

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 93.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Aug. 22nd.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Kettering Rifles and others. Stedman's celebrated Choir of Boys and Girls. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Parliament.—General Meeting, at 8.—Cycling Club.—Run to Woodford.

FRIDAY, Aug. 23rd.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Kettering Rifles and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Aug. 24th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Presentation of Medallions and Certificates, by R.H. Princess Frederica, to the successful Students of the Ambulance Classes, including those held at the People's Palace. Queen's Hall reserved from 2 o'clock until 3.15 for Ticket Holders. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Kettering Rifles and others. Stedman's celebrated Choir of Boys and Girls. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Threepence, Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.—Special General Meeting of Club Representatives, at 8.—Ramblers' Club.—To Chingford.—Photographic Club.—To Beckton Gasworks.

SUNDAY, Aug. 25th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.—Library.—Open from 3 till 10 free.

MONDAY, Aug. 26th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Northamptonshire Regiment, and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Threepence, Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.

TUESDAY, Aug. 27th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Northamptonshire Regiment, and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Twopence, Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.—Boxing Club.—Usual Practice.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7, in Room 12, Club-house.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28th.—Library Closed.—Newspapers can be seen in Queen's Hall, from 7.30 to 9.30 a.m.—Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Autumn Fête, open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Vocal and Instrumental Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8. Band of the Northamptonshire Regiment, and others. Floral Hall and Grounds Illuminated at Dusk. Admission—Adults, Threepence, Children, One Penny.—Exhibition of Monkeys from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission to Monkey House, One Penny extra.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, AUGUST 25th, 1889.
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION FREE.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE Athletic Meeting and Sports

WILL BE HELD AT THE

ESSEX COUNTY CRICKET GROUND, LEYTON,
On Saturday, September 21st, 1889.

Numerous Bicycle and other Races. All the best men to compete.
VALUABLE PRIZES.

Admission to Ground, One Shilling. Grand Stand Enclosure
Two Shillings. Tickets half-price before the day.

Small Bills and all particulars may be had of W. Marshall,
54, Sutherland Road, Bow, E.; J. R. Deeley, 35, Claremont Road,
Forest Gate; and at the General Offices.

Notes of the Week.

WE are about to lose an old London landmark. Whitefield's Tabernacle, which has stood for considerably more than a hundred years in the Tottenham Court Road, is falling to pieces. The matter has, perhaps, little special East End interest, but it is historical, and historical matters interest everybody. The old building is absolutely doomed. There is no hope of patching, shoring, or restoration, for the present pastor (the Rev. J. Jackson Wray) tells us that "the foundations have given way, the walls are falling apart, the entire edifice is condemned by competent judges as very dangerous, and the only course possible is to close the doors and vacate the old house in which so great things have been done." The old chapel was never very magnificent as a specimen of architecture, and lately has not been rendered more beautiful in its surroundings by the rowdy "fair" which has been allowed to occupy the old burial ground; but the place has associations which give it a wider interest than mere symmetry of brick and stone. It contains the pew in which the impregnable Lord Chesterfield was nearly frightened into fits, and the pulpit from which Whitefield thundered the words which did it. There is also the pew which once belonged to the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon. In this pew great men have sat—Benjamin Franklin, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Oliver Goldsmith. And Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," is buried somewhere within its walls. It will not, I hope, entirely give way to furniture shops, as it is proposed to raise funds to erect a new building on the ruins of the old one.

THE only link which I can think of, connecting in the least degree Whitefield's Tabernacle with the East End, is in the continued existence in hearty, solid and substantial old age at Bromley of Wesley House, in which John Wesley, the friend and fellow-worker of Whitefield held meetings, and it is also said, lived for a time. Mention of Wesley House reminds me of the quaint old street in which it stands. We in the East End are apt, in imitation of the people out of it, to imagine that our district contains nothing noteworthy or interesting, and we travel distances in search of the picturesqueness before we explore about our own doorsteps. What

a delightful old church we have at Bromley, just at this side of Bow Bridge, standing in the middle of Bow Road! I am glad that this old church is in the East End, as I am that many other interesting and picturesque buildings are here, for more than one reason. If it were anywhere else, it would be photographed, and drawn, and painted, well, indifferently and badly, put for sale in all the print shops, and caricatured in all the penny almanacks till I should hate the sight of it, almost as much as I do that of the Eiffel Tower, and Mrs. Langtry's remarks on her hands and complexion.

The old street in which Wesley's house stands, is High Street, Bromley, which runs parallel with, and south of Bow Road, just by the church; at its eastern end there are quaint old wooden houses, with overhanging stories and latticed casements—houses where one has to dive down two or three steps to the floor of the front room. Wesley's house itself is a strong brick one, built of the thin red bricks which were used at the time of its erection. I say all these things are so, but am not so sure as I should like to be, for I have not been to the spot for some time, and old things change and depart quickly. There is much less of old Bromley and other old-fashioned East End spots than I recollect ten or fifteen years ago, and even while I write, what remains may be in course of destruction. I have seen a man who recollected the stocks, whipping-post, and ducking-pond opposite the public-house (the "Seven Stars" I think), at the eastern corner of High Street, Bromley. That was ninety years ago. The present Bow Bridge has, comparatively speaking, not been there long, and its predecessor stood in its place since the time of Queen Matilda, who had it built because of the numerous lives lost at the dangerous ford, which, after the advent of the bridge, became Old Ford for evermore.

Last week I had something to say about the Maybrick case. A short time ago, every reader of a newspaper was aware of the serious illness of the veteran novelist, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and there can be nobody who is not delighted to hear of the recent improvement in his health. There may seem at first sight little connection between Mr. Wilkie Collins and the Maybrick case, but anybody who has read his story "Armada" will recollect the poisoning by Mr. Waldron of her husband. Describing the subsequent proceedings the novelist says:—

"On the evening of the trial, two or three of the young Buccaneers of Literature went down to two or three newspaper offices, and wrote two or three heart-rending leading articles on the subject of the proceedings in court. The next morning the public caught light like tinder; and the prisoner was tried over again, before an amateur court of justice, in the columns of the newspapers. All the people who had no personal experience whatever of the subject, seized their pens, and rushed into print. Doctors who had not attended the sick man, and who had not been present at the examination of the body, declared by dozens that he had died a natural death. Barristers without business who had not heard the evidence, attacked the jury who had heard it, and judged the judge who had sat on the bench before some of them were born."

This was all written some time ago, but could a sentence in it be altered to make it the better suitable to the doings of to-day?

The steamer *City of Paris* has crossed the Atlantic in five days, twenty-three hours and thirty-eight minutes. This would have surprised Columbus very much, but nobody nowadays will be surprised when even this record is beaten, as some time or another, probably soon, it must be. Enormous quantities of coal must be stoked to keep up this speed, and it is said that this sort of work "uses up" the firemen at a terrible rate.

EVERYWHERE else has been so well explored, that we scarcely expect to hear of more strange human tribes with odd customs, except in the interior of Africa. There appeared, however, in a recent number of *Nature*, some account of a paper read before the German Scientific Association of Santiago, giving some interesting particulars about the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, by the Rev. C. Aspinall, an English missionary who has laboured among them. The particular tribe among which the Ooshonia mission was established has received from Mr. Bridges the name of Jahgan, from a place to the south of the Beagle Channel, frequented by the tribe. "The people usually go naked, save for a small skin thrown over the shoulders, but they smear

their bodies with a mixture of train oil and red earth as a protection against the cold. They support themselves by hunting, and at the worst feed on shell-fish. For the most part they move about from place to place, without any fixed abode, in bark canoes, in the centre of which a fire always burns. Each canoe contains a family, the wife rowing while the husband is always on the watch with his javelin. He always carries three kinds of spears with him, one for birds, the second for fish, and the third for crabs. On landing the woman has first of all to carry her husband ashore, he holding the fire carefully above water, and then she begins the erection of their primitive hut. The men are rarely able to swim, but the women invariably are, and this, together with their constant work at rowing, gives them extraordinary muscular power. To maintain their position as lords of creation, the men have recourse to mysterious rites, from which the women are excluded. The men have usually two wives, an older and a younger one. Without writing of any kind, they yet preserve many rules and customs, mainly relating to the chase. They are good-natured and helpful, not addicted to lying or theft, but tenacious in the defence of their rights. They have many amiable traits of character. They love long stories and conversations, and in these a good part of their time is spent. One of their tales, of an extraordinary strong man who was made of stone, and ultimately was killed by a thorn entering a vulnerable spot in his heel, recalls the story of Achilles. Devoid of all religious ideas and duties, they have a vague idea of the spirits of the departed wandering about in the world, and greatly to be feared."

THE warship "Immortalité" has lost a torpedo at Spithead, and anybody anxious to gain immortality for himself as well as the £5 reward offered, should run down to Portsmouth and fish for it. I do not know whether the article is loaded or not, but if it is, the fisher may gain immortality in another sense, and never want the five pound note at all.

SUB-EDITOR.

Palace Notes.

STILL thousands pour in to see our pictures, listen to our music, and laugh at our monkeys. Nobody should be content with one visit to these last, as new arrivals take place every day, and baby monkeys sometimes put in an appearance.

MORE still of our Examination successes:—

CITY AND GUILDS' EXAMINATION.

CARPENTRY AND JOINERY.

Hart, Joshua 1st Ordinary Grade
Davis, Edward C. 2nd " "

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Pullin, J. P. 2nd Ordinary

ELECTRIC INSTRUMENT MAKING.

Bailey, George 1st Ordinary and 2nd Prize (Bronze Medal)
Bray, Wm. 2nd Ordinary.
Hickingbotham, F. W. 2nd "
Keddall, Wm. J. 1st "
Turner, Albert Geo. 2nd "
Williamson, Chas. B. 1st "

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Barrett, William 2nd Ordinary.
Beckett, Ernest A. 2nd "
Becket, Samuel J. 1st "
Clarke, Wm. F. 2nd "
Coveney, A. 2nd "
Emeny, Chas. J. 2nd "
Hellary, James 2nd "
Hawkins, John 2nd "
Kerr, Thomas... .. 2nd "
Marriott, Richard 2nd "
Porter, R. S. 1st Honours.
Purvis, Geo. Jno. 2nd Ordin.
Webber, Henry 2nd

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.
Ayris, G. L. 1st Ordinary
Ashby, J. H. 1st "
Sleeman, J. O. 1st Honours
Tranter, R. 2nd Ordinary
White, James 2nd "

PLUMBING.
Cue, William 2nd Ordinary
Day, F. H. 2nd "
Esmond, C. J. 2nd "
Johnson, Joseph 2nd "
Kettle, W. 2nd "
Shapley, W. G. 2nd Honours

PRACTICAL PLUMBING.
Cue, W. 1st Ordinary
Day, F. H. 1st "
Esmond, C. J. 2nd "
Kettle, W. 2nd "
Shapley, W. G. 2nd "

TYPOGRAPHY.
Closch, John R. S. 2nd Ordinary
Naylor, Thomas E. 2nd "
Sanderlands, Alexander 2nd "

COMPOSITORS' WORK.
Closch, J. R. S. 2nd Ordinary
Naylor, Thomas E. 2nd "

THIRD GRADE.
EXAMINATION IN ART.

Subject.—SHADING FROM THE CAST. STAGE 5B.

PASSED.

Crocker, Frederick. Harris, Lawrence. Davis, Edwin F.
Evans, Edwin Henry. West, Fanny M. Clark, Elinor, A.

Subject.—SHADING FROM MODELS. STAGE 5A.

PASSED.

Angus, Herbert F. Evans, Edwin H.
Jesseman, Douglas.

WHILE on educational subjects, I may as well say, in case anybody doesn't know it, that the new time table of classes is ready, and may be obtained at the school offices. Class fees, I am asked to say, cannot be taken until the beginning of next month.

DR. STOKER will give four courses of Ambulance Lectures during the coming session—two for males and two for females. I may give some further particulars of these next week. In the meantime it should not be forgotten that Princess Frederica visits us on Saturday next to present the Ambulance Class Prizes. The public will be admitted at 3.15 p.m., so that students (who will have special tickets sent by post) must arrive before that time, unless they wish to find their seats occupied. Any student not receiving a ticket should communicate with the Schools' Office.

THE Library will fully open again on September 28th.

STILL Paris Trippers come and go, and everybody gets high value for his investment. Those still to go who wish to book for carriage drives should call on Mr. Were on any Wednesday evening. There are several vacancies.

MR. OSBORN will be glad if our friend Mr. C. J. Enemy, of the Photographic Class, will forward his new address to him at the Schools' Office.

ALL Club representatives should be present at the meeting to be held on Saturday evening next, in the old buildings, when Sir Edmund will be in the chair, and will explain the forthcoming changes in the Institute.

SUB-EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

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

NOTE.—A GENERAL MEETING of Club representatives will be held on Saturday evening next, at eight o'clock, in the Old Buildings, by order of the Chairman.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

An Ordinary Meeting of the Club was held on the 16th inst., thirteen Members being present, and Mr. Hawkins in the chair. The minutes of the meetings of July 5th and August 2nd being confirmed, the examination of prints taken at the Greenwich outing was postponed until the next meeting on September 6th. Mr. Lewin was then elected a member of the club. The prints taken at our last outing to Hampstead were next examined, the result of the ballot being that Mr. Laundry came first (this is the third occasion), and Mr. Hawkins's pictures were second best. It is proposed that an Exhibition of Photographs shall be held at the end of October.—The outing on August 24th will be to Beckton Gasworks.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—MR. WALTER MARSHALL.

A Special General Meeting will be held in Room 12 at 8 p.m. prompt, on Thursday (to-morrow), for the consideration of the future of the Society. All Members are requested to attend.

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday next, August 24th, we ramble to Chingford Members are requested to meet at Coborn Road Station at 3.20 p.m., and take excursion tickets to Chingford; fare, 10d. The train leaves Liverpool Street at 3.15, and calls at the intermediate stations as follows:—Bishopsgate Street, 3.17; Bethnal Green, 3.20; Globe Road, 3.22; and Coborn Road, 3.27.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

The 60 Yards' Obstacle Race took place in the Palace Bath last Thursday, a number of spectators being present. The race created considerable interest, as apart from the swimming, a certain amount of agility was required to surmount the obstacles.

Starting from the shallow end the men first had to climb over the bridge, then swimming forward over a scaffold pole had to climb out of the deep and dive off the board. Again they had to get over the scaffold pole, and negotiate the bridge before they had a clean piece of water home. The starters unfortunately were not numerous, several of the club being out of town. Heat 1: Cokerton, 2 secs. start, first; Israel, 7 secs., second; Ellis, 5 secs., third; Gretton, 3 secs. Heat 2: Newman, 7 secs., first; J. Ashford, scratch, second; Stone, 9 secs. Final Heat: Cokerton, first; Newman, second; Ashford, Israel.

The final was a good race, Cokerton and Newman slipped over the obstacles like eels, and it was not until the last barrier was reached that the winner could be picked out.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Rehearsal every Friday evening at eight o'clock in Ladies' Social Rooms.

A. W. J. LAUNDRY, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription: Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. During the Autumn Fête, the Club meetings will be held in the Old School Buildings, Room No. 12, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, from 7 p.m. As the winter matches with other clubs will soon be arranged, I shall be glad to receive names of players who will take part in them. Those desirous of becoming Members, are requested to pay us a visit on Club night.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

On Saturday last, our Junior Eleven journeyed to their "pitch" at Wanstead, to meet the Junior Seniac C.C., but the latter failed to put in an appearance. Our lads, however, had some play among themselves, and owing to the fine weather spent a pleasant afternoon.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

Last Saturday, this Club, accompanied by Mr. Lowther, rambled to Kew. Meeting at the foot of the Monument, we walked to Old Swan Pier, leaving there at three o'clock. On the way up the river, we passed the Houses of Parliament, and saw a bunch of the M.P.'s on the terrace; further on near Putney, we passed Searle with his trainer, sculling down the river. We reached Kew soon after five, and at once made for a place where tea could be had (Junior Section appetite in good form). After tea we walked into the gardens. Unfortunately we were too late for the palm and other houses, they being closed. We had a delightful walk through the place, the extent of which is 247 acres. We then walked into Richmond, and after looking about us for awhile, took train back to St. Mary's, having spent a most delightful day.

Pawnbroking in Paris.

IN England the needy man who wishes to raise a loan on his watch, his overcoat, his boots, or his bed clothes betakes himself to his "uncle." In France he goes to his "aunt" (or "ma tante," as Parisians express it), who, besides being equally obliging, is less extortionate in her charges for the accommodation. In England the rate of interest on small loans is 25 per cent. per annum; in France it is only 7 per cent.; yet the business, upon the whole, is better managed there than here, and the affair is not only self-supporting but even profitable.

The institution of the Monts de Piété, or official pawning establishments, of Paris, is not of very old date. It owes its foundation, in fact, to Louis XVI. and to Lenoir, his Minister of Police, who seem to have borrowed the idea from Artois and Flanders, where something of the kind had previously existed. But, indirectly, the idea came originally from Italy, where, in 1462, a monk, Barnabas of Terni, persuaded some rich people of Perugia to entrust him with the administration of a sum of money, to be lent, upon security, to the very poor. He called this fund *Monte de Pietà*, or "charitable bank"; hence the French name with which every one is familiar. Following his example, the Franciscans established lending funds all over Italy, and thus incurred the attacks of the Dominicans, who represented that lending out at interest contravened the spirit of Christianity. But the Lateran Council decided the point in favour of the Franciscans, it being declared that the interest charged was so small as to do little more than cover the cost of management.

Louis XVI.'s letters patent, founding a Mont de Piété in Paris, are dated December 9th, 1777; and, to some extent, their provisions remain in force till this day, although their operation was interrupted for a time after the Revolution. The headquarters of the business were in the General Hospital. Fourteen persons were appointed to act as appraisers; the interest to be charged was at the rate of 10 per cent.; and pledges not reclaimed after the expiration of thirteen months were to be sold for the profit of the General Hospital. The actual pawnbroking shop of the business was in the Rue du Paradis, where the first transactions were carried out on December 28th, 1777. Pledges, from the very earliest moment, were offered in immense numbers. In the first year 128,508 were accepted, and 8,509,384 francs were lent on them. The necessary money for the loans was for a time provided by the General Hospital, but, as more capital became necessary, the Government granted a subsidy of 4,000,000 francs to the management, and arrangements were made for its repayment, with small interest, upon easy terms.

The Revolution looked with no favour upon pawnbroking, and discouraged the operations of the Mont de Piété; but Bonaparte stringently put down all the greedier usurers in Paris, and not only renewed the letters patent of 1777, but

ordained the formation of six branch establishments, so as to do away with any excuse for the services of go-betweens, who had previously undertaken, for a consideration, the pledging of articles belonging to people who happened to live at a distance from the Rue du Paradis.

The undertaking has ever since grown, and has generally flourished; but it has had its ups and downs, and in 1871 it narrowly escaped utter disaster. During the War and the Commune, everyone wanted either to raise money, or, at least, to lodge his valuables in a place of safety; and so great was the rush of people to the Mont de Piété that the funds of administration began to give out.

To meet the crisis it was ordered that the maximum loan on a single object should be 50 francs, or £2. It had previously been 10,000 francs at the central office, and 500 francs at the branches. But the needy public evaded the difficulty by breaking up its valuables and pledging each part separately; and thus the reserve fund grew hourly less and less, until the management had to borrow three millions of francs at 5 per cent. in order to continue its business. After the siege had begun very few pledges were redeemed, and still fewer were offered; for the poor were thenceforward fed at the public expense, and they were therefore in no pressing need of money. But an ordinance of the Commune for the selling of lapsed pledges, and for the return at the public cost of all pledges on which less than twenty francs had been advanced, reduced matters again to order. This ordinance, it appears, was preparatory to another for the suppression of the institution; but the entry of the Versailles troops prevented the enforcement of the second measure; and thus a course of action which was designed for the annihilation of the Mont de Piété in reality saved it from the danger of collapse.

Since 1871 the rate of interest payable by borrowers has been reduced to 7 per cent., and all profits, after payment of expenses, now go to the funds of the Assistance Publique, the official organisation for the relief of poverty. Other changes, too, have been made in the institution, which now has about thirty branch offices. But the new arrangements are not perfect, and they will, no doubt, soon undergo further alteration.

The very poor complain of a modern rule which directs the officials to lend no sums of less than three francs; the general public complains that, in its excessive anxiety to be on the safe side, the Mont de Piété now only lends a relatively small sum on even a valuable pledge, and that, in consequence, many pledgers go to private usurers and are terribly fleeced by them. Yet another charge is that the refusal of the Mont de Piété to lend a fair sum on an article has led to the establishment of an extensive trade in pawn tickets, and that the ultimate effect of this trade is to gradually ruin the poor. A proposal has of late been made to authorise the Mont de Piété to lend up to nine-tenths of the actual appraised value of a pledge, and this will probably be carried.

Money for the operations of the institution is raised by the issue of bonds, which are redeemable in three months, six months, or a year, and which bear interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. Many saving Parisians have all their capital invested in these bonds, which they renew from time to time, as may be necessary.

The ownership of objects offered in pledge, and worth over twenty francs, has to be vouched for; and thus the Mont de Piété, to a great extent, avoids becoming the recipient of stolen goods. Pledged articles are dealt with much as they are in England, a counterpart of the pawn ticket being affixed to them. But there is a rule to the effect that all objects worth over fifteen francs must be sealed up ere they are packed away. At the branch establishments business is done publicly. Only at the head office is there a private room for shamefaced pledgers who do not desire to have their doings known to all the world. Pledges are now sold only at the expiration of the fourteenth month, if then remaining unredeemed; and the pawners are first, in all cases, warned by letter that the sale is imminent.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN EAST LONDON.—At a time when much thought is being given to this matter, a practical suggestion may be of service. Last year more than £300,000 worth of foreign matches were purchased by inconsiderate consumers in this country, to the great injury of our own working people—so true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." If all consumers would purchase Bryant and May's matches, that firm would be enabled to pay £1,000 a week more in wages.—[ADVT.]

Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"AND so, Peter, you won't even consider of the business?" said Mr. John Brown, buttoning his surtout over the snug rotundity of his person, and drawing on his gloves. "You positively refuse to let me have this crazy old house, and the land under and adjoining, at the price named?"

"Neither at that nor treble the sum," responded the gaunt, grizzled, and threadbare Peter Goldthwaite. "The fact is, Mr. Brown, you must find another site for your brick block, and be content to leave my estate with the present owner. Next summer, I intend to put a splendid new mansion over the cellar of the old house."

"Pho, Peter!" cried Mr. Brown, as he opened the kitchen door; "content yourself with building castles in the air, where house lots are cheaper than on earth, to say nothing of the cost of bricks and mortar. Such foundations are solid enough for your edifices; while this underneath us is just the thing for mine; and so we may both be suited. What say you again?"

"Precisely what I said before, Mr. Brown," answered Peter Goldthwaite. "And, as for castles in the air, mine may not be as magnificent as that sort of architecture, but perhaps as substantial, Mr. Brown, as the very respectable brick block with dry-goods' stores, tailors' shops, and banking-rooms on the lower floor, and lawyers' offices in the second story, which you are so so anxious to substitute."

"And the cost, Peter, eh?" said Mr. Brown, as he withdrew, in something of a pet. "That, I suppose, will be provided for, off-hand, by drawing a cheque on Bubble Bank!"

John Brown and Peter Goldthwaite had been jointly known to the commercial world between twenty and thirty years before, under the firm of Goldthwaite and Brown; which co-partnership, however, was speedily dissolved, by the natural incongruity of its constituent parts. Since that event, John Brown, with exactly the qualities of a thousand other John Browns, and by just such plodding methods as they used, had prospered wonderfully, and become one of the wealthiest John Browns on earth. Peter Goldthwaite, on the contrary, after innumerable schemes, which ought to have collected all the coin and paper currency of the country into his coffers, was as needy a gentleman as ever wore a patch upon his elbow. The contrast between him and his former partner may be briefly marked: for Brown never reckoned upon luck, yet always had it; while Peter made luck the main condition of his projects, and always missed it. While the means held out, his speculations had been magnificent, but were chiefly confined, of late years, to such small business as adventures in the lottery. Once, he had gone on a gold-gathering expedition, somewhere to the south, and ingeniously contrived to empty his pockets more thoroughly than ever; while others, doubtless, were filling theirs with native bullion by the handful. More recently he had expended a legacy of a thousand or two of dollars in purchasing Mexican scrip, and thereby became the proprietor of a province; which, however, so far as Peter could find out, was situated where he might have had an empire for the same money,—in the clouds. From a search after this valuable real estate, Peter returned so gaunt and threadbare, that, on reaching New England, the scarecrows in the cornfields beckoned to him as he passed by. "They did but flutter in the wind," quoth Peter Goldthwaite. No, Peter, they beckoned, for the scarecrows knew their brother.

At the period of our story, his whole visible income would not have paid the tax of the old mansion in which we find him. It was one of those rusty, moss-grown, many-peaked wooden houses, which are scattered about the streets of our elder towns, with a beetle-browed second story projecting over the foundation, as if it frowned at the novelty around it. This old paternal edifice, needy as he was, and though, being centrally situated on the principal street of the town, it would have brought him a handsome sum, the sagacious Peter had his own reasons for never parting with, either by auction or private sale. There seemed, indeed, to be a fatality that connected him with his birthplace; for, often as he had stood on the verge of ruin, and standing there even now, he had not yet taken the step beyond it, which would have compelled him to surrender the house to his creditors. So here he dwelt with bad luck till good should come.

Here, then, in his kitchen, the only room where a spark of fire took off the chill of a November evening, poor Peter

Goldthwaite had just been visited by his rich old partner. At the close of their interview, Peter, with rather a mortified look, glanced downwards at his dress, parts of which appeared as ancient as the days of Goldthwaite and Brown. His upper garment was a mixed surtout, wofully faded, and patched with newer stuff on each elbow; beneath this, he wore a threadbare black coat, some of the silk buttons of which had been replaced with others of a different pattern; and, lastly, though he lacked not a pair of gray pantaloons, they were very shabby ones, and had been partially turned brown, by the frequent toasting of Peter's shins before a scanty fire. Peter's person was in keeping with his goodly apparel. Gray-headed, hollow-eyed, pale-cheeked, and lean-bodied, he was the perfect picture of a man who had fed on windy schemes and empty hopes, till he could neither live on such unwholesome trash, nor stomach more substantial food. But, withal, this Peter Goldthwaite, crack-brained simpleton as, perhaps, he was, might have cut a very brilliant figure in the world, had he employed his imagination in the airy business of poetry, instead of making it a demon of mischief in mercantile pursuits. After all, he was no bad fellow, but as harmless as a child, and as honest and honourable, and as much of the gentleman which nature meant him for, as an irregular life and depressed circumstances will permit any man to be.

As Peter stood on the uneven bricks of his hearth, looking round at the disconsolate old kitchen, his eyes began to kindle with the illumination of an enthusiasm that never long deserted him. He raised his hand, clenched it, and smote it energetically against the smoky panel over the fireplace.

"The time is come!" said he. "With such a treasure at command, it were folly to be a poor man any longer. Tomorrow morning I will begin with the garret, nor desist till I have torn the house down!"

Deep in the chimney-corner, like a witch in a dark cavern, sat a little old woman, mending one of the two pairs of stockings wherewith Peter Goldthwaite kept his toes from being frostbitten. As the feet were ragged past all darning, she had cut pieces out of a cast-off flannel petticoat, to make new soles. Tabitha Porter was an old maid, upwards of sixty years of age, fifty-five of which she had sat in that same chimney-corner, such being the length of time since Peter's grandfather had taken her from the almshouse. She had no friend but Peter, nor Peter any friend but Tabitha; so long as Peter might have a shelter for his own head, Tabitha would know where to shelter hers; or, being homeless elsewhere, she would take her master by the hand, and bring him to her native home, the almshouse. Should it ever be necessary, she loved him well enough to feed him with her last morsel, and clothe him with her under-petticoat. But Tabitha was a queer old woman, and though never infected with Peter's flightiness, had become so accustomed to his freaks and follies, that she viewed them all as matters of course. Hearing him threaten to tear the house down, she looked quietly up from her work.

"Best leave the kitchen till the last, Mr. Peter," said she. "The sooner we have it all down the better," said Peter Goldthwaite. "I am tired to death of living in this cold, dark, windy, smoky, creaking, groaning, dismal old house. I shall feel like a younger man, when we get into my splendid brick mansion, as, please Heaven, we shall, by this time next autumn. You shall have a room on the sunny side, old Tabby, finished and furnished as best may suit your own notions."

"I should like it pretty much such a room as this kitchen," answered Tabitha. "It will never be like home to me, till the chimney-corner gets as black with smoke as this; and that won't be these hundred years. How much do you mean to lay out on the house, Mr. Peter?"

"What is that to the purpose?" exclaimed Peter, loftily. "Did not my great-grand-uncle, Peter Goldthwaite, who died seventy years ago, and whose namesake I am, leave treasure enough to build twenty such?"

"I can't say but he did, Mr. Peter," said Tabitha, threading her needle.

Tabitha well understood that Peter had reference to an immense hoard of the precious metals, which was said to exist somewhere in the cellar or walls, or under the floors, or in some concealed closet, or other out-of-the-way nook of the house. This wealth, according to tradition, had been accumulated by a former Peter Goldthwaite, whose character seems to have borne a remarkable similitude to that of the Peter of our story. Like him, he was a wild projector, seeking to heap up gold by the bushel and the cart-load, instead of scraping it together, coin by coin. Like Peter the second, too, his projects had almost invariably failed, and, but for the magnificent success of the final one, would have left him with hardly

a coat and pair of breeches to his gaunt and grizzled person. Reports were various, as to the nature of his fortunate speculation; one intimating, that the ancient Peter had made the gold by alchemy; another, that he had conjured it out of people's pockets by the black art; and a third, still more unaccountable, that the devil had given him free access to the old provincial treasury. It was affirmed, however, that some secret impediment had debarred him from the enjoyment of his riches, and that he had a motive for concealing them from his heir, or, at any rate, had died without disclosing the place of deposit. The present Peter's father had faith enough in the story to cause the cellar to be dug over. Peter himself chose to consider the legend as an indisputable truth, and, amid his many troubles, had this one consolation, that, should all other resources fail, he might build up his fortunes by tearing his house down. Yet, unless he felt a lurking distrust of the golden tale, it is difficult to account for his permitting the paternal roof to stand so long, since he had never yet seen the moment, when his predecessor's treasure would not have found plenty of room in his own strong box. But, now was the crisis. Should he delay the search a little longer, the house would pass from the lineal heir, and with it the vast heap of gold, to remain in its burial-place, till the ruin of the aged walls should discover it to strangers of a future generation.

"Yes!" cried Peter Goldthwaite, again; "to-morrow I will set about it."

The deeper he looked at the matter, the more certain of success grew Peter. His spirits were naturally so elastic, that, even now, in the blasted autumn of his age, he could often compete with the spring-time gaiety of other people. Enlivened by his brightening prospects, he began to caper about the kitchen like a hobgoblin, with the queerest antics of his lean limbs, and gesticulations of his starved features. Nay, in the exuberance of his feelings, he seized both of Tabitha's hands, and danced the old lady across the floor, till the oddity of her rheumatic motions set him into a roar of laughter, which was echoed back from the rooms and chambers, as if Peter Goldthwaite were laughing in every one. Finally, he bounded upward, almost out of sight, into the smoke that clouded the roof of the kitchen, and, alighting safely on the floor again, endeavoured to resume his customary gravity.

"To-morrow, at sunrise," he repeated, taking his lamp, to retire to bed, "I'll see whether this treasure be hidden in the wall of the garret."

"And, as we're out of wood, Mr. Peter," said Tabitha, puffing and panting with her late gymnastics, "as fast as you tear the house down, I'll make a fire with the pieces."

Gorgeous that night were the dreams of Peter Goldthwaite! At one time, he was turning a ponderous key in an iron door, not unlike the door of a sepulchre, but which, being opened, disclosed a vault, heaped up with gold coin, as plentifully as golden corn in a granary. There were chased goblets, also, and tureens, salvers, dinner-dishes, and dish-covers, of gold, or silver-gilt, besides chains and other jewels, incalculably rich, though tarnished with the damp of the vault; for, of all the wealth that was irrevocably lost to man, whether buried in the earth, or sunken in the sea, Peter Goldthwaite had found it in this one treasure-place. Anon, he had returned to the old house, as poor as ever, and was received at the door, by the gaunt and grizzled figure of a man, whom he might have mistaken for himself, only that his garments were of a much elder fashion. But the house, without losing its former aspect, had been changed into a palace of the precious metals. The floors, walls, and ceilings, were of burnished silver; the doors, the window-frames, the cornices, the balustrades, and the steps of the staircase, of pure gold; and silver, with gold bottoms, were the chairs, and gold, standing on silver legs, the high chests of drawers, and silver the bedsteads, with blankets of woven gold, and sheets of silver tissue. The house had evidently been transmuted by a single touch; for it retained all the marks that Peter remembered, but in gold or silver, instead of wood; and the initials of his name which, when a boy, he had cut in the wooden door-post, remained as deep in the pillar of gold. A happy man would have been Peter Goldthwaite, except for a certain ocular deception, which, whenever he glanced backward, caused the house to darken from its magnificence into the sordid gloom of yesterday.

Up, betimes, rose Peter, seized an axe, hammer, and saw, which he had placed by his bedside, and hied him to the garret. It was but scantily lighted up, as yet, by the frosty fragments of a sunbeam, which began to glimmer through the almost opaque bull's eyes of the window. A moralizer might find abundant themes for his speculative and impracticable wisdom in a garret. There is the limbo of departed fashions, aged trifles of a day, and whatever was valuable only to one generation of men, and which passed to the

garret when that generation passed to the grave, not for safe keeping, but to be out of the way. Peter saw piles of yellow and musty account-books in parchment covers, wherein creditors, long dead and buried, had written the names of dead and buried debtors in ink, now so faded, that their moss-grown tombstones were more legible. He found old, moth-eaten garments all in rags and tatters, or Peter would have put them on. Here was a naked and rusty sword, not a sword of service, but a gentleman's small French rapier, which had never left its scabbard till it lost it. Here were canes of twenty different sorts, but no gold-headed ones, and shoe-buckles of various pattern and material, but not silver, nor set with precious stones. Here was a large box full of shoes with high heels and peaked toes. Here, on a shelf, were a multitude of phials, half filled with old apothecary's stuff, which, when the other half had done its business on Peter's ancestors, had been brought hither from the death-chamber. Here,—not to give a longer inventory of articles that will never be put up at auction,—was the fragments of a full-length looking-glass, which, by the dust and dimness of its surface, made the picture of these old things look older than the reality. When Peter, not knowing that there was a mirror there, caught the faint traces of his own figure, he partly imagined that the former Peter Goldthwaite had come back, either to assist or impede his search for the hidden wealth. And at that moment a strange notion glimmered through his brain, that he was the identical Peter who had concealed the gold, and ought to know whereabouts it lay. This, however, he had unaccountably forgotten.

"Well, Mr. Peter," cried Tabitha, on the garret stairs. "Have you torn the house down enough to heat the tea-kettle?"

"Not yet, old Tabby," answered Peter; "but that's soon done,—as you shall see."

With the word in his mouth, he uplifted the axe, and laid about him so vigorously, that the dust flew, the boards crashed, and, in a twinkling, the old woman had an apron full of broken rubbish.

"We shall get our winter's wood cheap," quoth Tabitha.

The good work being thus commenced, Peter beat down all before him, smiting and hewing at the joists and timbers, unclenching spike-nails, ripping and tearing away boards, with a tremendous racket, from morning till night. He took care, however, to leave the outside shell of the house untouched, so that the neighbours might not suspect what was going on.

Never, in any of his vagaries, though each had made him happy while it lasted, had Peter been happier than now. Perhaps, after all, there was something in Peter Goldthwaite's turn of mind, which brought him an inward recompense for all the external evil that it caused. If he were poor, ill-clad, even hungry, and exposed, as it were, to be utterly annihilated by a precipice of impending ruin, yet only his body remained in these miserable circumstances, while his aspiring soul enjoyed the sunshine of a bright futurity. It was his nature to be always young, and the tendency of his mode of life to keep him so. Gray hairs were nothing, no, nor wrinkles, nor infirmity; he might look old, indeed, and be somewhat disagreeably connected with a gaunt old figure, much the worse for wear; but the true, the essential Peter, was a young man of high hopes, just entering on the world. At the kindling of each new fire, his burnt-out youth rose afresh from the old embers and ashes. It rose exulting now. Having lived thus long,—not too long, but just to the right age,—a susceptible bachelor, with warm and tender dreams, he resolved, so soon as the hidden gold should flash to light, to go a wooing, and win the love of the fairest maid in town. What heart could resist him? Happy Peter Goldthwaite.

Every evening,—as Peter had long absented himself from his former lounging places, at insurance offices, newsrooms, and bookstores, and as the honour of his company was seldom requested in private circles,—he and Tabitha used to sit down sociably by the kitchen hearth. This was always heaped plentifully with the rubbish of his day's labour. As the foundation of the fire, there would be a goodly sized backlog of red oak, which, after being sheltered from rain or damp above a century, still hissed with the heat, and distilled streams of water from each end, as if the tree had been cut down within a week or two. Next, there were large sticks, sound, black and heavy, which had lost the principle of decay, and were indestructible except by fire, wherein they glowed like red-hot bars of iron. On this solid basis, Tabitha would rear a lighter structure, composed of the splinters of door-panels, ornamented mouldings, and such quick combustibles, which caught like straw, and threw a brilliant blaze high up the spacious flue, making its sooty sides visible almost in the chimney-top. Meantime, the gloom of the old kitchen would be chased out of the cobwebbed corners, and away from the

dusky cross-beams overhead, and driven nobody could tell whither, while Peter smiled like a gladsome man, and Tabitha seemed a picture of comfortable age. All this, of course, was but an emblem of the bright fortune, which the destruction of the house would shed upon its occupants.

While the dry pine was flaming and crackling, like an irregular discharge of fairy musketry, Peter sat looking and listening, in a pleasant state of excitement. But, when the brief blaze and uproar were succeeded by the dark red glow, the substantial heat, and the deep singing sound which were to last throughout the evening, his humour became talkative. One night, the hundredth time, he teased Tabitha to tell him something new about his great-grand-uncle.

"You have been sitting in that chimney-corner fifty-five years, old Tabby, and must have heard many a tradition about him," said Peter. "Did not you tell me, that, when you first came to the house, there was an old woman sitting where you sit now, who had been housekeeper to the famous Peter Goldthwaite?"

"So there was, Mr. Peter," answered Tabitha; "and she was near about a hundred years old. She used to say, that she and old Peter Goldthwaite had often spent a sociable evening by the kitchen fire,—pretty much as you and I are doing now, Mr. Peter."

"The old fellow must have resembled me in more points than one," said Peter, complacently, "or he never would have grown so rich. But, methinks, he might have invested the money better than he did,—no interest!—nothing but good security!—and the house to be torn down to come at it! What made him hide it so snug, Tabby?"

"Because he could not spend it," said Tabitha; "for, as often as he went to unlock the chest, the Old Scratch came behind and caught his arm. The money, they say, was paid Peter out of his purse; and he wanted Peter to give him a deed of this house and land, which Peter swore he would not do."

"Just as I swore to John Brown, my old partner," remarked Peter. "But this is all nonsense, Tabby! I don't believe the story."

"Well, it may not be just the truth," said Tabitha; "for some folks say, that Peter did make over the house to the Old Scratch; and that's the reason it has always been so unlucky to them that lived in it. And as soon as Peter had given him the deed, the chest flew open, and Peter caught up a handful of the gold. But, lo and behold!—there was nothing in his fist but a parcel of old rags."

"Hold your tongue, you silly old Tabby!" cried Peter, in great wrath. "They were as good golden guineas as ever bore the effigies of the king of England. It seems as if I could recollect the whole circumstance, and how I, or old Peter, or whoever it was, thrust in my hand, or his hand, and drew it out, all of a blaze with gold. Old rags, indeed!"

But it was not an old woman's legend that would discourage Peter Goldthwaite. All night long, he slept among pleasant dreams, and awoke at daylight with a joyous throb of the heart, which few are fortunate enough to feel beyond their boyhood. Day after day he laboured hard, without wasting a moment, except at meal-times, when Tabitha summoned him to the pork and cabbage, or such other sustenance as she had picked up, or Providence had sent them. Being a truly pious man, Peter never failed to ask a blessing; if the food were none of the best, then so much the more earnestly, as it was more needed;—nor to return thanks, if the dinner had been scanty, yet for the good appetite, which was better than a sick stomach at a feast. Then did he hurry back to his toil, and in a moment was lost to sight in a cloud of dust from the old walls, though sufficiently perceptible to the ear, by the clatter which he raised in the midst of it. How enviable is the consciousness of being usefully employed! Nothing troubled Peter: or nothing but those phantoms of the mind, which seem like vague recollections, yet have also the aspect of presentiments. He often paused, with his axe uplifted in the air, and said to himself,—“Peter Goldthwaite, did you never strike this blow before?” or, “Peter, what need of tearing the whole house down? Think a little while, and you will remember where the gold is hidden.” Days and weeks passed on, however, without any remarkable discovery. Sometimes, indeed, a lean, gray rat peeped forth at the lean, gray man, wondering what devil had got into the old house, which had always been so peaceable till now. And, occasionally, Peter sympathized with the sorrows of a female mouse, who had brought five or six pretty, little, soft, and delicate young ones into the world, just in time to see them crushed by its ruin. But, as yet, no treasure!

By this time, Peter, being as determined as Fate and as diligent as Time, had made an end with the uppermost regions, and got down to the second story, where he was

busy in one of the front chambers. It had formerly been the state bedchamber, and was honoured by tradition as the sleeping apartment of Governor Dudley, and many other eminent guests. The furniture was gone. There were remnants of faded and tattered paper-hangings, but larger spaces of bare wall, ornamented with charcoal sketches, chiefly of people's heads in profile. These being specimens of Peter's youthful genius, it went more to his heart to obliterate them than if they had been pictures on a church wall by Michael Angelo. One sketch, however, and that the best one, affected him differently. It represented a ragged man, partly supporting himself on a spade, and bending his lean body over a hole in the earth, with one hand extended to grasp something that he had found. But, close behind him, with a fiendish laugh on his features, appeared a figure with horns, a tufted tail, and a cloven hoof.

"Avaunt, Satan!" cried Peter. "The man shall have his gold!"

Uplifting his axe, he hit the horned gentleman such a blow on the head, as not only demolished him, but the treasure-seeker also, and caused the whole scene to vanish like magic. Moreover, his axe broke quite through the plaster and laths, and discovered a cavity.

"Mercy on us, Mr. Peter, are you quarrelling with the Old Scratch?" said Tabitha, who was seeking some fuel to put under the dinner-pot.

Without answering the old woman, Peter broke down a further space of the wall, and laid open a small closet or cupboard, on one side of the fireplace, about breast-high from the ground. It contained nothing but a brass lamp, covered with verdigris, and a dusty piece of parchment. While Peter inspected the latter, Tabitha seized the lamp, and began to rub it with her apron.

"There is no use in rubbing it, Tabitha," said Peter. "It is not Aladdin's lamp, though I take it to be a token of as much luck. Look here, Tabby!"

Tabitha took the parchment, and held it close to her nose, which was saddled with a pair of iron-bound spectacles. But no sooner had she begun to puzzle over it than she burst into a chuckling laugh, holding both her hands against her sides.

"You can't make a fool of the old woman!" cried she. "This is your own handwriting, Mr. Peter! the same as in the letter you sent me from Mexico."

"There is certainly a considerable resemblance," said Peter, again examining the parchment. "But you know yourself, Tabby, that this closet must have been plastered up before you came to the house, or I came into the world. No, this is old Peter Goldthwaite's writing; these columns of pounds, shillings, and pence are his figures, denoting the amount of the treasure; and this, at the bottom, is doubtless a reference to the place of concealment. But the ink has either faded or peeled off, so that it is absolutely illegible. What a pity!"

"Well, this lamp is as good as new. That's some comfort," said Tabitha.

"A lamp!" thought Peter. "That indicates light on my researches."

For the present, Peter felt more inclined to ponder on this discovery than to resume his labours. After Tabitha had gone down stairs, he stood poring over the parchment, at one of the front windows, which was so obscured with dust, that the sun could barely throw an uncertain shadow of the casement across the floor. Peter forced it open, and looked out upon the great street of the town, while the sun looked in at his old house. The air, though mild, and even warm, thrilled Peter as with a dash of water.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BISHOP TEMPLE relates a good story of the inconvenience which he has experienced from his musical defect. Worshipping on one occasion in an East-end church, where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature of the congregation, the Bishop, as is his wont, joined in the singing to the best of his ability. He has a strong, if not stentorian voice, and the effect of his efforts on those sitting near him may be imagined. At the conclusion of the second verse of the hymn, the patience of a working-man on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted. Not recognising the dignitary beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave the Bishop a sharp dig in the ribs; and the latter, on turning round for an explanation, was thus addressed in subdued but distinct tones: "I say, gov'ner, you dry up; you're spoiling the whole show."

ANNUAL
EXHIBITION OF PICTURES
AND
AUTUMN FÊTE.

Programme of Arrangements.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1889.

AT 6.30.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGAN RECITAL.

Organist—Mr. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.

1. OVERTURE ... "William Tell" ... Rossini.
(By request.)
2. SAVOYARD MELODY (Mirella) ... Gounod.
3. MARCH in E ... Schubert.
4. SELECTION ... "Les Huguenots" ... Meyerbeer.
5. LIEDER ... Mendelssohn.
6. MARCH ... Weber.

AT 7.45.—IN GROUNDS (weather permitting).

Band of the 2nd Tower Hamlets' R.V.

Conductor—MR. THOS. BURNS.

1. MARCH ... "Charleroi" ... Panne.
2. VALSE ... "Venetia" ... C. Louthian.
3. FANTASIA ... "La Passirelle" ... F. Botsson.
4. SCHOTTISCHE ... "Witchery" ... R. Smith.
5. ITALIAN DANCE ... "Romanesca" ... C. Muscat.
6. OVERTURE ... "Concordia" ... Bieger.
7. LANCERS ... "Belgravia" ... Smith.
8. VALSE ... "Love's Adieu" ... C. Le Thiere.
9. FANTASIA ... "Salutation" ... E. Villiers.
10. GALOP ... "Akrobaten" ... C. Faust.

AT 7.45.—IN FLORAL HALL.

People's Palace Military Band.

CONDUCTOR—MR. A. ROBINSON.

AT 8.0.—IN QUEEN'S HALL.

Vocal & Instrumental Concert.

BAND OF THE KETTERING RIFLES

(By kind permission of CAPTAIN EAST)

CONDUCTOR ... MR. T. SEDDON.

STEDMAN'S

Celebrated Choir of Boys & Girls

SOLOISTS:

MISS AMELIA GRUHN & MISS JULIA RILEY.

ACCOMPANIST:

MR. AUGUSTUS TOOP.

1. OVERTURE ... "Excelsior" ... H. Round.
 2. VOCAL WALTZ "The Rose Queen" ... A. G. Crowe.
- MR. STEDMAN'S CHOIR OF BOYS AND GIRLS.
Rose Queen ... Miss AMELIA GRUHN.

INTRODUCTION.

The assembling of the Children.

WALTZ.—Children gathering the Roses.

Beautiful roses, beautiful roses,
Blossoms so wild and fair,
Scenting the morning air,
Oh, lovely roses, queenly flow'rs divine,
Emblems of grace and beauty,
Let us entwine.

Wearing the Garlands.

Let's be joyous! Let's be joyous!
Like the wild birds, sweetly singing:
Why repine we? Why repine we?
While the skylark's notes are ringing.

Here are garlands!
See the lovely rosebuds twining,
'Neath the green leaves,
While the sunlight's brightly shining.
Hands around, and merrily sing,
Flow'rs abound, so pretty ones bring;
Deck ye all now with wreaths so gay,
And let us be happy to-day.

Crowning the Rose Queen.

With roses, blushing roses,
Let us proffer courtly duty.
With garlands, fragrant posies;
Greet the Queen of Beauty.

SOLO.—The Rose Queen.

I am the Queen,
Of the roses so beauteous and sweet,
Whose colours so lovingly meet
In glorious sheen.

My reign has begun
And you must obey my call
Till the long shadows fall
At the setting of the sun.

CHORUS.—She is the Queen, etc.

SOLO.—My reign has begun, etc.

Homage to the Queen of Beauty.

Hail to the rose-crowned Queen!
Hail to her beauty bright
And hair of golden sheen.

Weave chaplets for her hair,
Add lustre to her grace.
Oh! beauteous one so fair,
So sweet and fair of face.

CODA.

Beautiful roses, beautiful roses,
Blossoms so wild and fair,
Scenting the morning air,
Oh! lovely roses, queenly flow'rs divine,
Emblems of grace and beauty,
Let us entwine.
She is the Queen, etc.

3. OPERATIC SELECTION "Bohemian Girl" ... Balfe.
(With Solos for all principal Instruments.)
4. Duet ... "The Midnight Wind" ... Dr. C. Vincent.
MR. STEDMAN'S CHOIR OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

Mournfully, oh mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh;
Like some sweet plaintive melody,
Of ages long gone by.

It speaks a tale of other years,
Of hopes that bloom to die;
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves, that mouldering lie.

Mournfully, oh mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
Its wild heart-broken minstrelsy;
Like love's last faint farewell!

It thrilleth thro' the heart, its deep
And melancholy knell,
Waking the thoughts that bid us weep
The grief we may not tell.

5. SONG ... "My Dearest Heart" ... Arthur Sullivan.
Miss JULIA RILEY.

All the dreaming is broken through,
Both what is done, and undone I rue,
Nothing is steadfast, nothing is true,
But your love for me, and my love for you,
My dearest heart, my dearest heart.

When the winds are loud, when the winds are low,
When the roses come in, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling is all I know,
My dearest, dearest heart.

The time is weary, the year is old,
And the light of the lily burns close to the mould,
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the city of gold.
My dearest heart, my darling, darling heart.

6. FANTASIA ... "Pride of England" ... Round.
(Introducing many Favourite Old English Melodies.)
7. VOCAL WALTZ "Playmates" ... Bucalossi.
MR. STEDMAN'S CHOIR OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

Trip, trip, tripping along,
Down the village street,
Trip, trip, tripping along,
Chime the children's feet.
Trip, trip, tripping along,
Down the village street;
Tripping to the golden rule,
Never be too late for school.
The school-bell is ringing, alack, alack,
So carry the little ones pick a-back;
Pocket each marble, sling each slate,
Or else we shall all be too late.
Now we march into our classes,
Laughing little lads and lasses,
With a smile o'er our features,
Bid good morning to our teachers.
Now we sit as prim as posies,
Like a row of little roses;
While our eyes demurely look
Down upon each lesson book.
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

Now around the black-board we
Look as black as black can be:
For we never can be quick,
When we learn Arithmetic.
Three times four are twelve, sir,
Put down two and carry one;
Three times one are three, sir,
Put down four and carry none;
Five and four we know, sir,
In addition nine must make,
Five in four won't go, sir;
Five from four you cannot take.
I love, you love, so does she;
We love, you love, so does he;
I am, thou art, he is too;
We are, they are, so are you.
The school is now over, away, away;
So lasses and lads come out to play.
The lads are leaping, the lasses skip,
As out of the school we trip, trip, trip.

8. SELECTION ... "Der Freischutz" ... Weber.
9. SONG ... "In the Chimney Corner," ... F. H. Cowen.
Miss AMELIA GRUHN.

What do you see in the fire, my darling,
Gold-hair'd lassie beside my knee!
Is it a castle in Eldorado?
Is it a lover from over the sea?
Leave the castles to others, lassie,
Let the lover come whence he may,
Love is love in the humblest cottage,
Never mind what the world will say.

What is there in the flames, my darling,
Do you wonder what I can see?
The old white house and the little garden,
Oh, how it all comes back to me!
Oh, the sound of the mill wheel turning!
Oh, the scent of the lilac tree!
When I was a girl like you, my darling,
When your grandfather courted me.

You will grow old, like me, my darling,
Time will wither your golden hair;
Sitting at eve in the chimney corner,
Dreaming and watching each empty chair,
You will not weep as you sit and ponder,
You will remember the tales we told,
For while there is love in your heart, my darling,
The world will never grow sad or old.

10. GRAND NATIONAL FANTASIA ... R. de Lacy.
"The Queen's Jubilee."
(Descriptive of Her Majesty's Jubilee Procession to
Westminster Abbey.)

This Fantasia opens with a grand, bold, dashing March,
with Bass Solo; then the fine old Song, "The Flag that
braved a Thousand Years the Battle and the Breeze"; Glee,
"Hail, happy England"; Representation of Bells of West-
minster Abbey, Arrival of the Queen, March of the Grenadiers,

Organ in the Abbey, Quartet Anthem, "Grant the Queen a
long life." The Procession leaves the Abbey to the strains of
a Grand Slow March, "God save the Queen" (Handel). The
Band now plays National Music—ENGLAND—"Chime again,
beautiful Bells" (Solo for Cornet); and "Vicar of Bray"
(Solo Euphonium). IRELAND—"The Minstrel Boy"
(Solo Euphonium). SCOTLAND—"Highland Laddie," and "Wha Whana Fight
for Charlie." WALES—"The Ash Grove," and "Ab
Shenkin." Grand Finale, "God save the Queen."

11. DUETS { a. "The Sailor's Lullaby" } Dr. Vincent.
 { b. "A Holiday" }
MR. STEDMAN'S CHOIR OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

(a.) "The Sailor's Lullaby."

Peacefully slumbering on the ocean
Seamen fear no danger nigh,
Winds and waves in gentle motion
Soothe them with their lullaby.
Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry,
The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

(b.) "A Holiday."

Brightly shines the sun
On our holiday,
All is bright and glad,
Sing, for our life is May,
Sing, with gladness, sing,
Join our happy throng,
Sing with us to-day,
Swell our joyous song.

In the morning o'er the waters
In a boat we'll gently glide,
When the sun is high above
From the noontide rays we'll hide;
In the evening to sweet music
We will dance upon the green,
O were e'er such happy mortals
Ever seen, ever seen.

12. CORNET SOLO POLKA "La Tritone" ... Bulch.
Cornet ... MR. T. SEDDON.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

Solo Cornet	MR. T. SEDDON.
" "	MR. S. PATRICK.
" "	MR. F. TINGLE.
" Horn	MR. J. SEDDON.
" Baritone	MR. H. MOBBS.
" Trombone	MR. T. KELSBY.
" Euphonium	MR. G. YORK.

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Calendar of the Week.

August 22nd.—Battle of Bosworth, 1485. Warren Hastings died, 1818. The first message across the Atlantic by telegraph was sent on this day; the Queen telegraphed congratulations to the President. The cable, however, ceased to act in a day or two, and another one had to be laid.

August 23rd.—Sir William Wallace executed, 1305. Duke of Buckingham murdered, 1628.

August 24th.—Theodore Hook died, 1841. On this day was held Bartholomew Fair. This great fair was established in the year 1100, and lasted till 1855, when it was finally abolished. But the great event this day will always be connected with is the massacre of Huguenots by Charles IX. or his mother, Catherine Medici. In this massacre the great Admiral Coligny was murdered.

August 25th.—Chatterton, the poet, committed suicide, being then only in his nineteenth year. He was buried in the churchyard belonging to St. Andrew's, Holborn, which now forms part of Farringdon Market, but the exact site of the grave is unknown.

August 26th.—King Louis Philippe died at Claremont, in the year 1850. This king had seen as many vicissitudes of fortune as have happened to most of us. He was born in the Royal Family of France, being second or third cousin to the king, and at his birth had no prospects whatever of succeeding to the crown. After the Revolution broke out, and his father had been guillotined, he fled into Switzerland, where he maintained himself for a time by acting as a schoolmaster. The Revolution of 1830, which turned out the direct line of descent, placed him upon the throne, for which another Revolution, eighteen years later, turned him out. The Battle of Crecy was fought on this day, 1346.

August 27th.—Is said to have been the day on which Cæsar landed in Great Britain. Anybody may, if he pleases, celebrate this landing on any other day. Thomson, the poet, author of "the Sisters," died on this day.

August 28th.—St. Augustine. He was born in the year 354, and became Bishop in 396. He died in the year 430, the city over which he was Bishop being at the time besieged by Vandals. Leigh Hunt died on this day, 1859, being then seventy-five years of age. He was not a great writer, but he passed an active life, and did good work on the side of reform.

Will Blood Stains Wash Out?

TO the present day the superstition is rife that blood stains cannot be washed out. During the French Revolution eighty priests were massacred in the Carmelite chapel in Paris, and the stains of their blood are pointed out to-day. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," declares that the blood stains of David Rizzio, the Italian private secretary of Mary, Queen of Scots, who was stabbed at Holyrood Palace by certain Protestant leaders of her court, aided by her husband, Darnley, are still to be seen. In Lancashire the natives show a stone called the "Bloody Stone," which was so marked to show Heaven's displeasure at some of Cromwell's soldiers' atrocities at Gallows Croft. In *Macbeth*, act v., scene i., Shakespeare, alluding to the idea, says, "Yet here's a spot."

The truth about blood cannot be easily explained. In the first place, if the blood be that of a murdered person, no proof is ever offered. In the next place blood contains oxide of iron, which sinks deep into the fibre of the wood, and proves indelible to ordinary washing. Thus it is true that stones of a porous nature and wood not of the hardest kind are susceptible to the stain of blood produced by the oxide of iron which the blood contains. But the blood of a pig is as good as that of a murdered man.

AN IRISHMAN'S IDEA OF THE LIFT.—"Says I, 'Is Mither Smith in, sir?' Says the man with the sojer cap: 'Well, yes; stip in.' So I stips into the closet, and, all of a suddint, he pulls at a rope, and—it's the trooth I'm tellin' ye—the walls of the buildin' began runnin' down to the cellar. 'Och, murder,' says I, 'what'll become of Bridget an' the childer which was lift below there?' Says the sojer-cap man: 'Be aisy, sir; they'll be all right when ye come down.' 'Come down, is it?' says I. 'And is it no closet at all, but a haythenish balloon that yez got me in?' And wid that the wall stopped stock still, and he opened the door; and there I was wid the roof jist over my head. And that's what saved me from goin' up to heaven intirely!"

A Curious Religion of To-day.

DR. E. PANDER, a German professor attached to the University of Pekin, has had exceptional opportunities of studying Lamaism, and, as might be expected, he is able to throw some new light on it. Buddhism, he insists, was originally a strictly monotheistic religion. Chinese Buddhism, as it is represented to-day by the Lamas, is outright Polytheism, and is the result of a kind of compromise which was effected in the seventh century of our era with Brahmaism and Sivaism. Early in the fifteenth century, a certain amount of reformation was brought about by Tsong-Kapa, the Chinese Luther; but now things are almost, if not quite, as bad as they ever were, and every temple is full of hideous idols and revolting obscenity. The outward ugliness of the gods is supposed to be the mask of inward beauty; the prevailing obscenity is defended as being a perpetual illustration of the mystical union between the spiritual and the material in nature.

The present hierarchical system became a part of Lamaism in 1664, when two Dalai-Lamas had established themselves in ecclesiastical supremacy. Being far too holy and exalted to attend to little matters, they delegated their authority to earthly ministers. A Dalai-Lama is regarded as an incarnation of Buddha; and whenever one of them dies, his successor is solemnly chosen by lot from among the previously selected children, in one of whom Buddha is supposed to be reincarnate. At present, one of the two Dalai-Lamas, a grown man, resides in Pekin.

The ritual of Lamaism reminds Dr. Pander, as it has reminded many others, of the ritual of the Roman Church. During the service, if a Dalai-Lama be present, he sits in front of the altar, and conducts the worship by the aid of a bell which he holds in his hand. The ecclesiastical music is of a melancholy type. Censers, incense, and holy water are used; and shell trumpets, fans, and a cruciform instrument, called a manda, are requisites for a properly conducted service. The canonical writings of Lamaism consist of 108 huge volumes, and there are 225 volumes of commentaries. During public worship, each priest in the building reads in a murmuring voice from a separate volume, the idea being that, although the consequent babel of voices may be meaningless to the audience, it is, of course, perfectly comprehensible to the gods, who have unlimited powers of intellectual assimilation. So mechanical is the reading of the priests that attendants have to pass up and down their ranks to keep them awake. Rosaries are used, but "praying wheels" are still more in request. You write your prayer on paper, fasten it to the periphery of the wheel, and either turn a handle or so arrange that the wind shall turn the wheel, and so save all trouble. Either method is held to be fully efficacious and grateful to the gods. Those who incline to Sivaism make much use of a drum formed of the skulls of two executed criminals, fastened together and covered with monkey skin. The priests also use the skulls of persons who have died by violence, as cups, wherein to prepare magic potions.

Dr. Pander made the personal acquaintance of the Dalai-Lama at Pekin. He was received by him in audience, and later the Lama called upon him. The doctor happened to be out when his Holiness arrived, and was rather confused, on his return home, to learn that his visitor had been waiting for him for a full hour. The situation, indeed, was excessively awkward, for in the room in which the Lama was sitting were several curiosities which the doctor had purchased from one of his Holiness's servants, and which, it suddenly occurred to him, had been stolen by the seller. But the Lama made no allusion to any theft. At his departure he presented the doctor with a priestly robe, and asked, in return, for the portrait of his mother, which he had observed among the curiosities. Receiving this, he gave the doctor his blessing. Several days later, the dishonest servant called to say that he had been severely punished for his peculations, but that he had a few other things which he would be willing to part with for a consideration. And, behold, among the curiosities was once more the picture of the Dalai-Lama's mother!

"MR. BARKER, do you think we shall go to the seaside this summer?" asked the "power behind the throne," as the family sat about the evening lamp.

"Mrs. B." answered her husband, "I have not paid the bill for the Christmas present you gave me yet"; and a dull silence reigned.

It is well that the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once, the task would be too hard to master.

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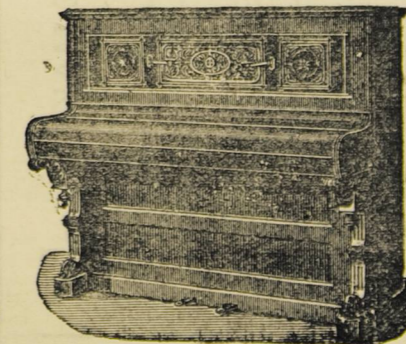
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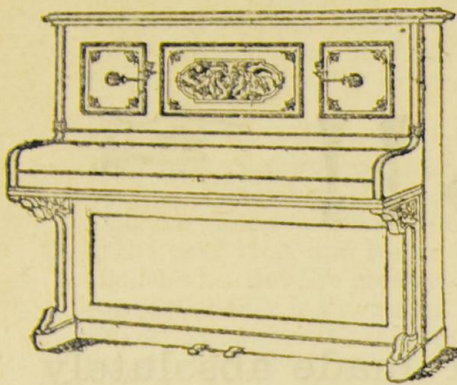
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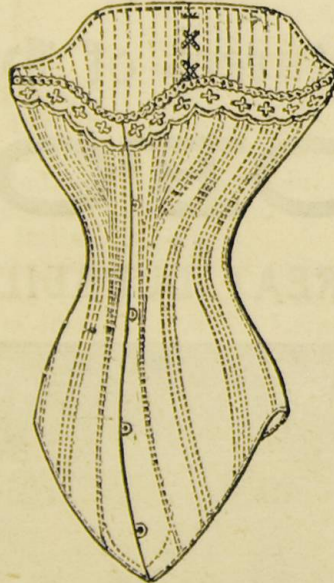
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