

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. V.—No. 107.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1889. [ONE PENNY.

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

NOTICE.

CLASS TICKETS are issued every day in the Schools Office until 9 p.m.

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

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

AN EFFICIENT COOKERY SCHOOL is now available; Evening Lessons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Day Lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons. Full particulars at the Schools Office.

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, Nov. 28th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- FRIDAY, Nov. 29th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
- SATURDAY, Nov. 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Harriers.—Run.—Ramblers' Club.—Social Dance, at 8.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Technical Schools' Rambling Club.—To Price's Candle Works.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5, followed by General Meeting.—Junior Football Club.—Match with Byron Street Club.
- SUNDAY, Dec. 1st.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 8; Performance of "Woman of Samaria," by Choral Society, at 4.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, Dec. 2nd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Sketching Club Yearly Competition.
- TUESDAY, Dec. 3rd.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 7.30.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.
- WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Lecture on "The British Navy," by Captain Reade, in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.30.—Chess Club.—Match with Kentish Town Club.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 1st, 1889,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,
Organist to the People's Palace.

At 4 o'clock,

Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Sacred Cantata,
"THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

The People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra.

Conductors—MR. ORTON BRADLEY & MR. W. R. CAVE.

Organist—MR. B. JACKSON.

Soloists—MRS. HELEN TRUST, MRS. GRAHAME COLES, MR. RECHAB TANDY, and MR. BERTRAM LATTER.

Notes of the Week.

THE Parnell-Times Commission is at last over. This is not the place to discuss either the evidence offered or the speeches made during the course of this great case; or the possibilities of the conclusion. But I would desire to point out that this trial is a very great historical event. Nothing more important in connection with Ireland has ever been publicly done. Before this arraignment, for it is nothing else, of a national leader and a cause which has passionate upholders, everything that has gone before sinks into insignificance. Behind the leader stand the whole body of Irish-Americans, the whole body of the Irish Roman Catholic priests, and the whole body of so-called Nationalists. Whatever the decision of the judges, we may be quite certain that one side or the other will seek, for party purposes, to minimize its importance, and lessen the significance of the whole case. In this they may possibly succeed for a time—but only for a time. The case and its results will grow in importance day by day. Year after year will only bring out more strongly the vast importance of the Commission and the real issues involved.

WHEN I was a boy and learned history, I used to wonder how it felt to be living in historic times, because things seemed quiet in my neighbourhood. Yet I was living in historic times though I knew it not. We are all of us living in present history, though we hardly understand it. History is made at our very doors and we regard it not. Think of the great and historical things that a man of fifty can remember. The famine in Ireland of 1846; the French Revolution of 1848; the great exhibition of 1851—it was going to introduce a kingdom of Universal Peace; the Crimean War; the Indian Mutiny; the Italian War of 1859; the American Civil War of 1861-65; the Austro-Prussian War of 1866; the Reform Act of 1867; the Abyssinian War of 1868; the Franco-Prussian War; the French Revolution, and the Rising of the Communards; the Russo-Turkish War; the Peru and Chili War; our own three little wars in Afghanistan and the Transvaal; the Egyptian War of 1882. Why the man of fifty has gone all round the world with wars alone. He has lived in history all his life: yet it has made no difference to him. The main things with every man, whatever else may happen, are that he should live at ease and in comfort, fall in love and marry, and end his days in peace.

YET all these wars make only a small part of history. The real history lies behind them, and just consider what enormous steps history will have to record of the last fifty years. The nations, by means of improved communication, are learning to know each other: when neighbours get to make acquaintance there is a chance that they may leave off fighting. And the voice of the people is making itself heard, not yet fully, not yet clearly, but it can be heard. Look back a hundred years and you can hear nothing: not a voice or a sound comes from the dumb people who work, are enlisted and sent to the wars, who are pressed and sent to sea, who are flogged and hanged and say nothing. They cannot say anything. Now they are beginning to talk. They speak, it is true, at present, chiefly by means of strikes—a kind of language that I love not. They will go on to speak the language of argument and appeal. They will, in the long run, learn that justice is the only thing worth asking for in this world.

ONE thing is the especial product of the last fifty years. It is still a seedling or at most a sapling, a tender plant, but it grows stronger every day. It is the conviction that the producer has a right to share in the proceeds of the thing he

produces. And this, not humbly taking whatever the seller may offer out of his generosity, but in accordance with fixed and definite principles. That is to say, a baker shall no more say, "Give me a penny an hour more or I will strike." He will say, "It is my labour that makes your bread. You only sell it. For every penny of your profit I must be paid so much for my share." This kind of talk, my friends, is most certainly in the air. The idea is already firmly planted in every working man's mind: it is bearing flowers which will turn to fruit. How it will work out I have not yet attempted to find out, but if I get the time I mean to try, and if I succeed I shall be able to foretell the England of a hundred years hence.

I THINK we have had four weeks of continuous fog and gloom. November has vindicated its character. No sunshine for four weeks. We hardly understand how depressing an influence this kind of weather exercises upon our vitality. The old grow more feeble: the young grow pale and lose their elasticity. Sunshine is a necessity of life, and for four months in the year we are almost shut out from it. And nothing can help us. Well, let us have patience.

THE revelations laid before the London School Board are very alarming things. Let us hope that they may be followed up by prompt and vigorous action, and that the charges may be substantiated or withdrawn immediately. Meantime the public has a right to ask one or two questions. Who is the officer whose duty it is to see that a contract is carried out? And what will the School Board do with that officer if he is proved to have neglected that duty? The old Metropolitan Board of Works, for instance, had inspectors. No house could be built until the inspector had certified that it possessed good and substantial foundations: no house could be proceeded with unless the inspector was satisfied with the quality of the mortar, bricks, materials, and so forth. The laws were admirable, the system was perfect.

AND yet—I have lived many years in the suburbs of London and watched the building of houses. I fearlessly state that the mortar used is generally nothing at all but mud and sand: that the walls are thin and tottering: the woodwork miserable: the house itself a wretched jerry-built thing, even when it is painted up and decorated, and made to look substantial. Where is the inspector? Hear, next, the following experience: A. B. bought a house of a suburban builder; he had it examined by an expert, who charged him five guineas, and spent five minutes in the place: he had the drains examined by a sanitary society, which charged him two guineas, and gave him a plan showing that the drains were everything that they should be. Very well, first of all he found the whole woodwork defective; no under ventilation; the doors shrunk; the windows were ill-fitting. Where was his expert? He, who had received his five guineas for the express purpose of examining into these things, had found out nothing. Next, diphtheria broke out: he then found that the plan furnished by the sanitary society was actually wrong in every particular: the drains possessed every defect possible, and not one had been discovered by the society's engineer—what was the good of this report? Finally, the house began to settle, and an examination proved that there were no foundations—none at all—actually none! What was the good of the Board of Works and their inspector? My friend sent in a claim to the Board of Works, and this noble and incorruptible body replied that the man being dead—and presumably in Heaven—they could do nothing. Then A. B. discovered that this inspector—good and honest man—had been regularly bribed by that worthy Christian soul the builder. The fee was £15 for a big house, and £10 for a little house. That, my friends, is the history of a house built under good laws and under official inspection: examined by an expert for construction: and by a sanitary association for its drains. The moral of the story lies in the question—Who shall inspect the inspectors?

We cannot, indeed, inspect the inspectors. But we can do this—we can ruthlessly sack, prosecute, and punish a dishonest inspector. And we can, and we should, appoint inspectors from a class which, as a rule, does not take bribes. For instance, for such work as that of inspecting buildings according to contract, there are thousands of retired officers—men quite above suspicion—who would take a small salary to eke out their slender means. But if the present London School Board does not act sternly and promptly in this matter, I sincerely hope that every man on the Board may be sent packing at the next election.

THERE is another moral. Whenever anything unusually scandalous crops up, we always hear the cry, Why don't they make a Law? Or—which is even more silly—Where are the police? They don't make a law, because it is no use passing laws which you cannot enforce: to do so, makes law and justice ridiculous. There is a law, for instance, about factories burning their smoke: yet look around. If that law were enforced, our fogs would be white instead of black. There is also a law ordering the closing of public houses during certain hours on Sunday: yet look at suburban public houses on the Sunday. A friend of mine is at work upon a list of the laws which inflict penalties on people for doing this or that. You have no idea, my friends, what a lot of fines you might have to pay if all the laws were enforced. It is not by the passing of laws that we shall create a kingdom of Virtue; nor is it by the omnipotence of the policeman. It is by the slow, steady, careful cultivation of public opinion. First, some one, clearer-eyed than others, sees a blot which ought to be removed: he points this out, and awakens sympathy. Then the sympathetic want to pass laws and increase the number of policemen, so as to make everybody good all at once. Not so, my friends. The wise man keeps hammering and repeating, satisfied if he sees that public opinion is widening.

FOR instance, a hundred and fifty years ago, country people went every day, as to one of the sights of London, to see women flogged at Bridewell. Why are women no longer flogged? Because public opinion will no longer stand it. That is an illustration of the simplest kind. But sweating, the tyranny of employers, long hours, and all the miseries caused by excessive competition for labour and excessive competition in the markets, can only be cured, I am convinced, by the electric light of publicity, and the gradual growth of popular opinion.

A POOR wretch has just been tried for the murder of his own child. The verdict of the jury was manslaughter, and the man has gone off to penal servitude for twenty years. He enlisted in a line regiment, and apparently was unsuspected of the crime; but he could not bear the reproaches of his own conscience, and he gave himself up on his own accusation. I wish to point out that the man was married, and that he has been married for more than two years, and that his age at this very moment is no more than nineteen! Poor boy! What a miserable end to his boyhood! He was married, therefore, before he was seventeen. The evidence does not state the age of his unhappy wife. This is the last miserable story, resulting from an early marriage. Girls, think of this story, and refuse to be married, even though your sweetheart threatens to leave you for another girl. Let him leave you. Refuse your consent to increasing the misery of boy and girl marriage. Without your consent, there can be no marriage. Help to create, and to spread abroad public opinion by every means in your power against these early marriages.

THE EDITOR.

Reviews.

WE have received a copy of "The Embalmed Heart, and other Sensational Poems," by E. J. Cooper. Many of the verses seem well adapted for recitation. The publishers are Messrs. Dean and Son.

We have also received "The Young Man's Text Book," a very neatly printed and bound birthday book of Biblical texts. It is published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and has the additional advantage of an introduction by a Mr. George Williams.

WASN'T SATISFIED.

"WHAT'S the nationality of them?" said a tall woman with a determined eye as she pointed her parasol at the elephants in the circus.

"African, mum," replied the man in attendance.

"Awful light-coloured for coming from Africa, it seems to me," continued the determined-eyed woman. "And, see here, you just tell the owners of this show that I say that I think they've got a very poor lot of camels—all of 'em single-humped except one. When I pay two shillings cash for myself and six shillings for the children, to get in, I want to see more double-humpers, and less hair rubbed off of 'em in spots! You just tell 'em what I say!"

A DESPERATE FIX.

Dentist's daughter (who hears her father approaching): "Oh, dear Edward, here comes my father. If he should find us together here we are lost. Oh, he is coming! You will have either to ask him for my hand, or let him pull out a tooth for you."

Palace Notes.

THE prizes and certificates awarded to the successful students at last May's examinations, will be distributed on Monday, December 9th, by the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, Mr. J. Sharp Heywood, the Master of the Drapers' Company, will take the chair, and tickets for the occasion will shortly be sent to all successful students, admitting them to numbered seats. Tickets also admitting bearer and friend may be obtained by any student in the School Office after Monday next.

NEXT Wednesday, December 4th, Captain Charles Reade will give his popular lecture on the British Navy, in the Queen's Hall.

CLASS tickets for the quarter commencing Jan. 6th will be issued after Monday next for the General, Practical, and Musical Classes.

THE Choral Society will repeat their admirable performance of the "Woman of Samaria" next Sunday, at four o'clock, in the Queen's Hall. This will be a thing to be heard.

IN the Club column a report of the last students' dance will be found, and Mr. Marshall also announces a grand dance for December 23rd, in the Queen's Hall—perhaps not the only dance to be carried through by that energetic gentleman in the same place this winter.

THE Sketching Club are shortly to hold their yearly competition. I am specially asked to announce this for the benefit of old members, who are referred for particulars to the Club column.

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Monday evening is the very latest time for the receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, November 23rd, although the weather was dull with a prospect of rain, twenty-one Members of the Ramblers' Club were to be seen outside the principal entrance to the Commercial Gas Works in Ben Jonson Street, each curious to learn the process of the manufacture of gas. We were met on this occasion by Mr. Cross, the superintendent, who conducted the party through the works, and we are much indebted to him for his kindness, and the able manner in which he explained every detail of the works. We first examined a large telescopic gas holder, commonly known as a gasometer, though incorrectly, as it does not measure the gas, but is simply used for storage purposes prior to consumption. The principle of the telescope was explained to us thus:—"The large holder goes down into the earth for 30 feet, but by an arrangement of three segments rising one out of the other, the holder can be elevated to a height of 90 feet, this is done to economise space." It has a total capacity of 2,500,000 of cubic feet, and takes the gas obtainable from about 240 tons of coals. We carefully followed the process of producing gas and purifying it. Going to the Retort House we learned how the retorts, which are brick ovens, made from Stourbridge clay, in the form of a tube, 30 feet long, with iron doors at each end, are used. Seven of these retorts are arranged one above another in the inside of a fire-brick arch, with a furnace underneath so that the fire which burns the coke produced from the coal circulates around the outside of the retorts and heats them, and about three cwt. of coal, with which the retort is charged, to a high red heat, which causes the gas to pass off by distillation in the form of smoke, this takes its course along what is called a delivery tube to the hydraulic main. By reason of the end of the delivery tube being submerged in the main one inch into tar liquor, it prevents the escape of the gas when the retorts are open for re-charging. It was very interesting to see the number of men busily engaged in raking out the red-hot mass of coke, and then re-filling the retort with coals by means of a long scoop. This operation has to be performed every six hours. The coal generally used is the Northumberland and Durham Cannel, which is brought by boat from Newcastle. One ton of coal gives off 9,883 cubic feet of gas, but if the quality of the gas from this coal proves to be below the standard fixed by Act of Parliament, then Scotch Boghead Cannel is used with it, and by this means 13,334 cubic feet of gas can be obtained per ton. The latter gas possesses a greater illuminating power in the proportion of 46 to the 25 candle-power of the former. Next come the "Condensers"; into which the gas and tarry matter passes at 130 deg. to 140 deg. Fahr.

The process of cooling is by two methods, first by the use of air on the inside and outside of a number of vertical cylinders containing the gas. And secondly by a new method by which the gas passes round about cold water tubes, by this means the tarry matter is drawn off and collected in troughs at the bottom, the gas passing to the gas pump or exhauster at a temperature of 80 deg. Fahr. The exhauster, which is a fan driven by a fifteen horse-power engine, pumps the gas (thus partially relieves the pressure on the hydraulic mains), through its remaining stages of purifying to the gas-holder. The gas then passes to the washers where the larger part of ammoniacal liquor is taken from it, and from thence it goes to the scrubber by which the last traces of ammonia gas are removed; this machine is a large cast-iron tower, in which are a number of trays upon which coke is distributed in layers, and in the modern machines the trays slowly revolve, the gas passing up through the coke which is kept wet. The object of this is to cause a large amount of gas to come in contact with the smallest possible quantity of water, so as to dissolve the ammoniacal gas which is soluble in water. By this time the gas is reduced in temperature to 38 deg. Fahr. The gas then passes to the purifiers, which are large rectangular iron tanks, with heavy movable lids weighing 12 tons; these lids are lifted off when required by means of an overhead travelling crane worked by a hydraulic pump. In the purifiers are a number of wooden trays five deep, on which is spread ordinary lime in layers 6 inches thick, with oxide distributed on top of the lime. This oxide is earth or soil, brought from the bogs of Ireland, where it is commonly found. The gas passes in by four large pipes at the bottom of the purifier, thence up through the trays above-mentioned, and thence to the gas-holder, the lime and oxide removing the sulphuretted hydrogen and bi-sulphide of carbon. The oxide is taken out, and can be used many times, but the lime can only be used once, and is afterwards sold for manure. We next visited the meter house, and saw the measuring of all the gas made and supplied, and lastly we saw "the governor," a machine which is used to have an efficient control of the pressure of the gas along its whole course, from the gas-holder to the point of consumption. This machine is of great importance for the equal distribution of the gas supplied to the consumer. The varying consumption, from dusk onwards, so greatly affects the irregular pressure, that an attendant has continually to be watching the water pressure gauge, and applying, by a simple arrangement of weights, more or less gas, as it is required by the consumers. Here also are test lights burning, to see that the gas supplied is up to the required standard, for the Company are compelled to supply the gas equal to the following test, under penalty, viz.:—The lighting power to equal 16 best sperm candles, with not more than 22 per cent. of sulphur, and 4 per cent. of ammonia, but there must be no trace of sulphuretted hydrogen. I may mention, in passing other places, we visited the boiler house. There is in connection with this house and the boilers, forced draught produced by a small revolving fan, enabling them to burn the dust or screenings from the coke. We visited also the pumping engines, for supplying water and ammonia liquor; and the fitting and turning shop, the machinery of which is worked by an Otto gas engine. For further information on this interesting subject, reference is advised to a treatise "On Coal-Gas Making," by King. This visit gave us a most interesting two hours' enjoyment, and it is hoped the above report of it touches upon the main objects we were enabled in the limited space allotted to notice.

J. J. COWLEY.

Our first monthly Social Dance will be held in the Exhibition-buildings on Saturday, November 30th, at 8 p.m., tickets for which, to admit Members and friends, can be obtained from the stewards, Messrs. Bowman, Marshall, and Rosenway, and of either of the Secretaries.

December 7th, ramble to Houses of Parliament.

A. MCKENZIE, } Hon. Secs.
W. POCKETT, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter. Members meet for practice on Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East Ante-room. The match, which was to have been played on Monday, 25th inst., with the London County Council, was resigned by them. The next cup competition match will be with Kentish Town, on Wednesday, 4th December, in our room. The handicap tourney is now in progress; competitors will kindly note, that if they do not commence their games by 8 o'clock on the scoring night their opponents will be at liberty to score by default.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

The yearly competition will be held on Monday, December 2nd, the subjects being as follows:—

Figure	Anticipation.
Landscape .. .	Sketch within 20 miles of the People's Palace.
Still Life .. .	Optional.
Design .. .	Optional.

All members who compete will please send in their sketches on or before Friday, November 29th, to the Art Class, Essex House.

CHARLES WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

A grand Gymnastic and Calisthenic Display will be given this evening, by the instructors, leaders and members of the gymnasium. Leaders' meeting, at 8.30 p.m., on Monday next, the 2nd December. F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

STUDENTS' MONTHLY DANCES.

Last Wednesday's Dance was a great success. The programmes being well taken up by those attending, we were able to clear off a part of the deficit on the previous dance; so if the same interest is manifested in making them self-supporting, there will be no need to stir fellow-students on that subject again. The stewards were very good in getting rid of programmes. Sir Edmund Hay Currie has kindly offered the use of the Queen's Hall for the next dance, which will take place on Monday, December the 23rd. Tickets, to admit Student and friend, can be obtained from 16th prox., and to prevent the hall from being crowded the number will be limited, so early application will be an advantage to those wishing to attend. The Claremont Orchestra has been engaged as usual for this occasion. To meet the expenses a charge of 6d. is made for each programme, and it is hoped the Students will be as ready to purchase them as they did at the dance last Wednesday. The programmes can be obtained at the same time as the tickets are issued, December 16th. For further notice, see next week's Journal.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. W. R. CAVE.

There will be a General Meeting of Members, after rehearsal, on Saturday evening next, for the election of Secretary and Librarians. Members desirous of, and willing to carry out the duties of these offices, are requested to send in their names at once. The present Secretary again offers himself for re-election, and if appointed will use his utmost endeavours to continue the faithful performance of the duties of his office.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—There are vacancies for all instruments, especially brass and drums. Musicians will find this Society an excellent means of improving their practice. The Society meet on Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10; and Saturdays, 5 to 7; the music is provided, free of charge, for rehearsal.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

We shall repeat our performance of the "Woman of Samaria" on Sunday afternoon next, at 4 o'clock. Practice as usual on Friday, at 8 o'clock, and on Tuesday, at 7.30, for sopranos and contraltos, and 8.30 for tenors and basses.

We still have vacancies for contraltos, tenors, and basses. We have in preparation "Samson," "Stabat Mater," "Glees, Part-songs, etc.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

After waiting eight minutes at the Royal Exchange beyond the appointed time last Saturday, thirty-one of our members found their way to Old Swan Pier and took the boat to Lambeth Bridge. All members will please remember in future that time is too precious to be wasted, and that we give three minutes' grace and no more. Full of anticipation, life, and chatter, we left the boat and proceeded across the ugliest bridge over the Thames. This fact was not left unnoticed by those boys who have learned something of grace and beauty in form in the art class. Nor were the proportions of the iron structure and suspension chains left unmeasured by the hopeful engineers; one with a piece of string, another with a rule, soon told me that the circumference of the chain was 25 inches, equal to a man's waist. Having time to spare, we walked round the Millbank Penitentiary Jail, and arrived at Broadwood's piano factory at 11 o'clock, where we met Mr. Forth, who had promised to accompany us. Every assistance and attention was granted us, and Mr. John kindly acted as our guide, and explained the various processes. We first saw the trees being sawn into planks at the saw-pits, also large logs of rosewood and Swedish walnut, that looked in the rough only fit for firewood, we were told were worth from £50 to £60 each. Next we went to the shop for bending the wood into shape, which was done by steaming it in retorts and then clamping it into position. The glue making was also carried on here. Then came the drying rooms, which were kept at a temperature of 90 to 100 degrees, where the wood was kept for six months, after previously having been stacked in another room for six years; this thoroughly seasoned it, as well it might, but this is a most essential feature for wood used in piano work. The matching and sorting of the various veneers was most artistic and interesting. Some of these veneers are got with great difficulty from South Africa, and are frequently obtainable only with risk of

life. The machinery shop, where the solid iron frames were being planed, and the studs and pins fitted to them, contained many ingenious machines, which did their work with astonishing rapidity. In other shops we saw the frames and cases of the grand and cottage pianos being made. These are especially designed for strength, and the workmanship is carried out in the best possible manner, apparently regardless of time or expense. If they were not so, the enormous tensional strain due to the tightness of the wires, averaging in grand pianos fifteen tons, would soon betray any faulty work. The decorating, polishing, and finishing off of these cases was equally interesting. The marquetry work on the fronts and tops, which I am sorry to add can only be done by foreigners, was most chaste and perfect. Perhaps of all the innumerable and interesting shops we went into, and the various branches and industry we saw, that of the key and action making was the cleverest and most delicate; it would be difficult to fully describe it. One small hole at the point, where the keys are balanced to the accuracy of a bank note, requires some sixteen tools to complete it. The care and accuracy bestowed on the tiny springs and tinier holes, all of which are bushed with felt to deaden sound, the hammers lined with felt, compressed from wool two feet thick, and the delicate levers and joints, can only be appreciated or understood by those who have seen them in process of manufacture. The tuning room was not inviting, and those who know what a trying ordeal it is to listen to one piano being tuned, can concur with us in this, when they know that there is not only one but dozens being done at the same time. There are some 500 men employed in this factory, and at very busy times they have turned out as many as 150 pianos in a week. Expressing our united thanks to Messrs. John Broadwood & Son, and our guide, we took our departure and retraced our steps homeward. Next Saturday, Members meet at Royal Exchange, 9.45 a.m., to visit Price's Patent Candle Works and Battersea Park; maximum charge, 2d. New Members enrolled last week, G. Piper and J. C. Davis.

A. W. B.

TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Saturday, November 23rd, we played a match at Wanstead, against St. Mary's Football Club, of Plaistow. Winning the toss, play commenced at 3.30 p.m., our side defending the goal nearest to the station. Although the game was a good one, we did not come off victorious, the result being a draw, neither side having scored a goal. The ground was very slippery, but we hope to do better in the return match.

C. EAST, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

People's Palace Junior Section Football Club, v. Leyton Excelsior Football Club. This match was played on our ground at Wanstead, the result being a draw in favour of the visitors, 5 goals to 1.

Team:—Hiron (goal); Birkett, Bersey (backs); White, Clement, Woolley (half-backs); Newport, Loudon, Gurr, Lakeman, Latilla (forwards). Next Saturday, we play the Byron Street School Football Club on our ground.

J. T. GURR, Hon. Sec.
F. BIRKETT, Assist. Sec.

Colour-Blindness.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS has been described by the late Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, as, in spite of minor diversities, capable of being classed under two heads. In the first, the false perception of colours is referred to the "chromatic condition of certain portions of the optical apparatus of the eye; the other to the peculiar organisation of its nervous apparatus, including so much of the brain as is essential to vision." This peculiarity, proceeding from either cause, does not affect the perfection of sight in other ways; the colour-blind person may have excellent eyes and yet be blind to colours. The word colour-blindness was first used by Sir David Brewster, and it is employed scientifically, though on the Continent colour-blindness is called Daltonism, after John Dalton, whose sight was affected in this way.

The three kinds of colour-blindness, Professor Wilson tells us, are:—

1. Inability to discern any colour, properly so called, so that black and white—*i.e.*, light and shade—are the only variations of tint perceived.
2. Inability to discriminate between the nicer shades of the more composite colours, such as browns, greys, and neutral tints.
3. Inability to distinguish between the primary colours, red, blue, and yellow, or between these and the secondary

and tertiary colours, such as green, purple, orange, and brown."

In 1684, a young woman of thirty-two or thirty-three years of age called on Dr. Dawberry to consult him about her sight, which, though good in other ways, did not enable her to distinguish any other colour than black and white, though in the greatest darkness she could often read for nearly a quarter of an hour.

Spurzheim tells us of a family "all the members of which could only distinguish black and white."

We quote the following from Professor Wilson's work on this subject:

"I have not myself met with a case corresponding to those; one, however, has been reported to me by Mr. Charles Inglis, of 48, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, who was well acquainted with the party. . . . According to his own testimony, and the belief of my informant 'he could not distinguish any colours but black and white;' yet, strange as it may seem, he was a house-painter. The explanation of his prosecuting a calling, for which, apparently, he was so unfitted, is found in the fact that he was an excellent draughtsman, with a good eye for form, and skilful in designing. He trusted to his wife to keep him right in selecting and mixing colours; but on one occasion, when she was out of the way, and workmen were scarce, he took a part himself in painting a public building in England, which he had been employed to put in order. He mixed the colours himself, and believed that he had produced a stone tint, with which he proceeded to cover the walls; but, after he had gone over some square yards, he was informed that he was painting the building blue!

"In examining, one by one, the Chemical Class of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, amounting to some sixty persons, I found the great majority decline to give names to any colours but red, blue, yellow, green and brown. Purple and orange they would not name, although they described the relations of these to red, blue and yellow with sufficient accuracy. Without a little circumspection, accordingly, one might easily be misled into the belief that colour-blindness is much more common than it really is. But names of colours can quite well be dispensed with in examining cases of this affection. A safer method is, to request a number of differently coloured squares of cloth, or paper or glass, or skeins of worsted, be arranged so that all of the same colour and shade are placed together; when this is done, it will frequently be found that those who make no mistake in matching full tints of the primary and secondary colours, err in certain of the fainter shades of both, and in all the shades of some of the more mixed colours.

"Mr. Crombie, dyer, Brown Square, Edinburgh, informs me of three persons known to him, connected with dyeing, to whom the tints in question were a constant occasion of mistake. Messrs. Grieve and Company, late of South Bridge, Edinburgh, had in their employment a person who could match all colours but drabs. Professor S. is never certain, even by daylight, of the difference between blue and green; and many persons confound pink with pale yellow.

"The third form of colour-blindness, in which red, blue, yellow, purple, orange, green, brown, etc., are respectively mistaken for other colours, or all confounded together, is the most important variety of this affection. . . . Blue, if pure and well illuminated, is readily recognised by the majority of those who are colour-blind, and a few describe it as the colour they see best."

Professor Wilson quotes the case of Dr. K., a medical man of about forty, who writes thus of his own case: "When a boy at school, my attention was directed to my want of knowledge of colour by finding I could not see what my father called the bright red berries of the holly. When other children easily found out the trees which were laden with ripe berries, I never could, till I came so near the tree as to detect the form of the fruit. The discovery of this defect in vision distressed my father exceedingly, and he endeavoured to cultivate in me a knowledge of colour by giving me lessons in painting, making coloured charts for me of the prismatic and other colours, wishing to believe that the defect resulted from want of education in colour, not from a visual defect. I destroyed many a painting of flowers, etc., by putting on wrong colours, as blues for purples, greens for some kinds of red, and yellow for others. I still remember the surprise he exhibited when he found that I could not detect a red cloak spread over a hedge across a narrow field—hedge and cloak appeared to me the exact same hue, and they do so to this day.

"In purchases I have consequently made many mistakes. For instance, I bought a red dress, thinking it was a green one. I have on more than one occasion bought red and green trousers thinking they were brown, and had to get them dyed

afterwards to get them worn. In Paris I bought a red cap to wear instead of a hat, thinking it a green one."

Professor Wilson says he was offered "any reasonable" fee if he could cure a good working tailor of his inability to distinguish colours, and a haberdasher once told him that colour-blind people in the trade generally ended in mourning warehouses.

He also tells us that Mr. S., of Bishopsgate Street Without, London, sent him the account of six men known to himself, uncles, nephews, and cousins in one family, who are markedly colour-blind. "The parents of the younger parties are quite free from colour-blindness, which has descended to them from their maternal ancestors. They all belong to the Society of Friends, and their mistakes in selecting articles of dress have been rendered especially conspicuous by the preference which members of that religious body give to the least brilliant and most inconspicuous colours. One of their number provided himself with a bottle-green coat, intending to purchase a brown one; and selected for his wife, who desired a dark gown, a scarlet merino. Another, who is an upholsterer, purchased scarlet for drab, and had to rely upon his wife and daughters to select for him the fabrics needed in the course of his profession. A third, who is a farmer, could not tell red apples from the surrounding green leaves, except by their shape. All of them confound red with green, olive with brown, and pink with blue, but they are very expert at matching shades of the same colour. One of the younger men, whose profession requires him to deal much in coloured tissues, has found that the 'only way of telling the difference between scarlet and green, or blue and crimson, is to take them into a room lighted with gas or candles,' when the distinction which was invisible by daylight becomes apparent. Olives and browns, however, are as undistinguishable by one light as another. This informant also mentioned the case of a minister in the Society of Friends, who selected scarlet cloth as the material for a new coat.

"The last case in a male I shall mention was communicated to me by the sufferer (as he may with special emphasis be called) himself. He is a tailor's foreman, and was unaware of his defect until four years ago, when he was promoted to his present post, and for the first time had to match colours for the journeymen. He was soon involved in serious difficulties. The scarlet back of a livery waistcoat was provided with green strings, 'to match.' A ruddy brown was put side by side with a dark green. A purchaser was informed that a red and blue stripe on a piece of trousers-cloth was all blue; and, in general, greens were confounded with reds and browns, and crimsons with blue. . . . He adds that he keeps his present place in consequence of his experience as a cutter; so that he is another example of a good eye for form and outline accompanying blindness to colour."

The professions for which colour-blindness most seriously disqualifies are those of the sailor and railway servant, who have daily to peril human life and property on the indication which a coloured flag or lamp seems to give. Fortunately, a ship is seldom seen under the guidance of a single person; and in Her Majesty's vessels the colour signalmen are selected from a large number, and are ascertained to have a quick eye for colour. In merchant ships, the choice must necessarily be made from a much smaller number, and the appalling yearly list of lost vessels which appears in our wreck returns, awakens the suspicion that more than one of these fatal disasters may have resulted from the mistaken colour of a lighthouse beacon or harbour lamp, which, on a strange coast, and with, perhaps, the accompaniment of a snowstorm or a thick fog, has been wrongly deciphered by a colour-blind pilot.

A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

"How do you like your new type-writer?" inquired the agent. "It's splendid!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; I will do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves, and in an incredibly short time pounded out this—

"After Using thee automatig Back-ationn atype writer for thre emonthf an d Over: i udhesitattingly pronouncee it pronoucee it to be al ad even more than th e Manufacturers claim? for it. During the time been in our possessio n e. i. th ree monthz! it has more th an paid paid for it,elf in the Saveing of time an d labrr!

"John S. Smith."

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, dubiously.

PROGRAMME

OF

SCOTCH SONGS & GLEES

TO BE GIVEN ON

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1889,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

ARTISTES:

MISS LEONORA BRAHAM, MISS KATE CHERRY,

MISS JESSIE KING,

MR. HOWDEN TINGEY, MR. ALFRED J. LAYTON.

PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. MEWS.

SOLO VIOLIN—MR. JULIUS DE BOER.

1. PIANOFORTE DUET .. "Lagenden" *Doornik*.
MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. MEWS.2. SONG "Bonnie Dundee"
MR. A. J. LAYTON.To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
'Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.Come, fill up my cup; come, fill up my can;
Come, saddle my horses and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.Dundee, he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Come, fill up my cup, etc.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
'Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Come, fill up my cup, etc.

3. SONG "Dearest to me" .. *J. Swinaine Gardner*.
MISS JESSIE KING.It's Donald so bonny who's dearest to me,
And none in old Scotland's so precious as he;
There's lairds and fine chieftains, in castle and hall,
But Donald, dear Donald, is better than all.
He is but a gillie, no wonderful thing,
Yet looks in his tartan the son of a king!
No whit do I care of what clan he may be,
It's Donald so bonny who's dearest to me.I well recollect, as we met by the glen,
That the sweet purple heather was blossoming then,
The mavis repeating its tenderest lay,
And all was as bright as the flow'rets of May.
Ah, coy did I feel as he drew me aside,
And lovingly ask'd me to be his own bride,
He knew very well what my answer would be,
For Donald so bonny was dearest to me.To-morrow the minister makes us as one,
Our courtship so sweet is now ended and done,
In yonder old kirk we will stand side by side,
And Donald will make me his own loving bride.
To prove myself worthy I ever shall strive,
Till death, which must part us at last, shall arrive;
For O, of all laddies, on land or on sea,
It's Donald so bonny who's dearest to me.4. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Elegie" *Ernot*.
MR. JULIUS DE BOER.5. QUARTETTE .. "My love she's but a lassie yet"
MISS KATE CHERRY, MISS JESSIE KING, MR. HOWDEN
TINGEY, AND MR. ALFRED J. LAYTON.My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome bonnie lassie yet;
It scarce would do to sit an' woo,
Down by the stream sae glassy yet,
But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a roaming yet,
An' hint wi' glee o' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloamin' yet.
She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump, nor gaucy yet;
But just a jinkin', bonnie, blinkin',
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.
But oh! her artless smiles mair sweet
Than hinney, or than marmalete;
An' right or wrang ere it be lang
I'll bring her to a parley yet.I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her;
The flow'ry bed on which she treads,
Tho' wae for one that misses her.
Then oh! to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For all I see are naught to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet.6. SONG .. "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town"
MISS LEONORA BRAHAM.'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jockie blythe and gay,
Kissed young Jenny making hay.The lassie blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do,
I canna canna winna winna mauna buckle to."Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Though long he had followed the lass,
Contented she earned and eat her own bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily.Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it wanna do,
I canna canna winna winna mauna buckle to."But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gi'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily.At Kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it wanna do,
I canna canna winna winna mauna buckle to."7. SONG .. "My love is like a red, red rose" .. *Burns*.
MR. HOWDEN TINGEY.O my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.8. SONG .. "Comin' thro' the rye"
MISS KATE CHERRY.Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?Ilka lassie hae her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?Ilka lassie, etc.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e myself;But what his name, or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie, etc.9. PIANOFORTE DUET "Suite op. 46" *Grieg*.
(a) Morning.
(b) Anitra's Dance.
(c) In the Castle of the Mountain King.
(Gnome Dance.)

MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. MEWS.

10. SONG .. "Green grow the rushes, O!"
MR. ALFRED J. LAYTON.There's nought but care on every han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na' for the lasses, O!Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that ere I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!The worldly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O!
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!Gie me a cantic hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' worldly cares, and worldly men,
May a' gae topsalteerie, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!An' you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest works she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!11. SONG .. "Caller Herrin'" *Niel Gow*.

MISS JESSIE KING.

12. DUET .. "It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face" .. *M. I. White*.
MISS JESSIE KING AND MR. HOWDEN TINGEY.It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire;
Something in ilka part o' thee,
To praise to love I find,
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee,
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to dee.3. VIOLIN SOLOS .. (a) "Romance" *Ries*.
.. (b) "Gavotte" *Bohm*.

MR. JULIUS DE BOER.

14. QUARTETTE .. "The lass o' Gowrie."
MISS KATE CHERRY, MISS JESSIE KING, MR. HOWDEN
TINGEY, AND MR. ALFRED J. LAYTON.'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie in a braw new gown,
Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud ting'd wi' morning show'r,
Blossoms fresh within the sunny bow'r;
But Kitty was the fairest flow'r
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.I had nae thought to do her wrong,
But round her waist my arms I flung,
And said, "My lassie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And mak ye lady o' them a'
The bravest wife in Gowrie."Great stress upon the words I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whispered modestly, and said,
I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie."
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our hearts' content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.15. SONG .. "Why are you wandering here I pray" .. *Nathan*.
MISS LEONORA BRAHAM."Why are you wandering here I pray?"
An old man asked a maid one day.
"Looking for poppies so bright and red"—
Father, said she, "I'm hither led."Fie, fie; the old man's cry,
Poppies 'tis known, to all who rove
Grow in the fields and not in the grove."Tell me again," the old man said,
"Why are you wandering here fair maid?"
"The nightingale's song so sweet and clear,"
Father, said she, "I've come to hear."Fie, fie! the old man's cry,
Nightingales all, so people say,
Warble by night and not by day.The sage looked grave, the maid more shy,
When Lubin jumped o'er the stile hard by.
The sage look graver,—the maid more plump,
Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.Fie, fie! the old man's cry,
Poppies like these I own are rare,
And of such Nightingale's songs beware.16. SONG .. "Draw the sword, Scotland" .. *Rodwell*.
MR. HOWDEN TINGEY.Draw the sword, Scotland! Scotland!
Over moor and mountain hath pass'd the war sign,
The Pibroch is pealing! pealing! pealing!
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine—
The Clans they are gath'ring! gath'ring! gath'ring!
The Clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea,
The banners they are flying! flying! flying!
The banners they are flying that lead to victory.
Draw the sword Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
Charge as ye have charged in the days lang syne,
Sound to the onset! the onset! the onset!
He who but falters is nae son o' thine.Sheath the sword, Scotland! Scotland!
Scotland! Scotland! for dimm'd is its shine;
Thy foemen are fleeing! fleeing! fleeing!
And who kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine.
The struggle is over! over! over!
The struggle is over! the victory won!
There are tears for the fallen! the fallen!
And glory for all who their duty hath done.
Sheath the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
With thy loved thistle, new laurels entwine,
Time ne'er shall part them! part them! part them!
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.17. SONG .. "Robin Adair" ..
MISS KATE CHERRY.What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wished to see,
What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heaven on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.Yet he I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell.
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.18. QUARTETTE "The Blue Bells of Scotland"
MISS KATE CHERRY, MISS JESSIE KING, MR. HOWDEN
TINGEY, AND MR. ALFRED J. LAYTON.Oh! where, and oh! where, is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the foe, for Victoria on her throne,
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish him safe at home.Oh! where, and oh! where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of a bluebell,
And it's oh! in my heart, I love my laddie well.Suppose, and suppose, that your Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes should play o'er him, and I'd sit me down and cry.
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish he may not die.

The Lily's Quest.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

TWO lovers, once upon a time, had planned a little summer-house, in the form of an antique temple, which it was their purpose to consecrate to all manner of refined and innocent enjoyments. There they would hold pleasant intercourse with one another, and the circle of their familiar friends; there they would give festivals of delicious fruit; there they would hear lightsome music, intermingled with the strains of pathos which make joy more sweet; there they would read poetry and fiction, and permit their own minds to flit away in day-dreams and romance; there, in short—for why should we shape out the vague sunshine of their hopes?—there all pure delights were to cluster like roses among the pillars of the edifice, and blossom ever new and spontaneously. So, one breezy and cloudless afternoon, Adam Forrester and Lilius Fay set out upon a ramble over the wide estate which they were to possess together, seeking a proper site for their temple of happiness. They were themselves a fair and happy spectacle, fit priest and priestess for such a shrine; although making poetry of the pretty name of Lilius, Adam Forrester was wont to call her Lily, because her form was as fragile and her cheek almost as pale.

As they passed, hand in hand, down the avenue of drooping elms that led from the portal of Lilius Fay's paternal mansion, they seemed to glance like winged creatures through the strips of sunshine, and to scatter brightness where the deep shadows fell. But, setting forth at the same time with this youthful pair, there was a dismal figure, wrapped in a black velvet cloak that might have been made of a coffin-pall, and with a sombre hat, such as mourners wear, drooping its broad brim over his heavy brows. Glancing behind them, the lovers well knew who it was that followed, but wished from their hearts that he had been elsewhere, as being a companion so strangely unsuited to their joyous errand. It was a near relative of Lilius Fay, an old man by the name of Walter Gascoigne, who had long laboured under the burthen of a melancholy spirit, which was sometimes maddened into absolute insanity, and always had a tinge of it. What a contrast between the young pilgrims of bliss and their unbidden associate! They looked as if moulded of Heaven's sunshine, and he of earth's gloomiest shade; they flitted along like Hope and Joy, roaming hand in hand through life; while his darksome figure stalked behind, a type of all the woeful influences which life could fling upon them. But the three had not gone far, when they reached a spot that pleased the gentle Lily, and she paused.

"What sweeter place shall we find than this?" said she. "Why should we seek further for the site of our temple?"

It was indeed a delightful spot of earth, though undistinguished by any very prominent beauties, being merely a nook in the shelter of a hill, with the prospect of a distant lake in one direction, and of a church spire in another. There were vistas and pathways, leading onward and onward into the green woodlands, and vanishing away in the glimmering shade. The temple, if erected here, would look towards the west: so that the lovers could shape all sorts of magnificent dreams out of the purple, violet, and gold of the sunset sky; and few of their anticipated pleasures were dearer than this sport of fantasy.

"Yes," said Adam Forrester, "we might seek all day, and find no lovelier spot. We will build our temple here."

But their sad old companion, who had taken his stand on the very site which they proposed to cover with a marble floor, shook his head and frowned; and the young man and the Lily deemed it almost enough to blight the spot, and desecrate it for their airy temple, that his dismal figure had thrown its shadow there. He pointed to some scattered stones, the remnants of a former structure, and to flowers such as young girls delight to nurse in their gardens, but which had now relapsed into the wild simplicity of nature.

"Not here!" cried old Walter Gascoigne. "Here, long ago, other mortals built their temple of happiness. Seek another site for yours!"

"What!" exclaimed Lilius Fay. "Have any ever planned such a temple, save ourselves?"

"Poor child!" said her gloomy kinsman. "In one shape or other, every mortal has dreamed your dream."

Then he told the lovers how—not, indeed an antique temple—but a dwelling had once stood there, and that a dark-clad guest had dwelt among its inmates, sitting for

ever at the fireside, and poisoning all their household mirth. Under this type, Adam Forrester and Lilius saw that the old man spake of sorrow. He told of nothing that might not be recorded in the history of almost every household; and yet his hearers felt as if no sunshine ought to fall upon a spot, where human grief had left so deep a stain, or, at least, that no joyous temple should be built there.

"This is very sad," said the Lily, sighing.
"Well, there are lovelier spots than this," said Adam Forrester, soothingly—"spots which sorrow has not blighted."

So they hastened away, and the melancholy Gascoigne followed them, looking as if he had gathered up all the gloom of the deserted spot, and was bearing it as a burthen of inestimable treasure. But still they rambled on, and soon found themselves in a rocky dell, through the midst of which ran a streamlet, with ripple and foam, and a continual voice of inarticulate joy. It was a wild retreat, walled on either side with gray precipices, which would have frowned somewhat too sternly, had not a profusion of green shrubbery rooted itself into their crevices, and wreathed gladsome foliage around their solemn brows. But the chief joy of the dell was in the little stream, which seemed like the presence of a blissful child, with nothing earthly to do, save to babble merrily and disport itself, and make every living soul its playfellow, and throw the sunny gleams of its spirit upon all.

"Here, here is the spot!" cried the two lovers, with one voice, as they reached a level space on the brink of a small cascade. "This glen was made on purpose for our temple!"

"And the glad song of the brook will be always in our ears," said Lilius Fay.

"And its long melody shall sing the bliss of our lifetime," said Adam Forrester.

"Ye must build no temple here!" murmured their dismal companion.

And there again was the old lunatic, standing just on the spot where they meant to rear their lightsome dome, and looking like the embodied symbol of some great woe, that, in forgotten days had happened there. And, alas! there had been woe, nor that alone. A young man, more than a hundred years before, had lured hither a girl that loved him, and on this spot had murdered her, and washed his bloody hands in the stream which sang so merrily. And ever since, the victim's death-shrieks were often heard to echo between the cliffs.

"And see!" cried old Gascoigne, "is the stream yet pure from the stain of the murderer's hands?"

"Methinks it has a tinge of blood," faintly answered the Lily; and being as slight as the gossamer, she trembled and clung to her lover's arm, whispering, "Let us flee from this dreadful vale!"

"Come, then," said Adam Forrester, as cheerily as he could; "we shall soon find a happier spot."

They set forth again, young pilgrims on that quest which millions—which every child of earth—has tried in turn. And were the Lily and her lover to be more fortunate than all those millions? For a long time, it seemed not so. The dismal shape of the old lunatic still glided behind them; and for every spot that looked lovely in their eyes, he had some legend of human wrong or suffering, so miserably sad, that his auditors could never afterwards connect the idea of joy with the place where it had happened. Here, a heart-broken woman, kneeling to her child, had been spurned from his feet; here, a desolate old creature had prayed to the evil one, and had received a fiendish malignity of soul, in answer to her prayer; here, a newborn infant, sweet blossom of life, had been found dead, with the impress of its mother's fingers round its throat; and here, under a shattered oak, two lovers had been stricken by lightning, and fell blackened corpses in each other's arms. The dreary Gascoigne had a gift to know whatever evil and lamentable thing had stained the bosom of mother Earth; and when his funeral voice had told the tale, it appeared like a prophecy of future woe, as well as tradition of the past. And now, by their sad demeanour, you would have fancied that the pilgrim lovers were seeking, not a temple of earthly joy, but a tomb for themselves and their posterity.

"Where in this world," exclaimed Adam Forrester, despondingly, "shall we build our temple of happiness?"

"Where in this world, indeed!" repeated Lilius Fay; and being faint and weary, the more so by the heaviness of her heart, the Lily drooped her head and sat down on the summit of a knoll, repeating, "Where in this world shall we build our temple?"

"Ah! have you already asked yourselves that question?" said their companion, his shaded features growing even

gloomier with the smile that dwelt on them; "yet there is a place, even in this world, where ye may build it."

While the old man spoke, Adam Forrester and Lilius had carelessly thrown their eyes around, and perceived that the spot where they had chanced to pause possessed a quiet charm, which was well enough adapted to their present mood of mind. It was a small rise of ground, with a certain regularity of shape, that had perhaps been bestowed by art; and a group of trees, which almost surrounded it, threw their pensive shadows across and far beyond, although some softened glory of the sunshine found its way there. The ancestral mansion, wherein the lovers would dwell together, appeared on one side, and the ivied church, where they were to worship, on another. Happening to cast their eyes on the ground, they smiled, yet with a sense of wonder, to see that a pale lily was growing at their feet.

"We will build our temple here," said they, simultaneously, and with an indescribable conviction that they had at last found the very spot.

Yet, while they uttered this exclamation, the young man and the Lily turned an apprehensive glance at their dreary associate, deeming it hardly possible that some tale of earthly affliction should not make those precincts loathsome, as in every former case. The old man stood just behind them, so as to form the chief figure in the group, with his sable cloak muffling the lower part of his visage, and his sombre hat overshadowing his brows. But he gave no word of dissent from their purpose; and an inscrutable smile was accepted by the lovers as a token, that there had been no footprints of guilt or sorrow to desecrate the site of their temple of happiness.

In a little time longer, while summer was still in its prime, the fairy structure of the temple arose on the summit of the knoll, amid the solemn shadows of the trees, yet often gladdened with bright sunshine. It was built of white marble, with slender and graceful pillars, supporting a vaulted dome; and beneath the centre of this dome, upon a pedestal, was a slab of dark-veined marble, on which books and music might be strewn. But there was a fantasy among the people of the neighbourhood, that the edifice was planned after an ancient mausoleum, and was intended for a tomb, and that the central slab of dark-veined marble was to be inscribed with the names of buried ones. They doubted, too, whether the form of Lilius Fay could appertain to a creature of this earth, being so very delicate, and growing every day more fragile, so that she looked as if the summer breeze should snatch her up, and waft her heavenward. But still she watched the daily growth of the temple; and so did old Walter Gascoigne, who now made that spot his continual haunt, leaning whole hours together on his staff, and giving as deep attention to the work as though it had been indeed a tomb. In due time it was finished, and a day appointed for a simple rite of dedication.

On the preceding evening, after Adam Forrester had taken leave of his mistress, he looked back towards the portal of her dwelling, and felt a strange thrill of fear; for he imagined that, as the setting sunbeams faded from her figure, she was exhaling away, and that something of her ethereal substance was withdrawn, with each lessening gleam of light. With his farewell glance, a shadow had fallen over the portal, and Lilius was invisible. His foreboding spirit deemed it an omen at the time; and so it proved; for the sweet earthly form, by which the Lily had been manifested to the world, was found lifeless the next morning in the temple, with her head resting on her arms, which were folded upon the slab of dark-veined marble. The chill winds of the earth had long since breathed a blight into this beautiful flower, so that a loving hand had now transplanted it, to blossom brightly in the garden of Paradise.

But alas, for the temple of happiness! In this unutterable grief, Adam Forrester had no purpose more at heart than to convert this temple of many delightful hopes into a tomb, and bury his dead mistress there. And lo! a wonder! Digging a grave beneath the temple's marble floor, the sexton found no virgin earth, such as was meet to receive the maiden's dust, but an ancient sepulchre, in which were treasured up the bones of generations that had died long ago. Among those forgotten ancestors was the Lily to be laid. And when the funeral procession brought Lilius thither in her coffin, they beheld old Walter Gascoigne standing beneath the dome of the temple, with his cloak of pall, and face of darkest gloom; and wherever that figure might take its stand, the spot would seem a sepulchre. He watched the mourners as they lowered the coffin down.

"And so," said he to Adam Forrester, with the strange smile in which his insanity was wont to gleam forth, "you

have found no better foundation for your happiness than on a grave!"

But as the Shadow of Affliction spoke, a vision of hope and joy had its birth in Adam's mind, even from the old man's taunting words; for then he knew what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted; and the mystery of life and death was opened to him.

"Joy! joy!" he cried, throwing his arms towards Heaven, "on a grave be the site of our temple; and now our happiness is for eternity!"

With those words, a ray of sunshine broke through the dismal sky, and glimmered down into the sepulchre; while, at the same moment, the shape of old Walter Gascoigne stalked drearily away, because his gloom, symbolic of all earthly sorrow, might no longer abide there, now that the darkest riddle of humanity was read.

An Extraordinary Newspaper.

AN exceedingly well-managed newspaper is published twice a week in Paris, and wholly supported by professional beggars. It deals neither in politics nor literature, but devotes the whole of its attention exclusively to the practical interests of its readers. It contains advertisements to the following effect:—

"To-morrow at noon the funeral service of a very wealthy man will be held at the Madeleine."

"At one o'clock a fashionable wedding at the Trinity Church."

"Wanted, a blind man to play the flute."

"Wanted, to engage a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small deposit required."

This last announcement is not by any means to be regarded as a hoax. At the seaside the plundering of the visitors is carried to extremes with genuine French refinement. They are robbed by the excessive hotel charges, high fees to porters, etc., and the little gambling booths in the casinos. But this is not all. The proprietors of hotels and lodging houses assume quite correctly that the visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and as they cannot very well do the begging themselves, they engage professional beggars, to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and who in return pay them half of the daily receipts. The above advertisement has reference to an arrangement of this kind.

How Fishes Breathe.

THE gills of a fish are situated at the back part of the sides of the head, and consist of a number of vascular membranes which are generally in double fringe-like rows, fixed by the base only; sometimes they are feather-like, and sometimes they are mere folds of membrane attached at each end over the gill cavities. In general, there are four gills on each side, though in some fish there are more. In fishes that have bones the gills are attached to the outer edge of bony arches connected with the bone of the tongue and with the base of the skull, the connection at each end being made by intervening small bones, while the cavity containing the gills on each side of the head is covered by a bony plate with two subordinate pieces. It is by the movement of these bony plates that the water is expelled which is taken in through the mouth, and which, after passing among the gills and supplying them with air, passes out by the gill openings at the back of the head. The fish is a cold-blooded animal—that is, its temperature is very slightly above that of the water in which it lives, and it therefore needs but little oxygen to keep the blood warm enough to sustain its life. This oxygen, supplied to the blood by the gills in respiration, is not obtained by decomposing the water, but by separating the air from it. It is therefore necessary that the water in which fish live should be supplied with air, and this is one of the direct benefits of the agitation of oceans and lakes by winds. Fishes confined in aquariums often die for this very reason, because the water is not aerated. They consume all the oxygen in the closed vessel in which they are placed, and no more being supplied they die, and may be said to be drowned, because they perish from the same cause that occasions death by drowning in lung-breathing animals—that is, want of air.

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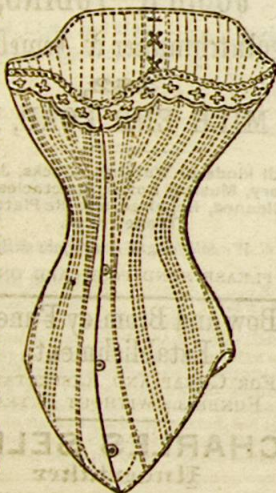
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