TUESDAY, Oct. 22nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.——Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m. until g p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m. until g p.m.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

ORGAN RECITALS, at 12.30, 4, and 8, 6/-.——Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen’s Hall.——Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

SUNDAY, Oct. 27th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library opens from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, Oct. 28th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chees Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen’s Hall.——Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Concert in Queen’s Hall, at 8 p.m.—Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.45.—Students’ Dance, at 7.30.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 20th, 1889.

In the QUEEN’S HALL, at 12.30, 4, and 8 o’clock.

Organist—Mr. James Lucking, F.C.O.

At 4 o’clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

NOTICE.

Class Tickets are issued every day in the Schools’ Office until 9 p.m.

By payment of an additional fee of tenpence per quarter, Students will have the privilege of attending the Concerts and Entertainments arranged expressly for them in the Queen’s Hall on Wednesday evenings.

The Table is now ready, and may be had by applying at the offices, which are now open each evening till nine, to issue class tickets.

An efficient Cookery School is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools’ Office.

Notes of the Week.

A ROYAL twenty mîles from the West Coast of Hayti, on what is called the Spanish Main, there lies a little island called Navassa. In the scramble and fight for possession of the West Indian Islands, Navassa seems to have been forgotten; at least, no map that I have consulted has thought it worth while to colour the island so as to show the country to which it belongs. There was established in Navassa, up till the other day, a factory of some kind, started and managed by Americans but worked by negroes. And here there has suddenly broke out, from no apparent cause, one of those curious mad revolts which make the negro so dangerous a neighbour. They rose: they murdered all the white men, except one or two who escaped. They actually bombarded the house in which they took refuge with dynamite bombs, of which there was a whole magazine full. The story shows that there is still plenty of adventure and peril for those who seek their fortunes afloat. The romance of the Spanish Main is not yet completed.

It also illustrates the character of the negro. Thirty years ago, while the States still endured the reproach of slavery, we were continually hearing of the wonderful qualities and gifts of the black brother. In those days, it was not convenient to consider the island of Hayti; we therefore spoke as if it did not exist. What has happened, then? In this country, which is without any exception the richest, the most abundantly provided, and the most beautiful country in the world, the negro has been for close upon a hundred years left to himself and his own government. He started with religion, education, a free constitution, and the wealth of his unraviled country. After a hundred years we find the island divided into two republics, each of which hates the other with an animosity as intense as it is ridiculous. One of these is called the Muleto Republic, the other is the Black Republic. There are no industries, arts, or manufactures: the rich forests are allowed to rot; the mines of iron, copper, and gold are unworked; the government is bankrupt; the men live on the work of the women: they have lost their language—Creole Spanish or French, and now speak a mixed jargon; they have gone back to the wildest superstition, and practice rites and ceremonies indescribable, including cannibalism. In the Black Republic they have even passed a law preventing whites from holding land or any office. In fact, a hundred years have been forgotten; at least, no map that I have consulted has thought it worth while to colour the island so as to show the country to which it belongs. The island was shown a relapse so complete as their brethren of Hayti. They are peaceable now and happy, and I believe have not shown a relapse so complete as their brethren of Hayti.
chase the runaway; but there are none showing the planters especially interested in their lairs. I have never been ashamed that the Americans have no such signs. When the Civil War ended in 1865, the blacks got votes as well as freedom. They pro-
cured a strike, and their tactics were hotly debated. Theposix had much to say about the war's impact on music, but the war's end led to a discussion on the future of the blues.

The Palace Journal.

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The Palace Journal.

The Palace Journal.
I'm a going to seek my niece; I'm a going to seek her fur and wide.

Arrival of Mr. Pickwick and his friends—Mr. Jack Hopkins—Hospital experiences—The story of the boy who swallowed 2.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER I.—

Mr. Charles Dickens, on Wednesday, October 16th, 1889.

M. C. D., M.A.

Part I.—David Copperfield.

CHAPTER I.—The old boat on Yarmouth Sands—Mr. Peggotty's household—The introduction of Steerforth—The story of Handelship—Steerforth and Little Em'ly—Coming events cast their shadows before.

CHAPTER 2.—Another visit to Mr. Peggotty—The flight of Little Em'ly—"Who's the man?"—Mr. Peggotty's resolve.

CHAPTER 3.—Over head and ear; in love with Dora—David's proposal, and how Jip received it—Household troubles.

Mary Ann and the Page—The child's tale.

CHAPTER 4.—Mr. Peggotty's wanderings and search for his niece—How little Em'ly sent him money, and his fear that she was dead.

Another visit to Mr. Peggotty—The flight of Little Em'ly—"Who's the man?"—Mr. Peggotty's resolve.

The story of the boy who swallowed 2.

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The story of the boy who swallowed 2.

The old boat on Yarmouth Sands—Mr. Peggotty's household—The introduction of Sleerforth—The story of Handelship—Steerforth and Little Em'ly—Coming events cast their shadows before.
WE can be but partially acquainted even with the events that actually influence our course through life, and our final standing in the world: it is reasonable to suppose that as many other events, if away without actual results, or even being better known by our near neighbours, will affect our minds.

Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortune, we should be infinitely wiser, and our opinions might be less subject to disappointment, to affect us in a single hour of true merit. There would be few men who might not have found some points of resemblance to the history of David Swan.

Nothing more to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the metropolis. He was too honest to be a beggar, and too well fed in the grocery line, to be taken behind the counter. He resided, what they say, that was a native of New Hampshire, born in a log-cabin, and received an ordinary school education, with a classic flush. He was a student at a Galena academy. After graduating, he was not long the pride of the family, then, like himself, resided shut in the same convenient abode, and waiting the coming up of the stage-coach. As it pleased on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maple, with a delightful room in the shade, and such a bracing bubble in spring, that seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfaring but David Swan. Virgin or not, he loved it with his literary eye, and then thought himself along the trail, following his head upon some white, with a nose of pandanum, fed up in a cheap smoking hand. He did not rise from the road, after the heavy rain of potholes and something bed of down. The spruce maruniwadf, beside him, the harmless wander dreamt of his companionship. The few deep, perspiring hides within its depths, fell upon David Swan. His head was not sawing. He was as sleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, a-foot, on horseback, or in the same manner, without the slightest regard to the sun's sly run under the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their eyes.

The dog's master must be close behind. He could see the shade, and the other, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally, he appeared among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunbeam. He knew nothing of the matter. He did not dream of.

The dog's master must be close behind. The man with the dagger thrust the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket pistol, but it had thumbed which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a black-handled scimitar upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable drink and left the spot, with so many sights and such laughter at their accomplished villainy, that they might be said to have gone on their way respecting.

In the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass without our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortune, we should be infinitely wiser, and our opinions might be less subject to disappointment, to affect us in a single hour of true merit. The man with the dagger thrust the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket pistol, but it had thumbed which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a black-handled scimitar upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable drink and left the spot, with so many sights and such laughter at their accomplished villainy, that they might be said to have gone on their way respecting.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned the road so lightly as to escape his notice. This young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance pant, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all.

A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head into the window of David Swan's resting-place. A linchpin had fallen out, and prevented one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was nothing, to David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

The dog's master must be close behind. He could see the shade, and the other, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally, he appeared among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunbeam. He knew nothing of the matter. He did not dream of.

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A Refractory Lion.

B IDEL, the famous French Lion-tamer, in his recently-published memoirs, has told the story of his terrible conflict with Sultan, the lion, in a most thrilling manner.

"I had tried," he says, "on the 9th of July, 1885, as the date of my installation in my new house at Amersham. It was arranged for me to appear at Neney's, and I was very much aware of a certain excitement among the beasts, but this was nothing compared to what happened next. I was told that the lion had suddenly broken loose, and that we were in danger. I was able to escape in time, and in the end the beast was shot dead. I was forced to make my bow to the audience I had so deeply excited, after the most trying and trying circumstances. It was a fete day for me, and I longed to keep it in memory."

A Prize Presentation at the Palace.

O n Wednesday last, at a Special Concert in the Queen's Hall, Ladies Curtis presented to pianos to members of the Philharmonic Society a piano to the value of £100. The pianos were in the form of a chaise, and were delivered in a brougham with my wife, and we set off for the pretty new house we had taken. We set off for the Palace of Westminster.

"The Palace," she said, "is a fete day for me, and I longed to keep it in memory."

A Would-be Editor.

F rom Mrs. Colton's "Editor's Desires.

A FARMER invaded the sanctuary, and three were the words the worthy editor exclaimed. "Good morning, sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body today? I heard you were sick last week." "I am not sick," was the reply. "I am not sick at all, but I am very well." "And your paper last week wasn't so spotty, nor sharp, as the one this week." "That is just it," was the editor's reply. "You see, when the campaign is opened, you're sharper."

"But I's e'en right up in a minute, and said a good word for the Palmer," said the editor.

"I told 'em I'd be tried to do just as well as you," said the farmer."

And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor of him.

My family is increasing, while other's seems to be in moth.

I've got right smart of a family—it's one of the old-fashioned sort."

The editor's trade.

"And, poetry, too, is constructed by machines o' different kinds."

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But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be whoopin' away."

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The editor's trade.
### Time Table of Classes.

#### SESSION 1889-90.

The Winter Session will commence on Monday, September 30th, 1889. The Classes are open to both sexes of all ages. The Art Classes are held at Essex House, Mile End Road. As the number attending each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. By payment of an additional fee of Sixpence per Quarter Students will have the privilege of attending Concerts and Entertainments arranged for them in the Union's Hall on Wednesday Evenings. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join either the Practical or Technical Classes. Further particulars may be obtained upon application at the Office, Technical Schools, People's Palace.

The Workshops are fitted up with requisite requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissecting, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations. The Lectures Room are commodious and well supplied with apparatus. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus required for a thorough practical instruction.

Female Students. Students also have the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

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### Practical Trade Classes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Teachers</th>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Fees</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Fashion Cutting</em></td>
<td>Mrs. W. T. Sampson</td>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>8.0-10.0</td>
<td>5.0</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Chemistry</em></td>
<td>Mr. W. T. Sampson</td>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>8.0-10.0</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Photography</em></td>
<td>Mrs. M. R. Sampson</td>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>8.0-10.0</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Art Classes</em></td>
<td>Mrs. E. J. Burrell</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>8.0-10.0</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Singing, Elementary</em></td>
<td>Mr. E. J. Burrell</td>
<td>Saturday</td>
<td>8.0-10.0</td>
<td>5.0</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Clay Modelling</em></td>
<td>Mr. J. W. F. Sullivan</td>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>8.0-10.0</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Mathematics, Stage I.</em></td>
<td>Mr. J. W. F. Sullivan</td>
<td>Tuesday</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Music</em></td>
<td>Mr. J. W. F. Sullivan</td>
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### Art and Design Classes.

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### Notes.

* Fees are in addition to Class Fees.
* Members of these classes can join the Class in Mathematics, Stage II.

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### Address for Correspondence.

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### SMITH & BOWRIGHT, 4, ELDEN STREET, E.C.

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### W. S. CROKER, Cycle Manufacturer.

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(Held for upwards of 50 years) which
are appointed to take place at

THE AUCTION MART,
TOKENHOUSE YARD,
ON THE
Second & Fourth Thursdays
of the Month,
During the Year 1889,
as follows—

October 10, 24 ;
November 14, 28; December 12.

Careful attention given to Rent Col­lecting and the entire Management of
House Property.

Auction & Survey Offices :
144, MILE END RD., E.
THURGOOD,
* HOEIR,
Glover & Shirtmaker,
446, 448 & 450,
BETHNAL GREEN ROAD,
NOTED FOR TIES. SHIRTS, AND
CARDIGAN JACKETS
Shirts made to Order.
Fancy Drapery Department next door.

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BROS.,
Wholesale, Retail and
Photographic Chemists
278, ROMAN ROAD,
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Proprietors of Garman Bros.'
BEST LIVER PILLS,
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7d., 11/2 2/6 Per Box.
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THE BEST HOUSE IN THE
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