

**THE PALACE JOURNAL**  
PEOPLE'S PALACE  
MILE END. E.

VOL. VIII.—No. 194.]

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

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

FRIDAY, July 31st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, August 1st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert by the Church Sunday School Choir. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 2nd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

MONDAY, 3rd.—In the Queen's Hall at 3 and 8 p.m. Concert by the Pompadour Band. Admission, 3d.; Reserved Seats, 6d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 4th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. (ladies only). In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Willett's Imperial Minstrels. Admission, 3d.

WEDNESDAY, 5th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8, Costume Recital, "Bohemian Girl." Admission, 3d.

THURSDAY, 6th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 7th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Girls' Gymnastic Club Social.

HOLIDAY HOME, GORLESTON, YARMOUTH.—The fifth party will leave on Saturday next. There are still vacancies, so intending tourists should apply early. To members of the Palace Institute or clubs, the charge for a week's residence will be 18s. Non-members, £1 1s. per week. Certain weeks will be set apart for young women, who will be charged 15s. per week. Mr. Osborn will give any further information that may be required.

THE Library will be closed on Monday next (Bank Holiday).

ON account of the Queen's Hall being required for the Picture Exhibition, the Organ Recitals will be discontinued during August. The Library will remain open as usual.

FOR those who are unable to get far away from home on Monday next (Bank Holiday), and the two following days, the Palace will have a thoroughly good programme of amusements each day. Monday will be a "big" day with the Ladies' Pompadour Band; those who heard them on last Easter Bank Holiday will not want pressing to come again.

ON Tuesday, our old favourites, Willett's Minstrel Troupe will doubtless receive a hearty reception, and on the Wednesday Madame Alice Barth will conduct a Costume Recital of Balfe's popular opera, "The Bohemian Girl"; she will be assisted by several well-known *artistes*; for programme, see page 74.

ON Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the Queen's Hall will be closed in order to prepare for the Picture Exhibition, which will open on Monday, August 10th.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL CRICKET CLUB.—In connection with the day schoolboys' holiday at Felixstowe, four matches had been arranged by the cricket club, two with the Eastward Ho College at Felixstowe, and two with the Superintendents' First match *v.* Eastward Ho College. The above match was played on the camping ground on Saturday, July 11th, in very favourable weather. The Palace boys winning the toss, elected to bat, and quickly lost two wickets for one run, but Ramsden and A. Robinson coming together put a different complexion on the game, the third wicket falling at 16. H. Robinson afterwards batted well for 7, but no further stay was made, the innings closing for the small total of 34. Against even this total our opponents could not make much show. They lost 3 wickets for 7, and then a sudden collapse came, the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh wickets falling at 9. But steady play by the last two men took the score to 23. Having three-quarters of an hour to play, the Palace boys took the bat again, but, as before, began badly, the second wicket falling at 5. On A. Robinson and Ramsden coming together, the bowling was completely mastered, the score being taken to 36 before the third wicket fell. The fourth and fifth wickets fell at 42, but when the stumps were drawn the score stood at 52 for nine wickets. Thus the Palace boys won by 11 runs on first innings. Scores:—

*P.P.T.D.S.C.C. (First Innings).*—Pledge, 1; Edmunds, 0; A. Robinson, 6; Ramsden, 7; Judd, 3; H. Robinson, 7; Shaw, 0; McMillan, 0; Forfar, 1; A. J. White, 1; Ames, not out, 0; extras, 8—Total, 34. *Second Innings.*—Pledge, 1; Edmunds, 1; A. Robinson, 17; Ramsden, 16; Judd, 4; H. Robinson, 0; Shaw, 4; McMillan, 4; Forfar, not out, 1; A. J. White, not out, 0; extras, 4—Total for 9 wickets, 52.

*E.H.C.C.C.*—Taylor, 2; R. Sudlow, 4; Smith, 0; Ellis, 0; Catchpole, 2; P. Sudlow, 0; Cox, 0; Cook, 2; Symonds, 0; Collett, 5; Carter, not out, 2; extras, 6—Total, 23.

*Bowling Analysis—Eastward Ho (First Innings).*—Judd, 6.2 overs, 2 maidens, 10 runs, 5 wickets; Ramsden, 5 overs, 2 maidens, 4 runs, 4 wickets; H. Robinson, 1 over, 0 maidens, 3 runs, 0 wickets. *People's Palace (First Innings).*—Ellis, 7.1 overs, 2 maidens, 12 runs, 6 wickets; Catchpole, 7 overs, 0 maidens, 14 runs, 2 wickets. *Second Innings.*—Ellis, 10 overs, 2 maidens, 32 runs, 3 wickets; Catchpole, 4 overs, 0 maidens, 7 runs, 2 wickets; Taylor, 6 overs, 1 maiden, 9 runs, 3 wickets.

*Second Match.*—FIFTEEN BOYS *v.* SUPERINTENDENTS.—The above match was played on Tuesday, July 14th. The Superintendents winning the toss, sent in Messrs. Forth and Martin to face the bowling of Judd and McMillan. Runs came very slowly, six overs realising but one run, till, from a good ball from Judd, Mr. Martin retired. Mr. Low coming in hit away merrily for 8, as also did Mr. Were for 7, but no other batsman made a good show, the innings closing for 38. McMillan bowled successfully, taking 6 wickets for 15 runs. After a short interval the boys sent in Pledge and Edmunds to bat. Runs came freely, and it was not until 20 had been reached that the first wicket fell, Edmunds retiring for 11. With A. Robinson in, the bowling was freely punished, the second wicket falling at 39. With the score at 46, stumps were drawn, leaving the boys with a decisive victory by 12 wickets and 8 runs. Score:—

*Boys.*—Pledge, 9; Edmunds, 11; A. Robinson, not out, 15; Ramsden, not out, 4; Extras, 7—Total, 46. Judd, H. Robinson, McMillan, Harvey, Barralett, Forfar, Hayes, Fryer, Kang, Derbyshire, and Sturt did not bat.

**Superintendents.**—Mr. Forth, 9; Mr. Martin, 1; Mr. Low, 8; Mr. Were, 7; Mr. Pope, 3; Mr. Castle, 4; Mr. Grenville, 0; Mr. Emmerson, 0; Mr. Draycot, 0; Mr. Andus, not out, 1; Mons. Pointin, 0; Extras, 5—Total, 38.

**Bowling Analysis.—Superintendents.**—Judd, 10 overs, 4 maidens, 17 runs, 4 wickets; H. Robinson, 1 over, 0 maidens, 1 run, 0 wickets; McMillan, 10.2 overs, 2 maidens, 15 runs, 6 wickets. **Boys.**—Mr. Pope, 8 overs, 2 maidens, 19 runs, 2 wickets; Mr. Low, 8 overs, 1 maiden, 20 runs, 0 wickets.

**Third Match.—v. EASTWARD HO.**—The return match with the College was played on Saturday, July 18th. The Palace boys winning the toss, put the Eastward Ho in first. A collapse of the team seemed imminent as the first 3 wickets fell at 0 runs. But Ellis (captain), and Catchpole put on 31 runs for 4th wicket. Careful play by the rest of the members of the team took the score to 68. Ellis (the captain), playing a good innings of 35. The Palace boys on going to bat could not do much against the bowling, 5 wickets falling for 19 runs, but Ramsden and McMillan took the score to 41, when McMillan was bowled. Ramsden was bowled next over. An unfortunate blunder of Sturt caused Fair to be run out, the innings finally closing for 41, thus leaving the Eastward Ho victors by 27 runs. Score—

**P.P.T.D.S.C.C.**—Edmunds, 1; Pledge, 4; H. Robinson, 0; Ramsden, 16; Judd, 7; A. Robinson, 2; McMillan, 11; Sturt, 0; Forfar, 0; Fair, 0; Hayes, not out, 0—Total, 41.

**Eastward Ho.**—Cox, 0; P. Sudlow, 0; Taylor, 0; Ellis, 35; Catchpole, 15; Collett, 0; Carter, 0; Paget, 3; Young, 3; Smith, 0; Cook, not out, 0; Extras, 12—Total, 68.

**Bowling Analysis.**—Judd, 15 overs, 6 maidens, 13 runs, 6 wickets; McMillan, 6 overs, 2 maidens, 13 runs, 1 wicket; Robinson, 3 overs, 0 maidens, 9 runs, 0 wickets; Edmunds, 1 over, 0 maidens, 6 runs, 0 wickets; Sturt, 1 over, 0 maidens, 2 runs, 0 wickets; Ramsden, 9 overs, 2 maidens, 13 runs, 3 wickets.

**Fourth Match.—v. SUPERINTENDENTS.**—Abandoned on account of rain. **FREDK. PAGE, Hon. Sec.**

**PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—President:** Sir J. H. Johnson. **Vice-Presidents:** N. L. Cohen, Esq., and C. E. Osborn, Esq.—The Captaincy Race of the above club took place in the Palace Bath, on Monday, July 20th, a good number of the members and their friends being present. The distance was 12 lengths (360 yards). Starters, H. Cockerton (captain), J. Emerson, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, F. Webber, S. Toyer, and Simmonds. At the word "Go," all plunged together, J. Emerson and H. Cockerton touching the first length together, when J. Emerson took a lead of about four yards from Cockerton, the latter twice as much in front of the rest. Emerson kept his lead till the last length, when Cockerton spurred grandly but just failed to get up by a little over a yard, amidst great excitement. The following are the times of each two lengths done by the winner: 2 lengths (60 yards), 55 secs.; 4 lengths (120 yards), 1 min. 56 secs.; 6 lengths (180 yards), 3 mins. 0 secs.; 8 lengths (240 yards), 4 mins. 2 secs.; 10 lengths (300 yards), 5 mins. 5 secs.; 12 lengths (360 yards), 6 mins. 7 secs.—All members who have not swum their trial heats, will please swim them as soon as possible before our entertainment. Any members who require club badges, also costumes, kindly give their names to the secretary.—The Long Distance Amateur Swimming Championship took place last Saturday in the Thames. The Kew-Putney course was again utilised. A capital entry was secured, both as regard numbers and good men. For the first time in the history of an English Championship a foreigner was amongst the swimmers—the name of the gentleman being Ernst Rechnitzer, of the Vienna A.S.A. Fourteen swimmers finished the distance, including Ernst Rechnitzer, and all of these gained the Association medal for finishing the distance within ten minutes of the winner. As regards the race the tide proved an excellent one, and under these circumstances no fewer than six men beat the time made last year by W. Henry—1 hour, 15 mins., 15 secs. All except A. E. France got off well together; the latter, as usual, waiting till the others had plunged, when he took a clear course to himself. Henry went away with the lead, followed by Hedges. At the Ibis boathouse Moses had got into second place, the leader's time at this point being 9 mins. 10 secs.; the Ship at Mortlake was reached in 12 mins. 45 secs., Ibbott leading. Barnes Bridge was reached in 21 mins. 10 secs. The race was now over as regards the winner, Ibbott. A desperate race ensued between France and Smart for second place, the holder of the cup for 1886, 1887, 1888, eventually winning second prize. Result:

A. Ibbott, Dreadnought (captain) 1st, 1 hour, 12 mins., 27 secs.  
A. E. France, Neptune Club, 2nd, 1 " 13 " 25 "  
J. Smart, Dreadnought, 3rd, 1 " 13 " 30 "  
W. Henry, the holder, had to give in just below Hammersmith,

suffering from cramp. A fine performance the two Dreadnought men did, finishing first and third. Good old Dreadnought!  
**H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.**

IN order to meet the requirements for technical instruction in the provinces under the new education code, a special class for training instructors in the art of practical dress cutting and making, and cutting of garments upon the best tailor and French principles, as required by the City and Guilds' Technical Institute, will be held at the People's Palace, Mile End-road, during the month of September. Certificates of Proficiency will be given, &c. Lessons each day from 11 a.m. Further particulars may be obtained by applying to the Secretary.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.**—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. The concert on Saturday was one of the most successful we have given. There was a very good muster of the choir, and our efforts were well received by a large audience. During August we meet only on Friday, 14th, and Friday, 21st. We are now studying "Elijah." We have still a few vacancies for contraltos and basses.

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

**PEOPLE'S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—Garden Party.**—This year's garden party on August 29th bids fair to eclipse all its predecessors. The sub-committee have arranged a programme to suit all tastes, comprising four hours dancing and an open-air smoking concert on the lawn, illuminated for the occasion. Two bands will be engaged, and these, with a good tea and special late train for the modest sum of 2s., is enough to tempt members and friends to Chingford in hundreds. Should the weather be unfavourable, permission has been granted to transfer the concert to the Grand Smoking Lounge, and members should make this fact understood when pushing the sale of tickets.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.**—Prospective arrangements are as follows:—Saturday, August 1st, no ramble. Monday, 3rd, Windsor, meet at Aldgate Station, Metropolitan Railway, at 10 o'clock. Saturday, 8th, Hampstead Heath, Bow Station, North London Railway, at 3.15 p.m.

**A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.**

**PEOPLE'S PALACE SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.**—The second annual examination was held on Monday last, when the Honorary Examiner, Mr. F. H. Macklin (Lyceum Theatre) adjudicated the following awards:—

#### Reading.

1. Edith Dickinson, 1st Class Certificate and Special Prize.
2. Marjory Dickinson, 1st Class Certificate.
3. Jeannie Risley
4. Leah Rosengard
5. Beatrice Sharman
6. Henry J. Steward
7. Ada Wayland

#### Reciting.

1. Edith Dickinson, 1st Class Certificate and Special Prize.
2. Jeannie Risley, 1st Class Certificate.
3. George Havard
4. Samuel J. Savage

## Day Technical School.

### FOURTH ANNUAL EXCURSION.

If a happy combination of glorious weather and pretty scenery can make life enjoyable then the recent camping-out holiday of our boys at Felixstowe should surely be reckoned as a red letter period in the existence of every one who participated in the outing.

From the time of arrival at the camping ground until the time of departure, there was but one day on which Jupiter Pluvius treated us really badly, and as for the remaining days, leaving out of account one or two occasions on which the rain god frowned threateningly, the weather was all that the most exacting could desire.

Not so fortunate were the members of the advance party who preceded the main body by some three days. They were welcomed to Felixstowe by drenching showers of rain, which followed each other at frequent intervals for some two days. The work of pitching tents, digging trenches, erecting the kitchen, and attending to the multitudinous details connected with the preparation of the camp was thus necessarily carried on at great inconvenience, and on more than one occasion with wet skins. Nevertheless, the party worked with characteristic

British pluck, laughed at atmospheric vagaries, and had the great satisfaction of seeing everything in apple-pie order and a good tea ready when the train conveying their comrades steamed into Felixstowe station, on the evening of Friday, the 10th inst.

Too much praise cannot be given to the men and boys composing the advance party for the excellent manner in which, under very trying circumstances, they performed their task. One and all buckled to with the greatest good-will, and successfully accomplished, and that in a most admirable manner, much that was new to them.

And now to return to the arrival of our main body and the events following thereon. Six o'clock saw the train arrive at Felixstowe, and in a very few minutes the party was formed up outside the station. The word was then given to march, and the boys with their luggage proceeded in a long line of ones and twos towards the camping ground. It was truly laughable to see the procession of bags, boxes, portmanteaus, trunks, bundles of blankets, etc., wending its sinuous way out of the station yard, along the road and across the field towards the tents. Curiously, in almost every case the smallest boy had the biggest package, but as the big boys helped the little ones, and each helped the other, all arrived safely in front of the tents within some five minutes of starting. The next task was to form the boys up in sections, and as soon as this was done each section was marched to the tent allotted to it. As soon as the baggage had been deposited in the tents, and the boys had got the bearings of their tent and its contents, the bugle sounded the fall in, and in a few minutes the party was in motion towards the marquee, where tea was quickly served, and done full justice to. After tea our camp president gave the boys permission to leave camp, and many availed themselves of this privilege to walk on the beach and to visit Felixstowe. At 9.30 p.m. the last post sounded, and the boys retired to their tents, but not to sleep. The novelty of a first night in camp seems to drive away sleep from one's eyes, however weary they may be. Far on towards midnight conversation and laughter could be heard proceeding from the tents, and at daybreak the camp was all alive with those tired of unsuccessfully wooing the drowsy god.

Saturday saw our programme in full swing, and a very successful excursion was made to Harwich, and a visit paid to one of the Great Eastern Railway Company's Continental passenger steamers.

In the afternoon a cricket match was played with the pupils of the Eastward Ho College. An account of this match will be found in another column. In the evening a concert was given by the Camp Minstrel Troupe, at which an excellent impersonation of our old friend "The Bogie Man" was given by Mr. A. E. Were.

The exercise of this day had thoroughly fagged our boys, and at night there was little difficulty in procuring perfect quiet throughout the whole camp. Indeed, many boys had retired to their couches of straw some time before the bugle sounded for bed.

Sunday morning saw us up early, and after breakfast the marquee was cleared, and made ready for Divine service. The service took place at 10.30 a.m., and was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Gurdon, who had journeyed specially from London for our sake. In the evening at 8.30 p.m. another short service was held, and thus terminated happily and quietly our second day of camp life.

On Monday our most important fixture was a visit to Ipswich. Some fifty to sixty boys proceeded on this excursion, and they brought back glowing accounts of the pleasant journey by steamer up and down the River Orwell, of the antiquities of Ipswich, and of the kindly manner in which they were shown through the interesting works of Messrs. Ransomes, Sims, and Jefferies. The other events of this day were bathing, donkey riding (much indulged in), quoits, cricket, rounders, paper-chase, and a concert conducted by Mr. Legge.

Tuesday saw us proceeding steadily through our round of amusement and pleasure. Mr. Felix Cobbold, one of our patrons, was good enough to place his beautiful yacht, the *Lena* at our disposal for to-day, and about thirty availed themselves of this privilege to enjoy a magnificent trip out to sea. The weather was delightfully fine, but ere long a choppy sea caused more than one of the party to look mournfully over the side of the yacht, and soon pale faces all around presaged the approach of the *mal de mer* fiend, who shortly afterwards made his appearance and stayed with us until our return to smoother waters.

In the evening a concert took place under the superintendence of Mr. Martin.

On Wednesday we were to play the return match with the Eastward Ho College, but some rain falling in the afternoon we postponed the match until Saturday.

This evening's concert was under the direction of Mr. Orton

Bradley, and we were favoured also with the services of several local ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom were the Misses Allanby and Dr. Havell (our honorary medical officer). A mandoline selection, in which the Misses Allanby took part, was vociferously cheered. Our School Choir took part in this concert, and acquitted themselves most creditably.

Thursday passed off without anything special occurring, and on Friday the camp sports took place, being ably managed by Messrs. Grenville and Pope. All the events excited great interest, and notably the donkey race, which was absurd in the extreme. The spectacle of a dozen donkeys walking over the course—no amount of persuasion sufficing to induce them to break into even the gentlest trot—and then, when within about two yards of the winning post, coming to a dead stop and refusing to budge an inch, is one not seen every day, and once seen is too ludicrous to be readily forgotten.

The results of the various events are as follows:—100 yards flat race, Gravener, 1; Kang, 2. Three-legged race, Webbe and Wright. Long jump, Short. Half mile flat race, Short, 1; Stimson, 2. Egg and spoon race, Sayers, 1; Skinner, 2. Blindfold race, Moloney, 1; Palmer, 2. Sack race, Worrow, 1; Palmer, 2. Throwing at the wicket, Melvin. Jockey race, Gravener and Moloney. Race on all fours, Heath, 1; Gravener, 2. Donkey race, Moloney. Tug of war, drawn. Consolation, Judd, 1; Shaw, 2.

One of the most exciting events was the tug of war between superintendents and boys. Twice did the competitors essay to decide this event, but on each occasion the rope broke. Powerful testimony, it will be said, to the invigorating properties of the Felixstowe air, or—possibly to the weakness of the rope.

At the conclusion of the sports, W. P. Sawyer, Esq., addressed a few kindly remarks to the boys, and then distributed the prizes.

We received visits to-day from a number of our palace friends, amongst others, Mr. Osborn, Miss James, and Mr. Softly. Dr. Macnair has taken a number of photographs of the camp, and I hope it will be found possible to reproduce the views in the *Palace Journal*.

Saturday passed away pleasantly, the cricket match with the Eastward Ho College being played in the afternoon.

On Sunday we had morning and evening service, the officiating clergyman being the Reverend Mr. Dove, of Haileybury College.

Her Majesty the Empress of Germany, accompanied by her children and attendants, walked through the camp twice in the afternoon, but it was not until she had almost left the ground that we became aware of the presence of such distinguished visitors. The Empress most kindly sent us a splendid cake on Friday, and this was divided and a piece given to each boy during the progress of Sunday's tea.

Monday morning saw us up early, and the work of striking camp proceeding with great earnestness. By 7.30 all the tents were down and packed and the ground cleared. Then we had an interval for bathing, after which breakfast. Our meal over, we set to work with increased vigour, and by 10.15 had almost completed our packing. An hour was now allowed those who wished to go to Felixstowe to purchase presents for their friends, and at 11.30 soup and bread was served out. At noon our party fell in, each boy was served with a piece of bread and cheese and then we proceeded to the station, and the train left at 12.31, leaving behind only the fatigue party, who, after finally inspecting the ground and leaving everything tidy, proceeded to London by a later train.

Thus ended what has been, viewed from any standpoint, a magnificent holiday. We have been favoured with good weather, plenty of enjoyment, excellent bathing, and everything in fact that goes to make such a holiday thoroughly successful. The contrast between the pale faces of our boys when they arrived at Felixstowe and their bronzed, healthy look when leaving was most marked and spoke volumes as to the benefit they must have derived from the excursion.

To Sir John Henry Johnson, the Master of the Drapers' Company, our boys owe a heavy debt of gratitude for the trouble he has taken in collecting the funds which have made this camp a possibility, and we hope that the knowledge of the great good the camp has done will to some extent be a recompense to him.

We are also greatly indebted to Captain Pretzman of Orwell Park, Suffolk, for his kindness in placing so fine a piece of ground at our disposal, to Dr. Havell for so readily consenting to become our honorary medical officer, and to the Rev. Mr. Gurdon and the Rev. Mr. Dove for the trouble they took in travelling to and from London and in conducting our religious services.

On every hand we have received ready assistance, and in our own ranks the work of the camp has been expedited and assisted in every way by the hearty co-operation of the

superintendents, the painstaking efforts of the section leaders, and the excellent service rendered by our buglers.

Our cooking department, too, has been in able hands, and the important duties involved in the preparation of meals have been performed most efficiently and satisfactorily.

To the mind of the writer the advantages derived by our boys from this camping-out holiday are immeasurably beyond those which are immediately seen. Boys not only have their physique improved by such experience, but in addition have their character strengthened. They acquire habits of manliness, self-control, and self-reliance, and what is also of great value, lose many of the silly notions and likes and dislikes some of them bring to camp as to how and what they must eat. Particularly they discover after the first night or two that a feather-bed, though very good in its way, is not by any means essential to a good night's rest, and that the sweetest sleep may be obtained when weary limbs are stretched on but a simple bed of straw, and that, too, laid on the hard ground. Who can tell how many of our boys, in the pursuit of their life's vocation, may be called away to distant climes where camping-out is an everyday occurrence. Then will appear the real benefits of this holiday experience, and it is not difficult to prophesy that in these and many other similar circumstances the boys of the People's Palace Day Technical School will not be found wanting.

F. C. F.

## Science and Art Examinations.

### SUBJECT II.—MACHINE CONSTRUCTION.

#### Advanced 1st.

Amor, Walter.  
Amor, George W.  
Baxter, Charles W.  
Beard, Horace W.  
Baalham, Harold.  
Clark, Arthur.  
Cleverly, George H.  
Capel, Arthur.  
Cunningham, Charles J.  
Dowsett, Frank D.  
Dunn, John H.  
Day, William C. H.  
Edwards, James G.  
Fryer, John E. G.  
Fardell, Charles J.  
Gairns, John F.  
Gatrill, Arthur F. M.

Hatley, Stephen H.  
Heath, Henry W.  
Hitchcock, Charles.  
Hine, Philip T.  
Leys, John.  
Merritt, Charles G.  
Merritt, George L.  
Poole, Victor J.  
Percy, Charles.  
Pledge, John R. W.  
Robinson, Arthur.  
Rawlings, Herbert.  
Stables, Robert L.  
Trindell, Wm. C. D.  
Vincent, Wallace.  
White, John H.  
Wells, Gilbert.

#### Wild, Alfred C.

#### Advanced 2nd.

Blyth, Thomas R.  
Boustead, Robt. N.  
Byran, Peter.  
Bohli, Percival W.  
Belcher, Leon J.  
Baum, Edward D.  
Bineham, Alfred.  
Carnegie, William.  
Campling, George P.  
Davis, Charles A.  
Drake Joseph W. D.  
Everett, Walter.  
Harvey, John.  
Hayes, Alfred J.  
Hepburn, Andrew.  
Harvey, Frank W.  
Head, Ernest F.  
Hardy, John S.  
Ilett, George P.  
Jones, Frank V.  
Kitchen, Fredk. G.  
Keable, Alfred M.  
Kilmaster, William.  
Lyal, John W.

McCormick, Charles F.  
McMillan, Alfred E.  
McConnell, Walter.  
Nicholson, John.  
Parrott, George.  
Parsons, Alfred.  
Piper, George F.  
Pringle, George.  
Robinson, Horace D.  
Reeve, Robert J. R.  
Relton, Thomas H.  
Relf, John.  
Saxby, William, F.  
Smail, Stephen G.  
Sayers, Walter.  
Shearmur, Ernest R. W.  
Skinner, Edward D.  
Vyse, Thomas N.  
Worror, Isaac.  
White, Arthur J.  
White, Richard W.  
Wheeler, William E.  
Walker, Percy J.  
Young, Henry A.

#### Elementary 1st.

Abbercrombie, John.  
Bailey, Henry J.  
Browning, Wm. E.  
Bullwinkel, John L. M.  
Butler, Ernest W.  
Bryan, Fredk. E.  
Bowen, Lewis M.  
Broom, Edwin R.  
Catherine, Arthur J.  
Carey, Wm. G.  
Catherall, Edward S.  
Coggeshall, James F.

Carr, William.  
Downey, Sidney A. N.  
Evans, Athol G.  
Glasscock, Philip.  
Gill, Alfred J.  
Gates, Thomas G.  
Hannam, Francis J.  
Hambling, Charles A.  
Harris, Fredk. W.  
Hawkesworth, Henry.  
Kimpton, Thomas.  
Kerr, Edwin.

Lardner, Ernest.  
Lewis, John.  
Marshall, John.  
Marsh, Charles E.  
Mason, George L.  
McClellan, Robt. H.  
Oldfield, Frank S.  
Philpot, Harold P.  
Pemberton, Horatio N.  
Penfold, Wm. T.  
Rumsey, Wm. H.

#### Elementary 2nd.

Aust, Harry A.  
Apsley, George H.  
Aaron, Albert.  
Ames, Albert C.  
Browning, Geo. R.  
Bradley, Wm. J.  
Bowen, Edwin H.  
Bird, Geo. S.  
Boulding, Lawrence.  
Brown, Geo. R. H.  
Behenna, Richard.  
Breeden, Fredk. C.  
Barnett, Henry.  
Bowick, Geo.  
Bissagar, Philip.  
Bayley, Morris W.  
Bowles, James.  
Baulch, Sidney W. O.  
Chant, Walter G.  
Craigie, Albert H.  
Clarke, Wm. F.  
Cox, Henry G.  
Chamberlain, Joseph S.  
Colsell, Joseph H.  
Clement, James E.  
Crowhurst, Christopher.  
Chown, James.  
Carvosso, Wm. J.  
Cooper, Walter L.  
Chalk, Ernest.  
Dixon, Ernest J.  
Davis, Wm. A.  
Dale, Arthur L.  
Davis, Arthur E.  
Dean, Jas. J. W.  
Dodd, Joseph A.  
Day, Walter D.  
Denehey, Joseph L.  
Fair, Henry R. H.  
Forfar, Stanley E.  
Frame, Wm. A.  
Gibbard, Henry J.  
Garthwaite, Hy. J.  
Gosling, Wm. J.  
Garwood, Robert C.  
Genese, John P.  
Gillham, Elijah M.  
Goldsmith, Herbert F.  
Gercken, Christopher H. J.  
Hall, Arthur J.  
Hood, Alexander.  
Harris, Sidney.  
Honeybourne, Wm.  
Higgins, Henry J.  
Horn, Geo. W.  
Hancock, Percy B.  
Holyfield, Sidney.  
Hitchman, Geo. J.  
Harris, Samuel.  
Howlett, Albert J.  
Haines, Herbert W.  
Hood, James.  
Ingham, George.  
Jaggers, Wm. J.  
Jenkins, Herbert.

Richardson, Wm. J.  
Sturt, Charles.  
Stables, Alfred M.  
Smith, Charles.  
Shaw, Fredk. C.  
Smith, Lionel L.  
Stimson, Sidney J. P.  
Tilston, William.  
Thompson, Drury F.  
Toope, Robert.  
Usherwood, Thomas S.  
Watsham, Edmund W. E.

Kilminster, Geo.  
Kirton, York de la Cour.  
Knodler, Fredk. C.  
Lyons, Elias.  
Lewis, Harry.  
Laws, Albert J.  
Mahoney, John.  
Melvin, Wm. J.  
Miller, Herbert C.  
Mackenzie, Edgar.  
Munden, Charles.  
Meayers, Walter E.  
Merrin, Charles A.  
Newland, Henry.  
Newland, Edwin J.  
Nelson, Harry.  
Pike, Benj. E.  
Powell, James.  
Phillips, Henry A.  
Partridge, Henry R.  
Patterson, John L.  
Rodger, Jas. A. S.  
Reid, Lionel J.  
Roach, Wm. G.  
Smail, Geo. H.  
Smith, Sidney.  
Scotland, Ernest.  
Smith, Herbert J.  
Sims, Henry.  
Sculthorpe, Albert.  
Stevenson, Francis C.  
Shonk, Albert.  
Sawle, Alfred.  
Snape, Wm. A.  
Sparling, Thos. C.  
Short, Ernest R.  
Stockwell, Robert R.  
Sumpner, Thos.  
Smail, Charles G.  
Thompson, Alfred J.  
Taylor, Wm. C.  
Tidswell, Harry T.  
Trowbridge, Herbert E.  
Thicke, Wm. C.  
Worror, Isaac, J.  
White, Walter H.  
Welsh, John C.  
Wheatcroft, Bertie C.  
Wallis, James T.  
Willis, Arthur.  
Williams, Geo. S. H. F.  
Williams, Jas. H.  
Warren, Thos. J.  
Waugh, Herbert C.  
Winn, Geo. E. W.  
Willis, Frank.  
Watts, Ethelbert.  
Worledge, Fredk. J.  
Wray, Alfred.  
Ward, John S.  
White, Ernest.  
Westley, Wm. H.  
Wilmot, Arthur R.  
Young, Robt.  
Zieschang, Richard.

### SUBJECT XI.—ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

#### Advanced 1st.—Barralet, Edgar S.

#### Advanced 2nd.

Chapman, Ernest A. Gravener, Fred. W. Yetton, Thos.

#### Elementary 1st.—Cannon, John C.

#### Elementary 2nd.

Barlow, Archibald, H. Dodd, Fredk. J. Worror, Harry H.

## The Pioneer Ardennes Trip.

[Those of our members who have booked for the Ardennes trips, particulars of which were announced in these columns, will doubtless be glad to read how the pioneer party fared in their wandering.—ED.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am glad to tell you that our fortnight's Ardennes trip was an all-round success. Our party, twelve all told, hit it off to a "T." We had just enough incident to test the "temper" of our fellows, and they proved to be made of the right stuff for Continental travel. I only hope the larger parties to follow will have as good a time; with rather better weather, and rather less veal. Warm thunder-showers and well-cooked veal cutlets followed each other with a regularity somewhat trying. But Ardennes hotel proprietors will soon learn that English visitors do not insist upon living on calf alone. With some sheep in the landscape the Ardennes would be Arcadia.

May I jot down a few random notes of our journey.

We met at Liverpool-street Station on the Saturday evening to find that the Great Eastern people had been good enough to reserve a couple of compartments for us. It would not become an amateur Cook to criticise his personally-conducted party, or I should like to say I was struck with the serviceable looking walking rig of my eleven. Tweed cricket caps, flannel shirts, a sprinkling of knickers, and nothing new or startling in "tourist suitings." Knapsacks, folded waterproofs, and big bags to send on, by way of baggage. We marched aboard the steamer at Harwich to find the steward prepared to make us comfortable for the night. No one in the morning was able to report he had been ill. We entered the River Scheldt with light hearts and large appetites.

Landing at Antwerp the Great Eastern Company's interpreter was good enough to take charge of our baggage and send it off to the railway station. Had the party been princely, we couldn't have been better looked after.

Then we started on our ramble round the town, and I distinguished myself as guide by at once losing two of our fellows. But they were eventually restored to their friends. We saw the wonderful Plantin museum, and the more wonderful cathedral; listened to the pretty melody of the Antwerp bells; and then lunched on three courses, with strawberries to follow, under the shadow of the cathedral, at a ruinous cost of a franc and a half, or 1s. 3d. a head. The veal cutlets were voted first-rate.

The afternoon train took us to Mechlin, where a little old lace and ancient carved furniture are still made, and where our photographer revelled with his camera in the picturesque Grande Place and round the noble cathedral.

Then we went on to Brussels, fixed ourselves at the Hotel de la Ville de Liege, dined excellently at the Restaurant de la Monnaie, and sauntered the evening away on the breezy boulevards. On Sunday morning, after some of us had been to the service at Ste. Gudule, we took train to Waterloo, and with the comfortable Hotel du Musée in the centre of the Field as our headquarters, fought the battle over again and were photographed under the shot-scarred walls of Hougomont.

Returning next morning to Brussels, we left in the afternoon for Namur, and caught our first glimpse of the Ardennes under fleeting sun and shower. A rainbow spanned the Meuse at Dinant with the bridge which took us into the picturesque old town nestling under the great grey walls of rock. We found good quarters at the Hotel des Ardennes. That night at dinner the veal cutlet began to cloy. On Tuesday, we started on our first tramp over high uplands, through woods, down into rocky valleys, with winding sparkling streams, to the ruins of Montaigle, and home by the Meuse Valley. Next day we walked up the Meuse to Givet on the French frontier, and sculled back in Dinant skiffs, reaching home about eleven o'clock. The veal cutlet was there. Next morning we started for Rochefort, a walk of thirty odd miles, with plenty of wading and rock climbing and forest clambering in the Lesse Valley. None but English and lunatics go this way to Rochefort. The narrow tracks are overgrown with bramble, briar, beech, and hazel. Now the way lies close by the rocky stream, now it ascends a hundred feet above. Here and there a mass of rock blocks the way, and one has to wade to one's middle through the river. At last, as the sun is setting, we come out at the village of Houyet to welcome coffee and bread and butter. We feel we have earned our lunch. Dinner is waiting at Rochefort. We learn that Rochefort is four good hours' walk further on. If we step out we shall be there by midnight. A steep climb up a winding mountain road, skirting dark woods and misty valleys, out into high open country, down again as the shadows deepen, into another valley. Something ahead looks like a pole standing against some rising ground. It is a perfectly straight road. Are we

all right? We look at map and compass by match light. Yes, that's the road. By the end of an hour we have had enough of it. Cross roads at last by way of diversion. Somebody climb the sign post, with the matches. Rochefort to the left, 12 kilometres. We have only another 7½ miles, and it is 10 o'clock. But we wish Rochefort would send out the dinner to meet us. The villages are fast asleep, and we would give something for a veal cutlet. Two pairs of knickerbockers make the pace, and we swing along to choruses sung in quick march time. Then we hear the trickle of water by the road side, and the twelve pioneers are lying flat on the ground with their heads over the water. It would make a noble subject for a flash-light photograph. An hour later we are in a straggling town, anxiously skirmishing round for the Hotel Biron, containing our dinner. We are in good time, after all. We sit down to a capital feed at 12.30, while the usual dinner hour in the Ardennes is 1 o'clock. I may say for those who prefer dining at 1, that a diligence runs from Dinant to Rochefort.

Next morning we took train for La Roche, the secluded little town lying deep down in the Ourthe Valley. Making the Hotel des Ardennes our quarters—it was here we mutinied against the veal cutlet—we had three day's good walking and driving excursions, and then started on our way in rainy weather down the Ourthe Valley, breaking the journey for the night at Durbuy—a delightful little spot, with the nicest little hotel in the Ardennes—and at Comblain au Pont. Thence we took train to Liege, spent the morning in the Belgian Birmingham, and in the afternoon crossed the frontier into Holland, and spent the night at Maastricht. There is a nice open square at Maastricht, with avenues round it where you promenade in the evening, and meet the quality and the garrison officers. After our promenade we thought we would sit at one of the *cafés*, and sip our coffee like Dutchmen born.

We chose the nicest most private-looking place, with little tables outside, and a glass roof to sit under. We pulled a bell dangling above the table and ordered coffee from the neat waiter. "Pardon, M'sieur, but this is a club." We apologised to the gentlemen at the other tables, and rose to go. "Please remain," said one of them. We thanked him, sat down, and our coffee was served. We sat as the twilight fell on the green square and its quiet promenaders; on the venerable cathedral raising its Romanesque towers on the facing side. The promenaders took their last turn, and began to stroll homewards. As they passed they raised their hats to us, and the officers gravely saluted. We returned their salutation with due dignity, and then, as Pepys says, "home to bed."

Next morning we started on our way back to Antwerp, breaking the journey and spending the afternoon at Louvain. The pretty tinkling melody of the cathedral chimes welcomed us back to Antwerp. And at the quiet little Hotel Fleur d'Or we met our old friend the veal cutlet. One or two of our fellows had reason to remember him in the sad silent watches of Saturday night while we were bounding o'er the waves so free. But with most of us the cutlet sat lightly on its throne, and we slept the sweet sleep of pioneers, returning to dear England and a mutton chop.

We talked in the train of future trips; of a possible pioneer party to Holland, or to some of the fine tributary Rhine valleys, which people know very little about.

While we were talking the train pulled up in Liverpool-street Station, and our happy little Ardennes holiday was over.

PERCY LINDLEY.

As is usual at Holiday times, the Great Eastern Railway Company are always very liberal to their patrons, they have arranged cheap excursions booking on Friday to Ely, Hunstanton, Dereham, Colchester, and Ipswich, and on Saturday to Cambridge, Lynn, Norwich, Yarmouth, Doncaster, Hull, York, Newcastle, Leeds, and Manchester. A special booking office will be opened at the Liverpool-street Station from the 28th inst. to August 1st. Tickets can also be obtained at the company's West-end offices, 61, Regent-street, and 215, Edgware-road, and at their other City and West-end offices. On Bank Holiday excursion trains will leave Liverpool-street *via* the new route for Southend-on-Sea; also for Clacton, Walton, Harwich, Yarmouth, Cambridge, and Ely; and from St. Pancras for Yarmouth, Cambridge, and Ely. Excursion tickets will be issued by all trains to Epping Forest, Broxbourne, and Rye House. A special service of trains will be available from Liverpool-street every ten minutes to Chingford, and every half-hour to Loughton, and at frequent intervals to Rye House; also from Fenchurch-street every half-hour to Chingford and Loughton. For the accommodation of business men wishing to return to London early on Tuesday morning, a special fast train will start from Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton, and other places, and be due at Liverpool-street at 9.1 a.m.

Unmasked by Death.

(Concluded from page 53.)

"Ah, you are not over wise. A man will sometimes sell his soul for a woman." He had risen to his feet as he began to speak, and now turned away abruptly, paced half the distance between the seat and Rachel, then suddenly wheeled, mounted the steps, and left the gardens.

If Margaret Gloyd had been less of an invalid, she might have had the strength to keep this interview from her daughter, or at least to relieve it of a certain threatening character. As it was, Rachel soon knew it all, its sinister aspect rather heightened than lessened for her by her mother's vain effort to soften it.

But Rachel had not lived the life she had to be frightened now by a shadow. Above all things she loved fair dealing, and the vagueness of this insinuation roused her scorn and anger. At the same time it chafed her, and demanded more light. When she had learned all her mother had to say she left her, and searched throughout the gardens for John Foyster, but she came back again disappointed. She was compelled to wait, therefore, till he should come to her of his own accord.

He came on that same evening to their tiny villa. But meanwhile the girl's irritation had grown with the delay. The veiled attack upon Malcome Dean seemed so heartless that she became suffused with the zeal of championship. She knew now more surely than she had ever known before that she loved the man whose good repute was so much to her. She was quite ready, therefore, to face his traducer.

"Why did you speak to mamma as you did of Mr. Dean to-day?" was almost her first greeting when he appeared.

He answered without the least discomposure, "I made no charge against him."

"But you insinuated a vague something."

"Which might mean nothing."

"Then it was cowardly."

He took this, too, calmly, quietly stroking his moustache. He evidently felt himself master of the situation. It became unbearable for her. "I have been mistaken in you," she said, bitterly.

"And perhaps in someone else," he added.

"What do you mean?"

"Miss Rachel, I had supposed you strong in a single purpose. I have devoted myself for months now to serve you in that purpose. But perhaps I have been too zealous."

In spite of her confidence his calm assurance impressed her, and her voice was not quite so defiant as she said, "Tell me exactly what you mean."

He paused, as if to give his words an added emphasis. "Does Mr. Dean know of the search you have been making?"

"Yes," she answered, breathlessly.

He paused again before he said, "Because he has, and has long had, the clue to your uncle's death."

"It is false!" she cried, springing to her feet, white with passion.

"I can prove it," came from his lips like a knife cutting the air.

"I defy you!"

"All in good time, Miss Rachel. You will thank me some day. For the present I have this to say—I have traced to Malcome Dean's possession a will made by Stephen Gloyd. I do not know its purport, but he has it, has had it long, and conceals it from you. How and where did he get it?"

This was terrible in its directness. How dare one make so explicit a charge without warrant? Still she showed no sign of dismay. "Prove it! prove it!" she demanded of him.

And he did prove it. Face to face with Malcome Dean, John Foyster charged him with the possession of this document. To indignantly denials he quietly made this proposition—That in their joint presence a notary should examine Dean's luggage. It was agreed to in scornful contempt. The search was so made, and in Malcome Dean's portmanteau the will of the murdered man was found!

Dumb with amazement, with consternation, with suspicions that could not be uttered, the accused man took the fatal document into his own hands and spread it open. He felt a fluttering hope that he might not find it of such a tenor as to make its past concealment appear like a wrong to the living or the dead. But even this was denied him. If it was indeed, as it bore all the marks of being, the will of Stephen Gloyd, it took from Rachel every penny that she had come to regard as her own. Its possession and concealment by the man who

sought her hand were worse than a crime. It was inexplicable, it was horrible, but here it was.

"Come!" he said at last hoarsely. "We will see the end."

John Foyster followed him without a word. In silence they passed together along the sun-bathed streets to the little embowered villa, where a still-trusting heart awaited them.

She read the truth in the triumphant light in the face of the one, in the bewilderment and grief in the face of the other. Her heart seemed to stop its beating as Malcome Dean's voice fell on her ear.

"On my honour," he said, "as I hoped to win you worthily, I knew nothing of this paper a half-hour ago. I never saw it before in my life, but it was found in my possession. God knows how it came there. You will believe me?"

Her face was hidden in her hands. "Go!—go!" came like a broken moan from her lips. "It is all over. There is no God, no truth, no honour in the world."

So far it was well with John Foyster. He waited a day, and then he pressed his suit on the penniless girl. He even so far forgot himself in his hot haste as to insinuate that she must choose between him and beggary.

Then the burden of her almost broken heart found an outlet in a torrent of such passionate scorn that he was glad to escape from the sound of her voice. But he said to himself, nevertheless, that it must come in time; she had tasted the sweets of riches, and poverty would bend her will at last. However, he felt that it was prudent to leave her for a while to her own resources, and for him to take himself away from the charms of Monte Carlo.

The next day the world was thrilled with the tidings of a frightful collision on the railway between Monte Carlo and San Remo. One of the lifeless, mangled bodies was identified as that of John Foyster, and among the papers found in his luggage was a testamentary instrument executed with all due formality by one Stephen Gloyd, deceased, of London. This instrument revoked all other wills by him made, and in explicit terms that which had been found in Malcome Dean's possession. More than that, it left the bulk of his property to his "long neglected niece, Rachael Gloyd."

It never can be anything more than conjecture that John Foyster was one of Stephen Gloyd's guests on that fatal Christmas Eve, but howsoever he had gained possession of these two wills and the money by which he had made himself at least outwardly respectable once more, there could be no question that he had been playing a villainous game since he had floated to the surface of social life again.

It was some weeks after this final catastrophe when there came to Rachel a note which ended thus:—

"But though I have no charges to make against any one, I know so well the heart of the only woman whose love seems to me worth the winning, that I am sure she has long ago acquitted me of any part in the wrong that was designed against her. May I hear that from her own lips?—Yours in faith and honour, 'MALCOME DEAN.'"

She sent for answer the one word "Come!"

J. H. S.

DEAR Son of God, not all unknown  
To those who hourly seek thy throne,  
Oh, make us more and more thine own,  
Even as we pray.

Help us the battle to begin  
Against the dull, besetting sin  
And foothold in the fight to win  
From day to day.

To those whose thought has dared to rise  
Straight to the presence of His eyes,  
No grace, for thee, our God denies,  
In what we love!

Even as we halt and stumble still,  
Though loving good, and hating ill,  
So strong in wish, so weak in will,—  
Thou art above.

O God, to us—and e'en to those  
Who hold themselves thy greatest foes,  
The likest God that ever rose  
'Mid sons of men,—

Be with us when we fail and fall,  
Thou who ne'er fell nor failed at all.  
Nor, for the sin's sake, when we call,  
Leave us again!

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT TO BE GIVEN ON BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUGUST 3RD,

BY

Miss Eleanor Clausen's Orchestra of Young Ladies

(THE POMPADOUR BAND).

AFTERNOON, AT 3 P.M.

- 1. OVERTURE ... "Light Cavalry" ... *Suppé*
- 2. WALTZ ... "In Old Madrid" ... *Meissler*
- 3. SONG ... "Gavotte" (Mignon) ... *A. Thomas*
- 4. SELECTION ... "Erin" ... *Basquit*
- 5. SONG ... "Alone on the Raft" ... *Rodney*

MISS KATE CLAUSEN.

Alone on the raft in the twilight,  
Afloat on the mighty deep,  
A poor sailor lad was lying  
On the drifting planks asleep;  
For his vessel was wreck'd in a tempest  
That swept all the crew to rest,  
All but the little sailor boy  
Alone on the ocean's breast.  
The cold night wind soon woke him  
From his brief and restless sleep,  
And he gazed with a look, oh! so eager,  
O'er the waves of the silent deep.  
There was no dim light in the distance,  
No gleam of a passing sail;  
And the sailor boy's heart grew heavy and sad  
As his last hope seemed to fail.

He knelt down at last in the darkness,  
And cried, as he looked above,  
"O, Father on high have mercy,  
And save me in Thy love."  
Then, weary and faint with hunger,  
He fell like a log on the raft;  
While silent and low the winds did blow,  
Softly rocking the little craft.

When life came back to him slowly,  
There were kind faces cluster'd round  
On the deck of a gallant vessel  
So swiftly homeward bound;  
They had spied him at early morning  
Afloat on the drifting raft,  
And they picked up the poor little ocean waif,  
And brought him on board their craft.  
And a cheer rang out from the seamen  
As he stood right up by the mast,  
He could scarce speak for joy, the poor sailor boy,  
They had saved him from the sea at last.

- 6. GALOP... "Festglocken" ... *Lindheim*
  - 7. VIOLIN SOLO ... *MISS GERTRUDE GOULDING.*
  - 8. MARCH "Souvenir de Belgrade" ... *Fahrbach*
  - 9. SELECTION ... "Pinafore" ... *Sullivan*
  - 10. VOCAL WALTZ "Little Huntsmen" ... *Roeder*
  - 11. SONG ... "Angus Macdonald" ... *Cowan*
- MISS FLORENCE OLIVER.

- 12. POLKA ... "Hi ti hi" ... *Williams*

- 13. WALTZ ... "Ma Chérie" ... *Hewitt*
- 14. SONG ... "Killarney" ... *Balfe*

MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN.

By Killarney's lakes and fells  
Emerald isles, and winding bays,  
Mountain paths, and woodland dells  
Memory ever fondly strays.  
Bounteous nature loves all lands,  
Beauty wanders everywhere,  
Footprints leaves on many strands  
But her home is surely there.

Angels fold their wings and rest  
In that Eden of the West  
Beauty's home Killarney,  
Heav'n's reflex Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye  
With such bright and varied tints,  
Every rock that you pass by  
Verdure broiders or besprints  
Virgin there the green grass grows  
Every morn Spring's natal day  
Bright hued berries daff the snows  
Smiling Winter's frown away.

Angels often pausing there  
Doubt if Eden were more fair,  
Beauty's home Killarney  
Heav'n's reflex Killarney.

Music there for Echo dwells,  
Makes each sound a harmony,  
Many voic'd the chorus swells  
Till it faints in ecstasy.  
With the charming tints below  
Seems the Heaven above to vie  
All rich colours that we know  
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.  
Wings of Angels so might shine  
Glancing back soft light divine  
Beauty's home Killarney  
Heav'n's reflex Killarney.

- 15. SELECTION "Life on the Ocean" ... *Binding*
- (Illustrating, by means of old sea-songs, the commissioning of a Man-of-War.)

Contents.—Commissioning—"A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "The Lass that Loves a Sailor"; Preparing for sea—"All in the Downs" and "In Cawsand Bay Lying"; Leaving England—"The Anchor's Weighed"; Outward Bound—"Come, Come my Jolly Lads"; Gale—"Bay of Biscay"; Action—"Hearts of Oak"; "Tom Bowling," and "The Death of Nelson"; Victory—"The Saucy Arethusa"; Rejoicing—"Jack's the Lad" and "The Bosun's Hornpipe"; Homeward Bound—"Farewell and Adieu ye Spanish Ladies" and "The Token"; Arrival in England—"Home, Sweet Home" and "Rule Britannia."

(As played at the Royal Naval Exhibition every evening by the Pompadour Band, by desire.)



PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITAL OF BALFE'S HIGHLY POPULAR OPERA,  
**"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL,"**

TO BE GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

Under the Direction of MADAME ALICE BARTH (of the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company),

Who will be assisted by the following Artists:—

MADAME LUCY FRANKLEIN (of the Royal English Opera). MR. CHARLES FISHER (of the Carl Rosa "Carmen" Company).  
 MR. FRANK MONTAIGNE (of the Rousby Opera Company). MR. VICTOR ROBERTS (of the Royal English Opera).  
 AND

MR. ST. GEORGE (of the Principal London Theatres),

PIANIST—MADAME MONTAIGNE (of the Rousby Opera Company). Musical Director to the People's Palace—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.  
 Costumes by Messrs. E. Smith & Co. Wigs by Mr. Charles Fox,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Thaddeus (a Proscribed Pole) ...	MR. CHARLES FISHER	Count Arnheim ...	MR. ST. GEORGE
Florestein ...	MR. FRANK MONTAIGNE	Queen of the Gipsies ...	MADAME LUCY FRANKLEIN
Devilshoof (a Gipsy Chief) ...	MR. VICTOR ROBERTS	Arline ...	MADAME ALICE BARTH

SYNOPSIS OF PLOT.

COUNT ARNHEIM, loyal to the Austrian Empire, entertains certain guests at his castle, where they raise the National Standard above the Emperor's statue, the Count meanwhile extolling a soldier's life. The guests depart for the chase without him, his daughter, ARLINE, a child six years old, accompanying them with her nurse. THADDEUS, an exiled Polish rebel, enters seeking refuge, which he finds in the company of a tribe of passing gipsies, who disguise him by order of their leader, DEVILSHOOF, just in time to escape his pursuers. The huntsmen, with FLORESTEIN, a foolish nephew of Count Arnheim, return in terror with the tidings that Arline is attacked by a stag; Thaddeus rushes to her assistance, and restores her unhurt to the Count, whose gratitude induces him to invite the apparent gipsy to join the feast of rejoicing. At this feast Arnheim proposes the Emperor's health, which is declined boldly by Thaddeus, whose life is in danger for this act, but he is protected by the Count; Devilshoof, however, who has shared the republican enthusiasm of Thaddeus, is arrested and confined in the castle. He escapes, and is seen by the distracted company bearing away in his arms Arline, whose abduction suggests his revenge. In Act II., twelve years have been passed in sorrow by the Count; the gipsies are stationed at Presburg ready for a fair, led still by Devilshoof, who catches and robs a Florestein, an incautious intruder; the GIPSY QUEEN, however, commands the restoration of his property; Devilshoof obeys, but reserves a diamond medallion for himself. Arline, reared among the gipsies and tended gently by Thaddeus, wakes from a sleep, and relates a strange dream, which Thaddeus knows is retrospective. She asks the history of her birth, which he hesitates to relate fearing lest her love should leave him. The Gipsy Queen, who also loves Thaddeus, now irritates Arline into jealousy, whereupon Thaddeus implores her to marry him. Their betrothal is witnessed by the tribe, who now set out for the fair. Here Arline attracts hosts of admirers, amongst them Florestein, who suddenly recognises his medallion on Arline's neck, where it has been cunningly placed by the Gipsy Queen. In spite of Thaddeus and the tribe, she is seized and conveyed to the Count's castle. Here an accident reveals to the father that the prisoner is his child. Thaddeus implores Arline (Act III.) in a secret interview not to desert him, but the Count spurns the supposed vagabond; when Thaddeus declares himself, and Arnheim is induced to give his daughter to the noble exile. At the feast in their honour, the Gipsy Queen with Devilshoof attempts Arline's life, but the gipsy diverts the shot which strikes her who aimed it. The festival proceeds to commemorate the happy fortunes of The Bohemian Girl. The scene is laid in Presburg and its neighbourhood.

[NOTE.—MADAME BARTH will give as much of the music of the opera as is complete in itself without chorus.]

ACT I.

SCENE.—The castle and grounds of COUNT ARNHEIM, near Presburg.

AIR.—Count Arnheim.

A soldier's life has been of strife  
 In all its form so much  
 No gentler theme, the world will deem  
 A soldier's heart can touch.

DUET.—Thaddeus and Devilshoof.

Dev. Comrade, your hand, we understand  
 Each other in a breath,  
 This grasp secures, its owner yours  
 In life and until death.

Thad. The scenes and days to me  
 Which seemed so blest to be  
 No time can e'er restore,  
 My wants are few.

Dev. Wants we ne'er knew  
 But what we can supply.

Thad. Then what is worse, I have no purse,

Dev. We nothing have to buy.

Thad. My heart 'twill ring;

Dev. That is a thing in which we never deal.  
 Comrade, your hand,

Thad. The scenes and days to me.

SONG.—Florestein.

Is no succour near at hand,  
 For my intellect so reels,  
 I am doubtful if I stand  
 On my head or on my heels.  
 No, gentleman, 'tis very clear,  
 Such shocks should ever know,  
 And when I become a peer,  
 They shall not treat me so.

Then let ev'ry vassal arm  
 For my thanks he well deserves,  
 Who from this state of alarm  
 Will protect my shattered nerves.  
 To think that one unused to fear  
 Such fright should ever know.  
 But let me become a peer,  
 They shall not treat me so.

CONCERTED PIECE—Count, Thaddeus, Florestein, and Devilshoof.

END OF ACT I.

INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

ACT II.

(Twelve years are supposed to have elapsed.)

SCENE I.—A forest glade near Presburg.

DUET.—Florestein and Devilshoof.

Flor. Wine, wine, if I am heir  
 To the Count, my uncle's line,

Where is the fellow will dare  
 To refuse his nephew wine.  
 That moon there staring me in the way,  
 Can't be so modest as people say;  
 For meet whom she will and in whatever spot,  
 She often looks on at what she ought not.  
 Wine, wine, wine.

Dev. My ear caught not the clock's last chime,  
 And may I beg to ask the time?

Flor. If the bottle has prevailed,  
 Yet whenever I'm assailed,  
 Though there may be nothing in it,  
 I am sobered in a minute.  
 You are really so polite,  
 That 'tis late into the night  
 May I beg to ask?

Dev. I am really grieved to see  
 Anyone in such a state,  
 And gladly will take the greatest care  
 Of the rings and chains you chance to wear.

Flor. What I thought was politeness  
 Is downright theft,  
 And at this rate  
 I soon shall have nothing left.

Queen. To him from whom you stole  
 Surrender back the whole.

Flor. Thanks, madame, lady,  
 But might I request  
 A medallion in diamonds,  
 Worth all the rest.

Queen. Be your safety my care.

Flor. I'm in precious hands.

Queen. Follow and list to your Queen's commands.

BALLAD.—Arline.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
 With vassals and serfs at my side,  
 And of all who assembled within those walls  
 That I was the hope and the pride.  
 I had riches too great to count,  
 Could boast of a bright ancestral name.  
 But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,  
 That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,  
 That knights upon bended knee,  
 And with vows no maiden heart could withstand  
 They pledged their faith to me.  
 And I dreamt that one of that noble host  
 Came forth my hand to claim,  
 But I also dreamt, which charmed me most,  
 That you loved me still the same.

DUET.—Arline and Thaddeus.

Tha. That wound upon thine arm,  
 Whose mark through life will be,  
 In saving thee from greater harm  
 Was there transfixed by me.

Arl. By thee?

Tha. Ere on thy gentle head  
 Thy sixth sun had its radiance shed,  
 A wild deer, who had lain at bay,  
 Pursued by hunters crossed thy way;  
 But slaying him I rescued thee,  
 And in his death throe's agony  
 That tender frame by his antler gor'd,  
 This humble arm to thy home restor'd.

Arl. Strange feelings move this breast  
 It never knew before,  
 And bid me here implore,  
 That you reveal the rest.

Tha. The secret of her birth  
 To me is only known,  
 The secret of a life whose worth  
 I prize beyond my own.

Arl. The secret of my birth  
 To him is fully known,  
 The secret of a life whose worth  
 I prize beyond my own.

Arl. Speak, tell me—ease my tortured heart,  
 And that secret, evil or good, impart.

Tha. I will tell thee, although the words may sever  
 One who so loves thee, from thy love for ever.

Arl. Where is the spell 'hath yet effaced  
 The first fond lines that love hath traced,  
 And after years have but imprest  
 More deep in love's confiding breast?

Tha. And yet few spells have e'er effaced  
 The first fond lines that love hath traced,  
 And after years have but imprest  
 More deep in love's confiding breast.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Arl. Listen, while I relate  
 The hopes of a gipsy's fate.  
 I am loved by one, by one I love  
 All other hearts above,  
 And the sole delight to me  
 Is with him united to be.

Dev. A rival's hate you may better tell  
 By her rage than by her tears,  
 And it, perchance, may be as well  
 To set them both by the ears.

(To QUEEN.) As Queen of the tribe, 'tis yours by right,  
 The hands of those you rule to unite.

Queen. Hand to hand, and heart to heart,  
 Who shall those I have mated part?  
 By the spell of my sway  
 Part them who may.

[Joining their hands.]

SONG.—Gipsy Queen.

'Tis gone, the past was all a dream,  
 The light of life is o'er,  
 The hope that once so bright did seem,  
 Now shines for me no more.  
 Ah, foolish heart, without a thought,  
 In joy that didst believe,  
 Nor learnt the tale that oft is taught,  
 Love smiles but to deceive.

No more I'll join the dance and song,  
 Nor mingle with the gay;  
 And happy as the day is long,  
 Beguile the hours away.  
 I'll seek me out some silent spot,  
 In solitude to grieve;  
 And learn the tale that many has taught,  
 Love smiles but to deceive.

DUET.—Gipsy Queen and Devilshoof.

Queen. This is thy deed—seek not to assuage  
 My jealous fears and rival's rage.

Devilshoof. I neither fear nor seek to calm—

Queen. Revenge is the wounded bosom's balm.  
 That jewel with which thou has dared to deck  
 Thy foredoomed neck,  
 Answer me—where did'st thou get it—where?

Devilshoof. 'Twas entrusted to my care.

Queen. This very night, on this very spot  
 Thy soul for once its fears forgot,  
 And a drunken galliard, who cross'd thy way,  
 Became thy prey—

Devilshoof. Fiend born, 'twere vain to fly  
 The glances of a searching eye.

Queen. Down on thy knee, and that gem restore,  
 E'en in thy shame amazed,  
 Or long years of sin shall deplore  
 The storm which thou hast rais'd,

*Devilshoof* (aside). It best might be the prize to restore,  
Much as I seem amazed ;  
Oh ! hereafter I may deplore  
The storm which thou hast rais'd,  
Queen, I obey.

*Queen.* 'Tis the wisest thing  
Thy coward soul could do.

*Devilshoof* (aside). Who from my grasp such prize could ring,  
The doing it may rue.

*Queen.* Depart and join the rest.

*Devilshoof* (aside). I do thy high behest.  
The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,  
Will the edge of our vengeance more sharply whet.

*Queen.* The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,  
Will the edge of our vengeance more sharply whet.

SONG.—*Arline.*

Come with the gipsy bride  
And repair  
To the fair,  
Where the mazy dance  
Will the hours entrance,  
Where souls as light presided  
Life can give nothing beyond  
One heart you know to be fond,  
Wealth with its hoards cannot buy  
The peace content can supply.  
Rank in its halls may not find  
The calm of a happy mind ;  
So repair  
To the fair,  
And they all may be met with there.

Love is the first thing to clasp,  
But if he escapes your grasp,  
Friendship will then be at hand,  
In the young rogue's place to stand ;  
Hope, too, will be nothing loth  
To point out the way to both ;  
So repair  
To the fair,  
And they all may be met with there.

QUARTET.—*Arline, Queen, Thaddeus, and Devilshoof.*

From the valleys and hills,  
Where the sweetest buds grow,  
And are watered by rills  
Which are purest that flow—  
Come we ! come we !

SCENE 2.—*A Room in Count Arnheim's Castle.*RECIT. AND AIR.—*Count Arnheim.*

Whate'er the scenes the present hour calls forth before the sight,  
They lose their splendour when compared with scenes of past delight !

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,  
To weakest hopes will cling ;  
To thought and impulse while they flow,  
That can no comfort bring,  
With those exciting scenes will blend,  
O'er pleasures pathway thrown,  
But mem'ry is the only friend,  
That grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair,  
Still ponder o'er the past ;  
On moments of delight that were  
Too beautiful to last.  
To long departed years extend,  
Its visions with them flown,  
For mem'ry is the only friend,  
That grief can call its own.

## CONCERTED PIECE.

*Count.* Hold ! hold !  
We cannot give the life we take,  
Nor re-unite the heart we break ;  
Sad thing—  
What visions round me rise,  
And cloud, with mists of the past, mine eyes ?  
That mark ! those features ! and thy youth !  
My very life hangs on thy truth—  
How came that mark ?

*Arl.* Ere on my head  
My sixth sun had its radiance shed,  
A wild deer who had lain at bay,  
Pursued by hunters cross'd my way ;  
My tender frame, by his antler gor'd,  
An humble youth to my home restor'd,  
The tale he but this day confess'd,  
And is near at hand to relate the rest.

*Count.* With the force of fear and hope  
My feelings have to cope !

*Arl.* 'Tis he the danger brav'd ;  
'Tis he my life who saved.

## SOLO.

*Count.* My own, my long lost child  
Oh ! seek not to control  
This frantic joy, this wild  
Delirium of my soul !

Bound in a father's arms,  
And pillowed on his breast,  
Bid all the rude alarms  
That assail'd thy feelings, rest.

*Arl.* Speak—speak ! this shaken frame,  
This doubt, this torture, see—  
My hopes—my very life—my fame  
Depend on thee.

*Tha.* Dear as thou long hast been,  
Dear as thou long wilt be,  
Mourned as this passing scene  
Will be through life by me.

Through his heart, and none other like mine can adore thee,  
Yet (aloud) thou art not deceived—'tis thy father before thee.

*Count.* Prais'd be the will of heav'n,  
Whose light o'er me smil'd,  
And whose bounty hath given  
A father his child !

*Arl.* Prais'd be the will of heav'n,  
Whose light o'er me smil'd,  
And whose bounty hath given  
A father his child !

*Tha.* Though from this bosom riven,  
That heart is beguil'd,  
The bereavement hath given  
The father his child.

*Dev.* Better to go ere driv'n  
Than e'er be revill'd,  
For the bounty hath giv'n  
The father his child.

## END OF ACT II.

## INTERVAL OF FIVE MINUTES.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*Drawing Room in Count Arnheim's castle.*BALLAD.—*Thaddeus.*

When other lips, and other hearts,  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
In language whose excess imparts,  
The power they feel so well,  
There may perhaps in such a scene,  
Some recollection be,  
Of days that have as happy been,  
Then you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight  
The beauty now they prize,  
And deem it but a faded light  
Which beams within your eyes ;  
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
'Twill break your own to see,  
In such a moment I but ask,  
That you'll remember me.

TRIO.—*Arline, Thaddeus, and Devilshoof.*

*Tha.* Through the world wilt thou fly  
From the world with me ?  
Wilt thou Fortune's frowns defy,  
As I will for thee ?

*Arl.* Through the world I will fly  
From the world with thee,  
Could I hush a father's sigh  
That would heave for me.

*Dev.* All the world hither fly,  
Come away with me !  
Never let a lover's sigh  
Ruin bring to thee.

A moment more and your doom is cast !

*Arl.* The hopes that were brightest—the dreams of the past  
In the fulness of promise recede,  
And render the prospect dark indeed.

*Dev.* Escape is hopeless.

*Arl.* Enter here !  
Where detection we need not fear !  
Though the world, etc.

## CONCERTED PIECE.

*Queen.* Heed the warning voice  
Wail, and not rejoice  
The foe to thy rest  
Is the one thou lov'st best.

*Count.* Who, and what art thou ? Let me know  
Whom thou dost deem my foe ?

*Queen.* Think not my warning wild,  
'Tis thy re-found child !  
She loves a youth of the tribe I sway,  
And braves the world's reproof ;  
List to the words I say—  
He is now concealed beneath thy roof.

*Count.* Base wretch, thou liest—

*Queen.* Thy faith I begrudge—  
Open that door, and thyself be judge.

*Count.* Stand not across my path,  
Brave not a father's wrath.

*Arl.* Thrown thus across thy path  
Let me abide thy wrath.

[*The Count pushes ARLINE aside, opens the door, and THADDEUS appears.*]

*Count (to ARLINE).*

To shame and feeling dead,  
Now hopeless to deplore,  
The thunder bursting on thy head  
Had not surprised me more.

*Tha.* Though every hope be fled,  
Which seem'd so bright before  
The vengeance I scorn to dread  
Which they on me can pour.

*Arl.* To all but vengeance dead,  
She stands mine eyes before !  
Its thunders waiting on my head  
In all her hate to pour.

*Queen.* All other feelings dead  
Revenge, can hope restore,  
In thunders on her daring head  
I only live to pour.

*Tha.* Although to feeling dead,  
This sorrow we deplore,  
The thunder bursting o'er our head,  
Has not surprised us more.

*Count (advancing to THADDEUS).*  
Leave this place thy polluting step hath cross'd,  
Depart, or thou art lost.

*Tha.* To threats I should contemn  
For thy dear sake I yield.

*Arl.* The bursting torrents I will stem,  
And him I live for shield.

Break not the only tie  
That bids my heart rejoice,  
For whom contented I would die—  
The husband of my choice.

*Count (to THADDEUS).*

Depart, ere my thirsty weapon stains,  
These halls with the blood of thy recreant veins !

False thing ! beloved too long, too well,  
Brave not the madness thou canst not quell.

*Queen.* List to the warning voice that calls  
Fly from the peril which enralls thee.

Weep rivers—for ages pine !  
*He shall never be thine.*

*Arl.* Your pardon, if I seek  
With my father alone to speak

*Arl.* See at your feet a suppliant—one  
Whose place should be your heart,  
Behold the only living thing  
To which she had to cling ;  
Who saved her life, watched o'er her years  
With all the fondness faith endears,  
And her affections won—  
Rend not such ties apart.

*Count.* Child ! Arline ! wilt thou ? darest thou heap  
A stain thy after life will beweepe,  
On these hairs by thee and sorrow bleach'd—  
On this heart, dishonour never reached ?

*Arl.* Whatever the danger, the ruin, the strife—  
It must fall ; united we are for life.

*Count.* United ! and would'st thou link my name  
In a chain of such deep disgrace ?  
My rank, my very blood defame  
With a blot no time can efface ?  
The child of my heart, of my house the pride,  
An outcast gipsy's bride !

*Tha.* Proud lord, although this head proscribed  
Should fall by the weapons thy wealth had bribed,  
Although in revealing the name I bear,  
The home I shall see no more—  
The land which to thee, in its deep despair,  
The deadliest hatred bore—  
I may fall, as have fallen, the bravest of foes.  
Twere better like them to die !  
And in dishonoured earth to lie,  
Than bear unresented, reproaches like those.

Start not, but listen !  
When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof  
Of the ruthless invader, when Might  
With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,  
Completed her triumph o'er Right ;  
In that moment of danger, when freedom invoked  
All the fetterless sons of her pride,  
In a phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yok'd,  
I fought and I fell by her side.  
My birth is noble, unstained my crest  
As thine own—let this attest.

*Count.* The feuds of a nation's strife.  
The party storms of life,  
Should never their sorrows impart  
To the calmer scenes of the heart.  
By this hand let thine hold  
Till the blood of its veins be cold !  
Not at mine—be that homage paid at hers,  
Who the fond one of feeling on thee confers.

FINALE.—*Arline and all.*

Oh ! what full delight  
Through my bosom thrills,  
And a wilder glow  
In my heart instils.  
Bliss ! unfelt before,  
Hope without alloy,  
Speak, with raptured tone,  
Of that heart the joy !

DOORS OPEN AT 7. COMMENCE AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Admission—THREEPENCE.

Reserved Seats—SIXPENCE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, TECHNICAL SCHOOLS,  
MILE END ROAD.

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 (Wh. Sc.) M. INST. M.E.

SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE SUMMER TERM,

Commencing JULY 6th, and ending SEPTEMBER 26th, 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 for 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. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
♫ Solo Singing ... ..	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday ...	6.0-10.0	4 15/-
Choral Society... ..	{ Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A. }	{ Tuesday ... Friday ...	{ 7.30-10.0 8.0-10.0 }	1 0
♩ Pianoforte ... ..	{ Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer }	{ M. T. W. & Th. F. & Saturday }	4.0-10.0	4 6
" (Advanced) ... ..	{ Mr. Orton Brad- ley, M.A. ... }	Thursday ...	6.0-9.0	7 6
Orchestral Society ... ..	Mr. W. R. Cave ...	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	1 6

**Violin Classes.**  
(Violin Master, Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. Mellish.)

Monday, 6.0 to 6.45 ... ..	Beginners.
" 6.45 " 7.30 ... ..	Elementary I.
" 7.30 " 8.15 ... ..	Advanced.
" 8.15 " 9.0 ... ..	Beginners.
" 9.0 " 9.45 ... ..	Advanced.
Tuesday, 6.0 to 6.45 ... ..	Beginners.
" 6.45 " 7.30 ... ..	Elementary I.
" 7.30 " 8.15 ... ..	Elementary II.
" 8.15 " 9.0 ... ..	Junr. Advanced.
" 9.0 " 9.45 ... ..	Beginners.

The Members of the Violin Classes will practice Duets, and a Special Piece for performance.

FEE FOR THE TERM, 5/-

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 and Book-keeping } Individual Instruction	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Thursday ...	8.0-9.30	4 0

**Civil Service and English Classes.**  
(Tutor—Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., London.)

JULY AND SEPTEMBER.

Mondays, Class A, 6.30—8.30 p.m. | Mondays, Class B, 6.30—9.30 p.m.

Class A is for Telegraph Learner, Female Sorter and Boy Copyist Candidates.

Class B is for Female Clerk, Lower Division Clerk, Boy Clerk, Assistant of Excise, and Customs Officer Candidates.

FEES: Class A 6s. Class B 7s.

**Shorthand Class.**

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Shorthand (Pitman's)... ..	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday ...	8.0-9.30	4 0

**PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.**

Chief Instructor ... .. MR. H. H. BURDETT.  
(Late Chief Instructor Harrow School Gymnasium.)

Assistant Instructor... .. MR. C. WRIGHT.

Pianist for Musical Drill ... .. Miss J. C. HICKS.

**MEN'S GYMNASIUM.**

Evening ... .. TUESDAY.

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 exercise, musical drill, comprising 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., &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 1s. 6d. per term, including 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 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.**

MONDAY. 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, comprising Bar-bells, Dumb-bells, and Indian Club Exercises, Free Movements, Running Maze, and Gymnastics.

Fee, 1s. per Term; locker included.

The exercises are so arranged as to equally suit the physical capabilities of weak and strong, and whilst avoiding the injurious straining of the delicate, the powers of the strongest are tested to the utmost limit.

Junior Section for Girls, Thursday, from 7 till 9. Junior Section for Boys, Friday, from 7 till 9.30. Fee, 6d. per month.

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 Tuesday 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.

CLUBS.—Rambling, Cycling, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, and Swimming are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, 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.

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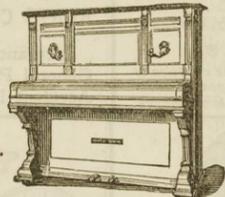
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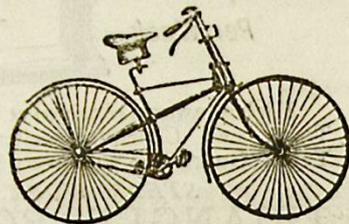
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