

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

## PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 123.]

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 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. 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, Mar. 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Mar. 22nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Ramblers' Club.—To British Museum, at 2.30.—Cycling Club.—Opening Run to Woodford, leave Palace at 4.30.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools.—Ramblers to South Kensington Museum, at 2.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Junior Harriers' Club.—Paper Chase, at Wanstead, 4.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.

SUNDAY, Mar. 23rd.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Mar. 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Opening Boxing Competition, in Gymnasium, at 8.—Shorthand Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.

TUESDAY, Mar. 25th.—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. 26th.—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 at 8.

### Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 23rd, 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 age of hard science, steam, matter-of-fact, bricks and smoke, has overlived itself and produced a reaction, particularly noticeable during the last year or two, toward romanticism, mysticism, Buddhism, and other like isms, which, in guises suited to the "advanced thought" of the time pervade the work of our novelists, call into existence learned societies for their study, and bring the swarm of crazemongers after them just as the big hand-bell at old Vauxhall used to bring our grandfathers with a rush from all parts of the gardens to each fresh piece of amusement as it was about to be presented. The pioneer of the excursions into mystic lore now undertaken by the Society of Psychical Research and kindred bodies, although, perhaps, not the moving force which directed general attention to the subject, was Mr. Hargrave Jennings, a gentleman whose death last week excited less public remark than might have been expected in regard to the loss of the author of "The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries," the third edition of which has only recently appeared. It is said that the character of Ezra Jennings, the doctor's assistant, who helps in unravelling the mystery in Wilkie Collins's story, "The Moonstone," was drawn, at any rate partly, after Mr. Hargrave Jennings.

EVERY friend of the elephant, and every believer in the elephant's moral virtues, will be shocked to hear of the ungrateful conduct of a representative of the species belonging to the Scarborough Aquarium Company. Mr. James Filburn, it seems, who is, or was, a Leeds detective, being present at an exhibition in which the animal in question took part, and, presumably, approving of its performance, threw it a penny, which small contribution, so far from being thankfully received, procured for the donor a most disquieting thrust of the tusk, which, says the newspaper, "inflicted serious injuries." But, perhaps, after all, a very proper pride on the part of the elephant provoked that unlucky thrust. "Buns and so forth, you know," perhaps thought he, "are all very nice and pleasant as a complimentary present from one gentleman to another; but to have the insolence to deliberately throw a fellow a copper! Hang it all, no elephant of gentlemanly instincts would stand it!" and went for that inconsiderate detective. Or peradventure, he was only insulted by the offer of anything less than silver. At any rate, all good young elephants should take a lesson from the fact, that the proprietors of the show had to pay £125 for the escapade.

LAST week, the Editor, in these notes, mentioned the fact that Sunday the 16th was Mothering Sunday, the day in mid-lent when lads and lasses once upon a time visited their parents, with small presents, and ate simnel cakes—cakes partly boiled and partly baked. The name simnel is supposed to be derived from the Latin "simila," fine flour, but there are some pleasant old verses which offer a different explanation of the word:—

#### THE CAKE OF SIMONELLE.

Where Gylith village looks adown  
To birlie Morecambe Bay,  
Old gammer Nell did blythelie dwell  
With Simon Halliday;  
And the good God keepit them both from bale,  
As the worthie paire did pray.

Three sonnes had they, lustie, strong;  
The elder at the sea,

The mid one for a prentis bond,  
Youngest at mother's knee.  
"Too young is he to earn his bredde,  
And I wanna spare all three,"  
Quoth she.

The Christmassyde goes by apace,  
And Lenten time is here;  
Bob-crabbes are forbidden taste,  
The jollie boule goes drere.  
"Cheere thee, good gaffer," then sayd Nell;  
"It is but once a year:  
A sennight and sen days are past,  
Another sennight in—  
And now draws on the rorie feste  
Ycleped Motherin,  
When the bairn draws nere to the mother deare,  
And when festing is no sin,"  
Quoth she.

"Full long for the Millett time, I ween,  
Hath thy stomach, Simon, cryde,  
Our good ladye will bless the feste  
We shall hold upon this tyde;  
With our sailor ladde, and our prentis eke,  
And the bairnie by my syde.

"The rorie pastie, and baken pie,  
The flytche of bacon broil,  
And the lustie boule with the roasten crabbe  
Shall glad the bairnies' oyly;  
For my laddies' sake a callant callant cake  
On the weeke's end will I boil,"  
Quoth she.

"Ye be daft, good woman, your boardre to spoil:  
What faerie doth ye take?  
Your flytche ye may broil, but your cake not boil—  
A clout for a boilen cake!  
A braw good wife am I than ye  
In the ovenne let it bake,"  
Quoth he.

"A braw good wife! now, by Lordie's life—  
"Now, by Lordie's death, quoth he,  
"Ye shall bake your cake, or no cake I take,  
When the ladde comes home from sea."

They wrangled so that the gossips gaped  
To see what thing might be.

Then uppe and spake the youngest ladde,  
That stood by his mother's knee,  
"Nay, father, were it awell that strife  
The good God here shoule see.  
When Motherin Sunday draws anear,  
Each home at peace shoule be.

"The mother dear the candle shall boil,  
And the father bake it dree;  
And not Simon's cake be the baken cleped,  
Nor the boilen Nellie's be,  
But the virtues twain of the boil and bake  
In the cake of Simonellie,"

Quoth he.

Then ho, ho, ho, for the rare shewe  
When gaffer and gammer agree;  
And boil and bake the Motherin cake—  
The cake of Simonellie.

LAST Monday was St. Patrick's day, and green ribbons were rife in the East End. We have already, I believe, in this Journal sketched the history of St. Patrick, so far as it is known, and mentioned the many countries who claim the honour of containing his birthplace. The popular legend as to his having so effectually driven all snakes and reptiles from Ireland that such creatures will instantaneously die upon touching the soil of that country, was tested in 1831, by an Irish gentleman—a Mr. Cleland—who, curious to ascertain whether snakes could live in Ireland at all, bought half-a-dozen of the ordinary harmless English snakes in London, and turned them loose near his house in county Down, not far from the very spot which tradition assigns as Patrick's burial place. When they were found by the ignorant peasantry, these snakes created an immense sensation in the district, and while one clergyman preached a sermon in which he predicted an approach of cholera after the warning, another scorned to attach any less importance to the phenomenon than to regard it as the immediate forerunner of the millennium. All sorts of old prophecies were raked up, and although many different opinions were expressed, everybody was agreed in anticipating something very surprising. Certain practical people, however, offered a reward for the destruction of any snakes found in the neighbourhood, and this soon procured the final annihilation of Mr. Cleland's half-dozen.

SUB-EDITOR.

### Palace Notes.

**O**N Easter Monday the Swimming Bath will re-open for the season.

THE building operations now going on render it impossible for the Trustees to fix the date of the next Workmen's and Apprentices' Exhibition.

THE Concert of Saturday, in this week, will be, says Mr. Bradley (and he ought to know), the best of the season.

ON Wednesday next, March 26th, a Gymnastic Display will be given by the Junior Section.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the "Messiah" to be performed by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra on Good Friday.

THE Popular Musical Union will perform "Elijah," on Saturday, the 29th inst.

ON Easter Monday Willett's Minstrel Troupe will appear in the afternoon, and in the evening the "Meister" Glee party will give their humorous entertainment.

THE Time Table for the practical and general classes for next quarter, will be ready on Monday next. The Easter Vacation will begin on April 2nd, and the classes will resume work on Thursday, April 10th.

SUB-EDITOR.

**N**OT FOR PERSONS WHO "LIKE A STORY TO END WELL."—Mr. James Payn tells of a certain cramming-school that he remembers, where time was of such importance to the elder pupils that they brought books with them even to their meals, and read until their turns came to the not very *recherché* viands, and where everybody else was more or less sacrificed to the Moloch of mathematics for their sakes. "Misery so sharpened our wits," he says, "that the ordinary schoolbooks had no power to torment us; we procured cribs to all their problems. But the headmaster had a manuscript book of his own, from which issued the most hateful questions; it cost infinite pains and trouble—besides involving us in the serious offence of burglary—to get the crib to that; but at last we effected it. The improvement in the work of the school became henceforth very marked, and gave great satisfaction to everybody; the master, our parents and guardians, and ourselves were all equally gratified. There was a little too much quickness, perhaps, consistent with prudence in producing our results, but their accuracy was unimpeachable. On one unhappy day, however, when every boy as usual had brought his sum to a correct conclusion, the pedagogue was suddenly seized with an insane desire to see it worked out on the board; he had no suspicion, or he would not have pitched upon the head of the class to exhibit his skill. This young gentleman had 'fudged' the answer to save himself trouble, like the rest; but he was now compelled to stoop to details, and they brought him to a different result. 'There must be a mistake somewhere,' observed the master, frowning; and we began to be very much afraid there was. The second boy tried it, and with only too great success; he made it the same as the first. Then the master himself tried it, and arrived at the same terminus. 'The answer in my book,' he said, in an awful voice, 'is wrong; and yet you have all got that answer!' I refrain from saying what subsequently took place, because I respect the feelings of those who 'like a story to end well'; and this incident had a very sad termination for us all."

### ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

YOUNG GIRL (at fortune teller's): "What? I'm going to marry a poor labourer, and live in a cottage and have seventeen children. It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her, and you said she was to marry a prince and live in three castles. Huh! Here's your threepence."

FORTUNE TELLER (with dignity): "Your friend Sarah got a shilling fortune, Miss."

### Society and Club Notes.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

The Smoking Concert, given by Mr. T. Williams, was very well patronised, the hall of the Beaumont Harriers being crowded. I have secured the cream of the talent there displayed for a Smoking Concert to be held at our country head-quarters, the "Wilfred Lawson," on the day of the Woodford Meet. The City of London Smoking Concert and Photographic Social took place at their quarters, the "Champion Hotel," Aldersgate Street, on Friday last. Mr. W. F. Alvey acted as lecturer, and his remarks were very applicable, and greatly enjoyed. On Tuesday, I had an interview with Mr. H. Allnutt, the Secretary of the National Footpaths Preservation Society, with regard to the toll at Temple Mills. He thinks as we do, that it is an imposition, and is going to write to the proprietor, and ask him by what authority he is demanding the toll, as a preliminary. By the way, Mr. Allnutt has a very old printing press, and a model of the steerage berths on board an ocean liner of fifty years ago, which he is thinking of presenting to the People's Palace. With regard to the toll, I should advise every Member to carry his machine across the bridge, no charge being made for foot passengers. Paying a visit on Saturday to the head-quarters of the Unity C.C., I found a crowd of East End Cyclists, and seizing this opportunity, I made for Secretary Tulk, and arranged two interclub runs with his club. Members of the Palace Cycling Club are respectfully requested to get all their private business finished off by next Friday night, as they will otherwise not have another opportunity until after our season closes, as I intend to give them no rest. The following is a sample of the good things to be provided:

- 1.—Interclub runs with Crown C.C., Barking Ramblers C.C., Plaistow C.C., and Unity C.C.
- 2.—Ten Miles' Road Race; Fifteen Miles' Road Race; Ten Miles' Championship, with possibilities of other races being held, according to the number of new members joining.
- 3.—Medals, or a prize at the option of winners, for attendance.
- 4.—Medals for performing the easy feat of riding 100 miles on a bicycle in ten hours; on a tandem tricycle in eleven hours, or an ordinary tricycle in twelve hours.
- 5.—Garden Party at the "Royal Forest Hotel," Chingford.
- 6.—Tours to Brighton, Oxford, and the Isle of Wight.
- 7.—Woodford Meet, with grand Chinese lantern ride.

NOTICE.—Don't forget next Saturday, March 22nd, when the first run of our season, 1890, will take place. The London division will leave the Palace at 4.30, and journey to the "Wilfred Lawson." I have purposely made the run half-an-hour late to give every cyclist a chance to give the good old club a successful push off into the season of 1890. Don't forget to bring your music, ye nightingales.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a large number of our Members joined the students in the Exhibition Buildings, and spent an enjoyable evening in a social dance.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A ramble has been arranged over Nevill's Bakery, Harrow Road, Leytonstone, to-night (Wednesday), at 9 o'clock. Members are requested to meet at Stratford Church, at 8.30, or outside the building at 9 o'clock sharp.—Saturday, March 22nd, British Museum, 2.30 p.m., outside. Mr. W. St. Chad Boscowen, the famous Assyrian lecturer, has promised to lecture to us; Members can bring a friend on this occasion. Those who are unable to be there at 2.30 p.m., please join the party in the Assyrian Gallery, at 3 p.m. sharp.—Wednesday, March 26th, East London Water Works, Old Ford, E., meeting at Old Ford Station (N.L.R.), at 6.30 p.m.—Saturday, 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, as the list will close on March 22nd, when a ballot will be taken if necessary.

EASTER TOUR.—Providing twelve names are received by Wednesday, March 26th, arrangements will be made for another visit to Brighton.

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

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

Open Boxing Competition, in the Gymnasium, on Monday next, at 8 p.m. Admission 6d. Gymnastic Competition on April 21st.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

As we are now rehearsing the "Messiah," Members are requested to attend regularly. We shall rehearse on Tuesdays and Fridays, at eight, until further notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies for all Instruments, especially Violas, Clarionets, Oboes, Bassoons, Euphonium, Horns, and Double Basses. We have a spare Bassoon, which we can lend for rehearsals. All music is lent free for rehearsals. Musicians are invited to attend some of our rehearsals, previous to the new term, which commences in April.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

#### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 1s. per quarter. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the Old School-building. On Thursday last, a match was played against a team of the North London Club, with the following result:

PEOPLE'S PALACE.		NORTH LONDON.	
Cudmore	...	Connery	...
Smith, E. J.	...	Bechhoffer	...
Clegg	...	Smith, F.	...
Cleary	...	Smith, T. W.	...
Bacon	o	Bedford	...
Burgess	...	Hanley	...
Evans, W.	...	Symonds, W. J.	...
Corpe	o	Symonds, H. H.	...
MacLachlan	...	Bennett	...
Pike	...	Dover	...
	4		6

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

#### STUDENTS' SOCIAL DANCES.

Great interest is being evinced in the coming Calico Dance. There are a few more tickets for disposal, which may be obtained next Monday and Tuesday, at 8.30 p.m., with the programmes, 1s. each; all the visitors' tickets have been issued. The Trustees have kindly given permission to arrange for an ordinary dance till 11 p.m., on Easter Tuesday, 8th April, in the Queen's Hall, to which students, who are not attending the Calico Dance, can obtain tickets for themselves and friends, next Monday and Tuesday, at 8.30 p.m. To prevent inconvenience, the programmes, 6d. each, will be issued at the same time as the tickets are obtained. No one will be admitted in evening dress either to this or to the Calico Dance on the 9th, and ladies attending the latter are requested not to wear low-necked costumes.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

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

##### HALF-YEARLY TEA, ENTERTAINMENT AND GENERAL MEETING.

Seventy-seven members with the teachers and many of the teachers' wives, making in all 108, sat down to tea at 5.30, in the Lecture Hall, last Saturday. The tea was, we believe, thoroughly appreciated by all. The sports followed the tea, and the business meeting, the sports, in the Lecture Hall at 7.45. Sir Edmund Currie, who was in the chair, called upon the secretaries to read their reports, which were as follow:

##### RAMBLERS.

This club was started on October 7th, 1889, with thirty-one members; since then forty-eight have joined, making a total of seventy-nine Members; five Members having left, the total number at present in the club is seventy-four. Since the start there have been sixteen Committee meetings, with an average attendance of nine. The number of Members attending each of the excursions which have been made by the club, is as follows:—To Greenwich Church and Naval School, 25; Hampstead Heath, 22; Natural History Museum, Albert Hall, and Brompton Oratory, 22; Albert Docks, 33; Lord Mayor's Show, 28; Broadwood's Pianoforte Works, 31; Ilford Church and Cromwell Castle, 17; Price's Candle Works, 27; Woodford, Leytonstone, and Mr. Bevis' to tea, 17; Guildhall, 26; Barnum's Show, 35; Woolwich Arsenal, 30; Walker and Parker's Shot and Lead Works, 35; Kirkaldy's Testing and Experimenting Works, 47; Epping Forest with Harriers, 32; Curle's Glass Blowing Works, 31; G.E. Railway Works, 59; Gymnasium to Practice Sports, 48 and 55. This makes 19 excursions, with an average of 33 in attendance, and at an average cost of 1d. per boy, besides the 1d. a week subscription. This includes the excursion to Barnum's Show, which cost in itself 1s. It will be seen that the highest number attending any excursion was 59, to the G.E. Railway Works, and the lowest 17, to Ilford Church and Cromwell Castle. Up to March 8th, the receipts of the club, arising from fees, membership cards, and sale of journals, are £4 2s. 6d.; received from the Trustees, £1 6s. 6d.;

making a total receipt of £5 9s.; while the total expenditure for excursions, teas, maps, etc., is £4 14s. 2d., thus leaving a balance in hand of 15s. 3d. The Committee are pleased to say that their applications for permission to visit works have been well received, and with the exception of a very few, admission has always been graciously granted. Both proprietors and managers have done everything to render every facility, and taken much pains to make the excursions enjoyable and instructive. An order has been granted by the Zoological Society of London for sixty-three of our Members to visit the Zoological Gardens free; but as this order is not available for a Saturday, the Committee deem it advisable to hold this excursion over till after the May Examinations, when it is proposed to ask Mr. Low to grant us a holiday for the occasion. The Committee now resigning express their entire satisfaction with the co-operation with which the Members have aided their endeavours to make the club worthy of its name.

V. POOLE, Sec.

## NEW RAMBLERS' COMMITTEE ELECTED.

Treasurer, C. P. Bramley; Secretary, V. J. Poole; Committee: H. Alderton, G. Amor, J. Fryer, G. Cleverly, A. C. Wild, A. H. Lloyd, J. White, A. E. Nutter.

## HARRIERS.

This club commenced on November 27th, 1889, with about twenty Members, but some of these did not attend, and soon left us. A few new Members have been enrolled, and we have at the present time seventeen Members. During the season we have had three paper chases, which have been much enjoyed by the Members, three short runs into the country around Wanstead Flats, and two walks, including a ramble to High Beech with the Ramblers' Club, which was enjoyed very much by all; we took our dinner with us and spent the whole day in the Forest. We have also had sports on Wanstead Flats on three occasions, and we accepted the kind invitation of the Rambling Club to join them in their visit to Barnum's Show and to the Great Eastern Railway Works at Stratford. The attendance of the Members of the Committee at the meeting has been very good, and the attendance of the Members on Saturday afternoons has been moderately good. The subscription paid by Members is 1d. per week, with an entrance fee of 1d. Expenses during the season were 9s. 3d.; subscriptions and entrance fees, 15s. 9d., leaving a balance of 6s. 6d.

H. HOWARD, Hon. Sec.

## FOOTBALL CLUB.

It is rather early to make a report on this club, as we have still four more matches to play before we bring our season to an end. The weather this winter has been far from favourable to us, and has spoilt several of our matches. At the beginning of the season one or two of our fixtures failed, owing to Members who had promised to play failing to put in an appearance. However, I am happy to say that we are now always able to put a reliable team in the field, though our club only numbers seventeen Members. So far we have only been successful in bringing off seven of our matches this season, but of these, I am glad to say, we have not lost one, having drawn four and won three. I hope that we shall be able to win the other four that we still have to play.

A. G. WORLEDGE, Sec.

The Chairman in his remarks expressed his entire satisfaction with the working of the clubs, and said the teachers, under whose charge the clubs were placed, and their Committees were to be congratulated, and the schools might feel proud of their clubs. (Cheers.) He then went on to say that he owed many thanks to the managers of works, and all who have so willingly rendered aid to the Committee's endeavours to make the clubs a real pleasure. He could, with no small degree of confidence, say that these clubs were the means of making lads into men with sound vigorous bodies and active minds. One need only have witnessed the sports just gone through, and have seen how easily the lads pulled the masters over in the "Tug-of-War," to be convinced at any rate of their strength of body. There was one other point in which the clubs and the school might well feel proud, and that was in their Head Master, Mr. Low. (Prolonged cheers.) He was a good all round, clever, and genial fellow, and had won the co-operation and good feeling of all. (Cheers.) Sir Edmund again expressed his pleasure that the clubs were able to stand by themselves. This programme of tea, sports, general meeting, and concert was entirely got up independent of his help. He had not been asked even to contribute to the prizes, which he and Lady Currie would only have been too ready to have done. However, he was not displeased, as he thought independence as good a thing in a club as in an individual. V. Poole then rose to propose a vote of thanks for Sir Edmund and Lady Currie, saying, "Mr. Chairman,—In proposing a vote of thanks to yourself and Lady Currie, I have the honour of representing the three clubs. It is the feeling of us all that in you and Lady Currie, we have true friends. The kindness you show us will, we trust, never be forgotten, nor our conduct ever cause either of you to regret the trouble and thought you have given us. It is with much pleasure that I, in the name of the three clubs, propose our humble but sincere vote of thanks." F. Rawlings, in seconding this, said, "The list of kind attentions we have received from Lady Currie and yourself is continually growing longer. Our gladness at your presence tonight is very great, and I am happy to second, on behalf of my fellow members, the vote of thanks just proposed by V. Poole."

## Class Notes.

## VIOLIN CLASSES.

A Violin Bow will be competed for next quarter by the Members of each of these classes. The examination of the pupils will take place at the end of this month, the dates will be duly announced.

## ART CLASSES.

On Saturday, the 29th March, an exhibition will be held of the work executed during last session by the Art, Wood-carving, and Repoussé Classes and the Sketching Club. Messrs. Cassell & Co. have very kindly lent a selection of Black and White Drawings for exhibition on the occasion. A limited number of free tickets for admission may be obtained of Mr. Osborn at the School Office, or at Essex House. As by this exhibition an opportunity for comparing the work of the present session with that of the last will be afforded, it is hoped that students and friends will support it by their presence.

A. L.

## Answers to Correspondents.

FAIRPLAY.—We can scarcely insert a letter addressed, as yours is, to Sir Edmund Hay Currie personally, beside which you are unnecessarily violent. The question is a more difficult one than it probably appears to you, for reasons with which you are unacquainted. We have handed your letter to Sir Edmund Currie.

F.L.S.—You should write to Mr. Marshall, at the Palace.

F.C.F.—We had consigned Mr. B.'s report (much cut down) to the printers, with many misgivings as to its length, when we happened upon your own, and there was really no room. Shall we cut it down for insertion next week?

## Animals in Parliament.

**A**NIMALS, when they obtain entrance into Parliament, are generally very popular members. They create a great amount of laughter from both sides of the House, and, though they generally show a shocking disregard of Parliamentary procedure, they are never called to order by the Speaker. No matter when they appear, they command attention. If Sir John Lubbock has any specially favourite dog, he ought to send it down to the House, and thereby secure it an easy immortality. Its appearance would form a pleasing variety in the "scenes" which now and then enliven the proceedings there.

Animals have before now made their way into Parliament, though they can hardly be said to have taken their seats. Some of them even have been known to address the House, though, curiously enough, there is no record of their eloquence in Hansard. None of them ever paid second visits, and none, so far as we know, ever found their way into the Upper Chamber. James I., in 1602, threatened on one occasion to send his horse into Parliament. This animal, usually sober and quiet, became somehow restive and capricious. "Behave yourself, sirrah," the King is reported to have said; "an' you be not quiet I'll send you to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons; they'll quickly tame you." The experiment, however, never seems to have been tried.

On two occasions do we read of dogs entering Parliament. In 1606, a quaint chronicler relates that "a strange spaniel, of mouse colour, came into the House." On another occasion, when Lord North was speaking, a stray dog wandered into the Chamber, and lifted up its voice in debate. "Sir," jocularly remarked the Prime Minister, addressing the Speaker, "I am interrupted by a new member—the member for Barkshire." On the dog refusing to be silent, he again said that he had no objection to the hon. member for Barkshire speaking once, but the rules of the House forbade him speaking twice in one debate.

The visit of a cat on 9th July, 1874, was a most amusing incident, and gave Mr. Garthorne Hardy a fine opportunity of introducing a happy remark. Mr. Hardy was discussing the Public Worship Regulation Bill, when a large tabby cat darted out from the region between the Treasury bench and the clerks' table, jumped over the floor of the House, sprang high in the air, leapt over benches, amidst a crowd of startled members, and then disappeared. Mr. Hardy archly remarked "that Fox, in his 'Book of Martyrs,' related that the Synod of Dort was disturbed by the sudden apparition of an owl, and he was not surprised that the House had been startled by the appearance of an animal which certainly was not regular in its attendance there."

Though no owl ever visited the House of Commons, we read of a young jackdaw having listened to the debate on the 31st May, 1604. The senators of those days regarded this as an evil omen to the Bill then under discussion.

Mr. Lucy, in his "Diary of Two Parliaments," gives another interesting account of an animal visitant. He writes under date of August 8th, 1881: "About ten o'clock, just as the House was embarking on a discussion on wild duck and ground game, some excitement was created by the discovery of a stranger on the floor of the House. This turned out to be a colossal blackbeetle, whose devious course across the matting was watched with absorbing interest by the crowded House. When the stranger was first 'spied' he was standing almost in the centre of the House, at the gangway. His first movements were made in the direction of the corner below the gangway to the left of the Speaker, where the fourth party sit. Abandoning his evident intention to join this party, he returned across the floor, and made straight for the front bench below the gangway on the Ministerial side. Mr. Charles Russell (now Sir Charles), seated at the corner, skilfully baffled his intention of joining this section, the proceeding being watched with growing interest by the large number of members who had observed the stranger, and with marvel by the rest of the House, who could not make out what was the matter. Mr. Cartwright, entering and crossing by the gangway, very nearly brought the incident to a close, by treading on the intruder. A little later, a member coming from the benches below the gangway, deliberately did so, the tragedy being hailed with a prolonged moaning cry of 'Oh, oh!'"

The House of Lords is too exalted, evidently, for the animals to enter as strangers. The Great Seal, however, has there a permanent home. When Lord Erskine was Chancellor, it is related he was asked by the Secretary to the Treasury whether he would attend the ministerial fish dinner, to be given at Greenwich, at the end of the session. "To be

sure I will," he answered; "what would your fish dinner be without the Great Seal?"

Animals have often furnished political "nicknames" for honourable members. Mr. Monk, in the last Parliament, was wont to be known as the "Swallow of the House." When Mr. Monk made his appearance in a whitey-brown suit, then the House knew summer was really come. Instantly members blossomed with summer clothes, and cast aside their winter wraps. Mr. T. A. Roebuck, in speech at Sheffield in 1858, told a touching anecdote regarding a farmer's faithful watch-dog, whose name was "Tear 'em." "I am 'Tear 'em,'" said Mr. Roebuck, "I tell you to beware." So in the House "Tear 'em" he remained. Mr. Bernal Osborne, one of the best debaters in Parliament, twenty-five years ago, was known by the name of "the Stormy Petrel of Debate." Some years ago Mr. Jacob Bright referred, in error, to Lord Randolph Churchill as "the noble lord the member for Woodcock," a parliamentary nickname which attached itself to Lord Randolph for a considerable time.

Mr. John Bright, speaking in Parliament in 1866, made his celebrated reference to the Cave of Adullam. He also referred to the famous "party of two," which reminded him, he said, of the Scotch terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.

Honourable members have been likened unto various animals on many occasions. On one of them the Bishop of Rochester was compared by Lord Coningsby to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass. The bishop, in a neat retort, made answer, "I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship." Burke, when confronted by a stormy house, was wont to turn round and remark that he could teach a pack of hounds to yelp with more melody and equal comprehension.

## AN EFFECT OF TOO MUCH EDUCATION.

"I UNDERSTAND you ran away from a polecat the other night," said his master to Sambo.

"Dat's jess what I did."

"With considerable alacrity, I suppose, when you learned the nature of the animal?"

"No, sah, with centrifugal force, sah," replied Sambo who is attending night school.

"Centrifugal force! What do you know about that?"

"Dat which goes away from a given scenter. Heah! heah! Didn't you neber study jogerfy, sah?"

## BREAKING IT GENTLY.

YOUNG WIFE: "Why, dear, you were the stroke oar at college, weren't you?"

Young Husband: "Yes, love."

"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic club?"

"I was the captain."

"And quite a hand at all athletic exercises?"

"Quite a hand? Why, I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, the demon bowler, and as for carrying—why, I assure you, I could shoulder with ease a barrel of beer!"

"Well, love, just please hold the baby a couple of hours. The nursemaid has gone out, and I'm tired."

## A GREAT DISCREPANCY IN AGES.

"ISN'T Mrs. Jodkins older than her husband?" quoth Podkins to Snodkins.

"Oh, yes," laconically answered Snodkins to Podkins.

"How much?" asked Podkins.

"I cannot tell," was the reply. "I happen to know that some time ago Mrs. Jodkins was exactly twice as old as her husband."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Podkins. "What an awful discrepancy in ages!"

Snodkins prides himself on always keeping within the exact truth, and yet the unfortunate Mrs. Jodkins is only one year older than her better half; though when he was one year of age, she was just twice as old.

## ENCOURAGING.

PHYSICIAN (after consultation): "I congratulate you sincerely."

Patient (smiling): "Am I recovering?"

Physician: "Not exactly that; but on consultation we find that your case is entirely unique, and we have decided to give your name to the disease if our diagnosis is confirmed at the autopsy."

"WHAT creatures of habit men are," soliloquised Mrs. Jason. "Whenever I get anything new to wear Mr. Jason declares it looks just frightful; but by the time it is worn out, and I want a change, he declares that I look better in it than anything new I could buy."

PROGRAMME  
OF  
Mr. CONWAY THORNTON'S Entertainment,  
ENTITLED  
**FACTS AND FANCIES,**  
TO BE GIVEN

In the Queen's Hall, on Wednesday, March 19th,  
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

## PART I.

OVERTURE ...	... ...	Ketterer.
MADAME STEVENSON.		

## MR. CONWAY THORNTON,

After making a few introductory remarks, will, in *propri persona*, give Recital of  
MARK TWAIN'S AFTER-DINNER SPEECH—"THE LADIES."

SONG ...	... ...	H. Parker.
MADAME STEVENSON.		

## HE WILL THEN INTRODUCE

DOLLY LACK-O'-BRAINS—Aspirations for the Army—An Examination in Tactics—Unfortunate results  
—Clara's unkindness—The Turkish Bath story, with Song "My joys in this world are but few."

JACOB JOLLYBOY—A Jolly-old-boy but troubled with a bad memory—Choice of a profession—His motto  
in Song, "Contentment is better by far than all wealth"

SONG ...	... ...	Williams.
MADAME STEVENSON.		

After which MR. CONWAY THORNTON will appear as FITZ-SMYTHE FITZ-SIMONS, and describe his  
great Five Act Tragedy, entitled

"RUDDY RUDOLPHO; or, The Blue Pirate of the Red Mountains."  
Enacting the various Personages, Incidents, &c., as given by him continually since 1883.

## PART II.

MR. CONWAY THORNTON will recite MR. WILL CARLETON'S Poem, entitled  
"HOW I WON MY WIFE'S HEART."

SONG ...	... ...	Old English.
MADAME STEVENSON.		

SIR LUKE LOVELACE—A Beau of the Georgian Era, with Song, "Hurrah for the Reign of King George."  
MASTER JAMES—Truthful Jimmy—A model Schoolboy—Prize winner at all exams., with Song,  
"Too Clever."

SONG ...	... ...	Bendall.
MADAME STEVENSON.		

## "HOW WE SAVED SLUSHBOROUGH."

A NEW HUMOROUS, MIMICAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY.  
A Story of Human Vanities—Vocal and other imitations of would-be Vocal Celebrities—Inhabitants of the  
ancient boro'—The Gentlemen who "didn't see it"—Wopps, the solemn Jester—His fair but giddy Spouse—  
The Juvenile Prodigy—The Shakespearian Student, with a new reading of Romeo and Julie—The young man  
who heard a Spirit sing—The Vocalist who never disappointed the Public—The Song never (luckily) heard out  
of, and seldom in Slushboro'.

## CONCLUDING REMARKS.

## The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Continued from page 217.)

HARD by the farmhouse was a vast barn that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth now and then troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guineafowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon his sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed-up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself by sprawling on his back in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsels who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realised his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high ridged, but slowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighbouring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun: in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom-ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the wall, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlour, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various coloured birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner

cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a whole host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and with the ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of good humour at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering despaired this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with hoop and holloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment, till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Aye, there goes BROM BONES, and his gang!" The neighbours looked upon him with mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads and warranted BROM Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack,—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away —jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome inter-

ence of parents, which is so often a stumbling block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favourable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he "would double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of his formidable fastenings of wite and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog, whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool, whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, flycages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently, there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them, with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door, with an invitation to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message, with that air of importance and effort of fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble, skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside, without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school were turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legend of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciled, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipment of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty main and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and metal in his day, if we may judge by the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, indeed, been a favourite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be witnessed in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beach and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighbouring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favourite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbird flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes; screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Further on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odour of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with sweet thoughts and "suggested suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disc down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, except that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was towards evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine riband, or a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an elkskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favourite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlour of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country teatable in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty dough-nut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet-cakes and short-cakes, ginger-cakes, and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple-pies and peach-pies, and pumpkin-pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapour from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendour. Then he thought how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humour, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room or hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighbourhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying

every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely-hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighbourhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces, at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighbourhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favoured places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighbourhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered longsettled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighbourhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

(To be continued.)

**IN BERLIN,** the waiters in beer-gardens are very sly in securing tips. When a guest pays his bill and the waiter has to give change, the latter returns all the change correctly except ten pfennigs—one penny. The waiter searches industriously in all his pockets, and displays ostentatiously all his change, but he has no ten-pfennig piece. As a rule the departing guest becomes impatient, and tired of waiting for the small amount, tells the waiter to keep the change. The celebrated Professor Müller, who was a frequent visitor to the beer-gardens, had his curiosity excited to find out what the waiters did with the ten-pfennig pieces, so he watched them. He soon discovered that the waiter put all the ten-pfennig pieces in the left-hand pocket of his vest, while the rest of his money went into his trousers pocket. When Professor Müller's turn came to pay for his beer, as usual, the waiter could not find a ten-pfennig piece to complete the change. "I am afraid," said the waiter, going furiously through his pockets, "that I haven't got a ten-pfennig piece." "Suppose you feel in the left-hand pocket of your vest," replied the professor. The waiter did so, and, as he handed the requisite coin, he whispered in the professor's ear, "I suppose you were a waiter yourself once upon a time."

# Time Table of Classes.

SESSION 1889-90.

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

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

## Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Tailors' Cutting...	Mr. Umbach	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
Upholstery ...	Mr. G. Scarman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
Photography ...	Mr. H. Farmer	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Cabinet Making ...	Mr. T. Jacob	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patrn. Making & Mouldg. (W.h. Sc.)	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery ...	Mr. W. Graves	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0

\* Per Quarter. + Per Session.  
Only those 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	5.30-7.00	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" High-class Prac. Demonstration ...	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	7.30-9.30	5 0
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. ...	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution ...	Mrs. S. L. Hasluck	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	5 0
" Shakespeare" ...	"	"	6.0-7.30	5 0

Per Quarter.

## Science Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Prac. Pl. & Sol. Geom.—Ele. (W.h. Sc.) M.I.M.E.	Mr. D. A. Low	M. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Adv. Mac. Con. & "Draw.—Ele.	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Adv. Build. Con. & "Draw.—Bgs.	Mr. S. F. Howlett	Thursday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I. II.	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tu. & Th.	9.0-10.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	"	"	7.45-8.45	4 0
Sound, Light, and Heat ...	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R.C. Sc.	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magnetism & Electry.—Ele.	Mr. Slingo	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	A.I.E.E. and Mr. Brooker	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Inor. Chemis.—Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair, Ph.D. F.C.S.	"	7.30-9.0	4 0
" " Prac.	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Theo. Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	10 6
" " Prac.	"	"	7.8-8.0	4 0
Organic Chemistry—Theo.	"	"	8.30-10.0	12 6
" " Adv.	"	"	7.8-8.0	4 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. A. W. Bevis ... (W.h. Sc.)	Thursday	8.45-9.45	4 0
Applied Mechanics ...	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0

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

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

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

## Art and Design Classes

Are held at Essex House, Mile End Road.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday		
Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. A. H. G. Bishop	Tuesday		
Draw. from the Antique ...		Wednesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
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 & Engrv.				

\* 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 ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 0
Military Band" ...	Mr. Robinson	Saturday	5.0	6
Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton	Monday	4.0-10.0	9 0
Violin ...	Mrs. Spencer	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave	"	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 ...	"	Thursday	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elementary ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Tuesday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.)	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	12 0
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Boy Copyists ...	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Learners ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Female Sorters ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele. Report.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	4.0	0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
" 2nd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Interme. 3rd "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
German, Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Commercial Corres.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
London University Exams.	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
Land Surveying & Levelling	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
Ambulance—Nursing	Mr. W. Colemen, B.A. (Lond.)	Mon. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
Chess ...	Dr. Stoker	Saturday	3.30-5.30	20 0
Literary ...	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	7.0-10.0	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.
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. Lting. Instrument Making & Telegraphy Laboratory and Workshop Practice ...	Mr. W. Slingo, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker, Medist.	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Plumbing ...	Mr. 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

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