusk on our right, we cleared the *paré*, and struck the splendid undulating road to a small village called Pontchartrain, which we did not reach before dark. We were doubtful as to whether sleeping accommodation could be obtained here, but on enquiry we were directed to an auberge, where we were very hospitably received. The hostess provided us with an excellent dinner, including wine, placed at our disposal two well-appointed bedrooms, and started us next morning with a capital breakfast of *café au lait*, hot milk, omelettes, etc., and only charged seven francs, or 2s. 11d. each. We left Pontchartrain the next morning in the face of a strong headwind, and made Pacy-sur-Eure the same evening. We had originally intended to reach Pacy *via* Dreux and Nonancourt, but by some mischance we missed our way, and finally got there *via* Mantes and Bonnières. We quartered at the Hotel Lion d'Or, but were not very comfortable. Evreux was reached at 11.30 next morning (Thursday), and, like many other French towns we had passed through, was ensconced in a valley, thereby affording us a delightful coast into and a delightful walk—too steep to ride—out of it. We visited the cathedral, which was one of the handsomest we had seen, the carved oak in the interior having special merit. The streets preserve many antique timber-framed houses. From Evreux we continued our journey along a splendid road, lined on either side with tall poplars, planted at regular intervals, to Malbrouck, a village twenty-five miles from Evreux, where we stayed the night. The country between Evreux and Malbrouck, and on the Lisieux, forms an upland district which is celebrated for its fertility and excellent cultivation. The next day (Friday) we entered the prettily-situated town of Lisieux by a very narrow and steep street, with many timber-framed houses and pointed gables, well suited to the artist's pencil. Here we partook of our midday meal, and then, retracing our footsteps up the hill, we turned to the left for Trouville *via* Pont l'Éveque, a distance of about eighteen miles. The country between Lisieux and Trouville is hilly, but very pretty. At Pont l'Éveque we met three French cyclists careering around an open square, and on making enquiries as to our road, found that they knew very little more of the surrounding country than was in their immediate neighbourhood, although they were well mounted, and apparently good riders. Before entering Trouville, we witnessed a most beautiful sunset, the sky seeming studded with huge nuggets of gold, backed with a purple veil. It was dark when we reached Trouville, and selecting the Hotel Aigle d'Or, we ordered and were soon sitting down to a good dinner. The steamer we intended to cross to Havre did not sail until 3 p.m. the following day, so we had time in the forenoon to enjoy a stroll along the sands and *quais*, and a walk on the jetty, though the wind was blowing big guns. At 3 p.m. we embarked for Havre, and during the rough-and-tumble passage, which occupied an hour-and-a-half, I missed S. from my side, and did not see him again until we were on the point of landing, when, in reply to my kind enquiries, he told me he had been to mind his own business, and that I was to get what satisfaction I could out of that. At Havre we called upon and took tea with a French gentleman we had met in Pont de l'Arche, spent a very pleasant hour, and then, after a hasty inspection of Havre, continued our journey to Epouville. I do not give any description of Havre, as it is purely a maritime town, and the *quais*, lined with vessels, and choked

up with cotton bales, sugar casks, etc., appeared to be the chief scenes of life. It took us half-an-hour to clear the *paré*, and then the road was Ar. We stopped a moment at Harfleur (six miles) to peep at a very old church, and then, riding along the valley of Lézarde, reached Montvillier. Here we stopped to light up, and, pushing on, arrived at Epouville, and put up at the Hotel Quene du Chien, where we were well received. After dinner we adjourned to the *salle des billardes*, favoured the company with a few English songs, which they appeared to appreciate hugely, and then turned in. We were on the road by 9 a.m. the next morning, and steering for Fécamp. The harvest had, of course, long since been gathered, and sheep were now feeding among the stubble on either side in charge of shepherds, who sleep at night in a long narrow cart covered either with a wooden roof or thatched with straw—a sort of horizontal sentry-box on wheels. A long coast downhill, and we were at Fécamp, a small seaport town of little attraction. A hill steeper and longer than that which leads into Fécamp from the west carries the road out of it to Dieppe, and on arriving at the top we found we were in a somewhat bare and open country, and when we got to Cany, nestling in its pretty green and wooded valley, it was a very agreeable contrast. After leaving Cany the road runs towards the sea coast. When we arrived at St. Valery en Caux (a fishing town) we were wetted to the skin by heavy showers, in spite of waterproofs. We put up at the Hotel des Bains, and after some hot cognac slipped into bed while our clothes were dried, afterwards dressing for dinner. The next morning (Monday, September 30th), the last day of our tour, opened with rain, but as we had to catch the boat at Dieppe (twenty miles) by noon, we started, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until we were within three miles of Dieppe, when a mongrel dog sounded "the charge," came for me, twisted himself into knots under the front wheel, and threw me to earth. The only damage I sustained was a broken buckle, but I cannot say how the dog fared, as when I pulled myself together I found he had sounded "the retreat." In an hour we had arrived in Dieppe, secured our portmanteaux from the railway station, and embarked on the homeward-bound steamer. The total distance ridden was only 340 English miles, and I do not hesitate to say that anyone following the route I have described herein cannot fail to spend a very jolly holiday.

QUADRANT.

## Trying on New Boots.

WHEN a woman has a new pair of boots sent home she behaves altogether differently from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and hauls till she is red in the face and out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking about, but pulls them on half way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look, to see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists round, and surveying them sideways, exclaims: "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again in front, works her foot round so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the bottom and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so that she can see how they look from that point, walks away, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet dreadfully big, and never will do at all, puts them on and off three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It's very simple.

## LATTER-DAY SAWS.

THE best girls don't get married the soonest.  
Make your bargain before you show your purse.  
It is easy to learn things that are of no use to us.  
It is a mighty poor article that can't get testimonials.  
A codicil has knocked the lifelong hope out of many of us.  
The thief often looks more respectable than the honest man.  
A dog will answer to any name when you show him a bone.  
The obstinate captain who sticks to his ship often gets drowned.  
The worst of an opportunity is that few of us know how to take advantage of it until it is past.

## Rip Van Winkle.

By Woden, God of Saxons,  
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodnesday,  
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep  
Unto thylke day in which I can creep into  
My sepulchre—

CARTWRIGHT.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man: he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clamouring on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity, and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to any-

body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, was as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawn out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl

about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathised as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believed he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built, old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain; yet

there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugarloaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance: he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lustre-like countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wobegone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and wild-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines, that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

(To be continued.)

# Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session commenced on Monday, January 6th, 1890. The Classes are open to both Sexes of all ages. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. By payment of an additional fee of Sixpence per Quarter Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday Evenings. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc. The Lecture Rooms are commodious and well supplied with apparatus, etc. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus required for a thorough practical instruction. Separate Lavatories and Cloak Rooms are provided for Male and Female Students. Students also have the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

## Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Tailors' Cutting...	Mr. Umbach	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholstery ...	Mr. G. Scarran	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 & Mouldg.	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	Monday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" High-class Prac.	Mrs. Picher	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" Demonstration...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	3.5 & 6.8	10 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" Shakespeare ...	"	"	6.0-7.30	5 0

## Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" —Adv.	(Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" —Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Adv.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" II.	"	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Assoc. R. C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magism. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" —Adv.	A.I.E.E. and Mr. Brooker	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" —Prac.	Medist.	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	Ph.D., F.C.S.	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" —Theo., Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" —Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" —Hons.	"	M. Tu. & Fr.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics ...	(Wh. Sc.)	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

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

By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations, in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 25/-

Students are supplied free with apparatus and a lock-up cupboard. A deposit of 2/6 will be required to replace breakages.

## Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

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

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

## Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" Advanced ...	" (M.A.)	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
*Choral Society ...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society ...	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 0
"	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
"	Mrs. Spencer	"	6.0-10.0	5 0
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
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced ...	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday		
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise (Beginners)...	"	"		
Customs (Beginners) ...	"	"		
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ...	"	"		
" (Competitive)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	
Female Clerks (Com.) ...	"	"		
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
" Advanced ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Report ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Elementary ...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" 2nd Stage ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme. 1st ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" 2nd ...	"	"	4 0	
" Elemen. 3rd ...	"	"	4 0	
" Advanced ...	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Mon. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
* Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
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. 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 Laboratory and Work.	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Medist.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
"	"	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 Mathematic on payment of half fee.

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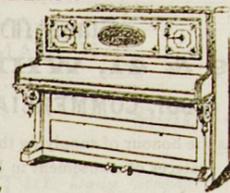
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