

THE PALACE JOURNAL
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FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

**PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.**

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, 24th April.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
SATURDAY, 25th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 7.30 p.m., Haydn's "Spring," and Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Geometry Examination, from 6 to 10.
SUNDAY, 26th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m.
MONDAY, 27th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, Girls' Gymnasium. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Model Examination, 7 to 8. Freehand Examination, 8.15 to 9.45.
TUESDAY, 28th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Perspective Examination, 7 to 8.30.
WEDNESDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Physiology Examination, 7 to 10, at Ben Johnson Board School, Harford Street, Stepney. Drawing in Stage 5A, Examination, 7 to 9.30. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by the Gipsy Choir. Plumbing Examination, 7 to 10.
THURSDAY, 30th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Theoretical Mechanics Examination, 7 to 10. Drawing in Stage 3B, Examination, 7 to 9.30.
FRIDAY, May 1st.—Library open from 10 to 5 and 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Applied Mechanics Examination, 7 to 10. Drawing in Stage 5B, Examination, 6 to 10.

I AM asked to remind our readers that they can have the Journal posted regularly to them from the office for 1s. 6d. a quarter.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—The annual meeting for the election of officers will be held at the Palace on Thursday, April 30th; chair at 8 p.m.—Club practice will commence in May.—Students desirous of joining should send in names at once.
JOHN FORD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM CLUB. Our dance held in the Lecture Hall, on the 15th, proved even more successful than the last. There were about ninety present, and all seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed the evening.—We must not forget to thank Messrs. Hunter and Laing, who, in a most efficient and indefatigable manner, kindly acted as stewards.—Twenty of our members visited "Newgate," last Saturday, and to-morrow a second party is to visit the Jail. Next week an account will be given of this interesting ramble.
ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain.
REBECCA JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.—SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS.—Week ending May 2nd, 1891:—

Saturday, April 25th Geometry 6 to 10.
 Monday, April 27th Model 7 to 8.
 " " Freehand 8.15 to 9.45.
 " " Perspective 7 to 8.30.
 Tuesday, April 28th Physiology, Ben
 Wednesday, April 29th Jonson Board School, Harford St., E. 7 to 10.

Wednesday, April 29th Drawing in Stage 5A 7 to 9.30.
 " " " City Guilds Subjects 7 to 10.
 Thursday, April 30th Theo. Mechanics 7 to 10.
 " " " Drawing in Stage 3B 7 to 9.30.
 Friday, May 1st Applied Mechanics 7 to 10.
 " " " Drawing in Stage 5B 6 to 10.
 Saturday, May 2nd Machine Construction 6 to 10.
 " " " Building Construction.
 " " " Sciography 7 to 10.
 " " " Practical Typography 3 p.m.
 " " " Practical Plumbing,
 Workshop 3 p.m.

Candidates must be in their places fifteen minutes previous to the commencement of the examination.

C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. Practice as usual, Tuesday at 8 (ladies, 7.30), Friday at 8 (select choir, 7.30). We are to give selections from "Samson" in the Queen's Hall on Sunday, May 10th. We give a concert in Chelsea Town Hall in the beginning of June. A few good tenors and basses wanted; those with good voices and who can read well from either notation should join at once if they wish to take part in the forthcoming concerts. Our Social last Saturday was in every way a success; there were nearly 100 present, an excellent band was provided, and dancing was kept up with spirit till 10.30.

J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.
J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

THE following slight inaccuracy appeared in the account of the organ given last week: "1 pedal to the great 2 pedal couplers" should have been "A pedal acting on the great to pedal coupler."

THE attendance at the Swimming Bath is increasing each day now that the weather is somewhat warmer. Students of the classes are admitted on Mondays or Wednesdays at a charge of one penny, but must produce their "Pass" when taking tickets. The bath will be reserved for women each Tuesday on and after May 12. The services of Miss Elcho, swimming teacher, have been again secured. Why have we not a good swimming club at the Palace? Will any of our members take this up by arranging for a meeting one evening to start it.

THE new Dining and Refreshment Rooms in the basement are now open, and are proving a great boon. The new Social Rooms will be ready by Whitsuntide.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—A party of twelve visited the Homes for Deaf and Dumb Children on Pentonville Hill on Saturday last. On entering, we were received and welcomed by the founder, the Rev. Dr. Stainer, who became our guide, and kindly explained the system of education which he had adopted. There are over 130 children now in these homes, which began sixteen years ago with twenty little ones in a single house. The idea of the founder (and it is worthy of note that Dr. Stainer was the first to establish Homes for the Deaf and Dumb) was to bring the children together near the Board Schools, where there is a separate class for the deaf and dumb. By centralising them in this manner the difficulties in the way of constant attendance were minimised. The Board School is not ten minutes' walk from the cluster of houses on the crest of Pentonville Hill, where the children reside. We

passed through the playground adjoining the Homes and the playroom where swings and other gymnastic appliances are fitted up for the younger children, to the workshops where the boys are employed out of School hours. Here they are engaged at wood carving, tailoring, shoemaking, tin working, fret-work, turnery, &c. All seemed bright and cheerful, and to be enjoying their occupation. Several were being instructed in Slöjd work, making various objects of wood, such as silkwinders, paper-knives, spoons, &c., and the instructor, Mr. Evans, kindly explained the system, which begins with cutting a stick square, and gradually proceeds to the production of really artistic work. Those who show special aptitude are taught wood-carving. Two of these were producing some fine panels, which we all admired very much, whilst one little fellow was taking his first lesson, and calmly worked on, quite undisturbed by our criticisms. The instructor, Mr. Clayton, in this department, is himself deaf and dumb, and showed us some of his own productions, which were really beautiful. One of these was a rose, with buds and leaves, as if just picked, with a butterfly and caterpillar upon it. Another was a fine panel of walnut wood. Mr. Clayton has been, and is, much employed in church decoration, and, as may be supposed, is a very efficient instructor. It may be observed that the grand idea that the labourer deserves the produce of his toil is here regarded. The articles made, we understood, become the property of their maker after a short lapse of time to allow of exhibition. Boot-making was being taught by Mr. Saunders and tailoring by Mr. Archer. In these sections the work is to supply the boys with clothing and to repair the same. Some of the boys were brought forward to show their capacity for speaking orally. This is very difficult to teach, as they are utterly unable to hear any sound. Several of them repeated words or questions put to them, and then answered them quite intelligibly, though with a certain amount of thickness, but the monotone in which they speak has rather a sad effect. We next entered the Laundry, and then passed on to the house occupied by the girls. Here the employment was needlework, making and mending their own garments, and all seemed as cheerful as the boys. One bright little child told us her name was Betsy Smith so plainly and with such a pleasant little smile that she deserves special mention. Our next and last move was to the infants' room. Three of the infants were found in the streets deserted by their parents. All the children were seated round a table filled with toys, and seemed thoroughly enjoying themselves, and Dr. Stainer informs us he has under his care forty-three infants born deaf and dumb. This finished our ramble, for so much time had been occupied that we did not visit the dormitories, &c., which are equally open to inspection. Once a year the children are taken to Southsea for a month. They take their own beds, forms, tables, &c., and hire empty buildings, thus the expense of the holiday is greatly reduced. This place is considered most suitable on account of the variety of objects which meet the sight—soldiers, men-of-war, and vessels of all descriptions, sailing or steaming in and out, such as are not so usual at other seaside resorts. We cannot conclude our report without some more remarks upon this institution and its work generally. Dr. Stainer and his able staff are glad to have visitors at any time to inspect what is being done. The houses themselves are fine old houses on a rather expensive spot, and on the workshops about £1,000 has been expended, while a new building is being fitted up as a gymnasium for the boys (for they are not working all the time out of school hours). The work done by the boys and girls is not in itself remunerative, as we have seen, and as this is only one of several homes in different parts of London, it may easily be imagined that the expenses are considerable. The founder himself has spent a fortune upon the work, but to continue and extend it, funds are urgently needed. It is a good work, helping the helpless, and contributions can be sent to Stainer House, Paddington Green, where they will be thankfully received.—*Appointments.*—Friday, April 24th, Committee Meeting at 8 p.m. General Meeting, 8.30 p.m.—Saturday, April 25th, Mr. Mengedohr has kindly promised to conduct our party through the Mummy Section and Assyrian Gallery of the British Museum. Meet at 2.45 in Courtyard outside.—Saturday, May 2nd, meet at Coborn Road Station 3.40, book to Leytonstone for ramble to Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill.—Saturday, May 9th, Horniman's Museum, Forest Hill. Meet London Bridge Station, 2.45 p.m., sharp.—A. MCKENZIE, W. POCKETT, Hon. Secs.

ON Saturday, April 18th, about forty members journeyed via Great Eastern Railway to Woolwich, walking from thence first to Bostall Heath, where we spent half-an-hour, resting and admiring the views obtainable from that spot. The morning was very beautiful, and the air so clear that one could see across the river the Essex hills many miles away. After our

rest we walked to Belvedere, and from thence to Erith; we did not go in the town for we found the Erith Recreation Ground so very pleasant that no desire was felt to go further. The recreation ground is surrounded by sand cliffs, and in fact, the ground, which is used for football, cricket, &c., has been formed out of a bottom sandpit several acres in extent. Here we played various games, some climbing the sandbanks, and others enjoying lounging about, Saturday last being a truly summer day. After a stay here of about two hours, a move was made towards home, passing through Belvedere Park on the way. From the hills here some capital views of the Thames can be obtained. Arriving at Belvedere we found, to the joy of some of our young enthusiasts, a game of football was about to be started, and of course we stayed for a time to watch the game. This delayed us, and we did not reach North Woolwich Station till past six o'clock, so we returned a little tired, but the majority were looking as rosy as a day in the country exposed to the sun could make them. A. G.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday, April 11th, forty-four members went from Coborn Road Station to Loughton, and on arrival it was agreed that a visit should be made to Waltham Abbey. We had not got far on the road to the Abbey when rain began to fall heavily, and as we were quite unprovided with umbrellas of course got wet. There were serious thoughts of at once returning, but on this being proposed, our damp rambler decided unanimously to proceed, which fortunately we did, for, soon after, the rain stopped, the weather afterwards being very fine. On reaching the Abbey we found the door open and we all trooped in to look at the inside of a building founded by Harold, and where he was ultimately buried. After a ten minutes' inspection of the interior, we left, somewhat hurriedly, owing to a female rushing in and asking whether we were aware that to view the interior a charge of sixpence each was made. As we were not aware of this, and not having time for a longer stay, we left the Abbey and walked to Waltham Cross, one of the well-known crosses erected to the memory of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I. After a short stay here we commenced our home journey by what we were assured was a shorter road. This led us through Enfield Highway, Ponder's End, and across country to Chingford, and so to Loughton, where we arrived at six o'clock.

I HAVE received the following for publication:—46, Oakley Road, Essex Road, N.—Dear Sir,—Permit me to take this opportunity of congratulating you upon the great improvement the Journal has shown since (as I am given to understand) it has been under the care of a new editor. The moral and religious element which has been freely introduced is likely to prove highly beneficial, and has raised the Journal greatly in the estimation of, at least, yours truly,
WM. T. TIPPET.

P.S.—Doubtless I am not alone in this.

The *Palace Journal* may now be obtained of the following newsagents:—

Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
Mr. Haimes, 212, Mile End Road.
The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.
Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.
Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.
Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.

WHAT can the brown earth do,
Drenched and dripping through
To the heart, and dazzled by the sight
Of the light

That cometh after rain?

What can the hurt life do,
Healing through and through,
Caught and captured by the slow increase
Of the peace

That cometh after pain?

I would not miss the flower
Budded in the shower

That lives to lighten all the wealthy scene
Where rain has been,
That blossoms after pain!

Smugglers and Their Tricks.

THE tricks resorted to by smugglers to evade the hundred eyed Argus of the Custom House were, when they were not merely bold, highly ingenious, and sometimes amusing to contemplate. It was not only tradesmen and merchants who resorted to them, but couriers, valets, ladies' maids, and even the masters and mistresses of these latter, thought themselves justified in endeavouring to cheat the Government. Ambassadors, envoys, and others in the employ of the Crown did the thing, and their carriages and baggage not being subjected to severe scrutiny, these were often made the medium for the concealment of laces, &c. The officers were not encouraged to make a strict search, for one over-conscientious individual who examined one lord's chariot, and found packed in the lining some thousand pounds' worth of rich Brussels lace, received nothing but a reprimand for his pains.

The methods employed in petty smuggling were infinite, and as examples of the resourceful natures of the smugglers, we may mention the following:—In a loaf of bread left unconcernedly on the cabin table of a ship a prying officer found a big bundle of cigars, placed there after baking. A wooden fender, slung over a ship's side, was on one occasion found to be hollowed out and filled with plugs of tobacco. Egg boxes have been found with the sides and heads gauged out in holes and filled with cigars—for bringing in which, again, women's petticoats have been utilised. These same articles of dress have been found puffed out with bladders filled with spirits, and in the age of crinolines this practice was especially rife. For brandy a pitch-pot with an interior lining has been used, and carried ashore from a vessel by the carpenter, ostensibly for the purpose of being heated, and for the same liquor a man once had an article made which bore an exact resemblance to a book. It was entitled "Rollin's History," and it was noticed that the owner never went ashore without carrying his precious volume under his arm. He might be carrying it still had he not once incautiously left the cork visible, and thereby excited the suspicions of a Customs officer, who examined the "book," and found it was a wooden box with a tin lining filled with brandy. Watches have been successfully carried for years in the heels of ladies' boots and shoes; but once a man started from Holland with a number of them secreted in leathern bandages round his body, and being unable to sit down with them about him, and being, moreover, exhausted by a prolonged passage, he gave himself up to the authorities, who might not themselves have suspected anything wrong.

Not a ship comes from a foreign port into any of our rivers but some of the sailors endeavour—and often enough succeed in their endeavour—to smuggle a few pounds of tobacco ashore. But even wholesale smuggling, though undoubtedly rare, is not entirely a thing of the past. Such a piece of work was discovered in 1881, and it is known that it had succeeded on several previous occasions. The Customs only got to know of it through an informer, who stipulated for a large reward as the price of his perfidy. There seemed to be something in his tale, so the authorities took him seriously, learned from him that the smuggled article was tobacco, and that it was shipped from Rotterdam; and they forthwith despatched a detective to that city. Acting on the information given, the detective occupied a lodging which overlooked a large boiler foundry, and, by watching the premises closely, was soon able to view the whole operation. Large quantities of tobacco were carried through the gates, and, by hydraulic pressure packed into marine boilers, which, when filled, were removed and placed on board a steamer bound for Newcastle. Intimation was given to the Customs officials at this port to keep on the watch. In due time the boilers arrived, and were placed on the railway and conveyed to King's Cross, London, the Customs allowing this from a desire to catch the principals in the action. After several days' waiting in London one of the boilers was conveyed to a railway arch at Stepney, where the consignees claimed it, and were arrested, the tobacco being taken out in their presence. The other boiler, through an informality in a telegram, was got clear away, but stuck fast in the Bagnigge Wells Road, and was in the end secured. The tobacco found weighed altogether five tons; it was burnt, and the smugglers were mulcted in a penalty of four thousand eight hundred and twenty-four pounds, in default of paying which sum they were sent to prison. In 1883 another somewhat similar case was brought to light in the Queen's Bench Division, but the operations here were on a smaller individual scale, though more frequent, perhaps. Tobacco coming from Rotterdam was found rammed down firmly into the bottom of a number of casks, which were then filled with flax seed. Four hundred such casks escaped detection in one shipment, fourteen thousand pounds also escaped in a second consignment, and two thousand pounds in a third.

In conclusion we may say a few words about the canine smugglers which were some years ago employed to convey

goods, chiefly cigars and lace, between France and Belgium. The dog required for this service was a long-coated one, and besides his own garment he was provided with an overcoat in the shape of the skin of a dog of larger size, fitted to his shoulders, reaching to his loins, and fastened under his belly, in which part we are told the goods were closely packed. The second skin in every instance fitted well—so well, indeed, as to defy everything but the closest scrutiny; the animals were well trained, and invariably made their journeys across the frontier during the night, bringing an excellent income to their masters' pockets. They defied the authorities, who were only too well aware of their existence, for a long series of years, and one sagacious brute which refused to be caught came to be nicknamed "The Devil," so great was the renown acquired by him. There is a story which tells that he once trotted over his ground under the very carriage that was conveying an excise officer on the look-out for him. On another occasion he mingled with a flock of sheep right under the eyes of the commissary of police; and only met his death in the end by drowning. When his body was taken out of the Scheldt there was found within the false skin rich lace to the value of fifty thousand francs.

Not Lost.

THE look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes;
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear;
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white,
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole;
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin;
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in Thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light!
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

THE people who feel intensely are not many. That is the reason why there are not more noble, heart-stirring deeds done in the world. Heroes do not flourish commonly. The body's needs are so numerous and imperative that the wants of the soul are well-nigh forgotten. The visible jostles the invisible; the material usurps the throne of the spiritual. And so one goes on, and the mental vision becomes distorted. Trifles become all-important; petty discords, petty strifes, unworthy pleasures—safe, comfortable, vegetable creatures, with no deep miseries, no great happiness—such is your life. Civilisation is a grand thing, a good thing; but one is tempted to think that for great possibilities one must look back to the old barbaric days, when people loved, not conventionally, and hated, not politely.

I HAVE received some specimen pages of the new magazine to appear on the 1st May next, entitled *The Ludgate Monthly*. If one may judge by these sample pages it will be profusely, and exceedingly well illustrated, while that the literary portion will be equally up to the mark one cannot doubt with such names as appear on the menu for "the merrie month of May." *The Ludgate Monthly* is an example of the "downward grade" in price. We all thought that Mr. Newnes, in giving us the *Strand Magazine* for 6d., was accomplishing wonders, but here is a 64pp illustrated monthly for 3d.!

Cleanings—Grave and Gay.

ITALY and the Italians have just now more than usual attention. The Foreign Office has recently published a very interesting and remarkable report on the economic progress of Italy during the last twenty-five years. The average annual mortality between 1862-66 was 30 per 1,000; it decreased to 25 in 1889. This improvement is specially apparent in the better preservation of infant life. The hygienic state of the country is found in the decline in endemic and infectious diseases. Nevertheless, in 1888 the deaths from infectious diseases in Italy were 27.6 per 1,000, while in England they were 17.7. In 1888 there were 6,401 communes in Italy in which not a single drain existed; in 1,313 more there were only street drains to carry off rain-water. The drinking water of 9,521,841 persons was bad or indifferent; and of 6,024,375 it was deficient in quantity. The percentage of deaths from small-pox is higher in Italy than in any other European country, amounting in 1888 to 59 per 100,000, while in England and Wales it was 33. In 1888 vaccination was for the first time made compulsory in Italy. Acts of violence are still more common in Italy than in most European countries; Italy stands highest in Europe in homicides and sanguinary assaults. But the number of prisoners decreased from 80,000 in 1880 to 68,000 in 1888. The produce of the six great crops (wheat, maize, other cereals, rice, oil, wine) increased from about 97,000,000 hectolitres in 1860 to 134,000,000 in 1890. The mining industry in 1871 gave employment to 30,000 men; in 1889 the number of men employed was 49,000. The pay in operatives increased greatly between 1862 and 1889. A labourer in 1862 had to work 195 hours in order to earn the price of 100 kilos. of wheat, in 1889 he would have to work only 95 hours. In 1861 there were 2,561 kilometres of railway in Italy; in 1889 there were 13,608 kilometres, besides 2,262 kilometres of steam tramways.

A MINISTER, who had been enjoying his holiday in France, relates a touching incident of peasant life:—"We were leaving a village church, and debating whether it were better to return to Paris in a half-famished condition, or try to satisfy our appetites in the most forlorn and dirty of French villages, when we saw approaching a bridal party, dressed in their gala attire, and presenting a charmingly picturesque appearance. The first couple consisted of a rather pretty, dark-eyed girl, in wedding costume, and a young man with a very large red rose in his button-hole. Wondering where the party might be going, we forgot our hunger, and slowly following, were greatly surprised to see them enter the village cemetery—a lovely little garden, where the white marble gleamed amid a wilderness of evergreens and vines. Proceeding to a remote corner, they circled round a grave, upon which the young bride, kneeling, laid her bridal wreath and bouquet. Was it strange that our eyes filled with tears as we saw hers fall, and that we stepped back into the shadow of other tombs, ashamed of the curiosity that led us there. We subsequently learned that the mother of the bride lay in the grave so touchingly visited."

The times change and we change with them. In the 14th century the King of France dined at 8 a.m. and retired to rest at 8 p.m. In the time of Philip the Good an old verse said, "Rise at five, dine at nine, sup at five, go to bed at nine, and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the dinner hour was 11 a.m. Louis XV. changed the dinner hour to two o'clock. Two o'clock remained the usual dinner hour in France up to the time of the Revolution, after which six o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper classes breakfasted at seven in the reign of Henry VIII., and dined at 10 a.m. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner was 11 a.m., and supper was served about five o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French Revolution was 12 o'clock; afterwards it was fixed at one o'clock.

MR. J. HERBERT TRITTON, President of the London Chamber of Commerce, gave the following maxims, as means to succeed in life, "proved by at any rate one man's twenty-five years' business experience:—(1) Have a definite aim. (2) Go straight for it. (3) Master all details. (4) Always know more than you are expected to know. (5) Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome. (6) Treat failures as stepping stones to further efforts. (7) Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back. (8) At times hold, always prudent. (9) Men say, "What do they say? Let them say." (10) Make good use of other men's brains. (11) Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly. (12) Preserve by all means in your power *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Housekeeping in Days Gone by and Now.

DOES the housewife of to-day, as she gazes at the well-filled shelves of her store-room, glances down her costly *menu*, or issues her orders at Covent Garden or the Stores, ever give a thought to her sisters of bygone days, and picture to herself what they had to contend with in arranging for the wants of their families? Does she consider that the numerous articles we now think indispensable to our every-day existence were either unknown to our ancestors, or so expensive as to be only procurable by the wealthiest in the land?

What, for example, must have been the cost of that salad which her Majesty Catherine of Arragon, first of Henry the Eighth's numerous wives, sent for by special messenger from Flanders? In what condition did the coveted dainty arrive? We are so accustomed in these days to seeing the shops filled with produce from all parts of the world, that it is difficult for some of us to imagine a time when this was not so.

Even the street-barrow is laden now with bananas and other tropical fruits which our great grandmothers knew only from the reports of their travelled relatives, the said barrows in those times containing the "costard" apple, from which the term "costermonger" is derived.

But to return to our housewife. Every year adds to her choice of edibles and lowers their price; for steam brings foreign produce now within the reach of all, and science, teaching the best methods of preserving the resources of Nature, gives us the good things of land and sea in the portable form of tins, so that our table may be supplied from all parts of the globe at one meal, in a manner undreamt of by people of bygone days, who lived chiefly on the products of their own estates.

It is to science also that we owe the numerous preparations which enable our nineteenth-century cooks to be independent of the brew-house and the poultry-yard, in a way unthought of by the conservative old-time retainers, who would have felt insulted by the introduction of these mysterious little packets into her kitchen.

And to science it is we owe those delicate essences which flavour our confections with a variety of tastes which no votary of the still-room, in the days when noble ladies did not disdain to spend their mornings in housewifely occupations, could ever aspire to.

Then in the matter of puddings it is no longer needful to ring the changes on rice and sago; the difficulty is to decide which of the new preparations brought to our notice by the smiling grocer's man we will try first, for really their name is legion.

When ordering her tea, and being particular about the blends of China, Ceylon, and Assam, does the modern housewife think of a time when ale was the usual breakfast beverage for high and low? This ale, be it remarked *en passant*, was little more than an infusion of malt; for hops, though introduced into England in the sixteenth century, were promptly prohibited by Act of Parliament, at the request of the doctors, who considered them as unwholesome as some of their later brethren do tea.

As instances of the former rarity of what are now our commonest vegetables, the writer of this paper may mention having known some years ago an old man who in his youth walked five miles to see what is now an every-day country sight—a field of turnips—and her own father, in a journal kept while on a tour in Belgium in 1829, says:—"We have neither eaten nor seen any of the noted Brussels sprouts, but I have heard them descried as a tasting like extract of cabbage. To those who love that vegetable they must be good. The French characteristically call them 'jeu des choux.'"

Vegetable marrows and tomatoes have become plentiful only of late years, while the scarlet runner was grown solely for its flowers until so recently that a contributor to a magazine of fifty years ago relates his experiments with the plant, and urges his readers to try this new vegetable, "although gardeners are still prejudiced against it, and offended at the idea of cultivating a plant which has been hitherto used only to decorate arbours and palings."

Our game list, thanks to rapid communication between distant lands, is largely augmented, and, although we no longer regale ourselves on bustard, swan, or peacock—which last was, in all its splendour of plumage, borne to the table by the lady guest of highest rank, and to sound of music—we can and do enjoy numerous birds of delicious flavour known to former ornithologists only by repute.

Such are some of the changes and advantages which civilisation has brought even to the homely and domestic usages of every-day life, and for which housewives of all ranks and degrees in society—for all, rich and poor, participate in these benefits—should return their grateful thanks.

Playing the Fool.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN BY DR. THAIN DAVIDSON.

THE undiminished numbers at the Presbyterian Church, Colebrooke Row, on Sunday evening, in spite of the unfavourable weather, showed that the interest in these services is well sustained. Dr. Davidson chose for his text the words of 1 Samuel, xxv. 21, "Behold, I have played the fool!" and spoke as follows:—

Saul, the son of Kish, is by no means the only man who has had to make this humiliating confession. I have heard it from the lips of one and another young man in London, who woke up to discover, alas too late, their egregious folly. When a man is swayed more by passion than by principle; when he is dominated rather by low and selfish aim than by the fear of God, his life is sure to turn out a great blunder. Whether he owns it or not, it cannot be otherwise than a failure.

Saul began his career with good promise. There was nothing of the fool about him, when the prophet Samuel anointed him to the kingly office. He behaved himself wisely. In personal appearance he was noble and commanding; and his mental endowments were of no mean order. Moreover, we read that the Spirit of God came upon him, "that he was turned into another man," and that he associated with a band "whose hearts the Lord had touched." In those early days he was far from "playing the fool."

But a bright beginning does not always mean a good ending. The excellent promise he gave in the first years of his reign was not fulfilled. Naturally strong-willed and imperious, he was too confident in self; and unhappily illustrated the truth of Solomon's proverb, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

It is instructive to mark the successive steps in his career; how with rapid strides he rose to the apex of popularity and influence, and then, like an exploded rocket, fell with ignominious suddenness so low, that we actually find him consulting a wretched soothsayer at Endor. You remember how, after a series of splendid military successes, he was divinely commissioned to execute vengeance on the Amalekites; and how, acting on his own impulse, and contrary to God's command, he spared the Sheik of the tribe, and carried off part of the booty.

This sin marked the commencement of his downfall, and proved the loss of his crown. From this period onward he spirit took possession of him, and he became the victim of a dark and sullen hypochondria. His terrible reverses worked upon his brain, and led to fierce outbursts of insane passion, whilst jealousy of David, whom he had early learned to regard as his destined successor, filled his mind with the most wild and gloomy suspicions.

He detested the young shepherd-warrior, simply because he saw that God was with him, and, in spite of every generous and manly feeling, chased him as though he were a bird hunted by the fowler, bent on putting him to death.

Perhaps you will say, in extenuation of his conduct, the man was mad; but I answer that, in so far as he was so, he had literally brought this madness upon himself by a long course of yielding to his natural evil passions.

It was not such a mental disorder as we have sometimes seen—an affliction from the hand of God—for which the subject is in no way responsible; not at all; it came through the agency of the devil, and was the judicial consequence of a guilty self-indulgence.

It was whilst he was playing his mad game that the incident occurred which led us to our text of this evening.

Saul is pursuing David amid the hilly ridges of Hachilah. Through the mean treachery of the men of Ziph, he has information that David is secreting himself in the immediate neighbourhood, and he hopes to make him his captive ere another day has gone. Meanwhile, darkness comes on, and the tired monarch lays himself down for the night beside the baggage wagons of his army, his spear being stuck in the ground at his bolster head, as is the custom with Arab chiefs to this day. The whole troop are sunk in sleep around him. All is still as death, and nothing is heard but the occasional sound of a horse's hoof, or the snore of a heavy sleeper.

David and his nephew, Abishai, have learnt by spies where King Saul is lying, and creep over as quietly as two cats to have a look at their sleeping foe. Hush! Whist! Abishai whispers to David, "Now is your chance, uncle. God has given your enemy into your hands. Let me take his own spear and smite him to death at once. I promise it won't need a second blow." But David will not listen to such a proposal. He will not dare to lift a hand against the Lord's anointed. However, he whispers in reply, "Just step over softly, and take the spear that is beside his pillow, and the little cruse of water

that is standing there, and let us go." So they crept back as noiselessly as they came, and not a soldier in Saul's camp knew anything of it. And when they had safely re-crossed the intervening valley, and stood upon a distant ridge, David shouted with all his strength to Abner, Saul's chief officer, in words to this effect:—"A pretty soldier you are, a valiant guard indeed! Why, you deserve to die, not keeping watch over his king. Look! Where is his cruse of water? Where is his spear?"

The voice awoke the king, who recognised it at once, and perceived what a risk he had run; he also saw the magnanimity of David, contrasting so signally with his own meanness; and in hypocritical, snivelling tones he cried across the valley, "Is this thy voice, my son David?" And, having received a dignified rejoinder, he at last took shame to himself, confessed his misconduct, and exclaimed, in the words of my text, "Behold, I have played the fool!"

Now, if Saul's folly mainly consisted of yielding to the impulses of passion, and obeying the dictates, not of duty, but of an evil and selfish heart, with no regard to the consequences, certainly he has had no lack of successors; and I am not prepared to say that I am not addressing some of them just now.

Bear with me, my lads; if any of you are putting on one side his principle, and are living for immediate pleasure, and for the gratification of self, you are taking a wrong course altogether. You may not see it or own it now; you may laugh at the preacher, and still go on as before; but the day is coming when you shall wake up to see your madness, and shall be ready to make the humbling confession, "Behold, I have played the fool!"

I want to give you one or two specimens that have come under my own notice. My album has some rare portraits; and the first I shall introduce to you is

The Idler.—If the world contains a genuine fool, it is the young man who wastes his time. Some things God gives often, others only once. Youth belongs to the latter category, and once thrown away, cannot be redeemed. No treasure so precious, no waste so ruinous. Money lost may be recovered; health lost may be restored; friendships lost may be regained; character lost may possibly be redeemed; but time lost, never! The years, the months, the weeks, the days, I might even say the hours, of early life are invaluable; there is not so much as one you can afford to squander. I once met with a singular public notice to this effect:—"Lost! somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours! No reward offered for their recovery, for they are gone for ever!"

But, have not some of you to bewail the loss, not of a couple of hours, but of hundreds of hours spent on nothing? A young life, the worst of all for no moments are so precious as those of youth. He is sowing an ugly crop; I pity him when the harvest comes.

There are always a certain number of these ne'er-do-wells loafing about, lazy, indolent fellows, who would hardly take the trouble to hold up a basin if the clouds were to rain down gold. They seem born but to eat and sleep, and remind one of Luddham's dog, "that leaned its head against the wall to bark." Were St. Paul's rule carried out, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat," there would be plenty of skeletons about; but, unhappily, these lazy-bones generally contrive to get their mouths deep into the troughs of other people.

One of the most melancholy sights in the world is a young man with nothing to do. I speak not of one who is out of work (that is bad enough), but of one who will not work, which is ten times worse, as Cowper says:—

"The idler is a wretch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes, as when it stands."

I wish you would let me say a plain word to some of you about the use of your leisure hours, for many is the young man who, to do him justice, is thoroughly assiduous in his office or place of business, but as soon as he shuts his books, locks his desk, puts on his hat, and turns his steps towards his home, or his lodging, he abandons himself to idleness; and then comes the devil's chance. Almost all the moral havoc that is wrought amongst young men is effected after the office-door is closed. Few men go wrong when they are busy at work. The worst thing you can do of an evening is to do nothing. You may almost predict what a man's future will be, if you know how he spends his hours of leisure. All honour to those who take up some course of reading, some branch of literature, the study of French or German, or some practical form of philanthropy; but there are numbers who never dream of such a thing, and who, when a few hours have gone, will wake up to find how stupid they have been, and to exclaim, "Behold, I have played the fool!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

Told on the Railway.

It had grown so dark in the little waiting-room that the travellers could hardly make out more than the dim outlines of each other's forms. Now and then a gleam from the wood fire would reveal the handsome face of the Englishman bent tenderly over the golden head of the girl that lay on his breast; and perhaps he would draw closer around her the fur mantle that had slipped a little, or he thought it had; for it seemed as if he could not take too much care of her, and certainly she looked very fragile, and was very lovely also, and clung to him as if her whole life depended on him. Indeed, she would not be parted from him, otherwise she might have had a couch to sleep on. For when the train ran into a snowdrift just above this little village of Marlun, there was only accommodation for nine out of the twelve passengers, and of course the men gave way to the women. There were three of the latter. This young lady might have slept on a couch at the inn; but she would not, she preferred to sit up all night in the little waiting-room with her lover, and M. Crémard, the jovial advocate, who made merry over the accident, and Lieutenant Mascot, the naval officer. So another traveller had the couch, and Mademoiselle, with the golden hair, was happier wrapped in the fur cloak and folded in her lover's arms.

"Still snowing, snowing!" said the advocate, stooping to put a fresh log on the fire; "and how the wind moans round this place! I would it were any night in the year but Christmas Eve."

"It is not the night one would choose," said the Englishman, Gerald Vereker, "but the snow king takes no account of fests or festivals."

These three had travelled in the same carriage and had made friends on the journey, and now that they were, in a manner, imprisoned together, they felt as if they had known each other for months.

"It's a night for ghosts to be abroad," said the lieutenant, "if there were such things."

"You don't believe in them?" asked Vereker, quietly.

"Parbleu—who does—in these days."

"A good many people," interposed M. Crémard. "But the mischief is, one never hears a credible story. You read them by the hundred; but did you ever meet a man you could rely on who had ever seen a ghost?"

"I have," said Vereker; "at least, I could not call it a 'ghost,'—(of course the word Vereker, who was speaking French, used was *revenant*)—but it was an appearance that could not be accounted for by any process of reasoning."

"You stir my curiosity," said M. Crémard, bending forward. "Do you speak of an 'appearance' that came within your own experience?"

For a moment Vereker hesitated; his hand closed more tightly over the hand of the girl; he bent his head to hear her whisper, "Tell them, Gerald."

"In a manner, yes," he answered. "I will tell you the story, if you wish, as it came to me, and as if you do not believe my witness, for I am, after all, a stranger to you, you may allow that there is some ground-work of possibility in the story to show that such things might occur."

"Monsieur," said the advocate, "I am no rationalist. It is not so much possibilities that I question, but the evidence we are, in most cases, asked to accept. I am more than curious. I am deeply interested to hear your story, and so, I am sure, is our friend here. The most sceptical love the supernatural."

Indeed M. Mascot had already glanced twice over his shoulder. He laughed a little now, good-naturedly, and owned that he liked a "ghost story," though he did not believe in *MM. les revenants*.

"Two years ago," Vereker said, his eyes fixed dreamily on the dull wood embers, "the man of whom I spoke, Grahame, was travelling through France on a walking tour. He was young and well off, and strong in health and nerve; not at all the sort of man to be the prey of fancies or hallucinations. All the currents of his inner life ran strong and deep, but there was no morbidity."

At Mar-le-bois a small town in Auvergne—you may chance to know it, messieurs—Grahame met at the hotel a French family who were also travelling for pleasure, and making a short stay in the town to explore the country roundabout. There were a father and mother and two daughters—the eldest Louise, the youngest Mélanie. Mélanie was very beautiful, and had the even greater attraction of charm. For Grahame it was very much like love at first sight. He had the good luck to render the travellers some service in one of their excursions, and thus strengthened an acquaintance begun in the ordinary way at the *table d'hôte*. He was asked to their *salon*, joined them in their walks, and found them very agreeable people. That

there was any danger for him, or for Mélanie in this friendship, did not seem to occur to them, until a chance revealed the truth, and then M. le père and Mme. la mère took Grahame to task, gravely, but not unkindly. Mélanie, they said, had been from childhood pledged to her cousin. She was, therefore, not free: they must beg M. Grahame to withdraw himself, and not seek to alienate the affections of Mademoiselle. But Grahame, with his English notions, did not quite acquiesce in this mode of disposing of a woman; he had reason to think, too, that Mdlle. Mélanie cared a good deal more for him than for M. Victor, and he was far too much in love to yield the point. In fact, he had staked his whole life on this passion for Mélanie; there are men who love in such manner. So he answered that he could not yield up Mélanie, unless it were by her own unfettered wish. Mademoiselle, he was told, would not be allowed to see him; but Grahame was not so easily baffled. He contrived to see Mélanie alone, and she confessed that her heart belonged to her English lover, and that she would not marry Victor, her cousin. Love in her was stronger than custom and training; for love's sake she would be brave and true.

"Once more Grahame sought her parents, told them how matters stood, and asked their consent to his marriage with Mélanie. He refused point blank to give her up. Then, seeing his determination, and fearing, perhaps, some desperate move on his part—*ces Anglais!*—you never feel sure what they will do!—they began to temporise. Mélanie, they said, was too young to marry; she was far from strong—this last was true—and they could not consent to any formal engagement at present. Grahame must consent to let a year's separation from Mélanie; if at the end of that time she still loved him, her happiness should outweigh her parents' dearest wishes. Love that could not stand this test had no wear in it.

"This was fair enough, and Grahame could not well help assenting to it; for in this country one can't so easily run off with a young lady. Her marriage would not be legal without her guardian's consent. He might see Mdlle. Mélanie once more alone; perhaps the good people knew that he would manage to do this anyhow."

"Mélanie clung to her lover's heart in bitter grief, but nothing, she said, should shake her faith in him. Happen what might she would be true to him. They must not correspond, and this would make the year of probation very hard to bear; worse even for Grahame than for Mélanie, for he well knew that her friends would try their best to influence the girl their own way, and she was very young to be brought under such pressure, with no one present to help her. Would she be able to stand alone?"

"I shall always be with you," she said, as her lover held her to his heart. "Whatever you may hear believe nothing—nothing but that I am true to you." And so they parted.

"Grahame, having little heart for further travel, returned to England and tried to occupy himself in some literary work upon which he was engaged, but he got on very slowly. An absorbing passion unfits the mind for work, and Grahame was not obliged to labour, he had ample means to live without it.

"His mother was disappointed when she heard his story. She had set her heart on his marrying a young relative of her own—a girl for whom Grahame had some affection, but would never have cared for as a lover. He was sorry to grieve his mother, whom he loved devoutly, but the die was cast. For him there was only Mélanie. So six months passed, and then a letter came to Grahame. It was dated from a village in Bretagne, and was from Mélanie's mother. The girl had died two days before the date of the letter.

She had been failing for some time (Grahame knew she was not strong), but nothing serious was anticipated, and she was brought to this place for her health. Here she one day went out with her sister Louise. They missed their way, and were overtaken by darkness. Being frightened, they hurried home, and Mélanie, when she came in, fainted dead away, and she died the same night without ever recovering consciousness.

"Grahame was at first simply stunned by this terrible news. He had no reason to doubt its truth, and yet he could not believe it, and he clung desperately to the wild hope of there being some deception. In any case he must, of course, see Mélanie's parents, hear all that there was to hear, and see her grave. He crossed at once, and travelled, without resting for an hour, down to the village. The parents and sister Louise were still there. They were dressed in deep mourning, and were overwhelmed with grief; but they received Grahame kindly, and did not hide from him the fact that Mélanie had never swerved in her allegiance to him. Madame gave him many details about the last days of her life, and bestowed upon him a crucifix she used to wear. She was, of course, buried. Louise, weeping bitterly, took him to her newly-made grave

and left him there alone with his dead. The sexton happened to pass while he stood by the grave, and Grahame asked the man if he knew who was buried there. Surely, he replied, it was a young girl, Mdlle. Mélanie —, he could not remember the surname. That was not strange. Mélanie's rate peasant.

"As for Grahame, he left his own life in that grave. Do you smile, Messieurs? I think not, though I cannot see your faces. Frenchmen would understand such a love as his. For months he wandered from place to place, restless, heart-broken; but all places were alike. At length he returned to England.

"By-and-bye his mother urged him to try and rouse himself—not to forget the past, but to make a peaceful if not a happy future. At first he shrank in horror from the prospect indicated, for his mother hoped still to see the fulfilment of her wish. Then came the thought that he was perhaps selfish. If his life was valueless to him, why not at least devote it to one who had never spared herself for his sake?"

"Give me time, mother," he said to her one night before they separated, "I will try to please you if I can; but I must have time to think."

"They had been sitting by the fire—it was late November lamp. Grahame, after opening the door for his mother to pass out, closed it again, and returning to the hearth, sat down striving to bring his mind to the point of sealing his fate. What mattered it what became of him now? His cousin, his mother told him, was fond of him; well, if she were satisfied with kindness and duty—he could give her no more—why not end the struggle, and make his mother happy."

"He was so seated that the lamp was visible to him, though he was not looking at it. He raised his head suddenly with a violent start. He was conscious of something having flashed between him and the lamp, obscuring the light for a moment, just as would have happened if a person had passed behind him; at the same instant there was a faint rustle, like the *frou-frou* of a woman's garment.

"That, though he trembled and grew white, his thought should leap at once to Mélanie was only natural. When was she ever absent from his heart? But after a minute or two he rallied a bit, and pulled himself together; though a not unimaginary man, as I told you, he was not superstitious. His nerves, he told himself, were not what they used to be; he was in an excited state to-night; it was easy to fancy

anything; and there was clearly no one in the room but himself.

"Was there not? Even as he assured himself that he was alone, he had an impression, amounting to conviction, that he was alone no longer. And yet it was not fear that he felt, but a tremulous awe, a wonderful sense of being in the presence of his lost love, Mélanie. Note that he was not dreaming, or knowledge of the commonplace surroundings of every-day life—the table, the lamp, the open book, lying on a chair near; in the background the bookcase and a cabinet with an old-fashioned jug standing on it. And into this room something or someone had come, and was with him now.

"He did not say her name aloud, but he spoke it in his heart—to her, as to a living being, and his hand stole to her crucifix that he always wore on his breast. Oh! if he could see her—only see her!

"Why could he not see her when he knew where she stood—yonder, in the shadows—standing quite still, with sweet, wistful eyes seeking his, and clasped hands outstretched towards him. For what should she plead to him? Was it not for him to ask her sinless prayers? What could he do for her now? Would not she, freed from the storm and stress of earthly passion, know that he did well to make his life a sacrifice, since sacrifice was all that he could offer?"

"By-and-bye the sense of this unseen presence passed away. Grahame was alone again; but he was shaken, bewildered. His thoughts refused to dwell on anything but Mélanie; it was as if the months had been rolled back, and he stood again by her newly-made grave.

"With daylight, and the recurrence of daily routine, some of this exalted feeling passed away; but the man's whole being was shaken, and he remained in a strangely excited state. Three days went by. Grahame had said nothing to his mother, stern effort to recover his balance, to persuade himself that he had been only dreaming, or under the influence of morbid feeling; he must brace himself for the battle that was still before him. In this frame of mind he went out that afternoon into the park: the fresh air and movement would blow away some of the cobwebs from his brain. The dusk was falling, and Kensington Gardens, in which he presently found himself, were almost deserted. Walking among the leafless trees, he might have been fifty miles from London, but for the continuous roar of the streets which reached him.

(To be concluded next week.)

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS,

To be given on SUNDAY, the 25th of APRIL, 1891.

Organist to the People's Palace

Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

At 12.30.

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| 1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE Tinel | 5. ALLA MARCIA IN F Frost |
| 2. "Ave Maria d'Arcadelt" List | 6. ANDANTE ... from Violin Concerts" ... Mendelssohn |
| 3. "Te Nussa Est" Lemmens | 7. ALLEGRO IN A MINOR Gade |
| 4. AIR ... "Cujus Animam" (Stabat Mater) ... Rossini | |

At 4 O'CLOCK.—VOCALIST, MR. J. FIRTH.

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|---|--|
| 1. MORCEAU DE CONCERT Guilmant | 5. FANTASIA AND FINALE (Sonata, No. 10) ... Rheinberger |
| 2. VOCAL SOLO "How willing my paternal love" (Samson) Handel | 6. VOCAL SOLO "Honour and Arms" (Samson) ... Handel |
| 3. CAVATINA Raff | 7. ADAGIO IN D Mozart |
| 4. HYMN ... "Onward Christian Soldiers" | 8. HYMN "My soul, repeat His praise" Isaac Watts (1674-1748) |
| | 9. FINALE IN D MAJOR Lemmens |

At 8 O'CLOCK.

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|--|--|
| 1. SONATA IN F MINOR, No. 7 Rheinberger
(a. Allegro non troppo; b. Andante; c. Cadenza Fuga) | 3. FANTASIA ... on the "Vesper Hymn" ... Turpin |
| 2. AIR { "God shall wipe away all tears"
(Light of the World) } ... Sullivan | 4. BARCAROLLE... (Fourth Concerto) ... Sterndale Bennett |
| | 5. OFFERTORE IN C Wely |
| | 6. WEDDING MARCH Mendelssohn |

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT on SATURDAY, APRIL 25th,
AT 7.30.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY & ORCHESTRA.

Conductors—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY (*Musical Director to the People's Palace*) and Mr. W. R. CAVE.
Organist—Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (*Organist to the People's Palace*).

SOLOISTS—MISS ADA PATTERSON. MISS MAUD CARTER (of the People's Palace Choral Society).
MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM. MR. CHARLES ELLISON.
MR. JOHN DRISCOLL (of the People's Palace Choral Society). AND MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

PART I.

Part I. of Haydn's Oratorio "The Seasons."
"SPRING."

Characters represented—Jane, MISS MAUD CARTER. Lucas, MR. CHARLES ELLISON. Simon, MR. JOHN DRISCOLL.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

Expressing the passage from Winter to Spring.

No. 2.—RECITATIVE.—Simon.

Behold where surly Winter flies!
Far to the north he passes off.
He calls his ruffian blasts:
His ruffian blasts obey,
And quit the howling hill.

Lucas.

Behold, from craggy rocks the snows
In livid torrents melted run!

Jane.

Forth fly the tepid airs,
And from the southern shores allure
The messenger of Spring.

No. 3.—CHORUS.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from her wintry grave bid drowsy nature rise.

Girls and Women.

See, gentle Spring delightful comes!
Her soft and balmy breath we feel,—
The joy of renovated life!

Men.

As yet the year is unconfirm'd
And oft returning Winter's blast
Or black envenom'd fog the bud and bloom destroys.

Chorus.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come!
And smiling on our plains descend;
O come, gentle Spring, while music wakes around.

No. 4.—RECITATIVE.—Simon.

At last the bounteous sun
From Aries into Taurus rolls,
Wide spreading life and heat,
The fleecy clouds uprise sublime,
And stretch their thin and silver wings
O'er all surrounding heav'n.

No. 5.—AIR.

With joy th' impatient husbandman
Drives forth his lusty team,
To where the well-used plough remains,
Now loosened from the frost.
With measur'd step he throws the grain
Within the bounteous earth.
O sun, soft showers, and dews!
The golden ears in plenty bring.
With joy th' impatient husbandman
Drives forth his lusty team,
To where the well-used plough remains,
Now loosened from the frost;
And they their wonted toil begin,
Made cheerful by a song.

No. 6.—RECITATIVE.—Lucas.

Laborious man hath done his part;
And while his heart with hope expands,
That nature's friendly aid will richly crown his toil,
His ardent prayers to Heaven ascend.

No. 7.—TRIO and CHORUS.—Lucas.

Be propitious, bounteous Heaven:
O'er the hills and vales luxuriant
Spread a rich autumnal feast!

Chorus.—Be propitious, etc.

Lucas.

O let the gales of grey-ey'd morning,

Simon.

Upon refreshing dew-drops breathing,

Jane.

The genial sun and ev'ning shower,
With power productive bless the land.

Trio.

The hopes of man shall then be crown'd
And songs of joy thy praise shall tell.

Chorus.—Be propitious, etc.

Men.

O let the gales of grey-ey'd morning,
The genial sun and evening show'r,

Women.

The ev'ning show'r and genial sun,
With pow'r productive bless the land.

Chorus.—The hopes of man, etc.

No. 8.—RECITATIVE and AIR (Accompanied).—Jane.

Our fervent pray'rs are heard;
Th' effusive southern breeze
Warms the wide air with fruitful show'rs enrich'd.
In heaps on heaps the vapours sail;
And now their genial stores descend,
Wide spreading o'er the freshen'd world.

No. 9.—DUET and CHORUS.

Jane.

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields:
Come, sweet maidens, let us wander
O'er the fragrant scene.

Lucas.

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields:
Come, companions, let us wander
Mid the sweets of May.

Both.

Spring, her lovely charms, etc.,

Jane.

Let us gaily tread the dew-drops,
Cull the blooming flow'rs.

Lucas.

See the valleys, see the meadows,
Where the lilies sip the streamlet.

Girls and Youths.

Spring, her lovely charms, etc.,

Jane.

Mark the mountains! see the waters;
View the lucid sky!

Lucas.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

Jane.

See the playful lambskins bounding!

Lucas.

Fish in sport the water cleaving!

Jane.

Bees from flow'r to flow'r are flying!

Lucas.

Tuneful birds thro' branches flutter.

Chorus.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

Girls.

O what pleasure, what enjoyment,
Fill our grateful hearts!

Youths.

O what gladness, O what rapture,
Reigns within the breast!

Simon.

Till the feelings, all ecstatic,
Own a present God.

Girls and Youths.

With our praises grateful flowing,
Magnify His name.

Men.

Let the voice of pure thanksgiving
Rise above the clouds,
Chorus.—Let the voice, etc.

No. 10.—CHORUS, with TRIO.

God of light! God of life! Hail, gracious Lord!

Trio.

From whose abundant stores
The earth with plenty flows,
And whose Almighty love
Makes glad the heart of man.

Chorus.

God of light! God of life! Hail, gracious Lord!
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,
Almighty Lord of all.

PART II.

"THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

Music by JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

SOPRANO—MISS ADA PATTERSON. TENOR—MR. CHARLES ELLISON. CONTRALTO—MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM. BASS—MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

INTRODUCTION.—CHORUS.

SOLO.—MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stopped one of three,
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."

He hold him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

No. 1.—CHORUS.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

No. 2.—RECITATIVE.

MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

BRIDAL CHORUS.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

No. 3.—RECITATIVE.

MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;

CHORUS.

And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.
With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.
And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

Till a great sea-bird called the Albatross came through the snow fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross:

Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

No. 4.—RECITATIVE AND AIR.

MISS ADA PATTERSON.

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line. The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
The Sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

No. 5.—RECITATIVE.

MR. CHARLES ELLISON & MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE,
The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

AIR.

MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!
Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

No. 6.—CHORUS.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

No. 7.—RECITATIVE.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

At the rising of the Moon.

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another, his shipmates drop down dead.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

QUARTET.

MISS ADA PATTERSON, MR. CHARLES ELLISON,
MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM, MR. WILFRID
CUNLIFFE.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

No. 8.—RECITATIVE AND AIR.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

I looked to Heaven, and to pray
But ever a prayer had gush,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
He blessed them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware,
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

No. 9.—AIR.

MISS BLANCHE VAN HEDDEGHEM.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

* A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No. 10.—RECITATIVE.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

CHORUS.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wass stars danced between.
The coming wind did roar more loud,
The sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

No. 11.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.
They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew,
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

No. 12.—RECITATIVE.

MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."[†]

* The lines here inserted, taken from Wordsworth's poems, will be found useful in order to avoid repeating the words of the first verse; they are likewise not altogether inappropriate, as Wordsworth originally intended to have written "The Ancient Mariner" in conjunction with Coleridge, some lines by the former poet actually forming part of the poem.

† For the last two lines of this stanza, Coleridge was indebted to Wordsworth. It was on a walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:
For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

QUARTET.—THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SELECT CHOIR.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the air
With their sweet jargoning!
And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

No. 13.—RECITATIVE.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

'Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

Then like a paving horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the Ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

DUET.—MISS ADA PATTERSON and MISS BLANCHE
VAN HEDDEGHEM.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me I speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast?
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.
Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

No. 14.—RECITATIVE AND AIR.

MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the Ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—
But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.
Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the Ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own country?
We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobbs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.

No. 15.—AIR.

MR. CHARLES ELLISON.

The harbour bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly was it strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.
The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

No. 16.—RECITATIVE, SOLO, AND CHORUS.
MISS ADA PATTERSON.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, and appear in their own forms of light.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!
Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:
This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

No. 17.—FINALE.—QUARTET AND CHORUS.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vespers bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!
O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!
And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

BY MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY CHOIR.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29th.

VOCALISTS—MISS GLADYS CRAMER. MISS EMILLIE. MISS CLARA HILLS. MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS.
MR. BEN JONSON. MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE.
Dulcimer and Gigilera—MISS MINNIE BEADLE. Piccolo and Flute—MR. E. A. SALFORD. Harp—MR. E. PACKHAM.
At the Piano—MISS RUBY HOWE AND MISS E. A. BEADLE.

PART I.

OVERTURE INSTRUMENTAL "The Salute" ... *Rader*
PART SONG ... "Village Choristers" ... *Moschill*
MISS EMILLIE, CLARA HILLS, NELLIE WILLIAMS,
MR. BEN JONSON AND FRANK WIDDICOMBE.

Come brothers tune the lay,
For all who can must sing to-day,
Ye jovial sons of song,
Here at pleasure's summons throng.
Now, pray, let all be harmony.
Beware, beware.

Now, pray, let all be harmony,
Take care, take care,
That all who here may praise the strain,
Again and yet again,
Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la.
Now I with primo start,
The rest will try their choral art,
Now you, Sir, mind what you're about,
Keep time, or else you'll all be out.
Now, pray, &c.

So far there's nothing wrong,
For ever live the soul of song,
Let all the burden share,
And Music's glorious praise declare.
Bravissimo! what harmony, aha, aha,
Victoria a noble strain, we'll have it yet again,
Bravo all, my merry, merry men,
Again and yet again.

SELECTION ON THE DULCIMER ...
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

SOLO ... "The Vesper Hour" ... *Beresford*
MISS EMILLIE.

Slowly the waves come rippling in,
Over the sparkling strand,
As the fishermen gaily sail away
From all they love on land.
The vesper bell is pealing
From the church on the hill-top nigh,
While pray'rs from the loved ones kneeling,
Ascend to their God on high.
The boatmen are calling ahoy! ahoy!
To their comrades whom the night doth hide;
The answer comes cheerily, ho! ahoy!
Across the silent tide.
Gently the voices die away,
Over the dark'ning shore,
As the crimson glow in the western sky
Fades ever more and more.

Each moment the air grows darker,
The stars glitter here and there,
And the breeze scarce ripples the ocean,
As the moon mounts up in the air.
The boatmen are calling ahoy! ahoy!
To their comrades whom the night doth hide
The answer comes cheerily, ho! ahoy!
Across the silent tide.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

SOLO ... "The Bugler" ... *Pinsuti*
MR. BEN JONSON.

The bugler pac'd thro' the driving snow,
By the frozen river to watch the foe,
Behind him in camp, his comrades lay
Wounded and spent from the morning's fray,
His orders ran "When thou see'st the foe
Three loud blasts on thy bugle blow."
Those were his orders; he'd keep them well,
Gallantly, faithfully, till he fell.
Steady and slow, pacing the snow,
Stalwart old bugler watching the foe!

The wind blows cold from the frozen tide,
Hark! hark! the foe on the other side,
Across the ice they are marching fast,
And the bugler blows a stirring blast.
And now they are at the shore,
Loudly the bugle rang once more,
He rais'd his bugle again to blow,
But a shot from the enemy laid him low!
There in the snow lieth he low,
Gallant old bugler shot by the foe.

He raised himself in the blood-stained snow,
And proudly he fac'd the coming foe,
He seiz'd his bugle and blew with pride,
One grand, long blast, and fell, and died.
His comrades came when the fight was past,
They found him clasping his bugle fast,
Dead at his post, in the ice and snow,
His old face turn'd as he met the foe.
There let him rest, he shall be blest,
Gallant old bugler, bravest and best.

PICCOLO SOLO ... "Dance de Satyrs" ... *C. Le Thiere*
MR. E. A. SALFORD.

SOLO ... "Only Once More" ... *F. Moir*
MISS GLADYS CRAMER.

PART SONG ... "Funiculi, Funicula" ... *Densa*
MISS EMILLIE, CLARA HILLS, NELLIE WILLIAMS,
MR. BEN JONSON AND FRANK WIDDICOMBE.

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I!
And so do I!

Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh,
To pine and sigh;

But I, I love to spend my time in singing,
Some joyous song,
Some joyous song;

To set the air with music bravely ringing,
Is far from wrong!
Is far from wrong!

Listen! listen! echoes sound afar!
Listen! listen! echoes sound afar!
Funiculi funicula, funiculi funicula,
Echoes sound afar!

Funiculi, funicula.
Listen! listen! echoes sound afar!
Listen! listen! echoes sound afar!

Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula,
Echoes sound afar!
Funiculi, funicula.

Some think it wrong to set the feet a-dancing,
But not so I,
But not so I!

Some think that eyes should keep from coyly glancing,
Upon the sly!
Upon the sly!

But oh! to me the mazy dance is charming,
Divinely sweet!
Divinely sweet!

And surely there is nought that is alarming,
In nimble feet?
In nimble feet?

Listen! listen! music sounds afar!
Listen! listen! music sounds afar!
Funiculi funicula, funiculi funicula,
Music sounds afar!

Funiculi, funicula.
Listen! listen! music sounds afar!
Listen! listen! music sounds afar!

Funiculi funicula, funiculi funicula,
Music sounds afar!
Funiculi funicula.

Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing,
And like it well,
And like it well;
For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
So cannot tell,
So cannot tell.

With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,
Full soon is gone,
Full soon is gone;

For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
To call their own!
To call their own!

Listen! listen! hark, the soft guitar!
Listen! listen! hark, the soft guitar!
Funiculi funicula, funiculi funicula.

Hark! the soft guitar!
Funiculi funicula.
Listen! listen! hark, the soft guitar!
Listen! listen! hark, the soft guitar!

Funiculi funicula, funiculi funicula,
Hark! the soft guitar!
Funiculi funicula.

RECITAL ... Selected ...
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

DUET DRAMATIC "Pictures (as seen by Moonlight)" *Salford*
MR. E. A. SALFORD AND MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE.

PART II.

OVERTURE (Instrumental) ...
SOLO ... "When the Heart is Young" ... *D. Buck*
MISS CLARA HILLS.

Oh merry goes the time when the heart is young,
There's nought too high to climb, when the heart is young,
A spirit of delight scatters roses in her flight,
And there's magic in the night when the heart, the heart is young.

But weary go the feet when the heart is old,
Time cometh not so sweet when the heart is old;
From all that smiled and shone there is something lost and gone,
And our friends are few or none, when the heart, the heart is old.

Oh! sparkling are the skies when the heart is young,
There's bliss in beauty's eyes when the heart is young;
The golden break of day brings gladness in its ray,
And ev'ry month is May when the heart, the heart is young.

But the sun is setting fast when the heart is old,
And the sky is overcast when the heart is old;
Life's worn and weary bark lies tossing wild and dark,
And the star hath left Hope's ark when the heart, the heart is old.

Yet an angel from its sphere, though the heart be old,
Whispers comfort in our ear, though the heart be old, [assume,
Saying, saying, "Age from out the tomb shall immortal youth
And spring eternal bloom where no heart, no heart is old!"

TRIO ... "Three Little Kittens" ... *Harvey*
MISS EMILLIE, NELLIE WILLIAMS, and Mr.
FRANK WIDDICOMBE.

Three little kittens, one stormy night
Began to quarrel and then to fight,
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel began,

And that was the way the quarrel began,
I'll have that mouse said the bigger cat,
No, I'll have that mouse. We'll see about that.
I will have that mouse, said the older son.

You won't have that mouse, said the little one.
'Twas, as I said, quite a stormy night,
When these two kittens began to fight;
Quick the old dame then caught up her broom,
And swept the three kits right out of the room,
She swept the three kits right out of the room,
Over the ground lay the frost and snow,
And these little kits had nowhere to go,
But laid themselves down at the outer door,
While inside the dame sharply swept the floor.

Then in they crept as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice,
For they found it was better that stormy night
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

SOLO on Gigilera ...
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

SOLO ... "Husbands" ... *Roecel*
MISS EMILLIE.

"Tra la la, la la la!" sang a maiden fair,
"I seek a husband, a husband, I declare!

ADMISSION—TWO PENCE.

And the loving husband, that I hope to find,
Must have all perfections in himself combined!
Young, and tall, and handsome, clever, rich, and gay,
He must love me only, honour and obey,
Never contradict me, but be meek and good,
And let me have my own way, as every woman should!

If in all creation such a man there be,
He will be the husband, the husband for me!"

"Ah, lack-a-day," sighed that little maid,
"I'll never find a husband, a husband, I'm afraid,
For all the sweet perfections that I hoped to find,
I never, never find them in a single man combined!

One is young and handsome, but alas, he has no gold,
One that has a palace is ugly and is old.
One I think I could love, but then, ah, well-a-day,
He says a wife should never, never have her way!

And ah! lack-a-day, what would marriage be?
Such, such a husband would never do for me!"

"Tra la la, la la la!" sang that maiden fair,
"I have found a husband, a husband I declare;
He is not exactly all I thought he'd be,
But he is the husband, the husband for me.

He is neither handsome, neither young nor old,
Was not born in purple, has not fame or gold,
Contradicts me often, often says me nay,
Has his own way always and makes me obey!

But he loves me truly, gives me all his life,
And so he is my husband, and I'm his happy wife!
Ah, he loves me truly, gives me all his life,
And so he is my husband, and I'm his happy wife!"

PICCOLO SOLO "Break of Morn in the Forest" ...
MR. E. A. SALFORD.

SOLO ... "Caller Herrin" ... *Neal Gow*
MISS GLADYS CRAMER.

SOLO ... "It was many and many a year ago" ... *Weiss*
MR. BEN JONSON.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;

But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the seraphs in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

* Viz., the angels,—a graceful fancy.

SELECTION on the Dulcimer ...
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

PART SONG ... "Auld Lang Syne" ... *Compton*
Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and the days of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet for auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered mow a weary foot sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend, and gies a hand o' thine,
And toom the cup to friendship's growth, and auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup, as sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie waught, for auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

STUDENTS—ONE PENNY.

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DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE.
In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and the Society of Arts.

HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (V.H. SC.) M. INST. M.E. SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.
TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE SPRING TERM,
Commencing APRIL 6th, and ending JULY 3rd, 1891.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes will commence on September 28th next.

The Classes are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned on the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class Ticket which an insufficient number of Students enrol. Each Student on taking out his or her Class Ticket will be provided with a Pass, upon which a deposit of One Shilling must be paid; this Pass must be returned within seven days of the expiration of the Class Ticket, failing which the deposit will be forfeited and the Pass cancelled. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the Office of the Institute.

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing (Sol fa Notation).	Mr. W. Harding	Thursday	8.30-9.30	1 6
" " " " " "	Bonner	"	"	"
Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Vate	Thursday	6.0-10.0	1 6
Choral Society	Mr. Orion Bradley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	21s
" " " " " "	Rey, M.A.	Friday	8.0-10.0	"
♯Pianoforte	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" " " " " "	Mr. O. B. B.	"	"	"
" (Advanced)	Rey, M.A.	Thursday	6.0-9.0	15 0
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, assist. by Mr. G. Mellish	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Violando Violoncello	"	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6

a Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.
b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes duration.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarril, A.K.C.	Monday	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Intermediate	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Advanced	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
Book-keeping—Arithmetic	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	"	"
" " " " " "	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Civil Service—				
a For Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
b For Boy Clerks, Electric & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners)	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.45	12 0
c For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks	"	Tuesday	8.30-9.45	14 0
Shorthand (Pitman's)	"	Thursday	8.45-9.45	14 0
" " " " " "	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
French—Elem. 1st Stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	Wednesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
German—Advanced	Herr Dittel	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " " " " "	"	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" " " " " "	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
" " " " " "	"	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing & Type Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
" " " " " "	Mr. Kilbarne	"	6.0-10.0	5 0

b In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes duration.

Special Lectures.

A Course of Six Lectures on "Water Works and Water Supply," will be given by Mr. F. C. Forth, Associate in Engineering, R. C. S. E., on Friday evenings, 8.45 to 9.45, commencing May 23rd.

Eight Lectures will also be given by Mr. Albert Grenville, on "Building Materials and Structures," commencing Tuesday, 4th May, at 8.0 o'clock. Fee for either Course—7s. Students of the Science and Trade Classes admitted at half the above fee.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
" " " " " "	"	Friday	5.30-7.0	"
Military " " " "	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery, Girls' Junior Section	Mrs. Sharnam	Thursday	6.0-7.30	1 6
" " " " " "	"	"	7.30-9.0	5 0
" " " " " "	"	"	8.30-10.0	2 6
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

For Term ending July 3rd, 1891. * Single Lecture, 3d. * Single Lecture, 6d.

STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS.—Students have the privilege of using the Social Rooms, containing the leading daily and weekly papers, between 5 and 10 p.m. STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—There is a circulating library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9. REFRESHMENTS.—Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the Social Rooms from 5 to 10. LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS.—For the convenience of Students, there are Cloak Rooms and Lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water. BOOKSTALL.—Text-books, Drawing Paper, Pencils, and other requisites for the classes may be obtained at the Bookstall in the ground floor corridor. GAMES.—Ranchoing, Cycling, Cricket, Lawn Tennis are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, Swimming and Harriers will soon be in good working order, now that the Governors have secured a large Recreation Ground for the use of our Members at Higham Hill, Walthamstow.

ART CLASSES.

Art Master ... MR. ARTHUR LEGGE.
Assistant Art Master and Teacher of Modelling ... MR. H. BARTMAN.
Teacher of Wood Carving ... MR. T. BARNES.
Teacher of Repose and Art Metal Work ... MR. G. DANIELS.

OPENING OF NEW BUILDINGS.

The new buildings of the Art School being now complete, the arrangements for the Art Classes, until the close of the Session, have been revised as follows, viz., on Saturday afternoons a class will be held for Oil and Water Colour Painting, from Copies, from Objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c. Hours, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Fee 5s. per term of 12 weeks.

TUESDAY AND THURSDAY DAY CLASSES.
Hours, 2 to 4.30. Fee, 10s. 6d., or, for 2s. 6d. extra, attendance can also be made at the Saturday afternoon Class.

THE EVENING CLASSES will be continued, as stated in the Syllabus, up to the date of the Science and Art Department Examinations. Subsequently, until July 3rd, Evening Classes will be held on two evenings a week, viz., Tuesdays and Thursdays. Hours, 7.30 to 9.30. Fee, 5s., which will be reduced to 2s. 6d. for Students who have attended the Classes during the preceding Session.

THE WOOD CARVING AND REPOSE CLASSES will be continued up to the end of the Session in July. Fees, 5s. and 6s. respectively.

Classes are now held in the following subjects until after the respective Science and Art City and Guilds Examinations, in April and May next, and will recommence on Monday, Sept. 23rd.

SCIENCE CLASSES.
Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, Building Construction, Chemistry: Inorganic and Organic, Theoretical and Practical, and Special Laboratory Work; Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry, Machine Construction and Drawing, Mathematics (Stages I. and II.), Magnetism and Electricity, Sound, Light, and Heat, Steam and the Steam Engine, Theoretical Mechanics.

TRADE CLASSES.
Cabinet Making and Designing, Carpentry and Joinery, Brickwork and Masonry, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Photography, Plumbing, Printing (Letterpress), Tailors' Cutting, Sign Writing, Graining, &c.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Chief Instructor ... MR. H. H. BURDETT.
Assistant Instructor ... MR. C. WRIGHT.
Pianist for Musical Drill ... MISS N. CONNOR, G.S.M.
During the building of the large and commodious Gymnasium at the north end of the Technical Schools, which will be one of the best equipped in London, the following temporary arrangements have been made:—

MEMB'S GYMNASIUM.
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
Hours.—The Gymnasium is open from 6.30 until 10. The time from 6.30 till 8 is allotted for the free or voluntary practice of such Students as may choose to attend. An Instructor is present during this time to supervise and give advice or assistance to any Student when desired. The time from 8 till 10 is apportioned to instruction and teaching of classes as follows:—8 till 9. The following subjects are taught during this hour:—Sword drill, exercise, musical drill, comping, dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs and free movements. This hour is also set apart for the individual instruction of such Students as desire to learn fencing and single-sticks. This class is held in the Fencing Gallery, 9 till 10. Gymnastics in classes are taught during this hour each evening, comprising exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting horse, bridge, slanting and horizontal ladders, climbing rope, flying rings, trapeze, &c. In these classes all Students are classified and selected in accordance with their physical capacities and abilities, and great care is exercised in selecting exercises to suit the powers of each individual.
FEES.—The Fees are 2s. per term and 6d. for hire of locker, in which to put flannels, belt, slippers, &c. For individual instruction in fencing and single-sticks an additional charge of 5s. is made.

BOXING.—There is a Boxing Club formed in connection with, and consisting of the Students of the Gymnasium, the fees for which are arranged by the members of the Club. The hours and nights of practice are the same as for the other classes in the Gymnasium.

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

THURSDAY. Hours, 6.30 till 10.
6.30 till 8 is allotted for free or voluntary practice of all members who choose to attend. 7 till 8.—During this hour the Fencing Class is held for the individual instruction of such ladies as may desire it. Foils, masks, gauntlets, and all requisites are furnished free of cost for the use of this class. 8 till 10.—These hours are devoted to instruction in the following subjects:—Musical Drill, comping, bar-bells, Dumb-bells, and Indian Club Exercises, Free Movements, Running Maze, and Gymnastics.
FEES.—2s. per Term; 6d. per locker.
The exercises are so arranged as to equally suit the physical capabilities of weak and strong, and whilst avoiding the injurious training of the delicate, the powers of the strongest are tested to the utmost limit.
Junior Section for Girls, Saturdays, from 11 till 7. Junior Section for Boys, Saturdays, from 7 till 9. Fee, 6d. per month.

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