

April 29, 1892.

The Palace Journal.

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THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1892.

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

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, April 29th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.
 SATURDAY, 30th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Ballad Concert. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.
 SUNDAY, May 1st.—Sacred Concert at 4, and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free.
 MONDAY, 2nd.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Costume Recital of the "Daughter of the Regiment." Admission 1d., Reserved Seats, 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.
 TUESDAY, 3rd.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. At 8, Lecture on the Principles and Practice of Horse Shoeing by Dr. G. Fleming, C.B., F.R.C.V.S. Admission free.
 WEDNESDAY, 4th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Promenade Concert by a Military Band. Admission 2d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.
 THURSDAY, 5th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

THE library will be open each day during the week from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. On Sunday it will be open from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free. The students' circulating library open on Mondays and Thursdays from 6.30 to 9.30 in the Club-room.

THE attendances on Sunday last at the sacred concerts and library, were respectively 4,472, 3,163 and 834. Total, 8,469.

GORLESTON HOLIDAY HOME.—Owing to the great success of last year's holiday, arrangements have been made to re-open the house occupied then, under the same management. Intending trippers should book dates as early as possible. To suit the members' convenience, weekly or monthly payments will be taken in the office.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—Our next concert will be on Saturday, May 14th, when Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" and Haydn's "Spring" will be performed. We hope members will do their utmost to make the concert a success. We shall soon begin practising Gounod's opera of "Faust," as this work is to be performed in June. We have vacancies for good voices in all parts, especially tenors and basses. The practices are held on Tuesday and Friday evenings from 8 to 10. The subscription is 1s. 6d. per quarter; music (both notations) is provided free. Those with good voices and who can read music well, are requested to apply to the conductor, at any practice, if they wish to join the Society. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.
 J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.—Director, Mr. H. H. Burdett.—On Saturday, May 7th, all members of the above are invited to a "Social Tea," to be held in the Young Women's Social-room at 7 o'clock. An entertainment will be provided for the evening.
 ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last, April 23rd, a party of thirty Ramblers met to visit Westminster Abbey. We were received and welcomed by the Very Rev. Dean Granville Bradley, and we must again testify to his kindness, courtesy, and geniality. As a guide it would be difficult to find his equal; he made object lessons of everything we were permitted to see. We entered by the North Door, and listened to the beautiful musical service, after which we passed several monuments and statues on either side, erected in honour of departed statesmen, warriors, naval officers, and others. We met the Dean by the pulpit in the central transept, and he conducted us into the Jerusalem Chamber, formerly the drawing room of the Lord Abbot, and where Henry IV. died. The walls are hung with picture tapestry, and there is a very fine old fireplace, above which is a beautifully-carved cedar mantelpiece. In this chamber the Dean gave us a most interesting lecture on the historical connections of the Abbey and the claim it has to the careful study of the Englishmen of to-day, illustrating from ground plans how the building has grown to its present magnificent condition. With this most useful introduction we left the chamber, and at once looking east obtained a splendid view, well showing the magnitude of the building. Following our esteemed guide we passed the graves of Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Livingstone, and made our way towards the more private parts. A flight of steps led us in front of the Communion Table. The flooring here consists of tessellated pavement made from broken monuments brought from Rome, which are formed into circles. In this particular spot, Coronation has been celebrated from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria inclusive. Continuing on from tomb to tomb, and chapel to chapel, we passed through the gates of brass to the shrine of Edward the Confessor, near to which the effigy of Henry V. lies headless, and on the opposite side of the coffin are two coronation chairs, the necessity for two having arisen when William and Mary were crowned. We ascended a short spiral staircase to the chantry erected to the memory of Henry V. by his consort Catherine de Valois, and in this chantry appear the statues of the patron saints of England and France, viz., St. George and St. Denis, in consequence of Henry being king of both England and France. Over the entrance are the saddle, shield, and helmet used by the king at the battle of Agincourt. On entering Henry VII's chapel one is astonished by the pomp of architecture, the beauty of sculpture, and the heraldic devices on the windows. By virtue of his office, the Dean, when entering this chapel, wears the insignia of the Bath. Along the sides of the chapel are lofty

stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak. Above are their helmets, crests, and banners, with their names inscribed thereon. In the midst of this grand mausoleum lies its founder—his effigy with that of his queen, on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly-wrought brazen railing. Two small chapels on either side contain the haughty Elizabeth, and the lovely and unfortunate Mary. The Abbey is indeed the empire of death. Having thanked the Dean for his most interesting and instructive lecture, we retired with our minds fully engaged upon what we had seen.—Saturday, April 30th, Venice at Olympia; meet at Liverpool-street Great Eastern Station. Omnibus 4.30 sharp. Saturday, May 7th, Woolwich Rotunda and Polytechnic. Train leaves London Bridge, South Eastern Railway, at 2.22; book to Arsenal Station, Woolwich; or you can leave Bow Road, Great Eastern, 2.15 p.m., and arrive South Woolwich 2.45, and then walk to Arsenal Station to meet the train 2.54 to 3 o'clock. Saturday, May 14th, Wood-street, Walthamstow, to Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

**Science and Art
Examinations, 1892.**

LIST OF EXAMINATIONS FOR THE WEEK
ENDING THURSDAY, 5TH MAY, 1892.

- Thursday, 28th April.—Model Drawing, 7 to 8; Freehand, 8.20 to 9.50.
 Friday, 29th April.—Perspective, 7 to 8.30.
 Saturday, 30th April.—Geometry, 6 to 10.
 Monday, 2nd May.—Drawing in Stage V.A., 7 to 9.30; Theo. Mechanics (Solids), 7 to 10.
 Tuesday, 3rd May.—Drawing in Stage III. B, 7 to 9.30; Theo. Mechanics (Fluids), 7 to 10.
 Wednesday, 4th May.—Drawing in Stage V. B, 6 to 10.
 Thursday, 5th May.—Sciography, 7 to 10; Applied Mechanics, 7 to 10.
 Students are requested to be in their places 15 minutes before the Examination commences.

No. of Questions.	Number of Questions.									Total Marks.
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
20	20	10	10	20	20	20	20	20	20	150
20	20	10	7	0	0	20	18	15	15	95
21	20	10	10	10	5	20	18	20	10	123
23	20	10	5	10	10	20	16	X	X	91
24	20	0	20	10	0	14	20	15	10	109
25	20	10	10	0	X	X	10	X	X	50
26	X	X	X	X	X	0	5	10	X	15
27	20	20	10	10	20	20	20	20	10	150
28	20	10	10	10	7	20	20	20	15	132
29	0	0	10	10	X	20	20	X	X	60

o represents the question worked incorrectly.

x The question not attempted.

Number of question paper, 27; number of marks, 150. Mr. W. H. Amery.

Number of question paper, 28; number of marks, 132. Mr. W. D. Gittins.

Number of question paper, 21; number of marks, 123. Mr. E. J. Brooks.

Cycling Club Notes.

It is rumoured that the cyclone is not quite extinct, as far as our club is concerned; further, that the one we have left us is of extraordinary dimensions, and more suggestive of purgatorial regions than any hitherto heard. Can it be possible that we have a member so devoid of feeling as to be able to inflict torment in such a manner on those who have never by word or deed injured him in any way? Let me appeal to that member, whoever he is, to hang that infernal cyclone in his museum as a relic of bygone days while he has the chance, for if he brings it among us it is very probable that it will be impossible for him to do so.

The summer-like weather of the early days of the month caused all of us to think pleasantly of the enjoyable tour we were to have, and there were very few members that had not made up their minds to go. When the bleak nor-easter reappeared, many altered their minds, and would not venture. Those, however, who did go escaped the unpleasant surprise that residents in London had on Saturday, for at Bedford we had nothing but bright sunny days and starry nights, and while lying on the grass in the sun enjoying the fragrant weed, we had a telegram brought us, saying that London was covered in snow, which news caused us to enjoy ourselves all the more, to think that we were so favoured.

The most was made of the short time at our disposal, and I do not think there was much worth seeing that we missed. Every church, chapel, and school of importance was visited. The new Corn

Exchange, the Bedford Town and County Club, and the Bunyan Statue also claimed attention. Strolling on the promenade and in the beautiful park, and boating on the Ouse were also much enjoyed, and to relate all that we did and saw would occupy much more space than I have at my disposal.

The general opinion expressed is that this tour has been the most enjoyable of any yet carried out, and that anyone going to Bedford cannot do better than put up at the Ashburnham Hotel in the Midland-road, for the manner in which the proprietor catered for us is worthy of commendation.

Will the poet who sent the verses to Captain Farrant at Bedford be good enough to make himself known to the tourists, as I do not wish to rob any man of his due, and in spite of my protests the credit of that production is given to

AITCHBEE.

STRANGE MEMENTO OF A GREAT FIRE.—In October, 1871, a terrible fire laid the town of Chicago in ruins. Nearly 18,000 houses were burned, 250 lives were lost, and property to the value of £39,000,000 was destroyed. In Book-sellers' Row the only relic of more than one million books was the charred leaf of a Bible. On it was printed the first chapter of "Lamentations," containing these words, among others—"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people, how is she become as a widow! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks"—a touching memorial of the dreadful disaster.

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

- Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Haines, 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.
- G. Hind, 295, Mile End Road.
- A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.
- Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road.
- Levy, J., 102, Whitehorse Lane.
- Mr. Fox, Stationer, 123, Burdett Road.
- Mr. Mead, Newsagent, 542, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Poole, 24, Globe Road.
- Mr. Inwards, 11, Well Street Hackney.
- W. Morgan, 136, Burdett Road, E.

AMERICAN PIN FACTORIES.—The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 of these diminutive but useful articles every year. This is a pin a day for each inhabitant.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

PROGRAMME OF PROMENADE CONCERT,

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 4TH OF MAY, 1892,
AT 8 O'CLOCK,

By a MILITARY BAND, under the direction of MR. A. ROBINSON, late Bandmaster 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards.

ARTISTES:—

MADAME LITA JARRATT. Miss DE VERNET. Accompanist—Miss FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

PART I.		PART II.	
1. MARCH... .. "Royal Levee" Hewitt		8. LANCERS "Talk o' the Night" ...	
2. OVERTURE ... "Ruche d'Or" Brepsant		9. SONG ... "Havanera" (Carmen) Bizet	
3. SONG ... "When the Heart is Young" Dudley Buck			MISS DE VERNET.
	MADAME LITA JARRATT.	10. SONG "Waltz Song" Arditi	
4. VALSE "Viennoise" Czibulka			MADAME LITA JARRATT.
5. SONG "My Bairnies" William Hutchinson		11. FANTASIA "Reminiscences of Wales" Godfrey	
	MISS DE VERNET.	12. SONG "Espanita" Antonio L. Mora	
6. SONG ... "A Little Mountain Lad" Roedel			MISS DE VERNET.
	MADAME LITA JARRATT.	13. MARCH "Hercules" Brepsant	
7. FANTASIA "Reminiscences of England" Godfrey			
	INTERVAL.		GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Doors Open at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION TWOPENCE.

STUDENTS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ADMITTED FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(29th Concert, 5th Series),

ON SATURDAY, THE 30TH OF APRIL, 1892,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

... .. MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

ARTISTES—

MISS EDNA GRAY. MISS HELEN PETTICAN. MR. WILBUR GUNN. MR. JOSEPH CLAUS.
PIANO SOLO—MR. ORTON BRADLEY. VIOLIN SOLO—MR. MAX REICHEL. CONDUCTOR—MR. RAPHAEL ROCHE.

1. DUET FOR PIANO AND VIOLIN—
Sonata in G, op. 30—No. 3 *Beethoven*
MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND
MR. MAX REICHEL.

2. SONGS—
(a) "A youth once loved a maiden" *M. V. White*
(b) "The tears that night and morning" *M. V. White*

MISS HELEN PETTICAN.
(a) "A youth once loved a maiden."
A youth once loved a maiden,
But she cast his love aside,
Alas! her heart was given to one
Who was wooing another bride.

The maiden in grief and anger,
And smarting beneath the blow,
Accepted another suitor,
Heaven help her lover now!

It is an old, old story,
And yet, alas, how new,
May God console each tender heart
That sorrow breaks in two.

(b) "The tears that night and morning dim."
The tears that night and morning dim
These aching eyes of mine,
Love turns to bright and blooming
flowers,
And melodies divine.

And if thou lov'st me sweetest one,
Accept them all from me,
And nightingales shall sweetly sing
The love I bear to thee.

3. SONG Romance (Faust) *Gounod*
MR. JOSEPH CLAUS.

Even bravest heart may swell
In the moment of farewell,
Loving smile of sister kind,
Quiet home I leave behind.
Oft shall I think of you,
Whene'er the winecup passes round:
When alone my watch I keep,
And my comrades lie asleep
Among their arms upon the tented battle
ground.

But when danger to glory shall call me,
I still will be first in the fray,
As blithe as a knight in his bridal array;
Careless what fate may befall me,
When glory shall call me,
Even bravest heart, etc.

4. SONG The Indian Bell Song *Delibes*
MISS EDNA GRAY.

Where roams the dusky maiden,
The lonely Pariah child,
Mid the tender-leaved mimosas
Spread in the moonlight mild?

O'er the moss is she flying,
And she has ceased to feel,
That to her, a Pariah maiden
Is every heart of steel.
O'er the moss is she flying,
The lonely Pariah child;
Past the laurels all gleaming,
Still of fairyland dreaming,
Ah! On with footsteps so light,
Laughing out to the night.
Within the forest deep and sombre,
Some lonely man has lost his way—
Amid the shadows wild bright eyes are
shining

And fiercely watch there,
Grim, and still, for their prey.
Now roars through the forest are ringing,
The beasts to their plunder are springing,
The maiden flies to shield
The stricken man from harm;
And on with her wand lightly bounding,
The silver bells resounding,
Wields her charm. Ah!
Then he looks at her standing
With amaze overladen,
She sees a prince of princes near!
But he will blush to take from such a
maiden,

Aught that life or light can hold dear,
Yet he in his righteous decision,
Lifts her in a rapt, wondrous vision,
And whispers low
"Be blest and calm!
I Vishnu am, the son of Brahm!"
And since that day
Is sometimes heard
A low, light sound
By the breezes stirred,
The silver bells resounding,
Where came the maiden,
Bounding with her charm—Ah!

5. RECITATIVE AND ARIA ... *Gounod*
"Lend me your aid" (Queen of Sheba)
MR. WILBUR GUNN.
Recitative.
How frail and weak a thing is man,
How poor this work of ours,
Hideous and vain its standeth,
A dwelling for luxury.
A temple fit for pride,
Hardly worthy of man,
All nobleness a-wanting,
This they call building for all eternity.
Sons of Tubal Cain,
Oh! strong and noble race,
Benefactors of man,
High and Godlike minds,
In your path through the world
Ye left your track of greatness.
Libanus beareth witness, in vast noble
ruins,
Where far the sand heaps high the desert
plain;
Even there rise the wondrous forms ye
have made
From out the past in solemn grandeur.
Ah! before your awful power
I bow the head.

Aria.

Lend me your aid, Oh race divine,
Fathers of old, to whom I've
prayed;
Spirits of power, be your help mine,
Lend me your aid, Oh lend
your aid.

Oh grant that my wild dream be not
vain,
That future time shall owe to me,
A work their bards will sing in their
strain,
Though chaos, still an iron sea,
From the cauldron the molten ware
Soon will flow into its mould of sand,
And ye, Oh sons of Tubal Cain,
Fire, Oh, Fire my soul and guide my
hand.
Lend me your aid, etc.

6. VIOLIN SOLO
Hungarian Dance *Hubay*
MR. MAX REICHEL.

7. SONG "In the Chimney Corner" *Cowen*
MISS HELEN PETTICAN.
What do you see in the fire, my darling,
Gold hair'd lassie beside my knee?
Is it a castle in Eldorado, is it a lover
from o'er the sea?
Leave the castle to others, lassie,
Let the lover come whence he may,
Love is love in the humblest cottage,
Never mind what the world may say.

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

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

8. SONG "Alice, where art thou" *Ascher*
MR. JOSEPH CLAUS.
The birds sleeping gently,
Sweet Lyra gleameth bright;
Her rays tinge the forest,
And all seems glad to-night.
The winds sighing by me,
Cooling my fever'd brow;
The stream flows as ever,
Yet, Alice, where art thou?
One year back this even,
And thou wert by my side,
Vowing to love me, Alice,
Whate'er might betide.

The silver rain falling,
Just as it falleth now;
And all things slept gently!
Ah! Alice, where art thou?
I've sought thee by lakelet,
I sought thee on the hill,
And in the pleasant wild wood,
When winds blew cold and chill,
I've sought thee in forest,
I'm looking heav'nward now,
Oh! there, mid the starshine
I know art thou.

9. DUET "Dear Heart of Mine"
(Nadeshda) *Goring Thomas*
MISS EDNA GRAY AND MR.
WILBUR GUNN.

10. PIANO SOLO {Polonaise in } *Chopin*
A flat, op. 53 }
MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

11. SONG Laughing Song *Auber*
MISS EDNA GRAY.
I'll tell you now a story,
A tale of love and glory,
As true as e'er was told,
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
A commissary tender,
Although a brave defender,
A gallant fond and bold,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
He loved a beauty fair,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
But as all beauties are,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
She'd sigh, and frown, by turns,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.

Oh! would it give you pleasure,
The name of this grand treasure,
Whose heart with passion burns?
His name, now laugh and listen,
I see your bright eyes glisten!
But low, I'll speak quite low,
No, no, I will not tell you, no.

'Twas in a charming city,
Where dwell the gay and witty,
With magistrates profound,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
And lanterns brightly throwing
Their rays, wher'er we're going,
Except where fêtes abound,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
My hero all delight,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
Without a ray of light,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
Crept cautiously and slow,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
Perhaps his feet were weary,
The stairs were dark and dreary,
When down he fell below,
His name, etc., etc.

Oh! commissary tender,
Brave, gallant, bold defender,
Of sombre stair beware,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
But take your lantern burning,
When love your head is turning,
And feel your way with care,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
To see him onward grope,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.

Without a ray of hope,
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
You'd cry, "Oh, what a face?"
Ah! ah! ah! etc.
You'd laugh at such a rover,
At such a sorry lover,
And at his queer grimace,
His name, etc., etc.

12. RECITATIVE AND ARIA—
"Sound an Alarm" (Judas Maccabæus)
Handel

MR. WILBUR GUNN.

Recit.

My arms! against this Gorgias will I
go.
The Idumean Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

Air.

Sound an alarm—Your silver trumpets
sound,
And call the brave, and only brave
around.
Who listeth, follow:—To the field
again—
Justice, with courage, is a thousand
men.

13. VIOLIN SOLO Serenade *Vieuxtemps*
MR. MAX REICHEL.

14. QUARTET... .. *Verdi*
"Un di se ben" (Rigoletto)
MISS GRAY, MISS PETTICAN, MR.
GUNN AND MR. CLAUS.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock. ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

The doors will be closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

PROGRAMME OF THE COSTUME RECITAL OF DONIZETTI'S FAMOUS COMIC OPERA,

"THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT,"

TO BE GIVEN

ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 2ND, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

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

Who will be assisted by the following Artists:—

MISS LILLIE MOWBRAY
(of the Arthur Rousbey Opera Company).

MR. WILLIAM HILLIER
(of the Arthur Rousbey Opera Company).

MR. GEORGE MARLER
(of the Prince of Wales' and Lyric Theatres).

AND MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP
(of the "Dorothy" and Arthur Rousbey Opera Companies).

At the Pianoforte—MR. H. WEBSTER.

Costumes by MESSRS. E. SMITH AND CO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tony (a young Tyrolese Peasant)	MR. WILLIAM HILLIER	The Countess of Berkenfeldt	MISS LILLIE MOWBRAY
The Corporal	MR. GEORGE MARLER	AND	
Sergeant Sulpice	MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP	Marie {("The Daughter of the Regiment")}	MADAME ALICE BARTH

ARGUMENT.—The scene of the opera is laid in the Tyrol. MARIE ("The Daughter of the Regiment") has been found, when an infant, on the battle-field by SULPICE, a Sergeant in the 20th Regiment of Napoleon's army. A letter was attached to the child, addressed to THE COUNTESS OF BERKENFELDT, which the Sergeant has carefully preserved. MARIE is beloved by TONY, a young peasant of the Tyrol, who, to obtain the consent of the Regiment to his marriage with her, enlists in the Grand Army. Just as they are congratulating themselves on their approaching union, the COUNTESS encounters SULPICE, who then feels it his duty to deliver the letter to her. The COUNTESS then claims MARIE as her niece, and with great haughtiness commands her to leave her

old friends and soldiers and her lover TONY. Heartbroken, the poor girl is obliged to comply, and takes a sorrowful farewell of the Regiment. MARIE, though carefully instructed by the old lady to remember her high birth, cannot forget her early happy days and her dear companions, and in spite of having become an accomplished lady, sighs for greater freedom, and during a singing lesson with her aunt breaks off into her beloved "Rataplan." TONY, now Captain of the Regiment, besieges the Castle of Berkenfeldt, but on seeing MARIE secures the safety of the family. He renews his offer of marriage, but the COUNTESS, determined she shall marry a person of her own rank, has promised her hand to a duke, and to enforce obedience to her wishes is now obliged to confess that she is not her aunt but her mother, her marriage having been kept secret as her husband was beneath her in position. MARIE, unwilling to disobey her mother, reluctantly gives up TONY, but the better feelings of the COUNTESS are awakened, and rather than see her daughter unhappy she consents to her union with TONY.

[NOTE.—Madame BARTH will give as much of the opera as is complete without chorus.]

ACT I.—A mountain pass in the Tyrol.
Recit. and Duet.

Sergeant Sulpice and Marie.

Sul. By Jove! They've been well
frightened.
'Twas glorious to see those fellows before
us,
They have legs like the wind;
On every roadside and village, they've
seen the placards,
The proclamation is as clear as broad
daylight.

Who'er proposes to side with the
Bavarian
Is a foe to the Frenchman,
That's all about it. (*Marie sings behind
scene.*)
Who's that? Why Marie, our pretty
daughter,
The jewel and glory of the King's famous
Regiment,
The Twentieth.

(*Enter Marie.*)

Sul. Yes, it is she, and by Jove she's a
beauty,
How fortunate the regiment to possess
such a daughter.

Marie. It is my boast and glory to
belong to the regiment, I love it,
It watched my tender years with faithful
care and unvarying kindness.

Sul. To be sure.

Marie. But then it's no flattery to own,
I do them credit.

Sul. Ah! All she says and does is
charming.

Marie. And like a soldier's, high beats
this heart in my bosom.

The camp and the battle
My joy and delight,
When loud cannons rattle
Inspiring the fight;
'Tis noble and glorious
For honour to fall,
My country victorious,
My watchword Ifcall.

Sul. And, I may boast, 'twas I unaided
That made her manners, what now they
are;
Where is the Countess, ay, or the
Duchess,
In grace and talent can with her compare.

(*Ensemble.*)

In camp and in battle
My joy and delight,
When loud cannons rattle
Inspiring the fight.
Rataplan. Rataplan.

Recit.

Tony, Corporal Sulpice and Marie.

Cor. Come on, come on, t'escape us in
vain you try,
We know and punish every traitor spy.

Tony. Good soldiers, softly, you are
mistaken,
No need to drag me, for I can walk.

Marie. Oh, amazement! 'tis Tony.

Sul. Lead him off to the guard-house.

Marie. Nay, stay awhile. 'Tis he.

Sul. The devil! Is that your young
Tyrolean?

Tony. Ah, it is rapture e'en thus to
meet thee.

Marie. Whatever brought you here?

Tony. How canst thou ask? Thee I
seek, thee only.

Cor. Of sedition we've a suspicion,
And arrest thee as a spy;

For a peasant, 'tis unpleasant,
But the law thou'lt not defy.
Vain resistance; as a traitor thou must
die.

Marie. Nay, but hear me, my good
companions.

Ah! your hearing don't deny,
Heaven, to death would ye lead him;
Him who saved me from peril.

Cor. What peril?

Sul. She tells you truly.

Cor. Well, if it be so, upon my life,
we'll spare him.

Marie. Once by a giddy torrent
As o'er I stepped I fell,

That day he saved me,
At the risk of his own life;
Now, will ye claim as your victim?

Cor. No, indeed, if he did that

He's a capital fellow,
Come, let's be comrades.

Tony. With pleasure, that's the only
method

I can think of at present so stay near my
angel.

Sul. Now, listen; we all to-day, will
celebrate him,

Who has saved our Daughter,

Pledge him with joy,

Our new companion's health.

Cor. Let's pledge our new companion's
health.

Sul. Pass round the rum.

This is a joyful gathering.

Let us drink to fair Bavaria,

That is a toast that will please you.

Tony. No, no, by heaven! rather in
pieces I'd dash

My glass, I drink to France, and you my
gallant comrades.

Cor. That was well said

To France and to thy comrades.

Sul. And that our pleasure may be
perfect,

Sing us, Marie, your own especial ditty,
It is our fav'rite; ne'er do we tire to hear
it.

Cor. Let us hear. Let us hear; be
silent.

Song, Marie.

Marie. 'Tis known to all, over the
land,
Our gallant Twentieth none can with-
stand,

At every Inn throughout the town,
Credit and welcome meet our renown,
Our gallant Twentieth wher'er they go.
To husbands, and lovers, bring fear and
woe,

While ladies smile, we heed no one's
frown,

There they are, There they are, There
they are, all say

There they are, There they are, every
heart is gay.

There they are, There they are, There
they are,

None with the Twentieth on earth can
compare.

Ensemble.

There they are, etc., etc.

Tony. Here's long life to the Twentieth.

Sul. Be silent. Be silent.

Marie. So many battles now they have
won

That e'en to our Sovereign, their fame
has gone,

And every soldier, who joins our Corps
May be Field Marshal, ere all be o'er,
Therefore, the Twentieth, past all denial,
Stands first in honour; 'tis valiant as
loyal

One sex may fear. The other adores it.

Ensemble.

There They Are, etc., etc.

Recit.—(Drum heard outside.)

Sul. Now all go to your quarters,
It is the roll call.

Come boys, no loitering;

Obeys the regulations.

Tony. Would they but leave us.

Sul. (to *Tony*). And you, good
youngster,
Now be off.

Marie. I claim him as my pris'ner.
And I will answer for him.

Sul. Nay, but I wont, little gipsy.
Away now, away now.

Recit. and Duet.

Tony and Marie.

Marie. Ah, do you love me?

Tony. Can you doubt it?

Oh hear me, oh hear me, ere you regret
me.

Marie. I will, say on. I will hear, and
decide.

Tony. From that sweet hour, for ever treasured,
When in my arms, you a moment rested,
No joy hath power, no thought is pleasant.
I can see naught, by thy image blest.

Marie. But, young man, this is but memory—
Only memory, nothing more.

Tony. Ah, no, no, 'tis not so;
Hear me, dearest, and I'll show
It is not memory, but something more.

Marie. I will, say on, I will hear and decide.

Tony. For home and country, I once had perished,
My friends beloved, long so dearly cherished.

For thee, Marie, all are forsaken,
I'd leave them all now, without a pang.

Marie. Such indifference is shameful.
I'm shocked to hear it; I never could forgive.

Tony. And when, from thee, I was forced to languish,
My life grew hateful, bereft of faith;
And to escape from my load of anguish
I braved to see thee, a shameful death.

Marie. When one loves the other dearly,
One thinks, good sir, for their sake, of life—
Not of dying.
You understand, sir; you do.

Ensemble.

So tender an avowal
Sets every doubt aside,
Severe has been our trial,
Love will not be denied.

Recit. and Air.

Corporal and Tony.

Cor. Who comes yonder? Why, it's that young Tyrolean we encountered this morning. He wears our colours. Bravo! upon my word, he has enlisted.

Tony. My gallant friends, I am now your brother

Beneath your standard I will fight,
'Tis for the love I could not smother,
I'll be a warrior defending right;
For she who owns my heart adoring
At last had pity on my imploring;
For her sake I would gladly die,
All I will dare when my love is nigh.

Cor. This is the deuce, my good lad. Are you crazy?

Tony. I love her, and in you my hopes I confide.

Cor. Is it Marie your heart has captured?

Tony. 'Tis of her father I ask her hand;
I ask you, implore you, oh! let me marry her.

Our love is mutual; give your consent,
And we are blest.

Cor. A soldier of the Twentieth Alone our child shall wed.

Tony. In case that you insisted,
Already I've enlisted,
No more, then, need be said.

Cor. You must be mad.

Tony. You, her father, oh! I implore you, give ear to me.
Hear me, she returns my passion.

Cor. If you say truly,
All shall end duly,
And you shall have Marie
Your own for life;
That is a promise.

Tony. Oh what rapture! Oh what delight!
Life is smiling rosy bright,
Fear and sorrow now flee afar,
Cloudless morrow, love's own star.

(Enter *Sulpice*).

Recit.

Tony. Her father has consented, I'm her betrothed.

Sul. I'll undeceive you;
She has found a relation that will take her away.

Cor. What take our daughter? She take her from us?

(Enter *Marie and Countess*).

Tony. What, take her from us? Oh! say he is mistaken,
My love, Oh! say 'tis false!

Marie. Alas! I dare not.
'Tis time to part; farewell my loved companions,
A long and sad farewell read in my tears,
But from my sight in mercy hide your sorrow.
Ah! I cannot see your hearts riven with anguish.

Tony, Sulpice and Corp. Fond dreams ye vanish, all was delusion,
And she must leave us,
There's naught but woe.

Marie. 'Tis time to part, alas! ye guardians of my childhood,
My first remembrance your tender care recalls
Every grief we have shared, each joy ere divided.
Ah, naught can annul the scenes whence now I am guided;
Farewell, farewell, oh friends beloved!

Tony. Ah! must I dwell from thee divided?
Stay, oh, Marie, stay for me!

Sul. and Cor. Why must we part from her?
Why must she go?
If she must leave, there's nought but woe.

Tony. If she goes I'll not remain; her steps I'll follow.

Sul. But you've enlisted, and bound to follow orders.

Marie. Tony, ah! must I leave him? Must we thus be parted,
Never to wed him? I shall be broken-hearted!

Tony. Marie, Marie! oh, my love and adored.

Marie. Never more will our joy be restored.

Sul. and Cor. What sorrow, vexation, what grief and despair.

The deuce take that old woman
Into his special care,
In toil and in danger, when fate frown'd or smiled,

An angel bearing comfort and hope to us all

Was that dear child.

Marie and Tony. Ah, must I languish far from my love?
What bitter anguish, this heart will prove,
How can we sever thus, how can we part?
Ah, cruel sorrow, will break my heart.

Sul. and Cor. We who've lived as child and father,
How can we so lightly part?

Tony. Ever faithful, oh, Marie,
Beats for thee, this loyal heart,
I will be true, my love, for ever.

Marie, Countess, Cor., and Sulpice. Forget me not, Tony. Forget me not, my love,

My niece, away; now for us they're waiting.

Oh, grief and vexation! Oh, grief and despair!

The deuce take that old woman
Into his special care!

END OF ACT I.

Interval of Five Minutes.

ACT II.—*The Countess's Boudoir in the Castle of Berkenfeldt.*

Recit. and Song.—*Sergeant Sulpice.*
Vainly do they surround my child with splendour,
Her sadness to beguile, and lure away her heart,
Past joys and mem'ries tender
Of the father she loved will ne'er depart.

In vain do they tempt her with jewels and gold,
Her heart's true affection remains as of old;
In sadness and sorrow, no joys e'er can last,
While mem'ry awakes such sweet dreams of the past.

Methinks I hear her as marching along,
So boldly each comrade she fires,
Her voice ringing out triumphant in song,
With courage each heart she inspires.

Onward with banner victorious,
Forward with sword uplifted high,
For country and liberty glorious,
Resolved to conquer or to die!

Trio.—The Singing Lesson.

Marie, The Countess, and Sergeant Sulpice.
Marie. The rosy morning now awaketh,
And fair Venus on earth descends,
Olympian blisses she forsaketh,
Over her swain, enamoured, she bends.

Sul. We never sang such languishing strains—
Rataplan, rataplan, that is a song to warm the heart.

Marie. Rataplan, rataplan, that is a song to warm the heart.

Countess. Eh! what is this I hear?

Marie. Oh, aunt, excuse me, I'm afraid I have lost my place.

Sul. Oh! pray excuse her, she's lost her place.

Countess. Eh! what is this I hear?

Marie. Oh, aunt, excuse me, I'm afraid I have lost my place.

Sul. Oh! pray excuse her, she's lost her place.

Countess. Well, well, 'tis found; now we'll recommence.

Marie. Oh, aunt, excuse me, I'll begin.

And while the Cyprian goddess gazes
On him who won high valour's prize,
Then o'er his features, gentle and fair—

Countess. Go on, continue.

Marie. Her lover replies.

Sul. What is the use of all this sighing?

Marie. That is the classical way of replying.

Both. There they are, there they are all say
There they are, ev'ry heart is gay.

Countess. What is this?

Marie and Sul. There they are, there they are,
None with the Twentieth can compare.

Countess. This is disgraceful!

Marie and Sul. Oh! who would bear with their sighs and languishing!

Who had a heart for such a song as this?
I'll ne'er forget ye, oh lov'd companions
Our bright and joyous days I sadly miss.

Countess. I am shocked! This is disgraceful!

Marie and Sul. Oh, what a bear!

Countess. Come, niece, go on now!

Marie. With all my heart. I only wish this song had some sense.

While lovely Venus gazed, fondly sighing,
Unto her bow'r a faint sound was wafted,
'Twas Philomela in song replying,
In tender lay, she sigh'd forth her woes.

Countess. Very well sung, but you must sigh like she did. Ah! (Sighs.)
Tra, la, la—

Marie. Tra, la, la—Ah! (Sighs.)

Countess. No, no, not like that.

Marie. Tra, la, la.

Countess. Now louder, and now quite soft.

Marie. Tra, la.

Countess. That's well.

Marie. La, la, la.

Countess. That's bad.

Marie. There's an end of all my patience.

When I was with the regiment, our songs were rather different.

Countess. Oh fie, niece! what behaviour!

Most unbecoming!
What shocking taste, to prefer a vulgar march
To a classical romance.
She never will be *comme il faut*.

Marie and Sul. Rataplan, rataplan, to the front.

This is the way we used to march—
Rataplan, rataplan!

END OF ACT II.

Interval of Five Minutes.

ACT III.—*Saloon in the Castle of Berkenfeldt.*

Recit. and Scena.—*Marie.*

The die is cast, and my fate is decided,
There is none to protect, no friend to aid me.

Marie. Her lover replies.

Sul. What is the use of all this sighing?

Marie. That is the classical way of replying.

Both. There they are, there they are all say
There they are, ev'ry heart is gay.

Countess. What is this?

Marie and Sul. There they are, there they are,
None with the Twentieth can compare.

To my heart what is wealth, what is splendour?

Never can they my senses enthral,
While I think of the love, true and tender,

Fondly hoping that Fate again may smile.

Tho' they deck me with all on earth that's rarest,

'Neath these jewels, mine eyes with tears are dim,

What avails that they call me the fairest,
If the fairest I be not for him?

Ah, loved companions, let me again once more behold ye,

And rest my weary troubled heart.
And yet this hateful marriage
Fills every heart with pleasure.

In vain my sighing, I must to fate submit.

What are those sounds I hear,
Hark! is it an illusion?

'Tis the march of the regiment.
Oh, my companions!

Oh what pleasure, oh, joyous meeting!
Friends and companions of my heart,
Oh, the bliss of this fond meeting
Never more shall we part.

Oh, what joy! fond remembrance of happy days.

(Enter *Tony, Sergeant Sulpice, and Corporal*)

Ensemble.

All hail, France my country,
Thou happy, thou sunny land!

All hail, brave companions,
Thou conquering band!

Thou land fair and glorious,
Where'er we may go,
Our banner victorious
Disperses the foe!

Song.—*Tony.*

Dearest, for thee I live alone,
Ever my heart thy sway shall own;

Love be the star to lead us on,
Love that in heaven and earth is one;

Without love's cheering light,
Life itself is endless night.

In vain come doubts to scare me,
Far from my heart let care be,
In love and hope confiding,
Joy thro' my breast is gliding,

Never my suit deriding,
Will Marie cause me pain.

Trio.

Marie, Sergeant Sulpice, and Tony.

Are we three met again?
Oh, what joy after pain!

I can scarcely believe we're united,
I can scarce trust my senses delighted.

Tony. 'Tis you must speak for us.

Marie. Do that without delay.

Tony. I claim your faithful promise.

Sul. But hear what I've to say, you do not understand.

All. Are we three met again, etc.

Finale—*Omnes.*

Countess. Marie!

Marie. Oh, my mother.

Countess. My daughter, silence.

Sul. Be cautious.

Countess. At last my joy will be completed.

Marie. Say, must I sign?

Countess. It is my wish, the dearest—
Gracious heaven! what commotion!
what shouting!

Cor. Child beloved we come to save you,

Cast aside all vain alarm,
Aunt nor friends shall now enslave you,
We will guard you from all harm;

Dry your tears and weep no longer,
We will show that we're the stronger,
'Tis to save you we are here,
Come then, daughter, have no fear.

Tony. My friends unless you save her
By force they will enslave her,
To me her faith is plighted,
My suit with scorn they slighted,
Oh save us from despair!

Countess. Whence came you? What seek you?

Cor. She's our daughter, to him affianced,
She's our own, our Vivandiere.

Countess. What a low and vile connection,
Vivandiere to these rough soldiers.

Sul. This will end all the Countess dreams.

Countess. Can this be so?

Marie. Yes.
Can I forget my companions true and tender,
Who bore me oft through peril, prompt to save,
For their unceasing kindness, what shall I render?

But a heart true and faithful, fond, and brave.

The truth is spoken, oh! have pity, my mother!

Tony. What will she say?

Marie. Ah! I shall die!

Countess. Ah! my daughter, shall I cause so much grief
Who love you dearly?

Stay, I charge you!

Tony and Marie. Oh, heaven! what will she say?

Countess. Children, I will not for vain ambition's sake
Deny your affection; my pride shall now be silent,

And, if you truly love him, my Marie, I will unite you.

Marie, Tony, and Cor. Wonders cease not!

Countess. Yes, take her!

Sul. That was well done, my Lady Countess!

But for my long moustaches
By all the powers, I would this moment kiss you!

Countess. This is scandalous, 'tis shocking;
How dreadful: you must be mad!

Omnes. All hail, France, my country!
All hail, thou sunny land!

Hail, brave companions! ye joyous band!

Our banner victorious disperses the foe!

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THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON CHOIR.

1. FANTASIA AND FUGUE IN E MINOR Silas

2. HYMN "The Son of God goes forth to war."

Unison. f The Son of God goes forth to war, A Kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar! Who follows in His train?

mf Who best can drink his cup of woe, f Triumphant over pain, p Who patient bears his cross below, f He follows in His train.

mf The Martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master in the sky, cr And call'd on Him to save.

dim Like Him, with pardon on his tongue In midst of mortal pain,

mf He pray'd for them that did the wrong; f Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came, Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, The lion's gory mane,

p They bow'd their necks, the death to feel; f Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys The matron and the maid, Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice In robes of light array'd.

Unison. They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n

mf Through peril, toil, and pain; p O God, to us may grace be given To follow in their train.

3. BARCAROLE Sterndale Bennett

4. VOCAL SOLO "Ever Lord with Thee" Wilford Morgan

Lord, my God, when I this night To my lowly chamber hie, O protect me with Thy might, Be Thou ever nigh. Let my prayer to Thee ascend, Deign to hear Thy servant's cry, From all danger me defend, Guard me till I die. Lord my God, etc.

When in sleep my eyelids close May my thoughts be fixed on Thee, So shall I gain sweet repose, Seeming nearer Thee. Then, O Lord, if Thou wilt hear, How can I in darkness be? All my life will be more clear, Ever Lord with Thee.

Lord, my God, etc.

5. LARGO AND ALLEGRO (Sonata No. 1) Guilmant

6. ANTHEM { "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house" } Tours

7. (a.) ADAGIO CANTABILE Hopkins (b.) MINUETTO AND TRIO Sterndale Bennett

8. VOCAL SOLO { "Sing again, ye happy children" } J. L. Roeckel

Sing again, ye happy children, Sing the songs I love so well, Sing with voices fresh and tuneful As the early matin bell. Sing how once the Lord of heaven, When on earth a little child, Roamed among the fragrant meadows, With His mother fair and mild, Sing how well He loved the children, Set them gently on His knee, How He said when some forbade them, "Suffer them to come to me."

Now the summer has departed, And the trees are brown and bare, Sing how in the deep midwinter, In the snow-chilled midnight air. Heralded by radiant angels, Purer than the whitest snow. Lo, the Lord of highest heaven, Came to us on earth below. Sing again the sweet old story, Ever old and ever new, Well He loved you, happy children, He was once a child like you.

9. POSTLUDE IN D Smart

AT 8 P.M.

1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN D MINOR Mendelssohn

2. ANGEL'S HYMN Braga

3. FESTIVE MARCH Smart

4. ABENDLIED B. Jackson

5. SONATA NO. 4 Rheinberger

6. KYRIE ELEISON Mozart

7. ARIA "But the Lord is mindful" (St. Paul) Mendelssohn

8. GRAND CHEUR IN D Guilmant

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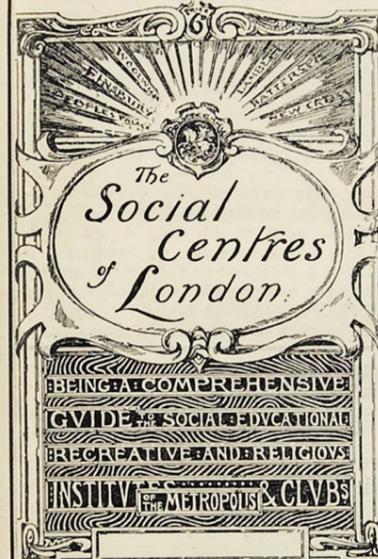

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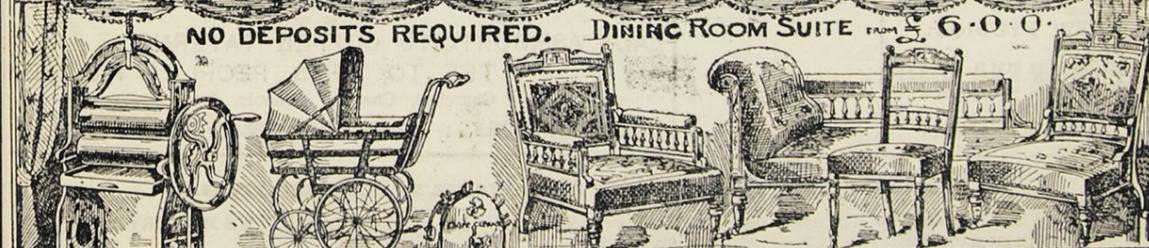
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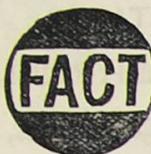
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