

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. V.—No. 130.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 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, May 8th.—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.

FRIDAY, May 9th.—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, May 10th.—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.—Tennis Club Practice, at 3.—Cycling Club.—Run to Loughton.—Cricket Club.—Match with St. Luke's Club, at Beckton Road.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Rambler's Club.—To Eltham Palace, at 3.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.

SUNDAY, May 11th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, May 12th.—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, May 13th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Ladies' Swimming Entertainment in Bath, at 7.30. Ladies only.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

WEDNESDAY, May 14th.—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.—Grand Gymnastic Display, in Queen's Hall, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 11th, 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.

WITH what a glorious burst of sunshine May has come in upon us. It really ought to have been a universal holiday. Everything seems to have come on with a rush. The green on the trees is so young and fresh, and the leaves still creased as if they had come out of the buds in too great a hurry, and must stretch themselves out in the balmy May air. May-day ought to have had some May Queens to welcome it. There was no one to say overnight with Tennyson's winsome May-maid:

"To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad New Year,
Of all the glad New Year, Mother, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the
May!"

But wait a minute, I am wrong. There is a paragraph in some of the papers headed, "A Modern May Queen." Now, the word modern I must say rather frightened me. I was afraid I should find something artificial, or forced, but after reading all about it, my fears melted away. It seems to have been so full of spirit and beauty. This modern May Queen is the result of Mr. Ruskin's teaching. He has long felt a great interest in the Whitelands College Training Home for National School Teachers, and through his influence the May-day fête is celebrated there, and a Queen chosen from among the girls and the students themselves. They all make their own very pretty tasteful dresses, and wear garlands of natural flowers. There is a procession and prize-giving, and some very graceful dancing round an improvised May-pole. There are few more responsible posts than that a National School Teacher holds; how much of the children's future depends on their training at school. One may go further and say how much of England's future depends on the early lives of the children of the working classes.

Why shouldn't the East-End have its May Queens? There must be a great many institutions hereabouts for girls and young women, and why should not the old-world and beautiful rite be celebrated among us again? Perhaps we have outgrown this play-time, as we have certainly frowned down a great many good old pastimes. No one would care to dance on a green now; we must have a hot, over-crowded ball-room, but pleasures are for the most part artificial and expensive; we could not now really enjoy the homely May-day pageant and the primitive simplicity of those rural dances. But we are much more intellectual than we were; we all read and write, and know something of science and art and politics; trade and learning have made great strides; we have advanced considerably in every way. Yes, but the pity is, we can't dance, too, without a ball-room!

"The National Federation of all Trades and Industries" assembled on the Embankment on May 1st, but after all the day passed off very quietly. Here in England we do not seem to feel the same alarm as is felt on the Continent, partly because we are trying to foster in ourselves a greater belief in the practical mind of the working man, and partly, perhaps, because we have thrown ourselves with some energy into the solution of this labour problem. We are not yet out of the wood, though, and there is much to be faced seriously and earnestly. It rests with the leaders of the people to advance their theories with sobriety, and to endeavour to remodel the conditions of labour by self-discipline and not by anarchy. One great step has been gained by its having been found possible to unite in common aim so many working men of so many nations.

YET more demonstrations! But the Hyde Park meeting seems to have been a success, so far as it was ably planned and well conducted. What will be the result of it? We shall all have to take part, sooner or later, for the movement is advancing deliberately and with determination, and happily here in England without violence. But we have a very different story from the Continent. The demonstrations there are accompanied, in many of the cities, with great restlessness and irritability, and it is impossible not to feel anxiety as to the probable issues.

A LIVELY correspondence seems to be going on in some of the papers on the subject of advertisements—pictorial advertisements. The indignant protests against some of the representations on our walls and hoardings is none too strong. The low style of art, the inferior colouring and drawing are bad enough, but the scenes depicted are getting worse and worse. How is it possible to raise the tone, and educate the tastes of a people, by music, art, and wholesome literature, if our streets are to flame with highly-coloured, undesirable representations, and sensational and vulgar scenes. It is something for the public eye to recognise the evil, but it is to be hoped that measures will be taken to alter the whole scheme of advertising in public places.

L.M.H.C.

Palace Notes.

TO-MORROW, Thursday, May 8th, the St. John First Aid Ambulance Course of Lectures for Men will begin. Practical demonstrations, with bandaging, will be given, illustrated by the oxy-hydrogen lantern. Tickets for the course, one shilling.

ON Wednesday next, in the Queen's Hall, we have another Gymnastic Display, and a crowded house is expected.

STUDENTS who intend sitting for the Science and Art Examinations should keep a note of the dates, which we intend giving a list of week by week. Below are next week's arrangements:—

SCIENCE.

1890.			
7th May	7 to 10 p.m.	Theoretical Mechanics.	
8th "	7 to 10 p.m.	Applied Mechanics.	
9th "	7 to 10 p.m.	Animal Physiology.	
10th "	6 to 10 p.m.	Machine Construction and Drawing, Building Construction, Naval Architecture.	
12th "	7 to 10 p.m.	Physiography.	
13th "	7 to 10 p.m.	Principles of Mining, Mathematics (Stages 6 and 7), Principles of Agriculture.	
14th "	7 to 10.30 p.m.	Mathematics (Stages 1, 2, 3).	

ART.

1890.			
	7 to 9 p.m.	3rd Grade Exam.	Elementary Principles of Ornament.
8th May	6 to 10 p.m.	"	Composition from a given Figure Subject, with or without ornament in some one Historic style. (23d.)
9th "	6 to 10 p.m.	"	Elementary Architecture
10th "	7 to 10 p.m.	"	Historic Ornament.
	6 to 10 p.m.	"	Perspective.
	7 to 10 p.m.	"	Architectural Historic Ornament.
12th "	7 to 9 p.m.	"	Painting (Technical Questions).
13th "	6 to 10 p.m.	"	Drawing from the Life.
14th "	6 to 10 p.m.	"	Design (Ornament), 23c.

Candidates should be seated quarter-of-an-hour before the beginning of the examination.

ON Tuesday next a Swimming Entertainment by Ladies will be given in the Swimming-bath, when Miss Winifred Elcho, assisted by several other ladies, will give a Display of Plain and Ornamental Swimming. During the evening, a little girl, one of Miss Elcho's pupils, will give an Exhibition of Fancy Swimming. Amongst the events will be Swimming in Fancy Dresses, Tug-of-War, Water Polo, Duck Hunt, etc. Admission, 3d., to ladies only. Commence at 7.30.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, during his visit last week, inspected the lads of the Junior Section in their dumb-bell drill, which pleased him greatly. No mention of this was made in last week's report, through an accidental omission, and the lads naturally wish the fact given due prominence.

WITH this number we conclude Volume V. of the Palace Journal, and hope to begin the new volume next week, and carry it through as successfully. Covers and bound volumes will shortly be ready.

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 RAMBLING CLUB.

AN HOUR IN BABYLON.—On Thursday last a lecture, illustrated by diagrams and entitled "An Hour in Babylon," was delivered by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, F.R. Hist. Soc., to a large and appreciative audience, in the Lecture Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Robert Wild, B.A. Mr. Boscawen said that in contemplating the remains of the past in Western Asia, we do not meet with imposing ruins which force themselves upon the notice of the traveller as in other historic lands—the marble temples, tombs, and sculptures of Greece and Rome, the pyramids, pillared plain of Karnac, etc., which are seen in a voyage up the Nile. Nothing of the sort remains in Babylonia and Assyria, but far and wide the country is covered with mounds, bearing the appearance of great dust-heaps. There are, on the site of Babylon, three principal mounds. The exploration of these mounds was begun about 1845 by Mr. Rich, who was followed by Sir Henry Layard, and then by Sir Henry Rawlinson. The result of their labour is that those great empires of Assyria and Babylonia are no longer hidden from us in the mists of tradition, but we can trace their cities and read their history in contemporary records. In approaching Babylon from the north, as we draw near, we come to a broad stream uniting the Tigris with the Euphrates. This was called the Royal River, and was a canal constructed about 2200 B.C. by *Khammurabi*, who in his inscriptions calls himself the builder of the empire. This monarch was probably contemporary with Abraham. The walls of Babylon were the wonder and admiration of the world, of enormous height, and from eighteen to twenty feet wide at the top, and the ruins of the city cover an area of about eight square miles. The mound of Babil is the site of the world-famed "hanging gardens" of Nebuchadnezzar. These were built in terraces one above another, and water was supplied by means of wells communicating with conduits from the Euphrates. The next mound was the site of the famous Temple of Belus. This temple, the remains of which form the most striking object for miles round, was built in seven stages, each stage being built of bricks differing in colour from the rest, and symbolising the planets. The services held in the temple were nearly identical with those of the Jewish temple, the same feasts being celebrated and the same sacrifices offered. The lecturer read the evening hymn from the temple liturgy. It was a beautiful prayer addressed to Bel, as the lord of all and the giver of every good, and bore a striking resemblance to the phraseology of some of the Psalms. The next object to attract attention is the *Kasr*, or palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It was no vain boast of Nebuchadnezzar that he had built Babylon. In every mound throughout Babylonia where bricks had been found, a large number were stamped with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. For centuries the villages of the neighbouring Arabs had been built of bricks drawn from these mounds. In 1875, during excavations in the mound of Mujellibeh, the workmen came upon a collection of small tablets enclosed in jars. These were sent home to the British Museum by Mr. Smith, and upon examination proved to be the accounts of a banking firm named Egibi. The transactions of this firm have been traced through nine generations. There are now in the British Museum about 40,000 inscribed tablets, many of them containing most interesting records—private contracts, law suits, commercial transactions, medical works, etc. The medical tablets generally give excellent descriptions of various complaints so that they could easily be recognised; the medicines employed in most cases being simples still in use, but some being very curious, such as dried snake skins and powdered worms. Married women's property was fully protected in Babylon. An interesting case is narrated on the tablets of a woman who married, and with her dowry and some more money raised on a mortgage, purchased a house. Being childless, a child was adopted, but on the death of the husband, his brother claimed the estate, as next of kin. The widow, appealing to the court, proved her own right and the heirship of the child by legal adoption; judgment was accordingly given in her favour. The statement of the case, the pleadings, and the judgment, with the reasons for arriving at that judgment, are on the tablets in the British Museum. With regard to antiquity, the earliest king whose name has been de-

ciphered is Gudea, who reigned about 2700 B.C., but in excavating under the foundations of his palace, the remains of a still more ancient building were discovered. It is probable that the downfall of this mighty empire was brought about by the disaffection of its people as well as by the power of Cyrus. Nabonidus, the king, had neglected to support the priesthood, the temple dues remained unpaid, the feasts unobserved for a number of years, and it was probably with the connivance of the priests and a political party that Cyrus and his Persians overthrew the empire. The cuneiform characters used in Babylonia were used also by the Persians. These characters seem to have been in use for nearly 5,000 years, having, in the oldest inscription known, dating about 3800 B.C., already passed through the hieroglyphic and ideographic stages; and within the last few days it has been found that their use extended into the Christian era, Mr. Boscawen having lately deciphered, in a private collection, an inscription dated in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. Close attention and deep interest were evinced by the audience throughout the lecture, after which a hearty vote of thanks was unanimously accorded Mr. Boscawen for his kindness in giving us this interesting and instructive lecture, and with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the proceedings concluded. On Saturday next, May 10th, ramble to Eltham Palace. Members are requested to meet at Greenwich Pier, at 3 p.m. sharp, prepared for a constitutional. Saturday, May 17th, ramble to Wimbledon with Cricket Club. Arrangements will be announced next week.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

The run last Thursday to the "Wilfrid Lawson" was thoroughly enjoyed, as the roads were in splendid condition and the weather all that could be desired for cycling. During the evening Members passed the time in boxing and singing alternately. A Ten Mile Handicap was run on Saturday over a quiet course; the finish reflects great credit on our handicapper's judgment, as ten minutes covered the time between first and last man. Our ten mile club champion, J. Howard, covered the distance in thirty-three minutes, taking first place; H. Raggett, with 4 min. 10 secs. start, came in second; M. Moyle and O. Stephens being respectively third and fourth. The third prize was given by Mr. H. Ransley, of the East London Cycle Supply Stores, Commercial Road. Mr. J. Sooley, of the Granville C.C., kindly acted as starter. Run next Thursday, "Wilfrid Lawson." Run next Saturday, Loughton, "Bag o' Nails." Cyclists wishing to join this Club should communicate with H. Bright, 68, Lichfield Road, Bow, or

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.,
Hope Lodge, Walthamstow.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

We have vacancies for Violas, Cellos, and Basses, also for Oboes, Clarionets, Bassoons, Euphonium, Horns, and Trombones. We have a good library of high-class music, which is lent free for rehearsal. The rehearsals take place on Tuesday and Friday evenings, from 8 till 10 o'clock. Amateurs will find this Society an excellent means of improving their musical practice.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TENNIS CLUB.

The above Club will commence practice on Saturday next, May 10th, at 3 p.m., on the tennis courts at the back of the old School-buildings. Application for membership should be made at once.

JOHN FORD.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

We give a Concert in the Queen's Hall this evening at 8 o'clock. The practices this week, and until further notice, will commence at 8 o'clock punctually. We shall probably commence to study "Faust" next week. It has been decided by the Committee to hold the proposed Singing Competition on Friday evening, June 20th, and the following rules have been drawn up:—

- 1.—That no Member shall be eligible to be a competitor unless he or she has attended at least nine rehearsals before the 13th of June inclusive.
- 2.—That there shall be no competition for a prize unless at least three competitors have entered for that prize.
- 3.—That the names of the competitors be sent in to the Hon. Sec. on or before the 13th of June.

4.—That the following prizes be competed for:—Four prizes for solo singing, one each for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass; one prize for each member of the best quartet (to be entered in the name of the bass singer); one prize for the best sight-reader of staff notation.

5.—That the competitors select one piece, the test-piece being selected by the Conductor.

Care will be taken that a competent judge is appointed.
PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have a few vacancies for all voices.
A. W. COURSE, Hon. Sec.
J. H. THOMAS, Hon. Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Our opening match was played on Saturday last, in splendid weather, against the East Ham Amateurs, at East Ham, on a somewhat hard and bumpy wicket. The Palace Club was handicapped by the absence of two of their team, and only played nine men. The result was a victory for the East Ham Amateurs by 32 runs and two wickets. For the winners Bontoft played most vigorously, though his innings was far from a good display of cricket. H. Hammond's defence was excellent. None of the others could do anything with Goodwin's bowling, who, during the day, did the "hat-trick," viz., three wickets with successive balls. Goldberg, Hunter, and Sharman played well for the Palace, but the others seemed quite out of form. Following are the scores:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE.		EAST HAM AMATEURS.	
H. Sharman b Barnett	.. 18	W. J. Hammond b Goodwin	1
L. Goldberg b Bontoft	.. 24	J. A. Fish b Goodwin	.. 4
T. G. Carter b Bontoft	.. 3	T. Hancock b Goodwin	.. 1
W. Goodwin b Bontoft	.. 2	Barnett c Sharman b Good-	
A. Bowman (Capt.) b Barnett	1	win 2
J. Munro b Bontoft	.. 2	Bontoft not out	74
F. A. Hunter b Bontoft	.. 23	Lovell b Goodwin	0
G. Sheppard b Bontoft	.. 3	C. Boase b Goodwin	0
W. H. Taylor not out	1	S. Brown c Bowman b Good-	
		win 3
		Perkins c and b Bowman	.. 3
		H. Hammond not out	15
		J. Le Gros did not bat	
Extras	7	Extras	13
Total	84	Total (for 8 wks.)	116

Next Saturday we go to the Beckton Road, and play the St. Luke's C.C. The following will represent the Palace:—R. Hones, H. Sharman, T. Carter, L. Goldberg, C. Bowman, J. Munro, Francis F. Hunter, H. Chatterton, W. Everson, W. Hendry, A. Bowman (Capt.). Reserves—Sheppard, Phillips, and Williamson; match to start at 3.30. Book to Canning Town (G.E.R.); frequent trains from Fenchurch and Liverpool Street. Forthcoming fixtures:—

May 17, Richmond Green, at Richmond.
" 24, Ashley, at Victoria Park.
" 26, Merstham, at Merstham.
" 31, Polytechnic, at Wimbledon.
T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday, May 3rd, we had a match with the United C.C., and although our opponents were rather over our average age, we had an easy win. The following are the scores:—

OLD BOYS.		UNITED.	
Myers c and b Witney	.. 2	Adams b Bohr 7
Bohr c Witney b Catt	.. 1	T. Clark b Bohr 5
Bowsher b Catt 0	Dand b Bohr 0
Bissett b Witney 13	Catt b Bissett 3
Birkett b Witney 2	Morgan b Bissett 3
Toyne b Witney 6	T. Witney b Bissett 10
Gray st Adams 2	Jordan c Birkett b Bissett	.. 10
Fox b Witney 5	S. Clark b Birkett 4
Oughton c and b Catt	.. 0	G. Witney b Bohr 1
Clements b Catt 10	Mr. Wood c Fox b Bissett	.. 0
Jolly not out	2	Mr. Waters not out	0
Extras	19	Extras	1
Total	62	Total	44

The account of the play on Saturday, April 26th, which appeared in *Sporting Life*, is altogether incorrect.

A. H. BOWSHER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director of Exercises—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

The Third Annual Display will take place on Wednesday next, the 14th inst., on which occasion Colonel Onslow, H.M. Inspector of Gymnasia, will present the medals to the successful competitors in our recent Gymnastic, Fencing, Single-Stick, and Indian Club

Competition. I gladly seize this opportunity of heartily congratulating all the competitors in the recent Competition upon their improved form as compared with previous years, and I sincerely hope they will continue to strive to attain that perfection which can only be obtained by perseverance and incessant practice. It is highly gratifying to all concerned to know that the judges were unanimous in the praise of the work shown during the Competition, and have requested me to record their appreciation of the improved form of the competitors. I have been requested by Colonel Onslow to take a squad of leaders from our Gymnasium to perform at the Agricultural Hall each evening during the Whitsun week, the occasion being a Grand Gymnastic Fête by the leading Gymnasias and Clubs of London. I should also like some volunteers from among the Students to join in the running maze each evening at about 10 p.m. Tickets for their admission and that of a friend into the Agricultural Hall will be presented to such of our number as will volunteer.

HARRY H. BURDETT.

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

Fifty-one Members of the above Club had a very pleasant ramble in Epping Forest last Saturday. We left Coborn Road Station at 10.17 for Loughton, and on arriving there we made straight for the forest. We went along the road leading directly to High Beech till we got to the Green Ride, and then struck off into the wood on the right. The lads were soon busy picking wild flowers and blossom from the trees, and soon looked like a party of rambles. As we went along we stopped at short intervals to admire the beautiful scenery everywhere around us. On arriving at the road which connects the "Wake Arms" and the "Robin Hood," we decided to have dinner, so after selecting a convenient place, we sat down and commenced the attack on our dinners, which everyone appeared to enjoy very heartily. After dinner a short interval was allowed for games, etc. Then we re-commenced our ramble by crossing the road and passing into the wood on the opposite side. We soon came in sight of Paul's Nurseries, which we kept alongside of till we reached High Beech. On arriving there a rush was made for something to drink, but we were disappointed at not being able to get anything at the "King's Oak" cheaper than ginger beer at 2d. per bottle. However, on inquiring at a farm-house close by, we succeeded in getting sherbet at 3d. and 1d. per glass. We stopped at High Beech for about two hours, amusing ourselves in various ways—some boys having donkey rides, some having swings, while others spent the time in playing games, fishing, and wandering about the woods. We began our return journey about 3 o'clock, keeping to the woods as much as possible, and arrived at the station in time for the 4.12 p.m. train. There being examinations on the next two Saturdays (May 10th and 17th), we shall not have any rambles on those days.

F. G. C.

Class Notes.

JUNIOR SECTION (BOYS) BOOK-KEEPING CLASS.

An Examination of the boys who have been attending this Class, was held on Thursday, April 24th. The paper set was rather long, but the answers clearly showed that all have profited by the opportunities offered by the Junior Section. Most of the members of the Class have obtained a practical knowledge of Book-keeping by Single Entry, and several have mastered the elementary principles of Double Entry. The prize is awarded to H. Morden. W. J. Green did well in the Double Entry Examination, and G. Mackway in the Single Entry Examination. It is to be hoped that all the more advanced pupils will join the Evening Class held at the Schools next Session, and be prepared for the Society of Arts Examination of next April.

G. J. M.

EVENING CLASSES.

MACHINE DRAWING.

RESULT OF CLASS EXAMINATION, HELD 29TH APRIL.

ELEMENTARY.—*First Class*: E. A. Mephram, W. Weeds, C. Frindell, J. Nicolson, J. S. Hall, S. Hill, H. Young, F. L. Brown, H. Cowell, H. Hunter, F. V. Jones, E. J. Kerr, W. Smith, J. Stockley, C. Witney. *Second Class*: J. J. Davis, G. Harbone, G. G. Holdom, J. Jordan, E. J. Towndrow, E. Prosser, W. Duggin, E. Daff, A. R. Birtles, E. Cole, E. Ellis, H. T. Lane, G. Pratt, E. G. West, T. Tozer, W. Honeybourne, S. Spotswood.

ADVANCED.—*First Class*: A. H. Lucas, C. T. Ansell, T. C. Bye, Wm. Carnegie, N. Wilmott, W. Nash. *Second Class*: F. P. Musto, A. Fletcher, F. C. Birkett, H. Gentry, T. Holborow, W. Spyers.

D. A. L.

The late Professor Fawcett made the following indorsement upon an official memorandum recommending that a Post Office servant named Gunn should be discharged—"No; let him off!"

The Library.

THE following books may now be had in the Library; many of them being available by the kindness of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards.

FICTION.

Beaconsfield (Earl of).—Set of novels.
Bellamy (Edward).—*Looking Backward*, 2000—1887: a book that has created much interest.
Besant (Walter).—*The Bell of St. Paul's*: a novel.
" " *To Call Her Mine*, and other stories.
" " *The Holy Rose*, and other stories.
Blackmore (R. D.).—Set of novels, among which are *Cripps the Carrier* and *Lorna Doone*.
Björnstjerne Björson.—Set of novels, translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson. Amongst these *The Fisher Maiden*, *Arne*, *Synnöve Solbakken*, and *Magnhild* are well worth perusal, and readers of these charming sketches of Norwegian life will be well rewarded.
Democracy: an American novel, author unknown; also a book of unusual interest.
Edgeworth (Maria).—Stories of Ireland.
Grant (James).—Complete set of novels.
Haggard (H. Rider).—*Colonel Quaritch*: a book which has frequently been asked for.
Lang (Andrew).—*The Blue Fairy Book*: a delightful collection of folk-lore stories.
Levy (Amy).—*The Romance of a Shop*.
Meredith (George).—Set of novels.
Whyte-Melville (G. J.).—Set of novels.
Yonge (Charlotte M.).—Chief novels.

RUSSIAN AUTHORS, TRANSLATED.

Tolstoi (Count Leon).—*War and Peace*; *Anna Karewina*; and other equally well-known works, treating chiefly of Russian life.
Termontoff (M. W.).—*A Hero of Our Time*.
Dostoiéffsky (Fedor).—Two vols. of stories.
The works enumerated in this list are only a few of chief additions to the collection of Fiction.
Reviews of these additions will be published in the Journal from time to time.
It may interest our students of Natural History to know that Morris' (F. O.) *British Butterflies*, has just been added to the Library.

M. S. R. JAMES, Librarian.

Reviews.

BOXING.—By R. G. Allanson-Winn.
WRESTLING.—By Walter Armstrong. The All-England Series. London: George Bell & Sons.
CHESS.—By R. F. Green. The Club Series, same publishers.
The admirable series of handbooks of games, indoor and athletic, which Messrs. Bell are issuing at the low rate of a shilling a volume, provide excellent specimens in the volumes now before us. Mr. Allanson-Winn is an amateur boxer of a very high class, and well qualified to describe what he can so well practice. The illustrations to his book are admirable. The latter remark also applies to the volume devoted to wrestling, in which the authority, Mr. Walter Armstrong, gives a most clear and excellent, although of course not cumbrously voluminous, treatise on all the different styles of wrestling practised in this country. *Chess*, by Mr. R. F. Green, editor of the *British Chess Magazine*, is something more than a mere mechanical statement of the rules and conditions of the game, and should be simply invaluable to a young beginner—and in fact, may give more than one good hint to a fairly practised player. It treats of chess in a more practical way than any similar work we remember seeing.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. STEWART.—Apply at the Schools' Office.
N.W.F.—The report is premature, to say the least of it.
No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Names and addresses should always be given, even if not to be printed. This answers "Veteran," and one or two others.

In a lately published story book for boys, the author has a boy thirteen years old capture three burglars, save four persons from drowning, discover and put out a fire, save a city from inundation, and find £5,000 in a cave.

PROGRAMME OF Vocal & Orchestral Concert,

TO BE GIVEN
On WEDNESDAY, MAY 7th, 1890,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

THE People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra.

CONDUCTORS:
MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A. (Musical Director to the People's Palace), AND MR. W. R. CAVE.

SOLO PIANIST—MISS FLORENCE WAUD.

VOCALISTS:
THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.
MR. WALTER CLIFFORD (*Carl Rosa Opera Company*).

SOLO VIOLINIST—MR. W. R. CAVE.

ORGANIST:
MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (*Organist to the People's Palace*).

The Concert Grand Pianoforte by Messrs. ERARD.

1. CHORUS .. ("Surely He hath borne our griefs"
"And with His stripes" Handel.
"All we like sheep")

Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

And with His stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA.

2. DUET "Sainted Mother" Wallace.

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

Sainted mother, guide his footsteps,
Guide them at a moment sure,
Let the wicked heart then perish,
And the good remain secure.
Sainted mother, oh, befriend him,
And thy gentlest pity lend him!

3. VIOLIN SOLOS .. (a) Barcarolle Spohr.
(b) Souvenir de Sorrento Paganini.

MR. W. R. CAVE.

4. SONGS (a) "My love is come" Marzials.
(b) "To Anthea" Hatton.

MR. WALTER CLIFFORD.

(a) "My love is come."

My heart, my heart is like a singing bird,
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart, my heart is like an apple-tree,
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit.
My heart, my heart is like a rainbow shell,
That paddles in a halcyon sea.
My heart, my heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love, my love hath come to me.
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love, my love hath come to me.

Raise me a dais' of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with their hundred eyes;
Work it in leaves and silver grapes,
In gold and silver fleur-de-lys,
Because the birthday of my life has come,
Because my love, my love has come to me.
Because the birthday of my life has come,
My love has come to me, my love is come.

(b) "To Anthea."

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee;
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee;
Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see,
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under the cypress-tree!
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.
Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

5. GLEE .. "The Sea hath its Pearls" .. Pinsuti.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart hath its love.
Great are the sea and the heaven,
But greater is my love.
And brighter than pearls or stars
Flashes and beams my love.
Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart.
My heart, like the sea and the heaven,
Is melting away with love.

6. CAPRICCIO BRILLANTE (for Pianoforte and Orchestra), Op. 22—Mendelssohn.

MISS FLORENCE WAUD AND THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

7. SONG .. "Sleep, Dearest, Sleep" .. Randegger.

MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

Sleep, dearest, sleep
A slumber soft and deep,
A slumber full of pleasant dreams,
Which shed o'er thee their golden dreams.
Rest, lov'd one, rest,
May peace dwell in thy breast.
Such peace as day can never bring
Night carries on her silken wing.
Sleep, dearest, sleep,
While slow the hours creep.
They seem to linger on their way,
The coming of the morn to stay.
Sleep, dearest, sleep,
While watch I near thee keep,
To frown away each grief and care
That near thee to approach would dare.

8. MARCH .. "Prophète" .. Meyerbeer.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

9. SONG .. "I fear no Foe" .. Pinsuti.

MR. WALTER CLIFFORD.

I fear no foe in shining armour,
Though his lance be swift and keen;
But I fear and love the glamour
Thro' thy drooping lashes seen.
Be I clad in casque and tasses?
Do I perfect cuirass wear?
Love, thro' all my armour, passes
To the heart that's hidden there.

Would I fend a blow so given?
Would I raise a hand to stay?
Tho' my heart in twain be riven,
And I perish in the fray!
I fear no foe, except the glamour
Of the eyes I long to see;
I am here, love, without armour!
Strike! and captive make of me!

10. CHORUS .. "For unto us" Handel.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

11. SOLO PIANOFORTE "Valse Arabesque" Lach.

MISS FLORENCE WAUD.

12. GLEE .. "Humpty Dumpty" Caldicott.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.
They tried, but they couldn't,
They couldn't!

13. OVERTURE .. "Poet and Peasant" Supf.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA.

14. SONG "Scenes that are brightest" (Maritana) Wallace.

MISS DELVES-YATES.

Scenes that are brightest
May charm awhile,
Hearts that are lightest
And eyes that smile;
Yet o'er them, above us,
Tho' Nature beam,
With none to love us
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter
They mock the ear;
Hope will still deceive us,
With tearful cost,
For when they leave us
The heart is lost.

15. CHORUS .. "Worthy is the Lamb" Handel.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA.

THE way in which John Stuart Mill proposed to the lady who eventually become his wife is said to have been as follows:—

"I wish I had your head, Mr. Mill," remarked the lady, on an occasion when that gentleman had solved for her a knotty point.

"And I wish I had your heart," replied Mr. Mill.

"Well," said the lady, "since your head and my heart agree so well, I am willing that we should go into partnership." And such was the result.

THE most remarkable case of indecision we ever heard of was that of a man who sat up all night, because he could not determine which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

Freaks of Conscience.

A MORNING newspaper recently printed in its advertisement columns the following apology:—"If A. B., who lived at — twenty years ago, is still alive, I humbly crave his forgiveness for having wrongfully accused him of stealing his master's money a quarter of a century ago. The theft was committed by me, and that act, followed by the betrayal of my former friend, has never ceased to weigh heavily upon me. Until I have obtained his forgiveness I shall not rest.—C. D.—"

Announcements in the "Personal Agony Column" of the daily press, however innocent and genuine in appearance, are usually looked upon with well-founded suspicion as being either the secret communications of lovers who are debarred from other means of access, or the disguised warnings and advices of persons whose interests are carefully watched by the detectives.

In this case all reasonable doubts were set at rest by the appearance of full names and addresses, as well as by the early publication of a reply:—

"A. B. freely forgives the injury done to him so many years ago, and will be pleased to give personal assurance of his forgiveness to C. D. at —."

The "silent accuser" was very tardy in rousing C. D. to a proper sense of his injustice towards A. B., and his act of penitence may have been the outcome of circumstances which, if known, would diminish, if not destroy, all of its credit.

When a man who has been a fugitive from the law is captured, he almost invariably declares that he is glad of his arrest, and that he was on the point of giving himself up to the police.

Inquiry, however, seldom fails to prove, as in a late notorious case, that so long as the fugitive can eke out an existence either honestly or by crime, he rarely thinks of handing himself over to justice.

Constant readers of newspapers may have observed that a curious epidemic of conscience often follows the commission of a great crime.

Men, and even women, hasten to accuse themselves of the particular offence which is exciting public interest, or of similar crimes that have never come to light or have been forgotten.

The police are often compelled to investigate confessions made under the influence of drink or of a morbid imagination. Not long ago a large field in the neighbourhood of London was dug up in the expectation of discovering the skeleton of a farmer who disappeared mysteriously thirty years before.

A sailor declared that he had murdered the missing man and had buried him in a meadow. No remains were discovered, but the result of the investigations made by the police led to the trial and conviction of the sailor for a murder committed by him a few weeks previous to his false confession.

This infection of conscience is strangely and pathetically illustrated by a story told of a magistrate before whom was brought a man charged with robbing and murdering his master.

The facts were simple. The murderer was wretchedly poor; the murdered man was rich. Robbery, and not murder, was at first intended, but the darker crime was found necessary to hide the other.

The murderer escaped, established himself in a distant part of the country, and led a prosperous and respectable life until proof trod upon the heels of suspicion and tripped him up into the arms of the law.

The magistrate, a man of whose early life nothing was known in the district where he had risen to honour and wealth, listened with breathless interest. As the details of the crime and discovery were unfolded he grew pale, and seemed to be stricken with a sudden disease.

Rising at last, he quitted the judgment seat, and, placing himself by the side of the prisoner at the bar, confessed that he, too, had laid the foundation of his present position in the blood of his master. He was hanged.

JACK wanted to convince his old-fashioned uncle that a bicycle was a practical and useful machine, and to that end offered to carry a basket of eggs home for him. Poor Jack met with a "header," but was consoled by his uncle, who said:—

"It ain't a success fur carrying eggs, Jack, but it makes an omelette fust-rate."

The Italian Banditti.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Concluded from page 302.)

HER father brought home a suitor for her, a rich farmer, from a neighbouring town. The wedding day was appointed, and preparations were making. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought she looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market-place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stiletto and stabbed him to the heart, and fled to a neighbouring town for refuge.

At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known me from boyhood; and hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enrol myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of taking to this mode of life, having known several brave fellows of the mountains who used to spend their money freely among us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meeting, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop. We were for some time in a distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts. At length they returned with all their violence to the recollection of Rosetta; the solitude in which I often found myself gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch at night over our sleeping camp on the mountains, my feelings have been aroused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody mountains, which rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked down upon the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have an interview with her;—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and when I looked upon the women who were associated with some of our troop, I could not have borne the thoughts of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her; the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

It is about three weeks since I persuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of Frosinone, in hopes of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to a ransom. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quietly from my companions, and drew near to reconnoitre the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's; it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white. I advanced secretly and without noise, until, putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing shriek, but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her mouth, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the frenzy of my passion; offered to renounce my mode of life; to put my fate in her hands; to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love, horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly from my grasp, and filled the air with her cries.

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given any thing at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her; and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that according to the laws of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to choose between obedience and death. I surrendered her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was overcome by affright, and her steps were so feeble and faltering that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and assuming a forced tranquility, begged that she might be confided to me as one to whom she was more accustomed.

The captain regarded me for a moment with a searching look, but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms; she was almost senseless. Her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face, and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and yet to think it was not mine!

We arrived at the foot of the mountain. I ascended it with difficulty, particularly where the woods were thick, but I could not relinquish my delicious burthen. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do so. The thoughts that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my rude companions maddened me. I felt tempted, the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea before I saw its rashness; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavoured to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a little distance ahead, in case any favourable opportunity of escape should present itself. Vain effort! The voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt. I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but was without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on me a terrible look of suspicion, and ordered me to scour the woods with my companions in search of some shepherd who might be sent to her father's to demand a ransom.

I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was certain death; but to leave her alone, in the power of the captain! I spoke out then with a fervour, inspired by my passion and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her; that she was my prize; and that my previous attachment for her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her, otherwise I should refuse obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades did the same. They laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do? I felt the madness of resistance. I was menaced on all hands, and my companions obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief,—yes, alone—and almost lifeless!

Here the robber paused in his recital, overpowered by his emotions. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he panted rather than breathed; his brawny bosom rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. When he had become a little calm, he continued his recital.

I was not long in finding a shepherd, said he. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one half the distance I had made. I hurried them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta.

It was with extreme difficulty and by guiding her hand that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was despatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me: "You have set an example," said he, "of mutiny and self-will, which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troop. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain. But you are an old friend; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a foolish passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course." So saying, he gave his commands: lots were drawn, and the helpless girl was abandoned to the troop.

Here the robber paused again, panting with fury, and it was some moments before he could resume his story.

Hell, said he, was raging in my heart. I beheld the impossibility of avenging myself; and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place; I threw myself upon the earth; tore up the grass with my hands, and beat my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered. An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fiercer feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd which was filled with wine, and applying it to her lips, endeavoured to make her swallow a little. To what a condition was she reduced! she, whom I had once seen the pride of Frosinone: who but a short time before I had beheld sporting in her father's vineyard so fresh and beautiful, and happy! Her teeth were clenched! her eyes fixed on the ground; her form without motion, and in a state of absolute insensibility. I hung over her in an agony o-

recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish at what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel; and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go upon the ridge of the woods, to keep a look-out over the neighbourhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, stifling the fury that raged within me, though I felt, for the moment, that he was my deadly foe.

On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. I perceived that the captain was but following with strictness the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity; that the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have been fatal to me but for his forbearance; that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precautions, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the shepherd at a distance, crossing the plain. I hastened to meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunged in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly, "My daughter has been dishonoured by those wretches; let her be returned without ransom or let her die!"

I shuddered at this reply. I knew, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable. Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her executioner.

The robber again paused with agitation. I sat musing upon his last frightful words, which proved to what excess the passions may be carried when escaped from all moral restraint. There was a horrible verity in this story that reminded me of some of the tragic fictions of Dante.

We now came to a fatal moment, resumed the bandit. After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his lips the refusal of the father. At a signal, which we all understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order, but I interfered. I observed that there was something due to pity as well as to justice; that I was as ready as any one to approve the implacable law, which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransoms demanded for our prisoners; but that though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. The night is approaching, continued I; she will soon be wrapt in sleep; let her then be despatched. All I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but more tenderly than another. Several raised their voices against my proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into a thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

I hastened to seize upon my prey. There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poignard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by procrastination, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my poignard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So perished this unfortunate!

He ceased to speak. I sat, horror-struck, covering my face with my hands, seeking, as it were, to hide from myself the frightful images he had presented to my mind. I was roused from this silence by the voice of the captain: "You sleep," said he, "and it is time to be off. Come, we must abandon this height, as night is setting in, and the messenger is not returned. I will post some one on the mountain edge to conduct him to the place where we shall pass the night."

This was no agreeable news to me. I was sick at heart with the dismal story I had heard. I was harassed and fatigued, and the sight of the banditti began to grow insupportable to me.

The captain assembled his comrades. We rapidly descended the forest which we had mounted with so much difficulty in the morning, and soon arrived in what appeared to be a frequented road. The robbers proceeded with great caution, carrying their guns cocked, and looking on every side with wary and suspicious eyes. They were apprehensive of encountering the civic patrol. We left Rocca Priori behind us. There was a fountain near by, and as I was excessively thirsty, I begged permission to stop and drink. The captain himself went and brought me water in his hat. We pursued our route, when at the extremity of an alley which crossed the road, I perceived a female on horseback, dressed in white. She was alone. I recollected the fate of the poor girl in the story, and trembled for her safety.

One of the brigands saw her at the same instant, and plunging into the bushes, he ran precipitately in the direction towards her. Stopping on the border of the alley, he put one knee to the ground, presented his carbine ready to menace her, or to shoot her horse if she attempted to fly, and in this way awaited her approach. I kept my eyes fixed on her with intense anxiety. I felt tempted to shout and warn her of her danger, though my own destruction would have been the consequence. It was awful to see this tiger crouching ready for a bound, and the poor innocent victim wandering unconsciously near him. Nothing but a mere chance could save her. To my joy, the chance turned in her favour. She seemed almost accidentally to take an opposite path, which led outside of the wood, where the robber dared not venture. To this casual deviation she owed her safety.

I could not imagine why the captain of the band had ventured to such a distance from the height on which he had placed the sentinel to watch the return of the messenger. He seemed himself uneasy at the risk to which he exposed himself. His movements were rapid and uneasy; I could scarce keep pace with him. At length, after three hours of what might be termed a forced march, we mounted the extremity of the same woods, the summit of which we had occupied during the day; and I learnt with satisfaction that we had reached our quarters for the night. "You must be fatigued," said the chieftain; "but it was necessary to survey the environs, so as not to be surprised during the night. Had we met with the famous civic guard of Rocca Priori, you would have seen fine sport." Such was the indefatigable precaution and forethought of this robber chief, who really gave continual evidences of military talent.

The night was magnificent. The moon rising above the horizon, in a cloudless sky, faintly lit up the grand features of the mountain; while lights twinkling here and there, like terrestrial stars, in the wide dusky expanse of the landscape, betrayed the lonely cabins of the shepherds. Exhausted by fatigue, and by the many agitations I had experienced, I prepared to sleep, soothed by the hope of approaching deliverance. The captain ordered his companions to collect some dry moss; he arranged with his own hands a kind of mattress and pillow of it, and gave me his ample mantle as a covering. I could not but feel both surprised and gratified by such unexpected attentions on the part of this benevolent cut-throat; for there is nothing more striking than to find the ordinary charities, which are matters of course in common life, flourishing by the side of such stern and sterile crime. It is like finding the tender flowers and fresh herbage of the valley growing among the rocks and cinders of the volcano.

Before I fell asleep I had some further discourse with the captain, who seemed to feel great confidence in me. He referred to our previous conversation of the morning; told me he was weary of his hazardous profession; that he had acquired sufficient property, and was anxious to return to the world, and lead a peaceful life in the bosom of his family. He wished to know whether it was not in my power to procure for him a passport for the United States of America. I applauded his good intentions, and promised to do everything in my power to promote its success. We then parted for the night. I stretched myself upon my couch of moss, which, after my fatigues, felt like a bed of down; and, sheltered by the robber mantle from all humidity, I slept soundly, without waking, until the signal to arise.

It was nearly six o'clock, and the day was just dawning. As the place where we had passed the night was too much exposed, we moved up into the thickness of the woods. A fire was kindled. While there was any flame, the mantles were again extended round it; but when nothing remained but glowing cinders, they were lowered, and the robbers seated themselves in a circle.

The scene before me reminded me of some of those described by Homer. There wanted only the victim on the coals, and the sacred knife to cut off the succulent parts; and distribute them around. My companions might have rivalled the grim warriors of Greece. In place of the noble repasts, however,

of Achilles and Agamemnon, I beheld displayed on the grass the remains of the ham which had sustained so vigorous an attack on the preceding evening, accompanied by the reliques of the bread, cheese, and wine. We had scarcely commenced our frugal breakfast, when I heard again an imitation of the bleating of sheep, similar to what I had heard the day before. The captain answered it in the same tone. Two men were soon after seen descending from the woody height where we had passed the preceding evening. On nearer approach, they proved to be the sentinel and the messenger. The captain rose, and went to meet them. He made a signal for his comrades to join him. They had a short conference, and then returning to me with eagerness, "Your ransom is paid," said he; "you are free!"

Though I had anticipated deliverance, I cannot tell you what a rush of delight these tidings gave me. I cared not to finish my repast, but prepared to depart. The captain took me by the hand, requested permission to write to me, and begged me not to forget the passport. I replied that I hoped to be of effectual service to him, and that I relied on his honour to return the prince's note for five hundred dollars now that the cash was paid. He regarded me for a moment with surprise, then seeming to recollect himself, "*E giusto*," said he, "*eccolo—adio!*" He delivered me the note, pressed my hand once more, and we separated. The labourers were permitted to follow me, and we resumed, with joy, our road towards Tusculum.

The Frenchman ceased to speak. The party continued, or a few moments, to pace the shore in silence. The story had made a deep impression, particularly on the Venetian lady. At that part which related to the young girl of Frosinone she was violently affected. Sobs broke from her, she clung closer to her husband, and as she looked up to him as for protection, the moonbeams shining on her beautifully fair countenance, showed it paler than usual, while tears glittered in her fine dark eyes.

"*Corragio, mia vita!*" said he, as he gently and fondly tapped the white hand that lay upon his arm.

The party now returned to the inn, and separated for the night. The fair Venetian, though of the sweetest temperament, was half out of humour with the Englishman for a certain slowness of faith which he had evinced throughout the whole evening. She could not understand this dislike to "humbag," as he termed it, which held a kind of sway over him, and seemed to control his opinions and his very actions.

"I'll warrant," said she to her husband, as they retired for the night, "I'll warrant, with all his affected indifference, this Englishman's heart would quake at the very sight of a bandit."

Her husband gently and good-humouredly checked her. "I have no patience with these Englishmen," said she, as she got into bed—"they are so cold and insensible!"

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENGLISHMAN.

In the morning all was bustle in the inn at Terracina. The procaccio had departed at day-break on its route towards Rome, but the Englishman was yet to start, and the departure of an English equipage is always enough to keep an inn in a bustle. On this occasion there was more than usual stir, for the Englishman, having much property about him, and having been convinced of the real danger of the road, had applied to the police, and obtained, by dint of liberal pay, an escort of eight dragoons and twelve foot soldiers, as far as Fondi. Perhaps, too, there might have been a little ostentation at bottom, though, to say the truth, he had nothing of it in his manner. He moved about, taciturn and reserved as usual, among the gaping crowd; gave laconic orders to John, as he packed away the thousand and one indispensable conveniences of the night; double-loaded his pistols with great *sang froid*, and deposited them in the pockets of the carriage, taking no notice of a pair of keen eyes gazing on him from among the herd of loitering idlers.

The fair Venetian now came up with a request, made in her dulcet tones, that he would permit their carriage to proceed under protection of his escort. The Englishman, who was busy loading another pair of pistols for his servant, and held the ramrod between his teeth, nodded ascent, as a matter of course, but without lifting up his eyes. The fair Venetian was a little piqued at what she supposed indifference:—"O Dio!" ejaculated she softly as she retired, "Quanto sono insensibili questi Inglesi."

At length, off they set in gallant style: the eight dragoons prancing in front, the twelve foot soldiers marching in rear, and the carriage moving slowly in the centre to enable the

It is just—there it is—adio

infantry to keep pace with them. They had proceeded but a few hundred yards when it was discovered that some indispensable article had been left behind. In fact, the Englishman's purse was missing, and John was despatched to the inn to search for it. This occasioned a little delay, and the carriage of the Venetians drove slowly on. John came back out of breath and out of humour. The purse was not to be found. His master was irritated: he recollected the very place where it lay: he had not a doubt that the Italian servant had pocketed it. John was again sent back. He returned once more without the purse, but with the landlord and the whole household at his heels. A thousand ejaculations and protestations, accompanied by all sorts of grimaces and contortions. "No purse had been seen—his excellenza must be mistaken."

"No—his excellenza was not mistaken—the purse lay on the marble table, under the mirror, a green purse, half full of gold and silver." Again a thousand grimaces and contortions, and vows by San Gennaro that no purse of the kind had been seen.

The Englishman became furious. "The waiter had pocketed it—the landlord was a knave—the inn a den of thieves—it was a vile country—he had been cheated and plundered from one end of it to the other—but he'd have satisfaction—he'd drive right off to the police."

He was on the point of ordering the postillions to turn back, when, on rising, he displaced the cushion of the carriage, and the purse of money fell chinking to the floor.

All the blood in his body seemed to rush into his face—"Curse the purse!" said he, as he snatched it up. He dashed a handful of money on the ground before the pale cringing waiter.—"There—be off!" cried he. "John, order the postillions to drive on."

Above half an hour had been exhausted in this altercation. The Venetian carriage had loitered along; its passengers looking out from time to time, and expecting the escort every moment to follow. They had gradually turned an angle of the road that shut them out of sight. The little army was again in motion, and made a very picturesque appearance as it wound along at the bottom of the rocks; the morning sunshine beaming upon the weapons of the soldiery.

The Englishman lolled back in his carriage, vexed with himself at what had passed, and consequently out of humour with all the world. As this, however, is no uncommon case with gentlemen who travel for their pleasure, it is hardly worthy of remark. They had wound up from the coast among the hills, and came to a part of the road that admitted of some prospect ahead.

"I see nothing of the lady's carriage, sir," said John, leaning down from the coach-box.

"Pish!" said the Englishman, testily—"don't plague me about the lady's carriage; must I be continually pestered with the concerns of strangers?" John said not another word, for he understood his master's mood.

The road grew more wild and lonely; they were slowly proceeding on a foot pace up a hill; the dragoons were some distance ahead, and had just reached the summit of the hill, when they uttered an exclamation, or rather shout, and galloped forward. The Englishman was roused from his sulky reverie.—He stretched his head from the carriage, which had attained the brow of the hill. Before him extended a long hollow defile, commanded on one side by rugged precipitous heights, covered with bushy and scanty forests. At some distance he beheld the carriage of the Venetian overturned; a numerous gang of desperadoes were rifling it; the young man and his servant were overpowered, and partly stripped, and the lady was in the hands of two of the ruffians. The Englishman seized his pistols, sprang from the carriage, and called upon John to follow him.

In the mean time, as the dragoons came forward, the robbers, who were busy with the carriage, quitted their spoil, formed themselves in the middle of the road, and taking a deliberate aim, fired. One of the dragoons fell, another was wounded, and the whole were for a moment checked and thrown in confusion. The robbers loaded again in an instant. The dragoons discharged their carbines, but without apparent effect. They received another volley, which, though none fell, threw them again into confusion. The robbers were loading a second time, when they saw the foot soldiers at hand.—"*Scampia via!*" was the word: they abandoned their prey, and retreated up the rocks, the soldiers after them. They fought from cliff to cliff, and bush to bush, the robbers turning every now and then to fire upon their pursuers; the soldiers scrambling after them, and discharging their muskets whenever they could get a chance. Sometimes a soldier or a robber was shot down, and came tumbling among the cliffs.

The dragoons kept firing from below, whenever a robber came in sight.

The Englishman had hastened to the scene of action, and the balls discharged at the dragoons had whistled past him as he advanced. One object, however, engrossed his attention. It was the beautiful Venetian lady in the hands of two of the robbers, who, during the confusion of the fight, carried her shrieking up the mountain. He saw her dress gleaming among the bushes, and he sprang up the rocks to intercept the robbers, as they bore off their prey. The ruggedness of the steep, and the entanglements of the bushes, delayed and impeded him. He lost sight of the lady, but was still guided by her cries, which grew fainter and fainter. They were off to the left, while the reports of muskets showed that the battle was raging to the right. At length he came upon what appeared to be a rugged footpath, faintly worn in a gully of the rocks, and beheld the ruffians at some distance hurrying the lady up the defile. One of them hearing his approach, let go his prey, advanced towards him, and levelling the carbine, which had been slung on his back, fired. The ball whizzed through the Englishman's hat, and carried with it some of his hair. He returned the fire with one of his pistols, and the robber fell. The other brigand now dropped the lady, and drawing a long pistol from his belt, fired on his adversary with deliberate aim. The ball passed between his left arm and his side, slightly wounding the arm. The Englishman advanced, and discharged his remaining pistol, which wounded the robber, but not severely.

The brigand drew a stiletto and rushed upon his adversary, who eluded the blow, receiving merely a slight wound, and defended himself with his pistol, which had a spring bayonet. They closed with one another, and a desperate struggle ensued. The robber was a square-built, thick-set man, powerful, muscular, and active. The Englishman, though of larger frame and greater strength, was less active and less accustomed to athletic exercises and feats of hardihood, but he showed himself practised and skilled in the arts of defence. They were on a craggy height, and the Englishman perceived that his antagonist was striving to press him to the edge. A side-glance showed him also the robber whom he had first wounded, scrambling up to the assistance of his comrade, stiletto in hand. He had, in fact, attained the summit of the cliff; he was within a few steps, and the Englishman felt that his case was desperate, when he heard suddenly the report of a pistol, and the ruffian fell. The shot came from John, who had arrived just in time to save his master.

The remaining robber, exhausted by loss of blood and the violence of the contest, showed signs of faltering. The Englishman pursued his advantage, pressed on him, and as his strength relaxed, dashed him headlong from the precipice. He looked after him, and saw him lying motionless among the rocks below.

The Englishman now sought the fair Venetian. He found her senseless on the ground. With his servant's assistance he bore her down to the road, where her husband was raving like one distracted. He had sought her in vain, and had given her over for lost; and when he beheld her thus brought back in safety, his joy was equally wild and ungovernable. He would have caught her insensible form to his bosom, had not the Englishman restrained him. The latter, now really aroused, displayed a true tenderness and manly gallantry which one would not have expected from his habitual phlegm. His kindness, however, was practical, not wasted in words. He despatched John to the carriage for restoratives of all kinds, and, totally thoughtless of himself, was anxious only about his lovely charge. The occasional discharge of fire-arms along the height showed that a retreating fight was still kept up by the robbers. The lady gave signs of reviving animation. The Englishman, eager to get her from this place of danger, conveyed her to his own carriage, and committing her to the care of her husband, ordered the dragoons to escort them to Fondi. The Venetian would have insisted on the Englishman getting into the carriage, but the latter refused. He poured forth a torrent of thanks and benedictions; but the Englishman beckoned to the postillions to drive on.

John now dressed his master's wounds, which were found not to be serious, though he was faint with loss of blood. The Venetian carriage had been righted, and the baggage replaced; and, getting into it, they set out on their way towards Fondi, leaving the foot-soldiers still engaged in ferreting out the banditti.

Before arriving at Fondi, the fair Venetian had completely recovered from her swoon. She made the usual question—

"Where was she?"

"In the Englishman's carriage."

"How had she escaped from the robbers?"

"The Englishman had rescued her."

Her transports were unbounded; and mingled with them were enthusiastic ejaculations of gratitude to her deliverer. A thousand times did she reproach herself for having accused him of coldness and insensibility. The moment she saw him she rushed into his arms, with the vivacity of her nation, and hung about his neck in a speechless transport of gratitude. Never was man more embarrassed by the embraces of a fine woman.

"Tut!—tut!" said the Englishman.

"You are wounded!" shrieked the fair Venetian, as she saw blood upon his clothes.

"Pooh! nothing at all!"

"My deliverer!—my angel!" exclaimed she, clasping him again round the neck, and sobbing on his bosom.

"Pish!" said the Englishman, with a good-humoured tone, but looking somewhat foolish, "this is all humbug."

The fair Venetian, however, has never since accused the English of insensibility.

Whales in the Thames.

VERY strange things are constantly occurring, and the stranger they seem, sometimes, the truer they are. A grave assertion that whales have lately disported themselves in Father Thames is almost incredible; nevertheless, this is what actually did occur on Tuesday morning last week, for which our readers may take the word of an eye-witness. Happening to be in the neighbourhood of the Chelsea Embankment on the day in question, I heard various confused murmurs, among which the words "Whales in the Thames," "You'd better say crocodiles at once," and so forth, were noticeable.

Seeing everyone rushing towards the river, I questioned a bystander, who told me that it was quite true that whales, "leastways, what seemed like whales," had been seen in the water. So, thinking I should stand a better chance of seeing the phenomena, I took the first steamboat leaving an adjacent pier, and, sure enough, between Chelsea and Battersea Bridges, there were three slimy-looking, awkward black forms, occasionally coming up to the surface, and rewarding the expectancy of their large audience by sending up jets of water from time to time.

Much burning controversy took place as to whether these queer, uncanny creatures were porpoises or whales of a small black kind, and the steamboat officials were quite busy as referees.

Conversing with one of these, I was informed gravely, "That he reckoned these here," with a jerk of the thumb, "were young whales, and had lost their way." The tide was on the ebb, running down fast, and evidently if the whales had lost their way, and become for the nonce fish out of their own water, they did their best to rectify their mistake, for on my return journey to Chelsea from Charing Cross, the boatmen and lightermen along the river were remarking upon the royal progress of the grampuses, who had then, after a lapse of thirty minutes, got as far as Blackfriars.

I was told that nothing of the sort had been seen in the Thames for twelve years, and the last queer creature of the deep was a small porpoise, not much to look at, although a small charge was made to the public for the privilege of viewing it at its last resting-place in a public-house at Cremorne! This last monster was shot and kept a long time without unpleasant consequences, and, I suppose, ultimately its hide was used for a pair of boots, the only use to which porpoise material can be put.

The boatman showed me a stalwart pair of boots made from porpoise hide, and told me it was simply invaluable for wear in wet weather or wet places, being absolutely waterproof, and very pliable and soft to the feet. Anglers should note this fact.

The movements of the three queer beasts were spasmodic, and they seemed to roll over and plunge very much. One of the three was shot at and wounded, but has not turned up yet, so we may conclude it beat a retreat to more congenial waters, where food was more attainable.

Grampus appears to be the correct name for these venturous visitors, and, after many wild conjectures, they are presumed to have been ten to fourteen feet in length.

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