

Vol. IX.—No. 225.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]

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

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, March 4th.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

SATURDAY, 5th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Handel's "Theodora," by the Handel Society. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 6th.—Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 7th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment by the Wandering Dodo Amateur Minstrels. Admission 1d., Reserved Seats, 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 8th.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

WEDNESDAY, 9th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Entertainment by the Polytechnic Ladies' Band. Admission 2d. Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 10th.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

THE attendances at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital and Library, on Sunday last, were 1,576, 1,517, and 1,420, respectively; the number of visitors, therefore, on that day were 4,513.

THE class in Laundry work, which started a few weeks ago under Miss Sharman, is proving very successful.

By the bye, students in the above class may be interested to know that the London School Board are about to appoint additional probationary Instructresses in laundry work, and they will study under the Board's superintendence. Salary, during training (about 20 weeks), £30 a year, when appointed £55 a year, rising to £70. The clerk to the Board will supply all further information.

AT the sacred concert on Sunday afternoon last Mr. Claude Hamilton was the vocalist, and rendered very efficiently "Nazareth" and "The Trumpet Shall Sound." We are glad to note that Mr. Bradley recognises the latent Palace talent.

THE long-promised performance of "Elijah" will be given by our Choral Society and Orchestra on the afternoon of Sunday, March 13th.

MR. OSBORN wishes to remind students that he must have this week particulars of their exhibits for the Building Exhibition.

ON Sunday last Mr. Quintin Hogg gave another address during the evening organ recital.

IN answer to the appeal that was made in the *Palace Journal* of last week, and also by Mr. Osborn at the Recital on Sunday last, upwards of forty names have been given in to form a Sunday afternoon choir. Each Sunday at 3.30 there will be half-an-hour's practice. Mr. Jackson, our organist, will be glad to see any additional volunteers after either the afternoon or evening recitals.

BOOKKEEPING CLASSES.—The classes meeting on Thursday evening at 6 and 9 o'clock are now preparing for the Society of Arts' Examination, to be held on Tuesday evening, April 5, from 7 to 10 in the evening. The lecturer, Mr. Andrew Saril A.K.C. will gladly welcome any former students who are anxious once more to enter the lists and thus strive after a higher class certificate. The following students are *commended* on the results of the recent class examination. Messrs. C. Charles, P. J. Copeman, C. W. Curtis, J. T. Fortens, H. Jenner, A. H. Sutton, T. Spencer, A. Pleasant, C. Willis, and the Misses A. Attwell, A. Petterson, and L. Metson. Students anxious to enter for the next examination should *register* their names *early* in March. The examination fee is 2s. 6d.

People's Palace Classes.

AMBULANCE (FIRST AID) EXAMINATION.
Wednesday, February 17th, 1892.

Results.

- Beer, Harriette.
- Bingham, Emma.
- Birch, Elizabeth.
- Blannin, Jane.
- Brockfield, Rosa.
- Button, Edith.
- Cotter, Harriet M.
- Dawbarn, Margaret.
- Dennis, Elizabeth A. S.
- Drew, Florence.
- Elwood, Amy.
- Foord, Emily.
- Gardner, Margaret F.
- Gunn, Elizabeth H.
- Hart, Kate.
- Hibberd, Gertrude.
- Jarvis, Alice.

- Malvern, Edith.
- Marshall, Annie.
- Mitchell, Helen.
- Munro, Margaret.
- Odling, Mary.
- Rankin, Rebecca.
- Reed, Alice.
- Ries, Elizabeth.
- Rowe, Ellen.
- Seale, Annie.
- Steer, Edith.
- Stevenson, Caroline.
- Tatham, Maria.
- Vale, Harriet.
- Walmsley, Christine.
- Williams, Minnie.
- Wilson, Amy.
- Wilson, C. Long.
- Wilson, Florence.
- Wood, Alice.
- Woore, Ella M. T.

RE-EXAMINATION.

First.

- Lumsden, Mary A.
- Russell, Grace.
- Tompkins, Alice M.

Final.

- Anstey, Ellen.
- Goldstraw, Miriam.
- Goudge, Marianne M.
- Littlefield, Margaret.
- Mitchell, Emma.
- Patterson, Augusta E. H.

C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.—The annual display and assault-at-arms will be given by members of the above in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday, March 16th, at eight o'clock. In addition to which Mr. Burdett, the director, will perform feats of swordsmanship, cutting bars of lead, silk ribbon, etc. Many will doubtless remember the enthusiasm and interest that was aroused by Staff-Sergeant Hawkins when executing similar skilled feats with the sword at the display given by the Aldershot Military Staff last year in the Queen's Hall. These feats to be accomplished successfully require a great amount of strength, nerve, and skill especially the difficult task of cutting the carcass of a sheep in halves with one cut of the sword. Mr. Burdett's performances alone ought to attract a large audience, as it is rarely skilled swordsmanship can be witnessed except at our Military Tournaments. Members will please remember that success is only to be achieved in each exercise of the musical drills by regular attendance at practice.

E. FOREMAN, Hon. Sec.

People's Palace Cycling Club Notes.

THE long-looked-for has almost arrived, and ere I pen the next notes for this column I hope to have met you all, for our opening run of the season takes place on Saturday, March 26th, to our country headquarters, The Crown, at Loughton.

The Eastern Counties' Road Club will hold a Smoker at the Crown on that date, and we shall chime in and help to make matters lively and gay. Now, members, do not forget the old maxim, that anything well begun is half done, and as it is our intention, if possible, to retain the premier position we have hitherto held, your attendance at the opening run will be the greatest possible help towards the desired end.

The Thursday run in March will be to the Fir Trees, Hermon Hill, the headquarters of our Essex division. The Tuesday unofficial Social meets during March and April will be held at Mr. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill, where, by the way, you will find many great improvements have been made.

The Club will leave Queen's Hotel, Victoria Park, on Saturday, at 4 p.m., and Thursdays, 7.15 p.m., sharp. The Essex division will proceed direct to destination on Thursdays and on Saturdays as instructed by their captain.

At the meeting of the Eastern Counties' Road Club it was decided to work the club during the coming season with a strong committee, consisting of nine members instead of the large committee of twenty-one as they have hitherto done. In my humble opinion this is an alteration to be commended, for a member of a large committee does not take such a warm interest in the work as he would if the committee were smaller. His interest and importance are in an inverse ratio to the number of the committee. Further, the members of a large committee think that a quorum can easily be formed without their troubling to attend, but when the majority adopt that view, as they often do, the formation of a quorum is not so easily accomplished. The strong committee of nine were elected at the meeting, and our energetic general quill-driver was at the top of the list.

I fancy I hear some one say, "But you preached against our officers accepting office in other clubs." That is true, but I referred to rival cycle clubs, and I do not think that any sane member can conscientiously term the E.C.R.C. a rival club to our own. By the way, a member of our committee has written on the subject of the paragraph above referred to. He considers it a moral breach of the rules which should on no account whatever be countenanced, which is just the view I hold.

To return to the E.C.R.C., from which I have strayed. All 'Monts' scorers, or those who fancy they can scorch, should join the E.C.R.C. Good medals and prizes which, I am told, are worth having, are to be given away cheap. As the 'Monts' are the fastest on the road, they stand a fair chance of clearing the board, which I hope they will do.

Last year's Woodford Meet has just been cleared up, and has proved most successful, both from a cycling and financial point of view.

The 1888 Meet resulted in a deficit of £2. The 1889 Meet a balance of £3 16s. 0½d; the 1890 Meet, balance of £2 8s.; and last year's Meet resulted in a balance of £6 16s. 0½d. This should make the heart of every 'Mont thrill with justifiable pride, for it is the first Woodford Meet that our indefatigable general secretary has engineered.

As a club, on that occasion, we were unanimously voted, both by press and public, as holding the foremost position in the Meet both for decorations and orderly riding. We were proud, and what club would not be, of the distinction we thus attained, but do not forget that we live in competitive times, and a prize is now offered for the best decorations in the Meet of 1892. We reached a high standard last year, but we must beat it this year. Let your watchword be Excelsior, and apply those fertile brains of yours to formulating schemes and plans, whereby we may prevent any of our rival clubs from dethroning us.

Do not run away with the idea that as there is plenty of time it is too early to give the matter consideration, or think that it will not matter if you do nothing in the way of decorations yourself. If we as a club are going to compete, the responsibility of the undertaking rests equally with each and every one of you. One member that I have spoken to tells me he has already got his design for the next Meet, upon which I congratulate him most heartily.

I have just received the list of club runs for March and April. They are as follows:—

Saturdays.

- March 26th.—Loughton, Headquarters.
- April 2nd.—Chingford, Riggs' Retreat.
- " 9th.—Abridge, Blue Boar.
- " 16th.—Waltham Cross, Four Swans.
- " 23rd.—Epping, Thatched House.
- " 30th.—Foots Cray, Holly Tree.

Thursdays.

- In March.—Woodford Bridge, Fir Trees.
- " April.—Loughton, Crown Hotel.

Easter Tour.

- April 15 to 18.—Bedford.

Particulars will be given in next notes in this Journal.

It will be seen that the runs as given above are to old and well-known resorts which are close handy. The reasons for fixing on these is that the weather in the early part of the season is rarely of the best, and thus it is not advisable to go too far afield. Also that we do not wish to arrange runs to places of which we know nothing regarding the roads on the journey or of the accommodation when we get there. Members knowing suitable resorts or discovering the same during the season are asked to furnish particulars of such places, the best route, and the best houses to put up at. If every member will make up his mind to lend a helping hand in this respect we may possibly succeed in arranging a list of entirely new runs. Particulars should be sent to the captain.

What a jolly time we had on Saturday last at the Stratford Town Hall, and wasn't it a success. To know whether such was the case, one had only to look at Bright's face, and I am sure the way

in which it was beaming would assure the most sceptical that he had "struck ile." Yes, it was a glorious success, and I had such a fine time of it and was so brimming over with joy that when I bid the hall porter "Good-night" I felt something like Daniel Leno, Esq., the grass widower, who kissed and embraced all the railway porters to relieve his feelings, only I managed to restrain myself in time. Perhaps it is as well that I did for the hall porter may not be used to luxuries, and he might not have liked it. Further, he might have doubted my sanity and have had me arrested for a lunatic at large—who knows. A fine ending to the last of our dances wouldn't it have been, and then I should have been pointed to by all goody-goody people, as the poor young fellow who went mad through dancing, and you would all be told that your end would be the same if you continued to trip the light fantastic. Well that is what might have happened, only it didn't, for as I said before I managed to restrain myself in time. What narrow escapes we have at times riding breakless down a hill with a railway crossing at the bottom is not in it with that narrow escape. Well to return, not to the hall porter nor yet to the asylum, but to the dance. The sexes were about evenly numbered and didn't the young ladies look nice, so much so that I wanted to dance with them all, but there wasn't dances enough to go round, and I couldn't dance with more than one at a time, so they will have to take the will for the deed; but, there! perhaps they would prefer it so, who knows? My enjoyment was increasing with every dance till our M.C. announced the Leap Year Quadrille, and the thought that I should not be asked to dance caused my spirits to sink to zero. Then I began to console myself, and made up my mind to write a book entitled *My Experience as a Wallflower*. By an unappropriated blessing, just as I had made up my mind in this direction a fairy-like form appeared and asked me to dance. Well, I couldn't refuse, so I said "Yes," and my book that I was going to write, and the fortune I was going to make from it vanished into thin air. Somehow I don't think I shall ever forget that Leap Year Quadrille. I hope the young lady who took pity on me does not know me, or if she does I hope she will not read these lines, as I am sure she would deeply regret having blighted a young man's prospects in such a manner.

One of our members was flattering enough to call me a journalist. This is how it came about. It was just after the Leap Year dance and I was in what I think is called a brown study, trying to calculate how many editions of that book of mine would have been sold, when a member came up and asked me had I made up my mind what machine I was going to ride this season. As I did not wish to be put out in my calculations I said "No." "Just what I thought," said he, "journalists never know what machines they are going to ride. They have to wait and see what the makers will give them." Very kind of him to call me a journalist, wasn't it now. I wanted to tell you all about that dance, but I haven't the time just now. When we meet on the club's runs perhaps a few more reminiscences of that dance may be related by yours still sane

AITCHBEE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1892,

AT HALF-PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK, BY

THE HANDEL SOCIETY.

Patron ... H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. | Patroness ... H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
President—SIR JOHN STAINER, MUS. DOC. | Vice-President—THE EARL OF LATHOM.

Executive Committee.

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| MRS. ELLICOTT. | RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P. | A. K. HICHENS, ESQ. |
| MRS. CHARLES MALLET, | W. F. BLANDFORD, ESQ. | W. AUSTEN LEIGH, ESQ. |
| MISS L. M. NUNN. | A. DENMAN, ESQ. | H. F. NICHOLL, ESQ. |
| MRS. MARWOOD TUCKER. | H. J. GLADSTONE, ESQ., M.P. | HON. E. P. THESIGER, C.B. |
- Hon. Sec.—P. G. L. WEBB, ESQ., 3, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. | Assistant Hon. Sec.—W. H. D. BOYLE, ESQ., 4, Cadogan Mansions, S.W.
Hon. Treasurer—E. B. PEARSE, ESQ., 34, Egerton Gardens, S.W.

SOLOISTS—

- | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|--------------|
| MISS LILIAN REDFERN. | MISS JESSIE KING. | MRS. MOLONY. |
| MR. VIVIAN BENNETTS. | MR. ARTHUR WILLS. | |
- Musical Director and Conductor*—F. A. W. DOCKER, ESQ.
Organist—E. G. CROAGER, ESQ. | *Pianist*—HERBERT L. COOKE, ESQ.
Musical Director to the People's Palace ... MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

THEODORA.

(By G. F. HANDEL.)

CHARACTERS.

- | | | | |
|--------------|---------------------|---------------|---------------------|
| THEODORA ... | MISS LILIAN REDFERN | SEPTIMIUS ... | MR. VIVIAN BENNETTS |
| IRENE ... | MRS. MOLONY | MESSENGER ... | MR. F. WILLIAMS |
| DIDIMUS ... | MISS JESSIE KING | VALENS ... | MR. ARTHUR WILLS |

THE music to "Theodora" was composed between June 28 and July 31, 1749, when Handel was sixty-four years old. It was almost the last of his great series of oratorios, "Jephtha" having been the only complete original work composed by him after it. Almost every previous work of the series had been founded on a subject taken from Old Testament history; but in "Theodora" Handel turned his attention to the early traditional history of the Christian Church. The scene is laid at Antioch, at the beginning of the fourth century, during the persecution of the Christians, instituted by the Emperor Diocletian. THEODORA, a lady of noble birth, is a Christian, and as such disobeys the order, given by VALENS, the Governor, to join in a sacrifice to Jupiter, in honour of the Emperor's birthday. In the first scene of the oratorio the birthday feast is proclaimed, and the Governor threatens with death or torture all those who refuse to sacrifice, a decree which DIDIMUS, who is a Christian and also in love with THEODORA, in vain endeavours to induce him to modify. We are next introduced to an assembly of Christians who are nerving themselves to resistance for the faith's sake, and who are fortified by the counsels of THEODORA and her friend IRENE. They are interrupted by a messenger who announces VALENS' decree and urges flight; but they determine to remain firm. Before long, SEPTIMIUS, a heathen soldier but a friendly one, unwillingly appears to take THEODORA to prison. She goes; and DIDIMUS resolves to follow and endeavour to release her. The scene changes to the Temple of Venus, where VALENS and heathens are celebrating the rites of the Goddess. Next we see THEODORA in prison, consoling herself with her lofty faith, and hope of immortality. DIDIMUS who (by the friendly offices of SEPTIMIUS) has obtained access to the prison, induces her with some difficulty to effect her escape in his clothes. We are next taken to the place where the Christians are watching through the night, praying, and reminding themselves of the Saviour's mighty works. THEODORA joins them and describes her release. She soon, however, hears from a messenger that DIDIMUS has been brought before the Governor, that he is condemned to die, and that the same fate is reserved for her. She determines, in spite of IRENE'S entreaties, to go at

once, either to rescue him or to die with him. VALENS will not spare either, and they both meet death with undaunted firmness.

The characters in the drama are THEODORA (Soprano); IRENE and DIDIMUS (Contralto); SEPTIMIUS (Tenor); and VALENS (Bass); and there are two very well contrasted choruses, one of Christians and one of Heathens.

In spite of its numerous and great beauties, this work was one of the least successful of Handel's productions. It was performed only three times on its first appearance in 1750, and was not heard again for five years; and when it was performed, Covent Garden Theatre seems to have been half empty. King George II., who was Handel's firm friend and admirer, went, as a matter of course, to hear it; and there is a story of a courtier or statesman who wished for an audience of the king, but declined a suggestion that he should go to him during a performance of "Theodora," on the ground that he did not "wish to disturb His Majesty's privacy." Handel, who knew he had written a great work, was very angry at its non-success, which perhaps made him exaggerate its merits. At all events he is said to have declared his opinion that the Chorus "He saw the lovely youth" was far superior to the "Hallelujah" Chorus in "The Messiah."

Perhaps the comparative failure of "Theodora" was due to the fact that its effects are less broad, its contrasts less sharply defined than those of some other oratorios. The two bodies of chorus, indeed, stand out sharply against each other; the two extremes in the scale of emotion being marked by "He saw the lovely youth" on the one hand, and "Venus, laughing from the skies," on the other. But the merit of the solos, apart from the melodious beauty of a good many of them, depends on the way in which they fit the different characters represented. In other words, the interest is rather individual than national; and this, depending on smaller and less definite traits, requires more time and thought for its appreciation. The story also, with its frequent change of scene, is more difficult to realise without the help of acting. But however this may be, the beauties are so great and so varied, that any lover of Handel's music will be delighted at a revival of the work.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE.

2. RECIT.—*Valens*.

'Tis Diocletian's natal day :
Proclaim throughout the bounds of
Antioch,
A feast, and solemn sacrifice to Jove ;
Whoso disdains to join the sacred rites,
Shall feel our wrath in chastisement or
death,
And this, Septimius, take you in charge.

AIR.

Go, my faithful soldier, go :
Let the fragrant incense rise
To Jove, great ruler of the skies.

3. CHORUS.

And draw a blessing down
On his imperial crown,
Who rules the world below.

4. RECIT.—*Didimus*.

Vouchsafe, dread lord, a gracious ear
To my request. Let not thy sentence
doom

To racks and flames all whose doubtful
minds

Will not permit them to bend the knee
To gods they know not, or, in wanton
mood,

To celebrate the day with Roman rites.

Valens.

Art thou a Roman, and yet dar'st defend
A sect rebellious to the gods and Rome ?

Didimus.

Many there are in Antioch who disdain
An idol offering, yet are friends to Cæsar.

Valens.

It cannot be ; they are not Cæsar's friends
Who own not Cæsar's gods : I'll hear no
more.

6. CHORUS.—*Heathens*.

For ever thus stands fixed the doom,
Of rebels to the gods and Rome ;
While sweeter than the trumpet's sound,
Their groans and cries are heard around

9. RECIT.—*Theodora*.

Though hard, my friends, yet wholesome
are the truths
Taught in affliction's school, whence the
pure soul
Rises refined, and soars above the world.

AIR.

Fond, flattering world, adieu !
Thy gaily smiling power,
Empty treasures, fleeting pleasures,
Ne'er shall tempt or charm me more.
Faith inviting, hope delighting,
Nobler joys we now pursue.

11. CHORUS.—*Christians*.

Come mighty Father, mighty Lord,
With love our souls inspire ;
While grace and truth flow from Thy
Word,
And feed the holy fire.

12. RECIT.—*Messenger*.

Fly, fly, my brethren, heathen rage
pursues us swift,
Armed with the terrors of insulting death.

Irene.

Ah ! whither should we fly, or fly from
whom ?

The Lord is still the same, to-day, for
ever ;
And His protection here and everywhere.
Though gathering round our destin'd
heads,

The storm now thickens, and looks big
with fate :

Still shall Thy servants wait on thee, oh
Lord,
And in Thy saving mercy put their trust.

13. AIR.

As with rosy steps the morn,
Advancing drives the shades of night ;
So from virtuous toil well-borne,
Raise Thou our hopes of endless light.
Triumphant Saviour, Lord of day,
Thou art the life, the light, the way.

14. CHORUS.—*Christians*.

All pow'r in Heaven above, or earth be-
neath
Belongs to Thee alone, Thou everlasting
One,
Mighty to save in peril, storm, and death.

15. RECIT.—*Septimius*.

Oh foolish people, why thus blind to fate,
Do ye in private oratories dare
Rebel against the President's decree, and
scorn

With native rites to celebrate the day
Sacred to Cæsar and protecting Jove ?

16. RECIT.—*Theodora*.

Deluded mortal, call it not rebellion
To worship God : it is His dread command,
His whom we cannot, dare not, disobey,
Though death be our reward.

Septimius.

Death is not yet thy doom,
But worse than death to such a virtuous
mind ;

Lady, these guards are ordered to convey
you to Venus' temple,
To worship her and fulfil her rites.

17. RECIT.—*Theodora*.

Oh worse than death indeed !
Lead me, ye guards, lead me or to the
rack, or to the flames ;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.

AIR.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh take me to your care !
Speed to your own courts my flight
Clad in robes of virgin white !

18. RECIT.—*Didimus*.

Unhappy, wretched crew !—Why stand
you thus,
Wild with amazement ? Say, where is my
love,
My life, my Theodora ?

Irene.

Alas ! she's gone ;
Too late thou cam'st to save
The fairest, noblest, best of women.
A Roman soldier led her trembling hence
To the place where Venus keeps her court.

AIR.—*Didimus*.

Kind Heaven, if virtue be Thy care ;
With courage fire me,
Or art inspire me,
To free the captive fair !

20. CHORUS.

Go, gen'rous, pious youth !
May all the powers above
Reward thy virtuous love,
Thy constancy and truth
With Theodora's charms,
Free from these dire alarms ;
Or crown you with the blest
In glory, peace and rest !

21. RECIT.—*Valens*.

Ye men of Antioch, with solemn pomp
Renew the grateful sacrifice to Jove !
And while your songs ascend the vaulted
skies,
Pour on the smoking altar floods of wine,
In honour of the smiling deities,
Fair Flora, and the Cyprian Queen.

22. CHORUS.

Queen of Summer, Queen of Love,
And thou cloud-compelling Jove :
Grant a long and happy reign
To great Cæsar, king of men !

24. RECIT.—*Valens*.

Return, Septimius, to the stubborn maid,
And learn her final resolution.
If, ere the sun with prone career has
reached

The western isles, she makes an offering
To the great gods, she shall be free ; if
not,

The meanest of my guards
Shall lead her bound to Venus' temple.

25. CHORUS.

Venus, laughing from the skies,
Will applaud her votaries,
While now without measure,
We revel in pleasure,
Revenge sweet love supplies !

INTERVAL.

PART II.

26. SYMPHONY.

27. RECIT.—*Theodora*.

Oh thou bright Sun ! how sweet thy rays
To health and liberty ! but here, alas !
They swell the agonising thought of
shame,
And pierce my soul with sorrows yet un-
known.

28. SYMPHONY.

29. RECIT.—*Theodora*.

But why art thou disquieted, my soul ?
Hark ! heaven invites thee in sweet rap-
turous strains,
To join the ever-singing, ever-loving choir
Of saints and angels in the courts above.

AIR.

Oh that I on wings could rise,
Swiftly sailing, through the skies,
As skims the silver dove !

30. RECIT.—*Didimus*.

Long have I known thy friendly social
soul,
Septimius, oft experienced in the camp
And perilous scenes of war when side by
side

We fought, and braved the dangers of the
field,
Dependent on each other's arm. With
freedom then

I will disclose my mind ;—I am a Chris-
tian.

And she, who by Heaven's influential
grace,
With pure religious sentiments inspired
My soul, with virtuous love inflamed my
heart

Even she, who, shame to all humanity !
Is now condemned to worse than death.

Septimius.

No more !
The shame reflects too much upon thy
friend,

The mean though duteous instrument of
power,
Knowing her virtues only not thy love.

31. AIR.

Though the honours that Flora and Venus
receive

From the Romans, this Christian refuses
to give,
Yet nor Venus nor Flora delight in the
woe,

That disfigures their fairest resembla-
ce
below.

33. RECIT.—*Irene*.

The clouds begin to veil the hemisphere
And heavily bring on the night ; the last
Perhaps to us. Oh that it were the last
To Theodora, ere she fall a prey
To unexampled shame and cruelty.

34. AIR.—*Didimus*.

Sweet rose and lily, flow'ry form,
Take me your faithful guard,
To shield you from bleak wind and storm—
A smile be my reward.

35. RECIT.—*Theodora*.

O save me, Heaven, in this my perilous
hour.

Didimus.

Start not, much injured princess. I come
not
As one this place might give you cause to
dread,

But your deliverer,
And that dear ornament to Theodora,
Her angel purity. If you vouchsafe
Your habit but to change with Didimus.

Theodora.

Excellent youth !
I know thy courage, virtue, and thy love !
This becomes not Theodora,
But the blind enemies of truth—Oh no,
It must not be ! Yet Didimus can give
A boon will make me happy !

Didimus.

How ? or what ? my soul with transport
Listens to the request.

36. AIR.—*Theodora*.

The pilgrim's home, the sick man's health,
The captive's ransom, poor man's wealth,
From thee I would receive !
These, and a thousand treasures more,
That gentle death has now in store,
Thy hand and sword can give.

37. RECIT.—*Didimus*.

Forbid it, Heaven !
Shall I destroy the life I came to save ?
Shall I in Theodora's blood embue
My guilty hand, and give her death, who
taught
Me first to live.

38. RECIT.—*Theodora*.

Ah ! what is liberty or life to me,
That Didimus must purchase with his
own !

Didimus.

Fear not for me. The power that led me
hither,
Will guard me hence ; if not, His will be
done.

Theodora.

Yes, kind deliverer, I will trust that
power,
Farewell, thou generous youth.

Didimus.

Farewell, thou mirror of the virgin state.

DUET.—*Theodora*.

To thee, thou glorious son of worth,
Be life and safety given.

Didimus.

To thee whose virtues suit thy birth
Be every blessing given.

Both.

I hope again to meet on earth,
But sure shall meet in heaven.

39. RECIT.—*Irene*.

Tis night ; but night's sweet blessing is
denied
To grief like ours.

Be prayer our refuge, prayer to Him who
raised
And still can raise the dead to life and
joy.

40. CHORUS of *Christians*.

He saw the lovely youth, death's early
prey,
Alas ! too early snatched away ;
He heard his mother's funeral cries :
Rise, youth, He said ; the youth begins to
rise.
Lowly the matron bowed, and bore away
the prize.

41. AIR.—*Irene*.

Lord, to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope we sing and pray,
Though convulsive rocks the ground,
And Thy thunders roll around,
Still to Thee we sing and pray.

42. RECIT.—*Irene*.

But see, the good, the virtuous Didimus,
He comes to join with us in prayer for
Theodora.

Theodora.

No, Heaven has heard your prayers for
Theodora.

Behold her safe—Oh that as free and safe
Were Didimus, my kind deliverer,
But let this habit speak the rest.

44. CHORUS.

Blest be the hand, and blest the power,
That in this dark and dangerous hour
Saved thee from cruel strife.
Lord, favour still the kind intent,
And bless Thy gracious instrument
With liberty and life.

45. RECIT.—*Messenger*.

Undaunted in the court stands Didimus,
Virtuously proud of rescued innocence.
But vain to save the generous hero's life
Are all entreaties, even from Romans
vain ;

And high in rage the President protests,
Should he regain the fugitive, no more
To try her with the fear of infamy,
But with the terrors of a cruel death.

Irene.

Ah, Theodora ! whence this sudden change
From grief's pale looks to looks of reddening
joy ?

Theodora.

O my Irene, Heaven is kind,
And Valens, too, is kind to give me power
To execute in turn my gratitude
While safe my honour. Stay me not,
dear friend,

Only assist me with a proper dress,
That I may ransom the too generous
youth.

46. DUET.—*Irene*.

Whither, Princess, do you fly ?
Sure to suffer, sure to die.

Theodora.

No, no, Irene, no,
To life and joy I go.

Irene.

Vain attempt, O stay, O stay !
Duty calls, I must obey.

Theodora.

[*RECIT.—*Valens*.
It is a Christian virtue then,
To rescue from Justice one condemned ?

* Omitted in performance.

Didimus.

Had your sentence doomed her but to
death
I then might have deplored your cruelty,
And should not have opposed it.

Valens.

Take him hence,
And lead him to repentance or to death.

Theodora.

Be that my doom. You may inflict it here
With legal justice ; there 'tis cruelty.

Septimius.

Dwells there such virtuous courage in the
sex ?
Preserve them, O ye gods, preserve them
both.

*RECIT.—*Didimus*.

'Tis kind, my friends, but kinder still
If for this daughter of Antiochus,
In mind as noble as her birth, your prayers
Prevail that Didimus alone shall die.
Had I as many lives as virtues thou,
Freely for thee I would resign them all.

Theodora.

Oppose not, Didimus, my just desires ;
For know that 'twas dishonour I declined,
Not death ; most welcome now, if Didimus
Were safe, whose only crime was my es-
cape.]

52. CHORUS.

How strange their ends
And yet how glorious,
Where each contends,
To fall victorious.

Where virtue its own innocence denies,
And for the vanquished the glad victor
dies.

53. RECIT.—*Didimus*.

On me your frowns your utmost rage exert,
On me, your prisoner in chains.

Theodora.

Those chains
Are due to me, and death to me alone.

Valens.

Are ye then judges for yourselves ?
Not so our laws are to be trifled with
If both plead guilty, 'tis but equity
That both should suffer.

54. AIR.—*Valens*.

Ye ministers of justice, lead them hence,
I cannot, will not bear such insolence.

56. DUET.—*Theodora and Didimus*.

Streams of pleasure ever flowing,
Fruits ambrosial ever growing :
Golden thrones,
Starry crowns,

Are the triumphs of the blest :
When from life's dull labour free,
Clad with immortality,
They enjoy a lasting rest.

57. RECIT.—*Irene*.

Ere this their doom is past, and they are
gone,
To prove that love is stronger far than
death.

58. CHORUS.

Oh love divine, thou source of fame,
Of glory and all joy !
Let equal fire our souls inflame,
And equal zeal employ :
That we the glorious spring may know,
Whose streams appear'd so bright
below !

THE END.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS & SACRED CONCERT
TO BE GIVEN ON
SUNDAY, MARCH 6th, 1892.

Organist Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).

At 4 p.m.—Vocalist, Miss MONTAGU CONYERS.

1. INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE *Tinel*

2. HYMN

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My Breast :"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live :"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto me, Thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright :"
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

3. HYMN (Angels') *Braga*

4. VOCAL SOLO "The Peace of God"... .. *Claude Melville*

5. THEME, with Variations, in A flat *Hesse*

6. HYMN

Good it is to keep the fast
Shadow'd forth in ages past,
Which our own Almighty Lord
Hallow'd by His dead and word.

Moses, while he fasted, saw
God Who gave by him the Law ;
To Elijah Angels came,
Steeds of fire and car of flame.
So was Daniel meet to gaze
On the sight of latter days,
And the Baptist to proclaim
Blessings through the Bridegroom's Name.

Grant us, Lord, like them to be
Oft in prayer and fast with Thee ;
Fill us with Thy heavenly might,
Be our joy and true delight.

Father, hear us through Thy Son,
And the Spirit, with Thee One,
Whom our thankful hearts adore
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

7. MEDITATION *Aloys. Klein*

8. ANTHEM "Then round about the starry throne" *Handel*

9. VOCAL SOLO "Turn thee unto me" (Eli) *Costa*

10. MARCHE TRIOMPHALE *Lemmens*

AT 8 P.M.

1. ALLEGRO VIVACE (Symphony No. 5)... .. *Widor*

2. CANTABILE *Lemmens*

3. "Lift up your heads" (Messiah) *Handel*

4. ANDANTE, Varied *Rea*

5. PRELUDE AND FUGUE in G major *Bach*

6. { "Lovely appear" and
"The Word is flesh become" } (Redemption) *Gounod*

7. PASTORALE in C *Wely*

8. OVERTURE to "Athaliah" *Handel*

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymns.

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

ON MONDAY, MARCH 7th, 1892,

AT 8 P.M.

THE WANDERING DODO AMATEUR MINSTRELS

TAMBOURINES { MR. ARTHUR STEVENS | MR. D. G. HARRISON }
 { MR. WILFRED LESLIE | MR. F. H. YOUNGHUSBAND } BONES.
INTERLOCUTOR MR. E. TOWNSEND.

PART I.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. OPENING CHORUS | "The Rocky Mountain Lion" | THE DODOS |
| 2. BALLAD | "Down where the Cotton grows" | MR. A. W. H. JOHNSON |
| 3. COMIC SONG | "I Never shall Forget Her" | MR. F. H. YOUNGHUSBAND |
| 4. SONG | "I am waiting" | MR. G. A. MURDOCH |
| 5. COMIC SONG | "I Lub a Lubly Girl I do" | MR. ARTHUR STEVENS |
| 6. PART SONG | "Good Night, Beloved" | THE DODOS |
| 7. SONG | "Little Maid of Arcadee" | MR. A. GILBERT |
| 8. COMIC SONG | "The Handy Dandy Band" | MR. D. G. HARRISON |
| 9. BALLAD | "Irene Lorraine" | MR. ARTHUR CROW |
| 10. COMIC SONG | "The Laughing Nigger" | MR. WILFRED LESLIE |
| 11. FINALE | "The Lads in Red" | MR. H. DEVERALL |

AN INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

- | | | |
|--|--|--------------------|
| 1. OVERTURE | "Dance of the Shadows" | THE ORCHESTRA |
| 2. CLOG DANCE | | MR. TOM GENGE |
| 3. THE DODO PRIMA DONNA | | MR. A. GILBERT |
| 4. FIN DE SIÈCLE IDIOSYNCRASIES | | MR. WILFRED LESLIE |
| 5. TRIO | "Rise again, glad Summer Sun" | THE MASTERS HICKS |
| 6. | GROTESQUE QUADRILLE. | |
| 7. COMIC RECITATION | MESSRS. TOM GENGE, C. H. LLOYD, F. W. COX, A. W. H. JOHNSON. | |
| 8. COMIC INTERLUDE | | MR. ARTHUR STEVENS |
| 9. CORNET DUET | | MR. A. GILBERT |

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PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT TO BE GIVEN ON

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9th, 1892,

At 8 o'clock,

By the POLYTECHNIC LADIES' BAND.

ARTISTES—

MISS JESSIE HOTINE. MADAME RICH. MISS HAMILTON SMITH. MISS ABBOTT.
MISS KEELEY. MADAME KATE SOUTHWELL. MRS. McNAB.
MR. W. H. WEBB. MR. J. C. McNAB. MR. ROBERT O'MEARA.

PART I.

BELLS { "The Village Chimes"
(Chiming, Change-ringing, etc.) } McNab
THE POLYTECHNIC LADIES' BAND.

TRIO... "O Memory" ... Leslie
MISS JESSIE HOTINE, MADAME RICH, AND
MR. J. C. McNAB.

SONG ... "The Bedouin Love Song" ... Pinsuti
MR. W. H. WEBB.

From the desert I come to thee,
On my Arab shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind,
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry,
I love thee, I love but thee
With the love that shall not die.
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold.

From thy window look and see
My passion and my pain,
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the breath of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall never die.

BANJO TRIO ... "Cromartie" ... Heath
MISSSES ABBOTT, KEELEY, & HAMILTON SMITH.

SONG ... "When the Heart is Young" Dudley Buck
MISS JESSIE HOTINE.

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

But weary go the feet when the heart is old,
Time cometh not so sweet, when the heart is old.

From all that smiled and shone there is something
lost and gone,
And our friends are few or none, when the heart is old.

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

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

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

SOLO MANDOLINE... "Cavatina" ... Ravelli
MISS HAMILTON SMITH

BOLERO ... "Carita" ... Tito Mattei
MR. J. C. McNAB.

The lights of Cadiz dance with laughing gleam,
The boatman serenades the stream;
Bright stars with radiant light, in sweet array,
Reflect themselves within the bay;
All Nature smiles, and cries "Rejoice!"
In vain, in vain, with broken voice,
My heart proclaims its deep despair,
And floats upon the midnight air. Ah!
One name alone, 'tis thine, mine own,

Carita, Carita, rose of my heart,
Come back, come back to me;
Carita, Carita, ah! must we part?
I wait, my love, for thee.

I hear through dreams again in fancy's sway,
The songs that stole my heart away,
And see the mist of tears bedim your eye
When fate proclaimed our last good-bye;
In vain I serenade thee now,
The convent claims thy bridal vow,
And I alone in love's despair,
Can only tell the midnight air. Ah!
One name alone, 'tis thine, mine own.

Carita, Carita, etc.

RECITAL ... "Phadrig Crohoore" ... Lefanu
MR. ROBERT O'MEARA.

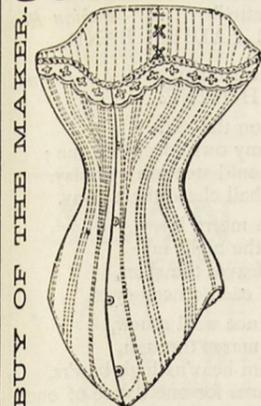
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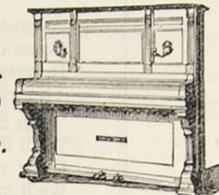
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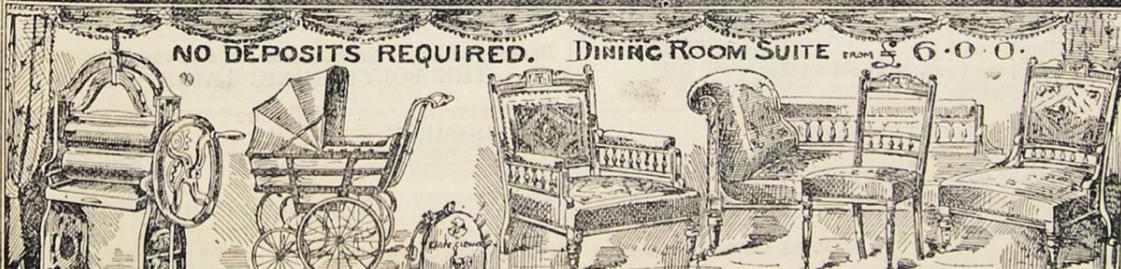
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SONG ... "Heaven and Earth" ... *Pinsuti*
MADAME RICH.

What is life, father? A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
Where the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight.

What is death, father? The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er,
The angel of God who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more,
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of battle cease,
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace.

Let me die, father, I tremble and fear to yield
In that terrible strife.
The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle field of life;
My child, tho' thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small,
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all.

BELLS ... "Irish Airs" ... *O'Brien*
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INTERVAL.

PART II.

SOLO PIANOFORTE "Danse Nigrè" ... *Ascher*
MADAME KATE SOUTHWELL.

SONG & CHORUS "The Old Folks" (Banjo Accompaniment)
MADAME RICH.

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away;
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

All the world is sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wandered
When I was young;
There many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

One little hut amongst the bushes,
One that I love:
Still sadly on my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.

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When shall I hear the bees a humming
All round the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo tumming,
Down in my dear old home?

CAVATINA "Come into the Garden, Maud" ... *Balfe*
MR. J. C. McNAB.

BELLS ... "Castagnette" ... *Fabian Rose*
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SONG ... "Come Dance the Romaika" ... *Lehman*
MISS JESSIE HOTINE.

When the Balaika is heard on the sea,
Come dance the Romaika, my own love, with me;
If waves then advancing should steal on our play,
Thy white feet in dancing shall chase them away.

Then at the closing of each merry lay,
We'll lie reposing, beneath the night ray,
Or, if declining, the moon leaves the skies,
We'll talk by the shining of each other's eyes.

Ah! then how fealty the dance we'll renew,
Wandering fleetly its sweet mazes through,
Till stars shining o'er us from heav'n's high bow'rs,
Would give their bright chorus for one dance of ours.

RECITAL ... "The Wake of Tim O'Hara" ... *Buchanan*
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SONG ... "The Dear Home-land" ... *Slaughter*
MR. W. H. WEBB.

The land was sweet with sunshine after April rain;
There were blossoms in the woodside, sang the birds again
But my heart cried out in longing, all was sad to me,
And I wondered if 'twas spring-time, far across the sea!
In the dear home-land, far across the sea,
I wondered was it spring-time, where I lov'd to be;
Did the sun shine on the old sweet strand?
Were the birds of April singing in the dear home-land?

I could not find the blossoms that at home all grew,
And I miss'd the happy dear ones that of old I knew,
There were kindly faces round me, but they knew not me,
And I wonder'd if they miss'd me far across the sea.
In the dear home-land, far across the sea,
Did they wonder was I happy, did they dream of me?
Did they sometimes long just to clasp my hand?
Or perchance was I forgotten in the dear home-land?

I dreamt I cross'd the waters, for my heart cried "go";
It was spring-time and the dear ones they had miss'd me so,
They came with smiles to greet me, and to me it seem'd,
My heart with joy was breaking in the dream I dream'd.
I awoke once more, on my way I went,
And my soul is overflowing with a deep content;
In the dear home-land, far across the sea,
They remember me, they miss me, and they pray for me!

BELLS "Home! Sweet Home!" (with variations) *McNab*
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QUARTETTE ... "Beware" ... *Hatton*
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