

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 121.]

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 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, Mar. 6th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Mar. 7th.—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. 8th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Rambler's Club.—To Buckhurst Hill.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Harriers and Ramblers.—Meet in Gymnasium, at 2.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Choral Society.—Social Evening, at 7.—Popular Entertainment in Queen's Hall.—Stock Exchange Choir and Soloists, at 8.

SUNDAY, Mar. 9th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

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

TUESDAY, Mar. 11th.—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. 12th.—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. Mr. Sexton's Choir, with Humorous Selections, at 8.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 9th, 1890,

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

## Notes of the Week.

THE *Daily Graphic* of Saturday, March 1st, contains a picture which fills my very soul with terror. It speaks of the "craze" among some ladies—this is the first I have heard of it—for riding astride. The picture represents a young lady dressed in every respect as a man and riding like one. The next step will be to walk about in that dress—to go to parties in that dress—to discard, in short, the feminine garments altogether and to appear as men. A great mistake, young ladies! But when have women observed common sense, grace, art, beauty, or nature in their fashions? The history of fashion, in its various freaks, shows neglect complete and absolute of all these points. The figure has to be draped: women think that it may, at their caprice, be caricatured, disguised, uglified as much as they please. They are wrong. The youthful figure, either of man or woman, is a very graceful thing; the drapery should set off that beauty, not hide it. Moreover, it is best and most natural, most artistic for man or woman to proclaim sex by dress. Hence, a girl, dressed like a man, and riding like a man, is monstrous, ugly, and horrible.

THE imprisoned Duke of Orleans, while in Paris, had his table supplied by a well-known restaurateur. For fifteen days' food the bill amounted to 1,500 francs—that is, a hundred francs a day, or four pounds. Fancy eating four golden sovereigns every day! What a thing it is to be a Prince! But the restaurateur explains. If the Prince had lamb, he did not send in a slice of lamb as he would have done to you and me, dear reader. Not at all: he sent in a whole saddle delicately dressed and beautifully served. If he had cod fish, he did not send in a single plateful, but a whole fish, with, no doubt, oyster sauce provided on a generous scale. This accounts for the bill: and never, said the purveyor, was anything returned but the empty dishes! So that the people at the Conciergerie must have had a good time. No doubt they regret the departure of the Prince extremely.

It seems a great mistake to keep this boy a prisoner. He has, according to all Frenchmen, a very poor chance at present of the succession; and imprisonment is just the one thing that will make him a serious Pretender. Nobody knows what is going to happen in France. There are two candidates for the throne—this young Duke of Orleans, and young Victor Bonaparte. Both are young: both are ardently desirous of leading their country to victory. But their partisans are not enthusiastic, and meantime the Republic is in power, and it means to stay there if it can. And although Frenchmen are prone to revolutions every twenty years, they may be satisfied, this time, with changing their ministers.

I WAS present at a public meeting the other day, when there was a whole row of reporters taking down the proceedings in shorthand. Among them I noticed a lady. I do not know for what paper she reported, but it struck me as a mark of the time. We shall very likely before long have ladies doing all the reporting. Why not? It is light work, and suitable for women if they must work. My own view has always been that women should not enter the arena with men. Some of them must work: but it should be in branches of industry where men are naturally less fitted than themselves.

A CERTAIN worthy Dean, I observe from the papers, has been preaching against the wickedness of the age. A very proper subject for the attention of a Dean. But are we so

very wicked? I cannot really believe that we are. First of all, in every age, since men began to preach, and history began to be written, each particular generation has appeared to the preacher the most wicked that ever had been known. We do many wicked things no doubt. We believe the statements of Party papers, for instance, which is so foolish as to amount to wickedness. Then Party orators tell abominable lies in public, which is very wicked. And other people won't do exactly what we wish, and this is very, very wicked. But on the whole we are distinctly better, I am ready to maintain, than our forefathers at any time. There are bad scandals from time to time, but they affect a small number only. If I was asked my opinion as to the greatest danger of the time, I should say that there is now widely prevalent, and has been coming over us for a long time, a certain flabbiness and weakness in the matter of truth, which seems the greatest modern wickedness. To be scrupulous in statement: to be honourable in not suppressing or exaggerating truth: to keep within the mark: these are things which, I fear, are becoming rarer, not only in the press, but in the House, and on the platform—even in the pulpit. There is another danger which threatens us very strongly, but as yet people's minds are not awakened to it; and as the statement of it would ruffle up certain worthy people's susceptibilities, I refrain. Meanwhile, I should advise this good Dean to read any of the literature of a hundred years ago, and then to ask himself which generation was the more wicked—their's or our own?

The Australian Colonies—about which we had a few words a fortnight ago—have advanced a step—and a very long step—in the path of independence. They have already their own Parliaments—Upper and Lower House—for the management of their own business. But the Mother Country has always claimed the right of veto over their proceedings. This, the last real link that binds us together, has now been separated. They want to have their own law of Divorce, and to have a law much less stringent than our own. They desire to see divorce possible for cruelty, desertion, and other acts and crimes. And when the veto of the Mother Country against this change was proposed, they declared that, veto or no veto, they intended to have that law, and they will get it. The Secretary of State for the Colonies has given way; of course, there was nothing else to do. So that the dependence of Australia upon Great Britain means, that we are called upon to protect these Colonies in case of war and nothing more. This is very pleasing and friendly, but it is not exactly Imperial.

There is an excellent Society called the Imperial Federation. It desires to bind the Colonies and Great Britain together by closer links. Very well. There is one means, easy and simple, by which the Colonies can prove their desire to form part of a great empire. It is a way better than fine words, better even than the creation of another great talking machine. It is simply that they should each contribute, according to wealth and population, to the defence of the empire. Thus Australia, rich and flourishing, containing a population of four millions, should contribute to the Army and Navy at least one tenth of the whole, New Zealand one twentieth, Canada one tenth, and so on. Even every little island of the West Indies should keep a gunboat, at least, in the Imperial Navy. But would they consent to this little arrangement? Not so. And no Colonial Minister would dare to propose it.

The independence of the United States began with such a measure. The Government proposed to tax the American Colonies. Let us remember that these Colonies owed to the Mother Country far more than Australia owes—in fact Australia owes nothing except the firm refusal of Great Britain to allow the French any footing on the Continent; for the American Colonies owed to us their very existence. We had fought for them, spent money on them by millions, lost thousands of brave soldiers and sailors, and increased our National Debt by millions for them, in driving French and Spaniard out of North America for them. Yet, rather than own the power of the Mother Country to tax them, they revolted, and were successful. I have often thought, that now the States are a nation so great, they should in common fairness take over that part of our debt which was incurred in making them free of foreign powers. It makes a very pretty little sum. It was say fifty millions at the outset. Fifty millions at three per cent, compound interest, for a hundred and twenty years, becomes, if you reckoned up, a hundred

and thirty-five millions. A very pretty little debt it is, and it will come in handy for the navy,—to say nothing of the saving of interest,—a million and a half a year. Here is the original bill—

The United States of America, in account with George the Third, by Divine Grace, King of Great Britain and Ireland—  
To twenty years of fighting, including the expenditure of 100,000 soldiers, marines and sailors; the loss of 10,000 merchant vessels captured by the French and Spanish; the use of His Majesty's very fine navy without any charge during the whole time; the maintenance of these armies and navies; and the pillage of His Majesty by pursers, commissaries, provisioners, clerks, and contractors, including many natives of the American States, not including any charge for the good will always felt by His Majesty towards these his revolted subjects ... .. £50,000,000.

Dated, St. James's, April the first, 1780.  
Now, this bill, having met with no response, it is time to send in a reminder.

The United States of America, in account with Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and of many Colonies not revolted—

To bill delivered, April 1, 1890. ... £50,000,000.  
On the same account, the little balance then remaining unpaid, having now grown at three per cent, compound interest to ... .. £135,000,000,  
Queen Victoria very respectfully ventures to hope that her little bill will meet with early attention. Her House of Business would regret the necessity of issuing a County Court Summons. Orders faithfully executed, armies promptly despatched, and the Navy still at the service of her Colonies.

MARCH comes in with frost and snow. Very well. A little real winter weather will do no harm. The frost breaks up the earth, and renders it friable and easy to dig and plough. It also, after a warm winter, kills millions of grubs and insects, which were beginning to prepare for spring and life. It keeps back too forward vegetation; and which is pleasing to reflect upon, when it comes at this time of year it seldom lasts long. March is the month of many weathers, and in the country March in all her moods is pleasant. Now the days begin to be long again. Day breaks at half-past four; the sun rises at half-past six; the sun sets at a quarter to six, and twilight lasts till seven.

I LOOKED just now in Whitaker's Almanack to see if there were any special occurrences of the month of March which deserve to be noted. It is always with increasing wonder that I read the special events in the almanacks. Who selects them, and on what principle are they selected? Thus, I find in Whitaker's admirable almanack the following events solemnly chronicled—The birthday of the Marquis of Bath. I ask myself what the Marquis of Bath has done for the country any more than any other member of the House of Lords that his birthday should be celebrated. The birthday of Judge Stephen—a great lawyer no doubt, but is he so much greater than his brethren on the bench that he should be specially singled out for this distinction? Also the birthdays of the King of Wurtemberg, the King of Italy, the Emperor of Russia, Sir Tatton Sykes, Lord Melbourne, Sir E. Ducane, the Duke of Cambridge, the Bishop of Ripon, and Don Carlos!! Here is a misfire! Now, does any single human soul in this country, except the living people themselves, care to know the birthdays of these illustrious gentlemen? As for poor dear Lord Melbourne, he was born in 1779, and he died in 1848. Let us resolve that we will weep for him no longer. Then there are the deaths—J. R. Green, historian; Sir F. Madden, archaeologist; Orfila, chemist; Benjamin West, artist; Orsini, conspirator; Albert Vay, archaeologist; Longfellow, poet; Jomini—now who can tell what Jomini did? Is there any reader of Whitaker who cares to mourn on any of these anniversaries, except, perhaps, that of J. R. Green? As for the events which really belong to March, they are many and important, but very few have found their way into the almanacks. Seriously, would it not be worth the trouble of revising these tables of events, and making a new and more intelligent selection? For instance, I would have a selection of all those events which mark the progress of freedom and self-government. These alone would quite fill up the calendar. Then there might also be a military and naval calendar commemorating battles and commanders. That would fill a dozen calendars. Or a Science Calendar. Or an Art Calendar. Or, indeed, anything but what we find.

EDITOR.

## Palace Notes.

MR. OSBORN will be glad to receive the names of intending students for the Ambulance Classes. Arrangements are now being made for a course of lectures on Nursing, to begin this month. This will be followed by a "first aid" course, possibly in April. Members having passed in February last in "first aid," as well as in the "nursing" course last May, will be entitled to the Medallion of the St. John Ambulance Association on passing their final examination, which will be arranged for after the next course of lectures. A class for men (first aid) will also commence this week.

The Students' Library is now open on Monday and Thursday Evenings, from 7.30 to 9.30. A parcel of new books has recently been presented to this library by Mr. Walter Besant, and other presents of this description will be most acceptable.

On Saturday next the Choral Society are to dance. Great preparations meanwhile are being made for the Calico Dance, for all students alike, as may be seen from Mr. Marshall's report in another column. For those who cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of a regular fancy dress ball, a calico dance is an excellent substitute, very pretty and effective costumes being easily devised, with a little natural taste, of the most inexpensive materials.

NEXT Wednesday, Mr. Sexton's Choir, with their funny songs and glees, will take possession of the Queen's Hall platform, and early attendance will, I imagine, be necessary to secure good seats.

SUB-EDITOR.

## Society and Club Notes.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

The third Social evening of the season will be held on Saturday next at 7 o'clock, when the gentlemen of the Orchestral Society will join us. Tickets to admit member and student friend may be had of the Hon. Sec. on Friday after practice. As we have a long programme, we shall begin punctually. We meet for practice on Friday and Tuesday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in No. 10 Room. Members are requested to be in their places at 8, if possible.

A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.

J. H. THOMAS, Hon. Librarian.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

We shall rehearse on Tuesday and Friday evenings, from 8 till 10, until further notice, with the exception of Friday, 14th March, instead of which date we shall rehearse on Saturday, the 15th, at 5 o'clock. Members are reminded of the Social with the Choral Society, on Saturday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for all instruments, especially Bassoons, Oboes, Horns, Euphonium, and Double Basses. All music is lent free for rehearsal, and any further information will be cheerfully supplied by

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

A General Meeting of the Eastern Road Club was held at "King's Arms," Bishopsgate Churchyard, E.C., on Monday, 24th ult. The handicappers for the season were then balloted for, the result being that Messrs. Looman, of the Finchley Harriers' and Cycling Club; Nelson, the one mile home-trainer Champion; and Church, of the Essex County Athletic Club, were elected. The opening run of the Eastern Counties' Club will take place on

Saturday next, starting from the "Eagle," Snaresbrook, at 4.30 p.m., the destination being the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill, the headquarters of the club. A monster Smoking Concert, in the large hall, will take place at night.—The Palace Club was well represented at the Beaumont Hall, on Saturday last, and manager L. Nathan must have been pleased to see so many of his friends surrounding him.—The Pilot C.C. held a Smoker on Friday next, at the "Forest Glen Hotel," Forest Gate. I shall be pleased to see as many members present as possible.—Those members who intend visiting the City of London Photo. Lantern Show and Smoking Concert at the "Champion Hotel," Aldersgate Street, on Friday, 14th inst. kindly intimate to the Secretary. Tickets, 1s. each. If the Sub-Editor can spare the space in this valuable journal next week, I will give a few hints on the subject of form in riding (a point often sadly neglected), gleaned from some of our most noted riders. J. H. BULLEV, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last, a number of our Members went to hear the Molecan Minstrels at the Beaumont Hall, and we may congratulate ourselves that there was no ordinary afternoon ramble, as the weather was anything but agreeable for rambling; fortunately it was not snowing between 7 and 8 o'clock, so it enabled a large and cheerful company to assemble. The programme was of a varied character, Part I, consisting of ballad and comic songs, and concluding with a political controversy, entitled "The Balloting Brigade," which was decidedly humorous, and would hit the present electioneering struggle going on at St. Pancras. Part II, opened with a farcical sketch, entitled "The Troubles of a Manager," followed by a banjo solo with the usual eccentricities. Mr. M. A. Nathan's lecture on the "Electric Lite and General Klassical Science" was exceedingly good. The whole concluded with an operatic burlesque entitled "Besthoven Out Beat," in which the troupe scored a great success. Altogether it was a very good entertainment, there being very good material in the troupe to work upon. March 8th.—Meet at Coborn Road Station (G.E.R.) and book to Leytonstone for ramble to Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill (weather permitting). March 15th.—Social Dance in Exhibition-buildings. March 22nd.—British Museum, 2.30 p.m., when Mr. W. S. Chad Boscawen, the famous Assyrian lecturer, has again promised to lecture to us; Members can bring a friend each on this occasion. March 29th.—Westminster Abbey, when the very Rev. Dean Bradley has promised to conduct the party, which being limited, names should be given in at once; if necessary, a ballot will be taken. Committee Meeting, March 13th, 8.30 p.m.

A. MCKENZIE, J. HON SECS.  
W. POCKETT, J.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

This Society meets in Room 7, every Monday evening, from 8 to 9.30. The fees are very small, consisting of an entrance fee of 1s., and a half-yearly subscription of 1s., payable in advance. The objects are (a) to maintain a practice class, for general practice in writing from dictation, and for the discussion of shorthand principles; (b) to maintain a circulating library, consisting of books, periodicals, etc., written in shorthand, technical and otherwise, and books printed in ordinary type, interested in shorthand writing. Gentlemen wishing to join the Society can obtain all information by applying to the Hon. Sec., 18, Spey Street, Bromley-by-Bow.

T. W. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

W. G. COLLINS, Hon. Librarian.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CLUBS' UNION.

WALTER MARSHALL, Chairman.

Our first meeting took place on Monday, February 24th, fifteen delegates being present. Club reports were read, and the discussion as to our future movements was adjourned to the next meeting, which will take place on Monday, March 17th, at 8.30 p.m. H. ROSENWAY, Hon. Sec., pro tem.

### STUDENTS' SOCIAL DANCES.

The next Students' Dance takes place on Saturday, March 15th, at 7.30 p.m. Admission obtained by class ticket; programmes, 3d. except Calico Fancy Dress, which will be held in the Queen's Hall, on Wednesday, April 9th, 1890 (Easter week). Quadrilles at 7.30 p.m. till 1 a.m., permission having been given for the extension of time. Tickets, to admit student and friend (not transferable), will be issued on Monday next, March 10th, at 8.30 p.m., in the Lecture Hall. As the number is limited, early application is necessary. Programmes, 1s. must be obtained at the same time as the tickets are issued; Calico Fancy Dress indispensable. It being a Calico Dance, students and friends are requested to obtain inexpensive materials for their fancy dress costumes, which may consist of cotton black satins, velveteens, as well as all cotton goods, cotton laces, hose, etc. Students, when obtaining tickets, are particularly requested to state the characters they will represent, as it is intended

to issue a programme on the evening of the characters represented, and the names of those who personate them; it will also avoid duplication of costumes. A balcony will be set apart for visitors. Tickets, 6d. each, can be had next Monday. Arrangements have been made whereby costumes can be had on hire at a cheap rate; particulars obtainable of

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

It is interesting at this period of its existence to take a glance at the progress made by perhaps the most popular branch of the People's Palace—the Gymnasium. It will be well within the recollection of our readers that this was opened in October, 1887, and to enjoy the privilege of membership of it was one of the greatest inducements to become a member of the Palace. To show what an interest was evinced in it, it may be mentioned that at the end of November, only eight weeks from its opening, over one thousand had been enrolled as members. Some, of course, had previously belonged to smaller gymnasia, and at once saw the advantage of the splendid apparatus and instruction provided, but the majority were raw recruits, which reflects the greater credit on those on whom their training has devolved. Nothing was done in the way of displays for some little time, the first being given on the 10th Dec. 1887, before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and other distinguished personages, when exercises were gone through on the various apparatus, and drill with bar-bells and single-sticks was performed. This was quickly followed by others, an improvement being noticed in each succeeding one. These displays were very successful and encouraging, so much so in fact, that letters have been received from secretaries and others of various institutions asking for contingents of People's Palace gymnasts to be allowed to perform at different public events. Needless to say, where practicable, these appeals have been responded to, and our friends may rest assured that the Palace members have done credit to the Institution to which they belong; among the places where performances have been given, being the Crystal Palace, Upton Park, Tottenham, International College, Finchley, and Rochester.

At the commencement of the present season, the gymnasium was changed from a club into a class, by which means the aspiring gymnast might himself choose the branch of calisthenics in which he would most like to excel, and could enter a class specially for that purpose. In addition to these classes, free exercises were allowed at stated times, and mass drill was performed in which he might also participate. This arrangement has been a success, there existing among the five hundred or more Members who now belong to it that *esprit de corps* which is so essential to the success of any large body. The utmost praise is due to Mr. Burdett and Mr. Wright for the great zeal and patience which has characterised their work, and much of the success of the gymnasium must be attributed to them. The Trustees were indeed fortunate in securing the services of such a man as Mr. Burdett, who, to perfect himself in the teaching of calisthenics, has gone through a tremendous amount of mental and physical work, always preserving a wonderful evenness of temper and a genial manner which nothing ruffles. The same may be said of Mr. Burdett's excellent assistants. Several competitions have been held, both open and confined to the Members, all of which have been very creditably got through; and in the open events we may be said to have well held our own. Among the Members who have particularly distinguished themselves, some of whom have since been made leaders, are the following:—H. R. Jones, W. Jones, W. Whiting, A. C. Leach, F. W. Chipps, F. Box, E. Norford, A. Hood, T. Pentney, P. Turtle, F. Denison, R. Toope, Bland, Baum, Joskey, P. Williams, R. Hyslop, E. Foreman, F. R. Hall, Foweraker, McDougall. The Members of the gymnasium are not behind the other sections of the Palace in sociability, they having had several friendly gatherings and a dance. It is quite certain that the gymnasium will always be one of the greatest attractions of the People's Palace for the hard-worked East-enders, particularly those whose occupations are of a sedentary character. The success which has attended the men's section of the gymnasium, and it is in this that the writer is mostly interested, has led the Trustees to set apart certain evenings for a junior male section, and also to fit up apparatus for the ladies in the Queen's Hall. This latter venture has been fully justified by its complete success, the exhibition given by the pupils a few days ago receiving most favourable comments from the Press.

F. A. HUNTER.

In future, the Gymnasium will be closed on Wednesday evenings.

By order,  
H. H. BURDETT.

### GIRLS' JUNIOR SECTION RAMBLERS.

The Girls' Junior Section went for their first ramble on Wednesday, February 26th. We met at the bank punctually at a quarter past two, and thence went to St. Paul's Cathedral. We first went down into the crypt, and were shown over it by a guide, who explained everything to us very carefully. There were many

beautiful tombs and memorials, some of which were very costly. We noticed especially the tomb of the late Lord Napier, over which were hung some handsome wreaths, one sent by the Queen being hung on the wall. The wreath sent by the departed general's widow is somewhat apart from the rest. Next we were shown the altar, and were told about the different statues and carvings on it. By the altar we saw a beautiful piece of needlework, representing different periods in the life of St. Paul. We next went up into the Whispering Gallery and stayed there some little time, but were too tired to go up any farther. We were also shown the library, full of very valuable books. We were very pleased at the success of our first ramble, and we owe many thanks to our lady superintendent for so kindly taking charge of us.

EDITH DRUITT, Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL RAMBLERS', HARRIERS', AND FOOTBALL CLUBS.

The Members of the above three clubs met in the Gymnasium room last Saturday to practise the sports for the 15th of March. We commenced with a hopping race, the distance being from one end of the room to the other; sixteen boys were selected for this race. The next on the programme was throwing the football, ten boys having given in their names; but we did not indulge in this, as the majority of the members of the Football Club were absent, the club having arranged a match for that day. We then tried a cock-fight between thirty boys; this was followed by a stilt race, in which eight boys took part. We should have tried the sack race next, sixteen boys having given in their names, but we could not get the sacks in time. A tug-of-war having been arranged between the masters and twice the number of boys; Mr. Bevis, Mr. Forth, and the writer tried their strength against six boys, but found the boys far too strong. We then tried with the proportion of three boys to two masters, and found that we were very nearly equal, so that the latter proportion will be taken in the sports. A blindfold race was next tried, in which sixteen boys tried to catch a fugitive with a bell. This was followed by a three-legged race, in which eighteen boys competed. We then practised a wheelbarrow race with fourteen boys, the distance being from one end of the room to the other. A leapfrog race was next attempted, in which eighteen boys took part. These were followed by a hopping contest, a tug-of-war between members of the Football Club and Harriers and an equal number of Ramblers and millers and sweeps and mounted combat, in which sixteen boys took part. We intend to finish those sports with a running maze, Mr. Burdett having kindly promised to be our leader. The Members of the clubs will meet again next Saturday, at 2 p.m., in the Gymnasium room, to practise the sports. The Members of the clubs are earnestly requested to purchase their tickets for the tea as soon as possible. Tickets may be obtained from Mr. Bevis, Mr. Smith, or Mr. Castle.

F. G. C.

### Class Notes.

#### TAILORS' CUTTING CLASS.

The Tailors' Cutting Class, which was opened in October last, was pretty well attended last quarter, and even a more lively interest is taken this quarter than before, as the regular attendance of the students shows, and the earnestness of their studies, and the persevering application to their work goes to prove. As the instructions are not only confined to the draughting of the figures, but embrace also the principle of practical application of the technical portion of the Tailors' Trade, very good results are expected.

A. U.

#### MACHINE DRAWING EVENING CLASSES.

The following are the results of the Class Examinations in Machine Drawing, held on Tuesday evening, 25th February:—  
ELEMENTARY.—First Class.—W. Weeds, 24 marks; Wm. McEwen, 23; Harry Cowell, 22; S. J. Hill, 22; E. A. Mepham, 21; John Nicholson, 21; John S. Hall, 20; John Stockley, 19; E. G. Kerr, 18; Frank V. Jones, 17; Wm. Smith, 17; G. Harbone, 16; H. A. Young, 16. Second Class.—Walter C. Whitney, 15; C. Frindell, 14; A. Stepto, 14; Edgar Ellis, 12; G. Girard, 11; James Jordan, 11; T. Catmur, 9; F. Coulton, 9; H. Hunter, 9; S. Spotswood, 9; E. G. West, 9; W. Duggins, 8; E. Towndrow, 8; T. Tozer, 8; Wm. J. Blacklock, 7; E. Daff, 7; W. Honeybourne, 7; Edwin Prosser, 7; A. H. R. Wilson, 7. Eleven failed.  
ADVANCED.—First Class.—Arthur H. Lucas, 45 marks; C. C. Cheltnam, 43; C. T. Ansell, 42; T. C. Bye, 40; M. Bloxham, 38; N. Wilmott, 35. Second Class.—A. H. Bowsher, 28; F. P. Musto, 20; G. Cann, 15; Wm. Carnegie, 14; H. Gentry, 14; F. Holborrow, 14. One failed.

#### BOY'S JUNIOR SECTION—WRITING AND ARITHMETIC.

The attendance at these classes during the present session has been uniformly good, and the zeal and industry of the majority of the pupils is very satisfactory, and cannot be too highly commended. Occasional chats with individual boys reveal the great

amount of self-denial practised by many of them in order that they may be present at the lessons, and not fall behind their fellows in the work of their class. One learns of boys who have come to the class meeting at 8 p.m. direct from work, not having time to go home even for tea, and this in some cases where the boy has been absent from home from eight, seven, or even before six o'clock in the morning.

Much, too, may be said for the steadiness and good behaviour of both classes. Furthermore, there is a distinct and readily noticeable difference in this respect between the pupils who have recently joined, and those who were also members last session. The latter have established a standard of good conduct and discipline, valuable alike to themselves and to the newer members. To test the progress made during this session, and as a preparation for the examination to be held at the close of the year's work, examinations were held on Thursday last, the 27th of February; the following are the results:—

Examinations in writing held on February 27th, 1890.

EXCELLENT (in order of merit).—C. E. Munns, E. Seabright, S. Young, G. Green, E. W. Goodspeed, C. Arnold.

GOOD (in alphabetical order).—A. E. Bromige, F. Collins, C. Hayes, D. Jacobs, A. May, R. Monk, H. Riches, J. Tatehell.

FAIR (in alphabetical order).—G. Clark, A. Dunsdon, W. Howe, H. Lucking, H. Martin, J. E. Messett, B. Parker, T. Potter, H. Schafer, S. Williams.

ARITHMETIC EXAMINATION.—Advanced—First class; Charles Reeves, Thomas Hyams; second class: William Mahoney, John Jones, Edward Duffer. Elementary—First class: A. Sturdy; second class: A. Robinson.

### Letter to the Editor.

THE DAY SCHOOL BOYS' RAMBLE TO THE G.E.R. WORKS.

Locomotive Department, Stratford Station,

February 28th, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—A slight inaccuracy has been made in the report of the visit to Stratford Works, with reference to the tyres being forced on with a hydraulic pressure of 200 tons. What really takes place, after going through different machines, is that the wheels are forced on the axles with a pressure of about 50 tons, then the tyres are shrunk on, and finally secured to wheels by a retaining ring and rivets.—Yours truly,

C. F. BOWDEN.

### Answers to Correspondents.

A. UMBACH.—Many thanks for notes.

A. W. COURSE.—We do not employ a musical critic upon this paper. Have you no one in your society willing to assist in such a case?

### Lord Eldon and the Vicar's Daughter.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON affords an illustration of the force of the habit of penuriousness. He married early in life, and for many years he had a hard struggle to support his family, during which time he had formed the economical habits which never left him throughout life. What, however, was praiseworthy frugality in the briefless barrister, became stinginess in the Lord Chancellor, master of a princely income and a large fortune.

As Lord Chancellor, his ecclesiastical patronage was considerable, and when thoroughly moved, the careful lawyer was capable of generous actions; indeed he often showed liberality in giving good livings to worthy clergymen.

As Lord Eldon was one morning sitting in his study, working at the mass of papers which crowded his desk, a pretty young girl was shown in, whose countenanced dress and evident embarrassment prompted the old man to rise, and with a polite bow to inquire who she was.

"Lord Eldon," answered the girl, blushing, "I am Bessie Bridge, the daughter of the vicar of Weofley, and my father has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a baby and you were a guest at his house. It was at the time when you were first elected as member of Parliament for Weofley."

"A promise, my dear young lady?" exclaimed the puzzled chancellor.

"Yes, indeed, my lord, a promise. You were standing over my cradle, and my father said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me that if you should ever become Lord Chancellor, and my little girl here a poor clergyman's wife, that you will give her husband a living.' And you answered, 'My promise is not worth half-a-crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more.'"

"My dear, you are right, I do remember the promise, and I fully admit the obligation," exclaimed the chancellor, with enthusiasm. Then, looking at the young girl, he added with a smile, "But surely the time for keeping my promise has not yet arrived? You can't be anyone's wife at present?"

"No, my lord," replied Bessie, hesitatingly; "but I very much want to become somebody's wife."

She blushed slightly and went on—

"There's a living in Herefordshire, near my home, that is vacant, and if only you will give it to Alfred, why, then, my lord, we shall be married before the end of the year."

Here the chancellor rang his bell, and instructed his secretary to make out the presentation of the living to Bessie's Alfred. This done, the old man kissed Miss Bridge, and then she went on her way very delighted with Lord Eldon and all the world.

### The Sensitive "Freak of Nature."

A SENSITIVE "freak" in a showman's booth stood, Where the hours were short and the salary good; He was tattooed red, white and blue; He was the "Bearded Lady," too; Likewise the skeleton tall and thin, And he boasted a most elastic skin; He'd grown his feet to abnormal size, And whitened his hair Albino wise; So he said in language plain and bold That when he was abandoned the day'd be cold! Yet he was unhappy exhibiting there, For down in his breast lurked a poignant care; He suffered deeply and oft because He wanted to be far more than he was; His sensitive nature could not brook That the public at any one else should look. He wanted to be the "Leopard Boy," And the "Phantom Lady," cold and coy, The wonderful "Glass-devouring Star," And the fair "Circassian" from Mullingar.

He hated the sinuous "Human Snakes," Whose pictures sold like the hottest cakes, Though it was said that he practised lots Tying himself into awful knots. He punched the "What is It?" in the head, And cut the "Capillary Sisters" dead; Placed the "Midget" under the ban, And wouldn't shake feet with the "Armless Man"; Kicked the "Cannibal" out of his road, And said to the "Glass Blower" "You be blowed!"

Greater each day his importance grew, 'Till his head at length began swelling, too; When others were noticed he screamed and cried 'Till his head exploded and so he died; And they said, as they washed off his gay tattoo, And hung up his beard where the wind blew through, That it was amazing he should be dead, Simply because he had lost his head: But that 'twas a warning, his awful fate, To people who think themselves so great.

#### SILENCE WAS EVERYTHING.

A YOUNG diplomat was at a court ball in Russia not long before the death of Nicholas. The young man was dancing, and, it seems, danced badly.

Now, Nicholas liked to have things done smartly at his balls, and, walking up to the young man, he said—

"When one does not know how to dance, one does not dance at all."

It was a most unusual thing for the great autocrat to address a remark to anybody, and Russian society, crowding about the young man, asked what the Czar had said.

The young diplomat had the wit to reply—"His Majesty's most gracious words being intended for myself alone, I do not feel at liberty to repeat them."

On the strength of this, he had great success in St. Petersburg.

THEY are performing a sensational drama at a provincial theatre, and in one of the most thrilling scenes the hero discovers that he has come on without his dagger. Without a moment's hesitation, he hurls himself upon the villain, crying, "Die, base wretch. I had intended to stab you, but, having forgotten my trusty dagger in my dressing-room, I will strangle you with my red right and left hands, in the presence of this intelligent and indulgent audience."

## PEOPLES PALACE FOR EAST LONDON.

## PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

TO BE GIVEN BY

WILLETTS  
IMPERIAL MINSTRELS,

On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th, at Eight p.m.

End Men—MR. TOM WILLETT, MR. JIM KALO, MR. TEDDY HALL, AND MR. C. RELPH.

Interlocutor—MR. HARRY LESLIE.

Musical Director . . . . . MR. C. W. COLLINGS.  
Sole Manager and Proprietor . . . . . MR. TOM WILLETT.

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

OPENING CHORUS	... ..	"On the March"	... ..	THE TROUPE.
COMIC SONG	... ..	"Hullo Baby"	... ..	MR. JIM KALO.
BALLAD	... ..	"Dearest Image of my Heart"	... ..	MR. ALFRED SCOTT.
COMIC SONG	... ..	"The Farm Yard"	... ..	MR. TEDDY HALL.
BALLAD	... ..	"I Dreamt, my little Boy, of Thee"	... ..	MASTER G. WILLETT.
COMIC SONG	... ..	"The Whistling Coon"	... ..	MR. C. RELPH.
BALLAD	... ..	"Only to see her Face"	... ..	MR. JOHN RAY.
COMIC SONG	... ..	"The Flat Boat Ball"	... ..	MR. TOM WILLETT.
BALLAD	... ..	"The Song that reached my Heart"	... ..	MR. C. HOWARD.

FIRST PART TO CONCLUDE WITH

THE AMERICAN ABSURDITY,

"MIKE MC GUNNION'S GHOST."

AN INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

## PART II.

VOCAL DUETT	... ..	"Brotherly Love"	... ..	MESSRS. RAY AND SCOTT.
BONE SOLO	... ..	"The Jubilee"	... ..	MR. JIM KALO.
PLANTATION SONG AND DANCE	... ..	"The Jubilee"	... ..	MESSRS. WILLETT AND LESLIE.
BALLAD	... ..	"Mine"	... ..	MR. JOHN RAY.
OLD MAN'S SONG AND DANCE	... ..	"I Couldn't Stay Away"	... ..	MR. TEDDY HALL.
TROPICAL EFFUSIONS...	... ..	"A Tip from the Topical Times"	... ..	MR. JIM KALO.
CORNET SOLO	... ..	"A Tip from the Topical Times"	... ..	MR. HARRY GREY.

TO CONCLUDE WITH

THE SCREAMING AMERICAN ABSURDITY,

ENTITLED

"THE BRINY CATARACT."

This Programme may be slightly altered at the option of the Manager.

## Strange Pets.

MOST people confine their affection for pets to the regulation animals or birds. The limited knowledge of the nature and habits of animals, enjoyed by the average head of the family, seldom leads him to extend his protection and hospitality to any which cannot be classified under the heading "domestic."

It is, therefore, interesting to read of friendships formed by men with animals outside of this class,—animals from which, in many instances, the boldest would shrink, and the timid fly in dismay.

Kean, the celebrated tragedian, made a pet of an American lion or puma, which answered to the name of Tom, and followed him about, appearing occasionally in the drawing-room when company was present, for the purpose of being introduced and admired.

Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, which evinced remarkable qualities. A Savoyard boy, almost fainting from cold, entered Marco's hut. The bear, far from resenting this intrusion, extended to his visitor a cheerful welcome, receiving him with open arms, and warming him against its shaggy breast.

Next morning the boy departed, rambled about the city all day, and then, having nowhere else to go, returned to the hospitable abode of Marco, who, it appears, had expected him, for he had carefully laid aside a portion of his food, wherewith to entertain his guest. The boy was discovered one evening calmly reposing against the breast of his protector, who rolled his eyes indignantly at the untimely intrusion of the attendant. The circumstance was reported to the duke, who, with several of his courtiers, went to the bear's hut, and was astonished to find the report correct.

The little Savoyard was taken under the care of the duke, but died shortly afterwards.

Mr. Barton, a British Consul in Egypt, possessed an ichneumon, an animal somewhat resembling a cat, and which spends its life in ceaseless slaughter of snakes and reptiles. Koempfer also had one which slept with him, and followed him about the streets of the city.

Mr. Hutchison, while British Resident at Coomassie, had a panther presented to him by the King of Ashantee. This animal he succeeded in taming, and transformed from a forest terror into a domestic pet. On returning to Cape Coast he led it through the country by a chain, but let it loose at meal times, when it would sit and take whatever was given it, without showing undue eagerness.

"Sai," as the panther was called, took up his residence in the house of the Governor, to whom he became greatly attached. He was allowed to roam about at will within the boundary of the castle gates.

Strangers were generally startled to see such a powerful animal forming part of the household, but beyond frightening them, he did no harm. His chief amusement was to sit at an upper window, and watch the proceedings below. On one occasion some children also wanted to look through the window, and finding their view obstructed by the animal, applied their united strength, and hauled him back by the tail.

This interesting creature was brought to England and presented to the Duchess of York. He was placed in the Exeter Change, to be taken care of, Her Royal Highness intending to take him with her to Oakland on her return thither, but Sai unfortunately died on the morning of his intended transference.

Charles James Fox had a young tiger which showed great affection for him, until one day, being engaged in licking its master's hand, it scraped off the skin. At the first taste of blood its dormant instincts returned, and its glaring eyes revealed to Mr. Fox his danger. Without attempting to remove his hand, he led it by gentle words into the next room, where a loaded pistol hung over the mantel-piece. Reaching it down he shot his now dangerous pet through the head.

Among the many animals kept by Mrs. Burton, wife of the famous traveller, was a leopard—her especial favourite. Lady Hornby, while at Constantinople, obtained what she thought was a dog. It was not until she had learned to love it, and found her love returned, that she found she had lavished her affection upon a jackal.

Strange as it may appear, there is no animal more easily trained, or which evinces more affection, than the hyæna. In the districts of Sneuberg this animal is domesticated, hunts, and otherwise makes itself generally useful. Bishop Heber, whilst in India, visited a Mr. Traill, who owned a hyæna, which he states "followed him about like a dog, and fawned on those with whom it was acquainted."

Mr. White, author of the "Natural History of Selborne," entertained his leisure moments with a bat, which would take its food from his hand. Wolsey was on similar terms with a carp, while Sir John Lubbock won the affections of a wasp.

Our fathers can remember the time when no fashionable household was considered complete without three strange pets—a black cock, a parrot, and a monkey. The latter, though an especial favourite on board ship, is no longer a fashionable appendage to the domestic circle.

Sir Sidney Smith, who was strongly attached to animals, had a monkey called Pug, which, attired in full naval costume, often sat among the other guests at his table. He partook freely of the delicacies provided, occasionally refreshing himself with a huge pinch of snuff from his master's box, the effect of which convulsed his frame into the most startling attitudes.

Another pet monkey on board, who had narrowly watched his companion's contortions, and argued therefrom that he did not enjoy the snuff-taking ceremony as much as the other guests, stole the snuff-box (a valuable gold one), and hid it in a midshipman's chest. He appears to have communicated this fact to Pug, who thereafter took his seat at table with an easy mind and a satisfied look upon his features, expressive of having had the best of the joke. The box was soon found and the theft brought home to the culprit, who, however, by Sir Sidney's orders, was not punished, the motive of the offence being taken into consideration.

Buffon describes the weasel as an animal incapable of domestication, but Strozza possessed one for which he felt a strong attachment, and at its death composed a Latin elegy, in which he speaks of his late pet "nibbling at his fingers soft," "watching anxiously for an approving smile," and "in light murmurs speaking love."

Rats and mice are often caught and tamed. A London omnibus driver, when removing some hay, saw one of the former rush from under cover. An ordinary man in such a case would go into a frenzy of excitement, and slash at the creature with the first instrument he could lay his hands on, and, if successful in his murderous onslaught, call in all his friends to witness the result of his prowess. Our friend, the 'bus-driver, however, contented himself with catching the rat and taking it home. It rapidly became familiar with the family, especially the children, and settled down for a long stay. It slept on the hearthrug at night, and, if cold, would creep into its master's bed. Every morning the word of command would be given, "Come along, Ikey," whereupon the animal jumped into his master's pocket, and accompanied him on his numerous trips during the day, generally occupying a position in the "boot."

Its master's dinner, which was deposited in the same receptacle, it would defend against any intruder, unless plum-pudding formed a part thereof, when Ikey fell from the line of high morality which usually marked his conduct.

Hares are much more difficult to tame. We have all heard of Cowper's pets, "Tiney," "Puss," and "Bess." Sonnini had a tame hare which lived on amiable terms with a hound and two Angora cats.

It would thus seem that the wild and blood-thirsty denizen of the forest is as susceptible to civilising influences as the shy and timid creatures of our English fields and meadows, and that, brought up in a drawing-room, the fierce lion or tiger forgets his partiality for human bones, and orders his conduct upon rules of etiquette as strict as the most gentlemanly dog would lay down for itself.

Nor does the size of the animal prove any difficulty in the way of its becoming a personal or even public pet. We have seen the mutual attachment often displayed between the elephant and his keeper.

We have seen, too, performing fleas, and though we do not know whether the love of the trainer for his lively pupils is provoked by their amiable qualities, or the commercial value as public entertainers, the fact that no bribe will induce them to break their contract and enter into arrangements with a rival manager leads to the conviction that even these social nuisances are capable of being turned into pets, perhaps the strangest of all.

TOO MUCH THEORY.—Customer (angrily): "Look here, Hafton, what do you mean by sending me this coal bill a second time? Why, man, I paid that bill a month ago, and got a receipt for it!"

Hafton (consulting the books): "Um! Ah! Yes! I see. Well, don't mind that, my dear sir. You see, my son has just graduated from a business college, and this is some of his double entry book-keeping."

WIFE: "Where are you going, John? It's getting very late."  
Husband (who has been reading a patent medicine almanac): "I'm going to see a doctor, if I live to find one."

## Rip Van Winkle.

(Concluded from page 193.)

AT length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented an high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of whom he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed; the very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by his name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large ricketty wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked poll, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle

speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was a Federal or a Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them?" Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't

hurt you." The name of the child, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardener."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home with-out him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it into his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head,

shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was at first observed to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down to precisely the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

## Caught in his Own Trap.

GENERAL KOLPAKOVSKI, one of the greatest of Russia's self-made commanders in Central Asia, made himself famous, even in the earliest days of his military career, as one of the most energetic soldiers and hardest riders in all Turkestan. The reckless daring with which this Russian leader galloped up and down the steepest hills of the Russo-Chinese border excited the wonder of his hardest Cossack troopers, and the admiring natives gave him an unpronounceable nickname of thirteen or fourteen syllables, implying "The Chief with the Iron Body."

On one occasion, while still only an obscure captain of light horse, Kolpakovski was crossing the mountains by forced marches with a detachment of thirty-five mounted Cossacks. Speed being of the utmost importance just then, the young leader was naturally rather annoyed when, as they reached the crest of the first ridge, one of his men came up to him and saluted, saying—

"Your honour, my horse has gone lame."

"Go back at once, then," replied the captain, after a long and searching look at the limping beast.

The Cossack retired, glad to escape; for the country through which they were about to pass was so perilous that not one man of the detachment could count upon escaping from it alive. His comrades exchanged meaning glances, which Kolpakovski's colleague, Lieutenant A—, saw and understood.

"Why did you do that?" remonstrated he in a whisper; "you'll have every horse in the party falling lame before the day's over!"

"Wait and see," replied the future Commander-in-Chief, quietly.

About an hour later, another Cossack came up and said—

"My horse has gone lame, your honour."

The captain shot a keen glance at the horse and another at the man.

"Dismount, then," said he, "and lead him by the bridle."

And so Mr. Cossack had to haul his horse after him all the rest of that day, up and down the steepest and stoniest hills in central Asia, under a heat worthy of the tropics, amid a merciless fire of jokes from his comrades. Kolpakovski looked profoundly unconscious all the time; but it happened, somehow or other, that no more horses fell lame during that march.

THERE is said to be in Milwaukee a champion marrying justice. There is nobody to equal the neatness and despatch with which he ties the knot. This is the way he does it:—

"Have her?"

"Yes."

"Have him?"

"Yes."

"Married: two dollars."

A LEARNED Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that there was one of the criminals on whom he had not passed sentence as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship. "I really beg his pardon. Bring him in."

THE English language contains over 38,000 words, and yet when a man wishes to stop a cab or 'bus he cannot think of anything better to say than "Hi!"

# 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 Entertainment of the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical 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 Experience, 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. Searman	Monday	8.0-9.30	3 0
*Photography...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	8 0
*Plumbing...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	3 0
*Cabinet Making...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Filing, Fitting, Turning, Pattern Making & Joinery...	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wk. Sc.)	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery...	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0

\* Per Quarter. 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
Military...	Miss Newall...	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sherman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" " High-class Prac.	Mrs. Picher...	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
" " Demonstration.	Mrs. Sherman	Thursday	8.0-9.30	10 0
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Mitchell	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 (Wk. Sc.)	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	7 0
" " Adv.	"	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mac. Con. & Draw.—Ele.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	"	Thursday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Build. Con. & Draw.—Bgs.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Ele.	"	"	7.45-8.45	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...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat...	Assoc. R. C. Sec.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magisim. & Electy.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	A.I.E.E., and Mr. Brooker	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair, Ph.D., F.C.S.	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Prac.	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " Theo. Adv.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	Monday	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " Prac.	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Hours.	"	M. Tu. & F.	8.0-10.0	10 6
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis (Wk. Sc.)	Thursday	7.45-8.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

\* Fee 2/- per Session to members of any other Science, Technical and Trade Classes. Members of these classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class. By payment of 12/6 students may attend the Laboratory three nights a week. Special classes will be held to prepare students for the City Guilds Examinations, in oils and paints, colours and varnishes. Every facility will be given for students desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. A class in Assaying will be started, fee 25/-.

## 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...	Mr. H. Costello	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Etching...	"	8.0-10.0	"	"
*Wood Carving...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Reposure Work & Envy.	Mr. Daniels	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0

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

## Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Singing, Elementary...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	8.0-9.0	2 0
" " Advanced...	" [M.A.]	"	"	"
*Choral Society...	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin...	"	Saturday	5.0	2 0
Organ...	Mr. Robinson	M. Tu. & F.	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte...	Mr. Hamilton	Monday	4.0-10.0	9 0
" " " "	{ Mrs. Spencer	Tu. & Th.	6.0-10.0	5 0
" " " "	{ Under the direct. of Mr. W. R. Cave	Friday	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. Sarril, A.K.C.	Friday	9.0-10.0	2 6
" " Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen...	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	"	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 (Frelim.)	"	"	"	"
Customs (Beginners)...	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Lower Div. (Frelim.)...	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
" " (Competitive)	"	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
" " Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
Report...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
French, Elementary...	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " 2nd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " 2nd "	"	"	4 0	"
" " Elem. adv.	"	"	4 0	"
" " Commrd. Corres.	"	"	4 0	"
German, Advanced...	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1)...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2)...	"	"	8.0-10.0	2 6
Writing...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	"	"
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Mon. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	11 6
" Land Surveying and	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	7.30-8.30	10 0
" Levelling	Assoc. R. C. Sec.	Saturday	3.30-5.30	"
Chess...	Dr. Stoker	Tuesday	7.0-9.0	"
Literary...	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0
" " " "	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.
Boat and Ship Making...	Mr. W. R. Admitt	Thursday	8.30-10.0	5 0
Mechanical Engineering	Mr. D. A. Low	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Photography...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Carpentry and Joinery	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Printing (Letter Press)...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Electrical Engineering	Mr. W. Slingo	"	"	"
Elec. Liting. Instrument	A.I.E.E., and	"	"	"
Making & Telegraphy	Mr. A. Brooker	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Laboratory and Workshop	Medist.	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	4 0
shop Practice...	"	"	"	"
Plumbing...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Brickwork and Masonry	Mr. A. Grenville	Monday	8.0-9.30	7 6
*Cabinet Designing...	Mr. T. Jacob	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0

Per Session. \* Free to those taking Practical Classes.

\* Members of these classes can join the Mathematics on payment of half fee.

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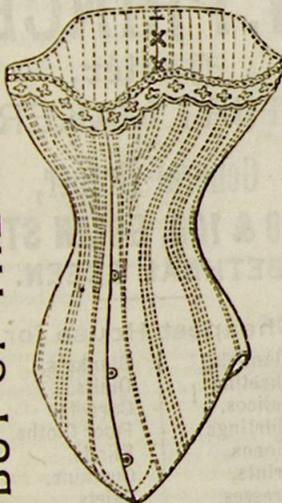
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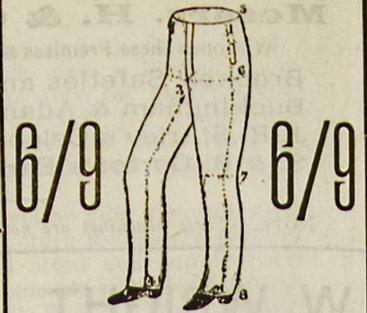
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