

**THE PALACE JOURNAL**  
PEOPLE'S PALACE  
MILE END. E.

Vol. IX.—No. 184.]

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

## PEOPLE'S PALACE

## Club, Class and General Gossip.

## COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 22nd May.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- SATURDAY, 23rd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Ballad Concert. Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 24th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.
- MONDAY, 25th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- TUESDAY, 26th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath (ladies only) open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- WEDNESDAY, 27th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Pianoforte Recital. Admission, 2d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- THURSDAY, 28th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Elocution class open night. Admission, free by ticket, at 8 p.m.
- FRIDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

## SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS:—

Tuesday, 26th May.

## Practical Organic Chemistry—

Honours	...	2.30 to 10.30 p.m.
Advanced	...	6 to 10.30 p.m.
Elementary	...	6 to 9.30 p.m.

Friday, 29th May.

Metallurgy	...	7 to 10 p.m.
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Saturday, 30th May.

## Practical Inorganic Chemistry—

Honours	...	2.30 to 10.30 p.m.
Advanced	...	6 to 10.30 p.m.

Classes commence work on Monday next.

The new gymnasium will be used for the first time on Monday next by our lady members.

A LECTURE on New Zealand will be given in the Queen's Hall on Monday next by Mr. W. Courtney. Admission free. This gentleman has resided in the colony for thirty-nine years, so that a thoroughly instructive and interesting lecture will, doubtless, be given. It will be illustrated with dissolving views.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL CRICKET CLUB.—Owing to the examinations we have been able to do very little with the bat and ball this season. However, we hope to get to work in earnest after the Whitsuntide vacation. We have a capital ground at the "Uplands," Walthamstow, which is one mile from St. James' Street Station. Our entrance fee is 3d., and the weekly subscription 1d. The Governors have generously provided us with a considerable quantity of new apparatus, and if the boys in the school will only show sufficient interest in the sports, Wednesday

afternoon will be made a weekly half holiday. Should the weather prove fine on the Wednesday after our return to school (27th inst.), a match will be played at the "Uplands," Masters v. Boys. With the Cricket Club will be incorporated a Quoits Club, Rounders Club, &c.; and any member joining the Cricket Club will have the privilege of playing in these games—for which the Governors will provide all the materials required—at the Uplands. Special encouragement will also be given to running and jumping. Arrangements have been made with the keeper of Victoria Park for cricket practice four nights per week, viz., Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Prizes will be given at the end of the season for (1) the best batting average, (2) best bowling analysis, (3) best fielding. It is sincerely to be hoped that the boys of the day school will take every advantage of the opportunities which are now offered them for healthy and manly recreation. We shall be very glad to hear from suitable clubs with the object of arranging matches, as our list of fixtures for the season is not quite full. Our average age is fourteen years.

E. H. SMITH.

THE Great Eastern Railway Company have very kindly offered return tickets for our boys under fourteen, to St. James' Street Station from Bethnal Green for twopence, or from London Fields three-half-pence; these tickets will be on sale in the office and are only available for students travelling to attend the recreation grounds. Students of our evening classes will be charged fourpence and threepence respectively, on the same conditions.

C. E. OSBORN.

SOCIETY OF ARTS EXAMINATIONS, 1891.—The lists of successful students in the recent examination are just to hand, but too late for this week's issue. They will appear, however, in next week's journal. We have secured the Society's Bronze Medal and 10 first class, 31 second class, and 39 third class certificates in Book-keeping; one each second and third in French; and one each third in Arithmetic.—The List can be had by applying in the office.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—The ramble to Windsor, on Whit-Monday, was abandoned in consequence of the weather. The prospective arrangements are as follows:—  
On Saturday, May 23rd, meet at Coborn Road Station, at 3.40, book to Snaresbrook for ramble to Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill.

May 30th, meet at Coborn Road, at 3.10, and take return tickets to Loughton, for ramble to Theydon Bois. Mr. H. Rosenway will act as leader.

June 6th, Woodford meet.

June 13th, Billericay.

June 20th, Croydon and Crowhamhurst.

June 27th (weather favourable), Boating Ramble.

A. MCKENZIE } Hon. Sec.  
W. POCKETT }

MR. OSBORN has received the following letter from our gymnasts in Sweden. It will doubtless be read with interest by all our members:—

May 14th.

DEAR SIR,—Our trip has been made under exceptional circumstances; exceptional, because not only was the accommodation on board the "Thorstein" good, the fare splendid, and everything done that could be done by the captain and officers to make us comfortable, but, in addition to all this,

we were fortunate in meeting with three Swedish gentlemen, Messrs. Snobraun, Hummel, and Craiger, who did all in their power to entertain us and make the trip enjoyable. On Friday evening they came to our quarters, and a very pleasant "Smoker" was held at which yarns of Sweden and the Swedes were freely told. On Saturday the wind blew, the sea rose, and consequently only seven answered the roll call at dinner time; these were reduced to four at tea time, and of these four two retired at the end of the first round. However, after a good night's sleep, all answered the call to coffee and rusks at 6.30 next morning, breakfast being served at 9.30, and consisting of several courses. On Sunday, the weather was simply glorious. Scarcely a ripple on the water, a clear sky, and the sun shining in all its glory—this, of course, righted everyone. We reached Gottenburg at 7 p.m. in good health and spirits. Here we were met by representatives from the Gottenburg Gymnastic Society, who came on board and rendered every assistance; they accompanied us to the Christiania Hotel, and afterwards took us to the Botanical Gardens. We had tea in the music saloon there, and the band, on hearing of our arrival, played "Rule Britannia." On Monday, the military team arrived from Aldershot. We went to meet them and saw the apparatus taken to the gymnasium in which we, in conjunction with the military team, gave a display in the evening. The chief items were Swedish drill by the members of the Gottenburg Gymnasium, followed by Indian clubs by the Palace team, horizontal and parallel bars by both teams, sword feats, dumb bells, by the military; and boxing between Mr. Palmer, Aldershot, and Mr. Dartnell, of Southampton; also between Messrs Burdett and Hunter of the Palace. The display was concluded with the vaulting horse, worked by Swedes only. The Hall was packed, and the audience delighted—that is, if one could judge from the applause which greeted each exercise done by the Englishmen. After the display, both teams were entertained by Mr. Dickson, president of the Gottenburg Society. We left the Music Saloon and festivities at 2.30 a.m., having to catch a train for Stockholm the same day, and arrived at our destination at 10 p.m. The journey was, of course, somewhat tiring after the loss of sleep on the previous night, but the scenery well repaid those who managed to keep awake. Yesterday was spent in looking around Stockholm, and this morning at 11 o'clock we paraded before the Crown Prince. The hospitality of the Swedes is simply unbounded. Everywhere we have been well looked after and our comfort studied. At Gottenburg, Mr. Stromburg was our friend, and right well did he look after the People's Palace. Wherever we went, or if there was anything good going on, his first thought seemed to be "Old People's Palace," as he was pleased to call us. Yours faithfully, T. A. HUNTER.

THE following beautiful lines have been sent me by one of the Palace members, and I gladly give them place:—

GREATER than duty,  
Firmier than right,  
Lovelier than beauty,  
Stronger than might,—

Is the constraining  
Power of love,  
Is the all-gaining  
Strength from above.

Love conquers all things;  
Love doeth right;  
Love is like strong wings  
Lifting to light.

Only by loving,  
Can we attain  
Faith to believe in  
Good out of pain.

Love takes in all things  
Beautiful, fair;  
Love only joy brings  
Out of our care.

Conscience may bind us,  
Law keep us right,  
Duty may find us  
Struggling for light;

But, beyond compare,  
Born from above,  
Duty is nowhere—  
Lost, lost in love,

L. E. W.

## Technical World.

A question which seems to be exercising not a few is the best division of the technical grant when made—how best to spend it for the general good. The great thing is to open the door of technical practical knowledge to the masses. The obsolete and practically useless course of spending the money on trumpery scholarships, is but to waste a fund which, if properly applied, would be one of the greatest boons which a legislature has ever offered to the working-men of this country, whereas to spend the money in founding scholarships, is to perpetuate one of the rottenest systems of favouritism which ever was allowed to exist. It is nothing less than to waste the food of the many in the pampering of the few. As to those few, they are children, generally, of parents who least need help, and themselves not always the more promising pupils, but those who, by accident or cramming and coaching, or from consideration of personal favour towards the parents are foisted and pushed forward to the enjoyment of a pension, which the donor finds, in many cases, to have been uselessly and unworthily bestowed and has become unproductive. Better by far that 500 youths should be lifted one step, and set fairly going up the ladder of progress, than that twenty lads, the pets of half-a-dozen schools, should have £1,000 spent annually on them. £1,000 or £1,200, if only a portion, was capitalized, would provide a school for technical education, which could be practically free to all; the remainder of the money would pay teachers. In some existing schools the teachers have merely an honorarium, and many a practical foreman would be found among the trades societies ready and willing to give the needful instruction, while there are manufacturers of machinery, etc., who are generous enough to admit classes of students under competent guardianship to visit and inspect machinery and processes of manufacture, where the aim is to elevate and instruct enquiring and studious young men.

It is evident, says the *Boot and Shoe Trades' Journal*, that the future of technical education will undergo a complete and radical change, both as regards its financial support and the method of examining the students. Technical education, although universally admitted to be of the greatest importance and necessity in order to counteract the effects of the decline of the apprenticeship system, and to enable us, through our artisans, to compete and hold our own with any nation in the world's markets, has, until quite recently, been dependent upon the amount earned by the students, the small fees they paid, the benevolence of a few well-disposed persons, and the self-sacrifice of those who have given instruction to the students, either gratuitously or for nominal or insignificant sums. As the skill of our artisan in any trade benefits the community at large, and one industry helps another, no one, except, possibly, a few trade unionists who are in deadly fear of competition of any description, will object that the support and maintenance of technical instruction should be undertaken by all those who, directly or indirectly, receive its benefits. For this reason, and in order to further the cause of technical education, the Technical Instruction Act and the Local Taxation Act were passed, which give power to corporate bodies to levy rates for the support of technical instruction. But so long as the City and Guilds continue to make grants, and private individuals can be found who will provide funds, it is obvious that local legislators, particularly those whose only qualification is shallow boasting of their efforts to reduce expenditure would oppose the adoption of the Act, although they might possibly squander thousands of pounds of the ratepayers' money in less important matters. The City Guilds undoubtedly saw this, and in order to keep their annual outlay under control, have decided to withdraw the usual grants on the "passes" after the examinations of next year. This will reduce the source of revenue to many classes in an important degree, and place the direct responsibility of their maintenance upon the local authorities, and unless the necessary assistance is forthcoming from that quarter, some schools will in all probability cease to exist; while if they receive their support from the rates, the schools will be established upon a sound footing.

THE City Guilds do not, however, propose this change in order to withhold their support or amass large sums of money, but they propose spending it in another and probably far more sensible manner, and they doubtless recognise that the rapid extension of technical education, and the continuance of the present system of making grants, would eventually involve them in gigantic liabilities; for since they commenced making grants, the number of students presented for examination has risen from 68 to 6,600, and will, of course, go on increasing. The Guilds propose the much-needed institution of practical examination. This is certainly a step in the right direction, and will in time fully compensate the present apparent loss.

## The Angel Chimes.

### CHAPTER I. JUNE LINSTICE.

ARKMINSTER was a quaint little village somewhere in England. It was very still, for few vehicles seemed to pass through its long High-street, where the grass grew in pert green tufts between the old paving. Very quiet, for the inhabitants seemed to live very much in their homes, and the gentle gossip that went on between the women, old and young, generally took place within doors. There was a little old-fashioned inn, with its swinging sign of a "White Goat," and in the bow window generally were seen flowers and ferns kept in great order by the innkeeper's daughter. The "White Goat" was at one end of the village, and at the other the green, just off the churchyard. Arkminster was some miles from a railway station, and the tourists who invaded its sleepy quietness were few and far between. Some, however, came and strolled leisurely through the place, inspected the church with its old monuments, admired the angels, with grave faces carved in the stone, that seem to guard the chancel. Then the old white-haired verger told them that the church was called Angel Church, whether dedicated to the angels, or called so because of the old carvings, no one knew. Then the tourists generally went to the inn, and when regaled with some country fare, they inquired about the place, and the more facetiously inclined quizzed the tall old man—Master Linstice, as he liked to be called—about the name of the village. They asked why it was called Arkminster, and if the reason was that everything being so behindhand in civilisation, the time of the flood suggested the name?

Years ago (it does not matter how many), June Linstice was sitting in the back parlour window of the "White Goat," one autumn day. June was nineteen, small and fragile, with little white hands, small feet, and the loveliest tawny hair imaginable, wound closely round her head. Wind it as she might, however, she could not keep it straight, and it would go off into little curling rings and soft fluffy waves over her white forehead. The face was rather a child's than a woman's face, with its sweet expression and delicate complexion, and altogether her queer name, given as a fancy of her father's because she was born on the first of June, seemed to suit her. The day that June came to this world her mother, the first love of the grave old Master Linstice, left it. Now, as it had been from that day, his June was all his care. On her he lavished much tender affection, shown in his own peculiar way. In her life his own was bound up. She was well educated, and refined far more than would be expected of a country innkeeper's daughter. But the truth was, June Linstice was one of Nature's gentlewomen, and a dusty weary traveller who came in to rest that autumn afternoon quickly decided that she was that every inch.

Generally June's little parlour was never invaded, but that afternoon there had been the Michaelmas fair, and the common room was full of farmers, who sat over their supper, discussing in high tones, and talking more loudly than an outsider would care to have the benefit of. So when Mr. Durefoy had arrived, with his knapsack on his back, and said as well as looked that he was weary, Mr. Linstice had told Sam, the lame boy and general factotum of the "White Goat," to show him into the back parlour. Mr. Linstice thought June was out, but even had he been aware that she was there he would not have made any difference.

"I beg your pardon—I hope I am not disturbing you," said Mr. Durefoy, raising his hat as he entered, and June rose, standing in the window with the crimson creeper forming the background to a face he thought worthy of one of Fra Angelico's angels.

"Not at all," said June, quietly, stooping to pick up her work, which had dropped when she got up. "I hope, sir, you have asked for all you want?"

"I have," said Mr. Durefoy; and Sam disappeared while Mr. Durefoy took the large arm-chair that stood near the centre table, and then proceeded to unfasten his knapsack. As he did so he glanced round the room. It was a queer mixture in every way.

The walls were painted pale grey, and facing the window were the two inevitable pictures so closely associated with English inns and lodging houses, of Vesuvius—Vesuvius on an ordinary day and Vesuvius in a state of eruption. These were framed in black, and beneath them, in refreshing contrast, were hung little brown pots filled with delicate ferns and wild flowers. There were flowers all over the room, and many a little dainty device in the way of brackets and needlework well arranged. All this was June's taste; the rest, the horsehair sofa, the tray on the sideboard with the green peacock with a red tail, the frightful china ornaments, were the master's household vanities, and he never let them be touched.

There was in those ugly pieces of furniture, in those awkward looking chairs and hideous ornaments, a sacredness in the master's eyes. They had been his wife's, his little Dorothea's own possessions, brought from the old Lincolnshire farm-house where he had found her, and having fallen in love with her and she with him, he had married her. She had been fond of them, and he associated her with them, and in his eyes they had a loveliness that nothing else could so well have supplied.

June went on with her work quietly, and not seeming in the least discomposed by the presence of the stranger. Suddenly, however, she raised her eyes, and saw that Mr. Durefoy was looking at her, and, slightly flushed, she fixed her attention on her work. But Mr. Durefoy, an artist, who loved beauty most passionately, had a longing to see those lovely eyes again, so he began a conversation when the refreshments that Sam brought him in were disposed of.

"Quiet little place this," said Mr. Durefoy, pushing back his chair from the table.

"Do you think so?" asked June, looking up with a twinkle in her pretty mouth; for at that moment a loud "haw haw" laugh from the noisy common room resounded more noisily than before.

"Well, I meant Arch—Ark—what is the name of the place?"

"Arkminster," said June. "I have been wandering about all day in the neighbourhood, sketching, and certainly when I came to Arkminster I thought it—"  
"the most dead-and-alive place I ever saw," he was going to say, but politeness induced him to substitute the words "quiet place I was ever in."

"Did you see the church?" asked June. "Yes, but it looked nothing very particular, so I did not trouble to go in. I am tired of churches," said Mr. Durefoy, "and I can't fancy any special attraction in that one."

"It's lovely," said June, enthusiastically; and Mr. Durefoy, to draw her out, said, "What other churches have you ever seen?"

"Not many, it is true," said June; "but if I saw all the churches in the world—even St. Peter's, which I long to see—I should still say the Arkminster church was lovely."

"I declare I think I will go and see it," said Mr. Durefoy. "Where can I get the keys?"

"I have one key of it," said June. "Mrs. Brague, the sexton's wife, sometimes is busy, and so I go and show people the church if they care to."

"Would it trouble you to show it to me?" asked Mr. Durefoy.

June answered by reaching down a large rusty key, and putting on a big hat that hung just over her chair.

"We need not go out through the front, as there is a path through the garden that leads to the churchyard," said June; and Mr. Durefoy followed her.

He was a tall man of about thirty. He had been a farmer's son, but had worked his way up, and having had an excellent education, could hold his own amongst men of nobler birth. He was thoroughly a gentleman, though no blue blood ran through his veins, and he had sufficient income to enable him to live the life he pleased of wandering about and painting. He thought himself a genius, but he was just moderately endowed with talent—that was all. He was a good man, earnest and God-fearing. He had one great fault—and that was his pride.

But I have digressed, and we must follow him and June through the old-fashioned garden, till they come to a wicket-gate leading to the churchyard.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MR. DUREFOY walked on. The evening sun cast its slanting rays across his brown face. He had thin lips, half hidden by a thick brown moustache and beard, and deep grey eyes. He looked much more than his age, and he was not strikingly handsome. Still there was a charm about him that made June as she stepped along a path worn through the graves, wonder if he was like Sir Galahad, or which of her favourite heroes. It was utterly unlike anyone she had ever seen before, and the refinement of manner, the low modulated voice, the very accent of pure English seemed to refresh her when contrasted with the few men she knew, rough farmers, whose ways, spite of their undoubted excellence of character, jarred much upon her. Her father was the exception; he, in his own way, was a gentleman, and June and he were like in many things.

"Let me unlock the gate for you," said Mr. Durefoy, as June pushed the key into the lock of the porch gate.

"Thank you, but I understand it, I think, better than you can. It is not an easy key," said June. Then they went into

the church. It was old, full of high horse-box pews; the paving was of old grave-stones, and the pillars were quaintly carved. But the chancel was lovely; and though Mr. Durefoy had travelled much, and seen all kinds of churches, he had to confess that June was right.

They stood at the low chancel gate, and looked up to the great window now in shadow. Behind them, through the west rose windows, a flood of light came pouring down, the setting sun lighting up the old monuments, and casting on the old grave-stones many hues.

Up above the chancel was the Angel Choir—angels carved by hands now lying in the dust, unknown workers who had spent their best in making that chancel beautiful. Their names were unrecorded, but their work remained; and on the angels, some with folded, some with outstretched hands and grave faces, they seemed to have put their best work.

"The bells are called the Angel Chimes," whispered June softly, as Mr. Durefoy looked and admired.

"Why?"

"Because the bells—the chimes, I mean—seem always to say, 'Peace on earth—good will to men.' I like the idea."

"So do I," said Mr. Durefoy; and just then the clock began.

"Don't they chime now?"

"Oh, no; the Angel Chimes are only rung at Christmas," said June. "But come, you must see the old knight's monument here." And June turned to the left. As she did so her foot slipped, and she fell.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Durefoy, seeing her fall, and bending over her.

June did not answer, and stooping down he saw she had fainted.

"Here's a predicament!" said Mr. Durefoy to himself. "What am I to do?"

In another moment June awoke, but the pain in her foot was so severe—for she had sprained it—that she seemed inclined to faint again.

Mr. Durefoy was not one to linger long in hesitation, so he carried her back to the "White Goat," and bandaged her foot for her. He had, as he informed the anxious father, been studying medicine once, and so knew enough about doctoring to be of some use.

He begged to stay at the "White Goat" for some little time, to sketch, as he said.

He did sketch, certainly, but not landscapes. When June was well enough to come into the parlour, and lie on the sofa, and asked to see his sketches, he had not many to show her. Only the Angel Choir. He had drawn that; but he did not tell her that up in his room were sheets on which were the same face—sketched from memory or when she was not looking—June's face.

It was the old, old story; for ever old, for ever new. He fell in love with her, she fell in love with him; and those days in the common little parlour, with the frightful pictures, and hideous china, were the happiest in Eric Durefoy's life.

He found out what a pure lovely mind she had; how deeply religious she was; how all her heart was given to God, and how she tried to do His work, and serve Him in all things. He found her tastes æsthetic, like his own, only she did not know many technical terms about art, and was simply an artist without knowing it. She loved him—he was her knight, her ideal of all that was good—and the happiest moment, happier than all that had gone before of June's young life, was when he told her of his love for her. Perfect trust on both sides; perfect faith in each other. Tastes sufficiently congenial to be harmonious, while still not monotonous. Each in love for the first time—it all seemed like a too happy time to come on this earth. They were perfectly and entirely happy, and the old man, Master Linstice, was happy too, in seeing his June's lovely face brighter than ever.

"You have never cared for any one before, darling, have you?" said Eric one day, as June, who was quite well now, was stitching at some homely work for her father.

"Never," said June; "why do you ask?"

"Because, I want all your love, pet; I don't want to think any has been given to any one else."

"It never has," said June, quietly. "You believe me, Eric, don't you? You are my first and only love."

"Yes, I do," said Eric. "I have perfect faith in you, dearest, and —"

"There's a tallygram come for ye, sir," said Sam, coming in hastily, "and there's five shillings to pay."

June turned white, for she was unaccustomed to telegrams, and the yellow envelope, so familiar now to us, sent a thrill of terror through her heart.

"My father is very ill. I must go to him," said Eric, hastily. And then he explained that his father, an old man.

and his only surviving relative, was very ill, and he was summoned to go to him at once. He was now in Jersey, where he had some friends.

June looked very pale, as she helped him to get ready, and then came the parting, so sweet and sad, and poor June felt that all the sunshine had gone from her life.

The winter sunshine came in through the latticed window as the two stood there silently.

Eric's eyes had a world of love in them, as he stooped from his tall height and held his little June to him, looking into her sweet face, and thinking how very lovely it was, how dear she was to him. They had gone on day after day, never thinking that the time so like an idyll might come to an end. They had been busy, too, talking of Easter, when June and Eric were to be married, and of the pretty home they would have, within reach of Master Linstice. That was to be when they settled down after their travels. For Eric used to talk of taking June to Switzerland and Italy, and showing her all the lovely places he was so familiar with. It would be delightful to go there with her, to show it all to her.

But this news seemed to cast a shadow deeper than a parting for a short time would have been supposed to do. They were certainly very unhappy, both of them, and the tears would dim June's blue eyes as she looked up at the dear face, and her quivering lips were met by his.

"We shall soon meet again, darling. My father may get better, and if he does I shall bring him here to see my June. Come brighten up," said Eric, making an attempt at cheering June.

June could only shake her head, and then they parted, and June watched him drive away to the station.

The golden days of happiness seemed passed away; and yet June felt that she was foolish, for she had only lost him for a little while. And June turned back to her home duties, and the monotony of daily cares, glad in her heart of hearts for the rich gift of earthly love her Heavenly Father had sent her, and feeling that she was not worthy of such joy.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOPE DEFERRED.

TOWARDS the end of the week June's face began to brighten, and Master Linstice, as he passed through the house, used to hear June's clear voice singing. Her heart was light for she expected a letter from Eric now. Already, in imagination, she had opened it, and was reading words she felt sure would be there—words of endearment so sweet and bear to hear.

"Father, God has been very good to me," said June that evening, as she sat by the little fireplace, and leant her head on her father's broad shoulder.

"Ay, ay, lassie, He's good to us all," said Master Linstice, stroking the soft golden hair, and thinking how like her mother in some things little June was. For she was "little June" to him still.

"Can you always feel God is good?" asked June, after a pause.

"Yes, child, always," said Master Linstice, without hesitation.

"Even—even when He took mother away?"

"Even then I was sure, lass, He was doing right."

"I could not feel that if He took Eric from me, father," said June.

"Why think of it, lass? It ain't likely," said the master, who never wasted his strength of mind in bearing troubles in advance.

"No, I hope not," said June brightly, and then she soon went up to her little white room, hung round with photographs of the famous pictures Eric was to show her some day, and she was soon asleep.

Next day June went to meet the old postman, who looked at her knowingly, and yet he had to confess he had no letter for her.

The next day it was the same. June imagined all kinds of things, and thought he must be ill—that perhaps the ship had gone down. She knew that the coast of Jersey was dangerous, and that vessels had been lost in the passage thither from England, and she walked every day to a man who got a daily paper to scan the columns in dread of seeing the report of some accident. None, however, met her eye, and no letter came. One day, in the list of deaths, she caught the name Durefoy. It was a strange name; some of their ancestors had been French; and poor June's heart sank as she looked at it, and rose again when she saw it was the death of Eric's father. He had died in Jersey a week after Eric had left.

(To be concluded next week.)

### Newspaper Advertisements.

THE appearance of the earliest advertisements dates back from the remotest times. The Egyptian pyramids alone are perhaps able to boast an equal age. Apart from this conjecture, however, we have had in modern times direct evidence bearing upon their great antiquity as a result of the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, two towns buried beneath the lava twenty centuries ago. On the walls of these cities scribblings or graffiti, mostly made by some pointed instrument in red chalk or charcoal, have been discovered in a good state of preservation, evidently intended, in some cases, to turn the attention of the public to articles for sale, or it may be, to recommend a particular tavern as the following notice affixed to a street corner in Pompeii testifies:—

"Adeas tabernam Liani; ad dexteram;" that is, "Visit the inn of Lianus; turn to the right."

Here also somewhat after the present manner of offering rewards is the advertisement of one Varius:—

"Urna vinaria perit de taberna;  
Sei eam quis retulerit, dabuntur li. s.  
lxx; sei furem qui abduxerit, dabitur  
Duplum a Variis."

The rendering of which is: "A wine jar is lost from the inn; if anyone bring it back there shall be given to him sixty-five sesterces; if anyone bring the thief who took it, double that sum will be given."

Both these inscriptions were made twenty centuries ago, and, although, a few years afterwards, the Romans had their newspaper, they made no use of it for advertising purposes, but instead, called in requisition the services of the bellman. This official then, as in recent times, frequented the market, and other places of popular resort, to make known that an article was lost or found; or to make known that certain individuals were anxious to find buyers for their wares recently imported; and it is interesting to note that in the early stages of newspaper advertising many of the public two leaf papers contained announcements in similar language to that used by the crier. The art of newspaper advertising has dealt a death-blow to this once serviceable person, but, like one recalled from the dead, his pictorial substitute conveys to a thousand miles the notice (*vide, Australian News, &c.*) he used to convey to only one, by being dispatched through the post to proclaim his "O yes, O yes," in all parts of the world.

As a parallel to Varius's scribbled advertisement on the wall, the following, one of the earliest known printed advertisements, is given. It is taken from the *Severus Proceedings of Parliament*, September 21st—October 5th, 1654.

"A nag of a Browne Chestnut cullor, with a white streak on his face; a lock, with a hole worn in the barell, on his near leg before, his mane plaited with red tape about 14 hands high between 5 and 6 years old. Lost from Leighton Bussard in Bedfordshire on Monday September 4. if anyone can bring word of him to Mr. Newberry at the three Lyons in Cornhill bookseller or to Mr. Brian of Leighton Bozard he shall be well satisfied for his paines."

When we consider the classical origin of the old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush,"\* there can be little doubt that the

\* "As You Like It."—*Epilogue.*

Romans used signs as well as literary advertisements, and most likely at an earlier date. The bush alluded to was suspended over the doorway of a tavern to signify that wine might be had within, and may have been either a branch of the vine or boughs of trees, but more correctly should have been the ivy, which was originally and exclusively used because sacred to Bacchus. The acceptance in later times of this old custom is easily traced in the prodigious bunch of golden grapes often still seen suspended from the sign post erected in front of a country tavern. Whoever designed this less perishable sign cannot be ascertained, but, whoever he was, he was followed by a gradually increasing host of imitators, who adopted signs more or less appropriated to their varied professions. The glover displayed the golden glove, the royal goldsmith two golden salmon, the apothecary the pestle and mortar, and the tobacconist his Negro or Scotchman snuffing by the door—a list as inexhaustible as the conjurer's magic bottle. The taverns were closely matched in the exhibition of swinging signs from their overhanging fronts, by the shop fronts of the publishing houses, a list of which reads like a row of taverns. It was at the "White Greyhound," the "Crown," and the "Green Dragon," the "Fox," and the "Angel," the "Sun," and the "Red Bull," where Shakespeare's plays first appeared in print. This universal method of advertising by signs, was a necessity when houses were unnumbered, and when messengers, porters, coachmen and others were unable to read the shopman's name and the nature of his occupation. During

the great fire of London, and while in the height of their glory, many of these signs suffered total extinction. Most of those that survived were considerably modified in attractiveness, owing to the widening of the thoroughfares, and the general absence of projecting shop fronts, and were, eventually, with the exception of tavern signs and those still pertinaciously clinging to a few old-fashioned shops, removed by Act of Parliament in 1764.

Printing has the honour of gradually supplying substitutes for this formidable army of signs, for it gave a better opportunity of learning to read, and, in the course of time, of advertising in the newspaper, and on that "stuck up thing," a poster, instead. Here is the first intimation through a newspaper advertisement, of tea being sold in a grocer's shop, and is culled from the *Mercurius Politicus* of September 30th, 1658.

"That excellent and by all physicians approved Chinese drink called by the Chinese Tsha, by other nations Tay, alias Te, is sold at the Sultane's Head Coffee House in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

The following, from the same source, is of a still earlier date:—

"The art of Logick or the entire body of Logick in English, unfolding to the meanest capacity the way to dispute well and to refute all fallacies whatsoever, printed by George Calvert, and are to be sold at the sign of the Half Moon in Pauls Church-yard, near the Little North door."

In both these examples the sign is the address, and was only retained until houses were numbered and newspapers began to circulate, not only among the rich, but among the people generally.

Had the newspaper advertising art been sufficiently developed, no doubt the ambition of these advertisers would have aimed at a picture of a teapot or half-moon surmounting their respective notices. This kind of advertisement was left for later times, when suddenly, after the old signs were nearly extinct, the ghosts of the departed announced themselves in new shapes. Woodcuts grew apace, hats, umbrellas, boots, the oilman's jar, the "Bell," the "Little Dust Pan," each in the special interest of its owner, arranged themselves before the reader's eye, not as previously over his shop front, but through the medium of the newspaper. The places of many of these, although still retained in some provincial papers, have since been filled by a multiplicity of novel and varied designs depicting the wares "on sale." Although this style of advertising first saw the light in England, we are beaten in our own game by our cousins across the water, for, in general, each advertisement page of their papers is illuminated with barrels, houses, agricultural implements, cattle of all descriptions, every item of an outfitter's stock, machinery, "fast sailing schooners," and indeed nearly every object which enters into the multifarious business of mankind. In this way, the first Roman "bush" has in this age matured into a prodigious tree, whose branches fill the whole earth. This goes far to prove that the old epigram quoted is, in one sense, altogether erroneous, and that good wine does need "bush," for if the possessor of good wine does not hang out one of the foregoing signs, he cannot compete with the keeper of inferior wine, who is sure to display a tolerably large one.

The first great impetus to newspaper advertising is said to have been given during the early part of the eighteenth century, when the South Sea gambling mania, through the public broadsheets or weekly journals, gave birth to the most extraordinary and unparalleled notices that have ever appeared. This impetus, like its cause, was built upon the sand, and so as quickly vanished. The permanent enlargement of the field of advertising dates from a little later period, owing to the increase of importations from our foreign possessions; but the number of newspapers from this time, even up to the beginning of the present century, were comparatively few and only indulged in by the rich; and it was not until the railway and steamboat had revolutionised our trade and commerce, and finally the newspaper stamp and advertisement tax had been abolished, that we became aware of the gigantic strides being made in press advertising and eventually of its present astounding proportions.

THE remark is often made, "How careful speakers and writers should be to keep their metaphors in line." A person attending a religious service not long ago heard the minister utter the following passage: "All along the *untrdden* paths of the past we discern the *foot-prints* of an Almighty hand."

"Is your husband a religious man?" "I'm not quite certain. When I hear him speak in the prayer meeting, I think he is. When I hear him speak at home, I think he isn't."

## The Red Mountain Mines.

(Continued from page 312.)

## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Oh, pard, pard," exclaimed Droopy, "that's ag'in' all sense an' reason. I ain't eddicated, an' can't rattle off things glib, like you; but I knows jest a little bit better'n that. I don't want ter hurt yer feelin's by sayin' onythin' onkind when yer goin' away; but I mus' tell yer that yer makin' a powerful mistake. Ye knows a dum sight better'n to go an' say yer goin' ter git money onyway. It'll git ye behind stum walls an' iron bars, or hitched on the end of a rope, er shot so full o' bullet-holes ye'll look like a kullindur. If yer bent on devullin', ye'd better skip back East. The road ter hell in this country is a mighty short one. Californy law is shorter and smarter nor a hornet's tail. They is one thing in the Bible I allus foun' true, an' that is, honesty is the bes' polursy! It ain't in the Bible? Oh, well, 'scuse my ignerrence. It's jest as true as if it was in the Bible. Now, lis'en ter me, pard; I'll make a propositon to yer. Jest stay here and work with me. Startin' with tomorrow, half o' my claim, an' so on, is yourn. We both 'll jest pitch in an' do all we can. Five year from now, ef ye foller out my idee, ye'll be a millinery—well, millionaire, then, if that's what it is. What ye have ye'll come by honestly, an' then ye'll feel all right about it. What d'ye say, pard?"

"That you have the softest heart and head in the world," said Mark, warmly. "You are so generous that you take my breath. But I can't accept what you offer. It would, to me, be lowering my manhood."

"The deuce it would!" answered Droopy, losing a little of his temper. "Ef yer goes on in the wild way yer jest was dilatin' in, a minute ago, yer manhood 'll get lowered in 'bout six feet o' groun' in a pine box. A man what says he's goin' ter have money onyhow, an' then snuffs up his nose at an honest chance what's gin him by a man what likes him, I can't make out. Looky' here: ef yer stays with me, an' works the claim with me, an' we makes it pay, an' we on'y divides up what we makes arter this, it's nothin' more nor less nor a straight bizness transaction. The groun' belongs ter nobody in pertickler, an' is as much yourn as it is mine. Comin' down ter the finest pint, the law on'y makes it mine 'cause I got here fust; an' you, 'cordin' ter what yer jest said, don't set no great stakes by law, so that needn't gin ye any sleepless nights. Now, then, ef yer am the man I took yer fur, ye'll jest gin up goin' to 'Frisky, ter make yerself a hull lot of trouble, an' stay here an' salt down somethin' yaller ag'in' yer old age."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Mark, "that I can't see it as you do, but it would not leave me either my self-respect or my independence."

"Come, now," growled Droopy, thoroughly disgusted with Mark's quibbling, and the lack of sincerity in his tone and manner; "why don't yer come out squar' and flat-footed an' say what yer means, jest like a man? Why don't yer say that yer am too lazy to work, an' that yer wants ter git inter stealin', er gamblin', er somethin' else what's easier? What yer says don't hang at all together. Ef yer folks gin ye the wrong start, an' I reckon they did, ye naturally had 'nough sense ter set yerself straight at the same time when yer had 'nough sense ter see as how it was wrong. That was the time ter start out swingin' on yer own gate. If ye likes yer tea clear, an' somebody puts in sugar, yer ain't 'bleeged ter dump out the sugar an' chuck in wormwood. If yer folks did make things bad for ye, yer didn't need ter make 'em wuss. They on'y gin ye a bad start. They aint bizzy with yer now. If ye stan' on a hill what's got a frog-pond at the bottom, an' somebody gives ye a boost an' tries ter send yer down inter the mud, yer ain't 'bleeged ter go no further nor the speedin' what they gin ye sends yer. Yer ain't got ter brace fur it, an' run on, as hard as ye can, an' jump in the frog-spawnin', on yer own account. That 'ould be actin' like a dum fool, an' that's jest what yer doin'! Life ain't a bowlin'-alley, an' ye ain't a ball what has been flung an' can't get outen the track. Ye've had a bad start, but many a man has had a wuss one. Yourn can't even hold a candle to mine. But I don't go broodin' over hard luck. I jest spits on my han's, an' rolls up my sleeves, an' sails in, an' makes one thing work, ef another won't. Yer young an' smart; an' now jest stay here, an' gin up this nonsense, forgit all this talk, and we'll make a fortin outen this old mountin'. Say, now, pard, will yer stay? Put 'er there an' say yes."

Stanley took Droopy's outstretched hand, and winced at the grip which the miner gave it.

"Ye'll stay—hallerluyer!" yelled Droopy.

But Mark shook his head.

"I cannot," he said, shamefacedly.

Droopy let the other's hand fall.

"I'm diserp'inted," he said; and then he walked slowly away.

## CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT two weeks after the departure of Mark Stanley from Red Mountain, the California newspapers were all filled with one theme. Floyd Maydew, an important Eastern capitalist, was coming to San Francisco to interest himself in a stupendous mining-scheme. He would bring with him, besides an enormous amount of ready cash, an enormously beautiful daughter. Miss Maydew was young and talented, and, because of the delicate health of her father, she had made herself a thorough-going business-woman. She attended to the most of her father's banking-affairs, and was even a much shrewder adept in general financiering than Mr. Maydew himself,—which was saying a great deal. Indeed, such was his confidence in her ability and judgment that it was stated, on good authority, that none of the Maydew funds would be invested in California unless, after careful consideration, Miss Maydew was convinced that such an investment would be judicious.

That being the case, all San Francisco was burning with eagerness to please and conciliate the pretty little lady.

Among those most interested in bringing about a result so happy for California was Judge Desborough, one of the principal mine-owners and a noted dabbler in mining stocks. His anxiety was so openly expressed that it soon became almost as common a topic of conversation as the Maydews themselves.

One evening, three or four days before the arrival of the Maydews, Judge Desborough had a caller, who did not give the servant who answered his ring either his name or his card. This was not at all remarkable, in the judge's experience; so the unknown caller was admitted.

He was a man with sandy hair, complexion, and beard, and he had large brown eyes; which struck the judge as an unusual combination.

"Are you Judge Desborough?" asked the stranger, before seating himself in the chair to which the judge courteously pointed.

"I am," was the answer, and then the stranger sat down.

"Before I tell you my name," he said, "I must ask if you have any particular interest in having the Maydews invest in a certain Californian mining-scheme?"

"That, sir," answered the judge, "is a most extraordinary question."

"Exactly," agreed the stranger. "It is more than that,—it is an impertinent question,—or it would be if it were not an outcome of more than ordinary circumstances. I have a reason for asking the question, which, if I am rightly informed, is even of more importance to you than it is to me. You are a lawyer, so you will respect me for not wishing to 'give my case away.' If you are anxious to have the Maydew funds remain in California, I can be of incalculable service to you; if you have no such interest, I will bid you good-evening, and go."

The judge regarded his visitor with amazement, leaning toward him to scan him the more closely.

"Who the devil are you, and what kind of a trap are you trying to lead me into?" he at length blurted out, scowling savagely.

"You seem to see occasion for the use of violent language," observed the stranger; "I do not."

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the judge, quickly; "but you clean surprised me out of my wits. You see, I don't quite understand. Yes—I—I have the strongest reasons for wishing that the Maydews might stay here, or at least make the proposed investments."

"Thank you," returned the stranger coolly; "now we will get to business. You are aware, of course, that there are no Maydew investments which are not advised or approved by Miss Maydew. If she says so, the intended business here will be consummated: if she says otherwise, it will not. I suppose that you already understand that?"

"Perfectly, sir; perfectly."

"Very good. Well, Judge Desborough, if Miss Maydew likes the prospects here, of her own accord, you will have no occasion for my services; if she does not, however, take kindly to things, I can help you out."

"You?"

"I."

"How?"

"All in good time, my dear sir: if your checkers are jumped off the board so fast, you won't get any in the king-row."

"Don't fire analogy and hyperbole at me in that fashion, young man," snarled the judge.

"The Maydews," resumed the other, "by reason of influence which I can bring to bear if I choose, will invest here in the much-talked-of mining scheme. If, though, I use my influence the other way, they will take their money back East again, and stay there with it. I will be either a stepping-stone or a stumbling-block, as you will. If my services are enlisted, my fee

will be fifty thousand dollars, payable, in gold, when it is proven to you that their investment is made by reason of my influence. Is there any analogy or hyperbole in that?"

The judge sat back in his chair, too much astonished to speak. For fully two minutes the two men sat and looked at each other in dead silence.

"What may I call you?" asked the judge, finally, trying to overcome his embarrassment.

"You may call me by my name—Mark Stanley, or, to be more precise about it, Marcus Antonius Stanley."

"How much time, Mr. Stanley, will you give me to consider your remarkable proposition?" inquired the judge, in tones which showed him to be wavering.

"Fifteen minutes," said Mark, promptly.

"Isn't that rather narrowing things down?"

"It's more time than you would allow me for a speech, if I was condemned for murder, in your court," said Mark, frigidly.

The judge's face reddened a little.

"I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Stanley," he said, after a brief pause. "If you can bring about what you say, I will hand you, as soon as the important result is reached, one-half of what I expect to make out of the transaction, which will be 25,000 dollars."

"Desborough, Desborough," said Mark, reflectively. "It don't sound like a Jewish name, but—"

"Hang you, sir," cried the judge, springing up out of his chair, "you are the most exasperating man I ever met."

"Which, I suppose," said Mark, rising, "is equivalent to telling me to go to the devil."

"Not in the least, sir," expostulated the judge, regaining his good humour; "not in the least, sir. This Maydew matter is one of such vast importance to me that I am forced to accept your terms, monstrous and extravagant as they are. We will have the agreement drawn up and signed to-night, and we will then deposit it, for safe keeping, in whatever bank you please."

"Why not make two copies of the agreement, and you keep one, and I the other?" suggested Mark.

"Oh, no," said the judge; "I could not think of arming you with such a document. You might, for all I know, be a sharper, and use it against me in some blackmailing scheme. It would ruin me, if my friends and acquaintances saw my name to such a paper."

"It would ruin me, also," said Mark, "if my friends the Maydews saw my name to such a document. You seem to forget that I, also, have a reputation at stake."

"In the East, maybe, but not here, Mr. Stanley; you are a total stranger here, even to me. I have an established local reputation at stake. It is as dear to me as a woman's honour; as dear as a woman's honour, sir. Can't you see the difference in our positions? It is very manifest, Mr. Stanley; very manifest. Why, sir, I don't even know that a word that you have said to me is true; you haven't shown me that it is. Your whole purpose may be to get my name to a document that you can use to my detriment. You see, sir, you have given me only a stranger's unsupported word for all of this extraordinary stuff. You have given me no proof, even, that your name is Stanley; your name may not be Stanley—"

"No," interrupted Mark, sarcastically; "my name may not be Stanley; it may be Smith. Very likely it is Smith. I'd call it Smith, anyhow, just to please you, if it wasn't such an ordinary name. But we won't argue the point further. Draw the agreement, and we will sign it, as you say. Its disposition can be arranged upon afterwards."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," assented the judge. "Let me see; our agreement is that you are to have, from me, the sum of 50,000 dollars, if the Maydews, by reason of your influence, make such investments here as the newspapers say they contemplate making. If they fail to do this, or if I am not shown that the money which they may expend here would not have been so expended but for you, then, sir, then, Mr. Stanley, our contract is null, void, and dead. Is that satisfactory, sir?"

"Will such a written instrument make you feel that you are duly protected?"

"Yes. Draw it and sign it," said Mark, "and I will sign it also. To-morrow morning I will come here and accompany you to some bank, where we will leave this document securely sealed with the understanding that neither of us can remove it without the full consent of the other."

The judge smiled blandly.

"Mr. Stanley, I admire your thoroughness," he said; "I most heartily admire your thoroughness."

When the agreement was drawn, Judge Desborough asked if he should read it aloud.

"I prefer reading it to myself," replied Mark. "My eyes, I have no doubt, will serve me quite as well as my ears."

Again the judge complimented what he called Mark Stanley's unerring sagacity.

After the agreement was signed, the judge asked if Mark was willing to disclose the nature of his influence over the Maydews.

"When you see her, ask Miss Maydew if she ever heard of me," answered Mark, as he picked up his hat and left the room.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, Mark Stanley again rung Judge Desborough's bell.

"Let me see, let me see—oh, ah, it is Mr. Stanley," said the judge, a little affectedly.

"Mr. Smith, you mean," said Mark.

The judge laughed, a nervous, cackling little laugh, without any mirth in it.

"Mr. Stanley, you are inclined to be a bit facetious; and it is becoming in you, too, sir—quite as becoming as your remarkable sagacity."

"Have you got the paper?" asked Mark.

"The—the morning paper? Would you like to see it? I will find it for you."

"I mean the paper which we drew up and signed here in this room last night. I would like to see that. You may find that for me if you will be so kind."

"That? Oh, yes; that is in my pocket; securely buttoned in, sir; all ready to be deposited in the bank. The carriage is waiting for us at the door, now; pardon my suggesting it, but suppose we set out for the bank at once."

"In a moment," said Mark. "One thing at a time. I wish—"

"You wish some wine, sir," interrupted the judge. "Certainly, sir. How heedless of me not to have thought of it! I will ring for it this instant, sir."

"Spare yourself the exertion, judge. Hand me the agreement, if you please."

"You wish to—"

"I wish to see how it looks by daylight."

"But, sir, it's all securely sealed and endorsed, ready for deposit in the bank, sir. And besides, it's getting late."

"All securely sealed, is it? All right, judge, we will break the seals, then, and seal them over again. You can take the value of the extra sealing wax and time out of the fifty thousand, when you pay me."

Very reluctantly, and with a very red face, the judge produced the package from his pocket, and suffered Mark to take it.

The seals were broken, but, instead of the agreement between Mark Stanley and Judge Desborough, the package contained some mining notes and memoranda, which had nothing to do with Mark.

"You have made a slight mistake," said Mark, coolly tossing the document to the judge.

By this time Judge Desborough's face was purple, but he glanced at the paper with well-feigned surprise, though he looked as if he had been caught stealing a horse.

"How singular!" he exclaimed; "how very, very singular! I can only account for it in one way, sir, and it is really a most shameful, I might almost say disgusting, way, too, sir. You see, Mr. Stanley, after you went away, last night, some of my friends came in. We had a few games, a few very innocent games, sir, but we poured too frequent and perhaps too copious libations, sir. Yes, sir; we used a deal of wine, sir; and it was very fine old wine, too, sir. I never have any other kind in my cellars, Mr. Stanley. Well, sir, wine always affects my sight, and a most lamentable annoyance it sometimes is to me, too, sir. So it proved last night. After my friends went away, I happened to think that leaving such a document as the one we drew, unsealed, in a compartment in an ordinary desk, would be a very injudicious proceeding. So I went to my desk and got out *this* document, thinking, of course that it was the one that you and I had drawn. Then I sealed it and put it in my coat-pocket. This morning, without discovering my mistake, I endorsed the envelope, exactly as you now see it. It is with feelings of the most profound humiliation, Mr. Stanley, that I confess to allowing cards and wine to run me into so embarrassing a mistake."

"Under the circumstances," said Mark, "I think it a perfectly natural mistake."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Stanley, yes, indeed, sir. I earnestly hope that there will be no feeling in your mind that I did this thing intentionally."

"Don't speak of it," smiled Mark. "A man of established reputation like yourself, certainly would not act so contemptibly with an unknown stranger."

The judge's face beamed.

"You do us both honour and credit," he said. "You add another to your list of admirable attributes—generosity, Sagacity, facetiousness, generosity. A wonderful galaxy of

virtues in so young a man, Mr. Stanley. Ah, my dear Mr. Stanley, we must know each other better. We must indeed."

A few days later the Maydews came, and to them were devoted the attentions of whoever was interested in California as a mining State. They were feasted, toasted, serenaded, flattered, worn out with pretty sayings and pretty doings.

"It's because of our social position in the East," said Mr. Maydew.

"It's because of our money," declared his fair daughter, with far more accurate foresight.

All of this time Mark Stanley kept delightfully in the background, and never once presented himself, either to Judge Desborough or to the Maydews. His so doing made the judge believe that Mark Stanley was an impostor. He could not understand why a man who seemed to be playing for such high stakes should keep so abominably still. But Mark was deeper than his legal associate thought; he was waiting until Miss Maydew found the attentions she was receiving nauseous. He did not have long to wait. In less than two weeks after her arrival in San Francisco Miss Maydew regretted ever leaving the East. Before another week elapsed she had so emphatically and so openly expressed this feeling that all California despaired of interesting the Maydews in Western mining affairs.

At this time Mark and the judge met in the street one day. The judge fairly bristled the moment he saw Mark.

"Well, sir," he said, "things have come to a fine pass, haven't they? The Maydews are going back East again. If you have any of your boasted influence with them, why don't you exert it, sir?"

"Softly, old man," said Mark; step softly and breathe low. Things are going just exactly as I knew they would—just exactly as I wished them to. You people here have pitched in and made California intolerable to the Maydews. They are getting more and more sick of it every day. When they can stand no more, and begin packing their trunks to go home again, as they very soon will, then my time comes; then I will have you just where I want you. Then you will squeal like a hog with his tail shut in a gate."

"Good Heavens, sir," cried the judge, excitedly, "that is exactly the state of things now! They are getting ready to go East. The time for you to do something has come. I—I do squeal, sir; I do squeal. Do you hear me, sir? I do squeal. What is to be done, sir? I—I am yours to command."

"Now you are talking, old man," rejoined Mark, but with an air of listlessness and indifference which was entirely out of keeping with his words. "You must call on Miss Maydew to-night—are you listening?"

"Yes, yes; go on, Mr. Stanley; do go on, sir."

"Very good. You are to call on her to-night; you are to see her alone; you are to say to her that her old friend Mark Stanley is in this city, in distress. If your sight is not affected by wine, as it was the other night when you sealed up the wrong document, you are to note the effect of that disclosure upon her. You are also to make an appointment for me to meet her to-morrow afternoon."

"Why not make it to-morrow morning?" exclaimed the impatient judge. "What is the use of waiting until afternoon? It's clearly a waste of valuable, very valuable time."

"Because," answered Mark, "to-morrow morning I have a little business to transact with you, at the bank."

"At the bank? Do—do you want some money?"

"Not quite yet. I want that document safely in my trousers-pocket before I stir a single step in this Maydew matter."

"The document you and I drew up that night, Mr. Stanley? Is that the one you mean?"

"Certainly," said Mark; "I am not at all interested in any other document which in any way concerns you."

"But, Mr. Stanley," expostulated the judge, "I thought we had arranged upon leaving that at the bank until matters were settled, either one way or the other. Why should the plan be changed now?"

"Because you are an infernal old scoundrel, and will cheat me out of my own skin unless I keep both eyes well on you," answered Mark.

"Really, Mr. Stanley," remonstrated the astonished judge, "you are putting it on too thick—much too thick."

"That," was Mark's reply, "is because your little game is too thin—much too thin. But now to open this keg of nails. If you surrender that document to me to-morrow morning, I will play out my hand and help you and the rest of California to scoop the Maydews in. If you don't give me possession of that now important piece of paper, the Maydews may go back East, or where else they please, for all me, and you may go to the devil. I'll even cheat you out of the price of that extra sealing-wax. No, no; don't say a word, now; talking won't do you a bit of good. Be at the bank at nine o'clock in the morning."

Miss the appointment at your peril. What little there is to be said can be said then. Good-day, judge."

That night the judge called on Miss Maydew. She was bored by his call, and took no pains to conceal it. After about ten minutes she arose and asked to be excused. Then the judge asked if she knew Mark Stanley. At once she was all interest and animation.

"Know him? Yes. He saved my life, five years ago. What do you know about him? Is he here? Where can he be found, and what is he doing? Do answer me, will you?"

"I beg your pardon," said the judge, "but you crowded questions on me so fast, I had no chance to answer. He is here in San Francisco, and is in trouble—out of money, I think. I can send him to you to-morrow afternoon."

"Do," commanded the girl; "or, if you fail, never let me see your face again. Mark Stanley, and here in California! How delightful! Here is at least one man who will talk to me of something else than mines, and investments, and business prospects. Be sure, Judge Desborough, that you send him to me to-morrow afternoon, and as early in the afternoon as possible, too. Now good-night; go away and leave me; but don't forget."

The judge went home, but he alternately blessed and cursed Mark Stanley, every step of the way.

"Saved her life, did he? She wants to see him, does she? He will get the fifty thousand of me; he will get the girl; he will get all of old Maydew's money, by-and-by. And I am the innocent means by which they are brought together. And he called me a scoundrel, too, hang him!"

And then the innocent means jumped up and down on the side-walk, for very rage, and swore himself out of breath.

The next morning, Mark received the Maydew document, of the judge, at the bank; and that afternoon he called on Miss Maydew. She gave him a reception which would have set Judge Desborough frantic had he witnessed it. Mr. Maydew hated Mark Stanley, because, when he had known him in Vermont, Mark Stanley was considered abnormally pious. Consequently, Miss Maydew said nothing to her father about the presence of Mark in the West.

Every day, for the next two weeks, Miss Maydew and Mark Stanley went driving or sailing. She gave him the most of her time, and refused herself to nearly every one else. Mr. Maydew, a confirmed invalid, seldom went out of doors, and very rarely saw callers. No rumour of the relations between his daughter and Mark reached him. He intrusted everything to her, and supposed that business was the sole cause of her repeated absences from him. One day he asked if she had decided just what kind of investments they had best make, and she answered that she had, after due thought and investigation, made up her mind to carry out their original idea, which was to form a syndicate for the operation of a series of mines in various parts of the State.

"To do this," she further explained, "it will be necessary to make an investment of a million dollars, three days hence."

"Our money is still all in drafts, is it not?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, you had best notify the bank of your intention, in the morning, so that they will have the currency ready when you present your drafts for payment."

This suggestion was acted upon, and on the morning in question Miss Maydew armed herself with her drafts, kissed her father, and told him that she would return in an hour. At the end of three hours she was still absent. Judge Desborough and one or two others were sitting in the room with Mr. Maydew, awaiting the return of his daughter. All at once there was a rush of trampling feet and a tumult of excited voices in the corridor; and, without knocking, Mr. Maydew's door was flung violently open, and then, closely followed by others, the proprietor of the hotel fairly leaped into the middle of the room, his face ghastly with horror.

"Good Heavens, sir," he cried, "some awful work has been done! Your daughter has been murdered. She is stone dead. Her body is downstairs. They found her in her carriage with her throat cut from ear to ear. Mark Stanley went away with her. The driver says that they went to the bank together. They came out of the bank, chatting and laughing, and carrying a big package between them. Stanley told the driver to stop at his hotel, which is near the bank. When they got there, the driver says that Stanley got out and took the package with him, and then went to wait a few minutes for him, and then went into the hotel. The driver waited over an hour, but Stanley didn't come back. Then somebody saw blood dripping out of the carriage. They opened the door, and saw Miss Maydew lying there, as I said, with her throat cut. They are looking for Stanley everywhere, for, of course, they think he killed her."

"Of course he did," yelled Judge Desborough. "He killed

her, and then got away with all that money. I always knew that fellow was a rascal."

"You'd better shut up," retorted the hotel keeper. "They found a paper in that carriage with your name on it—a paper that shows that you are mixed up in this affair with Stanley."

"The agreement!—that infernal agreement!" groaned the judge; and he looked as if he was going to slide down into himself, like a collapsing drinking-cup.

The sheriff hurried him off, and had the greatest difficulty in saving him from mob-rule.

Mr. Maydew was completely overcome by the awful tragedy. His daughter had been his sole interest in life; and now she was dead. He was very calm until he heard the whole story and all the accompanying incidents, and then he turned his face to the wall, and lay on his bed, moaning softly.

"Mark Stanley, Mark Stanley," he said, occasionally. "I thought they loved each other years ago. He saved her life then, and now he has destroyed what he saved."

#### CHAPTER V.

RED Mountain is always at its best in September. From its lofty mines you see daylight come in long, shaking shafts of pink and gray, and you see it pass in clouds and mist wreaths of amber and gold—the latter as yellow and perfect as the bright metal which the pick and drill wrench from its rocky sides. There is everywhere the odour of spruce and redwood, and the wholesome atmosphere of healthfulness. The miners used to say that the old mountain which they so dearly loved always outdid itself in September, because that was the month in which they pitched their first camp there; and no September, it was pretty generally agreed, was ever more delightful than this one, whose early days Mark Stanley made awful, in San Francisco, by the murder of Miss Maydew.

The anniversary of the founding of the Red Mountain mining camp fell this year upon the second Monday in the month; and Droopy and several others had gone down to San Francisco for such essentials as were deemed indispensable to the proper celebration of the day—such essentials being, principally, a better grade of whiskey than was in common use on Red Mountain. Droopy and his companions set out early enough on this important errand to enable them to get back the day before the eagerly-awaited anniversary; but the day on which they were expected came, and the day of the anniversary also, and still there was no sign of the whiskey commission. The Red Mountain miners were a good-natured, hilarious lot of men, not at all inclined to frown at trifles; but it seemed to them that Droopy and the others were imposing upon the honour of the camp by interfering with the celebration of festivities of so remarkable and interesting a character.

"In my opinion," said Tom Morris, who formerly was one of the veriest dandies who operated in Wall Street, but who was now one of the grimmest of the unkempt and the unwashed—"in my opinion, they have opened the keg somewhere between here and Frisco, and are running a little celebration on their own hook."

"Likely," chimed in a stalwart Texan, in whom the mention of whiskey awakened such pleasant memories that he took a strong pull from his flask. "Some folks dunno when ter leave whiskey alone." And then he proceeded to rinse the harsh sentiment out of his mouth and throat with another drink.

When it was dark, a great fire was built in the middle of the camp, and, though the whiskey they had was of a questionable character, it was better than none; so it was decided to make the most of it, in true Western fashion.

About an hour after the fire was built, when good spirits and bad spirits were about equally mixed, and every one was jolly, a solitary horseman rode into camp. There was something so irresistibly droll about this new-comer that everybody laughed when the great glowing sheet of firelight illuminated his face and figure.

Apparently, he was six feet and three or four inches in height, and the most of this plenitude of physical material seemed to be disposed of in arms, legs, and feet. What trunk he had was broad, but it was very much abbreviated in length, as if it had been originally intended for a much shorter man. The first impression which he gave, all the way through, was that he had been put together of odds and ends and remnants, and that the architect who planned him had run short of material before his colossal design was more than half carried out. His joints were so loose and lax that when he got off of his horse there was a sudden hush in the merriment, as if everybody was afraid that he was going to pieces. His eyes were large, and as blue as a California sky, but they were entirely devoid

of lashes, and his brows were absolutely hairless. His nose was long and exceedingly crooked, and he had an unusually large mouth, with thick, pulpy-looking lips. His hair was of the colour and fibre of that unknown substance of which gunny-sacks are made, and it grew so low down upon his narrow forehead that the effect was one which was decidedly original. His cheeks were broad, high, and flat, and his beard, which was the same colour as his hair, looked as if it had been trimmed with dull shears for want of a razor. His sallow complexion indicated that he was a chronic sufferer from jaundice; and his large stiff ears set straight out from his head, as though they were meant to catch the wind and so increase his motive power. The horse he was on was several sizes too small for him; and he leaned so far forward on the insufficient beast, and drew his legs up so closely under it, that the combination would have furnished a comic artist an excellent model for a burlesque Centaur.

"Am I in California?" asked the stranger, when he had dismounted and straightened himself up.

"Did you see the back o' that hoss? It sprung up nigh on ter six inches when he got off," said the Texan.

There was a general laugh, and the stranger's question was forgotten until he repeated it:

"Am I in California?"

"You bet," was the general chorus.

"My name is Dubb," said the stranger. "I just dropped in here for to see if I can't do something in these mines. I used to be a lumberman, up in Maine, and I have been a-living in the other side of these mountings, over among the Indians and soldiers, nigh on to three years. I ain't afraid o' work, and I'd like to stay here, and shift with the rest of you, and stand my share o' what am hard and wearisome."

It was the longest speech Dubb had ever made, and when it was done he suddenly stepped back a couple of paces, as if trying to get out of the sound of his own voice.

"Pard," said the Texan, "ye don't handsome very heavy, but they ain't many on us what can brag much on beauty an' sich; but ye talks pooty straight, an' so we'll take yer on trial for a while."

There was a hearty burst of laughter, which Dubb failed to understand.

"Let me be your dictionary," said Tom Morris. "You don't seem to have caught the drift of Western ways yet, if you have been in this country three years. It is somewhat unusual for a man to ask permission to join a mining-camp; and that is the way the boys took what you said. This is a free country, and people here do about as they please. Join us, if you like; go farther, if you like; but don't ask any one's permission. Strike out straight from your shoulder, and don't forget that California is a book without a preface. Do as you like in all but three things; don't bring any soap or tracts into camp, and don't jump any other man's claim. That is our code in a nutshell."

While he had been speaking, Droopy and his companions had entered camp; but Dubb was attracting so much attention that the arrival of Droopy was unnoticed until he stepped forward, inside of the circle surrounding Dubb and Tom Morris.

"Halloo, Droopy," exclaimed Morris: "here's a new man, just come among us. His name is Dubb, and he hails from down East."

"Dubb! Did yer say Dubb?" demanded the astonished Droopy, stepping forward until his face was scarcely a foot from Dubb's.

"Yes," answered Dubb and Morris both in a breath.

"Why, ain't you the feller what was 'way over along the Platte, a-lookin' for Mark Stanley's wife?" asked Droopy.

Dubb fixed his big blue eyes squarely upon Droopy's face, but that was the only evidence of surprise which he manifested.

"I was a-lookin' for her," he answered: "but I got kinder short on for money; so I had to move on and leave a couple o' guides a-hunting for her while I be somewhere looking out for more money. But how am it you knows about Mark Stanley and his woman? Have he been here? Am he here now?"

"He lit inter these diggin's 'long about the fust o' the summer, an' he stayed here till las' month. Lordy! I wishes as how he'd stayed longer; then he wouldn't be in sich a pizen mess as he's in now," moaned Droopy, pathetically.

"What is it? What's the matter?" inquired Dubb.

"Oh, Jeroosullum!" bawled Droopy, "he's gone an' sot all California ag'in'im. He's killed that Maydew woman, what had so much money, and 'e's run off with a million dollars, what belonged ter her an' her dad."

(To be continued.)

# PROGRAMME of BALLAD CONCERT on SATURDAY, MAY 23, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS—MISS EVA BEATON, MR. JAMES A. BOVETT, MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE, MASTER ALFRED LONG.  
SOLO CORNET—MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.

PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY (Musical Director to the People's Palace) and MR. WALTER MEWS.

1. PIANOFORTE DUET "Spanish Dance" ... *Moszewski*  
MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. MEWS.  
2. SONG... "Our Last Good Bye" ... *Pinsuti*  
MASTER ALFRED LONG.

The village lane was bright with flowers,  
Their fragrance wooed the breeze,  
The orchard snow was falling fast  
From off the spring-crowned trees.  
Beneath our feet its carpet spread,  
As in the twilight grey,  
We meet to speak the saddest words  
That every life must say.

Just you and I whose happy dreams  
Must for a while depart,  
Tho' all its gladness, all its light,  
Still lingered in each heart.

A few short words, a few sad tears,  
Beneath that quiet sky,  
One long, long kiss, one silent prayer,  
That was our last good-bye.

The spring times came, the spring tides passed,  
With sunshine and with flowers.  
But absence only strengthens love,  
As true, as tried as ours.

In faith unchanged we met the years  
And hoped, and still hoped on,  
Until we knew the hour drew near  
When patience work was done.

Until we stood, hand clasped in hand,  
Our hearts, one thankful prayer,  
'Twas little that our voices framed,  
But, ah! what love there.

No more to speak those two sad words,  
O darling, you and I,  
Until our last long parting hour.  
Shall bring our last good-bye.

No more to speak those two sad words  
Until our parting hour,  
Shall bring our last good-bye,  
Our last good-bye.

3. SONG... "Oh, Foolish Fay" (Iolanthe) ... *Sullivan*  
MISS EVA BEATON.

Oh, foolish fay, think you because  
His brave array my bosom thaws,  
I'd disobey our fairy laws!  
Because I fly in realms above,  
In tendency to fall in love,  
Resemble I the am'rous dove?  
Resemble I the am'rous dove?  
Oh, am'rous dove, type of Ovidius Naso!  
This heart of mine is soft as thine,  
Although I dare not say so!  
Oh, am'rous dove! type of Ovidius Naso!  
This heart of mine is soft as thine,  
Although I dare not say so!  
On fire that glows with heat intense  
I turn the hose of common sense,  
And out it goes at small expense!  
We must maintain our fairy law;  
That is the main on which to draw—  
In that we gain a Captain Shaw!  
In that we gain a Captain Shaw!  
Oh, Captain Shaw! type of true love kept under!  
Could thy brigade with cold cascade  
Quench my great love I wonder!  
Oh, Captain Shaw! type of true love kept under!  
Could thy brigade with cold cascade  
Quench my great love I wonder!

4. SONG... "Wandering Wishes" ... *Addison*  
MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

Oh, that I were a ripple on the stream  
That glides and murmurs past thy garden bower!  
Among the ferns and mosses I would gleam  
And leave a jewel on each gentle flower,  
And thou shouldst see them look so fresh and fair  
That thy dear eyes would love to linger there.

Oh, that I were a rose-leaf on the gale,  
The happy southern gale that flies to thee!  
Upon its viewless pinions would I sail,  
And haunt thee like a summer memory,  
And bring thee roseate odours faint and sweet,  
And fan thy brow and flutter to thy feet.

Oh, that I were the echo of a song,  
A soft and tender song of endless love,  
And I would come when evening shadows throng,  
And none behold thee save the stars above,  
And through thy dreamful fancy would I glide,  
And creep into thy heart and there abide.

*Lady Charlotte Elliot.*

5. CORNET SOLO "Grand Concert Polka" ... *Hartman*  
MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.

6. SONG... "The Irish Emigrant" ...  
MR. J. A. BOVETT.

I'm sitting by the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On a bright May morning long ago,  
When first you were my bride;  
The corn was springing fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high,  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
The day is bright as then,  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again;  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And the breath warm on your cheek,  
And I still keep listening to the words  
You never more may speak.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends—  
But, oh! they love the better still  
The few Our Father sends;  
And you were all I had, Mary,  
My blessing and my pride—  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary, kind and true,  
But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm going to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there,  
But I'll ne'er forget Old Ireland  
Were it fifty times as fair.

7. SACRED SONG "The King of Love" ... *Gounod*  
MASTER ALFRED LONG.

The King of Love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never.  
I nothing lack if I am His,  
And He is mine for ever.  
Where living stream of waters flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures grow  
With food celestial feedeth.  
The King of Love my Shepherd is:  
Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home rejoicing brought me.  
In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me;  
And so through all the length of days  
His goodness faileth never.  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise,  
Sing Thy praise for ever!

8. PIANOFORTE DUET (a) "Dolce far Niente" ... *Jensen*  
(b) "Norwegian Dance" ... *Grieg*  
MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. WALTER MEWS.

9. SONG... "The Old Sun-dial" ... *G. M. Lane*  
MISS EVA BEATON.

I remember, long ago, dear,  
At the old home, far away.  
In the garden stood a sundial,  
Mark'd the hours day by day,  
And upon that ancient timepiece  
Was a legend, quaint and true,  
And I learnt to read the lines, dear,  
When a little maid like you:

"Time is ever fleeting by,  
With its song and sorrow,  
Strive to do some good to-day,  
Wait not till to-morrow;  
Time is ever fleeting by,  
With its song and sorrow,  
Strive to do some good to-day,  
Wait not till to-morrow."

Think of this thro' life, my darling,  
Strive like this from day to day,  
Ev'ry heart will love and bless you  
As you journey on your way,  
And our Father, He has promised  
That within the gates of gold  
All who here in patience serve Him  
Shall be there repaid tenfold,  
Shall be there repaid tenfold.

"Time is ever fleeting by  
With its song and sorrow,  
Strive to do some good to-day,  
Wait not till to-morrow;  
Time is ever fleeting by,  
With its song and sorrow,  
Strive to do some good to-day,  
Wait not till to-morrow."

10. SONG... "My Only Jo and Dearie, oh!" ... *C. A. Lidzey*  
MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,  
It sings o' joy fu' cheerie O!  
Rejoicing in the summer morn,  
Nae care to mak' it eerie O!  
But little kens the sangster sweet,  
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,  
That gar my restless bosom beat,  
My only Jo and dearie O!

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
And youth was blinking Bonnie O!  
Aft we wad daff the leelang' day,  
Our joys fu' sweet and mony O!  
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea  
And round about the thorny tree,  
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
My only Jo and dearie O!

I hae a wish I canna tane,  
Mang a' the cares that grieve me O?  
I wish thou wert for ever mine,  
And never mair to leave me O!  
Then I wad daut thee night and day,  
Nor ither worldly care wad hae,  
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,  
My only Jo and dearie O!

*Richard Gall.*

11. CORNET SOLO "Star of Bethlehem" ... *Adams*  
MADAME ANNA TERESA BERGER.

12. SONG... "The Death of Nelson" ... *Braham*  
MR. J. A. BOVETT.

*Recitative.*

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress,  
Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;  
But those bright laurels will not fade with years,  
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay  
We saw the foemen lay;  
Each heart was bounding then;  
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,  
For our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men!  
Our Nelson marked them on the wave,  
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,  
Nor thought of home or beauty.  
Along the line the signal ran,  
"England expects that ev'ry man  
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar  
Along th' affrighted shore,  
Our Nelson led the way;

His ship the "Vict'ry" named;  
Long be that victory famed,  
For vict'ry crown'd the day!  
But dearly was that conquest bought,  
Too well the gallant hero fought  
For England, home, and beauty.  
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,  
"England expects that ev'ry man  
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,  
Which spread dismay around,  
The hero's breast receiv'd.  
"Heav'n fights upon our side!  
The day's our own," he cried!  
"Now long enough I've liv'd!

In honour's cause my life was pass'd,  
In honour's cause I fall at last,  
For England, home, and beauty."  
Thus ending life as he began,  
England confess'd that ev'ry man  
That day had done his duty.

13. SONG... "The Old Cottage Clock" ... *Molloy*  
MASTER ALFRED LONG.

The old, old clock, of the household stock,  
Was the brightest thing and the neatest.  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang still the sweetest.  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived though nations altered;  
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young,  
When the voice of friendship faltered.

Tick, tick, it said, quick, quick, to bed;  
For ten I've given warning,  
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning.  
A friendly voice had that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling;  
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,  
The wintry hours beguiling.

But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at daybreak boldly;  
When the dawn looked gray, o'er the misty way,  
And the morning air blew coldly.  
Tick, tick, it said, quick out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning.

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for the bright day fled,  
And the old friends lost for ever.  
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone  
That warmer beat, and younger.  
Its hands still move, though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer.

Tick, tick, it said, to the churchyard bed,  
The grave hath given warning;  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

14. SONG... "The Old Lock" ... *Milton Wellings*  
MISS EVA BEATON.

"Lock! lock! ahoy!"  
He is calling from the river; he is pulling up the stream,  
The misty, rippling river, where the willows hang and dream.  
He sees me where I stand, he calls and waves his hand:  
"O love, thy river winds so slow along the meadow lands"  
"Lock! lock! ahoy!" The river bears it on;  
Love echoes in the heart, Love echoes in the heart,  
Love echoes in the heart, when all we love are gone.

There is moonlight on the river, and I hold my darling's hand,  
And gaze into his loving eyes, and know and understand;  
And the boats pass to and fro, but no one e'er can know  
The song the willows sing us as the rippling waters flow.  
"Lock! lock! ahoy!" The river bears it on;  
Love echoes in the heart, Love echoes in the heart,  
Love echoes in the heart, when all we love are gone.

I was dreaming, only dreaming; for he is gone, is gone;  
But the misty, rippling river, it flows for ever on.  
The poplars bend and sigh, but they cannot heed my cry:  
O love, my love, the days of old, the summer time gone by!  
"Lock! lock! ahoy!" The river bears it on;  
Love echoes in the heart, Love echoes in the heart,  
Love echoes in the heart, when all we love are gone;  
Love echoes in the heart, when all we love are gone.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be given on SUNDAY, the 24th of MAY, 1891.

Organist ... .. Mr. B. Jackson, F.C.O

AT 12.30.

- |                                                             |                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| 1. SONATA NO. 11, IN D MINOR ... .. Rheinberger             | 5. MINUETTO ... .. (Samson) ... .. Handel     |
| 2. ANDANTE RELIGIOSO (Sonata No. 6) ... .. Mendelssohn      | 6. LARGHETTO ... .. Richardson                |
| 3. FINALE IN D MAJOR ... .. Lemmens                         | 7. FINALE ... .. (Sonata No. 5) ... .. Merkel |
| 4. AIR ... "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre!" (Joshua) ... .. Handel |                                               |

AT 4 O'CLOCK.—VOCALIST, MISS MARY REEVE ISSELL.

- |                                                                                |                                                               |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MAJOR ... .. Bach                                    | 6. VOCAL SOLO "Entreat me not to leave thee" ... .. Gounod    |
| 2. VOCAL SOLO {"I will sing of Thy great mercy"} (Stabat Mater) ... .. Rossini | 7. OFFERTOIRE IN A ... .. Wely                                |
| 3. ANDANTE PASTORALE ... .. Sullivan                                           | 8. HYMN ... "Abide with Me" ... {Rev. H. F. Lyte (1793-1847.) |
| 4. HYMN "Let saints on earth in concert sing" ... .. Smart                     | 9. POSTLUDE ... .. Tours                                      |
| 5. ANDANTE IN E MINOR ... ..                                                   |                                                               |

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

- |                                                   |                                                    |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| 1. SONATA NO. 4, IN B FLAT ... .. Mendelssohn     | 4. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN D MINOR ... .. Mendelssohn |
| 2. LARGO IN G ... .. Handel                       | 5. (a.) MEDITATION (b.) PASTORALE ... .. Lemaigre  |
| 3. SELECTION... From "Mors et Vita" ... .. Gounod | 6. INAUGURATION MARCH ... .. Clark                 |

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF OPEN NIGHT RECITALS

BY STUDENTS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.

Under the Direction of - - - Mr. S. L. HASLUCK,

In the LECTURE HALL on THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1891.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30. COMMENCE AT 8 O'CLOCK.

- |                                                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MISS BEATRICE SHARMAN ... .. "The Road to Heaven" * ... .. Sims               |
| MISS MARJORY DICKINSON ... .. "The Pride of Battery B" * ... .. Cassaway      |
| MR. SAMUEL SAVAGE ... .. "Caged" (a gaol-bird's story) ... .. Overton         |
| MISS DORA KEMPNER ... .. "The Owl Critic" * ... .. Fields                     |
| MRS. MARTIN ... .. "Domestic Asides" ... .. Hood                              |
| MR. ROBERT DIXON ... .. "Ave Maria" ... .. Austin                             |
| MRS. DOWNTON ... .. "Little Mrs. Somebody, the Tenor's Wife" ... .. Re. Henry |

Selection from SHERIDAN KNOWLES' Comedy,

"THE HUNCHBACK."

- |                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------|
| Helen ... .. Miss JEANNIE RISLEY.                   |
| Modus ... .. (her Cousin) ... .. MR. GEORGE HOWARD. |

- |                                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MISS ALICE GRAYLING ... .. "A Legend of Bregenz" * ... .. Proctor            |
| MR. HENRY J. STEWARD ... .. "The Last Days of Herculaneum" ... .. Athenstone |
| MISS EDITH DICKINSON ... .. "The Enchanted Shirt" * ... .. Hay               |
| MISS LEAH ROSENGARDE ... .. "St. Valentine" ... .. Re. Henry                 |
| MR. JONOTHAN LEEDING ... .. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" * ... .. Browning    |

(Pieces marked thus \* are published in Hasluck's Recitations, Vol. I., obtainable at the Palace Bookstall, price 1s. 2d. net.)

HENRY J. STEWARD, Hon. Sec.

ADMISSION FREE, BY TICKET TO BE OBTAINED IN THE OFFICE.

RECITAL OF PIANOFORTE & VIOLIN MUSIC.

To be given on WEDNESDAY, MAY 27th, 1891, at Eight o'Clock.

PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY (Musical Director to the People's Palace). VIOLIN—MR. W. R. CAVE.

VOCALISTS—MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH AND MR. BERNARD LANE.

- |                                                                                                                                                 |                                                            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin—No. 1 in B minor <i>Bach</i><br>Adagio. Allegro. Andante. Allegro.<br>MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE. | 7. "Adelaida" ... .. <i>Beethoven</i><br>MR. BERNARD LANE. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|

- |                                                                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. Aria—"Where'er you walk" ... .. <i>Handel</i><br>MR. BERNARD LANE. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|

Where'er you walk  
Cool gales shall fan the glade,  
Trees where you sit  
Shall crowd into a shade.  
Where'er you tread  
The blushing flow'rs shall rise,  
And all things flourish  
Where'er you turn your eyes.

- |                                                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 3. Waltzes, Op. 39, for Piano Solo ... .. <i>Brahms</i><br>MR. ORTON BRADLEY. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- |                                                                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4. Märchenbilder, Op. 113, No. 3 ... .. <i>Schumann</i><br>MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- |                                                                                                                             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5. { a. "Songs my Mother taught me" ... .. <i>Dvořák</i><br>{ b. "Widmung" ... .. <i>Schumann</i><br>MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Songs my mother taught me  
In the days long vanished,  
Seldom from her eyelids  
Were the tear drops vanished.

Now I teach my children  
Each melodious measure,  
Of the tears are flowing,  
Of they flow from my mem'ry's treasure.

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab,  
In das hinab ich ewig meinen Kummer gabe,

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist mein bessres ich,  
Du meine Seele, etc., etc.

Translation.

Thou art my soul, my life, my all,  
Thou doth both joy and care impart,  
Thou art the world in which I move,  
My heav'n thou where soars my love,  
In which enclos'd, have e'er my deepest griefs repos'd,  
Thou art my peace, thou art my rest,  
Thou by kind heav'n for me art blest,  
Thy love doth life itself enhance,  
Thy smile my senses doth entrance,  
I prize thee more than worldly pelf,  
My guardian saint, my better self,  
Thou art my soul, etc., etc.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6. Sonata in A major, Op. 100, for Pianoforte and Violin <i>Brahms</i><br>Allegro amabile. Andante tranquillo. Vivace. Allegretto<br>grazioso (quasi andante)<br>MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Nel giardino solingo v'al tuo bene,  
Dolcemente di rosen luce sparso,  
Ehe fra tremole frondi si diffonde,  
Adelaida!

Nel cristallo del rio, su nell Alpi,  
Anel aurate del di cadente nubi,  
Anelle stelle risplende, il tuo sembiante,  
Adelaida!

Nelle tenere frendi garron l'aura,  
E susurran del Maggio le violette,  
E' onde fremono, e canta l'usignuolo,  
Adelaida!

Prodigioso! rinasce sulla tomba!  
Dalle seneri del mio cor un fiore,  
Ve su foglie, porpore e traluce,  
Adelaida!

Translation.

Wand'ring lone 'mid the spring flow'rs of the garden,  
By their tender enchantment surrounded,  
Still does mem'ry renew its lightning flashes,  
Adelaida!

In the gleam of the flood in Alpine snowdrifts,  
In the day's sinking dream of golden glory,  
In the bright stars above me shines thy image,  
Adelaida!

Night airs soft through the tender branches whisper  
Silver maybells in every grassy valley,  
Gently murmur the nightingale warbles  
Adelaida!

Soon, ah wonder, a flower sadly drooping,  
O'er my tomb will enfold my bosom's sorrow,  
Still revealing in every purple leaflet  
Adelaida!

- |                                                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 8. { a. Nocturne in G major } ... .. <i>Chopin</i><br>{ b. Etude in G flat major } ... .. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

- |                                                                             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 9. "Bohémienne," for Violin Solo... .. <i>Vieuxtemps</i><br>MR. W. R. CAVE. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- |                                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 10. "When passions trance" ... .. <i>Maude Valerie White</i><br>MISS ZIPPORA MONTEITH. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

When passion's trance is overpast,  
If tenderness and truth could last,  
Or live whilst all wild feelings keep  
Some mortal slumber dark and deep,  
I should not weep, if tenderness and truth could last.

It were enough to feel to see  
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,  
And dream the rest, and burn and be  
The secret food of fires unseen,  
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

- |                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11. "Kreutzer" Sonata, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin <i>Beethoven</i><br>Adagio sostenuto. Presto. Andante con variazioni.<br>Finale-presto. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE.

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HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (WH. SO.) M. INST. M.E. SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.  
**TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE SPRING TERM,**  
Commencing APRIL 6th, and ending JULY 3rd, 1891.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes will commence on September 28th next.

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

## Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing (Sol fa Notation)	Mr. W. Harding Bonner	Thursday	8.30-9.30	1 6
ASolo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	415/-
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A.	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
PIanoforte	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced)	Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A.	Thursday	6.0-9.0	15 0
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin	(Under the direc- tion of Mr. W. R. Cave, asst. by Mr. G. Mellish)	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello	Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6

a Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.  
b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

## General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Intermediate	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Advanced	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
Book-keeping—Advanced	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" Journalis- ing	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
CIVIL SERVICE— A.—For Telegraph Learn- ers, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
B.—For Boy Clerks, Ex- cise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners)	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.45	12 0
C.—For Excise and Cust- oms Officers, and Fe- male and Lower Divi- sion Clerks	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.45	14 0
Shorthand (Pitman's)	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Inter- mediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Advan- ced	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
French—Elem. 1st Stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem. 2nd Stage	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced A	"	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced B	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
German—Advanced	Herr Dittel	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1)	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2)	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
δ Type Writing	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

b In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

## Special Lectures.

A Course of Six Lectures on "Water Works and Water Supply" will be given by Mr. F. C. Forth, Associate in Engineering, R. C. S. E., on Friday evenings, 8.45 to 9.45, commencing May 29th.  
Eight Lectures will also be given by Mr. Albert Grenville, on "Building Materials and Structures," commencing Tuesday, 5th May, at 8 o'clock.  
Fee for either Course—5/-. Students of the Science and Trade Classes admitted at half the above fee.

## Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
"	"	Friday	5.30-7.0	
"	"	"	7.30-9.0	5 0
"	"	"	7.30-9.0	
Millinery	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery, Girls' Junior Section	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	6.0-7.30	1 6
" Demonstrative Lecture	"	"	7.30-8.30	2 6
" Practical Plain	"	"	8.30-10.0	5 0†
Elementary Class, includ- ing Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

Term ending July 3rd, 1891. \* Single Lecture, 3d. † Single Lecture, 6d.

STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS.—Students have the privilege of using the Social Rooms, containing the leading daily and weekly papers, between 5 and 10 p.m.

STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—There is a Circulating Library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9.

REFRESHMENTS.—Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the Social Rooms from 5 to 10.

LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS.—For the convenience of Students, there are Cloak Rooms and Lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water.

BOOKSTALL.—Text-books, Drawing Paper, Pencils, and other requisites for the classes may be obtained at the Bookstall in the ground floor corridor.

CLUBS.—Rambling, Cycling, Cricket, Lawn Tennis are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, Swimming and Harriers will soon be in good working order, now that the Governors have secured a large Recreation Ground for the use of our Members at Higham Hill, Walthamstow.

## ART CLASSES.

Art Master ... MR. ARTHUR LEGGE.  
Assistant Art Master and Teacher of Modelling ... MR. H. BATEMAN.  
Teacher of Wood Carving ... MR. T. J. FERREN.  
Teacher of Repousse and Art Metal Work ... MR. G. DANIELS.

### OPENING OF NEW BUILDINGS.

The new buildings of the Art School being now complete the arrangements for the Art Classes, until the close of the Session, have been revised as follows, viz., on Saturday afternoon a class will be held for Oil and Water-Colour Painting, Painting from Copies, from Objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c. Hours, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Fee 5s. per term of 12 weeks.

### TUESDAY AND THURSDAY DAY CLASSES.

Hours, 2 to 4.30 Fee, 10s. 6d., or, for 2s. 6d. extra, attendance can also be made at the Saturday afternoon Class.

### THE EVENING CLASSES.

will be continued, as stated in the Syllabus, up to the date of the Science and Art Department Examinations. Subsequently, until July 3rd, Evening Classes will be held on two evenings a-week, viz., Tuesdays and Thursdays. Hours, 7.30 to 9.30. Fee, 5s., which will be reduced to 2s. 6d. for Students who have attended the Classes during the preceding Session.

### THE WOOD CARVING AND REPOUSSE CLASSES.

will be continued up to the end of the Session in July. Fees, 5s. and 6s. respectively. Classes are now held in the following subjects until after the respective Science and Art and City and Guilds Examinations, in April and May next, and will recommence on Monday, Sept. 28th.

### SCIENCE CLASSES.

Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, Building Construction, Chemistry: Inorganic and Organic, Theoretical and Practical, and Special Laboratory Work; Practical, Plane, and Solid Geometry, Machine Construction and Drawing, Mathematics (Stages I. and II.), Magnetism and Electricity, Sound, Light, and Heat, Steam and the Steam Engine, Theoretical Mechanics.

### TRADE CLASSES.

Cabinet Making and Designing, Carpentry and Joinery, Brickwork and Masonry, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Photography, Plumbing, Printing (Letterpress), Tailors' Cutting, Sign Writing, Graining, &c.

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### MEN'S GYMNASIUM.

Evenings ... TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.  
HOURS.—The Gymnasium is open from 6.30 until 10. The time from 6.30 till 8 is allotted for the free or voluntary practice of such Students as may choose to attend. An Instructor is present during this time to supervise and give advice or assistance to any Student when desired. The time from 8 till 10 is apportioned to instruction and teaching of classes as follows:—8 till 9. The following subjects are taught during this hour:—Sword exercise, musical drill, comprising dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs and free movements. This hour is also set apart for the individual instruction of such Students as desire to learn fencing and single-sticks. This class is held in the Fencing Gallery. 9 till 10. Gymnastics in classes are taught during this hour each evening, comprising exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting horse, bridge, slanting and horizontal ladders, climbing rope, flying rings, trapeze, &c., &c. In these classes all Students are classified and selected in accordance with their physical capacities and abilities, and great care is exercised in selecting exercises to suit the powers of each individual.

FEES.—The Fees are 2s. per term and 6d. for hire of locker, in which to put flannels, belt, slippers, &c. For individual instruction in fencing and single-sticks an additional charge of 5s. is made.  
BOXING.—There is a Boxing Club formed in connection with, and consisting of Students of the Gymnasium, the fees for which are arranged by the members of the Club. The hours and nights of practice are the same as for the other classes in the Gymnasium.

### GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

THURSDAY. Hours, 6.30 till 10.  
6.30 till 8 is allotted for free or voluntary practice of all members who choose to attend. 7 till 8.—During this hour the Fencing Class is held for the individual instruction of such ladies as may desire it. Foils, masks, gauntlets, and all requisites are furnished free of cost for the use of this class. 8 till 10.—These hours are devoted to instruction in the following subjects:—Musical Drill, comprising Bar-bells, Dumb-bells, and Indian Club Exercises, Free Movements, Running Maze, and Gymnastics. Fee, 2s. per Term; 6d. per locker.

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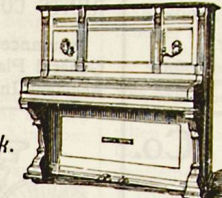
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