

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

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

## NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

## Coming Events.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Military Band Practice, at 7.45.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Junior Harriers.—Run.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Technical Schools' Rambling Club.—To Lord Mayor's Show.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.—Cricket Club.—Adjourned General Meeting, at 7.15.—Technical Schools' Harriers.—Run.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 5.

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

MONDAY, Nov. 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 7.30.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Chess Club.—Usual Practice, at 7, in East Ante-room of Queen's Hall.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.—Ramblers' Club.—General Meeting, at 8.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Evening Students admitted from 7; General Public from 7.30.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 10th, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30, 4, AND 8 O'CLOCK.

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

At 4 o'clock, Organ Recital and Sacred Songs.

ADMISSION FREE.

## Notes of the Week.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a communication which she has lately addressed to a West-London paper on the subjects most worthy of discussion in a Parliament of Ladies. She proposes eight, and a very odd collection of subjects it is. The first, however, points out a distinct injustice, which has only to be stated in order to be remedied. It is that lodging-house keepers—a very large class, consisting almost entirely of women—have to pay a much higher house-tax than shopkeepers. She says that, while shopkeepers pay 6d. in the pound, lodging-house keepers pay 9d. in the pound, because they are rated as private houses. If this is so, it is a most monstrous absurdity, and an injustice to a struggling class, whose trade—they keep shops and sell lodging—is a very anxious and uncertain one; perhaps some member may be induced to bring forward a small Bill to remedy this injustice. It may be illustrated by a single example. A lodging-house in a good neighbourhood, like a shop in a good thoroughfare, is highly rented. Suppose shop and lodging-house both rented at £150; the shopkeeper pays for house-tax £3 15s. a year at 6d. in the pound; the lodging-house keeper pays £5 12s. 6d. Many readers of the *Palace Journal* can feel the difference which nearly £2 makes to a struggling woman.

WOULD you like to know the other seven points recommended for discussion? It is very curious to note what a lady thinks the most important subjects, and those calling most loudly for consideration. They are as follows: (1) racing of omnibuses: (2) the teaching of manners in schools: (3) the burning of bricks in the suburbs: (4) the nuisance of street music: (5) the compulsion of labour: (6) the abolition of obsolete laws: and lastly, the maintenance of the necessitous gentlewoman. It is a curious mixture of small things and great things. Certainly the manners of the boys and girls of our Board Schools are bad and seem to be growing worse. But our School Board should see to this matter without troubling any Parliament of ladies. As for the compulsion of labour, our able-bodied men, poor fellows, are too often in search of labour. And as for maintenance of gentlewomen, this lady fails to understand that the State cannot possibly recognise differences of social standing in poverty. The same provision that is made for the pauper seamstress, must serve for the pauper lady. That provision, however, should be more generous than it is, and more thoughtful for the individual.

THE best provision for gentlewoman or seamstress is the thrift of her parents. That a man should go on for years making his thousand pounds a year, and should neglect altogether to provide for his daughters, is the most wicked selfishness in the world. But it is just as wicked and selfish for a working man to save nothing for his children. In another column I give an extract from a letter sent to me by a second correspondent. This man, who, I admit, must have been a youth of the most remarkable courage and inflexible resolution, tells us how, in three years, during which he received less than £200 in wages, he saved £100. In other words, he lived on £30 a year. He struck, as he says, against King Pipe, King Drink, King Laziness, and King Dissipation. He lived on 12s. a week. Now, young men of the Palace clubs, will you do the same? There are not many of you, I know, who have the pluck and the resolution. Those who have will be rewarded by an old age of comfort and the power to provide for their children.

THE way of Thrift is a road excellently lighted from beginning to end. And at the beginning the end can be plainly discerned. Yet the beginning terrifies. It is lonely: few march along that road: there are at the outset thorns and rough places: yet the pleasant country of ease and plenty to which it leads is full in view, and can be seen and understood by everybody. How would it be if some of the Palace were to enter into a League of Thrift? I think the Director would welcome such a League among the Palace clubs. The rules of such a League should be simple, but rigid. No money must be wasted in drink: no member must be allowed to spend more than 15s. a week for all his expenses: he must save the rest: he must be bound not to marry before five or six-and-twenty, or before he can keep a wife: he must attend one or more technical classes: and he should acquire and make himself a proficient in some accomplishment. I have observed that the young men who play the fiddle do not generally hanker after the society of those other young men who can only play the fool. These would be the most prominent rules. A badge of membership should be worn. Ladies should be admitted as members. They would, no doubt, set an example in keeping down the expenses of living.

I SHOWED, a long time ago, and now I repeat, that a young man who saves four shillings a week from the age of seventeen to seven-and-twenty, would be able to purchase a deferred annuity, which would make him independent and able to retire at the age of sixty. Intending members of the new League of Thrift, consider this statement. Take paper, and pen, and Post Office Guide, and write it out for yourselves, and remember, my young friends, that Time never stops. Some day, soon, you will wake up and find yourselves fifty. Then you will bless your own courage in saving the money which will make you independent for the rest of your life.

THE great event of the week, of the year, perhaps of the century, has been the Royal Charter of the South African Company. One turns with satisfaction from the miserable squabbles on home politics to watch this latest development of the good old British spirit of enterprise and adventure. The African Company enters this week upon the possession of a country four or five times as great as the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland together. If you look at the map, you will see this great country bounded on the south by the Transvaal and Natal: on the west, partly by the sea, and partly by the Portuguese dominions: on the east, by that country over which Germany claims a certain shadowy sovereignty: on the north by the Great African Continent, into which the Company may stretch out long arms for trade and conquest. It is a country supposed to be enormously rich in possibilities. Assuredly, there is not much actual wealth in it; but there are mountains filled with precious ore: huge tracts of fertile soil: a magnificent climate: and very few natives. Here, one hopes, will be another Indian Empire—richer—more manageable. Here will be a country open for hundreds of years to come to millions of Englishmen.

It is a country so big, that its possession ought to solve for five hundred years the question of capital and labour. There would be no more strikes wanted: no more quarrels: if the working men knew that away in South Africa there was a land longing and crying out for Englishmen to till it, for English artisans to work in it. In a year or two this land will be actually crying out for men. I hope the Directors will be ready to force upon the government a scheme for immigration, which will serve as a real relief for the Mother Country. The labour question would be simple were there not too many labourers. As for those who are to go, they will not be the present body of working men, because they are too ignorant of the Colonies, and too much wedded to their native country. But I do not despair of living to see the day when in all the Board Schools they will leave off teaching how to spell, and teach, instead, the magnificent inheritance of our Colonies, and the duty of one young man out of three going away and taking up his lot in these Colonies. Australia threatens to be played out, because the land is parcelled out into huge sheep runs: New Zealand, for the same reason, will soon offer no more inducements to the working man. But South Africa remains. Meantime, as a corrective and pill for those who believe that Colonies are useless, Lord Dufferin and Ava has recently reminded the city, that India alone takes £35,000,000 worth of our exports every year. Thirty-five millions—look at it in words. If

a third of that sum of money, or twelve millions, is spent in wages, it means, at a weekly rate of two pounds, the maintenance of a hundred and twenty thousand working men. But if this is too high an average for wages, at thirty shillings it represents the maintenance of a hundred and fifty thousand working men, or reckoning five to a family, 750,000 souls. There is much more than this, of course: India furnishes a career for tens of thousands of Englishmen. It maintains an army of 60,000 men, an administration of many more thousands: it is filled with English merchants, planters, engineering manufacturers, doctors, lawyers, missionaries, and I know not what. Further, it employs, for the carriage of its exports and imports, a vast fleet of steamers, all of which are built, manned and commanded by our own men. And lastly, an immense quantity of grain, tea, coffee, spices, and stuffs, comes every year from India, and is bought by us. Considering these things, let us remember, that if we lose so valuable a possession, we deprive all the people thus employed of their support—some millions of all classes. Again, considering these things, let us remember that we shall certainly have to fight again, as we have already fought, for the possession of this splendid empire. A few years ago it was the fashion of the wise men, then in power, to sneer at and deride the Colonies. Now we are beginning to know better.

ONLY beginning to know better. We shall never fully understand what the Colonies should be to us until every household in the country understands that some members of it are bound to emigrate in order to keep the population within certain limits and to keep up the price of labour. Working men may strike as much as they please, but the only safe and certain means of securing high wages is scarcity of labour. Therefore, if one boy in three can be taught to see that it is his duty to go, the other two will be better able to maintain the standard of wages, and when the Colonies are better understood, and emigration better administered, the boy who goes out will feel that he is the luckiest member of the family. As it is, the Colonial Office understands nothing about emigration, and has never attempted anything, though millions of acres call aloud for tillage, and millions of Britons,—English, Scotch, and Irish,—now crowding into our great towns, would be ready and eager to go if the way was opened to them: though we have troop and transport ships lying idle which would take them for nothing: and though the expenditure of a few millions at starting would create a second Britain on the southern banks of the Zambesi.

ON Saturday, we had an unexpected day of glorious sunshine. One more ramble snatched from the fogs of November. This time, I went to visit the place where Milton spent eight or ten years after he left Cambridge. Here he wrote "Comus and Lycidas." The house in which the father lived has been pulled down, and a modern house erected on the spot. The church remains, in which with his parents he worshipped every Sunday. The walls and the tower are the same, but nothing else. Until thirteen years ago, the whole church remained as when that two sat in it. Now, alas! the Restorer has been at work. The ivy-covered tower has been scraped: it now stands up sharp and shiny just as if it had been built yesterday. They have taken out the old pews, and the old pulpit, and put in new seats and a new reading desk, and a new pulpit,—everything is new, even to the chest in the vestry. The only old things left are the slabs which mark the tombs, and immediately in front of the altar is the slab to the memory of Sara, wife of John Milton, and mother of the poet. As for the village, there is not much to say: it stands—what there is of it—among low-lying meadows, richly wooded, in which rivulets and streams run in all directions: a fertile, warm, swampy place, about three miles north of the famous Runnymede and Magna Charta Island.

ON the ninth is Lord Mayor's Day—day of procession, and of the Guildhall banquet—day once sacred to the giants Gog and Magog. Every great city in the middle ages had its giants. No great event could be celebrated without a procession or pageant, and every pageant required its giant. In the year 1415, when Henry V. returned to London after his victory of Agincourt, he was welcomed by a male and female giant standing at the Southwark end of London Bridge: and in the year 1554, when Philip and Mary made a public entry into London, two giants, named Corineus and Gogmagog, were exhibited on London Bridge. The

City giants are now called Gog and Magog, but their original names were, as above, Corineus and Gogmagog. The figures in the Guildhall were made in the year 1707. They do not seem to have been used at the Lord Mayor's Show for a great many years—though in the year 1837 two great figures, in imitation of Corineus and Gogmagog, walked in the procession. In the year 1853, Mr. Cooke, of Astley's Theatre, with the help of Fenton, a scene painter, devised a pageant which has never since been surpassed. It consisted of a "Chariot of Justice," drawn by six horses: standard-bearers of all nations on horseback: an Australian cart drawn by oxen, and containing a gold-digger washing quartz: men carrying implements of industry: and a car drawn by nine horses, containing a globe of gold surmounted by a throne, on which sat two most lovely young ladies from Astley's Theatre, representing Peace and Prosperity. The Lord Mayor's coach was constructed in the year 1757, at a cost of some thousand pounds: the great banquet at Guildhall costs every year about £2,500. The Lord Mayor himself is expected, over and above the money granted for the purpose, to expend at least £10,000, during his year of office, in entertainments of every kind. Let us not join the chorus of those who cry out upon the extravagance of City banquets. The City should be magnificent in its festivals as well as in its charities. We will maintain hospitals and almshouses, and support every useful work. Let us, however, so long as the City is wealthy, show a generous and magnificent hospitality. It is not waste of money to entertain on occasion a thousand guests, to bring the ministers to the City, and to remind royalty that the power and wealth of this country depends upon its merchants and its trade.

EDITOR.

### Personal Experience of a Striker.

(Extracts from a letter referred to in "Notes of the Week.")

SIR,—I am a working man—a hard working man—and have been so all the days of my life. I am also a great believer in strikes. I served my articles of apprenticeship in ye ancient citie of Bristowe. After fumbling through this term the best way I could, I went penniless upon the world in pursuit of a place. In a short time I secured a situation in an adjacent town—the city of Bath. By the generosity of a friend, who advanced me the sum of 3s. 6d., I availed myself of the luxury of a railway train in preference to tramping the journey on foot. My weekly wage was £1. When I received my first stipend I shall never forget my feelings—a real golden sovereign, and all my own. I scarcely knew whether I stood upon my head or my heels. It seemed to me that I was the owner of a mine of wealth. My gratitude was intense; but it was soon suggested to me that there were two sides of the question. Taking into consideration that I had to provide myself not only with food, clothing, lodging and washing, but also with beer, tobacco, amusements, recreation, reading, etc., which I had been taught to believe were highly essential to the well-being and happiness of a young man of the period just starting into life, one pound a week after all was not a very large sum! Moreover, it was clearly my duty to look out for a partner in life.

What a wretched look out; what a miserable prospect! I remained, however, in this situation rather over three years. Let me skip over this space, and jump at once to the conclusion of it, and briefly review my position then. How did I stand, and what had I done? In the first place, I had lived comfortably the whole of the time, having good and ample food, plenty of clothing, respectable lodging, and into the bargain, found myself with the sum of one hundred pounds sterling standing to my credit in the savings' bank of the district. Not such a bad fix to be in after all, in a little over three years, for a poor forlorn and penniless youth, and who, for the first half of that period, had been in the receipt of one pound, and the second half twenty-five shillings, weekly. But whence did it come about? How was it done? It was effected, sir, entirely by "strikes"—by strikes alone—constant and persistent strikes. To be brief, the first master I struck under was most insidious and tyrannical; he lived in great style; his name is known all over the civilised world. It was no other than the celebrated Tobacco Pipe, Esquire. I had all my work cut out to conquer him, but I struck, and brought him at length like a lamb to my feet. The next master whom I served under, for some length of time, was equally well known, and had monopolised quite as much territory as the former one—it was the eminent "John Barleycorn," Esq., of Brewers' Manor, Grogshire. This dis-

tinguished master did his best to deprive me of my hard earnings. Here, however, was I again successful in the strike. I gained considerable rise by these strikes, and felt altogether in better form; success gave confidence, with improved condition and capacity. Amongst other masters who followed the same fate as the former ones may be mentioned, Messrs. Cant, Humbug and Co.; Messrs. Appetite, Indolence and Dissipation; Messdames Spoon and Coddle; Messrs. Extravagance, Sing-song, Fast and Co.

These striking years developed a sort of personal discipline—physical, intellectual, and moral—which far surpassed in value the mere amount of cash, which under such auspices had naturally accumulated to my credit. I spared my throat and brain the introduction of useless superfluous rubbish; was my own lawyer, parson, doctor, book; and I even look back to this period of my life with considerable gratitude and satisfaction, demonstrating to my mind as it did that our real masters and enemies are our own personal bad habits; that true manliness, courage, success, and happiness consist solely in their subjection and control. With these, then, at my feet, I had never the smallest cause to complain of my employers. They always treated me as well as I expected or deserved. Doubtless had I failed to "strike," and to strike whilst the iron was hot, my employers would have appeared to me in a very different light, and I should have remained all my life struggling in the mire, blaming to the end each cause but the right one. I continued an employé and single until I saw my way perfectly clear to settle down in a satisfactory and respectable manner, and am pleased to add that I am at the present moment in a very comfortable position, and employing from twenty to thirty hands.

Yours faithfully,  
AN OLD BRISTOLIAN.

### Palace Notes.

THE third of our annual courses of instruction in Theoretical and Practical Photography is to begin on Thursday, the 14th of this month. Practical studio work will be arranged for, and certificates and silver and bronze medals are to be given for competitors by the City Guilds. It will be enough to say that our teacher, Mr. Farmer's pupils, have taken twenty-five of the twenty-seven of these medals awarded during recent years, to secure a similar rush of entries to the Photographic Class as took place last year.

ON November 18th, a re-touching class will begin operations.

AN extra evening's study in each week (it will be Monday) has been arranged for the Palace students preparing for Matriculation at the London University. The half-term in this class begins this week.

THE students' Social room will in future remain open, and refreshments will be obtainable in it until 10.30 o'clock each evening. Smoking may be indulged in after half-past nine. The circulating library here is being taxed beyond its capacity, and some kind friends of the Palace would help us very much by giving us some more suitable books.

THE Girls' Junior Section has commenced work, and is going on admirably. This I fully expect to become a very important future of our work.

WITH this number the *Palace Journal* completes its fourth volume. An Index, and cover suitable for binding, will soon be issued, and orders for these should be sent at once.

MR. ORTON BRADLEY regrets to find he cannot arrange for the promised performance of Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" next Sunday. He hopes to be able to give the performance either on Sunday, 24th, or 1st December, and will announce the exact date in next week's *Journal*.  
SUB-EDITOR.

THERE is a dentist, the sign over whose door reads, "Teeth Extracted Without Enny Pane. Laffin Gas Sixpence a Ha Ha!"

## Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach 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.]

## PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A General Meeting was called last Friday evening, but owing to a small attendance it was thought advisable to adjourn until Wednesday week, 13th inst., so I must ask intending ramblers to please note Wednesday week, 8.30 p.m. After the General Meeting, a Committee Meeting will be held.

Through the kindness of Spencer Charrington, Esq., a party of fifteen ramblers were permitted to go over the Anchor brewery, Mile End, on Saturday last. After introducing ourselves to Mr. Cuckford, that gentleman appointed Mr. Swift to act as our guide over the establishment. In the course of our ramble we were shown the mash tuns for mixing the malt and liquor, which is then passed to under backs and from thence to coppers for boiling; then it is transferred to hop backs, and afterwards goes through very ingeniously designed coolers and refrigerators, entering at 160 degrees and leaving at 63 degrees it runs to the fermenting rounds and squares, some containing 10,000 gallons.

We were informed the whole process of brewing takes six days before the beer reaches the stores in casks or barrels ready to dispatch.

We were shown the engines at work in the mill house for crushing and sifting grain, and in another department raising malt into the tower for cleansing purposes and for pumping water from the wells.

When we reached the cellars we met Mr. Cuckford, who kindly invited those who cared to sample the ale; having refreshed, we ascended a winding staircase termed "Jacob's Ladder" to the malt bins and tower. This is used as a means of transfer of malt from one side of the brewery to the other. On a clear day a splendid view may be obtained from here, as the tower is 205 feet high, unfortunately for us, there was a heavy mist about which limited our bird's eye view of the surroundings. When we came down we went into the stout stores, where the same hospitality was evidenced in sampling, from here we went to the stables where 160 horses are kept, each horse having some fancy name and being evidently treated with great care.

Every space is occupied either in preparing or storing the liquor, and we had to confess that we were surprised at the size of the brewery and the amount of machinery required in the different processes, before beer reached the public. Having thanked our guide, we took leave of one another.

There will be no ramble this week being Lord Mayor's Day.

Arrangements are being made for 16th inst. to Knight Templar's Hall and Temple Church, and on 23rd to Stepney Gas Works.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director.—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

The special class for musical drill will practice in the Exhibition Buildings on the following evenings, viz., Monday, 8.30 p.m. until 9 p.m.; Thursday, 8 p.m. until 9 p.m.; Saturday, 7.30 p.m. until 8.30 p.m. Indian club class on Mondays and Wednesdays, from 9 p.m. until 10 p.m.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The ordinary meeting of the club was held on Friday, 5th inst., Mr. Lawday in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, the alteration of the rules was agreed to. Mr. Barrett then read an interesting paper on "Transparencies," dwelling chiefly on one process, and practically demonstrating the same. Several of Mr. Barrett's transparencies were shown on the screen by means of the lantern, and proved highly successful. After a discussion on various methods relating to transparencies, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Barrett, also to our chairman. The next meeting of the club will be held on the 15th inst., when Mr. E. H. Farmer (Vice-President) will read a paper.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

President.—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

The adjourned General Meeting will take place on Saturday next in the Swimming Bath at 7.15; all intending Members are invited. After the meeting, a Smoking Concert will be held at 8.30; only those showing class tickets will be admitted.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor.—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

The first social evening of the season will be held on Saturday, November 16th, at 7 o'clock, in the Exhibition-buildings, a small charge will be made for programmes to defray expenses of band, etc. We meet as usual for practice on Friday, at 8 o'clock, and on Tuesday, at 7.30 for ladies, 8.45 for gentlemen. We have vacancies for Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses.

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

## PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.

A meeting was held at Essex House after the usual evening class on Friday last, to inaugurate the reconstituted Sketching Club in connection with the Art Classes. There was a good attendance of students, and the club will soon be in full swing, as the meeting elected six members of Committee, and will proceed to the election of a Secretary, and to the drawing up of amended rules hereafter. About twenty names were given in of those anxious to join the Sketching Club, while the interests of lady members will be looked after by their two representatives on the Committee.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE CHESS CLUB.

Subscription, 3s. per annum, or 1s. per quarter. Members meet for practice on Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East Ante-room; entrance through Library. The first match in the J.M.C.C. was played on Wednesday last, at Oliphant's, and ended in a draw, the score being as follows:—

People's Palace.		Belsize	
Cudmore .. ..	½	Huckvale .. ..	½
Smith, E. J. .. .	0	Saunders .. ..	1
Dinnis, Rev. F. H. ..	0	Levi .. ..	1
Bacon .. ..	½	Baxter .. ..	1
Clegg .. ..	1	Webster .. ..	0
Evans .. ..	1	Matthews .. ..	0
Powell .. ..	0	Bedford .. ..	1
Pike .. ..	1	Little .. ..	0
	4		4

Those desirous of taking part in the Winter Tourney, and Dr. Hunt's simultaneous exhibition on the 16th inst., are requested to give in their names without delay.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS' RAMBLING CLUB.

Great excitement prevailed on Saturday last among thirty-three of our boys, at Coborn Road Station, when the Woolwich train arrived, which was to carry them to Albert Dock. They were all eagerly and anxiously looking for my arrival at the bottom of the stairs, when to their surprise I appeared at the top, having just arrived from Liverpool Street by the same train. They wanted but a signal and up they came, the ticket collector trying to stop them, but the rush was too strong, and all endeavours to prevent them crowding in the train were useless. However, the collector insisted on my getting the tickets then and there, instead of paying at the other end as I had intended. Thirty-five tickets could not be issued in a minute, and so I had the satisfaction of seeing the boys wave their hats in the air and disappear. Fortunately Mr. Low accompanied me from Liverpool Street and went on with the boys, so I knew they were all safe, and was content to follow by the next train, with two boys who had come late. On arriving at the docks, I learned that Captain Baker had met the party at the station, and taken them to see s.s. "Victoria," accordingly we three with a guide wended our way thither in search of the others. Unlikely as it may seem that the head-master with thirty-three boys could be so secluded in any boat as to tax the energies of four eager searchers for fifteen minutes, yet so it was; however, we at last found them in the shaft tunnel, examining minutely by the aid of torches some gigantic coupling. The boys had expected much, but the prodigious proportions of the engines were far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The "Victoria" is a four-masted barque of the P. & O. S. N. Co., and runs between here and Australia, a distance of 13,000 miles, in forty days. She was built by Caird & Co., of Greenock, in 1887; her tonnage is 6,253; length, 456 feet; breadth, 52 feet; depth, 27 feet. The diameters of her three cylinders are 40, 63, and 100 inches; stroke 6 feet; nominal horse-power, 1,500; diameter of screw propeller, 20 feet 6 inches. There are eight boilers, thirty-six furnaces; this with the refrigerating, electrical, and steering engines and machinery, gave the boys ample opportunity of seeing how little they knew of engineering, and the enormous field for that knowledge before them. The saloons, cabins, etc., fitted up in the most luxurious manner, called forth many exclamations, and after much fun with the negroes, who were at work on board, we left and made our way

along the quay to the s.s. "Furnessia," the boat which brought Barnum's great show from America. A barrier prevented us from too close proximity with the animals, chariots, etc., which were being landed, but the various holes and cracks in the iron shed were soon surrounded by eager spies, who caught a glimpse of Jumbo's ghost, the buffaloes, etc. After a very pleasant ramble round the docks we took the train home, being very pleased with our outing. Next week we hope to honour the Lord Mayor's Show with our presence.

A. W. B.

## People's Palace Junior Section.

## JUNIOR BEAUMONT CRICKET CLUB.

The batting averages for the past season were as follows:—

	No. of Innings	Runs	Highest Score	Not Outs.	Average.
1. Frith .. ..	16	239	67*	4	19'9
2. Harvey .. ..	17	72	29*	1	4'5
3. Jagers .. ..	13	54	13	1	4'5
3. Pocknell .. ..	14	53	11	1	4'07
4. Winyard .. ..	13	40	24*	3	4
5. Webb .. ..	12	21	6	1	1'9
6. Branch .. ..	12	12	7	1	1'08
7. Byford .. ..	4	4	2	0	1
8. Sanderson .. ..	13	12	4	0	'9
9. Young .. ..	4	2	2	0	'5
10. Handley .. ..	5	1	1	0	'25

\* Means not out.

As shown above, Frith wins the prize bat; Harvey and Jagers, being good all-round men, equally share the second prize.

T. SANDERSON, Hon. Sec.  
J. POCKNELL, Assist. Sec.

## JUNIOR HARRIERS.

President.—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

We met in fine weather on Saturday last, at Wanstead, for a paper chase. The hares were represented by J. S. Fayers and E. Griffiths; the hounds were, J. Pocknell, W. Frith, F. Byford, T. Sanderson, and W. Whiter, who were kindly led by Mr. Tucker; the latter, however, was unfortunate enough to mistake the track, owing to another paper chase being on with very similar paper, the hares therefore arrived home one hour before the hounds reached their destination. Next time, however, we hope the hounds will be more successful.

J. S. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.  
E. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE JUNIOR FOOTBALL CLUB.

People's Palace Junior Football Club v. People's Palace Technical Schools Football Club.—These two clubs met at Wanstead to decide the first match between the two this season, and after a very fast game, the result was in favour of the Technicals by 4 goals to 3.

Team.—Hiron (goal); Phillips, Birkett (half-time each), Bersey (backs); Latilla, Baker (half-time each), Clements, Young (forwards); Newport, Loudon, McCardle, Lakeman, Gurr (half-backs).

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

## Ancient Toys.

PUPPETS were patronised by both the Greeks and Romans, and automata also date back to a remote period. Vulcan's tripod on wheels has the authority of Homer; Dædalus also made moving statues; Archytas, of Tarentum, 400 B.C., invented a wooden pigeon that could fly in the air. In the fifteenth century Regiomontanus made an iron fly that moved through the atmosphere, and afterwards an automatic eagle, which, on the arrival of the Emperor Maximilian at Nuremberg, flew forth to meet him. Albertus Magnus is credited with constructing a head that moved and

talked, and it so frightened Thomas Aquinas that he smashed it into pieces, Albertus exclaiming when he saw his achievement destroyed, "So perishes the work of thirty years!" Roger Bacon made a speaking head of brass, which excited awe among all who heard it. Speaking automata have been frequently attempted of late years, but the great difficulty lies in simulating the human voice.

The most successful of these efforts was perhaps that of Prof. Faber, of Vienna, exhibited in London forty years ago under the name of Euphonia. Faber worked twenty-five years at the automaton. The figure spoke and sang. There was an arrangement of pipes, pedals, and keys, which the inventor played to "prompt the discourse." Willars de Hanecourt, in the thirteenth century, constructed an angel that would always point with its finger to the sun. The Marquis of Worcester made an artificial horse that would carry a rider as swiftly as if it were a genuine one.

Philip Camuz invented a wonderful group of automata for Louis XIV.—a coach and four horses that started with the crack of a whip, the horses, prancing, trotting, and galloping in turn; it ran along till it got in front of the king, when it stopped, a toy footman descended, and, opening the carriage door, handed out a lady "with born grace." The lady made a curtsy, presented a petition to his Majesty, and, re-entering her carriage, was driven away.

General de Gennes, a Frenchman, who defended the colony of St. Christopher against the English about 1688, amused himself by making an automaton peacock, which walked about in all its pride of extended feathers, and, picking up corn from the ground, swallowed it.

The king of automata constructors was Jaques Vaucanson, who was born at Grenoble in 1709. While quite a boy he made several self-moving figures. The bent of his mind was determined by a rather peculiar circumstance. Being left to himself in the house of a friend to which he went with his mother, he saw through the crack of a partition an old clock with slowly swinging pendulum, which excited his attention. Next time he visited this house, he had a pencil and paper with him, and made a sketch of the clock. By earnest study and investigation he succeeded in making a clock of his own out of pieces of wood, and this clock kept time fairly well.

Then began his experiments with automata. He made a wooden chapel, with moving figures of priests. He invented a hydraulic machine for the city of Lyons, and later, in the same place, perfected a machine for silk weaving, that caused the workpeople to rise in arms against him. His first great achievement in automata was his flute player, which was one of the wonders of his time. He had been ill, and contrived it during his convalescence. The several parts of it were made by different workmen, to prevent its discovery. Only a faithful servant aided him in his secret. According to D'Alembert, the remarkable figure stood on a pedestal, in which a portion of the mechanism was concealed, and the player not only blew into the instrument, but with his lips increased or diminished the sound, performing the legato and staccato passages to perfection, and fingering with complete accuracy. It was exhibited in Paris, in 1738, and made a great stir. Vaucanson next made a flageolet player, and a mechanical duck, which waddled, swam, dived, and quacked, and like De Gennes' peacock, picked up and swallowed its food. He was engaged on other machines when he died. He willed all his automata to the king.

Maelzel, the inventor of the metronome, and of several musical automata, opened an exhibition in Vienna in 1809, with a life-sized automaton trumpeter as the chief attraction. When the audience entered all they saw was a tent. After a time the curtains parted, and Maelzel appeared, leading forward a trumpeter in the full regimentals of an Austrian dragoon. By pressing the left epaulet he made it play cavalry calls and a march, and an allegro by Weigl. It was accompanied by a band of living musicians. Nor was this all. The figure retired and reappeared as a trumpeter of the French guard. Maelzel wound it up on the left hip, pressed once more the left epaulet, and it played the French cavalry calls, a French cavalry march, a march by Dussek and one of Pleyel's allegros, the full band again accompanying.

Knauss exhibited in Vienna an automaton that wrote; and the Drozes, father and son, constructed several mechanical figures that both wrote and played musical instruments. A pantomime in five acts was performed by a troupe of puppets in Paris in 1729; and Bienfait, in 1746, got up a representation of the bombardment of Antwerp by automata. Another piece performed by Bienfait's automata, which he called *comedians practiciens*, was "The Grand Assault of Berg-op-Zoom."

# EDISON'S LATEST PHONOGRAPH,

THE

## Greatest Marvel of Science and Practical Utility.

SYNOPSIS OF LECTURE & DEMONSTRATION

OF THE

# PHONOGRAPH,

BY

MR. J. LEWIS YOUNG, A.M.I.E.E.

*Illustrated by an original series of Photographic Slides with Oxy-Hydrogen Lantern.*

ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1889, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

### PART I.

SOUND, in relation to the Phonograph—character of vibrations—Mode of propagation. Music—periodic; Noise—irregular; Speech—mixed. König's Manometric flames. Ditto Sensitive flames Pitch—Intensity—Quality—the complete record and reproduction, by the Phonograph. The Human Ear; its analogy to the Phonograph.

The Phonograph of 1878. History of the Invention. Explanation of its principles.

The perfected Phonograph of 1888. History and details of machine. Improvements on old one. Manner of working it. Uses and applications. Development.

### PART II.

LOUD RECORDS.—Brass Band played in America. Cornet Solos, by Arthur Smith, Concert Soloist. Coach Horn Calls, by Mr. Goff. Bag Pipes. Whistling, *a la la Belle Siffleuse*. Tin Whistle Solo.

MISCELLANEOUS Speech Records made on the spot.

THE number of Brass Bands will play in presence of the Phonograph, and their music will be immediately reproduced.

TO DEMONSTRATE the practical use of the Phonograph, a message will be spoken into the machine, which will then be written out from the instrument's dictation, on the Caligraph Typewriter, manifolded by Edison's Memeograph ("The King of duplicating devices"), and distributed amongst the audience.

## THE PHONOGRAPH'S DESCRIPTION OF ITSELF

*Will be spoken in loud tones by the Machine, as follows:*

I am the Phonograph without teeth or tongue,  
I am not very old nor yet very young,  
Still, I sing any song that ever was sung,  
And I speak every language under the sun.

You may whistle or sing, you may wail or cry,  
And you get it all back in my reply:  
Whatever the message you give to me,  
Returned again each word will be.

The rush of the river, the ocean's roar,  
The surges thundering on the shore,  
The cry of man, or beast, or bird,  
Or any sound that ever was heard;

If given to me I give again  
In all their force distinct and plain,  
And yet I am dead, devoid of breath,  
And my silence is like the silence of death.

The land that with wires has girdled the earth,  
Is the glorious land that gave ME birth,  
And I love to warble the musical bars  
Of that grand old song of the "Stripes and Stars."

### Chinese Humour.

THE Chinese have a publication called the "Hsiao-Lin-Kuang," or Laughing Book, which is printed in Peking. The jests from this treasured volume, a number of which have been translated, seem to bear a certain family resemblance to funny stories all the world over, just as some of the very best and most frequently told jokes of modern times are to be found in the writings of ancient Greeks, who perhaps stole them from still earlier jesters. Here are three of these Chinese jokes:—

Two men, Chung and Kung, are warming themselves at the open stove. Chung, who is a person remarkable for his coolness and loquacity, says to Kung, who is an exceedingly hot-headed person, "My dear Kung, there is something which I would very much like to say to you. It relates to a circumstance which I have observed for a little time past, and have desired to mention to you. But, bearing in mind the somewhat fiery and quarrelsome disposition which is commonly attributed to you, I have hesitated to express myself. However, I am resolved that at last if I do not mention the matter to you I shall do wrong, and I have consequently determined to ask your permission to speak to you about it." "Well, what is it?" "Your coat, my dear Kung," says Chung, quietly, "is on fire!" "For pity's sake!" exclaimed Kung, angrily, jumping up and finding his coat nearly burned off, "why in the world didn't you tell me before?" "There it goes! What a frightful temper!" Chung murmured as he moved away; "folks told me quite right about you."

The second anecdote illustrates Chinese subtlety, and suggests that some negro minstrel troupes must have drawn upon this book. A man who had stolen a cow was subjected to the torture of the "kang." A passer-by, observing his sad state, asked him, "What did you do?" "Oh! nothing; I just found an old piece of rope on the road and picked it up." "And is it possible that they have punished you in this way for simply picking up an old piece of rope?" "Yes; only they found a cow at the end of the rope."

The third is one of the stories that in this country are conveniently put off upon the broad shoulders of Irishmen and Germans. A courier bearing important despatches, was given a horse; told to make all possible speed towards his destination. Some time afterwards he was found on the road, walking, and pushing his horse before him. "What in the world are you doing that for?" he was asked. "Oh!" he said, "I reflected, and I came to the conclusion that we could make more speed on six feet than we possibly could on four."

Mr. G. Taylor contributes to the *China Review* some short stories, which are curious as examples of the humour of the Chinese:—

A young tiger met an old one, and said, "I got hold of a man to-day whose upper parts were so tasteless and his nether parts so sour, that, hungry as I was, I left him in disgust. I wonder what sort of man this could be?" "A student who has had to buy his degree," was the reply.

The Lord of Hades considered a certain spirit to have been a great sinner indeed, so he adjudged that he should re-enter the world and become a poor scholar with five children. "Is not that a rather light punishment?" remonstrated an angel. "No," said his Eminence; "the five hungry children will soon drive him mad."

Chang and Chung mutually agreed to start a brewery. Said Chang to Chung, "You supply the rice and I will furnish the water." "But," queried Chung, "if the profits are divided according to the capital embarked, I am afraid it will be difficult to apportion your share." "Oh! I'm not afraid," said Chang; "when the brew is over give me the water; you can have the remainder."

A man was seized by a tiger. The victim's son took his bow and pursued. "Hit him in the leg," cried the father, "or else you'll spoil the market value of the skin."

A bibulous individual on entering a restaurant noticed that the winecups were small. After seating himself, he gave vent to a most demoniacal series of howls and groans. "What is the matter?" asked the startled landlord. "Ah!" answered the man, "my father, a hale, hearty man, met his death at a friend's table by accidentally swallowing a small winecup, so whenever I see similar ones the memory of the sad event overcomes me." It is needless to add that the cup was replaced by a larger one.

A hard drinker dreamed that he had become possessed of a bottle of genuine stuff, but, determined to enjoy it thoroughly, he had begun to heat it. During the heating

process he awoke. "Hoo, hoo," he groaned, "if I had known this was to happen, I would have drunk it cold."

A servant did not fill a guest's cup to the brim. The latter, holding it up, remarked, "This cup is too deep," and broke a piece off. "How is that?" cried the host. "If the upper part can't hold liquor, of what use is it?" was the retort.

### Rice at Weddings.

THE Chinese *Times* gives the following version of the origin of the custom of throwing rice at weddings:—In the days of the Shang dynasty, some fifteen hundred years before Christ, there lived in the Province of Shansi a most famous sorcerer, called Chao. It happened one day that a Mr. P'ang came to consult the oracle, and Chao, having divined by means of the tortoise diagram, informed the trembling P'ang that he had but six days to live. Now, however much we may trust the sagacity and skill of our family physician, we may be excused if, in a matter of life and death, we call in a second doctor for a consultation, and, in such a strait, it is not to be wondered at that P'ang should repair to another source to make sure that there was no mistake. To the fair Peachblossom he went, a young lady who had acquired some reputation as a sorceress, and to the tender feminine heart he unfolded the story of his woe. Her divination yielded the same result as Chao's. In six days P'ang should die, unless, by the exercise of her magical powers, she could avert the disaster. Her efforts were successful, and on the seventh day great was Chao's astonishment, and still greater his mortification and rage, when he met P'ang taking his evening stroll, and learned that there lived a greater magician than he. The story would soon get about, and unless he could quickly put an end to his fair rival's existence, his reputation would be ruined. And this was how Chao plotted against the life of Peachblossom. He sent a go-between to Peachblossom's parents to inquire if their daughter was still unmarried, and, receiving a reply in the affirmative, he befooled the simple parents into believing that he had a son who was seeking a wife, and ultimately he induced them to engage Peachblossom to him in marriage. The marriage cards were duly interchanged; but the crafty Chao had chosen the most unlucky day he could select for the wedding, the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant. As surely as the bride entered the red chair the spirit-bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But the wise Peachblossom knew all these things, and feared not. "I will go," she said; "I will fight and defeat him." When the wedding morning came, she gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, which the spirit-bird seeing made haste to devour, and while his attention was thus occupied, Peachblossom stepped into the bridal chair and passed on her way unharmed. And now the reader knows why he throws rice after the bride.

If any interest has been engendered in his breast by this tale of the fair Peachblossom, let him listen to what befell her at the house of the magician. Arrived at Chao's house, no bridegroom was there, but an attendant was given her, and the two girls prepared to pass the night in the room assigned to them. Peachblossom was wakeful, for she knew that, when the night passed, the "Golden Pheasant" would be succeeded by the evil star of the "White Tiger," whose power and ferocity who can tell! "Go you to bed first," she said to the maid. The girl was soon asleep, and still her mistress slept not, but continued to pace the room, and at midnight the tiger spirit came, and the morning light showed Peachblossom still pacing the room, while on the bed lay the lifeless body of the little maid.

Such were the magic battles of Peachblossom and Chao, and many more were there, until they took their flight to heaven, where now they reign as gods. And on earth the people have not idols more prized than those of Peachblossom and Chao Kung.

An Irishman stopped in front of a small wooden shed near some houses that were being built. He read the sign of the contractor, painted in large letters on the shed, "T. Crowley, builder," and contemptuously remarked: "Bedad, ef Oi cudn't build a bigger house thin that Oi wudn't put me name on it."

VERY PRETTY.—It is recorded of a young fop who visited one of the Rothschilds, that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve-buttons, that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them, and said, "Yes, it is a pretty stone; I have always liked it. I have a mantelpiece made of it in the next room!"

## Toast.

THE cold weather is coming, and the bleak winter air brings on its whistling wings the weird sound of the muffin man's bell. The reign of the toothsome crumpet has begun, and our daily bread is eaten toasted. In view of these facts, we have thought that a few simple recipes as to various kinds of toast might prove acceptable to readers of the *Palace Journal*.

**TO MAKE ORDINARY TOAST.**—Cut from a stale loaf of bread slices of uniform thickness, place before a brisk fire, turn until brown and crisp, butter, and keep hot.

**BUTTERED TOAST.**—Toast stale bread to a delicate brown, dip in boiling water containing a little salt, spread with butter, and set in the oven.

**MILK TOAST.**—Slice stale bread thin, toast to a delicate brown, lay in a dish; melt a pound of butter in a pint of new milk and pour over the toast.

**HAM TOAST.**—Mince some boiled ham very fine, stir in a pint of cream, with pepper, mustard, butter, and two eggs; boil and pour over nicely browned toast. Set in the oven to dry.

**FRENCH TOAST.**—Beat three eggs; add a pint of sweet milk and a pinch of salt. Cut into slices an inch thick a loaf of stale bread, dip in the egg, fry in hot butter, and sprinkle with sugar and grated nutmeg.

**TOMATO TOAST.**—Run a quart of tomatoes through the colander, put in a stewpan, and season with butter and salt. Cut slices of bread, toast, butter, and lay on a hot dish, and pour the tomatoes on the toast.

**SARDINE TOAST.**—Place with some oil out of the box in a covered jar a dozen sardines; when well heated lay on well-toasted slices of bread; shake cayenne pepper over them and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over. Eat hot.

**APPLE TOAST.**—From slices of dry bread cut round cakes, spread with butter; then cover with slices of tart ripe apples, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and pieces of butter. Serve hot with cream sweetened and flavoured with nutmeg.

**OYSTER TOAST.**—Boil one cup of oyster liquor with half a cup of cream, a table-spoonful of butter, pepper, and salt; pour over some nicely toasted bread, and set in the oven for five minutes; then lay broiled oysters on the slices of toast, and serve hot.

**GERMAN TOAST.**—Cut into thin slices a loaf of bread, soak for half an hour in sweet milk, take it out, beat two eggs, a small spoonful of butter, a table-spoonful of corn starch in milk, dip the slices of bread in it, and fry brown; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

**BOMBAY TOAST.**—Take one ounce of anchovies; wash, bone, and pound them into a mortar with one ounce of fresh butter till reduced to a paste; melt in a saucepan; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, and pepper and salt to taste, and spread the mixture on some slices of nicely toasted bread. Serve very hot.

**CREAM TOAST.**—Toast slices of thin bread, lay in a covered dish, and pour boiling water over them; pour the water off and let drain. Put one pint of rich, sweet cream on the stove in a quart cup, with three table-spoonfuls of butter, two beaten eggs, and a table-spoonful of corn starch; let boil and pour over the toast.

## Distinguished Men's Youth.

IT is often late ere genius shows itself; just as often, however, does distinction come early. Thus at twenty-two Gladstone was a member of Parliament, and at twenty-four Lord of the Treasury. Bright never went to school after he was fifteen. Sir Robert Peel entered Parliament at twenty-one, and was Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-three. Charles James Fox became a legislator at nineteen—an age when young men are given to breaking rather than to making laws. Bacon graduated at Cambridge when he was sixteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-four. John Stuart Mill, by the time he was ten, had read more Greek and Latin authors than are commonly read by University graduates. Washington was a distinguished colonel at twenty-two. Napoleon commanded the army of Italy at twenty-five. Before he was seventeen Shelley was already an author—had translated the half of Pliny's "Natural History," and had written a number of wild romances.

## Opening Letters.

WHEN Mazzini was a political refugee in this country, Sir James Graham, the then Home Secretary, systematically opened all his letters as they passed through the British post office. Mazzini came over here in 1837, and it was in 1844 that Sir James Graham's action came out. Through it the brothers Bandiera, Austrian subjects, were arrested and executed; for from their correspondence with Mazzini, it was shown that they were planning an expedition against Naples. A good deal of indignation was aroused in England against the Home Secretary, prolonged discussion took place in Parliament, and a secret committee was appointed to inquire into the matter.

This committee found that Sir James Graham had a perfect right to open Mazzini's or anybody else's letters, as he thought fit, and that the Home Secretary had enjoyed this right as far back as 1710. The way he acts is to issue a warrant that letters addressed to so-and-so are to be detained and submitted to him. He need not, unless he likes, give any reason to anybody for deciding to detain any one's correspondence. Hitherto the warrants issued have been issued either in furtherance of criminal justice, or for the purpose of discovering the designs of persons suspected of being implicated in proceedings dangerous to the State.

During the first half of the present century the letters of 144 different people were detained and examined, the writers being suspected of murder, theft, and fraud; of seventy-seven through suspicions of treason, and of thirteen who were prisoners of war. The Bank of England was also the subject of thirteen warrants during the same period.

The last time that public notice was drawn to this power of opening letters was in 1882, when some Irish members of Parliament complained of their correspondence having been examined in Dublin. This, however, was not due to the power that we have been speaking of as vested in the Home Secretary—that power is limited to England. In Ireland the power is enjoyed by the Irish Government.

## Barbarian Marriage Customs.

IT may interest women to learn that the islanders of New Guinea are married according not to their own inclinations, but to those of their parents. They are most frequently affianced at a very tender age, but are afterwards forbidden to associate with each other. Indeed, this is carried so far that the girl may not even look at her future husband. Both must avoid all contact with the members, both male and female, of the family into which they are about to enter.

Their wedding ceremonies are characterised by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted at night in a torchlight procession through the village. One woman carries her on her back, while another binds her arms, as though she was a captive, and leads her by the rope to the house of her betrothed. This is a symbol of slavery—a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class has preserved. There is nothing of this in the procession of the poor.

On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives, who leads him into her chamber. She awaits him with her back turned, indicating that she fears to meet his conquering gaze. The young man approaches till within two feet of her, turns on his heel, and then they are back to back in the midst of a numerous assembly—the men on one side, the women on the other.

After the entertainment, the bride is led into her own room, still not daring to meet the terrible glance of her husband, and keeping her back turned to the door. Seeing this, the husband also turns his back on her. The whole night is spent in this manner: they sit there motionless, having some one to brush away the flies, without speaking a word. If they grow sleepy, some one of the assistants, who take turns in doing this service, nudges them with his elbow. If they keep wide awake, they are assured of a long life and green old age. In the morning they separate, still without looking at each other, in order to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the previous night.

This performance is continued for four nights, and on the fifth morning, with the first rays of the sun, the young people may look each other in the face. That suffices; the marriage is considered accomplished, and the newly-wedded pair receive the customary congratulations.

## Edward Fane's Rosebud.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THERE is hardly a more difficult exercise of fancy, than, while gazing at a figure of melancholy age, to recreate its youth, and, without entirely obliterating the identity of form and features, to restore those graces which time has snatched away. Some old people, especially women, so age-worn and woful are they, seem never to have been young and gay. It is easier to conceive that such gloomy phantoms were sent into the world as withered and decrepit as we behold them now, with sympathies only for pain and grief, to watch at deathbeds, and weep at funerals. Even the sable garments of their widowhood appear essential to their existence; all their attributes combine to render them darksome shadows, creeping strangely amid the sunshine of human life. Yet it is no unprofitable task, to take one of these doleful creatures, and set fancy resolutely at work to brighten the dim eye, and darken the silvery locks, and paint the ashen cheek with rose colour, and repair the shrunken and crazy form, till a dewy maiden shall be seen in the old matron's elbow chair. The miracle being wrought, then let the years roll back again, each sadder than the last, and the whole weight of age and sorrow settle down upon the youthful figure. Wrinkles and furrows, the handwriting of Time, may thus be deciphered, and found to contain deep lessons of thought and feeling. Such profit might be derived, by a skilful observer, from my much respected friend, the Widow Toothaker, a nurse of great repute, who has breathed the atmosphere of sick chambers and dying breaths, these forty years.

See! she sits cowering over her lonesome hearth, with her gown and upper petticoat drawn upward, gathering thriftily into her person the whole warmth of the fire, which, now at nightfall, begins to dissipate the autumnal chill of her chamber. The blaze quivers capriciously in front, alternately glimmering into the deepest chasms of her wrinkled visage, and then permitting a ghostly dimness to mar the outlines of her venerable figure. And Nurse Toothaker holds a teaspoon in her right hand, with which to stir up the contents of a tumbler in her left, whence steams a vapoury fragrance, abhorred of temperance societies: Now she sips—now stirs—now sips again. Her sad old heart has need to be revived by the rich infusion of Geneva, which is mixed half-and-half with hot water in the tumbler. All day long she has been sitting by a death-pillow, and quitted it for her home, only when the spirit of her patient left the clay, and went homeward too. But now are her melancholy meditations cheered, and her torpid blood warmed, and her shoulders lightened of at least twenty ponderous years, by a draught from the true fountain of youth, in a case-bottle. It is strange that men should deem that fount a fable, when its liquor fills more bottles than the congress water! Sip it again, good nurse, and see whether a second draught will not take off another score of years, and perhaps ten more, and show us, in your high-backed chair, the blooming damsel who plighted troths with Edward Fane. Get you gone, age and widowhood! Come back, unwedded youth! But, alas! the charm will not work. In spite of fancy's most potent spell, I can see only an old dame cowering over the fire, a picture of decay and desolation, while the November blast roars at her in the chimney, and fitful showers rush suddenly against the window.

Yet there was a time when Rose Grafton—such was the pretty maiden name of Nurse Toothaker—possessed beauty that would have gladdened this dim and dismal chamber, as with sunshine. It won for her the heart of Edward Fane, who has since made so great a figure in the world, and is now a grand old gentleman, with powdered hair, and as gouty as a lord. These early lovers thought to have walked hand in hand through life. They had wept together for Edward's little sister Mary, whom Rose tended in her sickness, partly because she was the sweetest child that ever lived or died, but more for love of him. She was but three years old. Being such an infant, Death could not embody his terrors in her little corpse; nor did Rose fear to touch the dead child's brow, though chill, as she curled the silken hair around it, nor to take her tiny hand, and clasp a flower within its fingers. Afterward, when she looked through the pane of glass in the coffin-lid, and beheld Mary's face, it seemed not so much like death, or life, as like a waxwork, wrought into the perfect image of a child asleep, and dreaming of its mother's smile. Rose thought her too fair a thing to be hidden in the grave, and wondered that an angel did not snatch up little Mary's coffin, and bear the slumbering babe to heaven, and bid her wake immortal. But when the sods were laid on little

Mary, the heart of Rose was troubled. She shuddered at the fantasy, that, in grasping the child's cold fingers, her virgin hand had exchanged a first greeting with mortality, and could never lose the earthly taint. How many a greeting since! But, as yet, she was a fair young girl, with the dewdrops of fresh feeling in her bosom; and instead of Rose, which seemed too mature a name for her half-opened beauty, her lover called her Rosebud.

The Rosebud was destined never to bloom for Edward Fane. His mother was a rich and haughty dame, with all the aristocratic prejudices of colonial times. She scorned Rose Grafton's humble parentage, and caused her son to break his faith, though, had she let him choose, he would have prized his Rosebud above the richest diamond. The lovers parted, and have seldom met again. Both may have visited the same mansions, but not at the same time; for one was bidden to the festal hall, and the other to the sick chamber; he was the guest of pleasure and prosperity, and she of anguish. Rose, after their separation, was long secluded within the dwelling of Mr. Toothaker, whom she married with the revengeful hope of breaking her false lover's heart. She went to her bridegroom's arms with bitterer tears, they say, than young girls ought to shed, at the threshold of the bridal chamber. Yet, though her husband's head was getting gray, and his heart had been chilled with an autumnal frost, Rose soon began to love him, and wondered at her own conjugal affection. He was all she had to love; there were no children.

In a year or two, poor Mr. Toothaker was visited with a wearisome infirmity, which settled in his joints, and made him weaker than a child. He crept forth about his business, and came home at dinner-time and eventide, not with the manly tread that gladdens a wife's heart, but slowly, feebly, jotting down each dull footstep with a melancholy dub of his staff. We must pardon his pretty wife, if she sometimes blushed to own him. Her visitors, when they heard him coming, looked for the appearance of some old, old man; but he dragged his nerveless limbs into the parlour—and there was Mr. Toothaker! The disease increasing, he never went into the sunshine, save with a staff in his right hand, and his left on his wife's shoulder, bearing heavily downward, like a dead man's hand. Thus, a slender woman, still looking maiden-like, she supported his tall, broad-chested frame along the pathway of their little garden, and plucked the roses for her gray-haired husband, and spoke soothingly, as to an infant. His mind was palsied with his body; its utmost energy was peevishness. In a few months more, she helped him up the staircase, with a pause at every step, and a longer one upon the landing-place, and a heavy glance behind, as he crossed the threshold of his chamber. He knew, poor man, that the precincts of those four walls would henceforth be his world—his world, his home, his tomb—at once a dwelling and a burial-place, till he were borne to a darker and a narrower one. But Rose was with him in the tomb. He leaned upon her, in his daily passage from the bed to the chair by the fireside, and back again from the weary chair to the joyless bed—his bed and hers—their marriage-bed; till even this short journey ceased, and his head lay all day upon the pillow, and hers all night beside it. How long poor Mr. Toothaker was kept in misery! Death seemed to draw near the door, and often to lift the latch, and sometimes to thrust his ugly skull into the chamber, nodding to Rose, and pointing at her husband, but still delayed to enter. "This bedridden wretch cannot escape me!" quoth Death. "I will go forth, and run a race with the swift, and fight a battle with the strong, and come back for Toothaker at my leisure!" Oh, when the deliverer came so near, in the dull anguish of her worn-out sympathies, did she never long to cry, "Death, come in!"

But, no! We have no right to ascribe such a wish to our friend Rose. She never failed in a wife's duty to her poor sick husband. She murmured not, though a glimpse of the sunny sky was as strange to her as him, nor answered peevishly, though his complaining accents roused her from her sweetest dream, only to share his wretchedness. He knew her faith, yet nourished a cankered jealousy; and when the slow disease had chilled all his heart, save one lukewarm spot, which Death's frozen fingers were searching for, his last words were: "What would my Rose have done for her first love, if she has been so true and kind to a sick old man like me!" And then his poor soul crept away, and left the body lifeless, though hardly more so than for years before, and Rose a widow, though in truth it was the wedding-night that widowed her. She felt glad, it must be owned, when Mr. Toothaker was buried, because his corpse had retained such a likeness to the man half alive, that she hearkened for the sad murmur of his voice, bidding her shift his pillow. But all through the next winter, though the grave had held him many a month, she fancied him calling from that cold bed, "Rose! Rose! come and put a blanket on my feet!"

So now the Rosebud was the Widow Toothaker. Her troubles had come early, and tedious as they seemed, had passed before all her bloom was fled. She was still fair enough to captivate a bachelor, or, with a widow's cheerful gravity, she might have won a widower, stealing into his heart in the very guise of his dead wife. But the Widow Toothaker had no such projects. By her watchings and continual cares, her heart had become knit to her first husband with a constancy which changed its very nature, and made her love him for his infirmities, and infirmity for his sake. When the palsied old man was gone, even her early lover could not have supplied his place. She had dwelt in a sick chamber, and been the companion of a half-dead wretch, till she should scarcely breathe in a free air, and felt ill at ease with the healthy and the happy. She missed the fragrance of the doctor's stuff. She walked the chamber with a noiseless footfall. If visitors came in, she spoke in soft and soothing accents, and was startled and shocked by their loud voices. Often, in the lonesome evening, she looked timorously from the fireside to the bed, with almost a hope of recognising a ghastly face upon the pillow. Then went her thoughts sadly to her husband's grave. If one impatient throb had wronged him in his lifetime—if she had secretly repined, because her buoyant youth was imprisoned with his torpid age—if ever, while slumbering beside him, a treacherous dream had admitted another into her heart—yet the sick man had been preparing a revenge, which the dead now claimed. On his painful pillow, he had cast a spell around her; his groans and misery had proved more captivating charms than gaiety and youthful grace; in his semblance, disease itself had won the Rosebud for a bride; nor could his death dissolve the nuptials. By that indissoluble bond she had gained a home in every sick chamber, and nowhere else; there were her brethren and sisters; thither her husband summoned her, with that voice which had seemed to issue from the grave of Toothaker. At length she recognised her destiny.

We have beheld her as the maid, the wife, the widow; now we see her in a separate and insulated character: she was, in all her attributes, Nurse Toothaker. And Nurse Toothaker alone, with her own shrivelled lips, could make known her experience in that capacity. What a history might she record of the great sicknesses, in which she has gone hand in hand with the exterminating angel! She remembers when the smallpox hoisted a red banner on almost every house along the street. She has witnessed when the typhus fever swept off a whole household, young and old, all but a lonely mother, who vainly shrieked to follow her last loved one. Where would be Death's triumph, if none lived to weep! She can speak of strange melodies that have broken out, as if spontaneously, but were found to have been imported from foreign lands, with rich silks and other merchandise, the costliest portion of the cargo. And once, she recollects, the people died of what was considered a new pestilence, till the doctors traced it to the ancient grave of a young girl, who thus caused many deaths a hundred years after her own burial. Strange that such black mischief should lurk in a maiden's grave! She loves to tell how strong men fight with fiery fevers, utterly refusing to give up their breath; and how consumptive virgins fade out of the world, scarcely reluctant, as if their lovers were wooing them to a far country. Tell us, thou fearful woman! tell us the death secrets! Fain would I search out the meaning of words, faintly gasped with intermingled sobs, and broken sentences, half audibly spoken between earth and the judgment-seat!

An awful woman! She is the patron saint of young physicians, and the bosom friend of old ones. In the mansions where she enters, the inmates provide themselves black garments; the coffin maker follows her; and the bell tolls as she comes away from the threshold. Death himself has met her at so many a bedside, that he puts forth his bony hand to greet Nurse Toothaker. She is an awful woman! And oh! is it conceivable, that this handmaid of human infirmity and affliction—so darkly stained, so thoroughly imbued with all that is saddest in the doom of mortals—can ever again be bright and glad, even though bathed in the sunshine of eternity? By her long communion with woe, has she not forfeited her inheritance of immortal joy? Does any germ of bliss survive within her?

Hark! an eager knocking at Nurse Toothaker's door. She starts from her drowsy reverie, sets aside the empty tumbler and teaspoon, and lights a lamp at the dim embers of the fire. Rap, rap, rap! again; and she hurries adown the staircase, wondering which of her friends can be at death's door now, since there is such an earnest messenger at Nurse Toothaker's. Again the peal resounds, just as her hand is on the lock. "Be quick, Nurse Toothaker!" cries a man on the doorstep; "old General Fane is taken with the gout in his stomach, and has sent for you to watch by his deathbed.

Make haste, for there is no time to lose!" "Fane! Edward Fane! And has he sent for me at last? I am ready! I will get on my cloak and begone. So," adds the sable-gowned, ashen-visaged, funereal, old figure, "Edward Fane remembers his Rosebud!"

Our question is answered. There is a germ of bliss within her. Her long hoarded constancy—her memory of the bliss that was—remaining amid the gloom of her afterlife, like a sweet-smelling flower in a coffin, is a symbol that all may be renewed. In some happier clime, the Rosebud may revive again with all the dewdrops in its bosom.

Facing Death.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, in "Sebastopol," thus describes the fall of a shell. "To earth!" shouted a voice. Mikailoff and Praskoukine obeyed. The latter, with shut eyes, heard the shell fall somewhere on the hard earth very near him. A second, which appeared to him an hour, passed and the shell did not burst. Praskoukine was frightened; then he asked himself what cause he had to fear. Perhaps it had fallen farther away, and he wrongly imagined that he had heard the fuse hissing near him. Opening his eyes he was satisfied to see Mikailoff stretched motionless at his feet, but at the same time he perceived a yard off, the lighted fuse of the shell spinning round like a top. A glacial terror, which stifled every thought, every sentiment, took possession of his soul. He hid his face in his hands. Another second passed, during which a whole world of thoughts, of hopes, of sensations, and of souvenirs passed through his mind. "Whom will it kill? Me or Mikailoff, or, indeed, both of us together? It is I, where will it hit me? If in the head, it will be all over; if on the foot, they will cut it off. Then I shall insist that they give me chloroform, and I may get well. Perhaps Mikailoff alone will be killed, and later I will tell how we were close together, and how I was covered with his blood. No, no; it is nearer me; it will be I!" Then he remembers the twelve roubles he owed Mikailoff and another debt left at Petersburg, which ought to have been paid long ago. A Bohemian air that he sang the evening before came to his mind. He also saw in his imagination the lady he was in love with in her lilac-trimmed bonnet; the man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had never taken vengeance on. But in the midst of these and many other souvenirs the present feeling—the expectation of death—did not leave him. "Perhaps it isn't going to explode!" he thought, and was on the point of opening his eyes with desperate boldness. But at this instant a red fire struck his eyeballs through the closed lids; something hit him in the middle of the chest with a terrible crash. He ran forward at random, entangled his feet in his sword, stumbled, and fell on his side. "Heaven be praised, I am only bruised." This was his first thought, and he wanted to feel his breast, but his hands seemed as if they were tied. A vice gripped his head, soldiers ran before his eyes, and he mechanically counted them: "One, two, three soldiers, and, besides, an officer who is losing his cloak." A new light flashed; he wondered what had fired. Was it a mortar or a cannon. Doubtless a cannon. Another shot—more soldiers—five, six, seven. They passed in front of him, and suddenly he became terribly afraid of being crushed by them. He wanted to cry out to say that he was bruised, but his lips were dry; his tongue was glued to the roof of his mouth. He had a burning thirst. He felt that his breast was damp, and the sensation of this moisture made him think of water. He would have liked to drink that which drenched him. "I must have knocked the skin off in falling," he said to himself, more and more frightened at the idea of being crushed by the soldiers who were running in crowds before him. He tried to cry out, "Take me!" but instead of that he uttered a groan so terrible that he was frightened at himself. Then red sparks danced before his eyes—it seemed as if the soldiers were piling stones on him. The sparks danced more rapidly; the stones piled on him stifled him more and more. He stretched himself out; he ceased to see, to hear, to think, to feel. He had been killed almost instantly by a piece of shell striking him full in the breast.

"PATRICK, do you know that you talk too much?" "O! do, sor." "Well if you'd make it an unvarying rule to keep your mouth shut, don't you think you'd get along better?" "Faith, sor, O! d' starruv to death, sor."

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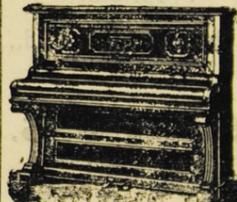
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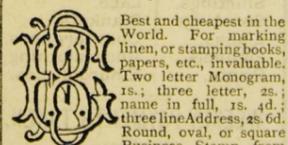
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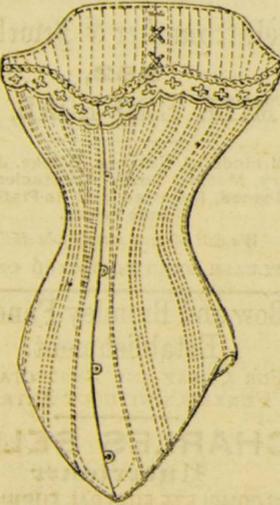
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