

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 89.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid. VOLUME III. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

In consequence of the Annual Exhibition of Pictures, the Library will be closed on and after Monday next, July 29th, until further notice. Newspapers can be seen in the Queen's Hall every week-day, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.

The Library will be open on Sundays as usual: viz., from 3 to 10 p.m.

## Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, July 25th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.
- FRIDAY, July 26th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.  
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, July 27th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.  
Ramblers' Club.—To Eltham.  
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.  
Cycling Club.—Run to Erith.
- SUNDAY, July 28th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.  
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, July 29th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers may be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.  
Junior Harriers' Handicap.—Lake's Farm, Wanstead, 8 and 8.30.  
Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- TUESDAY, July 30th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers may be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.  
Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.  
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, July 31st.—Library Closed.—Newspapers may be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.  
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 28th, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION FREE.

## Notes of the Week.

A SO-CALLED International Congress of "Workers" is being held. Rather there are two Congresses, for they have begun by squabbling; and of workers, *i.e.*, of working men, there seem to be few. They all rejoice greatly in calling themselves citizens—copying the foolish example set at the French Revolution. A citizen means the inhabitant of a city: a Roman citizen was originally a native of Rome: a citizen of London is a native or inhabitant of London. They have proposed and adopted a series of resolutions, some just and reasonable, some unattainable, and some silly: thus they want one day's rest in the week, abolition of night work, technical education, no work for children, responsibility of employers for accident, and equal pay for men and women for equal work. These all are desirable things, and there is no necessity for holding a congress to resolve that they are things which are coming in good time. Then they ask for workshops organised by the workers "with subscriptions from the State." But what is the State? Is the State a bank overflowing with gold? The State is the general mass of people; are the workers themselves to pay their subscriptions? No, the idea is that the rich must be taxed—at least one supposes so; but what are the riches of the rich? Are they heaps of gold? Not at all, they are bits of paper: they are shares in the prosperity of the country: they are the funds, the railway, the tramway, the docks, the ships, and the great trading companies. We are to tax, therefore, these shares. Now if the credit of the country goes down, or its trade decays, then shares become worthless. Where then are your wealthy people then? Formerly they bought and held land; but most of the land has now gone down so much in value that the people who hold it are no longer rich.

LET us take a single case: there is in a certain parish a great Brewery which is a Company, and yields a good dividend; the shareholders are the rich. Now let us call upon the State to found a great brewery in the same parish, to be worked by working men. These shareholders are taxed to found it; their own brewery is then ruined by the new brewery. Where is the money to be found for the next State-assisted brewery?

ANOTHER way of looking at it is, to suppose the State to be run not by taxes levied on the "rich"—because the Socialists will have no "rich"—but on the whole community, by taxes on food, drink, imports of all kinds. If there are to be no rich people to tax of course these things must be taxed, because the State must be run somehow; but think of the enormous burdens which we shall lay on ourselves if we attempt, in addition to the necessary taxes for the maintenance of the Empire, to tax our working people in order to subsidise the workshops. Why, it will be taking the money out of one pocket in order to put it, greatly reduced in the course of the operation, into the other.

THERE is, next, to be a minimum wage in accordance with a reasonable standard of living. I have often thought of a minimum wage in considering the hardships of working women. Yet let us see what it means. A minimum rate of wage means limited production and an artificially ruled market. How can a woman be paid more for making a shirt than the shirt will fetch in the market? Let every one who is interested in the question—and who is not?—apply it to his own trade, and see how it will work. All trade is speculative to a certain extent. The manufacturer of the stuff never knows to a certainty how much of it he will be able to sell:

the maker of shirts never knows how many he will be able to sell: and neither manufacturer nor maker knows what the price will be. They form a conjecture, founded on experience, what the demand and the price will be. On this conjecture they have to base the number of people they employ and the price they pay. But alas! the market takes no account of a minimum wage. Is there, then, no hope that the sweating system may be reformed? Every hope,—as much hope as there was eighty years ago,—that slavery would be abolished. But this kind of slavery can never be abolished by Acts of Parliament regulating a minimum of wage.

THEN there is the eight hours' resolution. Nothing so neat, so rounded, and so simple as an eight hours' resolution: nothing so entirely illusory. Why? Well, for this among other reasons: that every man does not work alike, nor do men of every nation work with the same rapidity and ease. I believe it may be said without boasting that the English workman is the best, for a good day's work, in the world. First result, therefore, of an Eight Hours' International Law, would be the ruin of all the foreign manufacturers: then the Eight Hours' Resolution would speedily vanish into thin air. But all these resolutions are based upon the fundamental error, that we can make ourselves wise, virtuous, industrious, honest and rich, by Acts of Parliament. Let us see that our laws are just and oppress no one: let us loyally stand by those who administer the laws: and let us obey the great and natural laws which no Congress can make, destroy, or alter, namely, the laws of industry, soberness, and thrift.

I WENT to-day (Saturday) to see the last of the old White Hart Inn, Southwark. Alas! I was too late: all the old part is gone. Now there remain but three of the old inns of London—the old Bell of Holborn, and two at Southwark. There is a beautiful old inn at Dartford, in Kent. They have roofed over the old court, and turned it into a Corn Exchange, but the galleries are there. If I were to build an inn, I would take the Shakespearean inn for model.

THIS court-yard of the old inn was the first theatre. They raised a platform on trestles, and hung up placards at the back for scenery: "This is a Wood,"—"this is a Castle," and so on. The players stood aside waiting to go on and repeat their parts: they were dressed in the fashion of the time, so that Julius Cæsar went on in the same dress as Falstaff or Henry VIII.: boys took women's parts: and the bedroom galleries contained the most fashionable part of the audience. When a regular theatre was built, the fashionable part of the house was on the stage, a custom that was continued far into the last century. But the White Hart Inn, one of the oldest in London, may have witnessed many early plays before even the oldest theatres of Bankside was built.

ANOTHER superstition is noted in the papers. The negroes in America, it is said, place on the graves of dead children toys for them to play with. It is a pretty superstition. I once saw a Hindoo burying a boy who had died of fever. He laid the body in the grave and covered it up. Then he placed upon the earth a small bottle filled with water, ready for the child should he feel thirsty, and went away. We adorn the resting place of a child with flowers; they are prettier than the bottle of water and the toys, but they are not more useful and not so touching.

I ASKED last week for any ghost story that may have come within the experience of any of my readers. I have had no reply; but a lady told me the other day, of a near relation of her own, who knew at the moment when her brother died in India, and told her friends. This is interesting, but wants examination and confirmation. I am still open to receive stories of the supernatural, if they are real stories which will bear examination and cross-examination.

WE are going to have a magnificent show of ships, and everybody hopes that it will go off well. But it is confessed that the fleet will be undermanned, and that at present the navy is by no means so popular as it might be, and should be. Now, I venture to point out that here is a really practical piece of work for the Government to do. I believe the Government does not take in the *Palace Journal*, but somebody might mention the thing to someone else, and he again might pass it on, getting higher and higher until it reaches the giddy elevation of an M.P., who might get up and propose

that steps be taken, without the least delay, to make the navy more popular. I should not wonder if the survival of the old rigid discipline, necessary in the days of press-gangs, the cat-o'-nine-tails, and mutiny, but a little too rigid for these times, is not at the bottom of the present unpopularity of the service. As for sea-service itself, that is always, and always will be popular with our lads.

THE papers have been full of the story of a certain ex-convict, and a mouse whom he tamed. He began the taming process by chopping off the animal's tail by way of encouragement; any mouse would naturally learn to love a man who chopped off its tail. Other people have written to say that they have won the affections of mice without chopping off their tails, and that a mouse with the whole of its natural tail can be as fond of a man as one with no tail at all. The fact is, as any schoolboy knows, the mouse, or the rat is a creature most easily tamed, very affectionate and trustful, and full of intelligence. A certain schoolboy of my acquaintance always has a tame rat running about on the table when he is at his lessons. Rat and boy eat off the same plate at breakfast. There are certain creatures whose wildness can never be overcome, as the wolf, which is after all nothing but a dog. Leopards have been tamed, and even lions, but not jackals or hyenas. In the alligator farms of Florida the creatures get to know their keepers, though I believe the latter do not trust their legs within the ponds. In fact the fatal objection to taming the big game is that their tempers are uncertain. Even the elephant, a most good-tempered beast, is apt to run rusty at times.

SNAKES may undoubtedly be tamed, but it requires a combination of many qualities to tame them. Here is an anecdote of snake taming. In the Island of St. Lucia, West Indies, there is a particularly disagreeable creature about eighteen inches long, whose bite is almost instantly fatal. The residents naturally go in great fear of the reptile, and in the cane fields, where they abound, many accidents happen. Some years ago there was stationed here a company of a certain regiment, whose captain acted as pay-master. He had the power of taming snakes. He caught one of the deadly kind just spoken of, tamed it, and kept it in the box or cupboard where he also kept the regimental money: then he dispensed with lock and key, and left the treasure to be guarded by the serpent. It was quite effectual: no thief dared to open the box with this creature within.

OLD Indians tell delightful snake stories of all kinds grisly and amusing. I like to hear best of the snake-charmers. These people are sent for when a house is found to be infested with snakes. They come with some musical instrument, sit down before the house, and begin to play. Presently the snakes come out. The charmers address them very politely, inviting them to come and be caught. They take them up without the least fear, and place them in a basket. When they have got all, they carry them away over the nearest stream of running water, and let them loose. They say that if they were to kill one their power would instantly leave them. They also say that if they were to let them loose without first crossing running water, the snakes would all go back again.

A FRIEND of mine, being then young and foolish, and on a sheep ranch of New Mexico, once picked up a baby rattle-snake,—just a pretty little innocent harmless child-serpent, about a foot long. He thought he would take it home, and he did, in his hand, curled up asleep in the sweetest and most confiding manner possible. He placed it on the table, and called his cousin to come and look at his new pet. Just then, however, the baby woke up suddenly and instantly flew at the boy, and bit him in the little finger. Now, to be bitten anywhere by a rattle is almost certain death. Sharp pains ran up the arm, and began to shoot over the whole of the right side. They brought whiskey and began to pour it down the boy's throat,—not in sips but in tumblers. They found a doctor who cut and scarified the arm: they changed the whiskey into whiskey and turpentine, and made the boy drink that. Well, at last he recovered, and he has never been known to take up a baby-rattle since. He says you can't depend upon a rattle at any age. He kills them now, whenever he finds them; and, what is more remarkable still, he hates the very sight and smell of whiskey, and can never be induced to take the smallest drop. This is a valuable result, and one feels that perhaps in the case of a confirmed inebriate, a bite from a young rattle-snake might prove as speedy a cure as any yet discovered. EDITOR.

## Palace and Institute Notes.

AN examination in Surveying was held on the 19th inst., and Mr. Forth reports that the following gentlemen passed, viz.: Messrs. J.G.T. Browning, Charles R. Jeyes, Robert Quinin, and Charles Russel. Mr. Forth's pupils are not ungrateful for the care he has taken with them, and the other day presented him with a cigarette case and holder, the inscription on the former setting forth that it was "Presented to Mr. F. C. Forth by the members of his Land Surveying Class, as a token of their great respect and esteem, July, 1889."

IN another column will be found a letter from Mr. Thompson, containing some practical hints, which will be, no doubt, of much assistance to Paris trippers still to go.

EVERY possible success attended the Technical School Boys during their week at Ramsgate, and everything passed off satisfactorily as far as they were concerned, but everyone who knows Mr. Low, the Head Master, will sympathise with him in the sad losses he has sustained in the same week, by the deaths of both his father and his infant child.

IT has been found that the comedieta by Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw, which last week I mentioned would appear in the *Palace Journal*, cannot be printed at present without vitiating Mrs. Whishaw's acting copyright. Mrs. Whishaw has therefore, while withdrawing it, given us a little charade in which she has played herself, and which appears in another part of the paper.

MR. HERBERT DE STERN has signified his intention of presenting the Palace with a fine Clock Tower and Drinking Fountain in memory of his father, the late Baron de Stern. The designs are complete, and the Tower (which is to cost £2,000, and will stand in front, adjacent to the Mile End Road) will shortly be put in hand.

WITH this, the new Winter Garden, and the buildings for the front, which will also soon be in course of erection, great strides will be made towards completing our Palace. It is just possible that the building operations during the winter may necessitate important modifications of our Institute arrangements.

STILL we want a permanent brick gymnasium, a cookery school, and a music-room, and I have no doubt that the good friends will soon be forthcoming who will supply these wants. SUB-EDITOR.

## Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach Mr. Arthur G. Morrison, the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club was held on Thursday, 18th inst., Mr. J. Munro in the chair. The balance-sheet for the preceding year was read and passed, Mr. T. Moreton, the able and energetic Secretary stating, that owing to pressure on his time he would be unable to continue in his office. The election of officers was then proceeded with, the following being elected:—

Captain .. .. .	Mr. J. Munro.
Vice-Captain .. .	Mr. Cantle.
Secretary .. .. .	Mr. H. J. Hawkins.
Committee—Messrs. Moreton, Stapleton, Jesseman and Cowlin.	

Rules II. and VI. relating to Committee and conditions of Membership were altered. A vote of thanks was proposed to the past officers of the Club, and a special vote to the retiring Secretary, both carried *nem. con.* Gentlemen wishing to join the Club (subscriptions 2s. 6d., entrance fee 1s.) can do so on application to the Secretary.

H. J. HAWKINS, Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Result of Challenge Prize.—Gretton and Stone, 5 points each, which makes a dead heat for first prize; Newman third, with 4 points. The result of the Captaincy Race, Thursday, 11th July, J. Ashford, first; H. Cockerton, second; H. Ellis, third. Close company was kept for the first 120 yards, when Ashford commenced to go away; keeping up his pace well he won by 20 yards; same distance between second and third. Winner's time, 6 min. 55 secs. Next Handicap, Thursday, August 1st; 150 yards.

H. ELLIS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

The next rehearsal of the above Society will be held on Tuesday, the 30th July.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.  
J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Our room being required for the forthcoming Autumn Fête, we have had to adjourn our Society until further notice. Members who have any of the Society's works are requested to kindly leave them addressed to the Secretary at the General Offices.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.  
H. A. GOLD, Hon. Lib.

### THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.

Musical Director—MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—MR. A. E. REEVE.

A Rehearsal of the above Troupe will take place on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock. Will Members kindly bring their songs, so that a programme may be arranged for the next performance.

HENRY A. GOLD, Hon. Sec. and Treas.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—MR. R. STOCKWELL, Engineer M.F.B.

A meeting of the above Brigade will be held to-night (Wednesday), at 10 p.m. sharp.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday next, July 27th, we ramble to Eltham. Members are requested to meet at Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, at 2.30 p.m., and take tickets to Greenwich; arrived at the latter place, we shall proceed through the Park, across Blackheath, back of Morden College, and then by Kidbrook on to Eltham, returning home by Burnt Ash, *via* "Tiger's Head," Lee, and then by the High Road, on towards Lewisham Junction.—The Yarmouth party will leave Bridge Wharf on Saturday next at 8 a.m., and another Cannon Street Station, for Hastings, at 9 a.m. Members wishing to join either of these parties are requested to be at their respective places at the specified times.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The weather on Saturday proved rather unpleasant for Cycling; however, a good number arrived at the "Eagle," Snaresbrook. Several took part in the races with some success. I might now remind members and friends that we shall give our first garden party at Buckhurst Hill, on the 31st of August; particulars to be had of any member. Harriers please note. Those members who intend touring with the Club next holidays, are requested to communicate with Mr. Burley, Hope Lodge, Carisbrook Road, Walthamstow, mentioning the route they would prefer to take members' friends will be welcome. The new run-cards are now ready, and may be had of the Sec.—On the 21st inst., F. Hobson (paced by M. Moyle) covered the hundred miles in 9 hours 54 min., and so wins the Club Medal for that distance. Both arrived home wet to the skin, and covered with mud. This is thus the best performance of the kind during the season. Next Thursday's run to Woodford, and Saturday's, to Erith.

D. JESSEMAN, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The under-mentioned subjects have been decided upon for the annual competition in connection with the Club:—

- Figure .. .. "Anticipation."
- Landscape .. .. Sketch within twenty miles of the People's Palace.
- Still Life .. .. Optional.
- Design .. .. Optional.

The amount to be awarded to the successful competitors will be issued later on. The Committee hope that all Members will try and make the Competition Exhibition a greater success even than the last.—The subjects for the Annual Competition of Sketching Clubs are as under:—

- Figure .. .. "A Critical Moment."
- Landscape .. .. Break of Day.
- Animal .. .. Interrupted.
- Design .. .. Labour "A Lunette."
- Sculpture .. .. Sleep.

All Members intending to compete in the above competition must give in their names and fee (one shilling) on Monday, 12th August, at the Monthly Exhibition.

GALLERY NOTICES.

- Grosvenor Gallery, closes 31st July.
- Royal Academy, closes 5th August.
- Royal Water-colour Society, closes 5th August.
- New Gallery, closes 6th August.

C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

PALACE JUNIOR SWIMMING CLUB.

A Sixty Yards' Sealed Handicap, open to the Members of the above Club only, took place on Wednesday last, 17th inst., in the Palace Bath, the result being as follows:—H. Gardner, 9 secs. start, first; H. McCaffreys, 10 secs., second; T. J. Sanderson, 12 secs., third. Mr. Ashford, Captain of the Senior Club, and Mr. Ellis, Vice-Captain of same, were kind enough to act as starters.

F. J. HARVEY, Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

The One Mile Handicap takes place on Monday, July 29th, at 8 p.m. sharp, at Lake's Farm, Wanstead. The Open Junior's Race will also be run at 8.30 p.m. at the same place. Handicapper, J. Deeley; Referee, L. G. Lowther.

JOHN S. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.  
E. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday last we played our first return match, the Laurel C.C. being our opponents, and secured a well-earned victory. The chief feature of the game was the fine stand made by Harvey and our captain, who scored 29 and 67 (including a drive for 7) respectively. We then took advantage of the new rule, and declared our innings to be at an end, and then putting the Laurel in for the second time got them out for 30. Both teams played short, the Laurels playing 9 men to our 7. Scores:—

BEAUMONT.		LAUREL.	
1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Winyard .....	0	0	0
Webb .....	2	0	0
Jagers .....	3	0	0
W. G. Frith (capt) .....	0	not out .....	67
Harvey .....	1	not out .....	29
Pocknell not out .....	4	0	0
R. Frith .....	5	0	10
Extras .....	2	0	0
Total .....	17	Total .....	106
BEAUMONT.		LAUREL.	
1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Kendall .....	0	0	0
Batsford .....	0	0	6
Smith not out .....	19	0	0
Harding .....	0	0	0
Warboys .....	0	0	6
Hanking .....	0	0	0
Lane .....	5	0	13
Nichols .....	9	0	1
Wilson .....	0	0	4
Extras .....	5	0	0
Total .....	38	Total .....	30

The Donkey Show Certificate Distribution.

ON the afternoon of Tuesday, the 16th inst., the second day of the Donkey and Pony Show, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen visited the People's Palace, on the occasion of the distribution of certificates. The *Journal* was in the printer's hands at the time of the ceremony, so that our report is somewhat late. The Earl and Countess arrived punctually at six, and at once proceeded to the Queen's Hall. Upon the platform were Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Mr. Spencer Charrington, Mr. Arthur Charrington, Mr. R. P. Barrow, Mr. F. J. W. Dellow, Mr. T. Dyer Edwards, Mr. Harold Boulton, Mr. W. J. Orsman, Mr. J. Birch, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen interested in the Palace and the Show. The proceedings began by Sir Edmund Hay Currie introducing the Earl of Aberdeen to those present, and his lordship having delivered a brief address, the Countess proceeded to distribute the certificates, in addition to which and the monetary reward of half-a-crown for the first day and five shillings for the second, some received a further shilling on account of the particularly good decoration of their donkeys. On the conclusion of the presentation of prizes, Mr. Harold Boulton proposed, and Mr. W. J. Orsman seconded, a cordial vote of thanks to Lady Aberdeen for attending. The vote of thanks having been carried with great acclamation, the Earl of Aberdeen rose to return thanks on behalf of the Countess, but was interrupted by an unexpected presentation. His lordship had telegraphed to the Trustees in the morning that he wished to buy a donkey for his children to ride, and that he would be much obliged if they would select one for him. Upon receiving this message, these gentlemen proceeded to look out for a good animal, and eventually decided upon purchasing Master George, exhibited by Mr. S. Horncastle, of Brady Street, Bethnal Green, and presented it to Lord and Lady Aberdeen as a souvenir of their visit to the far East. This having been done, Master George, who had previously been blindfolded, was induced to walk up the inclined plane that led to the platform, and was handed over to the Earl of Aberdeen *coram populo*, amidst the most vociferous applause. After returning his thanks, and those of Lady Aberdeen, to those present for having asked them to come to the People's Palace, and for the unexpected gift of Master George, the Earl of Aberdeen sat down, but had soon to rise to his feet again to respond to the vote of thanks that was accorded to him for attending upon the occasion, upon the motion of Mr. J. Birch, seconded by Mr. Dyer Edwards. A parade of the animals was then held in the grounds, after which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen left, amidst the cheers of those present.

Letter to the Editor.

PRACTICAL POINTS FOR THE PEOPLE'S PALACE PARIS PARTIES.

DEAR SIR,—I submit the following to the notice of Paris trippers:—

- (a) When you arrive at the St. Lazare Station, look out for Mr. Bird or Mr. Gardner (just outside the ticket barrier), conspicuous by a white helmet.
- (b) If you swim or bathe don't forget to take your drawers and towel, then you can go to a first-class bath within a mile of your apartments for 3d., or really 30 cents.
- (c) Remember that Neurilly is pronounced Nay-ye, in asking for same, etc.
- (d) Exchange tickets for different route to return if you want a diversity; some of the Y.M.C.A. people, whom you will come across, will be glad so to do.
- (e) Mr. Young, of the Waterbury Watch Co.'s Exhibits, is very courteous, and will answer any reasonable question; also valuable information, lavatory accommodation, note paper, writing materials, etc., may be had at *Tit-Bits* Office gratis.
- (f) Mr. Tuddenham, English Guide, is a first-class and efficient man, and will bring himself under your notice; those who engage him, for a mere bagatelle, will "strike ile," and save time and money, as he tabulates the routes and knows thoroughly well where to take you both for lions and feed with despatch and economy.

Having been tempted to extend my time over the other side, owing to the grand celebration of the Centennial Fêtes, I have only just returned, and therefore my diary is not in order for publication, but I may submit some more P.P.P.P.P.P. in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,  
DRURY F. THOMPSON.

The Message.

A COMEDIETTA, in the form of a CHARADE,

BY MRS. BERNHARD WHISHAW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Lavender. Lily Lavender. Arnold Bellairs. Jane, a Servant.

Scenes I., II., and III., a Sitting Room in Mr. Lavender's House.

Time .. .. Present Day.

SCENE I.—Mess.

Jane. I never did see such an untidy young lady as Miss Lily in all my life. Before she came here the house was as nice as nice could be, and master never found no fault with nothing, and now it's all upside down from morning till night. I might as well be an under scullery-maid, me as never had to do nothing menial before. Yes, and I don't hear no more now about being remembered in his will, as he've so often said, in consideration for my faithful service; 'tis my belief as he means to leave everything to his grand-daughter. I can't abide the minx! An upstart libberti-gibberty chit of a child; he'd much better leave it to a sober middle-aged person, as knows its value, as he used to intend. I've no patience with such ways. But I'll see if I can't be even with her yet. (*Arranges writing-table.*) Why, bless me, if here isn't the letter I brought in last night, when she was helping master up to his room! She've never seen it; it was that young jackanapes Mr. Bellows as left it for her. Ah, if master knew of her goings on, he'd not be so anxious to leave her his money; if he've said it once he've said a hundred times, as Miss Lily shan't marry till he's in his grave, and can spare her comfortable, least of all to a young man as is always acoming and agoing, and never gives so much as a half-crown to a respectable servant as have been in the family for five-and-twenty years. Now I wonder what's in this letter (*examines it*). What would master say if he knowed his grand-daughter was receiving letters from gentlemen, clandestine like, so to speak, for Mr. Bellows knows that master always goes up to bed at nine sharp, and the letter came at ten minutes after nine, by the kitchen clock. I think my duty, as a faithful servant, won't permit of me giving this letter to Miss Lily now, leastways not without knowing what's in it.

Enter LILY. JANE hastily conceals the letter.

Lily. Haven't you finished the room yet, Jane? I want to practice a little before grandpapa comes down.

Jane. It was in such a terrible mess, Miss, with all your work and that about. It have took me all the morning to pick up your crewel wools as was upset into the fender, and the kitten had got hold of your knitting silk, and it was all of a tangle, and there was that flower-pot as you knocked down last night, and scattered the earth all over the place, and all your books to put away. (*Aside*) Such goings on I never see, and I ain't agoing to abide it neither. You ought to have a maid of your own eternally tidying after you, but you'll have to wait a bit before master gets you one, I know.

Lily. I'm very sorry, Jane, I'm afraid I give you a great deal of trouble, but I forgot those things last night. You know grandpapa wasn't so well, and he wouldn't let me come down again. But I'll go for a walk now, and I daresay you'll have the room ready when I get back.

Jane. Just as you please, Miss, it'll take me the best part of an hour to put it to rights.

Lily (*aside*). I wonder if she will suspect anything if I ask her about Mr. Bellairs! I can't think why I haven't heard from him. (*Aloud*) I suppose there wasn't any note or message left for me last night, was there, Jane?

Jane. There was Madam Duboresques's bill for your blue satin, Miss, ten pound seventeen and nimpence half-penny, which you sent down to the young woman by me, Miss, if you remember.

Lily. Oh, I didn't mean that, I meant a letter (*aside*). He said when we were interrupted at Lady Byrne's yesterday that he would write to me. I wonder why he didn't. (*Aloud*) You are sure there was no letter for me?

Jane. The postman never called at all, Miss, neither last night nor this morning. I heard him go by three times without stopping.

Lily (*sighs slightly*). Well, I shall go out now. Tell grandpapa I shall be in by eleven, if he happens to want me. *Exit.*

Jane. Now I do call it a dispensary of providence that she didn't ask again if there weren't no note, for I'm an honest woman, and wouldn't tell no unnecessary lies on no account. But I plainly see that it's my duty to give this letter to my master, it would not be acting right by him to keep it from him (*takes the letter out of her pocket*), I wonder what's in it! If I had some hot water now I could open and shut it again so easy as anything. Here, Cook (*goes to door and calls out*), just bring me a jug of hot water, Miss Lily's kitten have upsetted her milk all over the new carpet (*returns with jug, steams letter open*). Well, I never! what a letter to send a young lady, all blotted and scratched out like that! (*reads.*)

"Dear Miss Lavender,

"Ever since I first saw you I've thought of nothing but you, and should have told you so long ago if it hadn't been for that old fool. [No that's scratched out too.] That old—[no,] your grandfather, who I didn't suppose would ever consent to your marrying a fellow without any means to speak of. But I've heard some news to-day which gives me courage, so I write to ask you if you will have me? Surely you didn't smile at me like that this afternoon for nothing? I never saw you do it to any other fellow. Anyhow I love you to distraction, and if you say yes, I'll take the bull by the horns, and come and see the old curmudgeon to-morrow. He can't be such a brute as to forbid our marriage if you care one half as much as I do for you. This is an awfully untidy letter, but you must forgive that, it makes my hand shake so to think that perhaps to-morrow you will be mine. Write me a line, and put me out of suspense.

"Yours most devotedly,

"ARNOLD BELLAIRS."

Well, I never did! What will master say? It's the least I can do to take it to him, deceiving the poor old gentleman like that (*fastens up the letter again*). I'll bring my young lady down a bit, she won't be treating me to no more of her high and mighty airs again just yet; for if the old screw don't cut her off his will now, I'll never eat herrings for my breakfast again. "Curmudgion," indeed, "such a brute," indeed! And she to be his grand-daughter. But it's just what he is, for all that! *Exit.*

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—Age.

Same Room.

Mr. Lavender (*in an arm-chair*). Miss Lily not come in yet?

Jane. Oh yes, sir, she come in ten minutes ago. Mr. L. Then why the dickens isn't she here? Go and call her, d'ye hear? (*Shouts*) Lily, Lily.

Enter LILY (*runs forward to kiss him*).

Lily. Good morning, dear grandpapa. How are you feeling to-day?

Mr. L. (*stamps at her*). Don't you try to kiss me. Old fool!

Lily (*aghast*). Oh, grandpapa, what do you mean?

Mr. L. Here have you been eating my bread for six long months, and pretending to love me, and then you turn upon me like this! Wicked, deceitful girl. Do you know that I am seventy-six years old? Such a shock at my age might have killed me. When I was young I was taught to reverence grey hairs, but times have changed now, it would seem, and girls carry on clandestine correspondences behind their grandfathers' backs, in which they are called all sorts of bad names, and then come and kiss them, and ask how they are this morning. Get out of my sight, Miss, pack your box and begone this very day, and never let me see you again. Not one penny of mine shall you ever have. My honest Jane here is worth all the grand-daughters in the world, and I'm only sorry I ever let you come into the house. Fool, brute, curmudgeon, indeed!

Lily (*aside*). Poor, poor grandpapa! He is dreadfully delirious. Jane, do run for the doctor (*exit Jane*). Oh, I hope his mind is not quite gone. It is all this terrible gout (*aloud*). Dear grandpapa, you are making a mistake. I'm sure I don't deserve to be called such names. You know I only wish to please you.

Mr. L. Yes, I daresay, because you think you'll get something by it. But my eyes are opened now, and off you shall go this very day. And as to that young rascal, Bellairs, I'll teach him how to insult grey hairs another time. I'm a strong man yet, in spite of my age, and as soon as ever this vile gout is out of my toe, I'll show him that I can kick him downstairs as well as anyone else.

Lily. Oh, grandpapa, how can you say such dreadful things! I'm sure Mr. Bellairs wouldn't insult you for the world. For one thing he doesn't know you well enough.

Mr. L. Doesn't he? That shows how much you know about it. I tell you he has insulted me. Fool, what do you think of that?

Lily (aside). This is terrible! They will have to put leeches on his head. How can I soothe him? (Aloud) I am sure he didn't mean to insult you, grandpapa, it must have been a mistake.

Mr. L. Mistake! Mistake! You'll drive me wild with your mistakes. Perhaps you'll tell me next that it's a mistake to suppose that that villain Bellairs wants to marry you.

Lily (sorrowfully). Indeed, dear grandpapa, I am afraid it is.

Mr. L. Do you mean to tell me that he didn't write and propose to you last night, and tell you that he would have done it long ago if he hadn't thought, and quite right too, that I would not give my consent.

Lily (aside). Now I see that he is really mad! But how can he have got such an idea into his head? For I certainly did think Arnold was going to write, and propose to me last night, and I can't imagine why he didn't. (Aloud) No, grandpapa, Mr. Bellairs has never asked me to marry him. (Aside, sadly) I wish he would!

Mr. L. You brazen-faced girl! How dare you stand before me and tell such fibs with an unblushing countenance! You think at my age I can be made to believe anything, but I'm not so old yet but what I can alter my will, and I will too, if you marry that audacious young beggar.

Lily. I promise you I won't marry him, grandpapa, (aside) unless he asks me. (Aloud) But why do you object to him so much?

Mr. L. Object to him? I should think I've reason enough to object to a fellow who comes into my house and steals my grand-daughter's affections regardless of my feelings in the matter. It's not the proper way to treat a man of my age, he ought to have more consideration for my grey hairs. And besides that, he's as poor as a church mouse, and I'm not going to set him up in life with my money. No, indeed, when you marry it shall be to some one worthy of my heiress, and I certainly shall not permit you to marry anyone in my lifetime.

Lily (half crying). Don't talk like that, grandpapa. I don't want to be your heiress, I want to marry Arnold.

Mr. L. That you certainly shall not. I don't care if he does take the bull by the horns, and come and see me. Old fool! He shall find that I can be brute enough to forbid a marriage I so thoroughly disapprove of. You needn't cry like that, I dare say I shall soon be out of your way; a man of seventy-six, subject to frequent attacks of gout of the most violent description, can't expect to live many years, and when I'm dead and buried perhaps you'll be sorry for your poor old grandfather. But you won't profit by my death, though you do hurry me into my grave, I can tell you, Miss. Where's Jane?

Lily (sobbing). I don't know.

Mr. L. (impatiently). Go and see, then, and tell her to get my Bath chair ready. It's a fine morning, and I shall go out.

Exit LILY.

Mr. L. The child seems a perfect fool this morning. How can she say in the face of that letter that Bellairs hasn't proposed to her? I never found her tell stories or fail in respect to me before either. It's very odd altogether. (Meditates for a minute.) Ah! I have it. I forgot the letter hadn't been opened. She hadn't read it! Well, well, so much the better. Bellairs shall find that I'm not a man to be trifled with, though I am seventy-six, and subject to frequent attacks of gout.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III. Message.

Lily (alone and crying). How miserable I am! Arnold doesn't love me, and grandpapa is angry with me! What shall I do?

Enter JANE.

Jane. Mr. Bellairs, if you please, Miss?

Enter BELLAIRS. Exit JANE.

Bellairs. Miss Lavender! Lily! What is the matter? Why are you crying? And why have you not answered my letter? Oh! Lily, if you only knew what a night of suspense and anxiety I have passed, you could not have been so cruel!

Lily. I! cruel? What do you mean?

Bellairs. I implored you to say yes or no? You have taken no sort of notice. At last I could bear it no longer, and came to ask if my letter offended you. Tell me why you sent me no answer?

Lily. I never got your letter!

Bellairs. Then it was not because you were angry with me? Are you angry with me for loving you?

Lily. How could I be?

Bellairs. Tell me, can you love me?

Lily (blushing). Yes—but—

Bellairs. There can be no "but" if you love me; nothing can or shall come between us.

Lily. You little know! Grandpapa has found out somehow or other that you—that I—that we—

Bellairs. That we—yes?—

Lily. That we care for each other, and oh! he is so angry. He has been in such a dreadful state. He called me a curmudgeon, and you an old fool.

Bellairs. Hang it all, he must have got hold of my letter; that's just what I called him.

Lily. Oh! Did you say he was a brute?

Bellairs. No, I said he couldn't be such a brute as to forbid our banns.

Lily. But when did you see him?

Bellairs. I haven't seen him, it was in my letter to you.

Lily. He must have read my letter.

Bellairs. If he has he deserves to be called much worse names.

(Mr. L.'s crutches are heard coming along the passage, but they are too much absorbed to notice. He comes and stands at the door, supported by Jane, listening.)

Lily. I can't make it out. Can Jane have taken your letter to him?

Bellairs. That wooden-faced domestic of yours looks capable of any atrocity. But why on earth should she play us such a trick?

Lily. I fancy she dislikes me for some reason or other.

Bellairs. That's impossible. It must have been an outburst of natural depravity. What a sneak the old gentleman is for reading it, I should like to give him a bit of my mind.

Lily. Don't talk like that! He is very old, you know, and I sometimes think he is perhaps a little childish. (Mr. L. looks furious, and shakes his crutch at them.)

Lavender. But do you know that he vows he won't consent to our marriage?

Bellairs. Horrid old bear. Why not?

Enter MR. LAVENDER. BELLAIRS and LILY spring up alarmed.

Mr. L. (furiously). Why not? Why not? I'll tell you why not, you young ruffian! Because you've insulted me to my face in my own house! Yes, I've heard all you've been saying about me!! Here I've been standing listening to you, sir, and I tell you I've never been so insulted in my life! And then you want to marry my grand-daughter!

Bellairs. Yes, and I mean to do it, too.

Mr. L. You—you—you shan't, I'll prevent you, I'll turn you out of the house, I'll lock her up in her room, I'll—I'll—send for my lawyer, I'll have you arrested for abduction of an heiress.

Bellairs. Are you quite certain that under no circumstances you can be prevailed on to give your consent.

Mr. L. Perfectly certain, I know you haven't got a penny to bless yourself with, and you shan't marry my heiress to live upon her money. (Enter JANE with a telegram, which she hands to Bellairs. He reads it while Mr. L. goes on talking.) If Lily marries you she shan't have a penny, and I'll alter my will the day she leaves my house. So now marry her at your peril. Fool, indeed, not such a fool as I look, let me tell you!

Bellairs. If I were able to settle £5,000 a year on her, for her life, would you give your consent?

Mr. L. Don't talk nonsense.

Bellairs. For the sake of argument, let us just suppose that I could do it.

Mr. L. Of course I should have no objection to my grand-daughter marrying a man with such an income as that.

Bellairs (satirically). In that case you wouldn't have me arrested for abduction of an heiress?

Mr. L. (contemptuously). Of course not, I'd give my consent, with all the etceteras.

Bellairs. You mean that?

Mr. L. But I don't see the object of discussing remote contingencies. You haven't got £5,000 a year, and you shall not marry Lily, so there's an end of the matter.

Bellairs. I beg your pardon, sir. I have got £10,000 a year, and I will marry Lily.

Mr. L. (staggering back). What do you mean?

Bellairs. Since I entered this room I have received a telegram which materially alters my prospects in life. There it is, you may read it for yourself.

Mr. L. (puts on his spectacles and reads):

"Your uncle died last night. Everything is left to you."

Bellairs. The rent roll amounts to £10,000 a year. If you had allowed me to speak in the first instance I would have explained to you that I was my uncle's heir. But when you assured me that under no circumstances could you give your consent I naturally felt some delicacy in forcing my prospects upon you.

Lily. We shan't want grandpapa's money now, shall we? He may leave it all to Jane, as he threatened this morning.

Bellairs. Do you give your consent now, sir?

Mr. L. (takes their hands and joins them). Bless you, bless you, my children, Lily shall have all my money on the day you are married.

Jane (aside) shakes her fist at them.

Lily. Thank you, grandpapa, I meant to marry Arnold, anyhow, but I should have been sorry to do it against your will.

Bellairs. Thank you, Mr. Lavender, I should have married your grand-daughter in any case, but I prefer to do it with your sanction.

Mr. Lavender (aside to the audience). Which but for that telegraphic message, you certainly would never have had.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

## The Printing of Railway Tickets.

ONE of the most interesting industries of our time is the printing of railway tickets. So extended is the traffic of our railway lines, that it is of the highest importance that tickets should be issued.

This was not always the case, for it is within the recollection of many, when railways were in their infancy, that the lines were successfully worked without tickets. To us, in these go-ahead times, it seems a strange proceeding, and open to much swindling and sharp practice. It was usual for a passenger to pay his fare to the clerk, after which he walked unrestrainedly upon the station platform, accompanied by his friends, until the arrival of the train.

He was then conveyed to his destination, and left the train without affording any proof to the officials that he had paid the full amount to that station. This state of affairs, however, was soon altered, and various methods were adopted to obviate swindling, and to ensure that the passengers paid their fares in full.

At the present time one method only is in universal use, and that is the issue of small pieces of cardboard, so well known as to need no description. The originator of the idea of printing railway tickets was a man who was employed at a small wayside station in the North of England, and it is curious to note that those he used were about the same size as the present ones. His printing press and outfit were of the most primitive sort, and very crude. In fact, a few types fastened together in a case about the size of a nail-brush formed his sole apparatus, and by means of these he printed his supply of tickets. The name of the station to which the passenger was bound was written upon the ticket on its issue.

From that time the inventor of this method soon found it profitable to develop his ideas, as he was swamped with orders from all parts of the country. He abandoned his ordinary work in order to devote his time exclusively to the printing of railway tickets. Suggestions were forthcoming, and developments were certain, but the first great improvement that was made was in numbering the tickets.

Doubtless every railway passenger has noticed that each ticket is numbered, and the date is printed by a little press in front of the ticket-clerk, when he thrusts the ticket in before it is issued. To the uninitiated, this numbering would perhaps seem irrelevant, but it is of vast importance to the companies, for to a large extent the accuracy of the accounts of railways depends upon these numbers.

A rough cursory glance at the manner in which the tickets are printed will doubtless prove interesting and instructive. In the manufactory are large boxes, filled with coloured pieces of cardboard, which before long will be converted into tickets of various values. The machine which prints the tickets is worked by steam, and has been constructed from ingenious designs; in fact, it is one of the most intricate pieces of mechanism, and in describing it we can

only give some faint idea of its structure. Imagine a little table with a long thin box rising above it at the back, and another box falling below it at the front. The table contains the printing rollers and type-case; the boxes (the interior horizontal section of which is the size of a ticket) are for holding tickets.

Sufficient pieces of cardboard are placed in the upper box to fill it; by an ingenious contrivance, aided principally by a spring, one piece of cardboard at a time is jerked under the printing press and falls into the lower box. Incredible as it may seem, the ticket is printed, numbered, and safely stored in the other box in the short time of a quarter of a second. The machine only requires looking after to keep its supply correct, so that the attendant has merely to see that the upper box is filled with cards, remove the lower box when full, provide fresh empty boxes, place the tickets in rows, and see that the ink reservoir is supplied. The machine effects everything else, including the printing, the inking of the type, and the moving and storing of the tickets.

The numbering of the tickets is accomplished by means of four wheels, having their centre in a horizontal line, thus forming a cylinder. Raised numerals are on the edges of the wheels, and these imprint themselves on the tickets. The wheel that bears the numeral in the units' place moves so that a fresh type is ready for each successive ticket; that in the tens' place progresses at one-tenth that rate, and so on.

Mistakes will occur in printing the numbers on the tickets, although the greatest possible care is taken to ensure accuracy.

By some unforeseen accident in the internal mechanism two tickets are printed with the same number, or perhaps a number is omitted. To provide against such casualties, the tickets when printed are counted, and as it is impossible for human eye and memory and judgment to be infallible, they are counted by machinery.

This machinery consists of a table with two boxes as before, with this difference, however, that in this case the table has simply a hole in it, large enough to allow the number of the ticket to be seen through. At the side of the table is a cylinder wheel similar to that above described. The number on the cylinder is adjusted to be the same as that printed on the first ticket to be counted. The tickets are in consecutive order. A boy is employed to turn the handle, and by this means the ticket is jerked into the lower box; this brings into view the numbers of the ticket under the hole. The cylinder wheel revolves at the same time by means of the same mechanism, and hence the ticket number and that on the cylinder should correspond. If not, then it is very evident that a number has either been omitted or perhaps duplicated. The error is rectified by supplying the missing ticket or removing the surplus one, after which the tickets are pressed by machinery, tied, packed, and despatched to their destinations.

Thus, "from small beginnings big endings come," and this species of industry has been fully developed, until it has reached its present altitude, by the ingenuity and indefatigable exertions of the members of one family, who are at present identified with it to a very considerable extent.

## Families of English Poets.

SHAKESPEARE and Milton each died without a son, but both left daughters. Addison left an only child, a daughter, who was six years old at the time of her father's death. She died unmarried at the age of eighty. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children; one of the two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford are now represented by the children and grandchildren of a daughter. Other of the poets—Chaucer, Dryden, Burns, Campbell, Moore, and Shelley—had each a son or sons, but no daughter. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Among the poets who died unmarried were Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Cowper, Thompson, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, and Rogers.

### IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER.

That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.  
That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.  
That all are not princes who ride with the emperor.  
That correction is good when administered in season.  
That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.  
That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.  
That a man who cannot mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the business of others.

PROGRAMME

ORGAN RECITAL & CONCERT,

ON SATURDAY, JULY 27th, 1889.

The Church Sunday School Choir

(City and Rural Deanery of Stepney Branches).

Hon. General Secretary - MR. HENRY BURBAGE.
Hon. Deanery Secretary - MR. ARTHUR J. B. MAGGS.
CONDUCTOR - MR. GEORGE HARE.
ORGANIST - MR. F. W. BELCHAMBER

Repetition of the GRAND FESTIVAL CONCERT as given by 5,000 voices at the Crystal Palace, July 20th, 1889, by Chorus of about 500 voices. Children and Adult.

- 1. POSTLUDE ... Henry Smart.
2. CONCERTO No. 6 ... Handel.
3. MARCH (from an Orchestral Suite) ... Lachner.
4. ANDANTE CON MOTO (5th Symphony) ... Beethoven.
5. The Pilgrim's Song of Hope ... Batside.
6. GRAND MARCH "La Rein de Saba" ... Gounod.

PART I.

- 1. SONG "God Save the Queen."
God save our gracious Queen, long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious, happy and glorious, long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.
Thy choicest gifts in store, on her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws, and ever give us cause to sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.
2. "Blessed are they that dwell" ... Dr. T. Hastings.
Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house,
They will be still praising Thee, still praising Thee.
3. "Magnificat" ... E. Bunnett.
My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness, the lowliness of His hand-maiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy, holy is His Name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.
He hath shewed strength, shewed strength with His arm:
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat:
And hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things:
And the rich He hath sent empty away.
He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel:
As He promised to our fore-fathers, Abraham and his seed for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.
4. "When His salvation bringing" ... W. Roston Bourke.
When, His salvation bringing, to Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him, but as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him, and smil'd to hear their song.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing,
And since the Lord retaineth His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth on Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner, we'll bow before His throne,
And sing aloud hosanna to David's royal Son.
For should we fail proclaiming our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming, would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render the tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender they too shall be the Lord's.
5. "Thou visitest the earth" ... Dr. Greene.
Thou visitest the earth, and bleesest it, and crownest the year with Thy goodness.
6. "Jerusalem, my glorious home" ... Lowell Mason.
Jerusalem, my glorious home, name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end in joy and peace with thee?
Oh, when, thou city of my God, shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up, and sabbaths have no end.
There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe, or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view, and realms of endless day.
Jerusalem, my glorious home, my soul still pants for thee,
Then, then shall my labours have an end; when I thy joys shall see.
7. "And they brought young children" ... H. Lahee.
And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it He was much displeas'd, and said unto them, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God like a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."
8. "Lead, kindly Light" ... W. Roston Bourke.
Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home; lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou shouldst lead me on;
I love to choose and see my path, but now lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

BOOK DRILL,

Under the leadership of MR. HENRY BURBAGE, Hon. General Secretary.
ORGAN SOLO—"Fantasia on National Airs"

PART II.

- 9. "Auld Langsyne" ... James Heriot.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brocht to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days o' Langsyne?
We twa hae run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary fit, since Auld Langsyne?
We twa hae paidl't in the burn, frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us, braid, ha'e roar'd, since Auld Langsyne?
And here's a hand, my trusty frien' and gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for Auld Lang Syne?
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for Auld Lang Syne?
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, etc.
10. "Lilly Bells and Roses" ... J. R. Thomas.
Where lilly bells in beauty grow, my home, my home shall be!
Go, search the wild-wood, high and low, what sight so fair to see?
I care not for the roses red, their pride befits a queen;
But lilies are to meekness wed, wherever they are seen!
O, give to me the roses fair, that gleam in dewy light!
What other flow'r is half so rare? to me no star so bright!
Such simple folks are lilly bells, tho' meek no doubt they be;
But O, the queen of all the dells, the gorgeous rose for me!
Yet loving sisters, long be they contented in their place!
The one to win by queenly sway, the one to charm by grace.
We'll seek the haunts where both are found, o'er hills and valleys wide
With lilly bells and roses crown'd, O may our moments glide.
11. "Cherry Ripe" ... T. Crampton.
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry; full and fair ones, come and buy;
If so be you ask me where they do grow, I answer thee,
Where the sunbeams softly smile, there's the land, or Cherry Isle.
There plantations fully show all the year where cherries grow.
12. "Father Neptune" ... Geo. Hare.
Old Father Neptune rules the sea, with trident in his hand,
Where'er the billows rage and roar, he holds his stern command.
The angry sea, the stormy waves, the waters are his home.
He loves, he guards the man who braves o'er his domain to roam.
Then hurrah, hurrah, for the ocean King, that fine old fellow with
shaggy mane,
Now louder, louder let us sing, long may old Neptune reign!
With Englishmen he's e'er at peace, their courage well he knows,
May that good friendship never cease, as long as tempest blows.
'Tis true he is not always kind to Britons near the line,
But just for once they do not mind a taste of tar and brine.
Then hurrah, hurrah, etc.
Armada's fleet he swept away before his angry breath,
The Frenchmen in Trafalgar Bay went surely to their death.
And now their sons their children tell, that useless 'tis to fight
With men who on the ocean dwell, and Neptune and his might.
Then hurrah, hurrah, etc.
13. "Picnic Glee" ... Otto.
Joy is warbling in the breezes, pleasures smile along the fields,
While Nature, clad in robes of beauty, all that's sweet and lovely yields;
Heav'n now sheds its mildest splendour o'er the land and o'er the deep,
See all enjoy the common pleasure, while in happy crowds they sweep.
Hail! hail this happy day! hail! hail this happy day!
Hail this day! yes, hail this day! yes, hail this happy day!
Humming bees and sailing swallows gaily tell the lively glee,
That nature's now so kindly shedding over all the eye can see.
"Welcome," says the flock that's feeding on the verdant grassy hills,
And "Welcome," echoes many a songster, chirping round the rippling rills.
Hail! hail this happy day! etc.
Blooming flowers their sweets exhaling, join to make the charming scene
Appear still more like happy Eden ere the blight of human sin.
Glad we hail thee, lovely spring-time, welcome truly is thy smile,
Oh, would that all like thee were lovely, free from woe and free from guile.
Hail! hail this happy day! etc.
14. "Under shady boughs" ... J. R. Thomas.
Under shady boughs, oh, the joy to swing!
Here and there we fly, swallows on the wing!
Now the azure sky, now the ground we see;
Where's the merry bird half so gay as we?
Swinging here and there, swinging high and low,
In the dancing breeze, up and down we go.
Butterflies and bees gaily pass us by;
Comrades bold are we, sailing in the sky!
Catching sunny beams, down the golden air;
Peeping in some nest, where's the spot so fair?
Swinging here and there, etc.
Rocking in our boat, on the airy sea;
Out upon the mast, mariners are we!
Higher, higher still, over bud and bough,
All among the leaves, who can find us now?
Swinging here and there, etc.
15. "In the pleasant path of duty" ... C. G. Allen.
In the pleasant path of duty with a cheerful step we glide
Up the sloping hill before us we are walking side by side;
While in earnest we are seeking stores of wisdom for the mind,
In its pure and sparkling treasure both an equal pleasure find.
When our time for school is over and our childhood passed away,
We will treasure still the mem'ry of the prize we won to-day;
Always faithful, ne'er discouraged, may the future, as the past,
Find us in the path of duty persevering to the last.
16. "Lightly we glide"
Lightly we glide, we glide, lightly we glide and sing gay ditties,
Wearily knee asleep on meadows, nesting birds in leafy shadows,
Owls their flight 'mid ruins winging, we softly pass, our night-song singing,
Softly we sail, softly we sail, our night-song singing.
17. "The Tattlers" ... L. H. Southard.
Some folks, do whate'er you will,
Will not let their tongues be still,
Click, clack, click, clack,
Will not let their tongues be still,
Click, clack, click, clack,
But they still keep on, Ding, dong, ding, dong,
Both night and morning,
But the friends you live among,
Tire not ever with your tongue,
Click, clack, click, clack,
Soon they'll wish you gone, Ding, dong, ding, dong,
Then take this warning, when advice you give or take,
Think before you silence break.
Think once, think twice,
Think and then you'll speak,
Think twice, think thrice,
For thrice is all the better. Ah!

Calendar of the Week.

July 25th.—St. James' Apostle and Martyr. This is St. James the Great. He is said to have preached in Spain and then to have returned to Palestine, where he became the first Bishop of Jerusalem. It is also said that certain Spanish converts, after his martyrdom, rescued his relics and brought them to Spain, where they were discovered in the 8th century. In the year 841, at the battle of Clavijo, fought between the Spaniards and the Moors, St. James appeared in the field, mounted on a white horse, and slew 60,000 Moors. It is the same old story as that of the assistance given by Castor and Pollux to the Romans at the battle of Lake Regillus. Pilgrims from all parts of Europe used to go to the shrine of St. James at the town of Compostella. It was at this shrine that pilgrims first began to bear the shell as a mark of their pilgrimage. Seventeen English peers and eight English barons carry shells on their shields as a mark of having been on pilgrimage.

If you want to have plenty of money all the year round, remember to eat oysters on St. James' day. It is, however, the old St. James' day, 5th of August, that should perhaps be observed. That is what children call "Grotto" day. This is also the day of St. Christopher, a martyr of the 3rd century. He was a ferryman of enormous strength. He is always represented carrying the infant Jesus across the river.

Charles Dibdin, the writer of sea songs, died this day, 1814.

July 26th.—The Earl of Rochester died, 1680, one of the wittiest and gayest of the courtiers of Charles II. He it was who wrote on the king's bedroom door the well-known epitaph:—

Here lies our mutton eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one.

July 27th.—Day of the seven sleepers. In the persecution of the Emperor Decius, A.D. 250, seven young men, in order to escape martyrdom, fled to a mountain, and hid themselves in a cavern; 229 years later, somebody digging foundations for a stable broke into the cavern, and found these young men, who had been sleeping all the time. Thinking they had slept but one night, they sent one of their number to Ephesus to learn the news and to buy some bread. The antiquity of the coin created suspicion, and the miracle was discovered. I forget what became of the seven young men, but I believe they died immediately afterwards. This miracle is a very old story. It has been copied into the Koran, which adds that there are nine animals who are also privileged to sleep as long as they pleased, and afterwards will be admitted to the paradise of the Moslems. These animals are the dog of the seven sleepers, the ant of Solomon, the whale of Jonah, the ram of Isaac, the calf of Abraham, the camel of Sarah, the cuckoo of Belkis, the ox of Moses, and the mare of Mohammed.

July 28th.—Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was beheaded, 1540. Robespierre was guillotined, 1794,—and a very good thing too. Mortimer Collins, the novelist, died, 1876.

July 29th.—Wilberforce died, 1833. He first brought the question of the slave trade before the Houses of Parliament in the year 1789. To him is chiefly due the credit of abolishing that nefarious traffic.

July 30th.—Died William Penn, 1718. Penn was the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, the leading principle of which has been from the first absolute religious equality. On this day also died Gray, the poet, 1771; everyone knows the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

July 31st.—Died Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, 1556. He was first a soldier, but had his right leg fractured by a cannon ball. This accident turned his attention to religion, and he founded the famous Society of Jesuits with five other fanatics like unto himself. It would have been far better for the human race had Ignatius Loyola received that cannon ball in a vital part instead of his right leg.

Business Integrity.

IT was once pertinently said of the character of a certain piano-maker, "He is like his pianos,—square, upright, and grand."

Mr. William Ellis, for many years underwriter of an English insurance company, could also lay claim to these adjectives as not too flatteringly descriptive of his own character. In all business transactions he was governed by a delicate sense of honour, which never allowed him to entertain for a moment the temptation to "sharp practice."

At a time when a great fire destroyed the town of Memel, several vessels lying in the harbour were burned, and among them some which had been insured in Mr. Ellis' company against the usual risks at sea. The question might therefore have arisen if a vessel burned at her moorings could be said to suffer injury "at sea."

Mr. Ellis, without raising the point at all, paid the total loss in every case, and, by his example, obliged other companies to do the same.

When the success of his company became firmly established the directors offered him a yearly present of ten thousand pounds above his salary, but this he quietly refused, unless all the employes in the office should also receive a bonus in proportion to their respective salaries. Everyone beneath him in official rank was treated with uniform justice and kindness, and the only complaint made of him during his fifty years of service was that, as he took no holidays, he made others ashamed to take them.

One more instance of his integrity, and perhaps the best, serves well to show on what principles he conducted business.

A ship-owner, who had for many years insured his vessels in this company, one day called at the office, and chanced to mention that, owing to his absence from town, his clerk had omitted to renew the policy upon a vessel which had since been burned.

"Did you intend to offer me the renewal?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"Yes," was the reply, and without a word further, the ship-owner was indemnified for the total loss of the vessel.

Laying their Heads together.

WHEN my 'Lyrical Ballads' first came out," said Coleridge, "they were published anonymously, and made a good deal of noise. A few days after they were issued I dined at Mrs. Barbould's, and sat beside 'many-toned' Pinkerton, as he was called, from the number and variety of his writings.

"When we retired to the drawing-room he led me to a recess, and, having taken up a copy of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which lay on the table—

"Pray sir," said he, 'have you read this thing?'

"I have looked into it," said I. 'Do you know the author?'

"No," said Pinkerton; 'but I never read such trash, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called 'The Ancient Mariner.' Don't you think it insufferable?'

"Coleridge: 'Intolerable?'

"Pinkerton: 'Detestable!'

"Coleridge: 'Abominable!'

"Pinkerton: 'Loathsome!'

"Coleridge: 'Odious!'

"Pinkerton: 'Sir, you delight me. It is really a pleasure to meet a man of sound taste in these days of declining literature. If I have a passion on earth it is an abhorrence of these 'Lyrical Ballads,' of which everyone is talking, but most especially of this wretched 'Ancient Mariner.'

"Coleridge: 'Hush! not a word more! Here comes our hostess. She may be acquainted with the author, and might feel hurt.'

"Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper): 'I'll tell you what, sir, we mustn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beefsteak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink, and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this thing; and if we don't give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a—'

"If we don't!" said Coleridge.

"Is it a bargain?'

"Most certainly.'

"Done! Done!'"

THE BILLS.

(Without the slightest apology to Edgar Allen Poe.)

SEE the tradesmen with their bills,
"Little bills!"
What a world of wretchedness their very look distils!

(The remainder to the tribulated reader's special experience and taste.)

ONE TRIAL ESCAPED.

"POOR John! his life was one continued struggle." "So I've heard." "Always poor. Trial after trial, even after he got the cashier's position."

CHINESE.—Chinese, in common with several other languages in south-eastern Asia, is a tonic language—that is to say, every one of its written characters has its proper vocalic pitch.

VERDICT IN A CRIMINAL COURT IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY WHERE WOMEN ARE ELIGIBLE AS JURORS.—Forewoman of the jury: "The jury is quite convinced, without hearing the case, that the nice-looking gentleman in the dock, the taller of the two, could not commit a crime; but we find the little ugly one guilty, and he should be severely punished."

HIS FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.—"Mother writes that she will be here to-morrow for a short visit, my dear." "Very well," he replied; and as he left the house he patted his little boy on the head kindly, and said, "Bobby, didn't you ask me to buy you a tin whistle and a drum the other day?"

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END ROAD, E.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education.

Time Table of Evening Classes

For the SPRING TERM, commencing April 24th and ending July 19th.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes, will commence on September 30th next.

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc.

General Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists various classes like Ambulance, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Grammar, etc.

Special Classes for Females only.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Plain Needlework, Millinery, Cookery, etc.

Musical Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Singing, Choral Society, Pianoforte, Violin, etc.

Practical Trade Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECT, TEACHER, DAY, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes like Upholstery, Filing, Carpentry, Wood Carving, Etching, etc.

For Course of Five Lectures. See Class Prospectus for details of Classes.

THE "BROOKES" SAFETY.

VICTORIES!!

In the Beaumont 15-Miles' Road Race, H. RANSLEY made absolutely THE FASTEST TIME by 45 seconds—finishing second.

During the same week, E. RANSLEY succeeded in accomplishing ONE HUNDRED MILES on the Bath Road in actual riding time of 7 hours 35 minutes.

The Machine may be inspected at

THE EAST LONDON CYCLE SUPPLY STORES, 264, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.

FOR SALE AND WANTED

Advertisements under this heading will be inserted similar to the following:—

FOR SALE.

BICYCLES from 30/-; Tricycles, 60/-; Safeties 60/. Clearing out. New Bicycle from £4 10s

CRICKET.—Whalebone Spliced Bat (cost 15/-), Carpet Bag, Ash Stumps, Chamois Leg Guards.

TRICYCLE, Folding Excelsior, by Baylis and Thomas, in good condition and in perfect order; room wanted; folds to 22 inches; will be sold, a bargain to immediate purchaser, can be seen by appointment.—S. J., c/o Smith and Botwright, 70, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

TRICYCLE, Genuine Beeston Humber Tandem. Convertable ball bearings, nickelled and enamelled, cost £28, will take £12 10s, or exchange for 5-in. centre lathe, with cash.

The following are the charges for advertisements:— Private advertisements, prepaid, 3 words 1d. Trade advertisements, 3 words 2d. in Private Columns

Considerable reduction is made for a series of insertions in the Trade Columns. An extended scale of charges can be had on application, or an Estimate will be given for any Advertisement. Illustrations prepared, if desired.

All remittances to be made direct to SMITH & BOTWRIGHT, ADVERTISING OFFICES, 70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

Advertisement for HARDING'S MOROCCO REVIVER with an image of a fish and text: 'SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING! TRADE MARK'

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. SEASIDE.

AN ACCELERATED and IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, CROMER, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Felixstowe, Southwold, and Hunstanton.

TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains.

CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE.—CLACTON-ON-SEA, WALTON-ON-NAZE, DOVERCOURT, & HARWICH. From LIVERPOOL STREET at 9.10 a.m. on Sundays; 8.25 a.m. on Mondays (Fare, 3rd class, 4s.); and on other days at 7.8 a.m. (Fare, 3rd class, 5s.).

BROXBOURNE AND RYE HOUSE.—EXCURSION TICKETS are issued DAILY from LIVERPOOL STREET, Bishopsgate, Bethnal Green, Hackney Downs, &c. Fares—3s., 1s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

EPPING FOREST.—To CHINGFORD, WOODFORD, BUCKHURST HILL, and LOUGHTON, by all Trains, from LIVERPOOL STREET, Fenchurch Street, &c. Excursion Fares, 2s., 1s. 2d., 1s. For full particulars see bills.

WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager. LONDON, July, 1889.

If you want to Buy, Sell, Let or Take Apartments,

ADVERTISE

IN THE

Palace Journal

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Worms in Children are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Nearly all children suffer from Worms. If suspected, do not wait, you can with ease cure the child (has no effect except on Worms). Slod by all chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1 1/2d. each.

# FROOMS & Co.

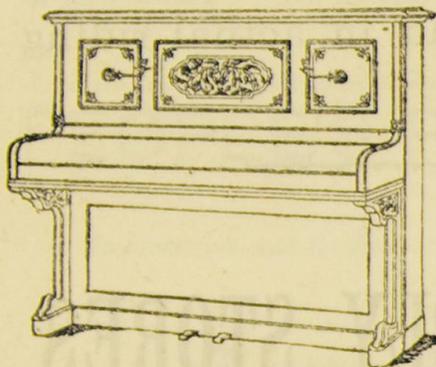
239, Commercial Road, LONDON, E.

Estab. 1854.] Opposite District Post Office. [Estab. 1854.

## HIGH-CLASS Pianoforte Makers

*WE are now offering High-Class Pianofortes for the remarkably low sum of 2/6 per week, sent home immediately, carriage free. No deposit required.*

*Our Easy Terms System is universally acknowledged to be the best ever offered to the public, and we cordially invite intending purchasers to inspect our splendid stock of Instruments before deciding elsewhere.*



The quality of our instruments speaks for itself. This fact is proved by the sales having more than doubled during the past 12 months.

**INSPECTION INVITED.**

**PRICES TO SUIT ALL.**

**NOTE.—MAGNIFICENT UPRIGHT ORCHESTRAL STEEL GRAND, check action, all latest improvements, in handsome walnut and gold case, price 18 GUINEAS, or 14s. PER MONTH. FREE DELIVERY ON PAYMENT OF FIRST INSTALLMENT. Other qualities equally cheap.**

**AMERICAN ORGANS AND HARMONIUMS from 5/- per month.**

EVERY INSTRUMENT WARRANTED.

Tunings, Repairs and Removals AT LESS THAN USUAL CHARGES.

Agents for the Patent Standfast Piano. Prospectus on Application.

TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

### \* LAND FOR BUILDING PURPOSES \*

SITUATED IN

HUXLEY ROAD, LEYTON,

Four Minutes from Station.

Reply S.D., care of SMITH & BOTWRIGHT, 70, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.



#### INDIARUBBER STAMPS.

Best and Cheapest in the World. For marking linen, or stamping books, paper, etc., invaluable. Two letter Monogram, 1s.; three letter, 2s.; name in full, 1s. 4d.; three line Address, 2s. 6d.; round, oval, or square Business Stamp, from 4s.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil and Rubber Stamp, 2s. 6d. Postage, 2d. extra. Agents wanted. E. E. IRETON & Co., 92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

#### ADVERTISE

IN  
The Palace Journal.

SMITH & BOTWRIGHT,  
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

## W. S. CROKER

Cycle Manufacturer,

2, ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, BOW, E.

Any make of Machine supplied at a Large Discount for Cash, or on Easy Payment System.

REPAIRS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION EXECUTED PROMPTLY AND CHEAPLY.

All the LATEST PATTERN MACHINES LET ON HIRE.

SECOND-HAND MACHINES BOUGHT, SOLD, AND EXCHANGED.

*Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.*

2, ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, BOW, E.



THE WONDER OF THE WORLD. SECURED IN ALL COUNTRIES.

**THE DEMON CAMERA** Defies Detection, and can be secreted under the vest, in the watch pocket, or concealed in the glove. It is made entirely of metal, beautifully plated, and weighs under 3oz. No movement is too rapid for it—the racehorse at greatest speed, the flight of birds, even the lightning flash itself. By merely pressing the trigger the photograph is taken; therefore any person can use it, NO KNOWLEDGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY BEING NECESSARY, for, unlike other cameras, it requires no focussing, no stand, no adjustment, no dark slides; yet hundreds of plates can be carried and exposed in rapid succession.

The DEMON CAMERA is the wonder of the Photographic world. It is a genuine scientific victory over difficulties; by its use the momentary event which may be full of importance, or bursting with comicality, may be permanently secured and used at will, for pleasure, profit, or revenge.

The most marvellous thing about the apparatus is its price, nothing to compare with it being obtainable at less than 2 or 3 guineas. NOTE.—Apparatus, including plates, chemicals, and instructions, post free, 5s. 6d.; extra dry plates, 9d. per dozen.

Address—Manager, P. J. Department,  
AMERICAN CAMERA CO., 399, EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.

The very thing for Tourists.

### WALKING-STICK CAMERA STAND, RIGID AND PORTABLE.

An ordinary Walking Stick, with light Metal Tripod (folding to 12 inches in length, can be put in the pocket) and Parallel Plate Adjustment. No Loose Parts. The whole fixed in half-a-minute. Price **18/6.**

G. C. INKPEN,

112, HIGH STREET, PORTSMOUTH.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

### HOME INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION. — In

connection with the National Co-operative Festival, Crystal Palace, Saturday, Aug. 17, 1889.

£500 and Medals in Prizes for all kinds of Technical Work, Amateur Work, and Women's and Children's Work. Entries close August 3rd. Apply for Prize Lists and Rules to William Broomhall, General Secretary, 1, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

#### Advertisements Received

FOR ANY PAPER

At **LOWEST RATES.**

—:o:—

SMITH & BOTWRIGHT,

Advertisement Contractors,

70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT.