

This Journal has a Larger Circulation than any other in the East End.



Vol. VI.—No 139.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]

THERE IS

No Nourishment in Tea or Coffee

BUT

PLENTY IN COCOA,

ESPECIALLY IN

VAN HOUTEN'S

WHICH

Utilises in the highest possible degree

ALL THE FLESH-FORMING ELEMENTS

WHILE

DEVELOPING THE FLAVOR AND AROMA.

ORIGINAL PATENTORS.

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KINGSLAND ROAD, E.

Patron—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Chairman—JOHN FRY, ESQ.

Hon. Secretary—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE.

The Hospital is conducted on Strictly Provident Principles.

ACCIDENTS AND CASES OF URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE.

THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

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## DR. ROOKE'S SOLAR ELIXIR

Is the most effectual HEALTH RESTORER recorded in the history of medicine. It is above all things serviceable in cases of weakness and exhaustion. As a medicine it far surpasses any known preparation, hence it has a most marvelous effect on all nervous complaints, whether arising from overwork or mental anxiety.

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

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SCARBOROUGH,  
ENGLAND.

A BOON TO RICH & POOR ALIKE!

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM.

FIFTY YEARS OF UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

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Recommended by Sir HENRY HALFORD, Bart., M.D., formerly President of the Royal College of Physicians, London, as being invaluable for Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious, and Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, and all affections and irregularities of the Bowels.

Never fail as a Special Remedy for Female Complaints.

Composed of the FINEST DRUGS only. Full Directions for use are wrapped round each box. Sold in Boxes at 1s. 1d. and 4s. 6d. each.

Can be obtained from all Chemists, Patent Medicine Vendors, and Stores throughout the World, or direct from

DR. ROOKE, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

## CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR

Is specially recommended by several eminent Physicians.

It is used with the most signal success for Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Consumption, Consumptive Night Sweats, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, and all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

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HIGH-CLASS

## Pianoforte Makers

WE are now offering High-Class Pianofortes for the remarkably low sum of 2/6 per week, sent home immediately, carriage free. No deposit required.

### NEW CASH LINE.

12 Guineas.—Iron frame, check action, seven octaves, handsome walnut and gold case and sonces; warranted for 10 years; the cheapest instrument ever offered to the public. Other classes equally cheap.

### AMERICAN ORGANS & HARMONIUMS

From 5s. per Month.

EVERY INSTRUMENT WARRANTED.

Tunings, Repairs and Removals AT LESS THAN USUAL CHARGES.

### NOW OPEN.

New Showrooms—

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**RHEUMATISM CURED**

BY SIMPLY WEARING one of Mr. C. B. HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

PAMPHLET & CONSULTATION FREE PERSONALLY OR BY LETTER.

Thousands of Testimonials and Press Reports. Copies free on application, or the originals may be seen at the Medical Battery Co.'s Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

(The Largest Electro-Physic Institute in the World.)  
Mr. C. B. HARNESS, President.

## MADAME TUSSAUD'S

ADJOINING BAKER STREET STATION. THE MOST POPULAR EXHIBITION IN LONDON

Containing over 400 Portrait Models of the Celebrities of all Nations and ages, including—

H. M. STANLEY and EMIN PASHA. FINEST COLLECTION OF NAPOLEONIC RELICS IN THE WORLD, and of the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MUSIC ALL DAY.

FULL ORCHESTRA—LADIES' BAND, ORGAN RECITALS, etc.

CHAMBER OF HORRORS containing the most notable criminals of the century, including—

Richard and George Davies, the Crewe Murderers, Also BERRY, the HANGMAN.

New Dining, Reading and Smoking Rooms.

Admission, 1/-; Children under 12, 6d. Yearly Tickets, 10/6.

MODELLER — JOHN TUSSAUD, EDWIN J. POYSER, Managing Director.

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. VI.—No. 139.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]

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

## Coming Events.

THURSDAY, July 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Cycling Club.—Run to Tottenham.

FRIDAY, July 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.

SATURDAY, July 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Lawn Tennis Club Practice, at 3.—Cycling Club.—Run.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.—Rambler's Club.—To Hampstead Heath.—Technical Schools' Ramblers.—Country Ramble.

SUNDAY, July 13th.—Organ Recitals, at 12.30, 4, and 8.—Library open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY, July 14th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Promenade Concert, in Queen's Hall. Music by the People's Palace Military Band. Mr. James Dunn, Banjo.

TUESDAY, July 15th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Chess Club Practice, at 7.—Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.—Shorthand Society.—Weekly Meeting, at 8.—Choral Society.—Rehearsals, at 7.30 and 8.

WEDNESDAY, July 16th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.—Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Junior Chess and Draughts Club, at 8.—Gymnastic Display, by the Technical Day School Boys, in the Queen's Hall, commence at 8. Distribution of Medals, at 9, by Sir John Henry Johnson, Upper Warden of the Drapers' Company.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 13th, 1890,

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

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

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

ADMISSION FREE.

## Notes of the Week.

LEEDS has at last emerged from darkness. This visitation of one of the Egyptian plagues may, at least, serve as a warning of threatening evil. The stokers have certainly come out well—if not triumphantly. The Gas Committee has not succeeded in smashing the men's Union, which has been strengthened by the last conflict. The agreement that has been drawn up between the two parties is certainly to the advantage of the stokers, for they have gained what they wanted, and asserted their powers most undeniably. The town, meanwhile, has to bear the severe loss of £20,000, incurred through the strike, and to feel the experience is too dearly bought. The consequences of such a struggle cannot but be disastrous, for there is no real confidence established between the employers and the employed.

A LITTLE leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and the spirit of discontent is working steadily up among the working classes. There is a sense of injury prevalent, together with some real grievances, which must be confronted. We talk so much of the liberties of the English working man, and here we have the postmen in a state of rebellion, as an attempt has been made to curtail their rights. How far does the authority of the head extend out of working hours? It seems neither justifiable, nor indeed really possible to control the actions of the postmen during their leisure. A number of them, however, have been suspended for attending a meeting in Hyde Park without the sanction of their head. It remains to be seen whether such attempted restriction will be beneficial or baneful.

SIR EDWARD BRADFORD has had his hands full ever since his assumption of the post of Chief Commissioner, and on Monday evening matters certainly came to a crisis with the Metropolitan Police. After the dismissal of some forty or fifty men, who had refused to obey the orders of the superior officer, great excitement prevailed, and Bow Street was a scene of the greatest confusion. The arrival of the Life Guards, though it increased the tumult for the moment, soon served to disperse the riotous mob that had collected. Owing, however, to the rush, several persons were thrown down and injured before the street could be cleared. There is consolation in the thought that the constables guilty of insubordination were all young men who had lately joined the force, the constables of longer standing and experience behaving in a manner worthy of the confidence placed in them.

ONE of the main features of the week seems to have been the experiments with that remarkable weapon the Brennan torpedo. This, with the Watkin position-finder, is a formidable means of attack. There was some fun on Saturday when the torpedo was launched out, and within eight minutes was seen to make terrible havoc of an old merchant brig of four or five hundred tons, which had been prepared as a suitable victim. There is no doubt the Brennan torpedo has been much improved since its first introduction. The invention has cost the country a considerable amount of money, and for that reason alone would be sure to raise general interest. Besides which, in these days of ultra-civilization, the skill and energy expended on the perfection of a machine that is destined to slay its thousands and tens of thousands by a single report must awaken the curiosity of an advanced people! It will be interesting to mark the progress of warfare under these new conditions. A battle might be arranged,

and take place while the general entertains his friends at a luncheon party. Grave political questions between important nations may be settled in an hour or so. Bayonets will become relics of a barbarous age; swords will rust in their sheaths; and the cry "to arms!" must become obsolete.

MR. STANLEY's book has been published in an incredibly short time. Scarcely has he returned from his successful but trying expedition, when we are given in a book of some thousand pages an account of his exploration into Africa, and the quest, rescue, and retreat of Emin. Mr. Stanley has already sketched many features of the story of his expedition in his lectures and letters, but there will be many incidents and adventures that he has only been able just to touch upon in that way, which will be found supplemented by a continuous and complete narrative. The exploration into a land that is so far from civilised, will always be a memorable event in history. The book will be welcome as a valuable record of human daring.

A REALLY cheerful sight in the East End during the summer months is the troop of children leaving it for a holiday in the country. Children, who pass the greater part of their lives in narrow, crowded streets, where not so much as a blade of grass could force its way, are taken out from their squalid surroundings, and given a taste of fresh country air. Their sense of independence need not suffer in the least, for the parents contribute as far as they are able to the expenses of the fortnight's holiday; and it is no exaggeration to say that the yearly treat is a source of boundless expectation until it is realised, and afterwards becomes a wholesome and delightful memory.

EIGHT acres in Lambeth under the name of Vauxhall Park have been opened to the public mainly through the exertions of the Kyrle Society. But a letter from Miss Octavia Hill tells us that the work has been shared by all classes. The struggle to get this piece of ground to form a central garden to be a joy to the very young, and a rest to the old and weary, has been long and difficult, but there is pleasure in the thought that the plan has been worked out at last, through the realization of the need, by thousands of sympathetic helpers. As Miss Hill says in her letter, "It is to such union of all, for the good of all, that England owes her strength."

L. M. H. C.

## Palace Notes.

THE announcement of the results of the Class Examination in French is unavoidably held over till next week.

CERTAIN further lists of successful Students in the recent Science and Art Examinations are given below:—

MATHEMATICS (Stages 4 & 5), *Fourth Stage, 2nd.*—Austin, Herbert; Courtney, Arthur; Draycott, George E.; Hitchcock, Richard J.; Leleu, Frank H.; Parker, George F.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ORNAMENT, *2nd.*—Overnell, Thomas J.

HISTORIC ORNAMENT, *First Excellent.*—Evans, Edwin H.

THE result of the examination held by the St. John Ambulance Association on 23rd June, 1890, is given below, the Examiner being Dr. Andrew Clark, the Lecturer having been Dr. Robert Milne:—

*Second Re-Examination.*—Willmott, Walter James; Willmott, Edgar Thomas.

*First Re-Examination.*—Chapman, Edward E.; Claridge, Richard W.; McIntyre, Robert D.; Rockwell, Henry Frederick; White, James; White, Arthur.

*First Aid.*—Barnett, Harry; Boome, Ernest C.; Blannin, Edward; Campling, George P.; Collett, H. Herbert; Dodd, William J.; Frindell, Charles; Hicks, George John; Hodder, George W.; Iron, Walter L.; Jupp, Arthur; Lockhart, Henry Elven; March, Arthur R.; McGuire, H. B.; Owers, Samuel J.; Perrin, Alfred W.; Sears, J. S.; Smith, Ernest T.; Thompson, Drury F.; Thatcher, Thomas W.; Vanstone, W. J. N.

## Society and Club Notes.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

In consequence of the rain on Saturday last the ramble to Winchmore Hill had to be abandoned. Saturday, July 12th.—As the trains for Harpenden are so inconvenient in the afternoon, we have decided to visit Hampstead Heath. Meet at Bow Station, N.L.R., at 3.15 p.m. Saturday, July 19th.—Abbey Wood and Bostall Heath. Meet at Coborn Road Station, G.E.R., 3.25 p.m., and take tickets to South Woolwich. Saturday, August 9th.—We have received an invitation to Cambridge from Mr. A. P. Burkett, who promises to entertain us. This will be an all-day ramble. Members are requested to make a special effort to attend this ramble, also, to send in their names through the Members of the Committee, or direct to the undersigned. The fare will be 5s. 9d. return. Those members who attended the Boating Ramble on June 21st can obtain photograph for 1s. 6d., if they will communicate their wishes to Mr. W. Marshall, or the undersigned.

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

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.

Over thirty Members mustered at the "Ferry Boat," Tottenham, on Thursday last. It was noticeable that the rowing of some cyclists is not quite up to university form yet. Some of the rowing clubs on the Lea were struck at the orders issued by the coxswain of one of the boats, and wondered what he meant by "back pedai all."

In consequence of the heavy rains, Saturday's road skim was postponed until further notice, but an unofficial run to Sawbridge-worth was indulged in by six of the non-butterfly Members, and at midnight they were plugging by the "Wilfrid Lawson," wishing they had pneumatic tyres.

The Committee have hardly treated their handicapper in a fair manner in the start they have allotted to him. To only give him twenty seconds for an extra five miles, whilst a prize taker, and a long distance rider into the bargain, receives two minutes for the extra five miles, shows at once that they could not have gone deeply into figures. The Committee should see into this before the race takes place.

Members wishing to secure Club photos must order at once. The fifty miles handicap of the Eastern Counties Road Club takes place shortly. Several of the P.P.C.C. have entered. The Eastern Counties Road Club will give silver medals to tricyclists covering the distance in three hours and thirty minutes.—Every Member should try to reach Chelmsford on the 19th inst. for the Essex Championship. J. Howard intends to have a try for the honour of Champion of Essex.

New clubs are springing up all around us like mushrooms, so it behoves every Member to try and make all our fixtures grand successes, and so show that of the East End clubs we are still Number 1.—"The rain it raineth every day," and on account of this H. Ransley has added cork life-belts to his stock of cycle sundries. Buy one and you will not be drowned any more.

At the opening of the new track at Hull the Club was ably represented. The posters up North were worded thus: "Come and see Stock break the record on the new Hull track, paced by the London trio of cracks."—Sisley and Blair of the Catford, and E. Ransley of the People's Palace C.C.—E. Ransley brought home a handsome clock for winning the first prize at Hull.

The August tour is now in preparation, and intending tourists should communicate with the Secretary. The subscriptions for the second half fell due on June 1st.

J. H. B.

### THE PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.

On Saturday last, July 5th, a party of twenty-six visited Messrs. Charrington and Co.'s Brewery, Mile End. We arrived at the works at 3.10 p.m., and were at once conducted to the manager's office, where arrangements were quickly made to divide the party into two sections, and for a guide to accompany each section. Mr. Forth and Mr. Bateman took charge of one party, with Mr. Grainger as guide, and Mr. Michell and Mr. Castle the other, with Mr. Corley as guide. We commenced with the examination of the mash tuns. Malt and water (the water being at a temperature of about 180° F.) are run into those tuns, and when a sufficient quantity has been run in, some rakes, which revolve inside the mash tuns, are set in motion, to keep the malt and water thoroughly mixed. The liquor thus produced, after it has remained for some time, is drawn off, and goes by the name of wort. The wort is then boiled with hops, and after being separated from the hops, the liquor is pumped into large cooling pans, and then passes through large refrigerators into fermenting vats. The liquor is allowed to ferment for about five days; it is then run off into a receiver, and from the latter into barrels. During the ramble we met with several mechan-

ical contrivances that were very interesting. The coppers where the wort and hops are boiled together are heated by furnaces, the fire being placed on a kind of endless chain, which is made to move slowly from one end of the coppers to the other, the speed being such that the coal is consumed in the journey. A large screw for carrying up the hops from one room to the next, and the gauges for giving the heights of the liquor, were very instructive. The inspection of two pumping engines, one of which was pumping water from a well 208 feet deep, was much enjoyed. We finished our ramble by going round the stables and to the top of the tower, which is used for storing up malt. We had a splendid view of the East End of London from the top of the tower. Our guides were most willing to give us all the information that they could, and to show us all the interesting things that were to be seen. We left the works about 5.20 p.m., all feeling much pleased with the ramble. Next Saturday we shall have a ramble into the country. Full particulars will, however, be given in the various classes during the week.

**Class Notes.**

**PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERATURE CLASS.**

(Late PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.)

On Friday, the 4th inst., the last meeting of the above Class, for the present season, was held. During the period from October to June inclusive, the Members of the Class, under the direction of Mr. H. Spender, have been occupied with the study of Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," several of Shakespeare's Plays, and the greater part of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." It is proposed to have a short course of lectures on the French Revolution early next session, and any ladies and gentlemen who would like to join are requested to write to me at the Palace, in order that we may know whether such a course would be sufficiently interesting to be taken. The fee for the Class, in consideration of the fact that it is simply the old Literary Society altered and improved, and also of the personal interest taken in it by Mr. Spender, to whom we are all much indebted, and who is purely an honorary lecturer, receiving no fee whatever for his services, save the goodwill of the Members, is very low, being only 1s. per quarter, to pay printing expenses, etc. The Members intend during the months that elapse before the new session, to take a few country excursions together, the first being fixed for next Saturday, the 12th inst., to Buckhurst Hill. Any intending Members of the Class are invited to be with us on this occasion, and if they will write to me at the address below, I shall be very pleased to send them particulars as to trains, etc.

HORACE J. HAWKINS,  
Muston Lodge, Hainault Road, Leytonstone

**CARPENTRY AND JOINERY EVENING CLASS.**

TRUSTEES' PRIZES.

On our last class night of the season was held an examination in Practical Carpentry, which resulted in A. Mann taking first prize, A. Hallett second, and H. H. Young third; these three Students showing the greatest proficiency in working to specified dimensions, neatness, and accuracy. Our Carpentry Class this last season has been a decided success, and when our evening workshop has been attended by Students from outlying districts so far apart as South Tottenham in North London to Brockley in the South, and from Romford in the East to Primrose Hill in the West, we at once see the interest taken in technical, practical, and manual training. The Students have received no less than 919 individual lessons since 1st September. This does not include the Students from the Jewish Schools, Stepney Green, so that it will be seen that the People's Palace is supplying a want that can only be felt by those who have to travel so far before they can be supplied.

WM. GRAVES.

**ENGINEERING CLASSES EXAMINATION.**

The examination in the above subject was held during the evenings of Monday, Thursday, and Friday of last week. Exercises were set in turning and fitting, together with a written paper of questions bearing on the lectures delivered during the session. The subjoined table shows the position of each successful Student, and the number of marks obtained in each subject:—

NAME.	Questions.	Turning.	Fitting.	TOTAL.
H. K. Shephard ..	83	70	80	233
W. Dilloway .....	70	35	78	183
H. J. Fairweather..	66	30	80	176
S. P. Dobbin .....	70	30	30	130
B. Hester .....	25	40	40	105
A. Fletcher .....	45	20	20	85

First Class.  
Second Class.

**BOOK-KEEPING CLASSES EXAMINATION.**

Class Examiner—ANDREW SARLL, A.K.C.

1. **ADVANCED PRACTICAL.**—From a given set of transactions formerly set for the Society of Arts Examination candidates were required to arrange the necessary books—bought book, sales book, cash book, bill book, and journal. These were to be posted into a ledger, which was to be kept and balanced on double entry principles, as required by the leading City firms. Maximum marks, 100. John Driscoll, a prize; T. C. Brett, a prize; W. Rollinson, 90; J. T. Westby, 90; S. T. Johnson, 85; J. M. Sears, 85; A. J. Hazleton, 85; W. Notman, 80; S. Donovan, 70; R. Toope, 60. Failures, 0.

2. **ELEMENTARY PRACTICAL.**—From a given set of "every-day" transactions candidates were required to arrange the necessary books—bought book, sales book, cash book, and bill book. These were to be posted into a ledger, which was to be kept and balanced on double entry principles, as required by the leading City firms. Maximum marks, 100. Helen Bonwick, a prize; Lillie Thomas, a prize; G. T. Hudson, a prize; W. S. Wilbraham, 90; J. Maughfling, 90; Lydia Metson, 85; B. Davids, 80; M. B. Murray, 75; J. Bennison, 75; Ada Elliott, 65; A. Harwood, 60; O. Guest, 60; H. Purton, 60; A. Theobald, 60; R. M. Blackledge, 60; A. A. Wray, 60; M. Bundock, 60; Grace Goodwood, 60; E. Aldam, 60; W. S. Sanderson, 60; W. A. Hughes, 55; W. H. Canling, 50; Raie Lyons, 50; C. Biggs, 50. Failures, 3.

3. **ELEMENTARY JOURNALISING.**—From a given set of "every-day" transactions, the candidates were required to arrange a journal. The ledger was to be kept and balanced on double entry principles. Maximum marks, 100. C. J. Martin, a prize; E. S. Williams, 95; L. V. Jessop, 95; H. Belbe, 90; W. S. Clark, 85. Failures, 0. The next Session will commence about the close of September, when Mr. Sarll hopes that all the candidates, at least those in classes two and three, will once more resume their studies in preparation for the Society of Arts Examination in April next.

**ARITHMETIC EXAMINATION.**

Class Examiner—ANDREW SARLL, A.K.C.

1. **GENTLEMEN.**—W. Notman, a prize; G. F. Notman, a prize; P. Lewis, third; J. E. Smith, fourth.

2. **LADIES.**—M. H. Rhodes, a prize; P. Dickens, second; H. E. Rhodes, third; K. Bowen, fourth.

A. S.

**SINGING CLASS.**

An examination was held on Thursday, 26th June, with the following results:—

**ADVANCED CLASS** (in order of merit).—Full marks, 113. A. Freeman, 92; W. Hendick, 74; Dora Goodwin, 66; Ellen S. Bell, 60; Lillian Beeve, 58; J. Etridge, 49; E. J. Burgin, 49; Maggie Howard, 45; Florence Carroll, 41; Alice Bradford, 33.

**ELEMENTARY CLASS.**—Full marks, 87. J. A. Slater, 76; S. E. Cameron, 69; Louisa Paige, 67; H. J. Bayless, 67; M. A. Evans, 61; E. K. Cowlin, 58; J. Stewart, 52; L. Pearce, 50; N. Wintle, 50; L. Wray, 36; L. Thorne, 26; A. Mahler, 23; H. Thorne, 14; F. Warren, 12; B. Potter, 1.

All candidates of the Advanced Class who have obtained more than half marks will be admitted to the Choral Society, and all Elementary Students who obtained more than half marks will be admitted to the Advanced Class next quarter. Students can have their papers returned on sending a stamped and addressed envelope to the Musical Director.

O. B.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

A. L.—After all it can have done no harm, and was understood to be a mere exhibition of mechanical speed and nothing more. There is of course much in what you say, but on the whole it seems advisable, particularly in view of other matter, not to print it.

J. H. B.—Why ornament your margin with numerals? They would present an eccentric appearance if printed.

"HALLOO!" shouted one man to another whom he saw running down the street. "Halloo! are you training for a race?"

"No," yelled back the flying man, "I'm racing for a train!"

PEOPLE, to live happily with each other, must fit in as it were—the proud be mated with the meek, the irritable with the gentle, and so forth.

**PROGRAMME OF CONCERT**

TO BE GIVEN

On SATURDAY, JULY 12th, 1890,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

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

SOLO VIOLIN:

M. JOHANNES WOLFF.

VOCALISTS:

MISS MARGUERITE SERRUYS.

MISS ANNIE LAYTON.

MR. MALDWIN HUMPHREYS.

MR. HENRY GREY.

MR. H. PLUNKET GREENE.

ORGANIST:

MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

- 1. ORGAN SOLO  
MR. B. JACKSON.
- 2. DUET ... "Maying" ... A. M. Smith.  
MISS MARGUERITE SERRUYS AND MR. MALDWIN HUMPHREYS.

O, that we two were maying  
Down the stream of the soft, spring breeze,  
Like children with violets playing,  
In the shade of the whisp'ring trees.

O, that we two sat dreaming,  
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,  
Watching the white mist stealing  
Over river, mead, and town.

- 3. SONG ... "Douglas Gordon" ... L. Kellie.  
MR. HENRY GREY.

"Row me o'er the straits, Douglas Gordon,  
Row me o'er the straits, my love," said she,  
"Where we greeted in the summer, Douglas Gordon,  
Beyond the little kirk, by the old trysting-tree."  
Never a word spake Douglas Gordon,  
But he looked into her eyes so tenderly,  
And he sat her at his side,  
And away across the tide,  
They floated to the little kirk  
And the old, old trysting tree.

"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,  
Just a word of pity, O my love," said she,  
"For the bells will ring to-morrow, Douglas Gordon,  
My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me.  
They told me you were false Douglas Gordon,  
And you never, never came to comfort me."  
And she saw the great tears arise  
In her lover's silent eyes,  
As they drifted to the little kirk  
And the old, old trysting tree.

"And it's never, never, Douglas Gordon,  
Never in this world that you may come to me,  
But tell me that you love me, Douglas Gordon,  
And kiss me for the sake of all that used to be."  
Then he flung away his sail, his oars and rudder,  
And he took her in his arms so tenderly,  
And they drifted on amain,  
And the bells may call in vain,  
For she and Douglas Gordon  
Are drowned in the sea.

- 4. VIOLIN SOLOS { (a) "Cavatina" ... Raff.  
(b) "Mazurka" ... Wieniawski.  
MR. JOHANNES WOLFF.

- 5. SONG ... "Will he come?" ... Sullivan.  
MISS ANNIE LAYTON.

"I can scarcely hear," she murmur'd,  
"For my heart beats loud and fast;  
But surely, in the far, far distance,  
I can hear a sound at last."  
It is only the reapers singing,  
As they carry home their sheaves;  
And the evening breeze has risen,  
And rustle the dying leaves.

"Listen! there are voices talking,"  
Calmly still she strove to speak;  
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,  
And the red flushed in her cheek.  
It is only the children playing  
Below, now their work is done,  
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled  
By the rays of the setting sun.

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,  
With anxious eyes she cried—  
"Down the avenue of chestnuts  
I can hear a horseman ride!"  
It was only the deer that were feeding  
In a herd on the clover grass,  
They were startled, and fled to the thicket,  
As they saw the reapers pass.

Now the night arose in silence,  
Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
And the deer couched in the forest,  
And the children were at rest;  
There was only a sound of weeping,  
From watchers around a bed;  
But rest to the weary spirit,  
Peace to the quiet dead!

- 6. OLD IRISH MELODY "Off to Philadelphia"—  
Battison-Haynes.  
MR. PLUNKET GREENE.

My name is Paddy Leary  
From a shpot called Tipperary,  
The hearts of all the girls I am a thorn in,  
But before the break of morn  
Faith! tis they'll be all forlorn,  
For I'm off to Philadelphia in the mornin'.

Wid me bundle on my shoulder,  
Faith! there's no man could be boulder,  
I'm laving dear ould Ireland widout warnin',  
For I lately took the notion,  
To cross the briny ocean,  
And I shtart for Philadelphia in the morain'.

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

When they told me I must lave the place,  
I tried to keep a cheerful face,  
For to show my heart's deep sorrow I was scornin',  
But the tears will surely blind me,  
For the friends I lave behind me,  
When I shtart for Philadelphia in the mornin'.  
Wid my bundle, etc.

- 7. VIOLIN SOLO ... "Polonaise" ... Lamb.  
MR. JOHANNES WOLFF.

- 8. SONG ... "Seguedilla" (Carmen) ... Bizet.  
MISS MARGUERITE SERRUYS.

Près des ramparts de Séville,  
Chez mon ami, Silas Pastia,  
J'irai danser la séguedille,  
Et boire du manzanilla,  
J'irai chez mon ami Silas Pastia.  
Oui! mais boube seule on s'ennuie,  
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux,  
Tu bue pour me tenir compagnie,  
J'emmenèrai mon amoureux.

Mon amoureux, il est au diable,  
Je l'ai mis à la poste hier,  
Mon pauvre coeur, très consolable,  
Mon coeur est libu comme l'air,  
J'ai des galants à la douzaine,  
Mai ils ne sont pas à mon gri.  
Visci la fin de la semaine,  
Qui veux m'aimer, Je l'aimerai,  
Qui veux mon âme, elle est à preulo,  
Vous arrivez au bon moment,  
Je n'ai grien le temps d'attendre,  
Car avec mon nouvel amant.  
Près des ramparts de Séville,  
Chez mon ami Silas Pastia,  
Nous danserons la Seguedille,  
Et boirons du Manzanilla,  
Tra la la, Tra la la.

9. SONG ... "How Vain is Man" ... *Handel.*  
MR. MALDWYN HUMPHREYS.

(a) Irish Melody "My Love's an Arbutus" *V. Stanford.*  
(b) Scotch Melody "The Highland Plaid" *A. L.*  
Miss ANNIE LAYTON.

(a) "My Love's an Arbutus."

My love's an Arbutus, by the borders of Lene,  
So slender and shapely in her girdle of green.  
And I measure the pleasure of her eye's sapphire sheen,  
By the blue skies that sparkle thro' the soft branching screen.  
But tho' ruddy the berry, and snowy the flow'r,  
That brighten together the Arbutus bow'r,  
Perfuming and blooming through sunshine and show'r,  
Give me her bright lips and her laugh's pearly dow'r.  
Alas, fruit and blossom shall lie dead on the lea,  
And Time's jealous fingers dim your young charms, Machree.  
But unchanging, unchanging, you'll still cling to me,  
Like the ever-green leaf to the Arbutus tree.

(b) "The Highland Plaid."

Lowland lassie will ye go,  
Where the hills are clad wi' snow,  
Where beneath the icy steep,  
Hardy shepherds tend their sheep?  
I'll nor wae shall thee betide,  
Row'd within my Highland plaid,  
Lowland lassie will ye go,  
Where the hills are clad wi' snow?  
Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,  
I will launch the bonnie boat,  
Skim the loch in cantie glee,  
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;  
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,  
I'll row thee in my Highland plaid.  
Lowland lassie will ye go,  
Where the hills are clad wi' snow?  
Highland lad ye've been sae leil,  
My heart wad break at our farewell,  
Lang your love has made me fain,  
Tak! Oh tak me for your ain.  
'Cross the firth away they glide,  
Donald and his Lowland bride,  
'Cross the firth away they glide,  
Donald and his Lowland bride.

11. ORGAN SOLO MR. B. JACKSON.

12. SONG ... "Ould Doctor Mack" ... *C. V. Stanford.*  
MR. H. PLUNKET GREENE.

Ye may tramp the world over, from Delhi to Dover,  
And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon,  
Circumvent back, through the whole Zodiack,  
But to Ould Doctor Mack ye can't furnish a paragon.  
Ah! have you the dropsy, the gout, the autopsy,  
Fresh livers and limbs, instantaneous he'll shape yez,  
No way inferior in skill but suparior  
And lineal postarior to Ould Aysculapius.  
He and his wig wid the curls so carrotty,  
Aigle eye, and complexion clarety,  
Here's to his health, honour, and wealth,  
The king of his kind, and the crame of all charity.  
How the rich and the poor, to consult for a cure,  
Crowd on to his doore in their carts and their carriages,  
Showin' their tongues, or unclacin' their lungs,  
For divle one symptom the doctor disparages.  
Ah! troth an' he'll tumble for high or for humble,  
From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety,  
Makin' as light of nursin' all night  
The beggar in rags as the belle of society.  
He and his wig, etc.

And as if by a meracle, ailments hysterical,  
Dad, wid one dose of bread pills he can smother,  
And quench the love sickness, wid wonderful quickness,  
Prescribin' the right boys and girls to aich other.  
And the sufferin' childer, your eyes 'twould bewilder  
To see the wee craythurs his coat-tails unravellin',  
Aich of them fast, on some treasure at last,  
Well knowin' Ould Mack's just a toyshop out travellin'.  
He and his wig, etc.

Thin, his dootherin' done, in a rollickin' run,  
Wid the rod or the gun, he's the foremost to figure,  
By Jupiter Ammon, what jack, snipe, or salmon,  
E'er rose to back gammon his tail fly or trigger.  
And hark the view hollo, 'tis Mack in full follow  
On black Faugh-a-ballagh, the county side sailin',  
Och, but you'd think 'twas ould Nimrod in pink,  
Wid his spurs cryin' chink, over park wall and palin'.

He and his wig wid the curls so carrotty,  
Aigle eye, and complexion clarety,  
Here's to his health, honour, and wealth,  
Hip, hip, hooray, wid all hilarity.  
Hip, hip, hooray, that's the way,  
All at once widout disparity,  
One more cheer for our doctor dear,  
The king of his kind, and the crame of all charity.  
Hip, hip, hooray.

13. SONG ... "The Game of Love" *Alfred Cellier.*

MISS MARGUERITE SERRUYS.

The game of love is hide and seek,  
Where men do strive to find  
On tell-tale lip, or blushing cheek,  
The sign of woman's mind.

No woman should her heart reveal,  
But rather do her best,  
The thoughts and feelings to conceal  
What set man's mind at ease.

So ladies, I pray you beware,  
Love thrives upon doubt and despair,  
Let them sigh, sooner die  
Than deign to confess that you care.

Be wise and listen unto me  
Or hear Dame Nature preach,  
The sweetest apple on the tree  
Is just beyond your reach.

The flower that lies beneath your hand  
Is deemed a thing of nought,  
And that which folks can least command,  
Most eagerly is sought.

So ladies, I pray you listen, etc.

14. SONG ... "The Star of Bethlehem" ... *Adams*

MR. MALDWYN HUMPHREYS.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white  
I sat beside my window, and looked into the night;  
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine.  
And childhood came again to me with all its dreams divine.  
Then, as I listened to the bells, and watched the skies afar,  
Out of the East majestic there rose one radiant star;  
And ev'ry other star grew pale before that heavenly glow,  
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair,  
It shone thro' dingy casement on many a garret bare;  
From highway on to highway, thro' alleys dark and cold,  
And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold.  
Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,

And weary little children turned in their sleep and smil'd;  
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,  
Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded, I rose as borne on wings,  
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things;  
Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe,  
My old self and its darkness seemed left on earth below.  
And onward, upward shone the star, until it seem'd to me,  
It flashed upon the golden gate, and o'er the crystal sea;  
And then the gates rolled backward, I stood where angels trod;

It was the star, the star of Bethlehem had led me up to God.

15. ORGAN SOLO ... ..

MR. B. JACKSON.

Latest Additions to the Library.

FICTION.

- Adeler (Max).—*Elbow Room.*  
—*Out of the Hurly-Burly.*  
Doyle (A. Conan).—*The Firm of Girdlestone.*  
Haggard (H. Rider).—*Beatrice.*  
—*Cleopatra.*  
Jerome (K.).—*The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.*  
—*Three Men in a Boat.*  
Nomad.—*A Railway Foundling*; 3 Vols.  
O'Brien (W.).—*When We Were Boys.*
- THEOLOGY.
- Allon (H.).—*Life Eternal*; n.d.  
Butler (F. B.).—*Sermons*; 1887.  
Dauks (W.).—*The Church on the Moor*; 1886.  
Hastings (E.).—*Obscure and Minor Scripture Characters*; n.d.  
James (J.).—*Christian Watchfulness*; 1845.  
Krummacher (F.).—*Elijah, the Tishbite*; 1838.  
Lamb (A. S.).—*Specific Unbelief: England's Greatest Sin*; 1890.  
Moule (H. C.).—*Christian Doctrine*; 1889.  
Neville (E.).—*Modern Atheism*; n.d.  
Newland (F.).—*Three Lectures on Tractarianism*; 1855.  
Newman (F. W.).—*Phases of Faith*; 1858.  
—(J. H.).—*Apologia Pro Vita Sua*; 1887.  
Pember (G. H.).—*Earth's Earliest Ages*; 1889.  
Keynolds (J. W.).—*The Mystery of Miracles*; 1883.  
Russell (P.).—*After This Life—What Next?* n.d.  
Smyth (N.).—*Old Faiths in New Light*; n.d.  
Voysey (C.).—*Theistic Sermons*; 1888.  
Wilson (J. M.).—*Nature, Man, and God*; 1885.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Alger (J. G.).—*New Paris Sketch Book*; 1889.  
Beken (G.).—*Frechold Disfranchisement*; n.d.  
Burton (R. F.).—*Etruscan Bologna*; 1876.  
—*Case for the Union. Explained by Lord Hartington, John Bright, and others*; n.d.  
Chamberlain (W.).—*The Colonies and their Connection with the Mother Country*; 1887.  
Crowe (C.).—*The Night-Side of Nature*; n.d.  
Davies (C.).—*Orthodox London*; 1876.  
—*Unorthodox London*; 1876.  
Donisthorpe (W.).—*Democracy*; 1886.  
Edwards (Sir H.).—*Our Indian Empire*; 1886.  
Escott (T. H. S.).—*England; Its People, Polity, and Pursuits*; 1886.  
Fern (W. W.).—*Woven in Darkness*; 2 Vols.; 1885.  
Frisivell (J. H.).—*Footsteps to Fame*; 1888.  
Griffiths (A.).—*The English Army*; n.d.  
Koelttschan (C.).—*The Coming Franco-German War*; 1887.  
Melville (J. G. Whyte).—*Riding Recollections*; n.d.  
Miller (W.).—*Indian Missions*; 1878.  
Mullins (J. D.).—*Free Libraries and Museums*; 1869.  
—*Pamphlets on Home Rule*; n.d.  
—*Parnell Commission Report*; 1890.  
—*Parnell On Himself, and other Pamphlets*; n.d.  
Phipson (E.).—*Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time*; 1883.  
Platt (J.).—*Economy*; 1882.  
—*Progress*; 1882.  
Shaw (G. B.).—*Fabian Essays in Socialism*; 1889.  
Simmonds (P.).—*Animal Food Resources of Different Nations*; 1885.  
Vicary (J. F.).—*Saga Time*; 1887.  
Wagner (W.).—*Asgard and the Gods*; 1886.  
—*Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages*; 1886.  
Wemyss (Lord).—*Socialism at St. Stephen's*; 1886-7.

Critics' Mistakes.

MANY of the works which are now rightly regarded as being among the world's masterpieces were, upon their first appearance, utterly condemned by men whose position in the fraternity of letters gave considerable weight to the opinions they expressed regarding their merits. It is, of course, impossible to expect that every verdict pronounced by the critics of the past should be endorsed by the action of their posterity, but at the same time many of the criticisms passed upon now famous works by well-known men have been so completely mistaken as to show that, in some cases at all events, a strange lack of perspicuity was possessed by those who gave utterance to them. Of such a kind was Rymer's opinion of Shakespeare, whom, in common with Voltaire and his patron Frederick the Great, he considered a barbarous writer, worthy only of a nation of savages. Speaking of *Othello*, he is gracious enough to admit that the author shows some rudiments of wit—some traces of burlesque humour; but he utterly denies the existence of true tragedy

in his delineations, declaring his attempts at the portrayal of the deeper passions which stir mankind to be nothing better than dismal farce, in which every one of the more serious human attributes is turned into mockery and derision. "In the neighing of a horse or the growling of a mastiff there is meaning; there is as lively expression, and I may say more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare. His genius lay for comedy and humour; in tragedy he appears quite out of his element; his brains are turned; he raves and rambles without any coherence, without any spark of reason, or any rule to control him or set bounds to his frenzy." The world which will for centuries to come honour the name of Shakespeare has altogether forgotten this hostile critic of his finest works, a man who further distinguished himself by dismissing Milton's grand epic as "that 'Paradise Lost' which some are pleased to call a poem." Stevens published opinions regarding *Hamlet* which were not more happy. He compared the great tragedy to a looking-glass exposed to sale reflecting alternately the funeral and the puppet show, the venerable beggar soliciting alms, and the blackguard picking a pocket.

Johnson compiled a list of "the most eminent English poets," scarcely one of whom is known by the general reader to-day. He shows his ignorance of the true beauties of poetry in the phrase that Dryden "found English poetry brick and left it marble," thus utterly overlooking the works of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. It was he who said of the verses of the latter that "if they differ from the verses of others they differ for the worse." Milton's sonnets awake in him no higher tribute than the remark "that of the best it can only be said that they are not bad." "Comus" is stigmatised as being tedious and inelegant, while "Lycidas" is defective in rhyme, harsh and displeasing in diction, inartistic, untruthful, and unnatural. No better examples of the fallacious estimates arrived at by clever men of the works of others could be found. The *Monthly Review*, in criticising Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," says that "in the whole course of its travels in the regions of romance it had never met with anything more difficult to characterise." Kenrick fell foul of poor Oliver in the *London Review*, calling "The Traveller" a flimsy poem built upon false principles. "The Deserted Village" was, by this same critic, condemned as without dignity, fancy, genius, or fire, though he allowed it to be "a pretty poem."

Home, the author of "Douglas," a poem which, little as it is esteemed to-day, was thought so much of on its production as to gain for him the title of "The Scottish Shakespeare," condemned Burns' poetry in strong terms. Joseph Ritson, the antiquary, while recognising the claims of the unrivalled writer of Scottish verse as a poet, could not bring himself to regard him in any other light than as a failure where songs were concerned. "He does not appear to his usual advantage in song," was the verdict passed by this critic, so strangely adverse to the undying reputation of Burns as the author of some of the most graceful songs in any language.

Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," though it met with Sir Walter Scott's cordial approval, was thought so little of by others that the most strenuous endeavours failed to secure a publisher for it. Eventually its gifted author was obliged to "look to no leading bookseller for a launch, but to throw his work before the public at his own risk, and let it sink or swim according to its own merits."

Though the immense sums paid to the Earl of Beaconsfield for his later books were due no doubt in great part to his eminent position in other fields than that of authorship, it was surely going a little too far to speak of his early work, "A Wondrous Tale of Alroy," as "an indication of literary lunacy."

Some of Wordsworth's most popular and beautiful poems were condemned at their appearance in the harshest terms by the famous critic Jeffrey. For instance, the "Intimations of Immortality," generally considered to be this poet's masterpiece, was spoken of by him as "a flagrant specimen of the hopelessly absurd." "The Excursion" called forth a criticism in which it was described as "longer, weaker, and tamer than any of Mr. Wordsworth's previous productions," while "The White Doe of Rylstone" was stigmatised by Jeffrey as "the very worst poem ever imprinted in a quarto volume," an opinion which is condemned by its own sweeping injustice.

NOTHING more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet exercise of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill; and we should sleep in tranquillity when it roared its loudest.

## The Murders in the Rue Morgue.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

THE mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always, to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which disentangles. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of acumen, which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one, without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative, by observations very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The attention is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold, but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten, it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique* and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen. To be less abstract—Let us suppose a game of draughts, where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

What has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom may be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all these more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold, but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus, to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of what

to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honour by honour, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognises what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessities of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume, brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candour which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervour and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-worn and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall, in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen—although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature! Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed, the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamoured of the night for her own

sake; and into this *bizarrie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect abandon. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building; lighted a couple of tapers, which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghostliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm and arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low, chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble, which would have sounded petulantly, but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolute.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman, was merely the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words:—

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied, unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I, gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of—?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

"Of Chantilly," said he; "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously Pasquinadea for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact, I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*."

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C—into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said; "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C—. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' a term very affectingly applied to this species of pavement. I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atoms, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes up to the great *nebula* in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter *tirade* upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's *Musée*, the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line

*Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.*

I had told you this was in reference to Orion, formerly written *Urion*; and, from certain pungenencies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he was a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

Not long after this we were looking over an evening edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, when the following paragraphs arrested our attention:—

"Extraordinary Murders.—This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbours entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*. By this time the cries had ceased; but as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds also had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long

and thick tresses of grey human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of metal d'Alger, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a bureau, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been apparently rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the bed (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents, beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and upon the throat dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut, that upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated—the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clue."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars:—  
"The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue. Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair. [The word 'affaire' has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us], but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

"Pauline Dubourg, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate towards each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

"Pierre Moreau, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighbourhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who underlet the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbours that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbours, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house—not very old.

"Isidore Muset, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavouring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way up stairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much

shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words 'sacre' and 'diable.' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

"Henri Duval, a neighbour, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Muset in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

"Odenheimer, restaurateur. This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly 'sacre,' 'diable,' and once 'mon Dieu.'

"Jules Mignaud, banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue, Deloraine. Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year—(eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4,000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

"Adolphe Le Bon, clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4,000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a bye-street—very lonely.

"William Bird, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman, has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly 'sacre' and 'mon Dieu.' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being re-called, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys.

(To be continued.)

It is estimated that if a man lives to be seventy years old he passes at least twenty-four years in sleep. So, you see, a man is a pretty good sort of fellow one-third of the time, bad as he may be the remaining two-thirds. Let us be charitable.

LOVERS OF THE RUSSIANS.

HE: "Have you read any of the Russian novelists?"  
SHE: "Oh, yes. They are splendid. What do you think of them?"

HE: "Think they are splendid."

SHE: "Life-like."

HE: "Splendid. True to nature."

SHE: "Splendid."

HE: "Nothing overdrawn."

SHE: "Nothing. Splendid, I think."

He (addressing some one else and nodding towards the young lady to whom he had been talking): "She's one of the brightest women I ever saw. Knows all about Russian literature."

She (turning to some one else): "Don't know when I have enjoyed a conversation so much. He has all the Russian novelists at his tongue's end."

A GOOD story is told about Professor Paley, the eminent Cambridge scholar and grandson of the famous author of the "Evidences of Christianity," who died lately at Bourne-mouth. He was standing for his "little go" at Cambridge, and the "Evidences" was one of the subjects he had to offer for examination. In spite of his relationship to the distinguished author, Mr. Paley's mind was in a state of utter darkness as to the contents of the book. The paper, which he duly folded up and sent in, contained only the following words:—"For answers to these questions see 'Tales of my Grandfather.'"

QUESTIONS of the hour invariably pertain to matters of some moment.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

YOUNG MARRIED LADY: "I really believe that Mrs. Smith thinks more of that dog than she does of her poor little baby."  
OLD BACHELOR: "Well, I don't blame her a bit. He's a nice, quiet kind of a dog."

ALWAYS AHEAD.

"THE British are ahead of us in one respect," said the General, after a warm argument with an Anglophobic on the respective merits of England and America.

"In what, I should like to know?" demanded the Anglo-phobic, incredulously.

"Time," replied the General. "It is seven o'clock in London when it is only two here."

JUDGES, especially those who have never sat in the House of Commons, speak severely of ill drawn Acts of Parliament. "It comes to this," Lord Justice Bowen said recently, "that, if the Legislature were to pass an Act relating to dairy-farming, and were to lay down certain rules for the management of cows, a clause would be wisely inserted at the end thoughtfully stating that for the purposes of this Act 'cows' shall be meant to include 'horses.'"

"I KNOW I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor; "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

WHAT is that which you cannot see although it is always before you? Your future.

Time Table of Classes.

For the Summer Term, commencing July 7th, and ending September 26th, 1890.

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley, (M.A.)	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Military Band	Mr. A. Robinson	Mon. W. Th	8.0-10.0	2 6
Violin	Under the direc. of Mr. W. R. Cave	Mon. & Tu.	6.0-10.0	5 0
Pianoforte	Mrs. Spencer & Mr. C. Hamilton	M.T.W.Th.F.	3.0-10.0	9 0

\* Ladies admitted to this Class at a Fee of 1s.

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SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE.

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These Classes prepare Candidates for most of the Examinations conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners. They will also be found useful by all who desire to make themselves proficient in Handwriting, Arithmetic, Composition, and Geography.

CLASS A.—THURSDAYS, 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

This Class is suitable for Male and Female Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists.

Subjects:—Handwriting, Dictation, Spaced Dictation, Copying Tabular Statements, Copying MS. Addresses, Arithmetic (first four Rules, Simple and Compound, and easy Problems), Map Drawing and Geography of the British Isles.

Fee for July and September, 6/-

CLASS B.—TUESDAYS, 6.30 to 9.45 p.m.

This Class is suitable for Boy Clerks and those beginning to study for Female Clerks, Excise, Customs, and Lower Division.

Subjects:—Handwriting, Dictation, Copying Tabular Statements, Orthography, Copying MS. Composition, Arithmetic (Addition, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, Square and Cube Roots, Practice and Interest), General Geography, and Map Drawing.

Fee for July and September, 7/-

CLASS C.—TUESDAYS, 7.45 to 9.45 p.m.

THURSDAYS, 8.45 to 9.45 p.m.

This Class is suitable for Candidates for Excise, Customs, Female Clerkships, and Lower Division Clerkships.

Subjects:—Copying Tabular Statements, Dictation, Geography and Map Drawing, Composition and Copying MS., with Class B, Arithmetic (Percentages, Stocks, Alligation, Specific Gravity, Duodecimals, Mensuration, Scales of Notation, Application of Square and Cube Roots, Difficult Problems, Logarithms, Theory), History, Indexing, Digesting Returns into Summaries.

Book-keeping should be taken at the Book-keeping Class held at the Palace.

Fee for July and September, 8/-

Civil Service Guides, Official Regulations, and Specimen Examination Papers may be seen at the Palace Library. The Guides give all particulars of Hours of Work, Salary, and Prospects of Promotion in the various Government Offices. It is proposed also to form in the Library a Civil Service Department, which will contain all the recently published Text Books.

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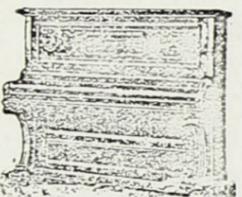
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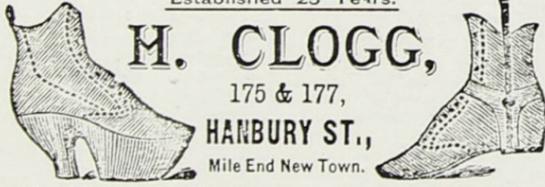
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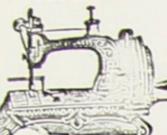


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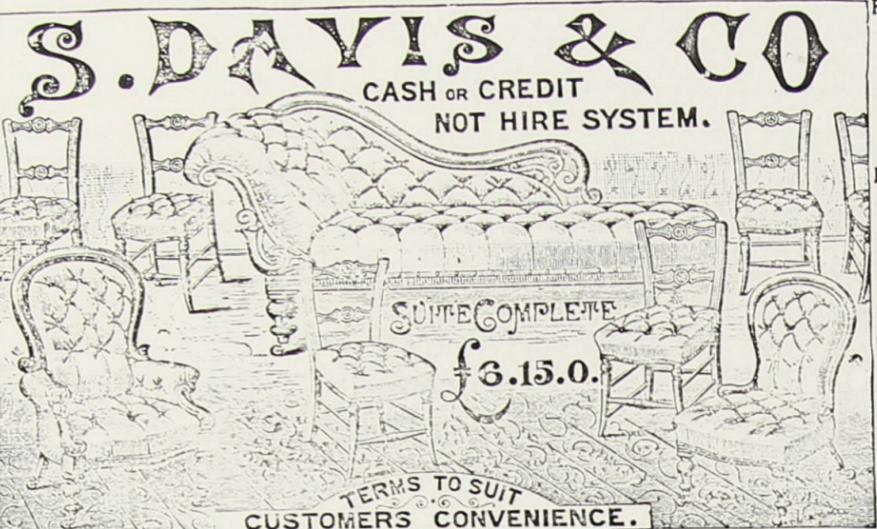
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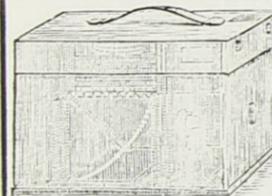
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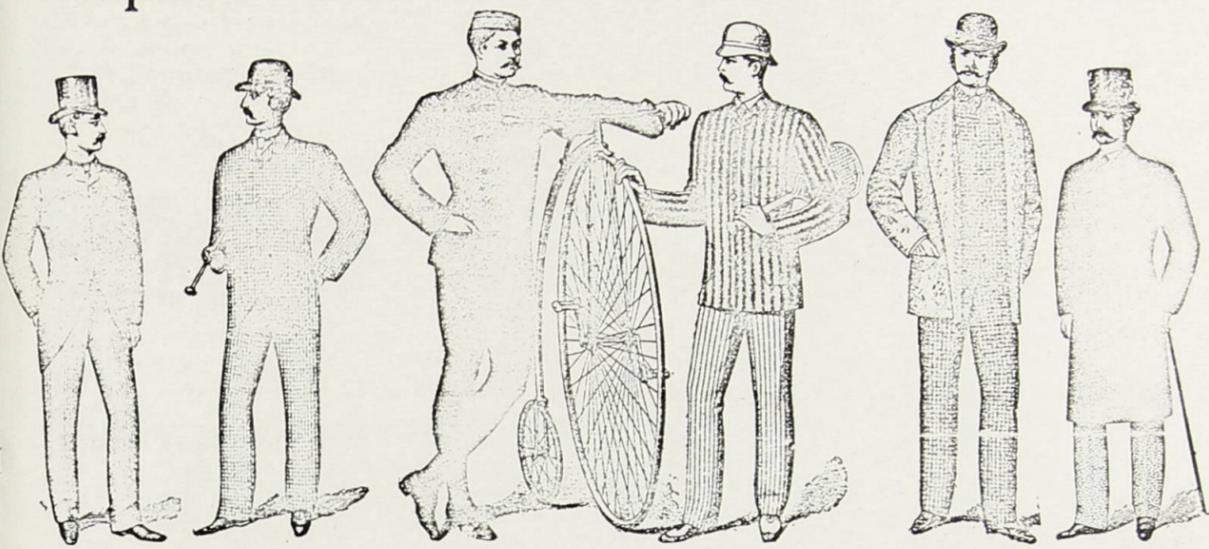
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View from the Forest Hotel.




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BOATING on the Connaught Waters. Can be engaged by the Hour.

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Will Dine from 500 to 700 persons, and with the Corporation, Rangers, and Bedford Halls, forms an Elegant Suite.  
Unrivalled Accommodation for Dinners and Festivals, Balls, School Treats;  
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