

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—General Meeting at 7.30.
SOCIAL CLUB.—General Meeting at 8.30.
RAMBLERS' Sub-Committee Meeting at 8.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.
IRISH FESTIVAL (Queen's Hall) by Irish Artists and the People's Palace Choral Society.
FOOTBALL CLUB.—Match at Victoria Park.
CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Buckhurst Hill.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. Library open from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.—Monthly Exhibition at 9.
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
DEBATING SOCIETY—Debate at 8 o'clock.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.
ORCHESTRAL & VOCAL CONCERT (Queen's Hall) by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society and the Male Voice Choir.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MARCH 18th, at 12.30 p.m.
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST MR. GEORGE J. RAYNER.
(Organist Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle.)

MARCH INAUGURATION	Scotson Clark.
KYRIE ELEISON (12th Mass)	Mozart.
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS (12th Mass)	Mozart.
ANDANTE IN C	Leiderwitz.
OFFERTOIRE IN F	Henry Parker.
TRIO IN C	Beethoven.
CHORUS "THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING" (Creation)	Haydn.
MELODY EXTEMPORE	G. J. Rayner.
CHORUS—"FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN" (Messiah)	Handel.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

THE death of the German Emperor prevents us from thinking upon anything else. He was so old, that his end is not surprising. But he was so vigorous that it seemed that he might live for many years to come: when a man comes to ninety-one, he might as well go on to a hundred. There can be no doubt, apart from the romantic circumstances of his history and his wonderful success, that the Kaiser Wilhelm will be recorded in history as one of the ablest and best of kings.

WHAT next? Already there are whispers of war. It bodes ill for the peace of the world that the birds of prey are gathering about the frontiers, while one Emperor lies dead, and his successor is stricken—perhaps mortally—and a lad of five and twenty is left to rule. But Bismarck survives. While there is Bismarck there is hope.

THE Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales is sadly robbed of its joy by the sorrow of their nearest relations. Five and twenty years is a great slice out of a man's life. Five and twenty years ago the Prince was young and slim: now he is middle-aged. Prince or Peasant, time stands still for no one. There is no more popular Prince, and there is no Princess more beloved. Wherefore, let us wish them a Golden Wedding; and after that a Diamond Wedding. And may we all be there to see!

I am very glad to hear that the competition for the Literary Prize was, after all, spirited. There were twenty-two in all who sent in compositions. The judge, Mr. Charles Longman, of the great firm of Longman and Co., has awarded the prize to Mr. Rushbrook. My best congratulations are due to that young gentleman, and I trust that his success will stimulate him to further exertions in the same field. Let him not think that a simple prize, such as this, pronounces his work to be faultless. Not at all. I hope, as soon as I have time to read the prize tale, to present Mr. Rushbrook with a few criticisms which I am sure he will take in good part. Meantime his work has promise, and that ought to be the greatest praise that its young author should desire.

Now we are going to offer another prize. This time we want a Dramatic Sketch: a short Drama: a little play: to take up not more than four pages—eight columns—of the Journal. It must turn upon one single incident, and have no more than three or four persons. Two would be better. We offer a guinea for the Drama. Perhaps when it is written the Dramatic Club, if that club succeeds in getting itself formed, may be induced to play it.

A WRITER in the *Times* suggests that all the restrictions to the growth of tobacco in this country should be removed, and that it be grown as freely as may be desired for an experimental term of five years in order to ascertain whether we cannot grow tobacco as good as that of Virginia, or even finer. Why not? Tobacco is such a necessity of life that it ought to be as cheap as possible. The cheaper in this case the better, because there would then be no temptation to mix up dried cabbage with the leaves of the tobacco. How good a thing it would be if one could only abolish the "two-penny smoke."

The case of M. Wilson is a very remarkable one. Here is a rich man, the son-in-law of the late President of the French Republic, the proprietor of many journals, who makes use of his position to tout for advertisements and to sell decorations. It is ridiculously, shamefully, absurdly ignoble. It is as if a member of the Cabinet were to go selling titles in England—say £100,000 for a dukedom, £80,000 for an earldom, £50,000 for a baronage, and £30,000 for a baronetcy. Why did he do it? Of course there was plenty of temptation. Frenchmen will give anything to obtain the little scrap of ribbon which marks the Legion of Honour. It is more than any title in England, because it is the only title that is recognised by the Government or by the people. In other words, while in aristocratic society in France the old titles are still respected and used among themselves, outside they are not recognised, and even a duke of an ancient line is plain Monsieur. But the Legion of Honour is everywhere recognised. The only approach we have to the system of selling titles is when the "political" services of a rich man are rewarded by his party. The price of a baronetcy, with a certain English statesman, is, or was, generally known to be £30,000, not given, however, to the minister, but expended upon the Party.

THE days of the adventuress are not yet ended. Here is a delightful case. It reminds one, in some particulars, of the Princess Caraboo. If there are some who do not know the pleasant story of Princess Caraboo,—I will write it as soon as I can—they may meanwhile read the story of Mrs. Gordon Baillie, *alias* Annie Ogilvie Bruce, *alias* Mrs. White—"Mrs. Gordon Baillie," presenting herself before the public as "the crofters' friend." The narrative has been compiled from information laboriously sought out by the detective staff of the Edinburgh City Police. It is a wonderful story. The woman must be amazingly clever, self-possessed, and fertile in resource. She came to Edinburgh on February 14th to plead the cause of the crofters, and especially of the two Clashmore women who were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. She had also to propound her great scheme for the solution of the crofter difficulty by the emigration of the surplus population to lands in Australia, of which she is the proprietrix. Her advent was heralded by the publication of an interview with, and portrait of, the heroine in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On her arrival in Edinburgh she put herself in communication with well-known sympathisers with the crofters. One of these were Professor Blackie, who was captivated with her manners, her good sense, and her earnestness. She dined at the professor's house one evening, and there presented him with a handsome bouquet, value one sovereign—not yet paid. She also visited Lady Elizabeth Moore, Mrs. Duncan McLaren, Mr. Murdoch McLeod, and others. She visited the prison and had an interview with the female prisoners. She told her friends here that she was really, in her own right, Countess of Moray, only some little irregularity in the marriage of one of her ancestors kept her out of her title; but she owned estates in the north, and in Skye, and she had recently become possessed of

75,000 acres in Australia, which she wished to utilise for the benefit of the crofters. She hired a handsome equipage for her use while in Edinburgh, the cost of which, it seems, has not yet been met. She ordered a handsome brooch to be manufactured for her by one of the leading jewellers. It was to embody the crest of the "Gordon Baillie" family, and the Bruce motto "*Fuimus*." The brooch is still in the hands of the makers. "Mrs. Gordon Baillie" left Edinburgh rather suddenly on the evening of Sunday, the 19th of February, in a third class carriage, explaining, however, that she would change to another at Carstairs. The Edinburgh police declare that they have traced the history of this adventuress back for many years. Before 1869, they say she was an evening teacher in the Model Lodging-house at Dundee, where she was then known as Mary Ann Bruce Sutherland. She then resided with her mother, who was a washerwoman. In 1869 she left Dundee, and travelled in France, and Italy. In 1872, having returned to Dundee, she was tried before a jury in the Sheriff's Court on numerous charges of fraud, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment—the same term as the Clashmore women, with whom "Mrs. Gordon Baillie" sympathises. Soon after her discharge she changed her name to Annie Ogilvie Bruce. In the *Theatre* for August, 1878, there is some account of her doings during a three months' visit to London. In the *Times* of January 31st, 1877, Miss Bruce is mentioned in connexion with a case at the Mansion House against one Kate Miller. In the *Times* of February 21st, 1877, the case is continued. It is there disclosed that Miss Bruce represents herself as a daughter of the Earl of Moray. When she was about to be married it was proved that she had been married in November, 1876, to Thomas White, who appeared on the stage under the name of Knight-Aston. The adventuress is next noticed in the monthly report of the London Association for the Protection of Trade for January, 1884, where special attention is drawn to her doings, and her autograph is exhibited. It must have been after that that she assumed the name "Gordon Baillie," for in November, 1884 the enthusiasm of the crofters in Skye was roused to a high pitch by the presentation to John Macpherson, the "Glendale Martyr," of "Mrs. Gordon Baillie's grandfather's sword," accompanied by a letter from that lady, in which she said that it was "a small mark of a lady sympathiser's interest in your gallant struggle against the oppressors of the people." She added, "I send you this sword for defence, not defiance, in defence of home and family." Professor Blackie's verdict to-day is, "I verily believe she would have deceived the devil himself." There seems to be no doubt that she recently visited Australia. Dr. Cameron Lees heard a good deal about her when there last autumn, and met many persons who had made her acquaintance, some of whom wondered that he did not know so high-minded a woman. She succeeded in convincing Bishop Sandford, of Tasmania, that she was the daughter of an old friend of his, and that he had known her as a girl in Edinburgh. When Dr. Cameron Lees expressed his doubts about her, the Bishop promptly shut him up with these confessions. The interesting question is—where is she now?

EDITOR.

Musical Notes.

THE Concerts this week will be especially attractive. On Wednesday night we are expecting a very excellent male voice quartet, the "Unity" vocal quartet, as it is called, and a lady violinist. On Saturday we are promised an Irish night in honour of St. Patrick's day, when we shall have Irish vocalists and Irish songs, to say nothing of our own Choral Society, who are announced for some Hibernian Part Songs.

The Dog Show.

ON Friday last, the 9th inst., under Kennel Club Rules, an Exhibition of Sporting and other Dogs was held at the People's Palace. The double building, vacated by the late Apprentices' Exhibition, was used for this purpose, and presented, with over five hundred living entries, a very interesting appearance. The price of admission on Friday was one shilling—until five o'clock. On Saturday an admission fee of threepence was charged, and on the last day, Monday, the public were admitted at twopence each. The undoubted success of this Show was due in a great measure to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. W. C. Stiles (vice Mr. G. Murdoch, indisposed), and the appreciation of the spectators showed conclusively their recognition of the thoroughness of the undertaking.

The Order of Judging, beginning at about 10.30 on Friday, was as follows:—

RING I.—St. Bernards, Mastiffs, Newfoundlands, Deerhounds, Gt. Danes, Greyhounds, Mr. F. GRESHAM, Retrievers, Pointers, Setters, Spaniels, Mr. J. T. SALTER, Collies or Sheep Dogs, Mr. W. R. DOCKRELL, Fox Terriers, Smooth and Wire-haired (including local), Mr. R. F. MAYHEW, Dachshunds, Mr. H. JONES.

RING II.—Bull Dogs, Pugs, Poodles, King Charles' Spaniels; any variety of Toy Spaniels; any variety under 20-lbs. (class 43); any other variety under 20-lbs., local (class 47), Mr. J. W. BERRIE, Hard-haired Scotch Terriers, Bedlington Terriers, Dandie Dinmont Terriers, Airedales, Selling class; any variety over 20-lbs. (class 44); any variety over 20-lbs., local, (class 48), Mr. C. H. LANE, Irish Terriers, Mr. G. R. KREHL, Skye Terriers, Mr. J. PRATT, Bull Terriers, Black and Tan Terriers, Mr. A. GEORGE.

The following is the List of Awards:—

- CLASS I. *St. Bernards. Rough or Smooth. Dogs.*—First and Special No. 15. Equal First Nos. 18 and 25. Second No. 1. Equal Second No. 17. Third No. 4. Equal Third No. 14. Extra Third No. 6. V.H.C. No. 3, 12, 24. H.C. No. 5, 11, 16. C. No. 10, 20.
- CLASS II. *St. Bernards. Rough or Smooth. Bitches.*—First and Special No. 31. Extra First No. 27. Second No. 29. Third No. 32. C. No. 36.
- CLASS III. *Mastiffs. Dogs.*—First and Special No. 39. Second No. 44. Third No. 43. V.H.C. No. 41.
- CLASS IV. *Mastiffs. Bitches.*—First No. 45. Second No. 47. Third No. 50. V.H.C. No. 46, 48.
- CLASS V. *Newfoundlands. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 56. Second No. 52. Third No. 61. V.H.C. No. 55, 57, 58. V.H.C. Reserve No. 64.
- CLASS VI. *Great Danes. Dogs and Bitches.*—First and Special No. 71. Second No. 70. Third No. 68. V.H.C. Reserve No. 66. V.H.C. Reserve No. 69. H.C. No. 65.
- CLASS VII. *Deerhounds. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 72. Second No. 76. Third No. 74. V.H.C. No. 75. H.C. No. 73.
- CLASS VIII. *Greyhounds. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 89. Second No. 88. Third No. 90. V.H.C. Reserve No. 94. V.H.C. No. 91. H.C. No. 93, 95.
- CLASS IX. *Retrievers. Wavy or Curly Coated. Dogs.*—First No. 103. Second No. 101. Third No. 100.
- CLASS X. *Retrievers. Wavy or Curly Coated. Bitches.*—First and Cup No. 106.
- CLASS XI. *Pointers. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 107. Second 109.
- CLASS XII. *Collies or Sheep Dogs. Rough or Smooth Coated. Dogs.*—First and Special No. 114. Second No. 116. Third No. 110. V.H.C. No. 123. H.C. No. 119. C. No. 118, 121, 124.
- CLASS XIII. *Collies or Sheep Dogs. Rough or Smooth Coated. Bitches.*—First No. 120. Second No. 131. Third No. 126.
- CLASS XIV. *Collies or Sheep Dogs. Puppies. Rough or Smooth Coated. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 146. Second No. 145. Third No. 136. V.H.C. Reserve No. 140.
- CLASS XV. *Setters. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 149. Second No. 155. V.H.C. Reserve No. 154. V.H.C. No. 152.
- CLASS XVI. *Bull Dogs. Dogs.*—First and Medal No. 166. Second No. 158. Third No. 167. V.H.C. Reserve No. 161. V.H.C. No. 159, 160, 162, 165. H.C. No. 163. C. No. 156, 157, 164.
- CLASS XVII. *Bull Bitches.*—First and Special No. 168. Second No. 176. Third No. 172. V.H.C. Reserve No. 170. V.H.C. No. 171, 175, 177, 178. H.C. No. 173, 174, 179.
- CLASS XVIII. *Spaniels. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 183. Second No. 182. Third No. 181. C. No. 180.
- CLASS XIX. *Bull Terriers. Dogs.*—First No. 191. Second No. 185. Third No. 190. V.H.C. No. 192. C. No. 187.

- CLASS XX. *Dachshunds.*—First No. 218. Second and Special No. 216. Third No. 217. V.H.C. Reserve No. 215. H.C. No. 214. C. 213.
- CLASS XXI. *Dachshunds. Bitches.*—First and Special No. 226. Second No. 220. Third No. 227. V.H.C. Reserve No. 222. V.H.C. No. 221. H.C. 223.
- CLASS XXII. *Hard-Haired Scotch Terriers. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 234. Second No. 232. V.H.C. Reserve No. 233.
- CLASS XXIII. *Irish Terriers. Dogs.*—First No. 243. Second No. 240. Third No. 242. V.H.C. No. 235. H.C. 241. C. No. 236, 238, 244, 245.
- CLASS XXIV. *Irish Terriers.*—First No. 251. Second No. 252. Third No. 248. V.H.C. No. 250. H.C. No. 246.
- CLASS XXV. *Irish Terriers. Puppies.*—First No. 256. Second No. 255.
- CLASS XXVI. *Bedlington Terriers. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 258. Second No. 259. Third No. 261. V.H.C. Reserve No. 268. H.C. No. 257.
- CLASS XXVII. *Dandie Dinmont Terriers. Dogs.*—First No. 264. Second No. 265. Third No. 266. V.H.C. Reserve No. 263.
- CLASS XXVIII. *Dandie Dinmont Terriers. Bitches.*—First No. 267. Second No. 273. Third No. 272. V.H.C. Reserve No. 268. H.C. No. 269. C. No. 71.
- CLASS XXIX. *Airedales. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 279. Second No. 278. Third No. 277. V.H.C. Reserve No. 281. H.C. No. 280.
- CLASS XXX. *Pugs. Dogs.*—First No. 291. Second No. 288. Third No. 289. V.H.C. No. 285, 287.
- CLASS XXXI. *Pugs. Bitches.*—First and Special No. 292. Second No. 298. Third No. 296. V.H.C. No. 279. V.H.C. No. 293.
- CLASS XXXII. *Skye Terriers. Dogs.*—First No. 300. Second No. 303. Third No. 304. V.H.C. Reserve No. 301. C. No. 299.
- CLASS XXXIII. *Skye Terriers. Bitches.*—First No. 307. Second and Special No. 305. Third No. 306.
- CLASS XXXIV. *Poodles. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 388. V.H.C. No. 309.
- CLASS XXXV. *Fox Terriers. Smooth. Dogs.*—First No. 318. Second No. 324. Third No. 312. V.H.C. Reserve No. 323. V.H.C. No. 316, 319. H.C. No. 315, 317.
- CLASS XXXVI. *Fox Terriers. Smooth. Bitches.*—Second No. 326.
- CLASS XXXVII. *Fox Terriers. Wire-Haired. Dogs.*—First No. 340. Second No. 332. Third No. 339. V.H.C. Reserve No. 335. V.H.C. No. 338. H.C. No. 329, 331. C. No. 328.
- CLASS XXXVIII. *Fox Terriers. Wire-Haired. Bitches.*—First No. 349. Second No. 346. Third No. 344. V.H.C. Reserve No. 341. V.H.C. No. 347. H.C. No. 348.
- CLASS XXXIX. *Fox Terrier Puppies. Smoothed Wire-Haired. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 368. Second No. 353. Third No. 350. V.H.C. Reserve No. 367. V.H.C. No. 356. H.C. No. 359.
- CLASS XL. *King Charles' Spaniels. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 374. Second No. 369. Third No. 372. V.H.C. Reserve No. 370. V.H.C. No. 375. H.C. No. 371.
- CLASS XLI. *Any other Variety of Toy Spaniels. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 381. Second No. 382. Third No. 384. V.H.C. Reserve No. 377. V.H.C. No. 376, 378, 379, 380, 383, 385. H.C. 386, 388.
- CLASS XLII. *Selling Class. Dogs and Bitches. Any breed.*—First No. 407. Equal First No. 410. Second No. 425. Equal Seconds No. 424, 430. Third No. 392, 396. V.H.C. Reserve No. 432, 433. V.H.C. No. 391, 394, 405, 419, 421. H.C. No. 390, 393, 395, 397, 398, 402, 403, 489, 411, 423, 428. C. No. 404, 415, 416.
- CLASS XLIII. *Any Variety. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 437. Second No. 442. Third No. 435. V.H.C. Reserve No. 139. V.H.C. No. 434, 436, 438.
- CLASS XLIV. *Any Variety. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 448. Second No. 446. Third No. 443. Equal Third No. 453. V.H.C. Reserve No. 452. V.H.C. No. 445, 454. H.C. No. 444, 447, 449, 450, 451.
- CLASS XLV. *Local Class. Fox Terriers. Smooth or Wire-Haired. Dogs.*—First No. 463. Second No. 464. Third No. 456. V.H.C. Reserve No. 460. V.H.C. No. 458. C. No. 457.
- CLASS XLVI. *Local Class. Fox Terriers. Smooth or Wire-Haired. Bitches.*—First No. 470. Second No. 467. Third No. 465. H.C. No. 466, 473.
- CLASS XLVII. *Local Class. Any other Variety. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 486. Second No. 488. Third No. 490. V.H.C. Reserve No. 492. V.H.C. No. 477, 480, 482, 485, 487, 489.
- CLASS XLVIII. *Local Class. Any other Variety. Dogs and Bitches.*—First No. 508. Equal First No. 525. Second No. 522. Equal Seconds No. 496, 520. Third No. 495. Equal Thirds No. 501, 507, 514. V.H.C. Reserve No. 510, 521. V.H.C. No. 517, 527. H.C. No. 499, 500, 502, 506, 512, 516, 519, 526. C. No. 493, 494, 504, 509, 511, 520, 531.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

PROFESSOR MALDEN, true to his word, on Wednesday last kept faith with his patrons and turned up smiling in the Queen's Hall. He had been well "billed"—both inside and outside of the Palace, and the result was that the wild mob's million feet—as the Laureate puts it—took their owners at eight o'clock towards our magnificent Mile End hall. Shortly after that hour the entertainment and the lantern was simultaneously turned on, and the thousands present soon became engrossed in the story of Her Majesty's reign. I have never before seen such a vast audience in the Queen's Hall. The place was literally packed, and through the dim religious semi-darkness a perfect sea of faces could be seen upturned to the magic drapery fronting the organ. Of course, loud larfter greeted the "costume views" of our Queen's earlier days: but the marriage (naturally) created a most favourable impression. The '51 Exhibition, Wellington's funeral, and Balaclava all went with a swing: and at the Indian Mutiny pictures there was a perfect furor.

THE portraits of His R. H. of Wales and his charming lady were also well received, and the allusions to their Silver Wedding loudly applauded: but the picture of the truly gracious Princess was not half good enough—for it failed indeed to do the lady justice. However, it represented the Princess and that was enough. So we went on; and presently we had reached an epoch in Her Majesty's reign that told of the Afghan War; and a sunrise effect in the Khyber Pass would have been better received had it not so suspiciously resembled the Mount Everest we had had three weeks before. The Egyptian War followed with, of course, a nice portrait of our "only General"; but a thrill came o'er the people on the death of Gordon. There's yet a mighty magic in his name; and no wonder the welkin rang again with all the force of East-End lungs. Much more followed—too much to be dealt in detail: but at the risk of raising the Editorial ire I must tell you of the "fashion" plates from *Punch*—which showed the fearful and wonderful costumes affected in glorious '37. Whereat the audience laughed consumedly—as they also did when, in contrast, some of the recent outrages of female attire were presented on the sheet—with puzzling "bird-cages," curious Dolmans, and a thousand other items known only to my lady friends.

FINALLY, the Jubilee—oh, the Jubilee!—was reached: and in breathless anxiety we followed mighty Majesty from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, on that never-to-be-forgotten day. It only wanted a slight stretch of the imagination to fancy that that glorious summer day was here again—with the melting multitudes shouting themselves hoarse with excitement as the royal escort, with the magnificent German Fritz in white and the three Royal sons of the Throne—came riding by on horse-back, followed by our beaming Monarch in all the glory of a Jubilee bonnet. A representation of the illuminations at the Munching House—as *Punch* used to call it—and the Bank, with a number of Jubilee (all Jubilee) photos, brought the evening and the lecture to a close; and imprisoned humanity, with a sigh of relief, swept from the Hall to refresh the inner man—and woman.

To me personally the entertainment was a disappointment—because I had possibly expected too much. Do not think for a moment that there was anything wrong with the show—because, taking it all in all, we shall not look upon its like again—(Shakespeare!—should say, Bacon). In the first place, the subject did not afford so much scope for the wonderful effects that Mr. Malden had three weeks since presented; and the slides, though marvellously beautiful, did not necessarily come up—to put it classically—to those of the previous entertainment. Hence the sub-Ed.'s tears. The audience had satisfaction, and yelled the roof off in testifying the same, and no doubt the worthy Malden will have another big boom when he again favours the Hall with his presence. Let the next subject be Dickens and his Works—do, Mr. Malden, 'cos we East-enders are almost American in our blind manner of worshipping the late god of Gad's Hill.

I SHOULD like to direct the attention of our Members to the Gymnasium notes on page 274, wherein will be found a few particulars relating to the formation of a Boxing Club at the Palace. We have innumerable disciples of Jem Smith in the Gym, and, as the terms are low, and the fighting—I should say, boxing mania has not yet passed, I don't doubt the success of the club at all, at all. I hope A stalwart Bowman will come to the front in this (intended) section, for he's the man, you know.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN reference to a little paragraph in our last issue respecting the Membership age limit, I should like to observe that the sub-Ed. was somewhat in error in saying that the Palace would now open its arms to those above twenty-five. He should have said only that the Council had passed the resolution for the approval of the Trustees—which, it seems, is quite a different matter.

THE Ladies' Pavilion having so far as the ladies are concerned, become a thing of the past, the fair ones (or some of them) took possession on Thursday last of their new suite of rooms; and to celebrate the house-warming the Council and the Sub—in addition to other exalted Palace personages, were invited to be present. Subby went, accompanied by the other exalted Palace personages, and much joy reigned in the hearts of the damsels. At first, I thought that the place had been consecrated to Harpocrates—the god of silence, but was glad after a while to find that such was not the case. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie were present—just to keep a watchful optic on the giddy ones present; and after a few minutes of frigid zonety, the ball was set rolling. Miss Coker went in for Hofmannising the pianah; the fair Cohen recited with the grace of a Siddons, and those other ladies, the Misses Simpson, Sinclair, Orchart, and Toope obliged with vocal harmony. Walter Marshall warbled an ocean ditty—which was ozonic!—and quite carried his listeners to silver seas and golden sands. The time flew by with the speed of Hermes, and before we were quite aware of it the clock pointed to 9.45. A turn or two in the mazy dance was proposed and carried *nem. con.*, and the Sub—who wasn't built that way—was prevailed upon to trip the light fantastic. Poor Miss Cohen, what a partner had she, and what a martyr to the memory of Terpsichore did she become! However, like Byron's marriage bell, everything went right merrily, and the Sub departed—in silent admiration at the gyrations of Gymnasium May and the aforesaid W. M. When the proposed Palace dancing-classes become actual facts Subby vows to so torment his leaden pedal extremities that the world shall lose itself in admiration at his perfect Tagliconic imitations.

GREATLY to my delight I received last week a charming little sketch of my favourite passion flower—done on a porcelain slab. It is wonderfully like nature, and is the work of one of our Palace ladies, who, having conceived a passion (no joke) for painting, makes glad the hearts of others with her clever copying of nature. Many thanks, fair lady, for this pretty gift; and it is the hope of yours truly that in the no distant future may your efforts be crowned with the highest Academical approbation.

SIR EDMUND tells me that the ground for the cricketers will probably be in the neighbourhood of Wanstead—which I fancy will be rather more acceptable than would have been a distance of twenty miles, as was originally intended. The jubilant Carter—like a mighty war-horse—pricked up his ears with delight as he scented the battle from afar, for with British ardour he is longing to be upon the field of fray. It is to be hoped that the Cricketers' Hon. Sec., Marshall, will have fully recovered the use of his legs before the first match of the season takes place—because I'm sure he *must* be eager to distinguish himself with his Gracean abilities. Wadkin, the Assistant Sec., is, I suppose, also thirsting for laurels—so you see what a blessing this piece and parcel of ground is likely to become.

IN connection with the Cricketers Club I have been asked to appeal to those fellows who have entered their names as Members, with a view to their dubbing up at once their conscience-money. In such a place as our Institute, and with such a goodly number of Members a capital cricket section ought to be formed. Carter, who like Cæsar's wife, is above suspicion, is sanguine of success, and means to "make" the club—if he only finds material enough for the making.

I HAVE heard nothing with reference to the Lawn Tennis Club—which seems to be roosting with the Seven Sleepers. Must interrogate Clews, first opportunity. More, by-and-by.

GYMNASTIC DISPLAYS.—On Tuesday the 20th inst., there will be, Sergeant Burdett tells me, a special gymnastic display by the fair Amazons of the Gymnasium, to which female Members only and their female friends will be admitted. How delightfully feminine to be sure; and how nice for the girls to know that no Peeping Toms will be criticising their calisthenic abilities! This will be followed, on the 4th of April, by a special gymnastic performance by our Technical School boys—open only to the paters and maters of the lads—with, I suppose, the approving and gift-giving sisters and cousins and aunts. Then—on a date not yet fixed—a grand display is to take place in the Queen's Hall, of which more anon. This is for Members generally, so those who delight in gymnastic dags, can keep their peckers up. (Pardon such classicisms.)

THE new swimming bath (like the Parisian Tower of Babel) is "rising"; and will, Sir Edmund assures me, be opened in the month of May. Take comfort, O natatists!—and ye of the great unwashed: for the limpid stream will be turned on and there shall be rejoicing at Mile End.

THE thrice happy Hawkins whispers that the Debatists intend to turn their society into a Parliamentary discussion forum, with all the latest innovations and improvements, and the use of Parliamentary (!) language *ad. lib.* Leastways, Horace didn't say all this; but I took it for granted. Then we shall have the Hon. Member for Mile End calling the Hon. Member for Stepney Green something rhyming with hire—an expression of course, used merely in a Pickwickian or Parliamentary sense! Merry times coming—eh, Taylor?

A GRAND show of tabbies, guinea-pigs, and bunnies is to be held on Easter Monday. What with Apprentices, Canines, and other strange creations the P.P. might not inaptly be called a modern Noah's Ark. (But this, perhaps, is a delugeon.)

SOCIAL CLUB.—The Meeting for establishing a Social Club in the Palace will be held on Friday night when it is hoped that as many as possible will make a point of turning up. Arthur Valentine is very anxious that something definite should be done in the matter, for the time, as Hamlet says, is on the wing; and the golden summer will soon be here. (Happy, happy summer!) Val. has some good schemes for promoting, by means of this "club," a general harmony and sociability. A room, I believe, has already been granted for this purpose by Sir Edmund, and what is now wanting is a good show up on Friday next to complete the whole.

MUSICAL evenings, at which our Musical Director, Mr. Orton Bradley, will lend his valuable aid, are to be included in the social programme. Our Chairman suggests that none but those who can do something should be permitted to participate at these gatherings; which is rather rough on the non-singers, isn't it? However, if you'll all turn up on Friday next you will hear and decide for yourselves; and if music *is* to be permitted let us hope to receive high favours from the great Apollo.

NOTWITHSTANDING my sage remarks on the question of a dramatic club last week, a meeting was held for forming the same, but—at present—with no happy result. A second meeting was held last night (Tuesday), but whatever occurred will have to be chronicled next week; for printers and Subs. are only human after all. It was originally intended, I believe, to start this club only with recruits from our Elocution Classes—a happy idea, of course, yet one scarcely fair to the majority of the Members who, more or less, are particularly fond of the real "legitimate." I did not hesitate to tell Sir Edmund my views on this question, and am glad that that gentleman was equally of my opinion. I should be glad indeed if the dramatic club *could* be formed—yet do I fear the undertaking! I've promised you a few reminiscences on things theatrical, haven't I; well, some day I shall trot them all out and shall tell you of the Thespian associations of the sub-Ed.—some day, that is, when the stream of Institute news is quite dried up, and when nought remains but the tap of invention.

THE Beaumont Sketching Club did not hold its usual Monthly Exhibition on Monday night, and for an explanation I must refer you to Halfpenny's weekly report of his Club.

THE Dog Show, opened on Friday last, was a great success. I forget how many thousands visited it; but I know the figures caused me no little surprise. Of course, Friday was the day—for the place was then thronged by the Solons on the canine race; and judging was the order of the day. The Show itself was contained within the building vacated by the late Apprentices' Exhibition; and though possessing no artistic features, was yet interesting to all true lovers of dogs. The noise was frightfully distracting, for the animals barked and howled, yelped and snapped unceasingly—'cos 'tis their nature too. Row after row of lively yelpers greeted the optics of the beholder, and the harmony arising from the varied barks might, like the lute of Orpheus, have moved even sticks and stones. Some of the dogs were really splendid, the St. Bernard's especially; but what I couldn't like was the collection of canines with the fearfully-distorted Bill-Sikesian countenances—but which, I am assured, were regular beauties. There's no accounting for taste, you know. But I greatly admired the Dandie Dinmonts, who were really splendid creatures.

SOME of the exhibits, however, were not only good, but were also remarkably cheap. Fancy getting Joan d'Arc for twelve guineas; Sardanapalus for a mere song; and Dagonet—good old Dag—going for £30: which Sims outrageous! The position of the animals in their new quarters was strange and varied; for the Fair Rosamond was stretched out helpless—just as if she had swallowed that fatal draught, you know—Romeo was looking anything but love-sick; and Bishop Bonner, on his hind legs stretching to the full length of his tether, looked as if he would gladly welcome a stake. Kings and queens could be had for a mere bagatelle; Peg Woffingtons and Nell Gwynnes were drugs in the market; and just fancy Achilles and Buffalo Bill side by side for public favour! But such was the case. But it was monstrous—simply monstrous—to see Randy catalogued at £5. Five pounds, ye gods!—things have come to a pretty pass when Randy is purchasable for five miserable pounds. What do you say, Maynard?

TALK about a canine pandemonium! You should have been there just before the feeding-time. 'Twas rich. Just imagine five hundred barkers all willin' to howl their loudest, and at the slightest provocation—or without any provocation at all. I felt like a modern Launce, and wept, to find that the dogs had no more pity (for mine auricular organs), than a pebble stone; for they howled outrageously. However, its all over now, thank goodness; and a physic in the shape of prizes having been thrown to the dogs, they have been good enough to take themselves off to their former obscurity; leaving behind, as a memento of their visit, an atmosphere that is scarcely grateful or comforting.

SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITION.

A PRIZE of one guinea is offered for the best Original Dramatic Sketch, to occupy not more than four columns of *The Palace Journal*. The subject of the play to be entirely optional: so that Competitors have, I take it, a very fair chance of exercising their playwright propensities. *Palace Members* only to compete; because, if we open the competition to all, some of those clever Poly. fellows might perhaps carry off the prize, which we don't want 'em to do. All entries received up to the 10th of April, which gives, at present writing, just a little month. I received twenty-two entries for our last (literary) competition, and I hope I shall receive double that number for the compmt. now offered. Such a chance as this should set all our budding Pineros, Sydney Grundys, Burnands, and Simeseses into activity; for, as we are to have a Dramatic Club of our own, we ought, for the eternal fitness of things, to turn on our own dramatic author.

A GENTLEMAN of an inquisitive turn of mind writes me a letter this week enquiring for the real name and whereabouts of "The Stroller"—the observist who has so ably licked creation in his smart accounts of our Football Club. Once upon a time Deeley thought he'd guessed his man; yet he hadn't. I am sorry for the writer of the letter; for names and addresses of our correspondents cannot possibly be divulged.

I SHOULD like to ask the Hon. Secs. of the different Palace Clubs to give notice of any forthcoming Meetings they may wish to hold in the temporary office at the West Lodge. Mr. Shaw or any of the clerks will be prepared to receive such notices: so that suppose Halfpenny wants a Meeting on Monday he will slip across to the office, acquaint the occupants, the fact will be noted down on the daily register, and a room can thus be the more easily secured. A capital arrangement. Try it.

THE gathering of the Council clans at the Polytechnic on Monday night was a huge success. Half-a-dozen fellows met in my sanctum at seven o'clock; and soon after, hailing a 'bus, were driving in high glee in the direction of Regentstrasse. The Poly. was reached about 8.15; and Mr. Mitchell and the remainder of the fellows having been found—'cos I was with them—split into sections, and under different leaders went to "do" the lions of the place. Carter, Wadkin and myself were fortunate at having the genial Lea Rayner—good old Lea!—for our *cicerone*, and a thorough good guide he proved to be, too. Well, we wandered through the labyrinthine building—greatly to the bewilderment of C. and W.; rushed into class-rooms, dived into the lower regions, and came up smilin' in the swimming-bath—a cosy nook indeed, for the water having been drained off, it makes a most charming reading-room. But Lea wouldn't stop here, and so we went on snapping up all sorts of unconsidered trifles in the shape of wrinkles and information generally. At length we approached the Social-room, where, you must know, all kinds of good things—from the pie loved of the immortal Horner to the fragrant Mocha—could be obtained.

'Twas a lovely spot, and the fragrance was tantalising, but our guide, disregarding our starved appearance dragged us relentlessly on to a mysterious passage, leading, as it proved, to Mr. Hogg's private house. We thus bearded the lion in his den: for we found Mr. Hogg in his sanctum—happy sanctum!—busily engaged on the next number of the *Poly. Magazine*. We didn't wait long, however, for "shouts without"—as the old dramas have it—told us that the rest of our party had arrived: and at the invitation of our guide we walked into the next room, where a sumptuous spread lay invitingly before us. Rest assured that those delicacies soon disappeared! The Poly. fellows have the reputation of being good feeders; but I think I can safely back the Palace party against even them. Mounds of the trembling blanc-mange disappeared before the fierce onslaughts of Deeley and Clews; cups of the soothing Souchong washed the sub-Editorial throat, and—O for the stomach of th' delighted Carter!

UNFORTUNATELY, everything must have an end, and so the feast of the Councillors at last terminated. With an evident sigh of regret at quitting the groaning board, the senior Marshall rose to orate: thanking our generous host for his kind hospitality. Wadkin followed—seconding the vote of thanks; and Mr. Hogg, in a few earnest words, told them how pleased he was to welcome them to the small Polytechnic—that Institute which had been so greatly o'ershadowed (!) by the bulky P.P. He pointed out that the conduct of the Palace Members greatly depended upon those whom he had the pleasure to address, for by their conduct so would their Institute be affected. He further added that, whenever the Palace footballers or cricketers wanted a licking, they were to come to Merton Hall (at Wimbledon), and the Poly. would be very glad to administer the thrashing. (At least, he didn't exactly say that; but he meant it, you bet—so take care, Moreton.) Then, with a cordial hand-shake, and a last good-night, the party broke up—terminating, I'll be bound, one of the most pleasant evenings the mighty Councillors have ever spent.

(It's quite true that the heroes of the blanc-mange have since been indisposed: How can you wonder at it?)

Society and Club Notes.

[NOTE.—Any Club Report arriving after the LAST POST on MONDAY NIGHT cannot possibly be accepted for the current week.]

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

THE Gymnasium is open from 6 p.m. till 10 p.m. every evening to all Members of the Palace.

Tuesday and Friday evenings are reserved for Female Members only.

MEN'S NIGHTS.

The Classes are formed as follows:—

- 7.15 till 8. Gymnastics in Classes.
8 " 8.30. Musical Drill with Bar-Bells, and Figure Marching.
8.30 " 9. Musical Drill with Dumb-Bells.
9. " " Musical Running Maze.
9.45. " " When the Dress Bell rings all Members must immediately leave the Gymnasium and dress.
6.30. " " Every Wednesday and Saturday a Class will be formed for lessons in Single Sticks and Sword Exercise.

* * * During instruction in Musical Drill and Gymnastics no Fencing, Boxing, or free practice will be allowed in the Gymnasium. Those wishing to Fence or Box must retire into the Locker Room.

Free or voluntary practice for all Members from 6 till 7.15 p.m., and from 9 till 9.45 p.m.

LADIES' NIGHTS.

The Classes are formed as follows:—

- 7 till 7.20. A Learners' Class for instruction in Bar-Bells or Dumb-Bells is formed.
7.30 " 8. Gymnastics in Classes.
8 " 9. Musical Drill with Bar-Bells, Dumb-Bells, and Figure Marching.
9 " 9.10. Musical Running Maze.
9.10 " 9.45. Free or voluntary practice.

The above Classes are open to all Members of the People's Palace FREE.

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children (whether Members or not) can receive Private Lessons in Gymnastics, Boxing, Fencing, Single Sticks, Swedish Drill, etc., etc., at any time between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. Terms: £1 1s. for Twelve Lessons.

Staff-Sergt. H. H. BURDETT, Director of Gymnasium.
Mr. C. WRIGHT, Assistant Director.
Miss N. CONNOR, Pianist.

BOXING CLUB.

A Boxing Club will be formed in connection with the Gymnasium, providing a sufficient number of Members join. There will be an extra fee charged, which can be ascertained with full particulars from the Director.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

REPORT.

The 'Monts. were unable to visit the Oval last Saturday (as some individual so kindly informed the sub-Ed. would most likely be the case) through being otherwise engaged. "The Stroller," if he did grace that well-known athletic spot with his presence, will, I have no doubt, favour us with a repetitionary and glowing account of the contests in the Journal in about a fortnight or three weeks' time.

BEAUMONT v. GLENGAL ROVERS.—This match should have been played at Victoria Park last Saturday, but, to the great disappointment of our fellows, the Rovers did not put in an appearance. After waiting patiently for some time, during which—most unlikely—no evil thought stirred the minds of the 'Monts. against that gentlemanly (?) club, our Vice-Captain, Hart, and Wenn determined to pick sides from our Members, who, for some unknown reason (but which I was exceedingly glad to see) had turned up in large numbers to witness the match. A good hour's pleasant game then ensued, which resulted in a victory for the vice-Captain's team by four goals to two. Without a doubt he had the stronger team, and the losers were hardly surprised at being defeated. For the losers, Sherrill and West played a good game, now and again eluding Hart's forwards and carrying the ball into his territory. Johnson and Cowlin (half-backs) were also prominent. The forwards of the winners played a good combined game. Douglas (who will be a great acquisition to our forwards) was very conspicuous, on several occasions breaking away in grand style. Hart played splendidly at half-back.

The goals were obtained by Sherrill 1, Johnson 1, Douglas 2, Butterfield 1, and Cook 1.

Match next Saturday at Victoria Park, when the Beaumonts again meet the Rattenbury F. C. As may be remembered, this was the first Club the Beaumont F. C. tackled with, and which resulted in a draw.

The following will represent the 'Monts.:—Jesseman, Munro, Wainman, Wenn, Cooper, Cook, Winch, Griffith, Cantle, Moreton, Hart (Capt.)

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.
W. A. CANTLE, Hon. Match Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

DESPITE the gloomy weather prospects, an enjoyable walk to Old Chingford Church took place last Saturday. Starting from Bethnal Green Junction at 3.37, we rambled by train to Hoe Street. There we met some who had travelled by previous train, then moved off under the direction of our guides, and after a sharp walk reached the open country, dotted here and there with suburban rural retreats. The roads were slightly muddy, but the ladies plodded on manfully, being the objects of admiration and astonishment to the rustics. It may be interesting to note that the party consisted of twenty Ramblers—including seven ladies.

Various places of interest were pointed out, not the least being the unfortunate Alexandra Palace, which could be seen far away on the hills to our left, with a dark bank of cloud for a background. As the destination was neared, the ladies fell behind discussing a question; a feathery friend whispered it related to the Swimming Bath. The Old Church we thoroughly explored. Tracks were then made for tea. Arrangements having been made by one of the Committee, the P. R.'s at once fell to and enjoyed the capital tea which was presided over by the ladies. Full justice being done to the good things provided, thanks were accorded to our old friend Claridge for the excellent arrangements made.

After tea we strolled to Chingford Station, and reached town about 8.45, having rambled six miles, and spent an enjoyable time without rain to interfere with its success.

The Sub-Committee have decided to close the list for the Brighton tour, as stated in last week's Journal, on Friday, March 23rd. All Members wishing to take part in the above, must, on giving in their names, pay a deposit of 2s. 6d. towards defraying the expenses for accommodation at Brighton. The reason why this 2s. 6d. is required is to guard against any loss the Club would sustain if the weather turned out unfavourable, and also as an inducement to make the Members turn up after having paid their said deposit.

A Sub-Committee Meeting will be held on Friday, the 16th inst., at 8 o'clock sharp.

The Hon. Secs. will be at the Palace on Friday, the 16th inst., to issue new tickets, from 9 till 9.45. Old Members will please notice this, as the time is drawing very near when those Members who have not yet taken up their new tickets will be erased from the books.

All communications please address, or leave at bookstall,

F. W. BULLOCK, Hon. Sec.
F. ROUT, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PALACE SCHOOLS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Friday last the long talked of match came off between the rival 'Varsity admirers. A strong wind was blowing and rain threatened, but fortunately held off over the game. The partisans of both parties were largely represented, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, each piece of play being loudly cheered by its own supporters.

The Light Blues winning the toss elected to play with the wind behind them. Griffiths, the Dark Blue centre, started the ball, the game at first being exceedingly slow, and for the first ten minutes it was of a give and take character. The Light Blue forwards now playing well together, and by some good passing, succeeded in scoring number one. Upon re-starting, the play became very fast, McCardle for the Dark Blues making some fine runs, but the Light Blues were equal to the occasion and cleared their goal finely. The game continued very even, both goals being visited in turn. A combined rush on the part of the Light Blues resulted in goal two being kicked. Setting the ball in motion again the Dark Blues attacked with vigour, and although they were near scoring some very good chances were missed. Bissett relieved his side and running the whole length of the ground passed to Courtney, who sent in a sharp low shot. Baines was on the alert and saved grandly. The Dark Blues continued to attack without success, which can only be accounted for—excitement. The Light Blues getting away with the ball added another to their score. After this reverse the Dark Blues struggled on gamely, and at last were rewarded by a goal from the foot of Wright. Time being called soon after, the Light Blues retired victorious by 3 goals to 1 goal.

Sides:—(Dark Blues) Baines (goal); Phillips, Palmer (backs); Atkinson, Langdon, Hassell (half-backs); Oughton, McCardle, Griffiths, English, Wright (forwards). Light Blues: Gurr (goal); Brooks, Billington (backs); Clement, Sawden, Courtney (half-backs); Burton, Jones, Bissett, White, Elstob (forwards).

PALACE SCHOOLS' FOOTBALL COMPETITION CUP.

The Football Sections are busy arranging their teams for the coming Cup Competition. They are very evenly balanced and some exciting games are sure to be witnessed.

The Cup is to be won three times in succession before it becomes the absolute property of the winning section.

Our first paper chase was a grand success on Saturday last, thirty of the Boys turning up at Leytonstone for the spin, starting punctually at 3.30, the hares taking the route of the Forest to the "Rising Sun," making their way to Snaresbrook, and arriving home soon after 5.30, the run was a most enjoyable one, and this pastime bids fair to become very popular with us.

We intend having another run next Saturday, starting from Leytonstone at 3.30.

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Wednesday, March 6th.—Mr. Marshall in the chair.

The secretary having read the minutes of the preceding meeting they were accepted as read, with a correction on the motion of Mr. Moses seconded by Mr. Little.

Mr. Watson then replied on last week's debate, "Royalty, its Cost and Uses," and the amendment which had been carried on February 20th was put to the meeting as a substantive motion.

Voting as follows:—

For substantive motion	..	17
Against	..	5

Majority for 12

Mr. Taylor then opened his debate on "Local Self-Government," on which subject the following gentlemen spoke:—Messrs. Glibbery, Hawkins, Maynard, and Norton.

It was proposed by Mr. Hawkins, seconded by Mr. London, "That the question be now put"; this was rejected, and one gentleman having spoken on the question before the House, and an animated debate having taken place on a motion for adjournment of debate, it was proposed by Mr. Masters, seconded by Mr. Maynard, "That the question be now put." This time the motion was carried *nem. con.* though what the House gained by rejecting the first proposal it is difficult to see.

Mr. Taylor's resolution ran as follows:—

"That in the opinion of this House, Local Self-Government is the only means by which this great Metropolis may be properly and adequately governed, and the interests of the ratepayers properly secured."

An amendment proposed by Mr. Masters and seconded by Mr. Glibbery:—

"That in the opinion of this House it would be desirable for the Metropolis to be governed by one Representative Council," was ultimately carried. Voting as follows:—

For amendment	..	15
Against	..	9

Majority in favour .. 6

Mr. Taylor having replied, the amendment was put as a substantive motion, result:—

For substantive motion	..	17
Against	..	7

Majority in favour .. 10

As the proceedings had continued till past ten o'clock, Mr. Hawkins rose and asked the Chairman whether the meeting did not by virtue of Rule 9 of the Society, which runs as follows:—"That the meeting for debate take place on Tuesdays, from 8 till 10 o'clock," close automatically.

The Chairman ruled that the Debate only, and not the meeting, closed at that time; the meeting should therefore have been closed by motion of adjournment, but was declared closed by the Chairman without such motion being made or carried.

HORACE J. HAWKINS.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

A Meeting was held in the New Rooms on Thursday, March 9th, Sir E. H. Currie in the Chair, supported by Lady Currie, to consider the best means of amusement for Members. It was decided to adhere to the programme that has been in use for the past month, which seems to have worked so well, viz.:—Monday—Concert in the New Rooms; Tuesday and Friday—Gymnasium; Wednesday and Saturday—Concert in Queen's Hall; Thursday—Dancing in the New Rooms.

It was further decided that the Rooms of the Ladies' Social Club be given up to the male Member on Tuesday evenings for the purpose of holding Smoking Concerts and a Dramatic Club. After the Meeting the rooms were declared open by Lady Currie.

On Monday, March 10th, the following ladies have kindly consented to assist at the Concert in the New Rooms:—

Misses Sinclair, Simpkins, Martin, Connor, Wray, Larter, and Coker.

MAUDE COKER, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The monthly Exhibition of Pictures, formerly announced for Monday, had unfortunately, to be postponed, and will therefore be held on Monday next, the 19th inst.

To enable Members of this Club to have the full advantage of time, the following are the subjects for the April Exhibition:—

Figure	"Wanderers."
Landscape	Muddy Road.
Design	Wooden Balustrade.

All particulars from

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The first run of the Club this season took place on Saturday last to the "Wilfrid Lawson," at Woodford.

By four o'clock two solitary riders had arrived at the Palace, but a shower drove these to the kindly shelter of our worthy sub-Ed's sanctum, till the arrival, at nearly half-past four, of several other Members. The rain and the still-threatening clouds put rather a damper on the spirits of starters, but with stout hearts the little band set gaily forth led by the *tandem*s, brothers Nathan.

But, oh, that Bow Road! How we wished we could have made the inventor of paved roads ride a bicycle over them himself!

It was a glorious relief to get on the McAdam roads (and they are bad enough) at Maryland Point. But even on these, riding was hard and very slippery, on account of the mud. From this point the "Scorchers" would now and then put on a "spurt," followed by a little more exertion by those behind.

At last head-quarters were reached, and a wash and tea put fresh life into all, so much so that a party wandering round had fished out a set of boxing-gloves, with which they were "going for" each other in the most spirited style imaginable, with much skill and still more force.

An adjournment was now made to the Coffee-room, where pipes were lit and the social glass went round, and a song or two indulged in. The words of that touching little ballad: "Sing, or settle for glasses round," etc., were quoted to those who refused to sing—and they sang.

About 8.30 a start was made for home, with lamps lighted and bells a-going we set off, headed by our Sub-Captain Kennard.

But alas! a halt was soon called, for our friends tandem had a most obstinate desire to shed its tyres (how tiresome!) in spite of all the bandages of copper wire they had used to keep them on. We, however, got on again, and after a most enjoyable evening, in face of mud and difficulties, arrived home at the P. P. just as the Concert had finished.

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.
E. RANSLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Orton Bradley will be pleased to see anyone wishing to join the Society any Friday evening after 9.30.

Any lady or gentleman with a knowledge of music will be welcome, but *Altos, Tenors* and *Basses* are especially wanted.

Haydn's "Spring," and other works are being gone through. For further particulars apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the elements on Saturday last, a goodly muster of the Members and friends of this Club turned up at their head-quarters, the Forest Gate Hotel, for the purpose of taking part in the paper-chase which had been notified to take place. It having been agreed, by mutual consent, that Messrs. Deeley and Taylor should take the bags, they started about 4.30 p.m., and laid the trail over a diversity of country, but principally ploughed fields and meadow land, very little road work being indulged in. The following is a short description of the country that was covered by the trail layers. Leaving the Hotel, they turned to the right, went straight across Wanstead Flats into the Park—across the fields, round by the Boating Lake until they arrived at a fence, which they scaled; then continued on by the second lake, where they again scaled the palings, and left the Park. Here, Deeley met with a very nasty accident; when scaling the palings, his foot slipped, and he fell on the top of them, and cut his chest very badly; but this did not prevent his continuing—so to return, after getting out of the Park, they struck across some ploughed fields and a farm in the direction of Ilford; here they came across some very pleasant scenery—there in the valley was the silent Rhoding, with a long stretch of green sward on either side, and here and there clusters of trees, wending its winding course as far as the eye could reach; and in the distance could be discerned the picturesque village of Barkingside, so that taken altogether the effect was exceedingly charming. But we are digressing somewhat; so, to continue. After going about half-a-mile in the direction of Ilford, they turned sharp to the left, and proceeded along by the banks of the river, until they arrived at the park boundary, where the hounds were sighted; so, to gain time, they plunged into the river, and wading it they got into the park, through which they continued a short distance, and then again waded the river across into some ploughed fields out by the old castle at Ilford. They then continued on towards the Red House, Barkingside, which they passed—and, after laying a false trail, turned to the left, made across the meadows to "Bush's Farm," through which they passed; and then going up a lane towards Old Wanstead, they again took the fields to Snaresbrook; from thence they took a short cut out into Cambridge Park, Leytonstone, and then made towards "Bush Wood," which they skirted. Continuing on towards Wanstead Flats, and from thence, they made the best of their way home, where they arrived about three minutes in advance of their hounds. Two packs were started, the slows conceding the hares about three minutes' start, and the fast pack following about five minutes' later. The following are the names of those that took part:—Messrs. J. K. Deeley and E. J. Taylor (hares), J. and W. Hawkes, A. L. Rosenblatt,

D. Castle, E. J. Crowe, E. C. Tibbs, E. Robb (Beaumonts), W. Hall (Isledon H.), H. Owens and another (Highgate H.), and A. Williams (visitors).

The undersigned will be pleased to enrol any gentlemen wishing to join. The subscription up till next October is 3/6. All communications should be addressed to the bookstall.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

On Saturday, 10th inst., our Match with Y.M.C.A. of Stratford, came off. There were ten players a side. The contest was very keen, as at 9 o'clock the score was even—3 won, 3 lost, while at the close the result of the Match depended upon one game, that of Mr. F. C. Gooding, who had a position that required very delicate handling. He was finally successful, and the Match terminated in favour of our players by 6 games to 4.

The full score is as follows:—

PALACE.	Wins.	Y.M.C.A.	Wins.
1 Smith, E. J.	1	Wakeman	0
2 Cleary, J.	1	Smith	0
3 Gooding, F. C.	1	Beecroft, sen.	0
4 Davids, L.	0	Norman	1
5 Deeley, J. R.	0	Foot	1
6 Harris, H.	1	Sanson	0
7 Butler, E. C.	1	Bewick	0
8 Wernham, H.	0	Beecroft, jun.	1
9 De Winter, A.	1	Berry	0
10 Hartnup, F. W.	0	Fairweather	1
	6		4

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

GYMNASTIC JOTTINGS.

"The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend."

DURING the winter months, when most of the outdoor sports are at their minimum, the muscles of the young amateur athlete are apt to become soft unless kept in trim. At such a time the importance of any kind of indoor exercise cannot be over-rated. All exercise to be beneficial must be progressive, and the same may be said of any athletic sport. When accidents occur the cause is usually assigned to the use of apparatus instead of to the abuse. It is not easy to correctly estimate the value of exercise to the human body, apart from the pleasure it gives to the athletic. It invigorates and tends to lengthen life, and gives confidence to those who court it in its legitimate form, and it is here where I wish to speak a word in season to the young amateur. As a rule he begins at the wrong end, and imagines that the liteness and agility, which years of hard training has endowed the acrobat with, can be acquired in a few days. He goes at the exercises like a dog at a rat, with the result of a broken limb or ruptured blood-vessel, at which a cry of alarm (a *vein* alarm) is raised, and athletic sports are forsworn for ever. This would not have happened had he possessed the patience necessary for the undertaking. How to take exercise therefore is answered "Begin with a little," and as you find your strength increasing add to it until a fair average is reached, and keep it—never exceed your strength. Directly you find yourself fagging and puffing give it up for the time.

The pleasure experienced by those who have gone through a progressive course of exercise, more than repays for the inconvenience and discomfort first felt in stretching the muscles. And I do not hesitate to say that half the ills that (young men's) flesh is heir to could be eradicated, did they take proper exercise. Somebody has said that if the people were to take proper exercise and proper food all our doctors would have to give up their practice and turn teachers of gymnastics. America is far in advance of Great Britain in the matter of athletic sports. The people there seem to have grasped the fact that for the mind to be healthy and vigorous, the body must be likewise. They believe that an unhealthy body cannot be said to live, but to vegetate. It is not contended that exercise will cure diseases, but its temperate use will certainly prevent them. One of the simplest of the indoor exercises is that of dumb-bell practice. The writer has heard many young fellows bemoaning the long hours of a wet evening for the want of something to "kill time"; the books have become stale, the morning paper is dry, and the rain is coming down in bucketsful. Let him get a pair of dumb-bells, or rig up a horizontal bar, and he will soon forswear excuses of nothing to do.

The question may then be asked "How shall we know when we have had enough?" Well, how do you know when you have taken sufficient food? One is as easy as the other. Nature never makes any mistake, and if you cease immediately your body indicates fatigue you cannot go wrong. This short article is not intended to go deeply into the subject; there are many books written on the question, which may be procured for a trifle, notably, "The Volunteers' Manual," "Sports and Pastimes," and others. In concluding let me say as encouragement, that the young man who takes daily exercise in the end becomes strong, healthy, and vigorous, and adds to the strength of the nation both morally as well as physically.

THE STROLLER

Woman: and Her Interests.

I SHOULD like to call attention to the lecture, or rather talk, about "Bret Harte," the American novelist and humourist, which will be given by Mr. Frank Heath, of University College, on Sunday next, at 8.30. Women are cordially invited to attend what ought to be a most interesting hour.

THE very newest frillings for necks and sleeves of dresses are in two colours of picot-edged ribbon. The combinations are sometimes rather startling, such as a delicate green and deep orange, but the general effect is pretty.

THE *Queen* gives the following list of new patents which were applied for by women during last week:—Lillie Morris, of Islington, for an invention of "a new or improved tie fastener"; Charlotte Railton, of London, for an invention of "an improved corset"; Lucy Maud Burt, of London, for an invention of "improvements in advertising"; Elizabeth Dean, of London, for an invention of "Improvements in apparatus applicable to windows, skylights, and doors for cooling and ventilating apartments and buildings."

A PRETTY and most inexpensive little piece of furniture is one of those wonderful little black and gold legged tables, which are now being sold at all the drapers for 2s. a piece. The plain wood top can be made quite ornamental with a little trouble. A pot of Aspinall's paint at 1s. a bottle should be purchased, and after well scrubbing the top of the table with emery paper to make it quite smooth, must be laid on evenly. A scarlet or black topped table has a capital effect.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE HOME.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Cut a ¼-lb. of stale bread into thin slices, butter it, and put a layer into a pie dish; sprinkle over it a few currants, and repeat this till the bread and currants are all in. Break an egg into a basin, to which add 1-oz. of sugar, and beat with a fork till well mixed and light; then add ½ pint of milk to the egg, gradually stirring all the time. Pour this mixture slowly over the bread so as to allow it to soak into the bread. Bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

Plain Dripping Cake.—To ½-lb. of common flour take 2-oz. dripping. Rub these well together and add a pinch of salt and 2 table spoonfuls of sugar. To this add a tea-spoonful of baking powder and stir in enough milk to make a stiff batter. Pour into a greased tin mould and bake in a brisk oven for half an hour. Seed cake is made in the same way, with the addition of a tea-spoonful of carraway seeds.

CLYTIE.

Lord Bath and his Creditor.—Lord Bath owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me?" "My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl before all the servants. He bade me come next morning, and then he would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew; he leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money!" My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too—"Give me my money!" The sermon was on Avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they who heap up riches." The man groaned out, "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out and paid him directly.

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

By PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER IV.—(continued.)



scarcely recognised her. She was wearing the garments he had brought her the day before—a certain discarded gown of Miss Nellie Wynn which he had hurriedly begged from her under the pretext of clothing the wife of a distressed overland emigrant then on the way to the mines. Although he had satisfied his conscience with the intention of confessing the pious fraud to her when Teresa was gone and safe from pursuit, it was not without a sense of remorse that he witnessed the sacrilegious transformation. The two women were nearly the same height and size, and although Teresa's maturer figure accented the outlines more strongly, it was still becoming enough to increase his irritation.

Of this becomingness she was doubtless unaware at the moment that he surprised her. She was conscious of having "a change," and this had emboldened her to "do her hair" and otherwise compose herself. After their greeting she was the first to allude to the dress, regretting that it was not more of a rough disguise, and that as she must now discard the national habit of wearing her shawl "manta" fashion over her head, she wanted a hat. "But you must not," she said, "borrow any more dress for me from your young woman. Buy them for me at some shop. They left me enough money for that." Low gently put aside the few pieces of gold she had drawn from her pocket, and briefly reminded her of the suspicion such a purchase by him would produce. "That's so," she said with a laugh. "Caramba! what a mule I'm becoming. Ah! wait a moment. I have it! Buy me a common felt hat—a man's hat—as if for yourself, as a change to that animal," pointing to a foxtailed cap he wore summer and winter, "and I'll show you a trick. I haven't run a theatrical wardrobe for nothing." Nor had she, for the hat thus procured a few days later, became, by the aid of a silk handkerchief and a bluejay's feather, a fascinating "pork pie."

Whatever cause of annoyance to Low still lingered in Teresa's dress, it was soon forgotten in the palpable evidence of Teresa's value as a botanical assistant. It appeared that during the afternoon she had not only duplicated his specimens, but had discovered one or two rare plants as yet unclassified in the flora of the Carquinez Woods. He was delighted, and in turn, over the camp fire, yielded up some details of his present life and some of his earlier recollections.

"You don't remember anything of your father," she asked; "did he ever try to seek you out?"

"No! why should he?" replied the imperturbable Low; "he was not a Cherokee."

"No, he was a beast," responded Teresa promptly.

"And your mother—do you remember her?"

"No, I think she died."

"You think she died? Don't you know?"

"No!"

"Then you're another!" said Teresa. Notwithstanding this frankness, they shook hands for the night, Teresa nestling like a rabbit in a hollow by the side of the camp fire, Low with his feet towards it Indianwise, and his head and shoulders pillowed on his haversack only half distinguishable in the darkness beyond.

With such trivial details three uneventful days slipped by. Their retreat was undisturbed, nor could Low detect by the least evidence to his acute perceptive faculties that any intruding feet had since crossed the belt of shade. The echoes of passing events at Indian

Spring had recorded the escape of Teresa as occurring at a remote and purely imaginative distance, and her probable direction the county of Yolo.

"Can you remember," he one day asked her, "what time it was when you cut the *riata* and got away?"

Teresa pressed her hands upon her eyes and temples.

"About three, I reckon."

"And you were here at seven—you could have covered some ground in four hours?"

"Perhaps—I don't know," she said, her voice taking up its old quality again. "Don't ask me—I ran all the way."

Her face was quite pale as she removed her hands from her eyes, and her breath came as quickly as if she had just finished that race for life.

"Then you think I am safe here?" she added after a pause.

"Perfectly—until they find you are *not* in Yolo. Then they'll look here. And *that's* the time for you to go *there*." Teresa smiled timidly.

"It will take them some time to search Yolo—unless," she added, "you're tired of me here." The charming *non sequitur* did not, however, seem to strike the young man. "I've got time yet to find a few more plants for you," she suggested.

"Oh, certainly!"

"And give you a few more lessons in cooking."

"Perhaps."

The conscientious and literal Low was beginning to doubt if she were really practical. How otherwise could she trifle with such a situation?

It must be confessed that that day and the next she did trifle with it. She gave herself up to a grave and delicious languor, that seemed to flow from shadow and silence, and permeate her entire being. She passed hours in a thoughtful repose of mind and spirit that seemed to fall like balm from those steadfast guardians, and distil their gentle ether in her soul; or breathed into her listening ear immunity from the forgotten past, and security for the present. If there was no dream of the future in this calm, even recurrence of placid existence, so much the better. The simple details of each succeeding day, the quaint housekeeping, the brief companionship, and coming and going of her young host—himself at best a crystallised personification of the sedate and hospitable woods—satisfied her feeble cravings. She no longer regretted the inferior position that her fears had obliged her to take the first night she came; she began to look up to this young man—so much younger than herself—without knowing what it meant; it was not until she found that this attitude did not detract from his picturesqueness, that she discovered herself seeking for reasons to degrade him from this seductive eminence.

A week had elapsed with little change. On two days he had been absent all day, returning only in time to sup in the hollow tree, which, thanks to the final removal of the dead bear from its vicinity, was now considered a safer retreat than the exposed camp fire. On the first of these occasions she received him with some preoccupation, paying but little heed to the scant gossip he brought from Indian Spring, and retiring early under the plea of fatigue, that he might seek his own distant camp fire, which, thanks to her stronger nerves and regained courage, she no longer required so near. On the second occasion he found her writing a letter more or less blotted with her tears. When it was finished, she begged him to post it at Indian Spring, where in two days an answer would be returned under cover to him.

"I hope you will be satisfied then," she added.

"Satisfied with what?" queried the young man.

"You'll see," she replied, giving him her cold hand.

"Good-night."

"But can't you tell me now?" he remonstrated, retaining her hand.

"Wait two days longer—it isn't much," was all she vouchsafed to answer.

The two days passed. Their former confidence and good fellowship were fully restored when the morning came on which he was to bring the answer from the Post Office at Indian Spring. He had talked again of his future, and had recorded his ambition to procure the appointment of naturalist to a Government Surveying Expedition. She had even jocularly proposed to dress herself in man's attire and "enlist" as his assistant.

"But you will be safe with your friends, I hope, by that time," responded Low.

"Safe with my friends," she repeated in a lower voice. "Safe with my friends—yes!" An awkward silence followed; Teresa broke it gaily. "But your girl—your sweetheart—my benefactor, will she let you go?"

"I haven't told her yet," said Low gravely, "but I don't see why she should object."

"Object! indeed," interrupted Teresa in a high voice, and a sudden and utterly gratuitous indignation; "how should she? I'd like to see her do it!"

She accompanied him some distance to the intersection of the trail, where they parted in good spirits. On the dusty plain without, a gale was blowing that rocked the high tree-tops above her, but, tempered and subdued, entered the low aisles with a fluttering breath of morning and a sound like the cooing of doves. Never had the wood before shown so sweet a sense of security from the turmoil and tempest of the world beyond; never before had an intrusion from the outer life—even in the shape of a letter—seemed so wicked a desecration. Tempted by the solicitation of air and shade, she lingered with Low's herbarium slung on her shoulder.

A strange sensation like a shiver suddenly passed across her nerves, and left them in a state of rigid tension. With every sense morbidly acute, with every faculty strained to its utmost, the subtle instincts of Low's woodcraft transformed and possessed her. She knew it now! A new element was in the wood—a strange being—another life—another man approaching! She did not even raise her head to look about her, but darted with the precision and fleetness of an arrow in the direction of her tree. But her feet were arrested, her limbs paralysed, her very existence suspended by the sound of a voice:

"Teresa!"

It was a voice that had rung in her ears for the last two years in all phases of intensity, passion, tenderness, and anger: a voice upon whose modulations, rude and unmusical though they were, her heart and soul had hung in transport or anguish. But it was a chime that had rung its last peal to her senses as she entered the Carquinez Woods, and for the last week had been as dead to her as a voice from the grave. It was the voice of her lover: Dick Curson!

CHAPTER V.

The wind was blowing towards the stranger, so that he was nearly upon her when Teresa first took the alarm. He was a man over six feet in height, strongly built, with a slight tendency to a roundness of bulk which suggested reserved rather than impeded energy. His thick beard and moustache were closely cropped around a small and handsome mouth that lisped except when he was excited, but always kept fellowship with his blue eyes in a perpetual smile of half-cynical good-humour. His dress was superior to that of the locality; his general expression that of a man of the world, albeit a world of San Francisco, Sacramento, and Murderer's Bar. He advanced towards her with a laugh and an outstretched hand.

"You here!" she gasped, drawing back.

Apparently neither surprised nor mortified at this reception, he answered frankly: "Yeth. You didn't expect me, I know. But Doloreth showed me the

letter you wrote her, and—well—here I am, ready to help you, with two men and a thpare horthe waiting outside the woodth on the blind trail."

"You,—You—here?" she only repeated.

Curson shrugged his shoulders. "Yeth. Of courth you never expected to thee me again, and leatht of all here. I'll admit that, I'll thay I wouldn't if I'd been in your plathe. I'll go further and thay, you didn't want to thee me again—anywhere. But it all cometh to the thame thing; here I am. I read the letter you wrote Doloreth, I read how you were hiding here, under Dunn'th very nothe, with his whole pothe out, cavorting round and barkin' up the wrong tree. I made up my mind to come down here with a few natthy friendth of mine and cut you out under Dunn'th nothe, and run you over into Yuba, that'th all."

"How dared she show you my letter? you of all men. How dared she asked your help?" continued Teresa fiercely.

"But she didn't athk my help," he responded coolly. "D—d if I don't think she jutht calculated I'd be glad to know you were being hunted down and thtarving, that I might put Dunn on your track."

"You lie," said Teresa furiously, "she was my friend. A better friend than those who professed—more;" she added with a contemptuous drawing away of her skirt as if she feared Curson's contamination.

"All right. Thettle that with her when you go back," continued Curson philosophically. "We can talk of that on the way, the thing now ith to get up and get out of thethe woodth. Come!"

Teresa's only reply was a gesture of scorn.

"I know all that," continued Curson half soothingly, "but they're waiting."

"Let them wait. I shall not go."

"What will you do?"

"Stay here till the wolves eat me."

"Teresa, listen. D— it all—Teresa—Tita! see here," he said with sudden energy. "I swear to God it's all right. I'm willing to let by-gones be by-gones and take a new deal. You shall come back as if nothing had happened and take your old place as before. I don't mind doing the square thing—all round. If that's what you mean, if that's all that stands in the way, why, look upon the thing as settled—there, Tita, old girl, come."

Careless or oblivious of her stony silence and starting eyes, he attempted to take her hand. But she disengaged herself with a quick movement, drew back, and suddenly crouched like a wild animal about to spring. Curson folded his arms as she leaped to her feet; the little dagger she had drawn from her garter flashed menacingly in the air, but she stopped.

The man before her remained erect, impassive, and silent, the great trees around and beyond her remained erect, impassive and silent; there was no sound in the dim aisles but the quick panting of her mad passion, no movement in the calm motionless shadow but the trembling of her uplifted steel. Her arm bent and slowly sank, her fingers relaxed, the knife fell from her hand.

"That'th quite enough for a thow," he said, with a return to his former cynical ease and a perceptible tone of relief in his voice. "It'th the thame old Theretha. Well, then, if you won't go with me, go without me; take the led horthe and cut away. Dick Athley and Petereth will follow you over the country line. If you want some money, there it ith." He took a buckskin purse from his pocket. "If you won't take it from me"—he hesitated as she made no reply—"Athley'th flush and ready to lend you thome."

She had not seemed to hear him, but had stooped in some embarrassment, picked up the knife and hastily hid it, then with averted face and nervous fingers was beginning to tear strips of loose bark from the nearest trunk.

"Well, what do you thay?"

"I don't want any money, and I shall stay here." She hesitated, looked around her, and then added, with an effort, "I suppose you meant well. Be it so! Let by-gones be by-gones. You said just now, 'It's the same old Teresa.' So she is, and seeing she's the same, she's better here than anywhere else."

There was enough bitterness in her tone to call for Curson's half-perfunctory sympathy.

"That be d—d," he responded quickly. "Jutht thay you'll come, Tita, and—"

She stopped his half-spoken sentence with a negative gesture. "You don't understand. I shall stay here."

"But even if they don't thee you here, you can't live here for ever. The friend that you wrote about who wath the good to you, you know, can't keep you here alwayth, and are you thure you can alwayth trutht her?"

"It isn't a woman, it's a man." She stopped short, and coloured to the line of her forehead. "Who said it was a woman?" she continued fiercely, as if to cover her confusion with a burst of gratuitous anger. "Is that another of your lies?"

Curson's lips, which for a moment had completely lost their smile, were now drawn together in a prolonged whistle. He gazed curiously at her gown, at her hat, at the bow of bright ribbon that tied her black hair, and said, "Ah!"

"A poor man who has kept my secret," she went on hurriedly, "A man as friendless and lonely as myself. Yes," disregarding Curson's cynical smile, "a man who has shared everything—"

"Naturally," suggested Curson.

"And turned himself out of his only shelter to give me a roof and covering," she continued mechanically, struggling with the new and horrible fancy that his words awakened.

"And thlept every night at Indian Thpring to save your reputation," said Curson. "Of courthe."

Teresa turned very white. Curson was prepared for an outburst of fury—perhaps even another attack. But the crushed and beaten woman only gazed at him with frightened and imploring eyes. "For God's sake, Dick, don't say that!"

The amiable cynic was staggered. His good-humour and a certain chivalrous instinct he could not repress got the better of him. He shrugged his shoulders. "What I thay, and what you do, Teretha, needn't make us quarrel. I've no claim on you.—I know it. Only"—a vivid sense of the ridiculous, powerful in men of his stamp, completed her victory—"Only, don't thay anything about my coming down here to cut you out from the—the—the Sheriff." He gave utterance to a short but unaffected laugh, made a slight grimace, and turned to go.

Teresa did not join in his mirth. Awkward as it would have been if he had taken a severer view of the subject, she was mortified even amidst her fears and embarrassment at his levity. Just as she had become convinced that his jealousy had made her over-conscious, his apparent good-humoured indifference gave that over-consciousness a guilty significance. Yet this was lost in her sudden alarm as her companion, looking up, uttered an exclamation and placed his hand upon his revolver. With a sinking conviction that the climax had come, Teresa raised her eyes. From the dim aisles beyond, Low was approaching. The catastrophe seemed complete.

She had barely time to utter an imploring whisper: "In the name of God, not a word to him." But a change had already come over her companion. It was no longer a parley with a foolish woman; he had to deal with a man like himself. As Low's dark face and picturesque figure came nearer, Mr. Curson's proposed method of dealing with him was made audible.

"Ith it a mulatto or a Thircuth, or both?" he asked, with affected anxiety.

Low's Indian phlegm was impervious to such assault. He turned to Teresa without apparently noticing her companion. "I turned back," he said quietly, "as soon as I knew there were strangers here; I thought you might need me." She noticed, for the first time, that, in addition to his rifle, he carried a revolver and hunting-knife in his belt.

"Yeth," returned Curson, with an ineffectual attempt to imitate Low's phlegm, "but ath I didn't happen to be a sthranger to thith lady, perhaps it wathn't nethethary, particularly ath I had two friends—"

"Waiting at the edge of the wood with a led horse," interrupted Low without addressing him, but apparently continuing his explanation to Teresa. But she turned to Low with feverish anxiety.

"That's so—he is an old friend—" she gave a quick imploring glance at Curson, "an old friend who came to help me away—he is very kind," she stammered, turning alternately from the one to the other, "but I told him there was no hurry—at least to-day—that you—were—very good—too, and would hide me a little longer, until your plan—you know your plan—" she added, with a look of beseeching significance to Low, "could be tried." And then with a helpless conviction that her excuses, motives and emotions, were equally and perfectly transparent to both men, she stopped in a tremble.

"Perhaph it'th jutht ath well, then, that the gentleman came thraight here and didn't tackle my two friendth when he pathed them," observed Curson, half sarcastically.

"I have not passed your friends, nor have I been near them," said Low, looking at him for the first time with the same exasperating calm, "or perhaps I should not be here or they there. I knew that one man entered the wood a few moments ago, and that two men and four horses remained outside."

"That's true," said Teresa to Curson excitedly, "that's true. He knows all. He can see without looking, hear without listening. He—he—" she stammered, coloured, and stopped.

The two men had faced each other. Curson, after his first good-natured impulse, had retained no wish to regain Teresa, whom he felt he no longer loved, and yet who, for that very reason perhaps, had awakened his chivalrous instincts; Low, equally on his side, was altogether unconscious of any feeling which might grow into a passion, and prevent him from letting her go with another if for her own safety. They were both men of a certain taste and refinement. Yet, in spite of all this, some vague instinct of the baser male animal remained with them, and they were moved to a mutually aggressive attitude in the presence of the female.

One word more and the opening chapter of a sylvan Iliad might have begun. But this modern Helen saw it coming, and arrested it with an inspiration of feminine genius. Without being observed, she disengaged her knife from her bosom and let it fall as if by accident. It struck the ground with the point of its keen blade, bounded and rolled between them. The two men started and looked at each other with a foolish air. Curson laughed.

"I reckon she can take care of herthelf," he said, extending his hand to Low. "I'm off. But if I'm wanted she'll know where to find me." Low took the proffered hand, but neither of the two men looked at Teresa. The reserve of antagonism once broken, a few words of caution, advice, and encouragement passed between them in apparent obliviousness of her presence or her personal responsibility. As Curson at last nodded a farewell to her, Low insisted upon accompanying him as far as the horses, and in another moment she was again alone.

(To be continued).

The Legend of Kilburn.

KILBURN, a hamlet in the parish of Hampstead, is named from the priory situated near the spot subsequently occupied by a tavern, or tea-drinking house, at a fine spring of mineral water, called Kilburn Wells, at the distance of rather more than two miles from London, north-westward, on the Edgware Road. It derived its origin from a recluse or hermit, named Goodwyn, who, retiring hither in the reign of Henry I., for the purpose of seclusion, built a cell near a little rivulet, called, in different records, Cuneburna, Keelebourne, Coldbourne, and Kilbourne, on a site surrounded with wood. The stream rises near West End, Hampstead, and, after passing through Kilburn to Bayswater, it supplies the Serpentine reservoir in Hyde Park, and eventually flows into the Thames near the site of Rance-lagh. Whether Goodwyn grew weary of his solitude, or from whatever cause, it appears from documents yet extant, that between the years 1128 and 1134, he granted his hermitage of *Cuneburna* with the adjoining lands to the conventual church of St. Peter's, Westminster, "as an alms for the redemption of the whole convent of brethren," under the same conditions and privileges with which "King Ethelrede had granted *Hampstede*," to which manor Kilburn had previously appertained, to the same church.

There is a curious traditionary relation connected with Kilburn Priory, which, however, is not traceable to any authentic source. The legend states, that at a place called Saint John's Wood, near Kilburn, there was a stone of a dark-red colour, which was the stain of the blood of Sir Gervase de Mertoun, which flowed upon it a few centuries ago. Stephen de Mertoun, being enamoured of his brother's wife, frequently insulted her by the avowal of his passion, which she, at length, threatened to make known to Sir Gervase; to prevent which, Stephen resolved to waylay his brother, and slay him. This he effected by seizing him in a narrow lane, and stabbing him in the back, whereupon he fell upon a projecting rock, which became dyed with his blood. In his expiring moments Sir Gervase, recognising his brother, upbraided him with his cruelty, adding, "This stone shall be thy deathbed."

Stephen returned to Kilburn, and his brother's lady still refusing to listen to his criminal proposals, he confined her in a dungeon, and strove to forget his many crimes by a dissolute enjoyment of his wealth and power. Oppressed, however, by his troubled conscience, he determined upon submitting to religious penance; and, ordering his brother's remains to be removed to Kilburn, he gave directions for their re-interment in a handsome mausoleum, erected with stone brought from the quarry where the murder was committed. The identical stone on which his murdered brother had expired formed a part of the tomb; and the eye of the murderer resting upon it, the legend adds, *blood was seen to issue from it!* Struck with horror, the murderer hastened to the Bishop of London, and, making confession of his guilt, demised his property to the Priory of Kilburn. Having thus acted in atonement for his misdeeds, grief and remorse quickly consigned him to the grave.

Beauty Unadorned.—If a woman's young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plainly dressed. It seems to me as if a woman's face doesn't want flowers, it's almost like a flower itself. It's like when a man's singing a good tune, you don't want t' hear bells tinkling and interfering w' the sound.

Impressions.—See the difference between the impression a man makes on you when you walk by his side in familiar talk, or look at him in his home, and the figure when seen from a lofty historical level, or even in the eyes of a critical neighbour, who thinks of him as an embodied system of opinion rather than as a man.

Letters to the Editor.

(Any letter addressed to the Editor should have the name and address of the sender attached thereto—not necessarily for publication; otherwise the letter will be consigned to the paper basket).

FOOTBALL CLUB.

SIR,—Who is the facetious football critic who conceals his identity under the *nom de plume* of "Stroller"? He seems to have generated a peculiarly strong animus against the "Monts," who, while expressing their unqualified gratitude at the attention he pays them, feel bound to doubt the fairness of some of his criticisms on their play. We fully appreciate his gentle hint to "show up in good form" in support of the Football Charity Festival, and my answer to the "Stroller" is, "Go thou and do likewise." Again, who is this "Stroller"? The revelation of his baptismal name would perhaps explain much.

A MEMBER OF THE "MONT'S."

DRAMATIC CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—Would you please insert in your Journal this letter on a subject which, I am sure, if properly ventilated and gone about in a practical way, would tend to our mutual advantage,—I mean the organisation of a (P.P.) Dramatic Club.

When I read over your papers and see what a number of clubs are formed in connection with the Palace, the question suggests itself to me: Why should we not have a dramatic club as well? Surely, amongst such an élite of Members and scholars there are some with dramatic ability. Why can't we, of the People's Palace, have our own dramatic club? more especially when we have such a name as Hasluck, who I am sure would assist us with his valued experience, and deal out in bushels, as he always does, fatherly advice. Other associations have their dramatic clubs, but it very rarely falls to their lot to be possessed of such splendid conveniences as we have for the display of their young talent, or shall I say, genius. Where can we wish for a better place than the Queen's Hall for our representations. Its acoustic properties are excellent, and although our voice capacity may be taxed at first, yet the inevitable improvements would come in time. Should it be found to be beyond our power the smaller hall (building) could be utilised for our object.

The fitting-up of a stage with every accessory would not cost much, and the expense would no doubt amply repay itself in time, by means which will appear obvious to all.

As for scenery, a set could easily be procured and adapted for the plays the club would represent. Heavy scenery would come in time, when we saw how the club progressed. (*Faust, with Lyceum effects, later on.*) I refer to plays, light comedies—"Our Boys," "The Two Roses," "Money," and those which consist of three acts, of one scene each. Furniture, etc., could easily be found, and voila!—the thing is done. All this, with a goodly array of Members, all sincere in their desire to promote the club's efforts, should prove a success.

I would suggest a committee of seven to direct its affairs, with a secretary and treasurer—all honorary. As mentioned before, I am sure Mr. Hasluck would consent to act as guiding-star to our craft, with Sir E. Currie, whose name I unwarrantably introduce, and other Trustees to back us up, our club ought to be second to none, and success a foregone conclusion.

Pray pardon this lengthy letter, but I feel my words are quite inadequate to cope with the matter.—Yours faithfully,

W.

[I forgot to mention the chief expense could be met by subscriptions, of, say, 10s. per annum, which I don't think would kill us.]

SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—The ideal of the P.P. is a grand one, and I think the chief means to the end is the formation of the various clubs and societies, which import increased knowledge and sociability amongst the Members.

This being the case, I venture to suggest a "Shorthand Writers' society," carried out on a scheme of co-operation, as at the Polytechnic, where there is a Shorthand Society, and for the nominal fee of sixpence per quarter all the chief shorthand magazines are circulated.

Such a society at the Palace would be a great boon to the students of the advanced shorthand classes, and also to many others who use shorthand commercially or otherwise.

Mr. Pitman would no doubt help us with suggestions in this matter, he having shown his interest in the Palace by the generous gift of 2,000 books to the library.

Trusting you will insert this in the Journal.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

G. T. STOCK.

[I should be glad if those interested would communicate with me at 27, Clemence Street, Burdett Road, E.]

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to competitions in any given number must be received not later than noon on Thursday in the week following. They may be sent earlier, but if later, will be disqualified.
3. Every Competitor must, when the subject of the competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
4. All Competitors must send with their answers their correct names and addresses. On the envelope they should write, distinctly, the class of the competition in which they are taking part—Class A or Class B, or C or D, as the case may be.
5. The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
6. Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
7. Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose in their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
8. Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
9. All answers, delivered by hand or through the post, must be addressed to *The Competition Editor*, THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

All Competitors who have been announced as winners of Weekly Prizes in the numbers of the *Journal* issued on Feb. 15th, 22nd, 29th, and March 7th and 14th respectively, will receive the amounts to which they are entitled on application to the Sub-Editor at the East Lodge between the hours of two and eight p.m. on Saturday week, March 24th.

COMPETITIONS SET FEB. 29.

CLASS A.

Opinions would seem to vary strangely as to the precise meaning of the phrase "historical interest." I do not think I am peculiar in my understanding of the term, but I am quite unable to agree with a large number of Competitors who think that such places as the Zoological Gardens, the Law Courts, the General Post Office, the People's Palace, the Docks, the Underground Railway, Madame Tussaud's, and other such places, are endowed with much historical interest. In the list of six places it will be seen that the British Museum is included, and I am of opinion that it has no right to be there, for I fail to see in what sense its interest can be said to be historical, or why it should be preferred to such buildings as Whitehall, Lambeth Palace, Newgate, Westminster Hall, and many others that might be mentioned. However, it was announced that the voice of the majority should decide, and it is necessary to abide by that result, which is as follows:

The Tower	167
Westminster Abbey .. .	163
St. Paul's Cathedral .. .	146
Houses of Parliament ..	129
The Monument	62
The British Museum .. .	44

Whitehall was only one vote behind the Museum, and my sympathy is with those Competitors to whom that one vote has made all the difference. Five Competitors sent in correct lists, and the prize will be divided between them, each receiving one shilling. Their names and addresses are:

ALICE M. HARRISON,
184, Brunswick Road, Bromley, E.

FLORENCE LURKNAN,
63, Redman's Road, Stepney.

(If this Competitor's name is mis-spelt it is the fault of her illegible writing.)

AMELIA DIXON,
262, Mile End Road, E.

M. B. J. NEWPORT,
478, Mile End Road, E.

and

F. C. STIMPSON,
88, Clinton Road, E.

CLASS B.

The composition of nonsense rhymes would seem to be popular, for a very large number were received—good, bad, and indifferent. The majority belonged to the latter class, for though the rhymes were correct in form, they lacked the point which is essential to this branch of verse-making. Each rhyme should contain a little incident or fact complete in itself, and smartly finished off. Some Competitors there were who neglected to write in the prescribed metre: others, who though using the right metre, failed to make their lines run: others, again, whose sense of sound seemed deficient, and made rhymes which were no rhymes. The prize is awarded to

FRANK OWENS,
87, Guildford Road, Poplar, E.

for the following

PRIZE RHYME.

There was a young masher of Bow
To the Dog Show said he would go;
But a girl the next day
Said, "You'd best stay away,
Or they'll think you are part of the show."

I have no space for printing other specimens, and will merely add that a word of commendation is due to the rhymes received from E. S. Noble, Millicent C. Measures, Sidney Goodeve, A. J. Blaber, Charles Butler and Malcolm Johnston.

CLASS C.

I am sorry to find that there are not more cooks among the girl Members of the Palace. I had looked forward to a week of sweetmeat tasting, but when the time for the feast arrived only one sample was received. It was labelled "stick-jaw," looked most tempting, and proved very good. I thought it quite worthy of the prize, in spite of the absence of competition, and my opinion being supported by very competent judges, whose assistance I sought, the prize will be given to

RUTH SINCLAIR,
Ordell Road, Bow, E.

It is to be hoped, however, that next time a cookery competition is set it will be more extensively patronised. Not to be able to cook is a decided deficiency in feminine accomplishments. To put it on no higher ground, more male hearts have been won by culinary skill than is often suspected.

CLASS D.

I am glad to note that the number of Competitors in this class is considerably increased. Advocates of cricket, football, and gymnastics respectively, as the best game for boys, were found, the best answer being one in favour of the first-named game, by

H. A. CUTTING,
20, Kerbey Street, East India Road, Poplar, E.

to whom the prize is awarded.

CORRECTION.—The name of the winner of part of the prize in Class C, announced on February 29th, should have been Esther (not Edith) Eardensohn, and the missing address is 17, Addington Road, Bow, E.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of six foreigners who have done most to influence either the history, literature, or thought of England. Addressing the individual Competitor, I may say, What you have to do is to make a list of the six names of men (or women), of foreign birth and nationality, who, in your opinion, have done most to give their present shape to English history, literature, and thought—in short, which are the six foreigners who have made their power felt most strongly in this country. To be decided by a majority of votes. All answers to be sent in before noon on Thursday, March 22nd.

CLASS B.

Someone has said that a proverb is "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." It is probable that there are a good many truths of general experience—part of the wisdom of the world at large—which no man's wit has yet crystallised into proverbs, and it is thought that perhaps Members of the Palace may have noticed the fact, and may be able to express in a short, forcible sentence some practical truth.

A Prize of Five Shillings is therefore offered for the best ORIGINAL PROVERB. Any Competitor sending in a proverb must append a declaration to the effect that it is his or her own unaided composition. I may be permitted to remind Competitors of a remark of James Howell, the seventeenth-century writer, that the ingredients of a good proverb are sense, shortness and salt. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, March 22nd.

CLASS C (FOR GIRLS ONLY).

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best pocket letter-case made by the Competitor out of some simple material, neatness of workmanship and good finish being the objects at which to aim. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, March 22nd.

CLASS D (FOR BOYS ONLY).

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best answer to the following question: "What do you consider the best book you have ever read?—and why?" To be sent in by noon on Thursday, March 22nd.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET FEB. 29.

- (1.) Twelve Buried Places :
Berlin, Redcar, Dover, Navan, Denbigh, Arles, Thebes, Siam, Carlisle, Ushant, India, Eton.
- (2.) CHARADES.
1. Tub (Tea; you; bee).
2. Triangle (Try; angle).
3. Hamlet (Ham; let).
- (3.) Grasp (rasp, raps, spar, Spa, asp, pas, as, a).
- (4.) Valetudinarianism (altitude, near, sin, marital, din, ever).

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(THE FIFTH WEEK OF THE QUARTER).

- (1.)
1. At what price are eggs selling when an increase in price of 2d. a dozen will give one less in a shillingsworth?
2. Charles has a certain number of sovereigns and Thomas the same number of half-crowns. Charles pays Thomas £9 and receives back 2s. 6d., and he then finds that he has 5s. less than Thomas. How much had each at first.
- (2.) CHARADES.
1. My first is half of my whole; my second is myself; my third is what we may perhaps come to; my whole is what might carry you when going to the answer of the following charade.
2. My first is to spoil, with the last letter doubled; my second takes a foremost place in every island; my third has been described as both golden and iron, but is neither; my whole is a strong link.
- (3.) A DIAMOND.
(The nine words when rightly guessed and placed in the order they now stand will form a diamond, the centre word of which will be the same whether read downwards or across).
1. The beginning of to cut.
2. To copy.

- 3. An open space.
- 4. Ill-feeling.
- 5. A looker-on.
- 6. A great English artist.
- 7. Extreme.
- 8. Heavy.
- 9. The end of to cut.

- (4.) BIRDS.
1. Wheat, a consonant, and to scrap.
2. Two fishes.
3. Wheat and part of the body.
4. The refuse of wheat and a distance.
5. An animal, a vowel, a preposition.
6. Part of a ship and part of an arrow.

Answers by noon on Thursday, March 22nd.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- M. GOODMAN.—The marks will be duly credited to you. But you should be careful. This week you marked your puzzles "Class D."
- J. T. HILL.—I received no answers to puzzles from you the seventh week of the quarter—i.e. those set December 28th. I do not think the mistake lies on this side, for it is almost impossible that a paper should be overlooked. In any case, I am afraid that even if you could show your answers it would not be possible to make any alteration in the award now. Try again. As to your suggestions—(1.) Every effort is made to prevent mistakes. (2.) The change is under consideration. May I in turn suggest that you pay more attention to my oft-repeated request that Competitors will not give unnecessary trouble by writing answers to various competitions and to puzzles on the same piece of paper?
- A. FENNEY.—The change you propose will probably be made next quarter.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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For the Year ending 31st December, 1887.

THE DIRECTORS have much pleasure in presenting their Report and Accounts for the year 1887. The total Assets of the Company have been raised from £6,811,954 to £7,867,103, being an increase of £1,055,149 during the year.

ORDINARY BRANCH.

The number of Policies issued during the year was 37,450, assuring the sum of £3,903,635, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £192,109.

The Premiums received during the year were £535,131, being an increase of £138,191 over the year 1886.

The Claims of the year amounted to £158,257. The number of deaths was 1071, and 39 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force was 115,451.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

The Premiums received during the year were £3,058,501, being an increase of £147,206.

The Claims of the year amounted to £1,204,823. The number of Deaths was 142,665.

The revision of the Tables of the Industrial Branch (in all cases in favour of the Assured), which was alluded to last year, has been much appreciated by the Policy-holders. The effect has been to add more than £30,000 to the amount paid in the year for Claims, owing to the increased benefits thus afforded.

The number of Policies in force was 7,599,554, including 89,232 Free Policies.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET

OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, ON THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1887.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
Shareholders' Capital	200,000	0	0
Ordinary Branch Funds	2,225,557	5	5
Industrial Branch Funds	5,409,827	11	6
Claims under Life Policies admitted	31,717	13	11
	£7,867,102	10	10

ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.
British Government Securities, Consols, and New 3 per Cents...	1,053,992	6	10
Railway and other Debentures	1,080,382	2	5
Loans on Municipal and other Rates	1,516,070	19	11
Freehold Ground Rents and Scotch Feu Duties	1,487,815	3	10
Metropolitan Board of Works Stock and City of London Bonds	160,568	10	0
Bank of England Stock	44,301	16	10
Freehold and Leasehold Property	665,501	14	0
Indian, Colonial, and Foreign Government Securities	470,149	17	6
Reversions	124,093	6	0
Railway and other Shares	20,413	1	10
Mortgages	653,443	5	7
Loans on Company's Policies	61,042	5	3
Furniture and Fittings	19,500	0	0
Loans upon Personal Security	712	10	0
Outstanding Premiums	168,529	14	7
Cash in hands of Superintendents and Agents' Balances	28,367	18	1
Outstanding Interest and Rents	66,669	2	8
Cash—On deposit, on current accounts, and in hand	245,548	15	6
	£7,867,102	10	10

THOS. C. DEWEY,
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W. J. LANCASTER, Secretary.

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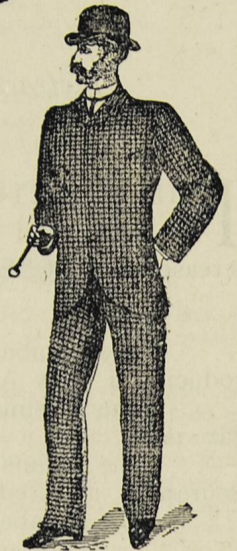
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