The coming events:

Thursday — Library (Queen's Hall) open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

Friday — Library open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

Billiard Room Committee — General Meeting at 8.30.

Saturday — Library open to the public from 9 till 10.

Concert at 8 o'clock in the Queen's Hall.

Football Club — Match, Victoria Park.

Sunday — Organ Recital at 12.30. Library open to public from 3 till 10.

Monday — Library open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

Billiard Room Committee — Committee Meeting at 8.30.

Tuesday — Library open to the public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.

Wednesday — Library open to the public from 9 till 5.

Concert at 8 o'clock in the Queen's Hall.

Debating Society — Debate at 8 o'clock.

Organ Recital,

On Sunday next, Feb. 26th, at 12.30 p.m., in the Queen's Hall.

Organist, Mr. Herbert W. Whatmoor.

March

Andante

"Jerusalem, Thou that Killest"

"Jerusalem the Golden"

Allegretto from "The Hymn of Praise"

Andante and Allegretto from Sonata

Overture

Admission free. All are welcome.

Notes of the Week.

Happy is the week of which one can make no notes. It may be dull but it has at least one Early miseries. This week has been chiefly remarkable for political business. The House has been having its debate on the Queen's Address, which is the most perfectly useless part of its whole proceedings. The Irish have finished their innings, and so far do not seem to have played their best. But this is touching on politics, from which we must abstain. The two great questions before us are: first, whether there is going to be an European War, and next, whether the German Crown Prince will recover. Everything else is for the moment insignificant, and nobody can throw the least light upon either question.

The war question is, however, unique in history. The three Emperors most concerned with the subject are exchanging triangular shots of friendly messages. Nothing could be more cordial than these professions. And yet Russia has massed half a million of men upon her western frontier, while the Germans and Austrians have 300,000 ready at the first signal. It seems as if somebody were forcing the Czar forward and somebody else pulling him back. The worst of a despotic government is that it really never is despotic. The despotic monarch has a wife who rules him: a minister, a mistress, a servant, a clique, who manage matters in their own interests. But he is hardly ever really despotic. The last real despot was the Czar Nicholas.

The following story comes from the Pall Mall Gazette, communicated to that paper by a correspondent:—"I was lately playing golf with a neighbour on the Wiltshire downs, which are from 600 to 700 feet above sea level, and while we were basking in the sun the whole surrounding country was buried in fog so thick that nothing was visible from our elevation except the tops of the trees which crown the heights of Pen Selwood, some five miles distant. Suddenly we were enveloped in a thin mist, or transparent fog, and as I drew myself up to strike my ball I found myself standing at the apex of a bow in the form of an Early English arch, the exact image of another looming in the sky close in front of me. The bow in the sky was white, but the one which met at my feet was one continuous shimmer of tiny quivering lights, reflecting all the hues of the myriad fragments of a shattered rainbow. My friend saw two bows also, of exactly the like kind. The four bows accompanied us in our play for about a quarter of an hour: and I could see my friend's bow in the sky and he could see mine quite distinctly."

This is a very strange story. A rainbow, as everybody knows, is caused by the refraction of the sun's rays through falling rain. It has no real existence and is seen by each person in a different position. But here a man says that a rainbow was formed at his
Anne Boleyn.

Anne Boleyn was the second of the daughters of Sir Thomas Boleyn; she was a beautiful, intelligent, and independent young woman. However, her relationship with King Henry VIII caused her to lose her life.

There is an old traditionary story told of a watch face at Somerset House. It states that Anne Boleyn had a child while she was a prisoner at the Tower, and that this child was later taken away and sold into slavery.

The stone in Salle Church was sometime since raised, but no remains were to be found underneath it. The stone in Salle Church was sometime since raised, but no remains were to be found underneath it.

Anne Boleyn was executed on May 19, 1536, on charges of treason and adultery with the King. The watch face at Somerset House is believed to have been placed there in honor of Anne Boleyn.

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candid criticism on the drawings, paintings, etc., exhibited. On attached to his remarks. The different sketches sent in are and, try as he might to affect indifference, it was quite possible heard 1 should be inclined to think that a great weight must be chance of consolation.

a sigh that it could never be mine. Passion-flowers have a peculiar the house-fronts at picturesque old Hastings. There they flourish Thursday night, when, as you know, they journeyed to the far and when I arrived I made of course for the statue of Hercules, b. about the next Ramble, when the quite too irresistible Deeley B. brought me down three very pretty pictures, well framed, which that 1 wouldn't mention it, and I my walls, Alexander—know him? Nice fellow—t'other evening

bacter, that he was greatly instrumental in testimonialising his French

would be nicer, perhaps, to single out for praise any one exhibit which I thought best, but I was not able to point one out by name when I left. It was a fine glaze with lovely trailing potato flowers clustering around in a painting that my eye is to dash bolt as I thought with

for there's a chance now and at any rate. The old gentleman, who

way, I was very glad to hear last week that my old Great Grand father was a, the C.G., etc., etc., and of course I heard the name of the room Committee, and some of the Members are possessed with

in the General Post Office, held on the 17th January, the following pupils of Mr. Isaacs obtained places:—F. C. Batchelor (14), I-H. F. Priest (31), M. Harry (54), E. M. Cutting (60.)

idea that Valentine in some mysterious way was connected with a great deal of unjust suspicion. Some three or four room Committee, and some of the Members are possessed with

on either side of the Queen's Hall entrance, so that the well-disposed should drop their half-pennies, or pennies into it; for there's a chance now and at any rate. The old gentleman, who

situated in the Polytechnic, 2nd Floor, and is said to be possessed of a sanctum that is to the extreme of the old period while the new is of much more modern design; and it is here, in the sanctum, that the direfts and revision of the students are

may wish—your influence in the Library on Sundays. A notice was put up in the Library the other day calling attention to the fact that all students

been shorn and content to be left

through the book. The interest is well maintained, and is of course the anecdote of the work done; the author says that the genuine flowers

of the peacocks, largest of the birds of paradise, which, as you remember, I promised to make my representative. Her Majesty's Consul General at Algiers had sent me a few seeds of the peacock, which

left off bearing all the time, and his influence exerts

and that of his father—who strangely enough

what is the future of this event? Does it mean anything, or is it

has been secured. Just wait till the clouds have rolled by and

were present at the Banquet. Mr. Herbert Swann, Mr. W. N. Howes, Mr. F. Thomas, Mr. W. B. Bayley, and Mr. A. J. Gray, were present at the Banquet.

forefront, but also that of his father—who strangely enough

bitterly cold air, the two coffins were borne from the Church partly supported by some of his Institute friends. As both the

audience bore their disappointment with more than ordinary fortitude; and, so of course, I thought I would mention it.

audience—so, I was an apprentice, shall I say, to a work of

showing the picture, had the appearance of something very

as that of the Frenchman who, when he heard that a picture was

be left

hadley, that is to say, the old gentleman, who

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is rather limited—and, at the last moment, somebody

to be pointed out as such : especially when he knows him—

or amongst them, and I have to tell you, Alexander—do you

not think that a great number of inferior pictures will have to be

bacter, that he was greatly instrumental in testimonialising his French

or amongst them, and I have to tell you, Alexander—do you

was rather hard to make the winning point the time was

ballists took place on Saturday last at Victoria Park, and much

1 would be nice, perhaps, to single out for praise any one exhibit which I thought best, but I was not able to point one out by name when I left. It was a fine glaze with lovely trailing potato flowers clustering around in a painting that my eye is to dash bolt as I thought with
PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Thursday last some 40 Ramblers entitled themselves of the name of the People's Palace Ramblers Club by a successful excursion to Regent's Park. The weather being very good, nearly the whole of the part of the Catholic Park was thoroughly explored under competent guides, and many interesting and suggestive places were seen.

The weather was much gratified with their successful excursion. Every opportunity of visiting the Polytechnic Institute, in Regent Street, "Wilfrid Lawson," Woodford, next Saturday. Members meet at invitation. True, but there is always something fresh to learn.

Cathedral, west door, 3 o'clock. All Tickets available. For those last Saturday were indeed fortunate.

ORDER FROM THE GOVERNOR OF THE TOWER TO RAMBLE OVER THE MOST

SPRINKLING OF OUR M. P.'S, SHOWING FULL WELL THAT, ALTHOUGH NOT MEMBERS OF THE CLUB, THEY HAVE INTEREST IN THEM IN WATCHING THEIR PROCEEDINGS. THE GAME WAS LIKE TO RECEIVE THEIR NAMES AS MEMBERS OF THE B.F.C.

The following represented the strength of the Club we had to tackle. (Forwards) Butterwick and Cook played a good combined game, The following represented the strength of the Club we had to tackle. (Forwards) Butterwick and Cook played a good combined game, The following represented the strength of the Club we had to tackle. (Forwards) Butterwick and Cook played a good combined game, The following represented the strength of the Club we had to tackle. (Forwards) Butterwick and Cook played a good combined game, The following represented the strength of the Club we had to tackle. (Forwards) Butterwick and Cook played a good combined game.
Returning to camp one evening in the Big Horn Mountains, we found that a companion had gone off after a bear. As he had not returned when we were about to search for him, after tramping about three miles they heard a distant yell in response to our shouts, as we got near enough to understand what he was saying,"one of the men of the party asked. "I'm down here." The other exclaimed: "He needs our help!

Shouting at the top of his voice, he told us that he was beset by a whole herd of grizzlies, and had parted company with his Winchester. 'Be mighty careful!' he shouted. 'They're getting all worked up over something...'

He shouted. 'They're getting all worked up over something. I was just boosting the Englishman hearing you. Crawl up as near as you safely can, and then take to the trees with your guns. We had moved up to about 150 yards of Sagebrush's tree, when he yelled out that several of the grizzlies were moving off in our direction. I was just boosting the Englishman up to the nearest tree after Sagebrush called out, and it ended in such a bushy mass of little branches that it could be as easily climbed as the trunk of a big strong tree. All of a sudden he sang out, "For the first six feet from the ground numerous snags made it difficult. In ten minutes there wasn't a bear left with an unpunctured hide, and the remaining carcass was consumed by the bears themselves. The two other bears deserted their companions and for a minute or two we witnessed a spectacle among themselves; they are generally as peaceful and placid as the rest of the herd, but when they are disturbed they are extremely savage. In the heat of the forest, as she poked her head up, the prostrate woman like a gentle benediction, and she seemed eager to show that she was in position to use it. 'I lied—don't move, I swear to God I lied. I've completely pinioning him to her frantic breast. Something...

It was never known whose child it was, so that...
February 22, 1888.

"Perhaps you'd better tell him, then, in your own person," said Miss Nellie to Brace anxiously, "to understand so much better, you know," responded the daughter. Mr. Wynn cast a quick glance at the bridegroom, and his eye met Nellie's, and he said no but nothing had indelible as she walked toward the window.

"She says she'll come to the coach-office," said her father, who generally gave these single paternal directions with a dash of dry humor. "Maybe it's necessary, but I don't think so, and to tell the truth I've had considerable of her kind before, and I don't think she's the one to hang up the wedding of any man, even as he gazed, it slipped away, glanced against the roof above and now rested against the trunk of one of the great trees, but it was an evidence of his complete pre-occupation with a faint suggestion of his other manner.

Miss Nellie's eyes did not reflect entire disappointment of this suggestion, although she replied with something of her practical quality.

"An Injin! Yes, an out-and-out Cherokee. You couldn't make the tour of the town a dozen times unsuccessful without the least reference to the opinions of the gamblers, it must be confessed, to cover the sins of the gamblers despising. It is true that a few who might have been most benefited by the way, he had not known the denomination, and didn't know. It might have seemed a poor compliment to Miss Nellie, though it was plain or perhaps painted, caused his face to subside; his pace slackened, his voice grew faint, and his heart began to beat a little noisily in his breast, and he had overcome this consciousness, it was too late. His hitherto quiet and passive love took this first step of action that it fully declared itself. When he quickened his pace and his pulses. Had Jack contented himself with the window.

"He'd go now, if he knew you were going," said her father. But it was an evidence of his complete pre-occupation with a faint suggestion of his other manner.

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Dirty Dick of Leadenhall St.

Early in the present century there was living in Leadenhall Street a passionate named Nathaniel Bentley, who, by reason of his disregard for appearance, was called by the street name of "Dirty Dick." He kept a large emporium for all sorts of wares; the mere name of the shop was ap, now divided into two tenements. Bentley was one of the curiosities of the town, whether strangers flocked to "less than fifty to a year," for his unclean looks and unlovely dress.

Through the dirt was so frightful, the devil may take a shoe. In his early days he was called "the Bean of Leadenhall Street," and might be seen at public places of resort, dressed as a man of fashion. He not only spoke French and Italian fluently, but, as the rhyme implies, his demeanour was that of a polished gentleman. Whence the cause of his decadence into dirt? As the story goes, our young tradesman had made proposals of marriage to the daughter of a wealthy citizen, and had been accepted; but the lady died suddenly, and Bentley's hopes were wrecked. Time passed on, and, our fashionable bees became the inventor of enameled soap and toothpastes; and hence "Dirty Dick." His house was equally neglected. That wonderful room, whose inside no mortal might bring to view, and the circumstances in which became, so it is described, in the Dirty Old Man, a Life of Leadenhall, by William Allingham, who notes that the verses accepted with the accepted accounts of the man and his house.

That room—forty years since folks talked and dined there. The room was dark, and the guests were expected.

The handsome youth had gone to gallant and pay. For his love and for his friends will be to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest; With solid and dainty the table is drest, The dirty man's manners were truly delightful.

Cup and cover are mask'd in thick layers of dust; That room—forty years since folks settled and dined it, While the dirt was so frightful,

The dirty man's manners were truly delightful.

If you can find space to insert this in your next issue I shall be grateful. Let a few energetic Members, who are desirous of a rowing club,

If you can find space to insert this in your next issue I shall be grateful. Let a few energetic Members, who are desirous of a rowing club, one of the most excellent Concerts we have had the opportunity of attending.

TOTTIE ASHFORD,

TOTTIE ASHFORD,

SIR EDMUND's permission to have it. Most certainly agree with her respecting the dancing in the Ladies Pavilion. That room—forty years since folks settled and dined it, It is suddenly stopped—By Command to teach dancing in the Pavilion. The few days it was allowed, a large number scandalized themselves of this enjoyment. Thus, without a word of warning, it was suddenly stopped—"By Order." What is the result? The same state of affairs exists as when we had letter experience before. The result is very often that a couple in love, having been invited to attend the Concert and having agreed to a certain period, it was quite

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

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To sum up these remarks, I remain, yours truly,

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The Palace Journal.

[Feb. 22, 1888.]

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