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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

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

SATURDAY, 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall at 4.30, Children's Marionette Entertainment. Admission 1d. —At 7.30, Handel's Oratorio "Samson," by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra. Admission 3d.

SUNDAY, 22nd.—Library open from 3 to 10.—Organ Recitals at 12, 4, and 8.

MONDAY, 23rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall at 8, the I. D. K. Minstrels. Admission 1d., 3d. and 6d.

TUESDAY, 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In the Queen's Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hasluck's Costume Recital. Admission 2d., Students, 1d.

THURSDAY, 26th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

A COURSE of five Lectures for Men, with practical demonstrations, on "First Aid to the Injured," will commence on Monday, February 23rd, 1891, by Dr. Robert Milne, to start at 8 o'clock. Fee: 1s. the course.

Mr. OSBORN will be glad to receive, not later than the 28th February, the names of students intending to sit at the Society of Arts examination.

OUR students, I fear, need reminding that a course of Lectures in English history is now running every Wednesday. The lecturer is the Rev. T. J. Lawrence, M.A., L.L.M. Tickets for the course, 1s., or single lecture, 3d. A small library of books of reference, &c. has been purchased for the use of the students of the class.

THE I. D. K. Minstrels, whose entertainment in January last proved such a success, will favour us again on Monday next, the 23rd, for programme see page 125. Mr. and Mrs. Hasluck's programme for Wednesday next will be found on page 125, which will include selections from Macbeth, character sketches, &c.

THE examination for the students following the course of Lectures on Nursing will be held in the Lecture Hall on Wednesday next, the 25th inst., at 8 o'clock.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—The concert on Ash Wednesday was a great success. The choir was larger than usual, and the members sang well together. We hope members will try to make our next concert equally a success.—The "Ancient Mariner" is in rehearsal, and we hope to give it at an early date. We shall shortly begin to practise an opera. A few good sopranos and basses are wanted—those who can read well from either Tonic-Sol-fa or Old Notation. Intending members should apply to the Secretary or to the Conductor at any practice. Our practice nights are Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 to 10 o'clock; and the fee is 1s. 6d. per quarter. Music is provided free.

THE following are the rules of the Society as amended at the recent Committee meeting:—RULES: 1. That this Society be called the People's Palace Choral Society. 2. The qualifications for membership are ability to read music well from either staff or Tonic-Sol-fa Notation, and a voice approved by the Conductor. 3. The management of the Society is to be in the hands of the Conductor assisted by a Committee. 4. The Committee is to consist of the Librarian and Secretary of the Society, together with one member from each of the four parts—Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass, and one member to represent the sol-faists.

5. The election of the officers of the Society will take place annually in October. 6. The ordinary practice nights are Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 to 10 o'clock. 7. At each meeting registers are marked at 9 o'clock. No member coming after that hour shall be marked present. 8. To entitle members to appear at any concert, or to admission to any social meeting of the Society, they must have attended at least four times during the four weeks preceding the date of such event. 9. Any member who does not attend at least eight rehearsals during a quarter will be considered to have forfeited membership. The Conductor may suspend the action of Rules 7, 8, and 9 in cases where he thinks it advisable to do so. 10. Members are expected to provide themselves with the badge of the Society. Members are requested to be regular and punctual in their attendance. They are expected to remain till the conclusion of any practice or performance, unless it is absolutely necessary for them to leave early. To avoid disturbing the other members no one should go to, or leave his or her place whilst a piece is being sung.—J. H. THOMAS, Librarian, J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—Smoking Festivities.—Tables have been reserved for to-night at the "Forest Glen," Forest Gate, for the Palace Club. The occasion is The Carlton Rovers' Smoker.—All members of the P.P.C.C. will be welcomed at "Lake's Restaurant," Gracechurch Street, to-morrow (Saturday), especially if they bring their sisters, or some other fellow's sister. The Unity C.C. will hold a camera concert, and W. P. Flanders, of the Palace Club, will describe the pictures on the screen. The views include pictures of the Thames from the source to Barnes Bridge, as well as views of Folkestone. The P.P.C.C., 1890 Photo will also be exhibited.—On Saturday, the 28th inst., all members are invited to the Gauntlet's Smoker at the "Falstaff," Eastcheap; 7.30 p.m., is the time fixed for the chair to be taken.—The Easter tour has been fixed for Brighton. The touring party will be limited to those sending in their names to the Secretary by the 23rd inst. So, intending tourists, don't delay.—The opening run takes place on March 21st to the "Wilfred Lawson," Woodford, for tea, and then to the "Crown" at Loughton to participate in the Gleneagle's Smoker.—Weekly Motto.—"Don't lend your cycle, or you may regret it."

AJAX.

REPORT OF NATIONAL CYCLISTS' UNION, LONDON CENTRE.—A Meeting of the Committee of the above Centre was held on Thursday last, at the London Tavern, Fenchurch Street, E.C. The first important business of the evening was the election of a Chairman of Committee, and for this post Mr. R. Todd, solicitor, was unanimously chosen. For the post of Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, W. Dalton Smith, Esq., was unanimously elected; a better man could not have been chosen. The Secretary announced that 88 delegates, representing 2,202 London wheelmen, had joined the Centre, and that therefore, the Centre was entitled to send 11 representatives to the Council of the N. C. U. For the election of these eleven gentlemen a ballot took place, and the result was as follows:—Dr. Turner, 39; Dalton Smith, 39; Messrs. Bidlake, 33; Green, 27; Swindley, 26; Griffin, 23; Arnott, 23; C. Smith, 22; Britton, 22; P. C. Wilson, 21; J. Church, 20; Puckle, 18; A. J. Wilson, 17; Lockwood, 16; R. Nesbitt, 16; M. Candlish, 15; Sisley, 15; Golding, 15; Watton, 15; M. Crae, 12; Bolt, 10; J. Nesbitt, 9. For the election of a Sub-Committee of 10 to carry out the work of the Centre, another ballot was held, with the following result:—Dr. Turner, 39; Messrs. Green, 31; Bidlake, 30; Swindley, 26; P. C. Wilson, 25; J. Church, 23; R. Arnott, 23; C. A. Smith, 23; R. Knight, 22; Puckle, 22; Golding, 21; Nix, 18; Britton, 18; R. Nesbitt, 16; Blair, 16; Lockwood, 15; S. T. Browne, 12; H. Knight, 7. From the above it will be seen that the East End Clubs' representatives were successful in placing Mr. Church, of the Palace Club and Essex County Grounds, on both the Sub-Committee and N.C.U. Council. For the post of Handicapper, Messrs. H. H. Griffin and C. P. Sisley were nominated, and the ballot showed a majority of 40 in favour of the first-named. The numbers were 45 and 5. Messrs. Coleman and Powell were nominated as Timekeepers. The result of the ballot was:—Coleman 45; Powell 7. The following Championships were decided upon for 1891:—Ordinary bicycle, 1 and 5 miles; Safety bicycle, 1 and 25 miles; Tricycle, 1 and 25 miles.—JAS. BURLEY, P.P.C.C.'s Delegate.

Work and Workers Column.

From the opening of the present century until now, the British people have been making large strides in legislation for the benefit of the working classes and the amelioration of their condition, which have not been abortive. Take these figures:—In the years 1868 and 1869, 4.3 per cent. of the inhabitants of London were receiving poor-law relief; in 1890 only 2.06 per cent.—less than half! Thirty-three years ago 4.3 per cent. of the population of all England were receiving poor relief; in 1890 only 2.25 per cent.—a little more than half. Now, what do these figures mean? They mean this, that since 1866 more than one-half of the (technical) pauperism of London has been abolished, and that in a single generation nearly half of the (technical) pauperism of England has been abolished! These results have been largely due to wise legislation, and by more and wiser legislation we may yet be able to find some means of removing needless causes of pauperism and social inequality.

It is impossible to take up even a single issue of a daily paper now-a-days without finding Socialism or some closely allied subject discussed in it. This is a good sign. This class of subjects forms the great problem of the age, and must be thoroughly and comprehensively thrashed out. Wednesday's paper—the *Times* in particular—give longer or shorter details of a lecture by Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., on the "Difficulties of Socialism." Without endorsing the lecture as a whole, we cordially commend it to attention.

We are indebted to the Board of Trade for a highly interesting report on the system which is called Profit-Sharing. Various titles have been suggested from time to time in order more succinctly and accurately to describe a participation by workmen in the earnings of their employers, but somehow the one now adopted appears to have found most favour. The plan originated in France about the year 1848. It sprang out of private enterprise and foresight, and gradually obtained the adhesion in practice of over 80 firms engaged in various productive trades. It may be supposed that the voluntary surrender by an employer of a proportion of the margin accruing to him out of his business signifies so much loss to himself and gain to his servants. But those who have had most experience declare that there is no loss—workmanship, a diminished expense of superintendence, greater stability in the staff and increased skill, and co-operation amongst workmen and managers, through the stimulus of direct personal interest. So that, as a matter of fact, a successful profit-sharing arrangement produces that additional revenue its conditions demand.

There are various ways in which the partnership is carried on. In some instances it takes the shape of a bonus to the hands each year, as in the preserve factory of Mr. Hartley at Aintree, and the Fiat Iron Foundry at Paris. It is the simplest form of the system, and in certain cases is perhaps the most desirable. There is also the plan of the provident fund, which excellent examples are furnished by the Paris firms of Debray and Co. and the General Assurance Company, and the London firm of Cassell & Co. Percentages of profits are set aside for the provision of pensions, and we learn that in the assurance company each *employé* has a sum placed to his credit equal to about a third of his salary.

PERHAPS, however, the most remarkable of all schemes of industrial improvement comes under the head of the stock-creating system. M. Godin, the founder of a large ironworks at Guise, found the place a primitive village, with no other advantage than a cheap and contiguous coal supply. In order to train and discipline the labour available, he was obliged to assume functions and relations not usually necessary. "Out of a squalid, ignorant peasantry he has produced an industrial community with the discipline of a regiment and the commercial alertness of the market place." From an early date M. Godin tried the effect of profit-sharing, and ultimately he adopted that form which consists of assigning stock in the business to the amount of the profits accruing to the workmen. By this means the workers will at length become the proprietors. There were 961 of them holding shares in 1888, and each year sees additions made to their ranks. Two English houses have made equally encouraging experiments in the stock system.

The fourth form of profit-sharing is described for convenience as cash payment. It has one advantage peculiar to it, viz., that it gives no individual such an interest in the business as would prevent him from going elsewhere to improve his position. However, to sum up, sufficient has been said to show that in many departments of industry, and under very varying circumstances, it is perfectly feasible to take the workers into some kind of partnership, which, no matter what it nominally costs, usually yields a full equivalent in return.

WHEN a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it, and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things.

LABOUR is life; successful labour is life and gladness; and successful labour, with high aims and just objects, brings the fullest, truest and happiest life than can be lived upon the earth.

THE three things most difficult to do, are,—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

Popular Science Jottings.

MANY people are convinced that the moon influences the weather, but there exists in reality no scientific proof warranting such an assumption. Certainly, a change of the moon may sometimes be accompanied by change of weather, and this, no doubt, led people who are always anxious to put cause and effect together to enlapse this old-world fallacy. In all such cases the instances which go to prove the cherished theory are recorded, but those disproving it are not recorded. The most careful observations in recent times, extending over a long period, tend to show that the influence of the moon on the weather is very small. In fact, the moon exercises so little influence on either the barometer, rain, or wind, that it is impossible with the instruments at our disposal to demonstrate any such within a period of twenty years. In spite of this nobody denies that the moon exercises some influence on the atmosphere, similar to that exercised on the sea, but in the former case the influence is far less than in the latter. The change in the weather to be predicted from this influence is so small that the barometer, from careful observations, has only shown a variation of two hundred parts of a millimetre. It may naturally be asked how it is that the moon, which has such a tremendous influence on the sea, leaves the mobile air untouched; but on reflection the answer is simple enough—viz., that it is due to the difference in their physical nature. For the very reason that the air is so easily set in motion, an aerial wave caused by the attraction of the moon will be unable to sustain itself long or with any great force in a given direction. The atmosphere being very expansive, the equilibrium will soon be restored; moreover, whatever influence the moon exercises on the air, such influence is always gradual, not violent. In fact, whatever the popular belief may be on this point, scientific research does not endorse it.

From time immemorial stories have been told in which snakes and other reptiles have been credited with the possession of a precious jewel. One species of hooded cobra in Ceylon has long been regarded with special fear and veneration by the natives, in consequence of its being said to possess a luminous stone which it carries in its mouth, and occasionally drops on the ground, when the body of the cobra is swayed to and fro before the stone, as if fascinated by its light. The existence of the Naja-Kallu, or "cobra stone," has been confirmed by Professor Hensoldt, who, in a recent article in *Harper's Magazine*, attempts to solve the mystery. The stone is found to be a rounded pebble of chlorophane, which, when warmed, emits a greenish phosphorescent light resembling that produced by the female *lampyris* or fire-fly. Lying in the dry river gravel, the cobra would be attracted by the "glow" of the pebble, and would soon notice that fire-flies (which form part of its food) were more easily captured in the vicinity of the shining stone. In course of time success in capturing food would depend upon possession of this stone, which the cobra would then prize as a treasure to prevent another snake from securing it. This practice would eventually become an inherited instinct among the cobras of Ceylon.

TELEPHONE service between Paris and London will in all probability be commenced about March 2nd or 3rd next. The tariff in Paris is fixed at 10 fr. for three minutes' conversation, and it is anticipated that, owing to the demands of the public, notwithstanding the high price of communication, another wire will have to be put down. Should this be done there will be a consequent diminution of the charges. No special privileges or permission to subscribe to the service will be accorded to anyone. M. Jules Roche, Minister of Commerce, in the meantime has decided to extend the telephonic communication between Paris and the principal Norman towns.

TALKING of telephones reminds one of the giant strides made in electrical science during the past decade; indeed, so far as the section devoted to electric-lighting is concerned, it is very difficult, now, to lay hands upon machines or instruments anything like ten years old. It is now suggested that the industry is of sufficient importance to have a museum of its own, and that the proper *habitat* for this is the Institute of Electrical Engineers, that being perhaps the only suitable place for the reception of the contributions, which will, undoubtedly, be forthcoming from far and near, if the Council take up the matter energetically. The suggestion is a good one, and deserves every consideration. At all events, can we doubt that there is a marvellous future before this wonderful agent—electricity, which unites the qualities of the ancient Hermes and Proteus? Can we question that it will be used in every walk of life, in a thousand unimaginable ways? The day is coming when the world will be endowed, not only with sensory, but with motor nerves, and when this higher stage of material organisation has been reached, we may expect the political and social state of human life to be exalted with it.

It is believed that there are traces in the animal kingdom of a law that fixes the extreme duration of life at five times that of growth. This latter period in man may be said to average 21 years; hence the full span of a perfectly healthy man's life should range from 100 to 105 years. As, however, none are born perfectly free from taint, the expectation of life varies greatly. Every human being starts on his life's journey with a certain life force, or, in other words, like a clock, he is constructed to run a certain time under given conditions. The duration of life may be approximately found by adding together the ages at death of the parents and four grandparents, and dividing by six. If the result be over 60, one year may be added for every five; if under, one year subtracted in like manner. No reason is known why when a certain balance is reached, and maturity arrived at, it should not be maintained for ever, especially as our machinery is all self-repairing.

Woman's World.

CHARLOTTE YONGE has been looking back over forty years, and she tells us what changes she has seen wrought in the position of English girls. Speaking of the earlier period, "In those days," she writes, "girls could not walk in London unattended, could not go in a carriage used by anyone above the rank of a labourer. As to university training, hospital nursing, public speaking, these were all as much out of reach as commanding a ship. The Sunday-school, clothing clubs, and cottage visiting were, in those past days, almost the only forms of dealing with the poor open to ladies, and everyone fought for her own hand, and had to form her own system, untested, except by remote, often unknown, results."

Now everything is organised; a great network of associations cross one another, and the work in each department, although voluntary, is directed, stimulated, and tried by periodical inspection. There are societies binding efforts together and guiding them, manuals for workers, reports required. Altogether interests are more extended, life is not so entirely dependent on home, even with the quietest. The post becomes the opening into many worlds beyond our immediate surroundings, and there is a general expansion of life."

To what cause is all this change to be attributed? Miss Yonge thinks that freedom of locomotion and rapidity of communication have made an enormous difference in all our lives; but it has come so insensibly that we hardly realise it. It has rendered our women and girls far more independent, and given openings for usefulness, and likewise for amusement, of which our mistresses never dream, or would have looked on with horror as unfeminine. Many further developments are now open to those whose first youth is past, for which they may well be thankful, and to which they can devote time and trained knowledge, in the official work of such societies, in nursing, inspection of refuges, night schools, and even public speaking in women's societies, besides hand training and the like.

IN Germany 5,500,000 women earn their living by industrial pursuits, in England 4,000,000, in France 3,750,000, in Austro-Hungary about the same, and in America, including all occupations, over 2,700,000. This does not look as though women were helpless creatures.

A NEW co-operative enterprise is reported from New York in the shape of a "Children's Dressmaking Company," instituted and worked by girls. With a capital of £400, and fifteen girls, all members of working girls' clubs, to work it, the company has scored such a success as to carry it beyond the limits of an experiment. The patronage of Miss Virginia Potter, daughter of the Bishop of New York, and of the circle in which she moves, counts of course for a great deal. The work is of the highest style, and only in fine materials. The girls make a ten hours' day. At twelve o'clock the dresses are put away, the table spread with a fair white cloth and pretty china, and an appetising lunch is served from the dining kitchen. Hot tea, soup with bread, &c., are produced for 33d. or 4d. a week for each girl, because managed on the co-operative plan. Each girl takes her turn in providing some dainty, such as a piece of cake, or some fruit, or a tart. At four o'clock tea is provided at the company's expense. There are no fines and no rules.

The first gymnasium or college for women in Rome is to be opened on April 1, 1891, in accordance with the order of the Culti Minister Boselli. The grade of the new institution is to be that of the technical schools, and the object is to enable young women to prepare themselves to enter the universities.

WHAT is it to be a child?—is a question which an American writer has been trying to answer. He thinks it is to be as intelligent as grown people are, but to be at such a disadvantage as an advanced inhabitant from Mars would be to visit our planet—ignorant of our laws and customs, which he learns more slowly, as they seem to him often quite senseless and disconnected; ignorant of the future, and its possibilities; ignorant even of his own powers in this strange surrounding, and shut within the limit of his vision and imagination, for he has no maps of the world beyond the place where he finds himself. This it is to be a child; and, besides this, it is to be a creature of infinite sensitiveness and susceptibility, to have affections of overpowering fervour, and faith in those who are his rulers. This it is to be a child; and, besides this, to have a capacity for suffering that those hardened with the world's experience have often forgotten that they too once possessed, and with this power of suffering an incapacity for self-defence, a helplessness that makes the thoughtful earnestly remember the words of the great child-lover, Christ:—"Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and that he were cast into the uttermost depths of the sea."

MEN are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—*Goethe.*

A MAN should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage; people may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered and brought up against him on some subsequent occasion.—*Johnson.*

Taking up Carpets.

THE annual ceremony of taking up and whipping and putting down carpets is upon us. It is one of the evils which flesh is heir to, and cannot be avoided. You go home some pleasant spring day, at peace with the world, and find the baby with a clean face, and get your favourite pudding for dinner. Then your wife tells you how much younger you are looking, and says she really hopes she can turn that walking-dress she wore last fall and save the expense of a new suit, and then she asks you if you can't just help her about taking up the carpet.

Then she gets a saucer for the tacks and stands and holds it, and you get the claw and go down on your knees and begin to help her, and you feel quite economical about the first three tacks, and take them out carefully and put them in the saucer. Your wife is good about holding the saucer, and she regulates you with an interesting story about how your neighbour's little boy is not expected to live till morning.

Then you come to the tack with a crooked head, and you get the claw under, and the head comes off, and the leather comes off, and the carpet comes off, and as it won't do to leave the tack in the floor, because it will tear the carpet when it is put down, you go to work and skin your knuckle, and get a silver under the thumb-nail, and tell your wife to shut up about that everlasting boy, and make up your mind that it does not make any difference about that tack; and so you begin on the corner where the carpet is doubled two or three times and has been nailed down with a shingle nail.

You don't care a continental about saving the nail, because you find that it is not a good time for the practice of economy; but you do feel a little hurt when both claws break off from the claw, and the nail does not budge a peg. Then your manhood asserts itself, and you arise in your might and throw the carpet claw at the dog, and get hold of the carpet with both hands, and the air is full of dust and flying tacks, and there is a fringe of carpet yarn all along by the mop board, and the baby cries, and the cat goes anywhere—anywhere out of the world, and your wife says you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so,—but that carpet comes up.

Then you lie one side of the stove, and your wife tries to get the carpet from under it, but can't because you are standing on it. So you try a new hold; and just after your back breaks the carpet is clear. You are not through yet. Your wife don't tell you any more little stories, but she gets your old coat and hangs it on you, and smothers you with the carpet, and opens the back door and shoves you out, and intimates that the carpet needs whipping.

When you hang the tormenting thing across the clothes-line in the wrong way, and get it righted, and have it slide off into the mud, and hang it up again, and get half a pint of dust and three broken tacks snapped out of the northwest corner into your mouth by the wind, you make some observation which you neglected to mention while in the house. Then you hunt up a stick and go for the carpet. The first blow hides the sun and all the fair face of nature behind a cloud, and with the wind square in your face, no matter how you stand. You find that cudgel until both hands are blistered, and the milk of human kindness curdles in your bosom.

You can whip the carpet a longer or shorter period, according to the size of your mad; it don't make any difference to the carpet; it is just as dusty and as fuzzy, and generally disagreeable after you have whipped it two hours, as it was when you commenced. Then you bundle it up, with one corner dragging, and stumble into the house, and have more trouble with the stove, and fall to find any way of using the carpet stretcher while you stand on the carpet, and fall to find any place to stand off from the carpet, and you get on your knees once more, while your wife holds the saucer, and with blind confidence hands you broken tacks, crooked tacks, tacks with no points, tacks with no heads, tacks with no leathers, tacks with the biggest end at the point.

Finally the carpet is down, and the baby comes back, and the cat comes back, and the dog comes back, and your wife smiles sweetly and says she is glad the job is off her hands.

The Land of Eternal Love.

ALONE! to land alone upon that shore

With no one sight that we have seen before.

Things of a different hue,

And the sounds all new,

And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint,

Alone! oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!

On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,

Perhaps no shape of ground,

Perhaps no sight or sound,

No forms of earth our fancies to arrange.

But to begin alone that mighty change.

Alone! the Christ we love is on that shore!

Loved not enough, yet whom we love far more

And whom we loved all through,

And with a love more true

Than other loves—yet none shall love him more—

True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore!

'Twill be as though we had been there before;

We shall meet more, we know,

Than we can meet below,

And find our rest like some returning dove,

And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!"

Canvassing on Commission.

He smiled blandly as he halted for a moment in front of the City Hall. He looked like a man who could palm off almost anything on the public at 100 cent profit, and yet leave each customer in a grateful mood. He had a tin trunk in his hand, and as he sailed down La Fayette Avenue the boys wondered whether the trunk contained tax receipts or horse liniment. The stranger halted in front of a residence, his smile deepened, and he mounted the steps and pulled the bell. "Is the lady at home?" he inquired of the girl who answered the bell.

The girl thought he was the census taker, and she seated him in the parlour and called the lady of the house. When the lady entered the stranger, rose, bowed, and said:

"Madam, I have just arrived in this town after a four extended clear down to Florida, and wherever I went I was received with glad welcome."

"Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked, as he opened the tin trunk.

"No, madam; I deal directly with the lady of the house in all cases. A woman will appreciate the virtues of my exterminator and purchase a bottle, where a man will order me off the steps without glancing at it."

"Your—your what?" she asked.

"Madam," he replied, as he placed a four-ounce phial of dark liquid on the palm of his left hand; "madam, I desire to call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It has been tried at home and abroad, and in no case has it failed to—"

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, getting very red in the face. "Leave this house instantly."

"Madam, I do not wish you to infer from my—"

"I want you to leave this house!" she shrieked.

"Madam, allow me to explain my—"

"I will call the police!" she screamed, making for the door, and he hastily locked his trunk and hurried out.

Going down the street about two blocks he saw the lady of the house at the parlor window, and instead of climbing the steps he stood under the window and politely said:

"Madam, I don't wish to even hint that any of the bedsteads in your house are infested by bedbugs, lat—"

"What! What's that?" she exclaimed.

"I said that I hadn't the remotest idea that any of the bedsteads in your house are infested by bedbugs," he replied.

"Take yourself out of this yard!" she shouted, snatching a tidy off the back of a chair and brandishing it at him.

"Beg pardon, madam, but I should like to call your—"

"Get out!" she screamed; "get out, or I'll call the gardener!"

"I will get out, madam, in I wish you understood—"

"Ja-w-n! Ja-w-n!" she shouted out of a side window, but the exterminator agent was out of the yard before John could get around the house.

He seemed discouraged as he walked down the street, but he had travelled less than a block when he saw a stout woman sitting on the front steps of a fine residence, fanning herself.

"Stout women are always good-natured," he soliloquized, as he opened the gate.

"Haven't got anything for the grasshopper sufferers?" she called out as he entered.

There was an angelic smile on his face as he approached the steps, set his trunk down, and said:

"My mission, madam, is even nobler than acting as agent for a distressed community. The grasshopper sufferers do not comprise a one-hundredth part of the world's population, while my mission is to relieve the whole world."

"I don't want any peppermint essence," she continued as he started to unlock the trunk.

"Great heavens, madam, do I resemble a peddler of cheap essences?" he exclaimed. "I am not one. I am here in Detroit to enhance the comfort of the night—to produce pleasant dreams. Let me call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator, a liquid warranted to—"

"Bed what?" she screamed, ceasing to fan her feet cheeks.

"My Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It is to-day in use in the humble negro cabins on the banks of the Arkansas, as well as in the royal palace of her Majesty Q—"

"You r-r-rascal! you villany!" she wheezed; "how dare you insult me, n—"

"No insult, madam! it is a pure matter of—"

"Leave! Get out!" she screamed, clutching at his hair, and he had to go out in such a hurry that he couldn't lock the trunk until he reached the walk.

He travelled several blocks and turned several corners before he halted again, and his smile faded away to a melancholy grin. He saw two or three ragged children at a gate, noticed that the house was old, and he braced up and entered.

"I vphants no soap," said the woman of the house as she stood in the door.

"Soap, madam, soap? I have no soap. I notice that you lived in an old house, and old houses are pretty apt to be infested—"

"I vphants no lins or needles today!" she shouted.

"Madam, I am not a peddler of Yankee notions," he replied.

"I am selling a liquid, prepared only by myself, which is warranted to—"

"I vphants no baper gollers!" she exclaimed, motioning for him to leave.

"Paper collars! I have often been mistaken for Shakespeare, madam, but never before for a paper collar peddler. Let me unlock my trunk and show—"

"I vphants no matches—no dolaco—no zigars!" she interrupted; and her husband came round the corner, and after eying the agent for a moment remarked:

"If you don't be quick out of here I shall not have any shoking about it."

At dusk last night the agent was sitting on a salt barrel in front of a commission house, and the shadows of evening were slowly deepening the melancholy look on his face.

Writing against Time.

DICKENS was right. Popular imagination does picture the popular author as a radiant personage "who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of cor-serve and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half-hour after breakfast." How erroneous an idea it is, who have any experience of literary work are sufficiently aware. Even Major Pen-dennis's views on novel-writing, modest as they are compared with those of the public at large, are quite ludicrous enough. When his weak and rather foolish nephew published his first novel, the old gentleman indulged in some very optimistic speculations. "Pen's a lucky fellow. I should think he might write one of these in a month now—say a month; that's twice in a year." Then the major proceeds to reflect that Pen may go on spinning this nonsense for the next four or five years and make a fortune. Those who, holding such views as these, are prone to see nothing extraordinary in truly remarkable instances of rapid composition might do worse than make an experiment which Mr. T. A. Trollope once suggested. That gentleman—belonging to a family of writers responsible for about 300 volumes—wished to raise a certain sum by given date. He accordingly planned, wrote, and sold a two-volume novel of the usual size in the short time of twenty-four days. The work was written, indeed, in twenty-three, for he took a whole day's holiday in the middle of the work. "I should like those who may imagine that the arduous nature of the feat. I accomplished was made less by the literary imperfection of the work to try the experiment of copying 500 post 8vo. pages in the time"—a by no means easy task; to say nothing of the labour of invention and composition. The most that Mr. Trollope did in one day was thirty-three pages, and he thinks that few men or women could continue for so many days at so high a rate of speed. In this opinion most authors will concur. Many journalists have, however, high records when it has been necessary to write against time. Leader writers, when pressed, can some of them turn out a column article in an hour—a brain-bubbling rate. Mr. William Black was noted in his journalistic days for rapidity of production, and, indeed, he is said to have been one of the fastest writers in Fleet Street. Another well-known author who has frequently written against time is Sir Edwin Arnold. Upon one occasion he dashed off a three-column descriptive report of the very highest character in about as many hours. Striking in their way as are the instances of writing against time that have been given, they all fade into comparative insignificance when contrasted with the extraordinary feats of an American novelist known as "Ned Buntline," whose rate of production, when working under pressure, was, it is said, unexampled, even by Scott, Alexandre Dumas, or Anthony Trollope. He was the author of between three and four hundred novels and sketches. Once he earned in six weeks the sum of £2,300. That, as they say in certain parts, is "something like." It almost realises popular belief as regards the rapidity with which any author worth his salt can earn money.—From Cassell's Saturday Journal for February.

It is reasonable to suppose, that when a young lady offers to hem cambric handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order that she may keep?

A GENTLEMAN travelling, was endeavouring to impress an argument upon a fellow passenger, who was rather dull of comprehension. At length being irritated, he exclaimed: "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C"

"That may be," replied the other, "but I am D E F."

A WIT asked Lord Lennox on the failure of Sir John Paul's bank: "Were you not upset?" "No," he replied, "I only lost my balance."

A SHOEMAKER was taken up for bigamy. "Which wife," asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?" "He is a cobbler," replied another, "and of course must stick to the last."

A MARRIED woman said to her husband: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," replied he, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."

A PROSRY tedious congressman said to Henry Clay: "You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied Clay, "and it seems you are resolved to speak until your audience arrives."

A COLLEGE student, in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted: "To charity, fifty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Bible Reading.

(Notes of a Recent Address.)

The Archbishop took his text from 2 Peter, i. 21, "Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," though later on in his discourse he called special attention to the various readings in certain ancient manuscripts which had led the revisers to substitute *Apoc Hagios*, and to read the passage, "Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost." His subject was really "How to Read the Bible." It was a much more difficult matter than many might think to read the Bible properly. The busy men present wished to spend their minutes wisely; and, when they had read half a chapter which did not seem to have much to do with them, they were in danger of finding it dry and giving up the habit altogether. He believed that this resulted from the fact that they did not know how to read the Bible. He felt that if they really knew how to read it, they would find it increasingly interesting. On the other hand, if they read it in the wrong manner, they might find many strange things in the Bible which were incomprehensible to them, and which, consequently, might be a stumbling-block. Anyone might go into the British Museum and see very strange figures—men with lion's heads, lions with the horns of a bull, and many very remarkable carvings and paintings. If they were ignorant, and very foolish, they would laugh at these strange relics of antiquity. If they were wise they would see how much care had been taken in making them in the first place, and they would feel that if they did not understand them, others did, and that they had a meaning.

The first hindrance to reading the Bible well was to regard it as a book. It was really a library, containing works by Poets, Statesmen, Philosophers, Historians, and Theologians. It was a collection of books, written at dates extending from 1500 B.C. to nearly the close of the first century. It stopped being written when the need for further books was completed, and not before. He wished to ask if any of them would go to a shelf in a library, on which were books written by "all sorts and conditions of men," and pull down volume after volume and read a few words in each, with the idea that each few words must do him good, even though he knew nothing of the conditions under which each book was written. But that was the way in which many people read the Bible. They took a few words from a poet, and a few from a statesman, and a few from a historian, and a few from a philosopher, and expected this indiscriminate study to do them a great deal of good. If they were to study this library properly, they must get maps, pictures, histories, chronological tables, and everything else that would throw a ray of light upon the studies they were pursuing in such a way that they would get a thorough knowledge of the outside of the books, of its connections in history and geography, and this would help them to understand the inside.

The Archbishop then called the special attention of his audience to the fact that the emphatic word in this passage was "men." S. Peter laid great stress on the humanity of these books. They were spoken by men. This gave them a very good reason for studying everything that bore upon the books, for cultivating the faculty of criticism with respect to them. The more they knew about the outward human skill of the library, the more they would realize that they were written by men who were moved by the Holy Spirit. S. Paul himself challenged criticism. He said, "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say." They must learn to regard scriptural characters as equally human with themselves. They must seek to clothe again with flesh and blood the men who wrote those pages. He would put it all in a double rule-of-three sum. Let them say when they read passages in the Scriptures, "Now, such-and-such a thing was said to so-and-so and meant so-much to them—what is the meaning to me in my circumstances?" The solving of this double-rule-of-three problem would well repay the trouble.

The Archbishop then proceeded to speak very plainly with respect to the evil of teaching a superstitious importance to isolated texts of Scripture. He warned them against picking out a single passage and saying, "Now, that single passage is spoken to me just as it stands." Let them see what was the original intent of the passage, and then seek its bearing on their lives. Any other study would be mere superstition. When they had carefully read the Bible for some time in this way, they would arrive at what he would call the "point of view" of the Bible, and here they were met by one of its most remarkable features. Though it was written by so many men, its point of view was always the same. The Holy Spirit breathed through all its pages. The same Spirit which moved Isaiah to his utterances would help everyone of them in their life's work. This was the only library in the world of which they could say this. When they turned to the old classical writers, Homer, Virgil, and others, they found that their point of view differed entirely from that of the sacred books. The idea of sin was altogether absent from all early writings outside the Scriptures. They found, also, that the conception of morality got higher and higher as the pages of the Bible were read forward from the Old to the New Testament. There was a gradual and steady advance from precepts to principles. When that step had been reached the library was finished. It was their duty to form in the world a society which would live and be sustained by that Spirit which spoke through all the writers of that wonderful library of books which men called the Bible.

MEN resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.—Cicero.

The Rejected of Men.

Mark viii. 31-33.

It is remarkable that our Lord chose the hour when He first received from His disciples a full and formal acknowledgment of His Messiahship and Divinity as the hour when He made the first explicit statement regarding the end of His earthly ministry—His death and His resurrection. The kingdom of the Messiah should be through the humiliation, suffering and death of its Founder and King. This great and most significant truth was here—

I. FORETOLD.—That the Son of Man should foresee and accept a doom of suffering was contrary to all ordinary human notions. Jesus had suffered much during His ministry through His sympathy with human privations and woe, and through His sensitiveness to human misrepresentations and rebuffs. But this was only the beginning of sorrows; "many tribulations" were to follow before His latter cup should be filled. The Lord was clear and explicit concerning the agency by which He should endure His anguish. He referred it to the religious leaders of His own nation. He had already experienced some foretaste of their malice and hatred; He knew that "woe remained behind." In fact, He foretold a "violent end to His life. That the Messiah should "be killed" was indeed a paradox; yet Jesus knew that it should be so, and on several occasions, of which this seems the first, informed His friends of the fact which He foresaw. At the same time He told them of the resurrection which should follow, tidings by which their minds seemed to have been more fully convinced.

II. RESENTED.—Is it strange that Peter, who had just been the spokesman of the rest in confessing Christ's Divinity, should be the foremost in resenting the announcement of His approaching humiliation? Perhaps this was natural. The rebuke which Peter was forward enough to convey was indeed the result of his love; he thought too loftily and too warmly of his Master to endure the prospect of His agony and shame. Such a prospect seemed to him in contradiction to the nature and character just attributed to Jesus, just accepted by him as truly His.

III. VINDICATED.—Peter was no sooner praised than he was blamed. He, who just now was the Rock, had become Satan, the adversary. The change in Christ's language to Peter is as rapid and as marked as that in Peter's attitude to Christ. It was not, however, on the Lord's part a change in personal feeling; but He wished Simon to understand that, whilst just now he had shown a true insight and had thought the thought of God Himself, now he was deceiving himself, and was thinking not divinely but humanly. He had come down to a lower level. He had yet to learn the divinity of service, the dignity of humiliation, the royalty of death, the glory of sacrifice. All this only the events of the future and the Spirit of God could teach him. Yet the lesson must be learnt; and the fact that it was not mastered was a proof how imperfect was the spiritual development, how defective the spiritual sympathy of Christ's Apostles, at this period.

APPLICATION.—See in the "rejected of men" the Accepted of God, the Lord of Life, the King of Men.

BETTER the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose, than expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all.

VENERATE old age, and love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

Nor steel nor fire itself hath power Like woman in her conquering hour. Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee, Smile, and a world is weak before thee.

I do not tremble when I meet The stoutest of my foes, But heaven defend me from the friend Who comes but never goes.

BE firm and be faithful; desert not the right, The brave are the bolder, the darker the night; Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail, Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail.—Norman McLeod.

THIS world is not so bad a world As some would wish to make it; Though whether good or whether bad Depends on how we take it.—M. W. Beck.

THE devil is credited with a great deal of mischief that the stomach is guilty of.

AN Athenian, who wanted eloquence, but who was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up and said—"Men of Athens, all that he has said I will do."

As the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a fruit of earthly growth; her gardens are the skies.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 104; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

CHAPTER V—continued.

My mind was too inflexibly logical to cast the least random and inconsistent blame upon either himself or her. In the whole unhappy affair I saw nothing except one of those perverse and cruel freaks of which destiny is alone accountable. Here was but a single episode of that torment among the millions of others by which humanity has through ages been persecuted. It represented only one of the sorrowful mysteries for which earthly philosophy has no conceivable solvent—which have flung uncounted souls upon religion as a refuge and consolation, and which have left a comparative few (shall I say that mine was among this far slighter number?) who have risen up, defiant, challenging, and untrammelled unimpeded by all pious faith, even though such antagonism meant wildly vain warfare.

Still, in these early days of gathering misery I was not completely hopeless. After all, I might be mistaken. Millicent might not be irrevocably in love with Demotte, and he, on his side, might not yet have fully persuaded himself that she would marry him on the asking. Why, then, should I altogether despair of my own chances? Demotte's tardiness in perceiving the state of my heart toward the woman whom advantage in the future struggle between us; for I had got to expect a struggle as imminent, and I meant to push my part of it in all fairness but with all vigour. And thus I took hope.

I suddenly found myself quite at fault, however, in any such speculations. There was to be no struggle. The full measure of my agony and defeat was to be dealt me by one abrupt circumstantial coup de main.

Demotte appeared in my laboratory on a certain afternoon, just as I had determined to leave off the engrossing studies and exact experiments which had occupied me since an early hour in the morning. I was faded and fatigued, but I knew of a way to refresh and fortify myself. It was a stimulant worth every elixir my chemical knowledge could point out to me, twenty times over. It was to jump in a cab and have myself driven down to Clinton Place, where the music of a voice and the magic of a smile precious beyond all other known pleasures were perhaps waiting my choice of summits.

The entrance of Demotte into the laboratory, whether he always came unannounced, gave me a sharp thrill of irritation. I had sunk listlessly into an arm-chair only a few minutes before. Rising, now, I strove to conceal the annoyance he had roused. For an instant I felt that I almost hated him; he had come at so wretchedly *malproprios* a time.

CHAPTER VI.

But he was quite unconscious of not being thoroughly welcome. "You look tired," he said, after he had taken a seat near the easy-chair into which I had again thrown myself.

"I am a little tired," was my reply.

"My dear fellow, you've been overworking again."

"I'm always overworking." I returned, with a little laugh that could not have been very jocund. "No doubt I shall always continue to do so, until . . ."

I had paused, and Demotte, with a shake of the head, murmured, "Until you make that mighty discovery, I suppose. What a worshipper of science you are! I was talking about you hardly an hour ago."

"Talking about me?" I queried, with a start. I do not believe in premonitions or presentiments, naturally; we exact thinkers have a way of throwing all such trifles into a single rubbish-bin, labelled "superstition." But nevertheless a thrill that bore in it the shiver of positive fear now swept through me. "Well, Floyd, I hope you had pleasant things to say."

"Yes, I tell you that we did?"

"We? Who was the other?"

"Why, Millicent Hadley, of course."

"Your 'of course' is a little confusing, upon my word."

"Oh, it could hardly have been any one else,—because we have so few friends in common. And then,—here she looks at me as though there might be a chance of my wilfully playing with his credulity,—you know very well, Douglas, that Millicent cordially admires you."

"That 'cordially admires you' must have sent the blood from my cheeks, though Demotte did not observe that with any start. It had been wrought by his perfectly unconscious patronage. My finger-nails began a little clicking tattoo, just here, on the carved sides of my chair; it cost me self-control to keep from making some sarcastic and even bitter reply. But, as it was, I merely said,—

"You have been seeing Miss Hadley to-day?"

"Yes."

"And you found nothing better than to myself to talk about?"

"Nonsense, now, Douglas! Don't force me to tell you there is hardly anything so good."

"Worse, or something very like it. It certainly looks as if he wouldn't last much longer. He grows weaker, and sleeps more." Demotte dropped his eyes on the carpet, now, and spoke in a lingering, musing voice. "She was feeling wretchedly blue about him, poor girl. She needed to be cheered up, if one only could think of a way. . . ."

"And so you thought about me," I broke in. "That was certainly flattering. And Miss Hadley admires me, eh?"

"Of course she does. But—"

"Oh, there's a 'but,' is there?" I asked, and while the words left me I could feel my heart beat with sudden nervous throbs, and wondered whether my voice did not come near to betraying me by its undue tremors.

Demotte laughed. "No 'but' as regards her admiration, respect, liking, and all that. Certainly not. Perhaps I should not have used the little word at all. . . . The truth is, we somehow got talking of your intellectuality, Douglas, and of the . . . the coldness which goes with it—necessarily in most such cases, as we agreed."

"Coldness?" I repeated,—and coldly enough, too.

"Yes. I don't mean—or, rather, Millicent and I didn't mean—that you are not human enough. It was about your—susceptibility, you know.—Confound it!" Demotte suddenly broke off, "I'm almost sorry I mentioned the subject; explanations of this sort are sometimes so distinctly awkward."

"And did Miss Hadley give it as her opinion that I was cold, although she admitted me to be human?"

"Oh, look here, now, you're laughing at me—at us both!" cried Demotte.

"On the contrary, I haven't the least inclination to laugh," I answered, though my voice was warily schooled not to sound too serious as I spoke these words.

"Oh, well, then," said Demotte, still eyeing me doubtfully, "it can all be summed up in this: I hazarded the theory that you were not a man who would ever care enough for any woman to marry her, and Millicent didn't by any means deny it. And really, Douglas, you won't deny it, either, I'm almost certain."

"It would appear to be useless," I replied, "since you have settled the matter."

"No, we haven't," exclaimed Demotte, now sure that I was complaisant and far from satirical. "Indeed poor Millicent—whose experience, you know, in all such affairs must have come to her simply from the romances that she has read—gave as an after-thought that you were just the kind of man who might some day fall violently and savagely in love."

"Demotte now laughed with extreme heartiness. "That horseshoe, my dear fellow, struck me as a very funny one to draw for you."

"And why, if you please?"

"Why? It called up such an absurd picture of you! I saw you in imagination feeling your own pulse with dignified amazement. I fancied I could see you putting your delicious frenzy, as it were, under a microscope, and tabulating the separate waves of heat produced by it, according to their momentum and velocity."

"Ah, now I do perceive that you must think me very cold," I said, and I said it with a great deal of coldness, rising at the same time.

Demotte hurried toward me. He insisted on taking my hand in his own, and his look flashed a real repentance into mine while he hastily addressed me.

"There! you are offended, Douglas. I beg you to pardon what I meant in idle joke. Idle, but not malicious. I never am the last; you'll give me credit to that extent, I'm sure. I have my oddities and my half-fancies—no one realizes this more fully than I do myself; but I don't would people deliberately or mischievously—no, never. You may be a sleeping volcano under all that equanimity of yours, dear friend. I hope, if you are, that your fires will some day find the proper vent. And then I'll congratulate you with . . . well, with three cheers and a 'figgy'—no one more sincerely, depend on it. I'm prepared to think the world of any woman you should set your heart upon. And she must conform with a rather high standard, too, if she wants me to believe she's worthy of you. There, now, don't maintain that solemn look, or I shall believe you haven't forgiven me."

"There is nothing at all for me to forgive, Floyd," I said; and having gained this closer view of his face I saw that he was irremediably excited.

He caught my other hand and held it as he had been holding its mate throughout the delivery of his recent eager sentences. "Ah, that is the right way to talk!" he cried. "God knows I don't want to quarrel with you on this day of all days! I'm so fond of you that the thought of a quarrel between us is always hateful to me—but on this day it's especially so. . . . I wonder, now, if you can guess why I speak as I'm doing. Perhaps you see that I'm happy. Perhaps you read it in my face. Well, then, if you do, as your nod tells me that you do, can you guess what has made me so happy?"

"I think that I can." As these words fell from my ear heart seemed like a burden of lead in my bosom.

"You mean that—that Millicent has made me happy? Don't you mean that, Douglas?"

"If I had dreamed he was not utterly unaware of the torture he inflicted, how I should have flung the clasp of his warm hands away from my own! But he was unaware of it—absolutely ignorant and innocent of doing anything except giving me an agreeable little surprise shock. So I steelled myself into saying, with only an air of amission."

"Yes, I mean that. And I'm right, I suppose?"

"Of course you are! It came about this afternoon. She was speaking of her father's illness, and her voice broke a little. I never have been quite sure that she loved me until then. All your science, Douglas, could never just explain the peculiar intuition of that moment.

Her eyes swam in tears, and a light stole out of them that was like some direct and exquisite rayings to me. I don't think I even asked her if she did love me; I took it rapturously for granted. . . . And now we're engaged. I want our marriage to be soon; I greatly hope that it will be soon. Nor, as I find with delight, is Millicent averse to its being so. . . . But you have not wished me joy, Douglas. I know that you wish me joy. Ah! I'm captivated,—trivial, if you please. I want you to be the first who shall tell me that I've chosen wisely. . . ."

Somehow I managed to acquit myself with the requisite amount of calm hypocrisy before Demotte left me that day. After he had gone I fell passing into a room which adjoining my laboratory proper, and which I had fitted up as a sort of scientific library and study, with not a row of it at all in view. The latest reviews, American and foreign, that bore relation to the subjects I so preferred. The weather was early May, mild, yet with a delicious pulse of fresh, resistant breeze. I opened a window and sank into a seat beside it, leaning my breast against its ledge while I looked down upon the multiform and murmurous city from my rather dizzy attic height. A drowsy purplish haze—that light, fair prophecy of our awakening spring—gleamed at the verge of the horizon; the sky itself, already just ethereally touched with evening and now, curved in delicate blue above me, so much purer by contrast with the big, impure city, overbowed. . . . A great sigh passed my lips. Here I sat, with what millions of anxious fellow-creatures would doubtless be willing to admit was all the world before me—with abundant wealth, with education, with a frame whose vigour promised longevity, and yet with an immitigable wretchedness at my heart. Demotte's freedom from jealousy was no longer unaccounted for. He had cared nothing at all about my being thrown into the street, for I had been thoroughly "safe," so to speak; I would never marry, in all likelihood, my science was absorption, concentration, devotion, for me. . . . Ah! how blind I had been not to have detected in him this trend and bias of complete misjudgment! I clinched my hands together as I thought of how I might have prevented by very direct means any similar facility in her. Who could say that this idea of my frigid and loveless intellectuality might not have been changed into something widely opposite, if only I had known a little earlier of its existence in Millicent's mind? Would that I had known it! . . . And now a vast blank swept before me, the other distant blank of death blending with it, as mist of ocean me with mist of sky. Of all living women none could be to me what Millicent Hadley might have been. I had never loved before; I would never love again—or, rather, I would never again cease to love. The expression of a great passion in bare, bald, literal prose is such a temptation of the common mind to carelessly write of the depth of my disappointment without somehow seeming to invite the shallowness of metaphors which may do no more than hint its ardour and its anguish alike. So many human bipeds have suffered just as I suffered then! If all the dead and buried bodies, once vital with longing as mine had been, could have their tombs visibly and tangibly shown, what new acres of graveyard this ill-ordered and wood-laden plain would be found to contain!

Demotte had perhaps rightly stated of me that I was a man to put my delicious frenzy under a microscope. But alas! in that thus gave me ecstasy instead of sorrow I did not know of any microscope under which to put it. My inductive reasoning had stood bewildered before it. It was a part of me; it had slipped into my being; it flung a quiet and perpetual soot against all my training in axiom, formula, analysis, logic, experiment. It meant a boundary-line at which the dissective postures that I sought became limp and adless groupings. I had paused before its thwarting repulsion as fact while it was still a novel and unforeseen intoxication as sentiment. But now, when it had taken the dark outline of despair, I continued to confront it as the baffled man of science and not as the usual complaisant martyr. I wanted to take my pain in my hand and scrutinize it, subject it to laws, treat it as a surgeon would treat the dreadful though fascinating blight of a cancer whose gnaw and hane taunted him with their yet ungrasped arguments of decay. And all such mode of dealing was so dreadfully impossible! Science, I had long ago told myself, would one day reach the pith and kernel of its cause. But science as yet, with her undoubted wonders of accomplishment, had done so little!

My mind was never yet so strangely a sufferer from what we call heart-break, as I, Douglas Duane, at this particular moment of my solitude and distress. Every old tradition of the being who bows himself beneath the blow of unrequited love was in my case rendered unprecedently null. I did not weep or mourn; I strained at my bonds and longed to learn from what nameless element they had been forged. Always incredulous and rebellious where the tenets of an optimistic belief were concerned, I was now a non-conformist of the fiercest type. I felt myself siding with John Stuart Mill in his declaration that the powers of the air are perhaps equally divided—into angels and demons. The wide, dreamy hum of the encompassing city grew to my ears like a great roar of noise that I leaned a little farther across the ledge of the window. "If we are really the sport and jest of deity," I mused, "how easy is it to end the sport and let the jest be laughed out! How numberless are the doors of escape for those who would really fly from life's rigours! And death is annihilation of consciousness, though it may not be of force."

I looked at the pavements, many scores of feet beneath me. If I were to leap down upon them I would die as I touched them. Why not do it, without another instant of premeditation? Suppose that for a few fleet seconds the pain were terrific; what would be the direst throes it could inflict beside such visitations of sorrow disheartenment as the coming years would multiply and prolong?

"You believe in no future for the soul," said a voice which seemed to come from that very source I had so resolutely denied. "Or, if you accede to the soul's vital entity at all, you have become convinced that it is impersonal, unindividual as the twilight breeze that now flows

upon your face. Possess yourself of the one supreme prize attainable to all on whom an inevitable dower of unhappiness has descended. Lay to your wounds the one sure and eternal balm. Cheat disaster by drinking of the Lethe to which all must sooner or later be dashed their lives."

I rose from my chair. For one brief flash of time I tingled with the suicide's true headlong madness. I pushed the chair close to the waistcot below the window and then sprang upon it, a second afterward setting one foot upon the ledge against which I had just been leaning. I meant—firmly and inflexibly meant—to dash myself into the street below. And then, as I cast my gaze downward once more, a sensation which I shall never forget, though I should live a thousand years, darted through every nerve. It was not any qualm of cowardice, nor was it at all in imitation. Completely the opposite of either, it seized me with untold power. I almost reeled from the chair, lifting both hands to my throbbing head. . . . I seemed to see with a piercing and acute prescience into my own unlined days. A certainty of something which I might achieve—something at once awful and unprecedented—glared before my inner vision in flashes of blinding light. . . . I must have staggered forward and then fallen; for afterward, when an abrupt, blurring daze had rushed over me and subsided, I found myself prone on the soft rug of the floor, and was aware that one temple had been slightly bruised.

Of what weird stuff had my strange ecstasy, hallucination, besieging fantasy, been wrought? What extraordinary and portentous revelation had burst upon me? I could not respond to the questions which which my clearing brain now traced its own depths. At the same time a misty perception of the truth still remained, faint as though it were a haze, and only vibrated my being. I had been . . . Again, the rationalist within me made all this glamour of mysticism appear false; that deserved scoff alone; and always, in such sceptical moods, I explained on solely physiological grounds the whole anomalous occurrence. But my suicidal impulse had vanished from that hour. I had now no disinclination whatever to live on and stoically face the future.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the following autumn Adam Hadley breathed his last. The leaves of his life had, so to speak, been turned very tranquilly over, one by one, and at length *finis* had been reached without a whit more hurry than at the beginning of the book. I had seen Millicent frequently during the summer that preceded her father's death. We were ostensibly on friendly terms, but I had no reason to imagine that she truly surmised my own love for her. I masked every trace of it, though not under anything like reserve. That task would have eluded my capabilities. I was never less reserved, never more expansive and voluble than when in her company. I knew that she had pronounced me much more amusing than she had previously supposed me to be; I demoted her to one day with this bit of finding freedom from her love's lips. He no doubt thought it would diffuse an especial cheer and gladness, having joyfully informed me, not long ago, that Millicent had "really taken a great liking to me." But these words had been merely a dagger to stab me with. I had grown, after a fashion, quite used to such wounds by this time, recovered, as a rule, at least one each day. But in the very teeth of such mockery as this I was amusing to Millicent, I continued my uncharacteristic buoyancy and volatility. It was a sort of incessant acted part with me, and of necessity its performance took me out of myself. If I had had to present myself before this woman whom I loved as perpetually the man who loved her to distraction and who concealed his adoration under the mantle of a sober restraint, I should soon have found my *role* unimprovable. After all, there may have been a dreary, left-handed triumph, too, in the gracious approval she gave me. Even such a hopeless attachment as mine has its vanities no less than its despairs. Yet the former, if such a name be fitted them, brought me but a shadowy contentment. They were like nothing so much as the mere vapoury mirage of a paradise for ever lost; And, like the mirage, they would soon fade. I had resolved upon peremptorily banishing the chill, this phantom of their comfort.

My mind was made up on the subject of permanently leaving New York as a place of residence. I had almost determined, at one time, on making Europe my future home. But considerations relating to my large property here at length altered this intention. Since my return from abroad I had acquired, for a few weeks in Washington. The agreeable climatic of our capital, combined with its attributes of social vivacity and brilliancy, had greatly won my taste. Society like that of Washington, with its cosmopolitan latitude and its necessitated freedom from sillier caprices of unrepublican caste, appealed to me forcibly. It would be pleasant to live near that *bernal* throng. I had decided, even if one never participated in either its merry or its more grave modes of enjoyment. And so, after some deliberation, I had concluded to purchase a house on Pennsylvania Avenue, and to make, for at least a few years, Washington my fixed headquarters.

Demotte's marriage with Millicent had been arranged to take place in the month following Mr. Hadley's death. I longed to escape the ordeal of witnessing this marriage, but my friend would, as I well knew, have met with grieved amaze any announcement on my own part that I contemplated an absence from the ceremony. True, I could have torn myself away at the last moment. But might not such a step, in consideration of Demotte's deep regard for me, have given him his first true glimpse of what I had long so successfully hidden? And I had now a wretched kind of pride in wearing my mask till the end. How humiliating if at this late hour it should fall from the deception and infelicity it had so far capably shielded! No, I would stay, I would stay on, till the bitter end.

(To be continued.)

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT,

FEBRUARY 21st, 1891, at 7.30 p.m.

Musical Director MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA.

Conductors MR. ORTON BRADLEY and MR. W. R. CAVE.
Organist MR. B. JACKSON, Organist to the People's Palace.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO "SAMSON."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Samson MR. BERNARD LANE. Dalila (his wife) MRS. HELEN TRUST.
Micah (his friend) MISS DORA BARNARD. Harapha (a Giant of Gath) MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.
Manoah (his father) MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE. Israelitish Woman MRS. HELEN TRUST.
PRIESTS OF DAGON. VIRGINS (attendant upon Dalila). ISRAELITES (friends of Samson). PHILISTINES.

ARGUMENT.

PART I.—Samson, blind and captive to the Philistines, being relieved from his toil by a Festival in honour of Dagon their god, comes forth into the open air.—The priests of Dagon sing in praise of their idol.—Samson, bemoaning his condition, is visited by his friends and his father Manoah, who join in bewailing his degradation.—Samson acknowledging the justice of his punishment, predicts that Dagon will not be allowed to triumph over the God of Israel.—Samson, however, declares his hopes to be gone, his nature declining, and his life drawing to a close.—Upon which his friends recount to him the joy and peace that his spirit will realise in the eternal world.

PART II.—Micah and the Israelites call upon God to have pity on Samson.—Dalila, his wife, then appears, and pretending penitence and submission, entreats him to go home with her. He refuses to listen to her entreaties; a scene of mutual recrimination ensues, and they separate.—Harapha, a giant of Gath, then approaches, attracted by the fame of Samson's prodigious might, and boasts how he would have overcome him had he encountered him before his captivity.—Samson dares him to a trial now, which he refuses, and is taunted by Samson with cowardice.—Micah proposes, as a test of who is the supreme God, that Harapha should call upon Dagon to try his power over Samson.—The Israelites prostrate themselves before Jehovah, and supplicate His delivering aid.—Harapha calls upon Dagon, and the worshippers of that idol appeal to him for protection and succour; after which, the Israelites and Philistines jointly, but in opposition to each other, celebrate the majesty, power, and supremacy of their respective deities.

PART III.—Harapha is sent by the Philistine lords to bid Samson attend their festival, to exhibit his strength before them, which at first he refuses to do. His friends, perplexed for his safety, call upon God for help.—Samson, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, yields to go along with Harapha, who comes again with great threatenings to fetch him.—Samson departs, invoking the aid of that Spirit with which he had formerly been inspired.—Manoah returns to tell his friends his hopes of obtaining Samson's release. The Priests of Dagon are heard to celebrate the praises of their idol for subduing their foe.—Micah and Manoah hear the shouts of joy, and the latter again manifests his paternal solicitude for Samson. An appalling, loud, and confused noise is heard, succeeded by wallings and cries for help.—Micah and the Israelites lament Samson's fall.—A Dead March is heard, and his body approaches on its way to the tomb; and Manoah and Micah and the Israelites perform the funeral rites.

PART THE FIRST.

1 OVERTURE.

SCENE.—Before the Prison in Gaza.
SAMSON, blind and in chains. Attendant leading him.

2 RECITATIVE.

Samson.

This day, a solemn feast to Dagon held
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest, to breathe heav'n's air, fresh blowing, pure and sweet.

Enter a troop of the PRIESTS and WORSHIPPERS of DAGON, celebrating his festival.

3 CHORUS.

Priests, &c.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

4 AIR.

Philistine Woman.

Ye men of Gaza, hither bring
The merry pipe and pleasing string,
The solemn hymn, and cheerful song;
Be Dagon prais'd by every tongue.

5 CHORUS.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

9 RECITATIVE.

Samson.

Why by an Angel was my birth foretold,
If I must die betray'd, and captiv'd thus,
The scorn and gaze of foes? O cruel thought,
My griefs find no redress; they inward prey,
Like gangren'd wounds, immediate grown.

13 RECITATIVE.

Micah.

Matchless in might! once Israel's glory, now her grief!
We come (thy friends well known) to visit thee.

Samson.

Welcome, my friends!

Micah.

Which shall we first bewail, thy bondage or lost sight?

Samson.

Oh, loss of sight! of thee I most complain.
Oh, worse than beggary, old age, or chains!
My very soul in real darkness dwells!

14 AIR.

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon,
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd Thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me.

16 CHORUS.

Israelites.

O first-created beam, and thou, great word,
Let there be light! and light was over all;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball,
To thy dark servant life by light afford.

17 RECITATIVE.

Manoah.

Brethren and men of Dan, say, where's my son
Samson, fond Israel's boast? Inform my age.

Micah.

As signal now in low dejected state,
As in the height of pow'r: see where he lies.

22 RECITATIVE (accompanied).

Samson.

Justly these evils have befall'n thy son.
Sole author I, sole cause.

23 My grief for this forbid mine eyes to close, or thoughts to rest!
But now the strife shall end; I me overthrow,
Dagon presumes to enter lists with God;
Who thus provok'd will not connive, but rouse
His fury soon, and His great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long he quite despoil'd
Of all those boasted trophies won on me!

24 AIR.

Why does the God of Israel sleep?
Arise with dreadful sound,
With clouds encompass'd round,
Then shall the heathen hear Thy thunder deep.
The tempest of thy wrath now raise,
In whirlwinds them pursue,
Full fraught with vengeance due,
Till shame and trouble all Thy foes shall seize.

26 CHORUS.

Israelites.

Then shall they know that He, whose Name
Jehovah, is alone
O'er all the earth, but One,
Was ever the Most High, and still the same.

27 RECITATIVE.

Manoah.

For thee, my dearest son—must thou meanwhile
Lie, thus neglected, in this loathsome plight.

Samson.

It should be so. Why should I live?
Soon shall these orbs to double darkness yield.
28 My genial spirits droop, my hopes are fled;
Nature in me seems weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
Death, invocated oft, shall end my pains,
And lay me gently down with them that rest.

31 CHORUS.

Israelites.

Then round about the starry throne
Of Him who ever rules alone,
Your heavenly guided soul shall climb;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd for ever sit,
And triumph over Death, and thee, O Time!

PART THE SECOND.

SCENE.—The same.

SAMSON, MICAH, and ISRAELITES.

34 RECITATIVE.

Samson.

My evils hopeless are, one pray'r remains,
A speedy death to close my miseries.

Micah.

Relieve Thy champion, image of Thy strength,
And turn his labours to a peaceful end.

35 AIR.

Return, O God of Hosts! behold
Thy servant in distress,
His mighty griefs redress,
Nor by the heathen be they told.

36 CHORUS.

Israelites.

To dust his glory they would tread,
And number him amongst the dead.

37 RECITATIVE.

Micah.

But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship?
'Tis Dalila, thy wife.

Samson.

My wife? my traitress! let her not come near me.

Dalila.

With doubtful feet, and wav'ring resolution,
I come, O Samson, dreading thy displeasure;
But conjugal affection led me on,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt.
Glad if in aught my help or love could serve to expiate my rash,
unthought misdeed.

43 AIR.

My faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the voice of love;
With love no mortal can be cloyed,
All happiness is love enjoyed.

44 CHORUS.

Virgins.

Her faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear her, hear the voice of love.

50 RECITATIVE.

Samson.

Ne'er think of that, I know thy warbling charms,
Thy trains, thy wiles, and fair enchanted cup.
Their force is null'd! Where once I have been caught,
I shun the snare. These chains, this prison-house,
I count the house of liberty to thine.

51 DUET.

Dalila.

Traitor to love, I'll sue no more
For pardon scorned, your threats give o'er.

Samson.

Traitor to love, I'll hear no more
The charmer's voice, your arts give o'er.

[Exit DALILA and VIRGINS.]

54 RECITATIVE.

Samson.

Favour'd of heaven is he who finds one true;
How rarely found!—his way to peace is smooth.

56 RECITATIVE.

Micah.

No words of peace, no voice enchanting fear,
A rougher tongue expect,—here's Harapha,
I know him by his stride and haughty look.

Enter HARAPHA and PHILISTINES.

Harapha.

I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance;
I am of Gath, men call me Harapha;
Thou know'st now: of thy prodigious might
Much have I heard, incredible to me!
In this displac'd, that never in the field
We met, to try each other's deeds of strength;
I'd see if thy appearance answers loud report.

Samson.

The way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha.

Ha! dost thou then already single me?
I thought that labour and thy chains had tamed thee.
Had fortune brought me to that field of death,
Where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's jaw,
I'd left thy carcass where the ass lay dead.

Samson.

Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do.

Harapha.

The honour certain to have won from thee
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out;
To combat with a blind man I disdain.

57 AIR.

Honour and arms scorn such a foe,
Tho' I could end thee at a blow,
Poor victory, to conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow:
Vanquish a slave that is half slain
So mean a triumph I disdain.

60 Samson.

Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster? yet take heed;
My heels are fettered, but my hands are free.
Thou bulk of spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in chains, provoke thee to the fight.

Harapha.

O Dagon! can I hear this insolence,
To me unused, not rendering instant death!

61 DUET.

Samson.

Go, baffled coward, go,
Let vengeance lay thee low;
In safety fly my wrath with speed.

Harapha.

Presume not on thy God,
Who under foot has trod
Thy strength and thee, at greatest need.

62 RECITATIVE.

Micah.

Here lies the proof:—if Dagon be thy god,
With high devotion invoke his aid.
His glory is concerned; let him dissolve
Those magic spells that gave our hero strength;
Then know whose god is God; Dagon of mortal make,
Or that Great One whom Abram's sons adore.

63 CHORUS.

Israelites.

Hear, Jacob's God, Jehovah, hear!
O save us, prostrate at Thy throne!
Israel depends on Thee alone;
Save us, and show that Thou art near.

64 RECITATIVE.
Harapha.
Dagon, arise, attend thy sacred feast;
Thy honour calls, this day admits no rest.

67 CHORUS.
Israelites and Philistines.
Fixed in His everlasting seat,
Jehovah } rules the world in state.
Great Dagon }
His thunder roars, heaven shakes, and earth's aghast.
The stars, with deep amazement,
Remain in stelfast gaze;
Jehovah } is of Gods the first and last.
Great Dagon }

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART THE THIRD.

SCENE—*Th: same.*
SAMSON, MICAH, and ISRAELITES.

70 RECITATIVE.
Micah.
Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose malice may inflame the lords.

Samson.
Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair,
By vaunting it in honour to their gods,
And prostituting holy things to idols?

Micah.
How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach;
'Tis heaven alone can save both us and thee.

71 CHORUS.
Israelites.
With thunder armed, great God, arise:
Help, Lord, or Israel's champion dies:
To Thy protection this Thy servant take,
And save, O save us, for Thy servant's sake.

72 RECITATIVE.
Samson.
Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some secret impulse, which doth bid me go.

Micah.
In time thou hast resolved, again he comes.
Enter HARAPHA.
Harapha.
Samson, this second message send our lords:
"Haste thee at once, or we shall engines find
To move thee, though thou wert a solid rock."

Samson.
Vain were their art if tried; I yield to go.

Micah.
So may'st thou act as serves His glory best.

Samson.
Let but that Spirit (which first rushed on me
In the camp of Dan) inspire me at my need:
Then shall I make JEHOVAH's glory known;
Their idol gods shall from His presence fly,
Scattered like sheep before the God of Hosts.

73 AIR.
Thus when the sun in his watery bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy rind,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The wandering shadows, ghastly pale,
All troop to their infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave.
(Exit, led by his Attendant.)

77 RECITATIVE.
Micah.
Old Manoah, with youthful steps, makes haste
To find his son, or bring us some glad news.
Enter MANOAH.
Manoah.
I come, by brethren, not to seek my son,
Who at the feast doth play before the lords;
But give you part with me, what hopes I have
To work his liberty.

78 & 79 AIR AND CHORUS.
Philistines.
Great Dagon has subdued our foe,
And brought their bearded hero low:
Sound out his power in notes divine,
Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

80 RECITATIVE.
Manoah.
What noise of joy was that? it tore the sky.

Micah.
They shout and sing to see their dreaded foe
Now captive, blind, delighting with his strength.

Manoah.
Could my inheritance but ransom him,
Without my patrimony, having him,
The richest of my tribe.

Micah.
Sons care to nurse
Their parents in old age; but you, your son.

81 AIR.
Manoah.
How willing my paternal love
The weight to share
Of filial care,
And part of sorrow's burden prove!
Tho' wandering in the shades of night,
Whilst I have eyes, he wants no light.

85 CHORUS.
Philistines (at a little distance).
Hear us, our God! O hear our cry!
Death! ruin! fallen! no help is nigh:
O mercy, heav'n, we sink, we die!

87 AIR.
Micah.
Ye sons of Israel now lament:
Your spear is broken, your bow unbent!
Your glory's fled
Amongst the dead
Great Samson lies;
For ever, ever closed his eyes.

88 CHORUS.
Israelites.
Weep, Israel, weep a louder strain;
Samson, your strength, your hero's slain.

91 A DEAD MARCH.
Enter ISRAELITES, with the body of SAMSON.

93 SOLI AND CHORUS.
Manoah and Israelites.
Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.

Israelitish Woman.
The virgins, too, shall on their feastful days,
Visit his tomb with flowers, and there bewail
His lot, unfortunate in nuptial choice.

Virgins.
Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

Israelitish Woman.
May every hero fall like thee,
Thro' sorrow to felicity.

Virgins.
Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

Israelites.
Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.

94 RECITATIVE.
Manoah.
Come, come; no time for lamentation now.
No cause for grief; Samson like Samson fell.
Both life and death heroic. To his foes
Ruin is left; to him eternal fame.

95 AIR.
Israelitish Woman.
Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow;
Let the Cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

96 CHORUS.
Israelites.
Let their celestial concerts all unite,
Ever to sound His praise in endless morn of light.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

BY THE
I. D. K. MINSTRELS,
AT THE
PEOPLE'S PALACE,
On MONDAY, the 23rd of FEBRUARY, 1891. Commence at 8 o'clock.

BONES: MR. JOE STANLEY. MR. TED HAMILTON. MR. JOHNNIE ALLEN. MR. SAM BRANDON.
MR. GEO. NELSON. MR. ALFRED WEBSTER.

TAMBOES:
Interlocutor: MR. JOHNSON.
Musical Director: MR. HUGH J. KING
Honorary Secretary and Stage Manager: MR. E. L. RUSSEL.

PART I.
OVERTURE ... Composed by MR. WAGHORN, of the I. D. K. BAND.
OPENING CHORUS ... "That's So" ... TROUPE.
(Words by MR. JOHNNIE ALLEN. Music by MR. HUGH J. KING, Musical Director.)
COMIC SONG ... "My Brother Joe" ... MR. ALFRED WEBSTER.
BALLAD ... "Sweet Genevieve" ... MR. C. ALBERT.
COMIC SONG ... "Sister Susan" ... MR. SAM BRANDON.
BALLAD ... "My Heart's Best Love" ... MR. A. DAUMON.
COMIC SONG ... "Mary's gone with a Coon" ... MR. GEO. NELSON.
BALLAD ... "Sitting in the Porch" ... MASTER BELLEV.
COMIC SONG ... "The I.D.K. Militia" ... MR. TED HAMILTON.
BALLAD ... "Night Birds' Cooing" ... MR. C. HOWARD.
COMIC SONG ... "Nervous Nigger" ... MR. JOHNNIE ALLEN.
BALLAD ... "Out on the Ocean" ... MR. J. HENLEY.
COMIC SONG ... "Clara Nolan's Ball" ... MR. JOE STANLEY.
COMIC FINALE.

(Five Minutes' Interval.)

PART II.
OVERTURE (Piccolo Solo by Mr. Potter) ... I. D. K. BAND.
COMIC SKETCH ... "Country Cousin" ... (MESSRS JOE HANLEY & JOHNNIE ALLEN.
CHARACTER DUET } "Mamma's Advice" } MESSRS. BRANDON
AND DANCE } AND BOREHAM.
BANJO TRIO ... BROS. HUNTER.
POLLY-TICKLE ADDRESS BY THE }
EX-MEMBER FOR PENTONVILLE } ... MR. JOE STANLEY.

Concluding with a Comic Sketch entitled
"THE WIG MAKERS."
BARBER ... MR. A. RICKS.
1ST APPRENTICE ... MR. C. HOWARD.
2ND APPRENTICE ... MR. GEO. NELSON.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS
(Under the direction of Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. C. E. OSBORN.)

Admission, Twopence. Students, One Penny.
PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITALS
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL,
On WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25th, 1891,
By MR. AND MRS. S. L. HASLUCK.
DOORS OPEN AT 7.30. COMMENCE AT 8.

PROGRAMME.
SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S
"MACBETH."
MACBETH } ... MR. HASLUCK.
LEYTON }
LADY MACBETH } ... MRS. HASLUCK.

SCENE I.—THE LETTER READING. | SCENE 2.—THE INSTIGATION.

CHARACTER SKETCHES:—
"Beautiful Snow" ... Told by AN OUTCAST. | "St. Valentine" ... Told by A YOUNG MAID.
"Me and Bill" ... AN OLD FISHERMAN. | "Maria Martin, or the Murderer in the Red Barn" ... A PEEP-SHOW MAN.
"Aunt Abigail's Adventures" ... AN OLD MAID.

NOTE.—The Penny Peepshow Man was the Lessee and Manager of a small Theatre. The Theatre consisted of a small wooden box about two feet square, and the Audience used to survey the performance through a row of small glass windows, or peep-holes, along one side of the box. The necessary changes of scene were effected by means of a complicated arrangement of strings, with brass rings attached, which were dexterously manipulated by the Lessee and Manager. Every change of scene was accompanied by a mysterious rumbling sound, which can only be indicated by the word "Cur-raw-wallop"; that being the only word in the English language—or out of it—that will adequately represent the sound in question. It may be mentioned that the Theatre was carried about from street to street, and from town to town, by the Lessee; and historians relate that the less he carried it the better he liked it.

TO CONCLUDE WITH
"A LESSON IN LOVE."
(From Sheridan Knowles's Play "The Hunchback.")
Helen ... Mrs. HASLUCK. | Modus ... Mr. HASLUCK.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE.
In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and the Society of Arts.

HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (WH. SO.) M. INST. M.E. SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.
TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1890-91.
The Session Commenced on Monday, September 29th, 1890. The Second Term Commenced Tuesday, January 6th, 1891.

The Classes are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The swimming bath will be open to Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students enroll. Each Student on taking out his or her Class Ticket will be provided with a Pass, upon the deposit of One Shilling must be paid; this Pass must be returned within seven days of the expiration of the Class Ticket, failing which the deposit will be forfeited and the Pass cancelled. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the Office of the Institute.

The Gymnastic Classes are held temporarily in the Queen's Hall during the building of the New Gymnasium at the North End of the buildings.

Art Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. Arthur Legge	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Drawing from the Antique	Mr. Bateson	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Design	Mr. Bateson	Friday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	Mr. Bateson	Friday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Drawing from Life ...	Mr. H. Costello	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Etching ...	Mr. H. Costello	Tue. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Friday	8.0-10.0	15 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	Mr. Daniels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0

* Per Session. * Per Term of 12 weeks. * Students of the Wood Carving Class may attend a Drawing Class in the Art School on evening per week free of charge.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Cabinet-mkng. & Desig. Lec.	Mr. B. Dent	Thursday	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Workshop	Mr. B. Dent	Monday	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Carpentry & Joinery Lec.	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	15 0
*Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, Foreman Bricklay.	Monday	7.0-10.0	7 6
*Electrical Engin., Lec. Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingsby & A. I. E. & Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday & Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Adv.)	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. So.) M. I. M. E. & Mr. D. Miller & Mr. G. Draycott (Wh. Soc.)	Monday & Mon. & Fri.	7.30-8.0	14 0
*Photography ...	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing Lecture ...	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Workshop	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Printing (Letterpress)	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Tailor's Cutting	Mr. Umbach	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Land Surveying & Levelling	Mr. F. C. Leavelle, Assoc. R. C. S. C.	Commenc. Mar. 13, 1891	20 0	0 0
*Sign Writing, Graining, &c.	Mr. Sinclair	Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1891).

* Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject.
* Fee for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing.
To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing Trade.
The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Animal Physiology ...	Mr. A. J. Evans	Mon. & Fri.	7.0-8.0	4 0
Applied Mechanics ...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elem.	M. A. B. Sc. I. M. E.	"	"	"
Chem., Inorg., & Adv.	Mr. A. Grenville	"	7.30-10.0	4 0
" " Theo. Adv.	"	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Theo. Adv.	"	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Org. Theoretical	Mr. D. S. Macnair, Phil. F.C.S.	Monday	8.15-10.0	6 6
" " Inorg. & Org. Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. 7.	Assistant	"	7.15-8.15	4 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo.	Mr. G. Pope	M. Tu, Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
" " Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Soc.) M. I. M. E.	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I, Adv.	Mr. E. J. Barrell	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Elem.	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magnet. and Elect. & Hkng.	Mr. W. Slingsby	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	A. I. E. & Mr. A. Brooker	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Sound, Light and Heat (Prac.)	Mr. F. C. Forth	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	4 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics ...	Mr. E. J. Barrell	Friday	8.45-9.45	4 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1891).

* Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.
* Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.
Every facility will be given to Students of Chemistry desiring special instruction or wishing to engage in special work. Students are supplied free with apparatus and chemicals. A deposit of 2s. 6d. will be required to reduce breakages.
Students desiring to join this Class will please see Dr. Macnair before enrolling.
Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Musical Classes.

(Under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Violin ...	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave, asst. by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello ...	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Singing (Advanced) ...	Mr. W. H. Bonner	Thursday	6.0-9.0	5 0
" (Sofa & Noct.) ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
" (Staff Noct.) ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	1 6
*Solo Singing ...	Miss Deves-Yates	Tu. & Thur.	6.0-9.0	15 0
Choral Society ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
*Pianoforte ...	Mrs. Spencer	Monday	5.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced) ...	Mr. O. Bradley, M.A.	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0

* Pianoforte Tuning arrangements not completed.
* A Class for String Quartette playing will also be held by Mr. W. R. Cave.
* In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes duration.
* Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Advanced ...	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	7.0-8.0	2 6
" Commercial ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Elementary ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elementary ...	Mr. J. M. A.	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Advanced ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Civil Service— * For Telegraph Letterers, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists ...	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
* For Boy Clerks, Excise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners) ...	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.30	12 0
* For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks ...	"	Tuesday	7.45-9.45	14 0
Shorthand (Pittman's) Elem. Advan. Report.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
French—Beginners ...	Mons. E. Pontin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Language	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Elem. and Stage	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Elem. 3rd Stage	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Advanced A ...	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Advanced B ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Conversational ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
German—Advanced ...	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Beginners ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Intermediate ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2) ...	"	"	7.45-8.45	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Type Writing ...	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

* Per Term ending March 1891. * In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes duration.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.15-7.0	5 0
" " " "	"	Thursday	4.0-5.30	7 6
" " " "	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	5 0
" " " "	"	Tuesday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery ...	Miss Newall	"	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—Penny Cookery	"	"	"	"
Lecture ...	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.30	1 0
Cookery—High-Class Prac.	"	Thursday	8.0-9.30	10 6
" " Practical Plain	"	"	8.0-9.30	5 0
Reading for Diploma	"	Friday	2.0-3.0	7 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomason	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

* Per Term ending March 1891.

Special Lectures.

SUBJECTS.	LECTURERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	Com-menc-ing	Fee per
Amulance Men ...	Dr. Milne	Th.	8.0-9.30	5 Feb.	1 0
Machine Design	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Soc.) M. I. M. E.	Fri.	9.30-10.0	9 Jan.	1 6
Univ. Exten. Lectures	English History	Wed.	8.0-10.0	10	1 0

* 3d. per Lecture.

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