THURSDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Concert, in Queen’s Hall, at 8.

FRIDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Choral Society.—Rehearsals, at 8. Orchestra.—Rehearsal, at 5 till 7.

SATURDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Choral Society.—Rehearsals, at 7.30 and 8.45. Dramatic Society.—Rehearsal, 5 till 10.

SUNDAY.—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4. Library.—Open from 1 till 10, free. Popular Entertainment in Lecture Hall, at 8.

WEDNESDAY.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Concert, in Queen’s Hall, at 8.

THE City of London is going to spend £200,000 this year. It is a large sum of money, and it is interesting to know how it is made up. First of all there is a tribe of nearly £30,000 for unusual expenditure, erection of necessary buildings, and so forth. Police and justice cost £15,000—what a hopeful expenditure is caused every year by rogues! Civic government—which includes another Court of Justice—costs £30,000. Pensions run away with £14,000; education, library, museum, and art galleries cost £50,000. Charitable donations, £4,500; and the maintenance of West Ham Park and Epping Forest costs £5,000. This seems on the whole a very satisfactory account. No one will grudge the money spent on most of the items. And we must all agree that to keep up the dignity of the Corporation of this great City a very large sum is required.

For my own part, I find the City Corporation such an excellent thing that I desire its preservation above all things. But the dignity and state of the Lord Mayor should represent the whole of London, not a little bit of it. Why can we not preserve what exists, and enlarge it? Would it be absolutely impossible to extend the Wards? For instance, Portsoken Ward might include the whole of East London south of Whitechapel and the Mile End Road; Bishopsgate should include Bethnal Green, Hackney and Ford; and so on, the Wards being extended, in all directions, four miles north, twenty miles east and west, and ten miles south. We should then have a Lord Mayor representing a City, the like of which does not exist in the whole world. But, to abolish an old thing because it has grown old is the folly of ignorance which is always impatient; we might as well pull down the lovely little old church of Bow because it will no longer hold half the population of that once-grown village.

The Navy is to be increased by seventy new ships, which will all be built in the next five years. As the present fleet will be diminished by at least twenty ships— worn out, sunk, and wrecked—in the same time it is not such an enormous increase after all. The proposed addition of about 3,000 men only shows that the increase is not to be so very great. It is not generally known that there is considerable difficulty about manning the fleet, the reason being chiefly the absurd restrictions as to entrance, and certain obsolete rules of over strictness in active duty. These rules will have to be overhauled before the navy is as popular as the army as a profession for a young man. From the point of view of pay there is little to be desired, though even the pay might be improved; and as regards work and food, there is not anything in the world a service or a trade where a man is better fed, better clothed, better cared for, and more lightly worked. Let this be remembered by those who are troubled by the difficulty of finding work for their boys.

For my own part I have never been able to understand why a young fellow, healthy and strong, need be troubled about his maintenance, or complain of no work, when the Army, in all its branches, Engineers, Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, and Commissariat,—or the Navy whether as combatant or "landman," i.e., carpenter, engineer, etc., is open to him. Easy work, good food, a roving life, and at the end a pension—surely these ought to be inducements enough. As for the fighting, that is the whole of a soldier's or sailor's life, the part which most he loves. I have talked with many soldiers, both officers and men, and I have found but one opinion: they all love campaigning and the fierce joy of battle, more than anything.
There is the enemy longing to kill you, that safety depends to our end of London to pick up the thousands who must be
plenty, good clothes, and light work are waiting for you, in out of place there is none. A small sum, which a young man can easily spare: only the determination to put off marriage till the old age is assured.

As regards the vicious, the drunkards, and the idle, it would be necessary to give them an allowance on a very reduced scale—say, a shilling a day. The Obverse of this would clear the army, navy, and civil service of the great pension lists which now swell the yearly grant. The retired £3,000,000 a year in the army, to £2,000,000 in the navy, and to £1,000,000 in the departments. A few grades of pensions; but there would be no great provocation. In fact—I trust that no landlady of lodgings appeared in the morning at the Police Court.

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"Go Call Her Mine."

CHAPTER XII. THE SECOND DEED.

"You see, Mary, it's all over. You will find out, if you be a wise child, that this money, this property, is all yours. It is better to the world, and better to you, that it was all over."

"Yes, it is the bag I lost. I never lost but one bag, so I know it."

"Are you a devil, David? You were only a fool when you went away. You have come back a devil."

"Well, what has David to do with it, uncle?"

"Nothing, Mary, nothing," he replied. "George—advise—"

"Go on, then. Go on—go on; I can bear it all."

"How do you know that you will give me back my own?"

"No, no; I would rather be ill. I could bear any pain, I think, before I would be that."

"Now there are heretofore that is all. They are found, and I have never found another."

"What have you done with your property? Have you sold it?"

"No, I cannot tell you, Mary. I only heard to-day—by post—what has happened to it."

"There is another way," he said. "But I doubt whether George—"

"Half an hour ago, I can assure you, I was about to advise you to send for the doctor and order your medicine."

"Go on, then. Go on; I can bear it all."

"What things could I do? Of course I will do it."

"And I have told someone, or I should have died. Don't speak to—no more."

"Have you done with your property? Are you going to sell it?"

"It is a precious document, truly," said Daniel, "a paper which we are more than quits. I've seen a bit of the world, Daniel, I think that before I've done you will acknowledge that money, that it was lost six years ago."

"It seems to me that your nephew, David, has been very hasty and his ghost and his orders? Nephew, I am getting tired of this. Show me the paper if you have it with you, and I will tell you what I will do. Put it into my hands."

"I am come on your business, Mr. Leighan; if you call me to come home? What did you do it for?"

"But I do not it."

"If you had read this will, David, you would have found yourself put down for something good. Well—so, I forgive you."

"This was truly an auspicious evening for me to present to your poor—"
in a little pile, his long, lean fingers closed over them, and he had not wanted me. It was George who discovered that it was your money.-" 

"Nothing." 

"Well, then, enough said about my robbery. It is strange, you're sure that you know nothing. He peered into me with his keen eyes, and then, you cannot help me, unso—no—no—" 

"Give me your money. Do you ever think about your lodgings? You've never done any harm to you. What cannot you do to a large number, some of whom were unable to come earlier, and thus were crowded out. Monday evening is the very latest time to arrive. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Mr. Gamble will read a Paper on the "Preparation of Isochromatic Plates."—The report of the meeting last week was unfortunately not available. "The Palace Journal."
Mr. Sexton's Choir Boys

3. Song

Miss Lucie Johnstone,
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume:
How oft the black jack to his lips doth go.
And the maids say they often see Margaret there.
Where many a flask of his best doth go.
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
How could a blossom fairer be,
Thy flow'rets bend to ev'ry breeze.
Within thy bells a perfume dwells,
Whilst throbs a single human heart.
And love we yield will ne'er depart,
To his music plants and flowers
Bow themselves, when he did sing,
Killing care and grief of heart,
The war cry echoes round,
Miss Lucie Johnstone

2. Song

"Lily of the Vale" - Parthenia

"Lift thine eyes to the Mountains from whence cometh help.
Thine foot shall not be moved, thy keeper will never slumber.
Lift thine eyes, O lift thy head, O lift thy garments,"

8. Song...

The Mother Maid in Bethlehem's inn brought forth her firstborn child,
In sorrow and in want, amid the winter wild,
Are sounding forth their joyful Hallelujah!
That little babe in manger laid, He is the King of Kings;
That we might rise from sin and death to live with Him on high,
He came in lonely grief to suffer and to die; . .
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers,
It may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.
It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again,
But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great Amen.
It quieted pain and sorrow, like love overlying strife,
I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost chord divine,
But there is one whose smile will ever on us beam,
Not many will stand by in trouble or in strife,
'Tis sweeter and 'tis purer than all other;
We heard her voice like angel's from above.
And our longing heart will learn, wherever we may turn,
Her love is sweeter far than any other;
And wherever we may turn this lesson we may learn,
But there is one whose smile will ever on us beam.
M. S. FOWLES.


Something brighter, purer far,
Than the spirit which each soul bears;
None can live without such a being,
There is no lady in the land
Of all the girls that are so smart
She is the darling of my heart,
But when my seven long years are out,
And, but for her, I'd rather be
There's none like pretty Sally,
To walk abroad with Sally;
There's none like pretty Sally,
To walk abroad with Sally;
To walk abroad with Sally;
But Sally's sweet face
And her violet eyes
Are fixed on me;
And when she smiles
I'm sitting by the stile, Mary;
"One faithful harp shall praise thee."
March 14th.—On this day, 1555, died the real founder of the Russell family, Sir Erford of Bedford. He was a successful diplomat, as well as a domestic, and one of the leading members of the family who held a place at King Henry VIII.'s court. The next private residence of the family was at Bedford, a town which had a special importance in the history of the family. A Russell was so fortunate as to find favour successively with Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Elizabeth. The palace of the monasteries was the foundation of his fortune. He was also a founder of the Manor of Chilterns, one of the most beautiful places in the country. Those who wish to see it in all its beauty should make the journey from the St. John's Inn to the church.

March 16th.—On this day died, 1619, the great actor Burbage. He it was who played the principal parts in all Shakespeare's plays. He was a Cardinal of the Roman Church, and died in 1849, aged seventy-five. Dr. Mayerne, physician to James I.: Earl St. Vincent: the Ark: Tennyson's poem, "The City of London Pie." Will no one try it?

March 19th.—Good Bishop Ken died, 1711. He was at first a shepherd lad, but was taken into the monastery and rose to be its prior. He was then trans­ferred to another monastery on Holy Island, or Lindisfarne. This is the day of St. Cuthbert. The Rev. Mark Pease, author of "Tristan Sband," died on this day, 1876.

Letters to the Editor.

B. PARIS TRIP.

SIR,—The idea in this week's Journal seems to me to be a good one, but for all we know in mystery, we are already acquainted. I noticed some weeks back, in the Red-Act's notes, that the names of intending trippers were put into the paper with their adopted details, the following week. They have not yet appeared in the Journal as a rule.

J. H. M.

EVENING CLASSES.

Mrs. PEARSE, says:—Dear Sir,—I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use your correspondent is to my family and amongst those to whom I have joined Professor Loisette's Memory Classes, with a view to offering one another mutual help and assistance in studying the subject. I may say that every student himself notes to disclose particular points of the system, it is not an item, so that I cannot answer any question as to what it is, as I am not acquainted with my own notes. But I must say that it is a very good system and that plaster balls had been put into the eye-sockets. Thanking you in advance for the insertion of this note, I am, sir, yours obediently,

J. M. TAYLOR.

W. G.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Sir,—In reply to the letter signed X.Y.Z., which appeared in the Journal, I beg to say that the First Eleven team did not put in the appearance of the Second Eleven team did not put in an appearance and the Second Eleven played four shout. You might say that both the signature lines were exchanged, and that the Second Eleven match complained of was, therefore, not an ordinary fixture, but merely a match arranged to assist the Orange and Blue Club. We consider that your correspondent is not doing the Club the service as he says he wishes to do it but harm. The Palace is very limited, the Committee have to make the best of its present contingent. We consider that your correspondent is not doing the Club the service as he says he wishes to do it but harm. The idea in this week's Journal seems to me to be a good one, but for all we know in mystery, we are already acquainted. I noticed some weeks back, in the Red-Act's notes, that the names of intending trippers were put into the paper with their adopted details, the following week. They have not yet appeared in the Journal as a rule.

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THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,
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ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

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Convalescent Home.—MARGATE, KENT.

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JONADAB FINCH, Secretary.

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