

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

Vol. VI.—No. 153.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1890. [ONE PENNY.

THERE IS
No Nourishment in Tea or Coffee
 BUT
PLENTY IN COCOA,

ESPECIALLY IN

VAN HOUTEN'S

WHICH

Utilises in the highest possible degree

ALL THE FLESH-FORMING ELEMENTS

WHILE

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Sold in Bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each,

by all Patent Medicine Vendors, or direct from
DR. ROOKE,
SCARBOROUGH,
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FIFTY YEARS OF UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

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Never fall as a Special Remedy for Female Complaints.
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Is specially recommended by several eminent Physicians. It is used with the most signal success for Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Consumption, Consumptive Night Sweats, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, and all affections of the Throat and Chest.

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GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS.
 The only curative electric belts which are guaranteed to immediately generate mild continuous currents and which are recommended by the highest authorities.
 These are **HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.**
 They are cool, comfortable to wear and have cured thousands of cases (see Testimonials).
BEWARE! Don't waste your money on **BOGUS TOY APPLIANCES!**
 Be careful to purchase our **ONLY ADDRESS** as under.
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 THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., Limited,
 52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
 (CORNER OF RATHBONE PLACE.)

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"UNDER COST PRICE."

Apply for NEW OPTION PROSPECTUSES to—
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 FINEST COLLECTION OF NAPOLEONIC RELICS IN THE WORLD, and of the FRENCH REVOLUTION.
MUSIC ALL DAY.

FULL ORCHESTRA, LADIES' BAND, ORGAN RECITALS, etc.
CHAMBER OF HORRORS containing the most notable criminals of the century, including—
 Richard and George Davies, the Crewe-Murderers, Also BERRY, the HANGMAN.

New Dining, Reading and Smoking Rooms.
 Admission, 1/-; Children under 12, 6d. Yearly Tickets, 10/6.

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PIANOS AND ORGANS ON SALE OF HIRE.

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For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposits, and allows Interest at the rate of THREE PER CENT. per annum, on each completed £1. The Interest is added to the principal on the 31st March annually. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

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The BIRKBECK ALMANACK contains full particulars, and may be had, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

OPEN DAILY, FREE!

W. SYMONDS,

Musical Instrument Warehouse,
 OLD CURIOSITY SHOP,
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(One door from High Holborn).

Violins from 5s. to £10; Italian Strings, Best quality, 3d. each; Violin Cases, 3s. 9d. each; Violin Bows from 1s. upwards; Cornets from 15s.; Clarionets from £1 5s.; Accordians from 4s.; Harmonium Accordians from £1 10s.; Banjos from 2s. 9d. to 25s.; B Flat Flutes from 2s. 9d.; Concert Flutes, 8 keys, from 16s.; Anglo Concertinas by Lachenal and Jones, from £1 10s.; German Concertinas from 2s. 6d. each. A large quantity of other Musical Instruments too numerous to mention.

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILE END E.

Vol. VI.—No. 153.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1890. [ONE PENNY.

Notice to Readers.

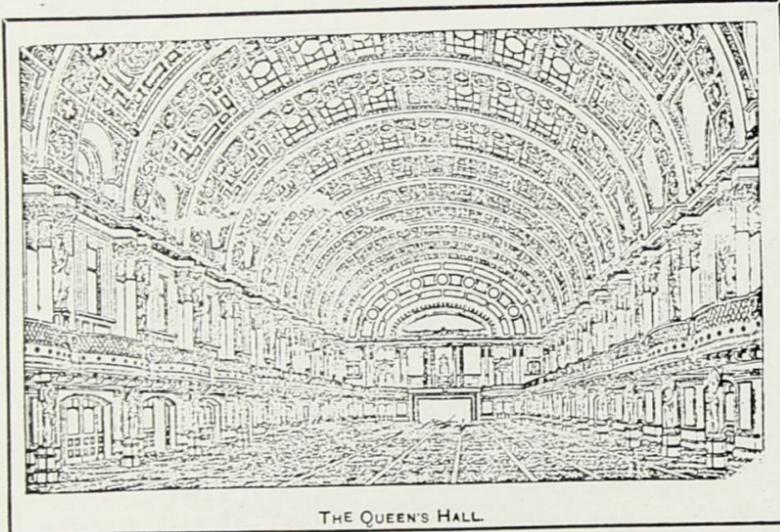
We should be glad if our readers would use their influence in getting their newsagents from whom they procure their books, to display contents bill. This is one of the best ways of helping us to raise the circulation. Should your bookseller say he cannot procure one, kindly send us a postcard with his address, and we will at once forward a supply.

The *Palace Journal* can be obtained from the following newsagents:—Hind, Mile End Road, near Bancroft Road; Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road; Mears, Mile End Road, near Canal; Lamplugh, Harford Street.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of *The Palace Journal*, and may be left at the Office in the Editor's box not later than 6 p.m. Monday.

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 V. is now ready, neatly bound in cloth, 4/6. Covers for binding, 1/6.

STUDENTS
Entertainments
EVERY
WEDNESDAY
At 8 p.m.
ADMISSION 2d.
Students with Pass Id.
AND
CONCERTS
EVERY
SATURDAY
At 8 p.m.
IN THE
QUEEN'S HALL
ADMISSION 3d.



THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGAN
RECITALS
IN THE
QUEEN'S HALL
NEXT
SUNDAY,

Organist:
Mr. B. JACKSON,
F.C.O.
(Organist to the People's
Palace),
At 12.30, 4 and
8 p.m.
Admission Free.

COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY, October 16th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, October 17th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.

SATURDAY, October 18th.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Vocalists, The Misses Delves-Yates, Mr. Charles Ellison, and Mr. Robert Newman.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Cycling Club.

SUNDAY, October 19th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, October 20th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

TUESDAY, October 21st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society.

WEDNESDAY, October 22nd.—Students' Entertainment in the Queen's Hall.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.



VERY good photo of the courageous lady who traversed Ruthenia a short time ago, will be found in the *Review of Reviews* this month.

An English lady, belonging to the Inland China Mission, is travelling in Chinese dress on the borders of Thibet, with a view to penetrating to Lhassa, the chief city of that country; possibly, owing to her dress, she may succeed where some of the greatest male travellers of the present age have completely failed.

A terrible fire occurred on Monday afternoon, at the hat factory of Messrs. Rowley and Brock, Cloth Fair. The greater part of the employees jumped out of the windows, but some of them were terribly burned, and several are already dead.

Another fire occurred the same day at the feather mills of Messrs. Davis, in Whitechapel. The room where it started was occupied by about fifteen or sixteen girls, all hard at work. Two of the injured employes were taken to the London Hospital, but their injuries are not serious fortunately.

A grand assemblage of the Salvation Army was held at Olympia, on Monday night, on the occasion of the lying-in-state of Mrs. Booth, whose death has been a serious blow to the force.

An interesting account of her life, and the commencement of the movement, which has now assumed such gigantic proportions, will be found in the pages of the book lately published by her husband, under the title of "In Darkest England, and the Way Out," an able *resumé* of the contents of this volume is to be read in the *Review of Reviews* for October.

Mr. Price Hughes, speaking of Mrs. Booth, says the secret of her beneficial life was first of all, her thoroughness; and secondly, her marvellous self-renunciation.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the well-known lady doctor, is a staunch advocate of health for women; she declares that if ladies of from thirty to fifty years of age, would play at ball half-an-hour every day, their health would be greatly benefited, and we may add possibly their tempers improved, and their lives made better worth living. For exercise is the one thing in a woman's life which has hitherto been systematically set on one side.

To judge by the record of attendances, lady county councillors are more industrious than are the men. Miss Cons attended every Committee of the Housing of the Working Classes; whereas Mr. Beresford Hope, who supplanted Lady Sandhurst, was only present at twenty-one out of seventy-three sittings.

Miss Redmond, a young Irish sculptor, is executing a statue of Father Matthew, which is to stand in a conspicuous spot in Dublin.

In Japan, women are entirely debarred from politics. It is possible they have not yet awakened to an interest in the proceedings of their government.

The Empress Frederick is urging a better observance of the sabbath in Berlin, in consequence of which in Unter den Linden last Sunday no stallkeepers of any kind were to be seen offering their wares. This speaks well for the influence of woman.

Thirty ladies have entered the School of Medicine this session as new members.

The great spread of modern sanitation appears not yet to have penetrated Neapolitan convents, and in one of those that have been recently examined the atmosphere is described as sickening, owing to the entire absence of ventilation and the entire absence of cleanliness.

This seems strange if the old adage about cleanliness and godliness is to hold good. The unfortunate nuns, whose dress includes a heavy stuff veil of a most stifling description, are provided with no occupation beyond that of religious contemplation, an unlimited indulgence in which appears to have reduced them to a state of hopeless stupidity, some of them being apparently unable to give a coherent account of themselves.

The *Clerks' Journal* has opened a column to ladies, and, as it is an excellent paper, ladies employed as clerks would do well to read it.

Let me draw attention to the capital household column in *Pearson's Weekly*, which is full of useful hints of the most inexpensive description.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

A Meeting will be held next Tuesday, 21st., when it is intended to make final arrangements for the proposed Gymnastic Club.

Any suggestions for the Club will be gladly received by the undersigned.

Meeting at 8 o'clock in No. 18 Room (old school building).

ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain.

CLASS NOTES.

For the convenience of students, tea and light refreshments are provided in the Social Room from 5 p.m., at very reasonable prices.

A MEETING will be held in the Lecture Hall on Monday, October 20, to form a Debating Society. Harold Spender, Esq., has consented to preside.

Dr. Milne will commence a course of ambulance lectures (first aid) for women on Tuesday, October 21st.

The new class for dressmaking will commence on Thursday next, from 4 to 5.30; fee will be 7s. 6d. per term. This class will be limited in number, so that early application for tickets should be made.

The Secretary has received a requisition from several young men to form a class in sign-writing, gilding, graining, etc., and will be glad to hear from others wishing to join such class if the authorities decide to establish one.

CHIPS.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB MINSTRELS.—Those of our readers who were present at the last entertainment, given by the above, will be pleased to know that the troupe will again appear during the month of November. It is not too much to say that their singing is good, and the general performance of the troupe excellent.

We have been favoured with a visit by a great many American ladies and gentlemen during the past few days, amongst whom were the Rev. G. C. Lorimer, Chicago; and the Rev. A. G. Upham, of Montreal. We have also been favoured with visitors from the following places:—Holland, Cincinnati, Ohio, Philadelphia, Moscombe, Jerusalem, Melbourne, Berlin, Boston, and Maitland, N.S.W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. E. ASHTON.—The question you write about will be considered by the new Governing body next month.

T. NUNN.—The Class for Instruction in Photography will commence on Thursday, October 23rd.



**HAT THE CLUBS
ARE DOING.**

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.—Club announcements should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person by name. It should be remembered that the earlier these reach us, the greater likelihood they have of being inserted entire, and every endeavour should be made to ensure their delivery at the Palace by MONDAY MORNING.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

A General Meeting of this Club was held in the Lecture Hall, on Wednesday last, when the following were elected as office-bearers:—President, Mr. Low; Vice-President, Mr. Grenville; Secretary and Treasurer, V. Pool; Committee, Everett, Wild, Page, Wright, Amor, C. P. Bramley, Wootton, and Vincent.

The recent fine weather was the reason for selecting an outdoor ramble as the first of the season, which accordingly took place on Saturday last, Loughton being chosen as the place for our ramble. At 10.17, a large party, consisting of eighty-eight boys, Mr. and Mrs. Low, Misses Low, and Mr. Grenville started from Coborn Road. The morning was misty, but the sun could be plainly seen, and all were in high spirits.

At Leytonstone, Mr. Burrell joined the party. The run to Loughton was very pleasant, but uneventful. Arriving there, it was arranged that all should proceed to the King's Oak, Highbeach, which was reached about 11.45.

At once our party fell into line, and were then advised by Mr. Low to divide themselves into groups, each group to ramble where it pleased, but to be back at the King's Oak at a certain time. This suggestion was acted upon, and very soon most of the groups had vanished into the forest in search of blackberries, etc. Others preferring quiet walks, of which there seemed no end. At this time the sun was shining brilliantly, and the effect of his rays on the tops of the trees, whose leaves are just now putting on their autumnal colours, was very beautiful. The appearance of the bracken was also very fine, and altogether we may congratulate ourselves on being in Epping Forest on such a glorious autumn day.

At the appointed time we returned to the meeting place. All seemed to have had a good time, though a little tired, for when races were proposed the proposal fell very flat, and after one race no more competitors could be got. However, on Mr. Low proposing the game of English v. French, many were at once eager to play; sides were therefore chosen, Mr. Low representing Wellington, and Mr. Burrell, Napoleon. Within a few minutes hostilities commenced, and were continued for the next half-hour with great spirit and varying fortune. Mr. Low and Nai Kaing for the English; Mr. Burrell, Nai Paak and Willshire for the French, greatly distinguishing themselves by their intrepidity of attack.

When hostilities ceased, the English held a decided advantage, for the French general and Nai Paak were prisoners, while the English general was still leading the attack, although with greatly diminished forces.

War ceasing, a start was made for the station, which was reached by the major part of our Members in time to return under the charge of Messrs. Low and Burrell, by the 5.34 train, the others returning by a later train under the charge of Mr. Grenville.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

Thursday, 16th.—Committee Meeting at 8.30 p.m. The Committee are earnestly requested to attend, as Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, of Merstham, will probably be with us.

Saturday, 25th.—Lambeth Palace. Meet outside at 2.45 p.m. sharp. Mr. Walter Besant will most likely be with us on this occasion.

NOTICE.—Students desiring to become Members, and who may wish to take part in the above ramble, are requested to join at the Committee Meeting on Thursday, or leave their names in the Technical School Offices, addressed to either of the undersigned.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB.

A match was played on Saturday, October 11th, at Wanstead, between the above-named Club and St. Bonadvatures. Next Saturday we play the Lorne at Custom House. Any boys wishing to join apply to

F. J. DODD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.



OVER twenty Members gave in their names to the Secretary on Thursday last, for the Gymnastic Squad he is organising.

The Eastern Counties Road Club held an One Hundred Miles Handicap on Saturday last. The route was from Woodford to Newmarket and back. Twelve entries were received, and eleven started.

RESULT.

Name.	Club.	Start.	H. M. S.
F. Crewe	Grove	40 mins.	7 13 0
M. Moyle	People's Palace	40 ..	7 20 42
G. Nelson	Sun	15 ..	7 25 24
E. Shepherd	Gleneagle	35 ..	8 3 0

Also competed: M. P. Foulkes, Stoke Newington C.C. (scratch); C. Clarkson, Kingsdale C.C., 25 mins. start; T. Tessier, Essex C.C., 30 mins. start; V. Dawson, People's Palace C.C., 60 mins. start; T. Reeves, Grove C.C., 80 mins. start; H. Harris, Pilot C.C., 90 mins. start.

Dawson missed his way at Bishop Stortford, whilst the scratch man's pneumatic tyre burst near Newmarket.

The Blue Boar Challenge Cup was contested last Wednesday. The race between H. Howard (Crusaders), and W. James (Stoke Newington), for premier position, ended in favour of the former by a yard. Time, 43 mins. 58 1/2 secs. Details:—

Name.	Club.	Position.
H. Howard	Crusaders	1st
W. James	Stoke Newington	2nd
F. Skipper	Sun	3rd
A. Good	Lombard	4th
M. Moyle	People's Palace	5th
W. Woodruff	Stoke Newington	6th
F. Crewe	Grove	7th
W. Chapman	Gauntlet	8th
T. Tessier	Gauntlet	9th
J. Nelson	Sun	Retired
F. Gough	Carlton Rovers	
A. Davis	Lombard	
E. Good	Walthamstow	

Starter and Timekeeper, J. Burley; Judge, V. Dawson; Distance Judge, M. Foulkes.

A Member of the Palace Cycling Club took out a summons for assault, at the Stratford Police Court, on Monday last. Mr. Willis, the celebrated cyclists' solicitor, will conduct the case, I believe.

The Secretary, being hard at work on the balance sheet for the year, will be glad to receive all outstanding accounts as soon as possible. If you find your name amongst the list of debtors to the Club it will be your own fault.

The season will officially close next Saturday with a run to the "Wilfrid Lawson." Every Member should try and be present on this occasion.

AJAX.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

We are to give selections from "The Messiah" on Sunday afternoon, October 26th, in the Queen's Hall.

Prizes will be given away on October 29th. Quartet Prize Winners will be required to sing a quartet, and Solo Prize Winners to sing a solo in the Queen's Hall.

We are to give other Concerts before Christmas, the dates for which are not decided.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have a few vacancies in all parts. Intending Members should join without delay, or the vacancies may be filled.

H. A. FERNLEY, Hon. Sec.
J. H. THOMAS, Hon. Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' CLUB.

OLD BOYS v. CLINTON ROVERS.—This match was played on the opponents' ground, Leytonstone; after a well-played game by both sides, the match closed in favour of the Rovers. Result: Clinton Rovers, 4 goals; Old Boys, 2 goals.

Next week's team against Leyton Excelsior:—Baines (goal); Phillips, Brooks (backs); Sawden, A'kinson, Birker (half-backs); Oughton, McCaule, Bissett, Clement, Loudon (forwards).

Members of the Old Boys' Club wishing to join the Football Club, please give their names in at once to the Secretary.

F. C. BIRKETT, Hon. Sec.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

Programme of Entertainment

TO BE GIVEN BY

THE OIO MINSTREL TROUPE

On WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1890,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

PART I.

OVERTURE AND CHORUS ...	THE OIO MINSTRELS.
BALLAD ... "The Sweetest Song of All"	MR. C. E. SEAMAN.
COMIC SONG ... "All for the Sake of Sarah"	MR. LEWES CRO.
PATRIOTIC SONG ... "The Naval Brigade"	MR. T. ROWLINGS.
COMIC SONG ... "Did He Get There?"	MR. HARRY ELTON.
SONG ... "Children's Voices"	MASTER FREDERICK.
COMIC SONG ... "The Showman"	MR. LESLIE MCKAY.
BALLAD ... "My Sweetheart"	MR. W. H. JEFFRIES.
COMIC SONG ... "The Whistling Wife"	MR. ERNEST CRO.
IRISH SONG ... "Norah O'Neal"	MR. GOFF SEYMOUR.
COMIC SONG ... "Twenty, Thirty, Forty"	MR. A. ROMER.
BALLAD ... "I'll take you back, Kathleen"	MR. G. KENDALL.

THE FIRST PART TO CONCLUDE WITH

"THE MILE END GHOST."

INTERVAL.

PART II.

OVERTURE ...	THE BAND.
SONG ... "The Wild Man of Borneo"	MESSRS. E. AND L. CRO.
BANJO TRIO ...	MESSRS. DIXON, HOBGEN, AND ROWLINGS.
VENTRILOQUIAL AND MUSICAL SKETCH ...	MR. LESLIE MCKAY.
NAUTICAL SONG AND DANCE ...	MR. T. ROWLINGS.
PRIMA DONNA ...	MR. HARRY ELTON.
BANJO SONG ...	MR. O. HOBGEN.

To conclude with a Laughable Sketch, entitled—

"THE OIO MINSTRELS' BABY ELEPHANT."

A Theatrical Manager ...	MR. C. E. SEAMAN.
His Servant ...	MR. H. ELTON.
The Actor ...	MR. R. J. BURNS.
The MacGregor ...	MR. W. H. JEFFRIES.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

NONE will dwell in that cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from the honest man,
And that a curse clings to it; hence the vine
Trails its weight of leaves upon the ground,
Hence weeds are in the garden, hence the edge
Once sweet with honey-suckle, is half dead:
And hence the grey moss on the apple tree.

One once dwelt there who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had passed,
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child,
A little laughing thing, whose dark eyes,
He said, were like her mother's she had left
Buried in a stranger's land; and time went on
In comfort and content—and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted on her first English birth-day,
And he had trained it up against an ash
Till it became his pride—it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was called
The tree of Isabel! 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart
To mark their quiet happiness; their home,
In truth a home of love; and more than all
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church; and Isabel,
With her bright colour, and her clear blue eyes,
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible;
Her father looked so fond of her, and then
From her looked up so thankfully to heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat,
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers,
And in the winter there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came—an evil power!
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last,
And the old soldier left his own dear home,

And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,
One of June's brightest days, the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their lightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light,
The sunny sky, the very leaves seem'd glad,
And the old man looked back upon his cottage,
And wept aloud; they hurried him away,—
And the dear child that would not leave his side,—
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun,
With iron grating; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's "good-night"; but the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice
And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine;
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,
But every morning could he mark her cheeks
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
The sun shine through the grating of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not. At every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. But one sad day
He mark'd the dull street through the iron bars
That shut him from the world; at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
And he grew desperate; he forced the bars,
And he stood on the street, free and alone.
He had no aim, no wish for liberty;
He only felt one want—to see the corpse
That had no mourners. When they set it down
Ere 'twas lowered in the new dug grave,
A rush of passion came upon his soul,
He tore off the lid, and saw the face
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!
He lay down by the coffin quietly—
His heart was broken.

TIME EXTENDED TO SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18th.

PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT.

In order to stimulate the Members to greater effort, and to increase the interest in the PALACE JOURNAL, we have decided to offer

A PRIZE OF TEN SHILLINGS

FOR WHAT IS DECIDED TO BE

The BEST DESCRIPTION of the ENTERTAINMENT given at the Palace on Wednesday, October 8th.

ALSO A PRIZE OF TEN SHILLINGS FOR THE BEST STORY OF ANY DESCRIPTION.

This must not be taken from any existing journal published during this year.

CONDITIONS.

Competitions must be sent so as to arrive at the offices not later than Saturday, October 18th. Written Competitions must be on one side of the paper only. Printed matter may be sent, and is equally eligible for the Prize. The right is reserved to publish any Competition, whether it gain the prize or not. In awarding the Prize the Arbitrators will take into consideration the pithiness and interest in each article sent, and the prize will be given to the sender of that one which is considered most interesting to the general reader.

Competitors should state from what book, periodical, or newspaper (if any) their contribution is taken. Competitors are not confined to one, but may send any number of competitions. Competitors should write the words "Prize Competition, Editor of Palace Journal," on the envelopes. The successful Competitor must give satisfactory proof of age, and that the essay is his or her own unaided production or contribution.

The correct name and address of the sender must be distinctly written upon every competition, for publication in the event of success.

We cannot undertake to be responsible for any MSS. sent to us, though when stamps are enclosed for the purpose we always endeavour to return rejected contributions.

PROGRAMME
OF
EVENING CONCERT,

TO BE GIVEN ON
Saturday, Oct. 18th, 1890,
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace, MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

VOCALISTS:

THE MISSES DELVES-YATES. MR. CHARLES ELLISON.
MR. ROBERT NEWMAN.

Violin—MR. DANIEL ANTONIETTI and MASTER ALDO ANTONIETTI
(AGED NINE YEARS).

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

Harp—MISS VIOLA TRUST.

1. ORGAN SOLO "Jubilee Overture" (Op. 59) .. Weber.
Mr. B. JACKSON.

This overture was composed for the festival held at Dresden in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Frederick Augustus I. of Saxony, on September 20th, 1818. It winds up with "God save the King." Weber had written a Jubilee Cantata for the occasion, but it was put aside, and the overture, an entirely independent work, performed instead.

2. DUET .. "Dolce conforto al Misero" .. Mercadante.
MISSSES DELVES-YATES.

Dolce conforto al misero
Che geme senza speme,
Accorda il ciel le lagrime
Nelle sciagare estreme.
Piu dolci allor che spargousi,
In sen dell'amistà.
Ah! piangi, abbracciami,
To scordo il mio tormento,
E'un raggi di conteuto.
Del cielo è una pietà.

3. VIOLIN SOLO .. "Romance, Chant d'Amour" .. Youssonpoff.
MASTER ALDO ANTONIETTI.

4. SONG .. "My Queen" .. Blumenthal.
MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

Where and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day.
With the selfsame sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlets sheen,
She is standing somewhere, she I would honour,
She that I wait for, my Queen, my Queen.

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light,
I would not say she would walk sedately,
Whatever she does, it will sure be right.
And she may be humble, or proud, my Lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
But whenever she comes, she will find me ready
To do her homage, my Queen, my Queen.

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Be it her spirit, that maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my Lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen.

5. HARP SOLO .. "Fantasia in B Flat" .. Oberthur.
MISS VIOLA TRUST.

6. SONG .. "Beloved Old Mill" .. Randegger.
MISS DELVES-YATES.

My lot may be brighter and gayer than now,
A circlet of jewels may rest on my brow,
But I ne'er can forget the dear hours I have seen,
In the cottage at home, by the old village green!
Whatever my fate in the future may be,
My heart, peaceful village, clings fondly to thee.
Oh, no! be my future as bright as it will,
I'll never forget thee, beloved old mill.

No spot upon earth can be dearer than this,
'Twas here I received my fond mother's first kiss;
Ev'ry tree, ev'ry flower is known to me here,
Ev'ry face that I see is familiar and dear!
No music to me so melodious can seem
As the whirr of the wheel and the rush of the stream.
Oh, no! be my future as bright as it will,
I'll never forget thee, beloved old mill.

7. ORGAN SOLOS { (a) "Berceuse" Delbrück.
 (b) "Air du Dauphin" Rotchel Best.
 MR. B. JACKSON.

8. SONG "The flight of Ages" F. Bevan.
 MR. ROBERT NEWMAN.

I heard a song, a tender song, 'twas sung for me alone,
 In the bush of a golden twilight, when all the world was gone,
 And as long as my heart is beating, as long as my eyes have tears,
 I shall hear the echoes ringing, from out the golden years.

I have a rose, a white, white rose, 'twas giv'n me long ago,
 When the song had fallen to silence, and the stars were dim and low,

It lies in an old book, faded, between the pages white,
 But the ages cannot dim the dream it brought to me that night.

I have a love, the love of years, bright as the purest star,
 As radiant, sweet and wonderful, as hopeless and as far,
 I have a love, the star of years, its light, alone, I see,
 And I must worship, hope, and love, however far it be.

It is the love that speaks to me in that sweet song of old,
 It is the dream of golden years, these petals white unfold;
 And ev'ry star may fall from heav'n, and ev'ry rose decay,
 But the ages cannot change my love, or take my dream away!

9. VIOLIN DUET "Variations on the Carnival of Venice."
 MR. DANIEL ANTONIETTI AND MASTER ALDO ANTONIETTI.

10. SONG "An Autumn Story" Lawrence Kellie.
 MISS LILIAN DELVES-YATES.

It was long, long ago in the firelight glow,
 When the year was growing old
 With the wind and the rain at the window-pane,
 That the story, sweet was told.
 Just a whisper'd word in the gloaming heard,
 Just a vow to be brave and true;
 With a smile so shy and a low reply,
 And a sigh as we said adieu.
 Only a story, an autumn story,
 Long, long ago in the firelight told:
 Ah! spring-time, or summer, autumn or winter,
 Love is the story that grows not old.

It was long, long ago and we waited so
 Till the leaves of our lives turned gold;
 But the time went past and we meet at last,
 And we love as we lov'd of old.
 Now, as then, we stand face to face, hand in hand,
 With the same tender words to say;
 For the story told in the days of old
 Is the story that lives always.
 Only a story, an autumn story,
 Long, long ago in the firelight told:
 Ah! spring-time or summer, autumn or winter,
 Love is the story that grows not old.

11. HARP SOLOS (a) "Watching the Wheat" John Thomas.
 (b) "Christmas Eve"
 MISS VIOLA TRUST.

12. SONG "Once Again" Sullivan.
 MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

I linger round the very spot
 Where years ago we met,
 And wonder when you quite forgot,
 Or if you quite forget;

And tender yearnings rise anew
 For love that used to be—
 If you could know that I was true,
 And I that you were free.
 Ah! love, once again—
 Meet me once again;
 Old love is waking,
 Shall it wake in vain?

For ever yet my thoughts incline,
 And back my memory slips;
 I feel warm fingers locked in mine;
 I see those quivering lips,
 Whose murmurs came like music through,
 When mine had set them free,
 That all the world was naught to you,
 Who only wanted me.

13. VIOLIN SOLO "Tarantella" D. Antonietti.
 MR. DANIEL ANTONIETTI.

14. DUET "Gentle Spring" Wilson.
 THE MISSES DELVES-YATES.

Gentle spring! gentle spring!
 Dewy twilight lingers;
 Come again in fairy train,
 With blossoms on thy fingers.

Winter winds have died away,
 So bitter is their breathing;
 Then hasten spring all blyth and gay,
 The fairest garlands wreathing.

Birds pour forth their varied notes,
 From bass to piping treble;
 Echo'd by the waves that dip
 Upon the shining pebble.

15. SONG "Off to Philadelphia" Battison Haynes.
 MR. ROBERT NEWMAN.

My name is Paddy Leary, from a shpot called Tipperary,
 The hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in,
 But before the break of morn, faith! 'tis they'll be all forlorn,
 For I'm off to Philadelphia in the mornin'.
 Wid my bundle on my shoulder, faith! there's no man could be
 boulder,
 I'm lavin dear ould Ireland widout warnin',
 For I lately took the notion, to cross the briny ocean,
 And I shtart for Philadelphia in the mornin'.

There's a girl called Kate Malone, whom I'd hoped to call my own
 And to see my little cabin floor adornin',
 But my heart is sad and weary, how can she be Missis Leary,
 If I shtart for Philadelphia in the mornin'.
 Wid my bundle on my shoulder, etc.

When they told me I must lave the place, I tried to keep a cheerful
 face,
 For to show my heart's deep sorrow I was scornin',
 But the tears will surely blind me, for the friends I lave behind me,
 When I start for Philadelphia in the mornin'.
 But tho' my bundles on my shoulder, and there's no man could be
 boulder,
 Tho' I'm lavin now the shpot that I was born in,
 Yet some day I'll take the notion, to come back across the ocean,
 To my home in dear ould Ireland in the mornin'.

16. ORGAN SOLO "Marche Triomphale" Lemmens.
 MR. B. JACKSON.

THE BEACH KING.

(Continued from page 261).

She was very well educated, being, as she told her lover, an only child, and had come to service solely because she was so fond of her mistress, who was her godmother, and she wanted to see a little of the world before settling down.

Annie told her nothing but good about Harry, and in every way he was an excellent match for her. She liked the seaside life, and she liked Harry's bluff old father, who, for his part, was never weary of pointing her out as "that pretty gal o' Harry's."

He chuckled now and then to see the offended airs of some of Harry's lady customers, when they noticed his admiration for the pretty maid, whereby his indifference to them was greatly increased.

Lucy Willis was at Shingleborough for several weeks of the season, her mistress staying on long after the summer had ended; for Shingleborough in the autumn is far pleasanter than in the hot weather, and St. Luke and St. Martin each do their utmost with their "little summers," as Mrs. Blandy knew of old.

Harry and Lucy Willis were walking together one day when he asked her, after a somewhat lengthened silence, "Lucy, when will you be my wife?" Lucy started as if she had been struck, and grew very pale, answering, "Oh, don't ask me; don't ask me!" "Why, my dear, he said gently; when I asked you to go to that sale with me, and help me choose them bits of furniture, you knew right well whose room they were meant for; didn't you now?" Lucy could only nod her head for "Yes," and Harry went on, "when I said didn't you think there was room enough for more to live along o' father and me, you said 'Yes'; and you knew who I wanted there to be room for?" Lucy, who was now as crimson as before she had been pale, whispered "Yes." "Then," said he almost sternly, it was such a real matter to him, "did you go on letting me love you, and thinking you loved me back, and all the while you did not care a halfpenny." "No! no! no!" she cried, "I love you, I love you; but oh, I'm afraid." "Afraid," said Harry, in a curious, half-proud, half-astonished tone. "What can you have to be afraid of—do you think I shall be a bad 'un to you?" "No," she said; "oh, no, Harry—but I am afraid." A horrible dread crossed Harry's mind for one instant, he knew very little of Lucy's life before he made her acquaintance at Shingleborough. Could there be any secret in her past that she wished to hide?—but, no, it was impossible to know her as he did and harbour such a doubt.

"Tell me what you are afraid of," he asked. "Anyhow it isn't me now is it?" he added, with a little nervous laugh. "No," she said, "it isn't you, Harry; it's my father and altogether those at home."

"Your father! why I thought you said he was so fond o' you and made so much of you?"

"Yes, oh so he does! but there, Harry, I'm right down afraid to tell him. I know he will be so angry."

"Well! why should you tell him," said her lover; "leave that to me. I'll not write, but I'll go and see him, and he'll see I'm anyhow big enough to take care of you."

"No, no, Harry! promise me not to go and see father till I tell you," she cried; "promise me faithfully."

Harry was dreadfully puzzled; he saw no way of quieting her evident terror but by making the desired promise, to which, however, he added as a condition, that if she sent him no word from Christmas to Easter forbidding him to come, then, promise or no, he should come to London and ask for her at her father's hands.

"So you must get your things together all ready, my dear," he said, "and keep up a brave heart; and if I'm the Beach King, why I will make a Beach Queen of you!"

"Oh! Harry," she answered, blushing "there! how you do talk, to be sure, I shall be glad when Easter comes," she said, "for then all the worry 'll be over, you know I do love you, don't you?" she added, "you'd knock down anyone that doubted it, wouldn't you? you'll believe it, whatever happens? promise, whatever happens!"

"There's no call for me to promise such a thing as that," he said, "if I could misdoubt you, the love wouldn't be worth much to either of us, besides, I can read writing, if 'tis writ plain, and you are going to write to me, aren't you?"

"If I can," she said, "but maybe I shan't be able to, and that's what I mean, you must trust me, whatever you hear from others, and even if you don't hear anything from me."

"Well! I don't like these sort of waiting ways," said Harry, "I'd a deal rather have it out with your father, and know the end of it, bad or good, but if you say, 'won't,' why, 'wait's' the word, and if you say, 'trust' why, there it is you see."

He was not quite satisfied with this curious conversation, and often turned it over in his mind, especially after Lucy and her mistress had left Shingleborough, which they did early in December; Lucy to go home to her father as soon as her mistress got back to the garrison town, where she and her husband were stationed.

He saw her off, and "dang it!" he said half angrily to himself afterwards, "I never felt such a fool in my life—with Lucy's mistress looking the other way on purpose, and Lucy with tears in her eyes—there, well I've got to do the waiting now, and precious hard that'll fare to be."

A beautiful card arrived for him at Christmas from his "ever loving Lucy Willis," but no letter.

The slow weeks wore on towards Easter, and though he wrote once or twice to Lucy, never a word did she send him in reply. Still he trusted her, and hoped the silence meant that he might act on his condition when the time came and go to see her father himself.

He did bits of carpentering about the house, putting up shelves and a corner cupboard for her convenience. He whitened the floor of the upstairs room till it looked as white as the deck of a yacht; all the uneven boards he planed and fastened down that she might not hurt herself with splinters in scrubbing hereafter, and with thrums of flag mending wools he made one or two soft cushions.

Then he had a new suit of dark blue clothes made for him, and went to be photographed, the result being a very poor presentment of the handsome fellow whose beach attire with his collar open was far more suitable, though no doubt less conventional.

"If any of her people wonder what sort of a stick she's picked up with," he said to himself, "that'll show 'em," and he was more than ever reserved and grave with the girls in the place, who declared "for all, Harry was such a proper man, they didn't care for that sort that was so nasty, stuck-up, and couldn't pass the time of day with old friends, all along of strangers."

He paid no heed to their jealous spite, but went on with the waiting, as he called it, though he was often almost sick with the excitement within him, and fretted almost beyond endurance by this trial of his patience and the heavy silence of his beloved, aggravated as it all was by the constant questions and remarks of his old father, who had taken a strong liking to Lucy, and being very proud of his son, could not bear to see him "so downcast," as he said.

At last, at the long last, as it seemed to Harry, came Easter-tide—all the extra convenience of trips to London for four days—and no forbidding letter from his love.

He told his father he was off to London on the Easter Monday, and might be one day, or might be three, away. The old man chuckled, "Well boy, bring her back along of you, we've all got a welcome for her here," he said. "Now then, father," said Harry, almost sharply, he was so strung up by excitement, "don't you go talking about my business out of this house, or you and I shall fall out." "All right, boy, all right," said the old fellow, good temperedly, "but you can take her my welcome, if that isn't too heavy for your pockets, ha! ha!"

In the train—which, though fairly quick for an excursion train, seemed to Harry, to crawl like a South Eastern "parly"—his fine appearance attracted much notice, one fidgety child, that had been the plague of the entire compartment, settling down opposite to Harry with wide delighted eyes.

"He's like Goliath, only he's so pretty," it said, whereupon there was a roar of laughter, in which Harry joined mechanically.

He took a cab and told the man to drive fast, utterly reckless of distance or expense.

The cabman took him at his word, and drove like a very Jehu, till a policeman observing the brake-neck pace, peremptorily ordered him to slacken, ay, and took his number; for all of which Harry's pocket had to act consoler, when at length they reached the house, where the man stared amazed at the reckless way in which his fare paid him his exorbitant demand, and never made the least demur.

Harry gave a thundering knock, and such a pull at the bell as nearly startled the little maid into hysterics.

When she opened the door he began at once to go in, saying to the girl, "Your mistress, Lucy Willis, is at home, ain't she?"

"No," stammered the girl, "she is not; at least, not here, and I haven't heard she's come back to her home either, not yet." "Back to her home," repeated Harry; "back to her? home, why where is her home, if it ain't here? Look ye here my girl, I am not in a mood for none of your jokes and nonsense; nor I ain't going to put up with them. Just you go and tell Lucy that Harry Holland is here, a-waiting to see her before he goes in to see her father."

"But I can't tell her, sir; oh, lor don't hit me!" whimpered the girl, looking at his angry face. "I can't tell her; she isn't here, sir, indeed she isn't. She is away on her wedding trip!"

"Her what?" said Harry, in a voice of thunder; "don't I tell you not to fool with me?"

"Oh lor, sir, I ain't a-fooling, not nohow. She's married, sir, and on her wedding trip."

His face was a fearful sight to see; he leant against the doorpost whilst the sweat stood in great drops on his brow. "Then d—n her," he cried, when he got back his voice; "d—n her and every woman like her," and in his rage of disappointed love and misery he cursed and swore most fearfully.

The little maid stood quaking in the entry not daring to do anything, so paralysed was she at the "goings on" of this unknown young man. She wanted to call her master, but was afraid to leave the stranger half inside the doorway, and she feared to ask him to move whilst he leant there swearing as if he were mad or drunk, or both.

She was saved from having to do either, for the noise reached the ears of Mr. Willis, as he sat in his back room, where he finished the delicate instruments which he manufactured, and pushing up his spectacles on his forehead, he came out to see what was going on.

He was a small man, with those weak pink-edged eyes that look quite helpless and blinking, when they are not protected by glasses. His manner was abstracted and rather petulant. In fact, no greater contrast could have been found to Harry raging on the doorway, than this mild little being, the father of his love.

"What is all this about, Mary Anne?" began old Willis. "What are you doing here, allowing ruffians like this to get into my house? Why don't you call the police, girl? Why don't you lock the door? Why don't you send him away? Why—"

What more he was going to say was never known. Harry burst in with a furious exclamation of "Look here, old man, are you Lucy Willis's father?" and as he answered in the affirmative, Harry went on, whilst old Willis gasped and blinked, "Then you and I must have some words together. I may be a seafaring man, but I ain't quite a soft, and I've got to know the meaning of all this."

"Well, sir," stammered old Willis, with a futile attempt at dignity, "it seems to me as if I'd a right to say the same. What do you mean by coming here where nobody knows you, and brawling on my doorstep for everyone to see? and for the matter of that, to bear. I'm a respectable tradesman, I'd have you to know, and I won't permit it."

The little man's speech was rendered almost ridiculous by this conclusion, for, as to "permitting" or preventing Harry, he was quite powerless by reason of his small stature and general feebleness of build.

"Now, then, old man," said Harry, still angrily, "do you mean to say you've never heard of me, Harry Holland; do you mean to tell me that your girl Lucy has gone and got married?"

"I do sir; I do," said the old man all in a flutter, and I can't conceive in what way it is your business."

"Oh, none of my business, none at all" sneered Harry, "only that Lucy was going to marry me! that's all my old cock."

"I think, sir," said Lucy's father with great self-control, "you had better come in and explain yourself, for I am at a loss to understand your words; and if you are to bring my daughter's name into the conversation, it had better not be in public." Mary Anne shut the door as Harry strode into the house, and stalked up the entry after the old man, into his sanctum.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," said the old father, soothingly. "I hope we may come to an agreeable understanding."

His oily manner only irritated poor Harry, and he said, roughly, "I'll stand till I know the meaning of this, but I'll sit none in your house."

"Will you first explain to me the reason, I may say, the object, the intention, as it were, of your visit?" said Willis, in a fluttered, uneasy way.

"I came to see Lucy, and to ask her, from you, for my wife," was the plain-spoken answer.

"And how did you propose to,—gain my consent—er—young man? Lucy had been engaged for many years to the man she has,—er—married."

"Lucy promised herself to me last summer at Shingleborough," said Harry, "and I was to come for her at Easter. I've come, and what have I got? Curse her! What's her name? Where does she live? No! I ain't going to swing for her. I'm a going to write to her, that's all. Only a nice little letter, to congratulate, you know," he sneered.

"Lucy never told me she had made your acquaintance, young man. She knew that she was not free to marry any one but the man she has married, and no doubt that was why she did not speak of you."

"Was she in love with the man? Tell me that," said Harry, shortly.

"Well," hesitated the old father, "she was not what you may call outspoken in her feelings on the subject. In fact, she did not wish to have it come off so soon."

"Oh," said Harry. "Well there's no good in talking about it. Just give me that address, and I'll rid you o' my presence. You don't seem to like me as much as most people do," he laughed.

The old man shakily wrote the address, and Harry took it, screwed it up into a little wisp, and put it safe in his envelope of photographs.

"You'll be moderate in what you say, moderate, I beg!" said the father, anxiously. "I suppose we must admit that you've been badly used, young man, but there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, to speak after your own manner," he chuckled fatuously.

"My manner anyhow isn't a fool's manner," said Harry, rudely, and he got up and stalked out of the house without another word. Poor fellow he was hard hit, and no mistake about it; his belief in women had received a shock it would take years to recover, if it ever did recover at all.

He turned into a coffee shop near, not that he was a temperance man, but he wanted a clear head and a quiet place to write his "little letter."

Having bought his paper and envelope and stamp, and secured a table to himself, he began to write—a long and wearisome business to his unaccustomed fingers.

Sheet after sheet he spoiled, but at last the letter was finished, and ran nearly as follows:—

"Harry Holland thanks Lucy Willis for her kind behaviour to him, and wish you as happy as you deserve to be in her married life. If Lucy have got anything to say to him, she knows where it will find me, and remain,

Yours truly, which is more than she can say,
HARRY HOLLAND."

Then he laid his head on his hands, and fell fast asleep with exhaustion, the untouched, untasted, coffee at his elbow.

By-and-bye he was wakened by the attendant, who, seeing he had eaten nothing, persuaded him to have some food and some fresh coffee, after which he went slowly back to the station, and so home, with his sore heart and blighted hopes, to the village by the sea.

His father saw something was wrong, and with rare tact refrained from questioning him, but on the second day Harry came to him and said, in a would-be careless manner, "That's all off between me and her father, and you'll oblige me not to speak of it any more."

His father growled out some sort of assent, and the two shook hands, but no words were passed on the matter.

On the third day came a London letter for Harry, a thick letter with two stamps, and even then a penny to pay. The postman tried to make some little joke about love being heavier than usual in this case; but he met such a fierce look from Harry, that his little bit of nonsense seemed to shrivel up before it, and he went away muttering "Beach King" is he! I'd 'king' him with his airs, I would."

The letter was, of course, from Lucy, who was a good hand with her pen; a heart-broken epistle, full of sorrow and entreaties for pardon at first, which so angered Harry, that he threw it down and went out.

(To be continued.)

THE BEACH KING.

(Continued from page 261.)

She was very well educated, being, as she told her lover, an only child, and had come to service solely because she was so fond of her mistress, who was her godmother, and she wanted to see a little of the world before settling down.

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"Your father! why I thought you said he was so fond o' you and made so much of you?"

"Yes, oh so he does! but there, Harry, I'm right down afraid to tell him. I know he will be so angry."

"Well! why should you tell him," said her lover; "leave that to me. I'll not write, but I'll go and see him, and he'll see!—anyhow big enough to take care of you."

"No, no, Harry! promise me not to go and see father till I tell you," she cried; "promise me faithfully."

Harry was dreadfully puzzled; he saw no way of quieting her evident terror but by making the desired promise, to which, however, he added as a condition, that if she sent him no word from Christmas to Easter forbidding him to come, then, promise or no, he should come to London and ask for her at her father's hands.

"So you must get your things together all ready, my dear," he said, "and keep up a brave heart; and if I'm the Beach King, why I will make a Beach Queen of you!"

"Oh! Harry," she answered, blushing "there! how you do talk, to be sure, I shall be glad when Easter comes," she said, "for then all the worry'll be over, you know I do love you, don't you?" she added, "you'd knock down anyone that doubted it, wouldn't you? you'll believe it, whatever happens? promise, whatever happens!"

"There's no call for me to promise such a thing as that," he said, "if I could misdoubt you, the love wouldn't be worth much to either of us, besides, I can read writing, if 'tis writ plain, and you are going to write to me, aren't you?"

"If I can," she said, "but maybe I shan't be able to, and that's what I mean, you must trust me, whatever you hear from others, and even if you don't hear anything from me."

"Well! I don't like these sort of waiting ways," said Harry, "I'd a deal rather have it out with your father, and know the end of it, bad or good, but if you say, 'won't,' why, 'wait's' the word, and if you say, 'trust' why, there it is you see."

He was not quite satisfied with this curious conversation, and often turned it over in his mind, especially after Lucy and her mistress had left Shingleborough, which they did early in December; Lucy to go home to her father as soon as her mistress got back to the garrison town, where she and her husband were stationed.

He saw her off, and "dang it!" he said half angrily to himself afterwards, "I never felt such a fool in my life—with Lucy's mistress looking the other way on purpose, and Lucy with tears in her eyes—there, well I've got to do the waiting now, and precious hard that'll fare to be."

A beautiful card arrived for him at Christmas from his "ever loving Lucy Willis," but no letter.

The slow weeks wore on towards Easter, and though he wrote once or twice to Lucy, never a word did she send him in reply. Still he trusted her, and hoped the silence meant that he might act on his condition when the time came and go to see her father himself.

He did bits of carpentering about the house, putting up shelves and a corner cupboard for her convenience. He holystoned the floor of the upstairs room till it looked as white as the deck of a yacht; all the uneven boards he planed and fastened down that she might not hurt herself with splinters in scrubbing hereafter, and with thrums of flag mending wools he made one or two soft cushions.

Then he had a new suit of dark blue clothes made for him, and went to be photographed, the result being a very poor presentment of the handsome fellow whose beach attire with his collar open was far more suitable, though no doubt less conventional.

"If any of her people wonder what sort of a stick she's picked up with," he said to himself, "that'll show 'em," and he was more than ever reserved and grave with the girls in the place, who declared "for all, Harry was such a proper man, they didn't care for that sort that was so nasty, stuck-up, and couldn't pass the time of day with old friends, all along of strangers."

He paid no heed to their jealous spite, but went on with the waiting, as he called it, though he was often almost sick with the excitement within him, and fretted almost beyond endurance by this trial of his patience and the heavy silence of his beloved, aggravated as it all was by the constant questions and remarks of his old father, who had taken a strong liking to Lucy, and being very proud of his son, could not bear to see him "so downcast," as he said.

At last, at the long last, as it seemed to Harry, came Easter-tide—all the extra convenience of trips to London for four days—and no forbidding letter from his love.

He told his father he was off to London on the Easter Monday, and might be one day, or might be three, away. The old man chuckled, "Well boy, bring her back along of you, we've all got a welcome for her here," he said. "Now then, father," said Harry, almost sharply, he was so strung up by excitement, "don't you go talking about my business out of this house, or you and I shall fall out." "All right, boy, all right," said the old fellow, good temperedly, "but you can take her my welcome, if that isn't too heavy for your pockets, ha! ha!"

In the train—which, though fairly quick for an excursion train, seemed to Harry, to crawl like a South Eastern "parly"—his fine appearance attracted much notice, one fidgety child, that had been the plague of the entire compartment, settling down opposite to Harry with wide delighted eyes.

"He's like Goliath, only he's so pretty," it said, whereupon there was a roar of laughter, in which Harry joined mechanically.

He took a cab and told the man to drive fast, utterly reckless of distance or expense.

The cabman took him at his word, and drove like a very Jehu, till a policeman observing the brake-neck pace, peremptorily ordered him to slacken, ay, and took his number; for all of which Harry's pocket had to act consoler, when at length they reached the house, where the man stared amazed at the reckless way in which his fare paid him his exorbitant demand, and never made the least demur.

Harry gave a thundering knock, and such a pull at the bell as nearly startled the little maid into hysterics.

When she opened the door he began at once to go in, saying to the girl, "Your mistress, Lucy Willis, is at home, ain't she?"

"No," stammered the girl, "she is not; at least, not here, and I haven't heard she's come back to her home either, not yet." "Back to her home," repeated Harry; "back to her? home, why where is her home, if it ain't here? Look ye here my girl, I am not in a mood for none of your jokes and nonsense; nor I ain't going to put up with them. Just you go and tell Lucy that Harry Holland is here, a-waiting to see her before he goes in to see her father."

"But I can't tell her, sir; oh, lor don't hit me!" whimpered the girl, looking at his angry face. "I can't tell her; she isn't here, sir, indeed she isn't. She is away on her wedding trip!"

"Her what?" said Harry, in a voice of thunder; "don't I tell you not to fool with me?"

"Oh lor, sir, I ain't a-fooling, not nohow. She's married, sir, and on her wedding trip."

His face was a fearful sight to see; he leant against the doorpost whilst the sweat stood in great drops on his brow. "Then d—n her," he cried, when he got back his voice; "d—n her and every woman like her," and in his rage of disappointed love and misery he cursed and swore most fearfully.

The little maid stood quaking in the entry not daring to do anything, so paralysed was she at the "goings on" of this unknown young man. She wanted to call her master, but was afraid to leave the stranger half inside the doorway, and she feared to ask him to move whilst he leant there swearing as if he were mad or drunk, or both.

She was saved from having to do either, for the noise reached the ears of Mr. Willis, as he sat in his back room, where he finished the delicate instruments which he manufactured, and pushing up his spectacles on his forehead, he came out to see what was going on.

He was a small man, with those weak pink-edged eyes that look quite helpless and blinking, when they are not protected by glasses. His manner was abstracted and rather petulant. In fact, no greater contrast could have been found to Harry raging on the doorway, than this mild little being, the father of his love.

"What is all this about, Mary Anne?" began old Willis. "What are you doing here, allowing ruffians like this to get into my house? Why don't you call the police, girl? Why don't you lock the door? Why don't you send him away? Why—"

What more he was going to say was never known. Harry burst in with a furious exclamation of "Lucy! here, old man, are you Lucy Willis's father?" and as he answered in the affirmative, Harry went on, whilst old Willis gasped and blinked, "Then you and I must have some words together. I may be a seafaring man, but I ain't quite a soft, and I've got to know the meaning of all this."

"Well, sir," stammered old Willis, with a futile attempt at dignity, "it seems to me as if I'd a right to say the same. What do you mean by coming here where nobody knows you, and bawling on my doorstep for everyone to see? and for the matter of that, to hear. I'm a respectable tradesman, I'd have you to know, and I won't permit it."

The little man's speech was rendered almost ridiculous by this conclusion, for, as to "permitting" or preventing Harry, he was quite powerless by reason of his small stature and general feebleness of build.

"Now, then, old man," said Harry, still angrily, "do you mean to say you've never heard of me, Harry Holland; do you mean to tell me that your girl Lucy has gone and got married?"

"I do sir; I do," said the old man all in a flutter, and I can't conceive in what way it is your business."

"Oh, none of my business, none at all!" sneered Harry, "only that Lucy was going to marry me! that's all my old cock."

"I think, sir," said Lucy's father with great self-control, "you had better come in and explain yourself, for I am at a loss to understand your words; and if you are to bring my daughter's name into the conversation, it had better not be in public." Mary Anne shut the door as Harry strode into the house, and stalked up the entry after the old man, into his sanctum.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," said the old father, soothingly. "I hope we may come to an agreeable understanding."

His oily manner only irritated poor Harry, and he said, roughly, "I'll stand till I know the meaning of this, but I'll sit none in your house."

"Will you first explain to me the reason, I may say, the object, the intention, as it were, of your visit?" said Willis, in a fluttered, uneasy way.

"I came to see Lucy, and to ask her, from you, for my wife," was the plain-spoken answer.

"And how did you propose to,—er—gain my consent—er—young man? Lucy had been engaged for many years to the man she has,—er—married."

"Lucy promised herself to me last summer at Shingleborough," said Harry, "and I was to come for her at Easter. I've come, and what have I got? Curse her! What's her name? Where does she live? No! I ain't going to swing name for her. I'm a going to write to her, that's all. Only a nice little letter, to congratulate, you know," he sneered.

"Lucy never told me she had made your acquaintance, young man. She knew that she was not free to marry anyone but the man she has married, and no doubt that was why she did not speak of you."

"Was she in love with the man? Tell me that," said Harry, shortly.

"Well," hesitated the old father, "she was not what you may call outspoken in her feelings on the subject. In fact, she did not wish to have it come off so soon."

"Oh," said Harry. "Well there's no good in talking about it. Just give me that address, and I'll rid you of my presence. You don't seem to like me as much as most people do," he laughed.

The old man shakily wrote the address, and Harry took it, screwed it up into a little wisp, and put it safe in his envelope of photographs.

"You'll be moderate in what you say, moderate, I beg!" said the father, anxiously. "I suppose we must admit that you've been badly used, young man, but there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, to speak after your own manner," he chuckled fatuously.

"My manner anyhow isn't a fool's manner," said Harry, rudely, and he got up and stalked out of the house without another word. Poor fellow he was hard hit, and no mistake about it; his belief in women had received a shock it would take years to recover, if it ever did recover at all.

He turned into a coffee shop near, not that he was a temperance man, but he wanted a clear head and a quiet place to write his "little letter."

Having bought his paper and envelope and stamp, and secured a table to himself, he began to write—a long and wearisome business to his unaccustomed fingers.

Sheet after sheet he spoiled, but at last the letter was finished, and ran nearly as follows:—

"Harry Holland thanks Lucy Willis for her kind behaviour to him, and wish you as happy as you deserve to be in her married life. If Lucy have got anything to say to him, she knows where it will find me, and remain,

Yours truly, which is more than she can say,
HARRY HOLLAND."

Then he laid his head on his hands, and fell fast asleep with exhaustion, the untouched, untasted, coffee at his elbow.

By-and-bye he was wakened by the attendant, who, seeing he had eaten nothing, persuaded him to have some food and some fresh coffee, after which he went slowly back to the station, and so home, with his sore heart and blighted hopes, to the village by the sea.

His father saw something was wrong, and with rare tact refrained from questioning him, but on the second day Harry came to him and said, in a would-be careless manner, "That's all off between me and her father, and you'll oblige me not to speak of it any more."

His father growled out some sort of assent, and the two shook hands, but no words were passed on the matter.

On the third day came a London letter for Harry, a thick letter with two stamps, and even then a penny to pay. The postman tried to make some little joke about love being heavier than usual in this case; but he met such a fierce look from Harry, that his little bit of nonsense seemed to shrivel up before it, and he went away muttering "Beach King" is he! I'd 'king' him with his airs, I would."

The letter was, of course, from Lucy, who was a good hand with her pen; a heart-broken epistle, full of sorrow and entreaties for pardon at first, which so angered Harry, that he threw it down and went out.

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE,

In connection with the Science & Art Department, South Kensington, the City & Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, & the Society of Arts. Head Master, Mr. D. A. LOW (Wh. Sc.), M. Inst. M.E. Secretary, Mr. C. E. OSBORN.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1890-91.

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 days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in 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 Schools.

Art Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Perspective Drawing	Mr. Arthur Legge	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Drawing from th' Antique	Mr. Bateman	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Decorative Designing	Mr. Bateman	Friday	8.0-10.0	7 6
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	Mr. H. Costello	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Drawing from Life	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Friday	8.0-10.0	15 0
*Etching	Mr. Danelis	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Wood Carving	Mr. Danelis	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	Mr. Danelis	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0

* Per Session. † Per Term of 12 weeks. ‡ Students of the Wood Carving Class may attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Cabinet-mkg. & Desig. Lec. Workshop	Mr. B. Dent	Thursday	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Carpentry & Joinery, Lec. Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Monday	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry, Lec. & Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-9.30	15 0
*Electrical Engng., Lec. Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Claxton, foreman bricklayer.	Tu. & Th.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Pre.)	Mr. W. Slingo	Monday	7.30-8.0	7 6
" " (Adv.)	Mr. W. Slingo	Thursday	8.0-10.0	7 6
" " Workshop	A. Brooker	Monday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Photography	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E., Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott (Wh. Ex.)	Tu. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Plumbing, Lecture	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Monday	8.0-10.0	6 0
" " Workshop	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	8.30-10.0	18 6
*Printing (Letterpress)	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Monday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Tailor's Cutting	Mr. Umbach	"	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Upholster's Ctg. & Drpg.	Mr. G. Scamman	"	8.0-9.30	5 0
*Land Surveyng. & Levelling	Mr. F. C. Forth, Assoc. R.C. Sc.	Commenc. in April, 1891	20 0	20 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1891). † Per Course. ‡ Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. § 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing.

To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing trade. The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Animal Physiology	Mr. A. J. Evans, M.A., B.Sc.	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Applied Mechanics	Mr. F. G. Castle, A.I.M.E.	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elemen. & Adv.	Mr. A. Grenville	"	7.30-10.0	4 0
Chem., Inorg. Theo., Ele.	"	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	4 0
" " Prac., Adv.	Mr. D.S. Macnair, Ph. D.F.C.S.	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
" " Org., Theoretical	Assistant—Mr. G. Pope	Monday	8.15-10.0	10 6
" " Practical	Mr. G. Pope	"	8.15-10.0	7 6
Inorg. & Org. Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. 1	"	M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0	15 0
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M.I.M.E., assisted by Mr. F. C. Forth	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
" " Adv.	"	"	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Tues. & Th.	7.45-8.45	4 0
" " II	"	"	8.45-9.45	4 0
Magnet. and Elect., Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Adv.	A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	9.0-10.0	14 0
" " Prac.	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	8.0-10.0	6 0
Sound, Light, and Heat	Mr. F. C. Forth	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Steam & the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle, A.I.M.E.	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	8.5-9.45	4 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1891). † Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.

‡ Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.

Every facility will be given to Students of Chemistry desiring special instruction, or wishing to engage in special work. Students are supplied free with apparatus and chemicals. A deposit of 2s. 6d. will be required to replace breakages.

Students desirous of joining this Class will please see Dr. Macnair before enrolling.

Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Violin	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave, asst. by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello	"	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Singing (Sol-fa Not.) Elem. (Staff Not.)	Mr. W. H. Bonner	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
" (Sol-fa Not.) Inter. (Staff Not.)	"	Thursday	8.0-9.0	1 6
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	1 6
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	1 6
*Solo Singing	Mrs. C. A. Graves	Thursday	6.30-	5 0
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
*Pianoforte	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 6
Orchestral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. & Mr. W. R. Cave	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" " " " "	"	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
" " " " "	"	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0

* For Term ending 15th December, 1890. † In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration. ‡ Half this fee to Mem. rs. of the Choral Society.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Advanced	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	7.0-8.0	2 6
" Commercial	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Elementary	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Book-keeping—Elemen.	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
CIVIL SERVICE—				
A.—For Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
B.—For Boy Clks., Excise & Customs' Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners)	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.30	12
C.—For Excise and Customs' Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks	"	{ Tuesday ... 7.45-9.45 } { Thursday ... 7.45-9.45 }	{ 14 0 }	
Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French, Beginners	McR* E. Puintin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	Friday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
German, Advanced	Herr Dittell	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	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
*Type-Writing	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

* For Term ending 15th December, 1890. † In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Millinery	Miss Newall	Friday	7.30-9.0	5 0
" " " " "	"	Tuesday	5.30-7.0	5 0
Cookery—Demonstrative Lec.	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.30-9.0	3 0
" " " " "	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	"	Friday	8.0-9.30	5 0

For Term ending 15th December, 1890.

Special Lectures.

SUBJECTS.	LECTURERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	Com- mencing.	Fee per Crse.
Ambulance	Dr. Milne	Tu.	8.0-9.30	5 Oct. 17	1 6
Strength of Materials & Structures	Mr. D. A. Low (Wh. Sc.) M. Inst. M.E.	Fri.	9.0-10.0	9	1 6
Machine Design	"	"	9.0-10.0	9	1 6
Univer. Exten. Lectures (particulars shortly)	"	"	"	9	1 6

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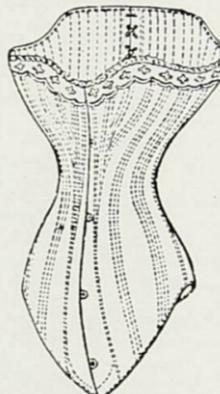

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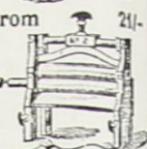
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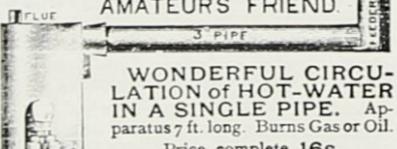
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