

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 127.]

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 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, April 17th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.—Choral Society.—Committee Meeting, at 7.15.

FRIDAY, April 18th.—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, April 19th.—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.—Cycling Club.—Run to Chess-hunt.—Ramblers' Club.—To Buckhurst Hill, at 3.40.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Technical Schools' Ramblers. To United Service Museum, at 10 a.m.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.

SUNDAY, April 20th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, April 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Short-hand Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.

TUESDAY, April 22nd.—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.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

WEDNESDAY, April 23rd.—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.—Swimming Club.—Meeting in Bath.—Students' Entertainment, in Queen's Hall, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, APRIL 20th, 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.

A CORRESPONDENCE has been raging in *The Times* provoked by a letter from Lord Bury, suggesting an exercise for word-coiners in the invention of a short practical name for the motion of an electrically-driven boat or carriage, and among some of the words suggested are volt, electrise, electricise, motor, moto, tric, squirm, speed, gleam, amber, volice, ohm, coulomb, electrate, Watt, Bury, electrome, volize. The *Scots Observer* prints the following under the title, "The Passionate Electrician":—

Sweet, shall we volt it? Dearest shall we ohm
Our winged way across the ocean foam?
Or were it fairer to electricize
(Or electrate) our path to happier skies?
What's in a name when all roads lead to Rome?
Fairest and rarest under heaven's high dome,
O shall we squirm, or Watt, or electrome?
Or, if you feel you'd rather not volize,
Sweet, shall we volt?

Heart of my heart, no fond and frolic tome
But the grave *Times*, that motal mentronome,
Bids us coulomb, or spark, or motorize.
And now I think of it the blue day dies:
'Tis time, 'tis time, that we were moting home—
Sweet, shall we volt?

AT Plymouth one William Smallwood married one Julia Grey, and subsequently left her and went to China. Julia married again, believing William to be dead. William himself took another wife, whose name was Harriett, and then, William vanishing again, Harriett married one, William John Jones. This is a little family complication which the Plymouth magistrates had to deal with last week. Let us hope that they are now quite satisfied and clear in their minds that they have done exactly what was just and proper with William and Julia, and Julia's second husband, and Harriet and William John.

A REAL romantic treasure hunt, with caves, and adventures, and desert islands and pirates, has just come to a conclusion—not the conclusion which one is accustomed to look for in stories of such adventures. Mr. E. F. Knight, an amateur sailor of considerable note, and the author of one of the most stirring accounts of actual travel and adventure on record—"The Cruise of the Falcon"—set sail eight months ago in a fifty ton yacht for a desert island in the South Atlantic Ocean, an island in a cave of which, so the story went, a band of pirates some seventy years ago had hidden a great treasure; the mouth of the cave, however, having since been covered up, and the treasure cut off from the outside, by a heavy landslip. After a long and difficult voyage the island was reached, the position of the cave ascertained, and work begun towards digging away the landslip. Four months of hard work uncovered the mouth of the cave, and then—and then—there was found—nothing but a few pieces of broken china—just enough to show that some people had been there at some time or another, but had certainly taken away anything valuable which they had brought. Alas for nineteenth century adventure!

SUB-EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

THE New Quarter of the Evening Classes began on Thursday last. Students are joining in large numbers; since October, 6,637 class tickets have been issued.

Now that the Swimming-bath is open, Students wishing to join the Swimming Club should communicate with Mr. Osborn.

THE St. John Ambulance Course of Lectures on Nursing will begin on Tuesday next, the 22nd, and will be delivered by Dr. R. Milne, M.D., C.M., at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Hall. Ladies who passed the February, 1889, "First Aid" Examination as well as 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 course now commencing is finished. Early application for tickets (one shilling the course) should be made.

THE City and Guilds Technical Examinations will take place on Wednesday, April 30th.

ON Wednesday next, in the Queen's Hall, Professor Kennedy will deliver his popular lecture on the Forth Bridge, illustrated by a set of splendid lime-light views, kindly lent by Sir B. Baker, one of the engineers of this great structure. Admission by Student's concert pass, or by payment of twopence. Sir Edmund Hay Currie will take the chair.

EVERYONE connected with the Schools will regret to hear that Mr. Bevis is leaving the Palace on Monday next. He is to take entire charge of the Civil and Mechanical Engineering department of Sir Edmund Hay Currie's New Technical School at Folkestone.

ARRANGEMENTS will, it is hoped, be made by next week for the successor of the late Mr. Isaacs to take charge of the Civil Service Classes.

MR. FREDK. J. W. DELLOW, one of our Trustees, will take the chair at the entertainment this evening.

THE first Penny Cookery Lecture on Monday was a thorough success, the large kitchen being nearly full.

A LECTURE is to be given on or about the 29th inst., in the Lecture Hall, on interesting matters of Assyrian antiquity, by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, of the British Museum. Admission will be by ticket, price threepence, and will be confined to Students. This should be an occasion not to be missed.

ON Monday, April 28th, a lecture on Imperial Federation is to be given in the Queen's Hall, when H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge will take the chair.

THE Fancy Dress Dance last Wednesday was a tremendous success, as our readers will already have gathered from the reports in the daily papers. At half-past seven Mr. F. Hawkins's Quadrille Band struck up, and dancing was continued up to one a.m., excepting that from ten to eleven p.m. supper was served in the Lecture Hall. Some idea may be gathered of the brilliant character of the pageant, when we mention that some six hundred dancers occupied the floor, and attired as they were in the most varied costumes, an exceedingly pretty effect was obtained. Mr. Walter Marshall, who as Hon. Sec. worked like a giant, was Sir Walter Raleigh, and other notable personages were Ally Sloper, Buffalo Bill, Harlequins, Clowns, Lady Teazle, Portia, Shelley, Mary Queen of Scots, etc. The M.C.'s were Messrs. H. Rosen way, A. Parish, G. Paterson, and J. Ford, who were all that could be desired, and received the hearty support of the stewards—Messrs. C. Bowman, J. H. Hulls, A. McKenzie, F. A. Hunter, H. Marshall, W. J. Downing, A. McGuire, and W. Stock. The first fancy dress ball at the

Palace must be pronounced a complete success from beginning to end; and Mr. Marshall and his colleagues deserve hearty congratulation at the eminently satisfactory results of their labours. Sir E. H. Currie showed his interest in the ball by repeatedly putting in an appearance; Mr. F. J. W. Dellow and the Rev. E. Hoskyns also representing the Trustees. Miss Rosen way self-denyingly, as is her wont on the occasions of our dances, took the entire ladies' cloak-room arrangements under her charge, and carried them out admirably, while Mr. H. Marshall did the same at the gentlemen's cloak-room. Many of the dresses supplied by Mr. W. Waller, of Tabernacle Street, E.C., were exceptionally good, and Mr. Waller gave considerable assistance in choice and arrangement.

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.

We are to perform the last part of "Samson," on Sunday afternoon, the 27th inst., and also give a concert, consisting of sacred selections and glees, on May 7th. It is necessary, therefore, that every one should make a full attendance, as we have new music to prepare, and the time allowed is very limited. It is proposed that we should have a competition in singing (solo, quartet, sight-reading, etc.), for which prizes will be given. Full particulars will be given next week. A Committee Meeting will be held to-morrow evening, at 7.15. The analysis of attendances for the past quarter shows a great improvement on the attendance of the previous quarter. The following table shows the total attendances of each part, and also the average number of individual attendances out of a possible 27 during the quarter:—

	Quarter ending December 20th, 1889.		Quarter ending April 1st, 1890.	
	Total during Quarter.	Average.	Total during Quarter.	Average.
First Soprano	334	15.1	475	17.59
Second Soprano	241	10.9	336	12.44
First Contralto	143	6.4	224	8.29
Second Contralto	191	8.6	305	11.29
First Tenor	83	3.9	132	5.26
Second Tenor	130	5.9	165	6.11
First Bass	101	4.5	134	5.33
Second Bass	124	5.6	170	6.29
Total average attendance at each practice	—	61.22	—	71.88

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have a few vacancies for Contralto, Tenor, and Bass. We shall commence to study an operatic work at once. It is advisable, therefore, that intending Members should join at once.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Patron—ISAAC PITMAN, ESQ.

This Society meets weekly on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock; subscription, 6d. quarterly, in advance, and 1s. entrance fee. The objects of the Society are (1) to extend the art of shorthand writing by maintaining a practice class, and for general practice in writing from dictation, and for the discussion of shorthand principles; (2) to maintain a circulating library, consisting of books, periodicals, etc., written in phonetic shorthand, technical and otherwise, and books printed in ordinary type interested in shorthand writing. Gentlemen wishing to join can obtain all information by applying to the Hon. Sec., 18, Spey Street, Bromley-by-Bow.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.
W. G. COLLINS, Hon. Lib.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

There will be a Meeting of the above Club in the Bath on Wednesday, 23rd inst., to elect officers and arrange programme for the ensuing season. The Secretaries will be pleased to enrol any new Member on that evening.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.
H. ELLIS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

THIRD SEASON.

The above Club starts its Third Season with a match at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, on the 26th inst., and their opponents will be twenty-two People's Palace Juniors (eleven Technical School, eleven Junior Section). The match last season, it will be remembered, ended in a win for the Seniors, but, from all accounts, the Juniors mean to turn the tables this season; given fine weather, the match promises to be a very pleasant one. Students wishing to join the Club are requested to send their names to the Secretary at once.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

The following are the subjects for our next Exhibition, to be held on Monday, May 12th:—

Figure	An Old Man.
Landscape	Fir Trees.
Still Life	Blossom.
Design	An Open Work Bracket.
Modelling	An Open Work Bracket.

Miss Druitt has been elected a Member of the Committee in place of Mr. Scott, resigned. I am pleased to announce that a Member of the Club has succeeded in winning the first prize in the Art Competition (pen and ink), held by the proprietors of the *New York Herald*. It is as well to state that this competition was open to the world, professional and amateur alike, also embracing any subject, landscape or figure; and out of some two hundred drawings submitted, the judges awarded the first prize of £5 5s. to Mr. J. A. Crowley, his subject being a pen and ink sketch of a lady holding a violin. I am very pleased that an old Member of the Art Class and Sketching Club should be so successful.

CHAS. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

A goodly number of the above Club turned up for the run on Saturday to Buckhurst Hill. After tea a move was made to the "Wilfrid Lawson," to participate in a smoking-concert, the occasion being the opening run of the Crown C. C. A pleasant evening was spent, L. M. Nathan and G. Mansfield, of the home club, contributing to the programme. The Brighton tourists spent a jolly holiday, and had the satisfaction of seeing their fellow club man, O. Stephens, come in first in the one-mile race at Preston Park. Some little difficulty was occasioned owing to the accommodation being insufficient. Those who were dissatisfied must remember that it was entirely their own fault. Notices were inserted in the Journal for several weeks before Easter, asking intending tourists to send in their names to the Secretary. Eight names were forwarded, and accommodation was provided for twelve, in case any Member decided to join the party at the last moment. Twenty-five Members went to Brighton, after all, so, of course, thirteen should have found their own accommodation. On the Oxford tour, next Whitsun, accommodation will be provided for only those who give in their names, and tickets will be sent them ensuring them their places. The tourists to Cambridge thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The first halting place was Great Sampford, where, owing to the kindness of the Rev. James Billington, the tourists were most hospitably entertained and lodged. Near Sampford is Hempstead, which should be visited by the Sketching and Photographic Clubs, as it presents a most picturesque appearance, every house being surrounded by a moat. As this was the birthplace of Dick Turpin, the singularity may be accounted for. In the churchyard is a splendid granite mausoleum of Doctor Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The journey home was trying, owing to the adverse head wind. Last year the Palace racing team had the best record for the East End, but this year bids fair to eclipse it. On Easter Monday, M. Moyle earned the distinction of five mile champion of Cornwall. For this race he obtains the five guinea gold medal, and holds the twenty guinea challenge cup; he also came in first in one mile Safety, first, two mile mixed, and second, one mile mixed. The Committee of the Sports were so pleased at his splendid riding, that they entertained him at a supper at the "Grand Hotel," Camborne. Run next Thursday to "Wilfrid Lawson"; run next Saturday to "Roman Urn," Cheshunt.

JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

The Annual Gymnastic, Fencing, Single-Sticks, and Indian Club Competition (confined to Students of the P.P. only), will take place in the Gymnasium, on Monday, April 28th, commencing at 7.30 p.m.; doors open at 7 p.m. It is expected that H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge may be present.

EVENTS.

Horizontal Bar	One Set Exercise, One Voluntary Exercise.
Parallel Bars	" " " " " " " "
Flying Rings	" " " " " " " "
Vaulting Horse	Three Set " " " "
Bridge Ladder	Two " " " "
Rope Climbing	" " " " " " " "

There will be six medals given for the Gymnastic Competition, four of which will be for the Leaders and two for the Novices. Any Student may enter the Leaders' and also the Novices' Competition.

Fencing Competition .. One Medal will be given for this combat.
Single-Sticks " " " " " " " "
Indian Club " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " if there are not less than ten competitors.

The entrance fees are:—Gymnastics, 1s.; Fencing, 1s.; Single-Sticks, 1s.; Indian Clubs, 1s. The medals for the above Competition will be presented at the Annual Display, which will take place in the Queen's Hall, May 14th, 1890. For entrance forms and further particulars apply to H. H. Burdett, People's Palace Gymnasium.
F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Saturday next, 19th inst., meet at Coborn Road Station (G.E.R.), at 3.40 p.m.; book to Leytonstone for ramble to Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill. Thursday, 17th, Committee Meeting at 8 o'clock; the attendance of all the Members of Committee is requested. Thursday, 24th, Half-yearly General Meeting at 8 o'clock, to receive report and balance-sheet. SPECIAL NOTICE.—A Lecture will be given on or about the 29th April in the Lecture Hall by the famous Assyrian lecturer, Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen. Admission by ticket, 3d., which can be obtained from any of the Members.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 1s. per quarter or 3s. per annum. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the Old School-buildings.
E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB.

On Saturday last a General Meeting of the above Club was held in the club-rooms, Mr. Osborn in the chair, for the purpose of electing the Committee and Secretary. The following boys were elected for one year:—Committee: C. Atkinson, H. Baines, M. Bissett, A. H. Bowsher, J. V. Bohr, F. C. Birkett, C. Cheltnam, A. E. Clements, J. Gurr, A. E. Oughton, M. Palmer, A. C. Plester; Secretary, E. J. Wignall. A Dissolving View Entertainment will be held in the Lecture Hall on Thursday, April 24th, in aid of the Old Boys' Cricket Club. Tickets, price 3d., can be obtained at the Schools' Office.

E. J. WIGNALL, Hon. Sec.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.

About forty-three Members of this Club assembled at Bow Church at half-past nine on Saturday morning, and proceeded, by various dingy by-ways, to the Bromley Gas Works, there to be initiated by Mr. Wright, the manager, into the whole art and mystery of gas making. We reached the office punctually at the appointed time—ten o'clock—but in this case virtue was its own (and only) reward, for Mr. Wright was busy, and we had to wait; while Mr. Forth, who arrived a quarter of an hour late, was just in time to join us as we set off under the guidance of the manager to explore the works. Our first visit was to the dock, where the coal barges are unloaded direct into iron trucks, which are then lifted bodily by ropes to a railway about twenty feet above the level of the quay. Along this the trucks are conveyed to the retort-house, where the coal is distilled, and there, on touching a lever, the bottom of the truck, which is hinged, falls out, and the coal is deposited just where it is wanted. The retorts, of which there are 1,040 in the works, are semi-cylindrical tubes about twelve feet long by one and a half feet in diameter, built of small wedge-shaped firebricks. Several rows of these retorts are arranged one above the other, and heated by fires placed at intervals beneath them. The retorts are charged from each end with small coal, and the gas evolved on distillation passes from each retort by a narrow vertical pipe to the main pipe, which runs along the front of the furnaces at a height of about twenty feet. About one-fourth of the coke left behind is used in heating the retorts, the rest is sold. In winter about 570 men are employed here, and the coal used in one day weighs 1,000 tons, and yields ten million cubic feet of gas. The gas as it comes from the retorts is very impure, and it is then passed on by means of fans worked by steam to the purifying apparatus. The first step in the process of purification is to cool the gas by passing it through a system of vertical iron tubes, which are kept cool by exposure to the air; the tar, naphthalene, etc., which escaped condensation in the main are here deposited and collected, to be passed on to the tar distillers and used for the manufacture of dyes, flavouring essences, medicines, and the thousand and one different articles now made from what was only a few years ago a useless and troublesome bye-product. Having been thoroughly cooled, the gas passes next to the "scrubbers," where it meets a stream of water trickling over coke or wood, and is thus freed from another impurity—ammonia. Lastly, the gas passes over slaked lime and oxide of iron in the "purifiers," which extract the carbon dioxide and sulphuretted hydrogen, and leave the gas pure enough to be collected in the gasometers, thence to be

distributed to our streets and houses. All these things were explained by our guide, and examined with interest by the Ramblers, and when at last, after thanking Mr. Wright for his kindness, we parted at the gate of the works, it was agreed by all that our visit to the gas works had been a great success. Next Saturday, April 19th, we visit the United Service Museum. Meet at Royal Exchange at 10 a.m.

D. S. M.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL CRICKET CLUB.

A match was played at Wanstead Flats on Saturday last between the above Club and the Masters. After a very pleasant game, the Masters won by six wickets. Scores:—

MASTERS.		DAY SCHOOL.	
1st innings.	2nd innings.	1st innings.	2nd innings.
Mr. Smith b Priestley..... 20	b Harbott 13	Harbott b Mr. Smith 0	c Greaves b Low 1
Burdett b Rawlings 0	b Harbott 0	Ames c Smith b Low 0	c Smith b Burdett .. 3
Low b Priestley 3	not out 18	Rawlings b Smith..... 7	b Smith 2
Burrell run out 7	c Rawlings b Harbott 1	East b Smith..... 3	b Smith 8
Castle b Rawlings 2	not out 4	Priestley b Smith..... 0	lbw, b Smith..... 17
Miller b Priestley 0	not out 4	Moon b Low 2	b Castle 7
MacNair c and b Rawlings .. 0 0	Howard stumped 2	c and b Smith 3
Greaves b East 0	b Harbott 0	Edmunds c Burdett b Low .. 0	not out 8
Grenville b Priestley 4 0	Dodd not out..... 3	b Smith 0
Bremner stumped 3 0	Warrington c Miller b Smith .. 0	b Burdett 0
Bateman not out 3 0	Keable c and b Low..... 0	b Smith 11
Extras 1	Extras 7	Extras..... 3	Extras 4
Total 43	Total 43	Total 20	Total 64

A Meeting of the above Club was held on Monday, the 14th inst., in the Lecture Hall, for the purpose of electing permanent officers, Mr. Smith presiding. Fifteen Members attended, of whom the following were elected to office:—Rawlings, Captain; Priestley, Vice-Captain; Moon, Sec.; Barralet, Treasurer; and the above-named officers, in conjunction with Harbott, to act as Committee.

P. MOON, Hon. Sec.

Advice on Cricket.

CRICKETERS all over the country are busy preparing for the summer, and cricket outfitters and bat-makers are doing a big trade. The long-established houses can, of course, supply whatever is wanted, and the ground committees of most clubs are experienced enough to know that mere cheapness is often bad economy in the purchase of materials. They probably keep, for the most part, to makers of whom they have had experience, and whose goods they have proved to be equal to hard wear. It is the merest waste to buy cheap stuff because it is widely advertised, and deserting, perhaps, tradesmen who have given satisfaction hitherto. There is very little danger of club committees going wrong in this way, but some professional bowlers and coaches want watching to be saved from temptation. Firms, in their anxiety to do business, will often, in these days of competition, offer inducements in the way of heavy commissions to ground men and others for introducing their goods. This sort of thing a wise captain or a prudent secretary will look upon with great suspicion. There is a lot of "toy-shop" stuff made up to look pretty out of inferior and unseasoned wood, and offered at low prices to catch the unwary. Materials used in the game are not really costly, unless you buy them cheap! That sounds a little paradoxical, perhaps, but it is true. The practically cheap articles are made for use, and not merely for sale,

and they cost a fair price. A man may not be able to afford to buy his bats at Lincoln and Bennett's, but if he is wise he will not purchase the glossy adornment vended in Shoreditch at four and ninepence. The best is the cheapest in the end in bats and in hats, and it is seldom the showiest. The practice of taking off discounts and giving commissions is so general, that where it is openly and fairly carried out, I need not say anything against it. Where the evil comes in is where secret and extra awards are promised, and—sometimes—paid. I do not refer to any particular firm or firms, neither do I recommend any individual houses in the trade. All I advise young officials to do is to deal with people who have made their reputation, to stick to bats that their members like, to watch that no "hanky-panky" is practised, and to avoid the toy-shop qualities.

The early part of every season should be employed by captains of elevens in getting their men into good fielding practice, in seeing that promising bowlers get sufficient, but not too much work, and in so regulating the batting at the nets, that every one gets a fair share and no more. Most young fellows should be induced to have a short term at keeping wicket. Few boys know whether they are any good in this position, and they should be practised steadily under the captain's eye. A really trustworthy wicket-keeper strengthens a team more than casual observers or spectators imagine. More chances are missed at the wicket than anywhere else—perhaps than everywhere else put together. And when some of the catches that used to be dropped are held, when a few hitters get stumped, where they used to be let off, the effect is soon seen in the smaller totals of the opponents. Besides this, a man who can be trusted to take the ball cleanly when it is returned to him, stops a lot of runs, and gives confidence to the field, who watch him and learn to obey his words and signals. In the out field most lads have a lot to learn, but it is not much use trying to teach grown men. They do very well closer in, and some rather stiff specimens of adult humanity make passable points, mid-wickets, slips and short-legs. But when it comes to fielding out deep, early tuition is essential to success. No one who has not been taught fielding as a boy, can ever learn to judge a dropping catch, or to cross and stop a hard drive. As to allowing for the break at cover-point and extra mid-off, these things need quickness of sight and great activity, as well as careful training. There is nothing so pretty in cricket as the work of a good fielding eleven, when the men fall naturally and easily into their places, make their changes at the over without fuss or confusion, back up smartly and systematically, and return the ball to the right end—the whole business proceeding without shouting or noise. It is only the bad field that want to be yelled at, and it is generally the bad captain that yells. The wise leader points out faults quietly and decisively, and if he is not obeyed, simply changes the offender to where he can do less harm, while if he won't learn or can't learn, there is nothing for it, but to leave him out of the team. A man must be a very fine bowler or batsman to be worth playing if he can't field, for he throws away runs and chances, and is a "passenger" unless he happens to come off well in his batting.

It is very funny to watch some of our crack batsmen when they fail to "come off." Should he happen to be bowled, see the disappointed "smiter," before leaving the wicket, carefully flatten the piece of turf which "made the ball break," actuated, of course, by a desire to make things easier for his successor! If stumped, with what a pitying eye he gazes upon the wicket-keeper, then glances down at his feet, which are quite a foot inside the crease. Given out caught at the wicket, watch the scornful glare which he bestows upon the umpire! The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and though it must be very galling to a good player to succumb to the first ball, I would advise him to call in sportsmanlike feeling, and leave ridiculous exhibitions of disgust to boys who can't help them.

T. G. CARTER.

Letter to Editor.

SIR,—As a former pupil of the late Mr. D. A. Isaacs, B.A., and an admirer of his earnestness, his conscientious teaching, and of his general character, I should like to know whether there is among his late pupils any movement afoot to raise to him some slight memorial. I feel sure that, to show their appreciation of one who was always ready to give to others advice and assistance, they only require facilities. With anyone having such an object in view I would eagerly co-operate.

Yours truly,
J. E. SMITH.

Queer Aids to Memory.

THERE are, probably, nine out of every ten persons in the world, who have at some period in their lives suffered from temporary loss of memory. How many of us labour vainly at times to recall the name, for instance, of a certain person, place or thing! And how many of us have had our memories quickened by the sight of some object—animate or inanimate—connected, perhaps remotely, with the thing, place, or person we have been talking, or trying to talk, about! How often have we been told that "your face is familiar, but for the life of me I can't recall your name!"

This lapse of memory is peculiar to no one condition in life. The greatest and the humblest are alike subject to it; but it is more marked and frequent in those whose minds are occupied with those vocations in private and public life that call for incessant study and brain work.

It is in these cases—where the brain does duty as a library and a storehouse for statistics, and is crammed with the minutest details of many and great undertakings—that the memory most often fails, and usually when the demand upon it is a more than ordinarily simple one.

Here is a case in point:—

A certain gentleman, whose inventions have been praised in all civilised parts of the world, cannot, if suddenly asked to do so, tell you his wife's Christian name. He has, again and again, when wishing to address her, been secretly annoyed by his inability to remember her name, and yet there are few husbands who think more of their wives than he does of his. Not long ago, the lady presented him with a handsome gold watch, and the timepiece has since proved a great comfort to him, not because of its intrinsic worth and beauty, but for another reason. He accidentally discovered, at a time when he wanted to call his wife and his memory tricked him, that by simply looking at the watch she had given to him he could pronounce her name glibly and without difficulty.

During a recent visit to him, the writer observed that when speaking to the lady he invariably produced this watch. He commented upon the oddity of the action, and the gentleman told him his reason for it, jocosely adding that it would never do to make the story public, as it might occasion an alarming increase in the number of absent-minded husbands.

Another of these by no means rare instances of inanimate objects acting as subtle but unaccountable guides for the memory came under our observation some years ago. It was during the progress of a murder trial, and there were several counsel on the side of the prosecution, while the defence had retained but one, a Mr. Baker. The latter had already won an enviable reputation as a criminal lawyer, but in this instance it was generally thought that he was overmatched by the array of counsel on the other side. The writer was ordered to report the proceedings, and sat at the same table with the counsel in the case.

Throughout the trial, during the opening addresses, the examination of witnesses, and the summing up, Baker never took a note; but it was observed that every now and then, during the proceedings, he folded, or otherwise marked, the pages of a book which lay before him on the table. When he closed the case for the defence, Baker went over the arguments of the prosecution, quoted some parts of them literally, and actually knocked their combined logic into "a cocked hat." The evidence was purely circumstantial, though strong, and while going over it and the addresses of the opposing counsel, Mr. Baker kept his hand on the book he had marked, though never once did he raise the volume from the table. But he did turn the pages, and smooth out one after another, as he raised point after point, the creases he had made in the leaves.

"What a wonderful memory that man has!" whispered some one.

We agreed with him. The prisoner was acquitted. After the trial we went up to Mr. Baker, and asked him how he had managed to quote so extensively from the arguments and the evidence without taking notes.

"But I did take notes," said he. "Here they are." And he opened what one had supposed was a tome of legal lore, but which, in reality, proved to be "Shakespeare," and showed us the creased pages. "As things cropped out that seemed to me weak or inconsistent in the evidence or the arguments," said he, "I turned down a page for each, in the order of its recurrence. When the time came to show them up, I simply placed my hand on each page in rotation, and the inconsistency or error which each was marked for stood out as clear to my mind's eye as though written in chalk on a black board before me. I can't explain how or why it is, but it all

comes back to me as soon as my hand touches the pages I mark. I never write out my notes."

"Wouldn't your memory prove as retentive," we asked, "without marking the pages of a book in no way connected with the case?"

"No; I have tried it and failed miserably. I can't explain the sympathy that exists between the marked page and my mind. I only know, without being able to account for it, that it is to me what the opening of a book at a marked page, and reading from it, would be to another person."

A case parallel to Mr. Baker's is furnished in Mr. T—, a well-known journalist. He was sent on one occasion to interview several prominent men, and returned to the office of the paper without a written word of the interviews—with nothing, in fact, but rough etchings of the persons he had been to see.

"Got a good article?" queried the editor, when Mr. T— appeared.

"Well, I've got the material for one, I think."

"What did they have to say?"

"I—er—h—m—I don't remember exactly, but they talked freely, and I was quite interested by what they said."

"Let me see your notes."

"Notes! I forgot to take any!"

"Never took any! Why, how in the world do you ever expect to write the interviews? Well, don't stand there gaping. Write something, and let me have it sharp. It's too late to send another man for it."

Poor T— went to his desk with a woe-begone expression on his face, and stared meditatively at his inkstand for awhile. Then he mustered up courage and wrote the introduction to his article; but there he stuck. To save his life he couldn't recall a word that had been said. Just then one of his fellow-reporters handed T— a cigar, and in looking for a paper to make a lighter of, he by chance picked up the piece on which he had sketched the heads of the men he had interviewed. Like a flash, all that they had said came to his mind, and as rapidly as hand could transcribe thought, T— wrote it out.

The editor was very much surprised, and on the next day he received a note from one of the parties T— had interviewed. It complimented the paper on having been the only journal to correctly report him.

Mr. T—afterwards said that he made the drawings without purpose while the gentlemen were talking. Many times since he has been known to return to the office of his paper with half a dozen disconnected sentences in his note book, and as many etchings, and write from the whole a two-column article remarkable for its accuracy.

From these facts we are led to believe that the brain works something on the order that Edison has put into his phonograph, and that each occurrence it records may be reproduced by chance or premeditated contact with any object with which we may have associated it at the time of record. In the case of the phonograph, the thing is evolved by turning a crank; in the case of Mr. Baker, it is done by turning the leaves of a book; in the case of Mr. T—, by simply looking at his etching of the head of the man whose conversation he wishes his own brain to repeat for him.

ONE day a tailor called on an author with his "little bill."

The man of letters was in bed, as men of letters sometimes are, even a long while after cockcrow.

"You've brought your account, have you?" asked the author.

"Yes, sir; I sadly want some money."

"Open my secretaire," said the recumbent one. "You see that drawer?"

The tailor opened one, expecting to find it full of cash.

"No, not that one; the other."

The tailor opened a second, which, like the first, was full of emptiness. The tailor opened another one.

"What do you see there?" asked the debtor.

"Papers—lots of them," rejoined Snip.

"Ah, yes. That's right. They're 'little bills.' Put yours in with them. Good-bye." Then he turned round again and slept.

THE late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn used to tell a story of a parrot case which came before him. On the disputed bird being brought into Court, it eyed his lordship with that peculiar sidelong look of wisdom which the whole tribe affects, and then deliberately told the eminent judge that in his—the parrot's—opinion the head of the English Bench was a "hoary-headed old impostor."

PROGRAMME

OF

MR. CHAS. RUTLAND'S
UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT,INTRODUCING THE
HYPNOTISED ACTOR, HUMORIST,

AND

THOUGHT-READER,

To be given in the QUEENS' HALL, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16th, 1890.

MR. F. J. W. DELLOW, M.L.S.B., IN THE CHAIR.

PART I.—SCIENTIFIC.

- (a) The subject thrown into the hypnotic trance.
- (b) Proofs of the genuineness of the sleep.
- (c) Hypnotic transmission of thought.
- (d) Influence of music—Ecstasy.

PART II.—HUMOROUS.

- (a) The subject loses his own identity.
- (b) Made to suppose he is an actor. Well-known tragedians and comedians reproduced in startling and life-like manner.
- (c) Made a singer—sentimental—comic.
- (d) Made an orator—well-known men reproduced.
- (e) Humorous lectures (extemporary) on subjects selected by the audience, and in dialect and character chosen.

PART III.—VARIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

- (a) Political Meeting.
- (b) The Crime, etc., etc.

CONCLUDING SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.

Showing Mr. Rutland's remarkable power, and also being an instance of direct thought transference.

The Italian Banditti.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Continued from page 265.)

HAVING secured the attention and awakened the curiosity of the by-standers, he paused for a moment, rolled up his large eyes as improvisatori are apt to do when they would recollect an impromptu, and then related, with great dramatic effect, the following story, which had, doubtless, been well prepared and digested beforehand.

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

It was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Apennines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain foliage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction. Its faded embellishments spoke of former splendour, but its crazy springs and axletrees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentleman, in a kind of military travelling dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the grey locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale, beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face, an orange-tawny *schmur-bart*, or pair of mustachios, bristling from under his nose, and altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman; a wreck of one of those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The Count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was, in a manner, an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy, for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is more than probable that many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping; her gaiety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sunk into silence and debility. The old Count saw the change, with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days, the old family carriage was rumbling among the Apennines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes; had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress; she had grown up under his eye. He had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent; nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity in seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening; they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tipsy old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the Count and maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses among the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The Count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage and called to old Pietro in an angry tone.

"Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn."

"Yonder it is, Signor," said the muleteer.

"Where?" demanded the Count.

"Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile of building about a quarter of a league distant.

"That the place?—why, it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village."

Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his Eccellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello—a palazza—and such people!—and such a larder!—and such beds!—His Eccellenza might fare as sumptuously and sleep as soundly there as a prince!"

The Count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; so in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palazza; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style; with a great quantity of waste room. It had, in fact, been in former times a hunting seat for one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and in its outbuildings to have accommodated a little army.

A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited herself on the Count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Every thing, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blackened out of all distinctness.

They chose two bedrooms, one within another; the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and misshapen; but on examining the beds, so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them stuffed with fibres of hemp, knotted in great lumps. The Count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left.

The chilliness of the apartments crept to their bones; and they were glad to return to a common chamber, or kind of hall, where there was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the centre, immovable from its size and weight. The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern of course; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty; yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the Count and his daughter were relieved when she consigned them to the care of a dark, sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Caspar was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters; and vowed by his mustachios to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers from under her strong, dark eyebrows.

As to the Count, he was a good-humoured, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which made prosperous men miserable. He drew a large broken arm-chair to the fire-side for his daughter, and another for himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavoured to re-arrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter, then upon the cheerless, squalid apartment, and shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance: the good Count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier fire-wood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of faggots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely. The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the Count's daughter administering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded; but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to be ministered to by such hands. Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her lips.

"May San Francesco watch over you, Signora!" exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess, with a numerous retinue. The courtyard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle; the landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests; and the poor Count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window just as the new-comers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage, and handed out the Princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment, and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gaily dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The Count's daughter shrunk back at sight of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the Princess, and the crazy, rheumatic-looking, old vehicle of her father which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair:—a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame; she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair; rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire.

The Count thought she appeared paler than usual.

"Does anything ail thee, my child?" said he.

"Nothing, dear father!" replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head.

"The air of the window has chilled thee," said the Count fondly, "but a good night's rest will make all well again."

The supper table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the new-comers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it. She had scarcely made the apology when the Princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man.

The Count immediately recognised her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society, both at Rome and Naples; and at whose conversaziones, in fact, he had constantly been invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles, both for his merits and prospects, and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself, at the villa of a nobleman, near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both the Count and the Princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme; the Princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and liked to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter, and began something of a complimentary observation; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur, while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sunk again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance.

This singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with

their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together; and as the Princess travelled with her own cook, a very tolerable supper soon smoked upon the board; this, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liqueurs, and delicate comfitures, brought from one of her carriages; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto, to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes, by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxurious penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims, with scrip, and staff, and cockleshell; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such self-denial from people of fashion; and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jewelled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the Blessed Virgin.

The Princess and the Count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves; the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing, in spite of the politeness of the Princess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The Count shook his head.

"She is not well this evening," said he. "I thought she would have fainted just now, as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival."

A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fire-place. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the Count's carriage, leaned against the wall; the Princess perceived it. "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night?" demanded she.

The Count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar, presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, but chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little Princess nodded her head, and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall.

"And now," said the Count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favour. Let the Princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can't think," added he, "what a proficiency she made in your language; though she has been a sad girl, and neglected it of late."

The colour flushed the pale cheek of the daughter; she hesitated, murmured something; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous, melting tones of her voice went to the heart; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears.

The Count folded her tenderly in his arms. "Thou art not well, my child," said he, "and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee!" She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room.

The Count shook his head as the door closed. "Something is the matter with that child," said he, "which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father's foolishness," continued he, "but I have seen much trouble in my family; and this poor girl is all that is now left to me; and she used to be so lively—"

"Maybe she's in love!" said the little Princess, with a shrewd nod of the head.

"Impossible!" replied the Count artlessly. "She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me."

How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love concerns which

agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarce breathes unto herself.

The nephew of the Princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement, that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions; though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbour any such angry inmate.

"He saw me weep!" said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek, and a swelling of the throat,— "but no matter!—no matter!"

And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window-frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a reverie, until the sound of her father's and Caspar's voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window showed that they were conducting the Princess to her apartment, which was in the opposite wing of the inn; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements.

She heaved a deep heart-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building.

"But what will become of the poor young lady?" said a voice, which she recognised for that of the servant woman.

"Pooh! she must take her chance," was the reply from old Pietro.

"But cannot she be spared?" asked the other entreatingly; "she's so kind-hearted!"

"Cospetto! what has got unto thee?" replied the other petulantly: "would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl?" By this time they had got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further.

There was something in this fragment of conversation that was calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself?—and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was entreated that she might be spared? She was several times on the point of tapping at her father's door, to tell him what she had heard; but she might have been mistaken; she might have heard indistinctly; the conversation might have alluded to some one else; at any rate it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution, she was startled by a low knocking against the wainscot in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light, she beheld a small door there, which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestic. On opening the door, the woman stood before it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger on her lips in sign of caution and secrecy.

"Fly!" said she, "leave this house instantly, or you are lost!"

The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation.

"I have no time," replied the woman—"I dare not—I shall be missed if I linger here—but fly instantly, or you are lost."

"And leave my father?"

"Where is he?"

"In the adjoining chamber."

"Call him, then, but lose no time."

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room, and told him of the fearful warning she had received. The Count returned with her into her chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the Princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey.

"But we can barricade the inn, we can defend ourselves," said the Count.

"What! when the people of the inn were in league with the banditti?"

"How then are we to escape? Can we not order out the carriage and depart?"

"San Francesco! for what? To give the alarm that the plot is discovered? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them."

"But how else are we to get off?"

"There is a horse behind the inn," said the woman, "from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of a part of the band who were at a distance."

"One horse! and there are three of us!" said the Count. "And the Spanish Princess!" cried the daughter, anxiously—"How can she be extricated from the danger?"

"Diavolo! what is she to me?" said the woman in a sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me, and we shall all be lost! Hark!" continued she, "I am called—I shall be discovered—one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the courtyard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a horse there; mount it; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see; proceed cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village—but recollect, my life is in your hands—say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn."

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the Count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the Princess. "To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred!"—A shuddering seized her at the very thought. The gallantry of the Count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them.

"But what is to become of the young lady," said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown into a tumult? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray?"

Here the feelings of the father were roused; he looked upon his lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians.

The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The Princess! the Princess!—only let the Princess know her danger."—She was willing to share it with her.

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost—the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the Count; "take her behind you and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the Princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid."

The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the Princess—

"For what?" said old Caspar, bluntly—"You could do no good. You would be in the way. We should have to take care of you instead of ourselves."

There was no answering these objections; the Count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation, "there is a young cavalier with the Princess—her nephew—perhaps he may—"

"I understand you, mademoiselle," replied old Caspar, with a significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it!"

The young lady blushed deeper than ever; she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant.

"That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the courtyard to the small postern gate, where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The Count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction in which the woman had pointed out. Many a fearful and anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of buildings; the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusty casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose, and she trembled with impatience lest succour should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted.

They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot, they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks.

(To be continued.)

Class Notes.

MACHINE DRAWING.

RESULT OF CLASS EXAMINATION, held 1st April, 1890.
 ELEMENTARY.—First Class.—J. S. Hall, Wm. McEwen, E. A. Mepham, W. Duggin, S. J. Hill, E. J. Towndrow, W. C. Witney, J. Nicolson, F. L. Brown, C. Frindell, Edwin Prosser, W. Smith.
 Second Class.—F. Coulton, E. J. Kerr, W. Weeds, James Jordan, E. G. West, G. Harbone, H. Hunter, G. E. Holdom, E. Ellis, G. Girard, H. Young, E. Daff, A. White, A. R. Birtles, H. Cowell, S. Spotswood, W. J. Blacklock, E. Cole, G. Pratt, J. Stockley, J. Davis, T. Tozer.
 ADVANCED.—First Class.—Arthur H. Lucas, C. Cheltnam, C. T. Ansell, F. C. Birkett, Wm. Carnegie, T. C. Bye.—Second Class.—A. Fletcher, F. Holborow, W. Nash, N. Wilmott, G. Cann, J. Van Raalte. D. A. L.

BOOK-KEEPING CLASS.

On Monday evening the Students of the above Class met in large numbers, called by the especial kindness of the master, Mr. A. Sarll, on the last evening of instruction, being the evening

previous to the day of Examination by the Society of Arts, and after a great amount of work had been got through, the rapidity of which very clearly showed that his efforts and mode of instruction during the session had been highly successful and fully appreciated, Mr. Sarll addressed the Students some most useful remarks, reminding them of the particular use of the subjects under notice to both sexes of all positions, and clearly explaining that at this time of such keen competition in commercial life, it was absolutely necessary, in order to become successful, that book-keeping should not be neglected. A most hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Sarll, for the very great interest and assiduity displayed by him in his class work, was then carried by acclamation, and the meeting separated.
 W. R. Hood.

SINGING CLASSES.

The first Singing Classes of this term will be held to-morrow (Thursday). There will be no classes on the 24th; they will be resumed on Thursday, 1st May, and a class will be held on Monday, 5th May, to compensate for the loss of 24th April. After 5th May, classes will be held on Thursday evenings until the end of the session.
 O. B.

Time Table of Classes.
SESSION 1889-90.

The Spring Term commenced on Thursday, April 10th, 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 Rooms. 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, Cutting & Drap.	Mr. G. Scarmann	Wednesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Filing, Fitting, Turning, Patn. Making & Mouldg.	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. & F.	7.30-9.45	5 0
Carpentry and Joinery	Mr. W. Graves	Mon. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0
Wood Carving	Mr. T. J. Perrin	M. Tu. & F.	7.30-9.30	5 0
Etching	Mr. Cestello	Tu. & Th.	7.30-9.30	6 0
Photography	Mr. E. H. Farmer	Thursday	11.0-5.0	5 0
Repoussé Work & Engraving	Mr. Danels	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	5 0

Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the Class refers can join the Practical Classes at the terms stated in the Time Table.

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Art Class	Mr. A. Legge	Mon. & Tues.	2.0-4.0	10 6
Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	9.0-10.0	2 6
Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
Advanced	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elementary	"	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	"	Tuesday	"	"
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	"	"
Excise (Beginners)	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners)	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.)	"	"	"	"
(Competitive)	"	"	"	"
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	12 0
Female Clerks (Com.)	"	Thursday	8.45-10.0	"
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists	"	Thursday	6.15-8.45	10 0
Female Tele. Learners	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters	"	"	"	"
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Report	"	"	8.30-10.0	5 0
French, Elementary 1st Stage	Mons. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced A	"	Tuesday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Elementary 3rd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Elementary 2nd Stage	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
Conversational	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced B	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
German, Advanced	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0

GENERAL CLASSES—Continued.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Elocution (Class 1)	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2)	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
London University Exams.	Mr. W. Coleman, B.A. (Lond.)	Mon. and Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
Literary	Mr. H. Spender, B.A. Assoc. R. C. Sc.	Friday	8.0-10.0	2 6
Land Surveying and Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	7.30-8.30	20 0
Ambulance—First Aid	Dr. Milne	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	1 0
Chess	Mr. Smith	Tu. and Sat.	8.0-10.0	1 0
Type-Writing	Mr. R. W. Kilburne, F.Sh.S.	Tuesday	6.0-9.0	10 6

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
Pianoforte	Mr. C. Hamilton	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
"	M.T.W.Th.F.	"	"	9 0
"	"	"	"	9 0
Violin	Mrs. Spencer	Wed. & Fri.	3.0-9.0	9 0
"	"	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
"	of Mr. W. R. Cave	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Military Band	Mr. Robinson	Mon.Th. Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 6

* Ladies admitted to these Classes at Reduced Fees, viz., 1s.

Special Classes for females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
"	"	Thursday	7.30-9.0	5 0
"	"	Friday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery	Miss Newall	Tuesday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	6.0-8.0	1s. 6d.
Penny Cookery Lecture	"	"	8.0-9.30	1 0
Cookery—Prac. Household	Mrs. Pletcher	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0*
High-class Prac.	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	6.0-8.0	10 6†
Demonstration	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0*
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Elocution	Mrs. Hasluck	Tuesday	6.0-7.30	5 0
"	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0

* Single Lesson, 6d. † Single Lesson, 1s. ‡ Single Lesson, 1d.

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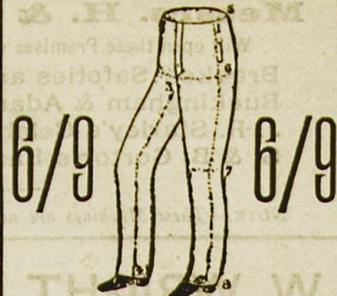
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