

* THE * PALACE JOURNAL * MILE END. E. *

A PEOPLE'S PALACE

Vol. IX.—No. 231.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, April 15th.—Good Friday. Winter Garden open from 2 till 6 p.m. Admission 1d. In the Queen's Hall at 7 p.m., Sacred Concert, Handel's "Messiah," by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m.

SATURDAY, 16th.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 3 p.m., Children's Entertainment, Admission 1d. At 8 o'clock, Concert by the Æolian Vocal Union. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 17th.—Easter Sunday. Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m.

MONDAY, 18th.—Easter Monday. Winter Garden open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 3 p.m., Entertainment by the Royal Holdfast Handbell Ringers. Admission 1d. At 8 p.m., Entertainment by Willett's Imperial Minstrels. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 19th.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert by the Cardiff National Welsh Choir. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, 20th.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by the Gipsy Choir. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 21st.—Winter Garden open from 2 till 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Entertainment by the Royal Criterion Handbell Ringers. Admission 3d. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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., with the exception of Good Friday and Easter Monday, when it will be closed all day. 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 will not be open next week.

THE Skating Rink will be closed from Thursday, 14th, to Monday, 25th April.

THE attendances on Sunday last at the sacred concert, organ recital, and library, were respectively 832, 1,430, and 557. Total, 2,819.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SCIENCE AND ART STUDENTS.—Students who have not already signed the General Register *must* do so at once. The Register lies in the school office for this purpose.

ON Wednesday evening the Art Schools were thrown open to students and their friends for a conversazione and exhibition of the students' works of the past seven months. The antique gallery had been decorated with palms, and the life room extemporised as an exhibition room for the drawings, paintings, designs, clay and wax modellings, etc., and the whole was brilliantly lighted by the powerful electric lamps which are placed in the Art School. Music was given at intervals by the Select Choir, conducted by Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. Cave. Mr. Blackburn, the editor of *Academy Notes*, then addressed the students on Art, and enlivened the technicalities of his subject by his references to the dress of the period, and its constant developments of ugliness. Everything went off without a hitch, and the general expression of most of those who assembled to the number of three or four hundred, was that the evening was, if anything, far too short, and that they hoped to have another occasion for social intercourse and mutual pleasure as soon as it could be conveniently arranged.

THE evening classes adjourned yesterday for the Easter holidays, and work will not be resumed until Monday, the 25th inst. Students please note the date on which they assemble for the spring term. Now that the examinations are almost upon us, students will see the

necessity of attending with regularity the remaining nights of the session.

THE Social-rooms are daily gaining in popularity; the re-introduction of the bagatelle-tables seems to be much appreciated. The new governors will spare no pains in making the rooms really useful for the members.

THE swimming bath opened on Monday last. Students will not need reminding that they have the privilege of using the swimming bath any day, excepting Saturday or Sunday, at one penny per bath, their student's pass to be produced upon applying for the ticket of admission.

ON page 246 will be found a list of the entertainments provided for the Easter holidays, which will prove of interest to those of our friends who are not able to get away from London.

IN connection with our evening classes we are re-commencing a Type-Writing Class, and have made exceptional good arrangements for those wishing to perfect themselves in this necessary art. Students will have the privilege of attending for one hour's tuition and practice on four evenings each week for the fee of 12s.6d., or by joining the Shorthand Class, an inclusive fee of 15s. Early application should be made as a limited number can only be received.

ON Sunday, the 24th inst., the Welsh Choir will give their selections of Sacred Music, at 4 and 8 p.m. Admission free.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—The annual general meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing season will take place on Wednesday evening April 27th, at 8 o'clock. I trust every member will be present and also any intending member.

JAS. H. WILLIAMS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS FOOTBALL CLUB.—On Saturday last the above club met the Latimer at Wanstead; the visitors winning the toss, they led off, and up to half time no goals were scored; soon after, however, the Latimer succeeded in getting two, the Old Boys then pulling themselves together, scored a goal, which the captain of the opposing team and a few of his members loudly asserted was not, but after a while the captain admitted that he was not looking, so could not

judge, but nevertheless he would not play on and went away with some of his team before time to finish being called, thus leaving the Old Boys masters of the situation. Result, win for the Old Boys.

H. BAINES, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.
—Director, Mr. H. H. Burdett.—Our fifth annual display, which took place in the Queen's Hall, on the 7th of this month, was attended with every success, the assistance given us by the Junior Section girls was fully appreciated and formed a charming addition to previous displays. We certainly felt much flattered, indeed honoured, by the presence of the many distinguished visitors, especially the physicians representing the British College of Physical Education. The account below has kindly been forwarded to me by a friend. The details will doubtless be interesting to the readers of the journal.

ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Hon. Sec.

EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS.—Those interested in photography, who chance, during the next few weeks, to be in the neighbourhood of the Polytechnic, Regent-street, would do well not to miss the opportunity of inspecting a very fine, if not the finest, series of photographs ever put on view. It comprises the most picturesque scenes on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the route by which the Polytechnic excursionists to the World's Fair will travel next year. These photographs, in addition to the value that attaches to them on this account, have also an interest to the specialist, inasmuch as they probably represent the high-water mark of American art, in this direction. One of the best manipulators in the States was employed in their production, and the lenses used were of the most efficient description for obtaining mechanical and panoramic effects. The result, to say the least, will be to convince most people that Brother Jonathan has at any rate some very fine "samples" of scenery. The whole series, twenty in number, each photograph measuring 32 inches by 28 inches, have been presented to the authorities of the Polytechnic, and it is hoped they will be a source of pleasure, not only to members and students, but also to a large number of the general public, who will be admitted free on presentation of a visiting card, or on the inscription of name and address in the Visitors' Book.

People's Palace Girls' Gymnasium.

ON Thursday, the 7th of April, the members and leaders of the Girls' Gymnasium gave their fifth annual gymnastic and calisthenic display in the Queen's Hall. Despite the fine weather, the seats in the body of the hall, the gallery, and platform were all utilised, there being scarcely a vacant chair to be had. The programme of events was quite an original one, consisting of new and attractive features unheard of in previous displays. But that, of course, we are prepared for, being fully acquainted with the ambitious and progressive nature of Sergeant Burdett.

Starting a few minutes late, the dumb-bell exercises came on as the first item, and very good they were, too, only we somewhat missed the singing and whistling of the old songs so dear to the English heart. It was pleasant to hear the girls' voices singing in unison, at the same time feeling that they were expanding their chests and lungs while exercising their muscles. But as "Advance" is the order of the day, according to Sergeant Burdett's philosophy, we must shake ourselves of the relics of the past, and enter with spirit into the more elaborate and varied profusions of the present. Still, I dare say Sergeant Burdett is not obdurate in this matter, and if it were desired by the majority I feel sure he will take a leaf from his old book, and allow us at least to have a few minutes' singing.

The parallel bars by the leaders were fairly well performed, but there is not much improvement, and I am afraid the girls will take some time, and perhaps even generations, to come up to the standard of the men. Let us hope, however, that, by continually visiting the men's displays, they will receive healthy emulation to follow their lead.

The Misses Heinemann, M. S. R. James, F. I. Luckrock, and M. H. Luckrock, are, apparently, the pioneers in fencing and salute in quarte and tierce, leading the way for other less courageous members to follow suit. Fencing is an excellent accomplishment for girls, being admirably suited to their graceful and mere pliant forms, besides giving them that quickness of vision so necessary to many of their life's duties. Unfortunately, Miss James was absent through ill-health, but Mr. C. Wright kindly officiated in her place, proving that chivalry is still present in these days of stubborn independence, by allowing Miss Heinemann to give "the last hit."

The fencing was a pleasant diversion from the general programme, but Sergeant Burdett is not to be outwitted. Some little time ago two lieutenants from Her Majesty's army came to the East-end with some gorgeous novelties in the way of feats of swordsmanship.

A repetition of this entertainment was given on Thursday night by Mr. Burdett, when he eclipsed the Star of the West by the brilliancy of the Star in the East. Potatoes, handkerchiefs, lead, broomsticks, and last, but not least, the carcass of a sheep, were disposed of creditably to his skill, but the intense interest, mingled with suspense and agony on the part of the audience, reached its highest point when Miss Heinemann's neck was in jeopardy of paying similar homage as the sheep did. One slip—her head would be off! But, no, with a cool head and a firm hand, combined with his magic skill, the potato was cut, but Miss Heinemann was safe.

Quite a new and distinct feature was the admittance of the Junior Section of the girls taking part in the display. The little girls seemed pretty, bright, and vivacious, and with their dingling bells, as they came in for their Skipping-rope Drill, almost gave the impression that they were so many frolicsome white lambs who had been suddenly let loose as a diversion of the more stately and learned items of the evening's amusements. Their skipping is graceful and pretty, and well calculated to give them

admirable training for the Senior Gymnasium when they grow older.

The vaulting horse exercises were performed very well, but there is nothing much new in this respect. The Indian club squad, however, showed that they had been giving considerable attention and practice to their elaborate and difficult exercises. I should say that, in this particular at least, they can compete with the men honourably, taking them as a whole. Of course, we know there are gymnast stars among the men who can manipulate 20-lb. clubs as if they were merely drumsticks, but they are Samsons in disguise. It is something to be proud of that girls can successfully go through these most difficult and fatiguing exercises without having to stop for want of breath or lack of strength. At this rate, we shall soon have the girl Amazons coming forward to start an opposition Newnham and Girton boat-race to run against the noteworthy Oxford and Cambridge, such massive muscles will they have.

The jumping by the Junior Section was exceedingly animated and exciting. They are cultivating their courage early. To see them tear off, dashing on, and springing on the board, then clearing the suspended rope, was excitement itself, to say nothing of the courage necessary for such a proceeding. The junior girls evidently are high-spirited, and full of nervous and active energy which will stand them in good stead in their matured and, perhaps, less romantic womanhood.

The bar-bell exercises are quite novel and elaborate, seemingly specially designed for strengthening the muscles of the back and spinal column. After such training as this no girl need stoop, even should she be compelled to spend her life in a sitting business, such as millinery, dressmaking, etc. The exercises, besides being so beneficial in their practice, were most graceful and attractive, and formed one of the most interesting items of the programme.

Figure marching was also original, and came off very well indeed, the girls keeping admirable time and step, both of these being so essential to the successful display of this rather difficult exercise. No girl, apparently, needed to be reminded about "Heads up," or "Head erect," but all walking with ease and grace, and yet keeping time and pace with their comrades. The Running Maze, which completed the programme, was very well performed, but nothing fresh. In this the girls have stood still, and would do well to copy the example of the men, who have made rapid strides in this direction. I daresay, however, the admittance of the Junior Section into the Running Maze somewhat barred the way to progress, and when the next display is held (by which time the Junior girls will have been drilled in), we may have the pleasure of seeing the girls able to compete with, or even outdoing the men. The men have had, in a previous programme, a most remarkable running maze, which might be designated the "lunatic maze," where they suddenly drop out of ideal order and tear on in undisguised dismay and confusion, as if they really were lunatics let loose, to tear about as they pleased, and then, as suddenly, regaining their normal condition. All this is very

exciting, and requires a commanding genius to superintend, and, I might say in obeying genius to carry out instructions. The commanding genius we have, as the men have proved—it is now for the girls to pay special attention to his commands, the leaders, in their turn, catching an impetus from Sergeant Burdett, and, after obeying him, leading others. In this, as in other great achievements, there must be implicit obedience, and good organisation.

To conclude, Sergeant Burdett must be congratulated upon his patience, perseverance, and originality. Let him but continue on as he has commenced, and all will be well. The women of the coming generation will, day by day, get stronger and stronger, and in this, as in other things, they will eventually lay the foundation stones of the equality of sexes, which is so splendidly recognised already in the People's Palace.

(Miss) N. G. BACON (Ex-Member).

Cycling Chat.

BY WALTER GROVES, Assist. Ed., *Cycling*

THE wheelman of 1882 was a crab (in the matter of pace) compared with the wheelman of 1892, and I wouldn't go out of my way to assert that the wheelman of 1892 isn't a tortoise compared with what the wheelman of 1902 will be. I like reform. There is something so satisfying about it. When I commenced riding a bicycle I had a tyre on my wheel with an iron wire running through it. Somehow it hadn't struck the tyre-makers of that time that if they took out that iron wire and left the tyre with a hole through it, it would be lighter and more comfortable. No; it seems a simple thing, but it took a number of years to think of it. Now we have the hole through the tyre, and instead of the iron wire, we pump air into it. Air is much lighter, and makes the tyre resilient. The man who has ridden a boneshaker is the only living individual who can thoroughly appreciate the advantages and pleasures derived from the modern "Safety" bicycle fitted with pneumatic tyres. There is not only one man living who has ridden a boneshaker. Nearly everybody who is anybody in cycling circles has ridden the boneshaker. If you were to say to a wheel celebrity, suddenly, "Dear me, Mr. Pushpedal, I hear you are a cyclist," he would at once assume a most inflated demeanour, and say "Bless you, yes, why I commenced riding in the olden days of the boneshaker." It's just the same when you write up the biography of a well-known wheelman, indeed, according to the number of people who say they rode the "shaker" there must have been one of these instruments of torture between twenty to a hundred riders of it. Returning to tyres, there have really been astounding advances made lately in the way of cycle tyres. In the first place a nobleman named Dunlop benefited the great cycling community by inventing a pneumatic tyre which increased the speed of a cycle to a remarkable extent, and added everything it was possible to add to the comfort of wheel riding. Since then innumerable "inventors" who had laid dormant for years suddenly arose, and invented pneumatic tyres, each of which was "perfect in every respect." In fact, we have so many "perfect" pneumatic

tyres just now that the undecided cyclist's life is a very worry. The same regarding machines. Every machine is "the best." Didn't you know that? You can see it in the advertisements. A good many inquisitive cyclists want to know which is the "very best," but they soon find out that there are as many "very bests" as there are "bests." There is such a striking similarity of ideas in the cycle trade. When our robust George Morris invented the diamond-framed "Referee" safety, hundreds of makers, suddenly enlightened, discovered that he had anticipated their own ideas, so that they all set to work copying his machine. By the way, mentioning George Morris, I believe he was at one time a splendid gymnast. Well, he isn't now. The National Cyclists' Union is the ruling body of the sport, and this year it is making up considerably, several reforms having already been effected. Many reforms are still needed, but I cannot go into that matter here. Racing prospects for the season of 1892 are particularly bright, and we are looking forward to a season of interesting developments. There are so many good men of equal merit now on the "Safety" that to single out any individual as the best is extremely difficult. F. J. Osmond, who only made his appearance as a dwarf bicycle racer last season, was undoubtedly head and shoulders above every other racing man, but the "Safety" renders the chances of all classes of riders about equal, and last season our own great little A. T. Mole more than once managed to make sorry pictures of some of the big fry, on one memorable occasion, handsomely beating the mile champion, Scheltema-Beduin. There is one thing very evident, and that is, that we shall not have so many race meetings in London as we had last season, and we do not want them. The whole thing was absurdly overdone last year, and promoting clubs lost any amount of money. The public does not always want such a lot of a good thing. This year we have a particular attraction for our race meetings in the shape of an American racing man. He is a very taciturn specimen of the Yankee, and, indeed, not at all like the guessing and calculating majority of his countrymen. In America he is reputed as a real fier, second only to Willie Windle, who, by the way, holds the world's amateur bicycle record for a mile—2 mins. 15 secs., against F. J. Osmond's English record of 2 mins. 16 secs. We have yet to see what he will do when pitted against our best men on our tracks, which are very much smaller than those in America; the climate here will also be all against him, but we have no doubt he will show up creditably, and it will be interesting news to Polyfellows to know that A. A. Zimmerman, for that is his name, will make his first appearance on the Paddington path at the Polytechnic Cycling Club's big meeting on May 28th.

YOUNG HUSBAND: "Now love, which will you have—the watch, the bracelets, or the necklace?" YOUNG WIFE: "we must avoid unnecessary expense, dear. I'm sure if you buy all three the man will give you a reduction on them. I'm your own saving, economical little wifey, aren't I?"

The English Draughts Championship.

MONDAY next sees the commencement of the contest for the English Draughts Championship, the event coming off in the Conversational-room at the Polytechnic. It will be remembered that last year the contest lasted from March 30th to April 10th, and was the occasion of a good deal of interest, not to say excitement. Sixteen players then entered, and a most successful event, in which a keen interest was manifested, resulted. Mr. H. Christie, of Sunderland, and Mr. W. Beattie, the Liverpool Achilles were successful in reaching the final, and after a hard but somewhat one-sided contest, the former secured the title, the score being, won two and three draws.

In the present instance eleven contestants have entered, as follows: Messrs. J. L. Richmond, Marsden, F. Tescheleit London champion, G. Freeman, London blind-fold champion, F. Dunne, Warrington, J. A. Kear, senr., and J. A. Kear, junr., Bristol, J. Bishop, Hull, W. Walker, Lewisham, A. Jordan, London, J. G. Lewis, London and "unknown."

Play commences at 12 a.m., and lasts till 5, and after two hours' interval, will be resumed at 7 till 10.20 p.m., continuing each day until finished; the balloting of players will take place one hour previous to play. There are five prizes: first, £25, which carries with it the title of Champion of England; second, £10; third, £4; fourth, £3; fifth, £2.

The best of six games decides each pair of players, and in the event of a tie, an opening will be drawn from a bag of twenty-four restricted openings, the first won game concluding the heat. A keen and determined contest is anticipated, and it is to be hoped visitors will observe strict silence during the games. Admission 6d., or 2s. 6d. for a course ticket, admitting day or evening for the entire period of the contest.

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.
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- W. Morgan, 136, Burdett Road, E.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, 16TH APRIL,

AT THREE O'CLOCK,

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

ADMISSION ... ONE PENNY.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

CONCERT BY THE ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION.

EASTER MONDAY, 18TH APRIL,

AT THREE O'CLOCK,

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE ROYAL HOLDFAST HANDBELL RINGERS.

ADMISSION ... ONE PENNY.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

ENTERTAINMENT BY WILLET'S IMPERIAL MINSTREL TROUPE.

TUESDAY, 19TH APRIL,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

CONCERT BY THE CARDIFF NATIONAL WELSH CHOIR.

WEDNESDAY, 20TH APRIL,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

CONCERT BY THE GIPSY CHOIR.

THURSDAY, 21ST APRIL,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE ROYAL CRITERION HANDBELL RINGERS.

FRIDAY, 22ND APRIL,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE CROWN MINSTREL TROUPE.

SATURDAY, 23RD APRIL,

AT THREE O'CLOCK,

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

ADMISSION ... ONE PENNY.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,

CONCERT BY THE CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHOIR.

ADMISSION ... THREEPENCE.

Winter Garden open every day from 2 till 10 p.m.

PROGRAMME FOR SATURDAY, APRIL 16th.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS, 1892.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

ON SATURDAY, THE 16TH OF APRIL, 1892.

AT 8 O'CLOCK, BY

THE ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION.

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

VOCALISTS:

MISS JESSIE HOTINE. MR. HUGH DAVIES. MR. W. PRICE. MR. W. A. HAMILTON.
MR. JOHN HADDON. MR. HORACE WARD. MR. HOLDEN WALKER. MR. W. H. SIMONS
MR. HENRY CRIBB.

Humorous Vocalist—MR. DAVIE WILLIAMS.

Solo Pianist and Accompanist—M^DLLE. GABRIELLA BERETTA (of the Milan Conservatoire).1. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Grand Prix Galop" ... G. Beretta
M^DLLE. GABRIELLA BERETTA.2. GLEE "O the Sweet Contentment" ... Horsley
ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION.O the sweet contentment the countryman doth find,
That quiet contemplation possesseth all my mind;
Then care away and wend along with me.
Heigh trollie lollie loe.The ploughman though he labour hard, yet on the holiday
No Emperor so merrily doth pass his time away;
Then care away and wend along with me.
Heigh trollie lollie loe.The cuckoo and the nightingale full merrily do sing,
And with their pleasant roundelays bid welcome to the
spring;
Then care away and wend along with me.
Heigh trollie lollie loe.3. SONG ... "True as the Compass" Godfrey Marks
MR. HOLDEN WALKER.The top sails all are set my lads,
The anchor's weighed at last,
With waving hands our dear ones stand,
To watch our ship go past;
But many a stormy wind will blow,
And many a breaker roar,
Before we reach the hearts we love,
And touch old England's shore,
Sailing away, sailing afar,
Darling, my heart is true,
True as the compass to the star,
True to old England and you.The flag's apeak, the anchor swung,
Across the bar we steer,
With many a jolly chorus sung,
And many a rousing cheer.
Farewell, sweetheart, farewell, dear wife,
Our fate lies on the sea,
But He who keeps the sailor's life
His dear one's guard will be.
Sailing away, etc.Away, away, the wind is fair,
The shore looms dim and gray,
But the hearts of all the dear ones there
Shall never fade away.
They smile upon us lovingly
When we are far apart,
For love can cross the wildest sea,
And hold us heart to heart.
Sailing away, etc. F. E. Weatherly.4. SONG (Humorous) Selected ...
MR. DAVIE WILLIAMS.5. SONG ... "The Moorish Maid" Henry Parker
MISS JESSIE HOTINE.I've watched the golden sunshine
Thro' my narrow prison bars,
I've seen the pale moon gliding,
'Midst her court of glittering stars;
But no birds sing near my lattice,
And the flowers I cannot see,
Save in dreams the days recalling,
When the captive maid was free,In my dreams I see the wavelets
As they kiss my native shore,
Here again the martial music,
That I thought I hear no more;
Yet such dreams come but in sleeping,
And that sleep I woo in vain,
Or has night its waking visions,
That I hear a plaintive strain.Hark! near it comes, and nearer,
Oh! can it be that I
Dare trust that music's message,
That love and help are nigh?
Ah! yes, I know that voice,
'Tis he, my lover, true and brave;
Oh! heaven, look in pity down,
And help to bless and save.
'Tis he! 'tis he!My heart with rapture now is dancing,
Like a bird of the wood it sings with glee,
For love and home will bid me welcome,
Like a bird of the wood, I'm free, I'm free.
Yes! like a bird I'm free.6. TRIO ... "Wine! the Magician Thou Art" Balfe
(From the "Rose of Castille.")
MESSRS. PRICE, HADDON, AND SIMONS.For wine's sake, and love,
From the court far away,
Life's ills rais'd above,
Let us drink and be gay.Wine! wine! wine! the magician thou art;
Thou gildest the dull things in life;
Thou gladd'nest e'en poverty's heart,
And light'nest ambition's dark strife.Our hearts would congeal
With but reason's dull sway;
Who would bound on life's way,
Thy delirium must feel.

Long liv'd the Spanish king,
Of ev'ryone the cry:
In chorus should I sing
I would a wish supply.

A happy thought is mine,
'Tis long live Spanish wine.
For wine's sake, etc.

7. SONG ... "The Star of Bethlehem" ... Adams
MR. HORACE WARD.

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

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

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

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

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

8. BALLAD "I seek for thee in every flower" Ganz, 1833
MR. HENRY CRIBB.

I seek for thee in every flower
The tawny wild bee knows,
In meadow, lane, or forest bower,
Or where the river flows;
In all a thought of thee I find,
In all, thy beauty trace;
Some image of thy gentle mind,
Some vision of thy face.

I seek for thee in every flower,
That gems the field or glade,
With lustre for the brightest hour,
With gladness for the shade.
So with the bee, by rippling streams,
And silent woods I rove;
And gather there the sweetest dreams,
To hive my heart, with love.

9. SONG (Humorous) Selected ...
MR. DAVIE WILLIAMS.

10. SCENA (Il Trovatore) "Miserere" ... Verdi
SOLOS—MISS JESSIE HOTINE AND MR. HORACE WARD.

Chorus.
Misere, again the wail of sorrow
For him whose eyes shall ne'er behold the morrow,
Misere, a peaceful rest attend him,
Good angels guard and from all harm defend him.

Leonora.
Ah me! with what anguish I hear this sad wailing.
It falls on my wither'd hopes, and thrills me with awe,
In yon gloomy tower stern death now is brooding,
Ah me! I am breathing, yet cold is my heart.

Manrico.

Ah! I have sighed to rest me
Deep in the quiet grave,
But all in vain I crave, a last farewell, my Leonora,
farewell.

Leonora.

O heav'n save me from madness.

Chorus—Misere, etc.

Leonora.

In yon gloomy tower, stern death now is brooding,
On earth we shall meet no more.
This cold world, alas! can give me no comfort.
Ah me! all the bright hopes I cherish'd so fondly were
cherish'd in vain,
All the hopes I cherish'd are gone.

Manrico.

Out of the love I bear thee,
Yield I my life for thee.
Wilt thou not think of me?
Oh think of me, my Leonora, farewell.

Leonora.

I'll think of thee.

Chorus—Misere, etc.

11. SCENA (Faust), Part of the Kermesse ... Gounod
SOLOS—MR. J. HADDEN (Valentine), MR. HOLDEN WALKER (Wagner), MR. W. H. SIMONS (Mefistofele).

Valentine. Dear gift of my sister, sanctified by her pray'r,
However great the danger, there's nought shall
do me harm,
Thus protected by a charm.

Wagner. Ah! Valentine here, it is the hour for marching.
Valentine. A parting cup, my friend,
If we ne'er drink another.

Wagner. Why so dull, thou a soldier, reluctant to go.
Valentine. I am grave, for behind me, I leave alone
And young, my sister Margarita,
She has but me to look to, our mother [being
gone.

Siebel. I shall be always near her,
To guard her like a brother in thy stead.

Valentine. Thine hand.

Siebel. Be sure I will not fail.

Villagers. We will watch o'er her, too.

Wagner. Have done, my hearts, have done with
melancholy,
Come what may, let the soldier be jolly,
Some wine, and let some hero brave
Tune up, forthwith, a merry stave.

Soldiers. Some wine, etc.

Wagner. A rat, who was born a coward, and was ugly too,
Once sat in the abbott's cellar, 'neath a barrel
new;
A cat—

Mefistofele. A what?

Wagner. Eh!

Mefistofele. May not I, a stranger, make one of such a
jovial party.
Pray sir, conclude the stave so well begun,
And I will sing, when you have, a much better
one.

Wagner. Sing to us at once, or we shall call you boaster.

Mefistofele. If you must, sirs, you shall, I look to you for
chorus.

SONG (with Chorus).

Clear the way for the calf of gold,
In his pomp and pride adoring,
East or west, through hot or cold,
Weak and strong must bow before him;

Wisest men do homage mute
To the image of the brute.
Dancing round his pedestal,
While old Mammon leads off the ball.

For a king is the calf of gold,
On their thrones the gods defy,
Let the fates or furies scold,
Lo! his empire is undying,
Pope and poet join the ring,
Laurell'd chiefs his triumph sing,
Dancing round his pedestal,
While old Mammon leads off the ball.

Soldiers. A funny song, upon my life,
Valentine. What a strange mocking comrade.
Wagner. Your throat must now be dry,
Come, drink a glass with me.

Mefistofele. What ho! Bacchus up there! some liquor,
Come while you can, and each one drink to his
taste,

While I propose "The fairest of the fair ones,
Our Margarita."

Valentine. Enough!
Thou diest by my hand if thou stay not thy
banter.

Wagner and Soldiers. Come on.

Mefistofele. So soon afraid, who only now defied me.
Valentine. My sword! O dishonour! is broken in sunder.
All. 'Gainst the pow'rs of evil our arms assailing,
Strongest earthly might, must be unavailing,
But thou canst not charm us.

Valentine. Look hither!

All. Look hither!

Valentine. Whilst this blest sign we wear
Thou canst not harm us.

All. Whilst this blest sign, etc.

12. SONG ... "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" ... F. Clay
MR. W. A. HAMILTON.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of fair Cashmere;
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a tear;
And dreams of delight shall on thee break,
And rainbow visions rise,
And all my soul shall strive to wake,
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

Through those twin lakes, when wonder wakes,
My raptured song shall sink;
And as the diver dives for pearls,
Bring tears, bright tears to their brink;
And dreams of delight shall on thee break,
And rainbow visions rise,
And all my soul shall strive to wake,
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.
To cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a tear.

13. DUET ... "The Buttercup" (Cox and Box) ... Sullivan
MESSRS. W. PRICE AND J. HADDON.

The buttercup dwells on the lonely mead,
The daisy is bright to see,
But brighter far are the eyes that read
The thoughts in the heart of me.
I come by night, I come by day,
I come in the morn to sing my lay;
I know my notes, I count each bar,
And I've learnt a tune on the gay guitar.
Fiddle-iddle-dum.

The floweret shines on the minaret fair,
The dahlia waves in the breeze,
The cockchafer sighs in the midnight air,
The dicky-bird sings in the trees.

I come by night, I come by day,
I never, ah! never, can stay away;
If you the guitar can sweetly do,
I play on the concertina too,
Fiddle-iddle-dun. F. C. Burnand.

14. SONG ... "Bedouin Love Song" ... Finsuti
MR. W. H. SIMON.

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 a 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 wind touch thy brow
With the breath of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

15. OLD BALLAD ... "Robin Adair" ... Tunc Traditional
MISS JESSIE HOTINE.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near!
What was't I wish to see?
What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heaven on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin Adair!
What when the play was o'er?
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair!
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair!
Yet, he I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Burns

16. PART SONG (Humorous) "A Chinese March" Otto
17. SONG... "The Dear Homeland" ... Slaughter
MR. WILLIAM PRICE.

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 wonder'd if 'twas spring-time far across the sea.
In the dear homeland, far across the sea,
I wonder'd was it spring-time where I lov'd to be;
Did the cockchafer shine on the old sweet strand,
Were the birds of April singing in the dear homeland?

I could not find the blossoms that at home all grew,
And I missed the happy dear ones that of old I knew.

They came with smiles to greet me, and to me it seemed
My heart with joy was breaking in the dream I dream'd.

18. SONG "Hunting the Fox in the Morning" M. Watson
MR. J. L. HADDON.

The meet is this morning at Claverton Gate,
And the hounds and the huntsmen come up a bit late;

Young Lackland rides up as the master appears,
On the clever old grey he has hunted for years;

Doors Open at 7 p.m. ADMISSION—THREEPENNY.
The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each Number on the Programme.

PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY, APRIL 18th, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 18th, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY

MR. TOM WILLETT'S IMPERIAL MINSTRELS.

END MEN—MR. TOM WILLETT, MR. TOM WARD, MR. FRANK BANKS, MR. GEORGE CRONK,
MR. HARRY RICKWOOD, MR. HARRY BROOKES. INTERLOCUTOR—MR. DAN HARRINGTON.

PROGRAMME.
PART I.

Table listing musical pieces for Part I, including Opening Chorus, Comic Song, Ballad, and Vocal Solo, with performers like Mr. Harry Rickwood and Mr. Charles Williams.

First Part to conclude with a new Military Absurdity, entitled "THE MOUCHERS."

PART II.

Table listing musical pieces for Part II, including Banjo Song, Hunting Song, Plantation Song and Dance, and Vocal Duet, with performers like Mr. Tom Ward and Messrs. Willett and Harrington.

Messrs. BROOKES AND BANKS in their Musical Mélange.

Doors open at 7 p.m. Admission THREEPENNY. Winter Garden open 10 to 10. 10 to 6, ONE PENNY
The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

And my lord smiles disdainfully, what need he fear
From a mere younger son, with five hundred a year?

The hounds are thrown in, and the covert rings out,
With the sound of their voice as they push him about;

19. SONG (Humorous) "The Accent On" ... Bouyer
MR. DAVIE WILLIAMS.

20. MADRIGAL "We happy shepherd swains" Netherclift

We happy shepherd swains
Now leave till morn the mountain side,

Hand in hand we dance and sing,
Round the rustic fairy ring,

Till the knell of fading light,
When we part with sweet good night.

PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 17th.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS & SACRED CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON

EASTER SUNDAY, the 17th of APRIL, 1892.

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

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MR. W. J. DERBY.

1. FUGUE IN C MINOR Reubke 5. ANTHEM "Break forth into joy" ... Barnby

2. HYMN "Christ the Lord is risen to-day" ...

Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Christians, haste your vows to pay;

Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;

3. VOCAL SOLO ... "Nazareth" ... Gounod

4. PRIERE ET BERCEUSE Guilmant

AT 8 P.M.

1. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN D MAJOR Bach 4. ANDANTE GRAZIOSO Smart

2. BERCEUSE Delbruck 5. MARCH ON A THEME OF HANDEL Guilmant

3. SELECTION FROM THE "MESSIAH" Handel 6. LARGO Bunnett

7. GRAND SOLEMN MARCH Smart.

Next Sunday the Welsh Choir will give a Service of Sacred Song at 4 and 8 o'clock,

The doors will be kept closed during the singing of each number.

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME FOR TUESDAY, APRIL 19th.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS, 1892

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

ON TUESDAY, APRIL 19TH,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, BY THE

CARDIFF NATIONAL WELSH CHOIR.

VOCALISTS—

MISS POLLIE COLLINS. MISS NELLIE HILL. MISS MARY JENKINS. MISS MAUD BARNES.
MADAME EMLYN JONES. MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES. MR. C. EMLYN JONES.
MR. GRASON HOPE. MR. D. AQUILA JONES.
Elocutionist—MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES. Accompanist—MR. GRASON HOPE.
Musical Director—MR. C. EMLYN JONES, R.A.M.

PART I.

1. NATIONAL CHORUS ... *B. Richards*
"God bless the Prince of Wales"
CHOIR.

Among our ancient mountains,
And thro' our lovely vales,
Oh! let the prayer re-echo,
God bless the Prince of Wales.
With heart and voice awaken
Those lovely strains of yore;
Till Britain's name and glory.
Resound from shore to shore.

Chorus.

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh! let the prayer re-echo,
God bless the Prince of Wales.

2. OLD SCOTCH SONG ...
"The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond"
C. W. AQUILA JONES.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon,
Where I and my true love were ever want to gae,
On the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon.
O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye,
But I and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
By the steep, steep sides o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
O ye'll tak', etc.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping;
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the wae'fu' may cease frae their greeting.
O ye'll tak', etc.

3. RECITATION ... Selected ...
MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES.4. QUARTETTE "Queen of the Night" ... *Smart*
MISS COLLINS, MADAME JONES, MESSRS.
C. E. JONES and D. A. JONES.

Queen of the night, arise, unveil,
And robe thee in thy beauty pale;
They wait for thee on hill and dale,
Queen of the night, arise.

Unseen the flowers their perfumes sigh,
Unseen the streamlet wanders by,
And grove and dell in darkness lie,
Queen of the night, arise.

The lady looks from out her tower,
Into the deep'ning gloom;
The bells have chimed the appointed hour,
She sees no waving plume.

The night wind moans, the wild waves roar,
The anxious sea-wife treads the shore,
In vain she seeks the expected bark,
What eye can pierce those waters dark?

Queen of the night arise, unveil,
And robe thee in thy beauty pale;
They wait for thee on hill and dale,
Queen of the night, arise.

5. WELSH SONG... ... *William Davies*
"O! na Byddai'n Haf O Hyd"
("O that summer smil'd for Aye")
MR. C. EMLYN JONES.

O! na byddai'n haf o hyd, awyr las mochben y byd,
Hau! goleulau yu tywynu, adar man y coed yu canu,
Blodau fyrrd o hyd yu gwenu, O! na byddai'n haf o hyd.

Recitative.

O na byddai'n haf o hyd, gauaf mewn tragwyddol gyd,
Neb yu ofni tywydd garw, neb mewn poen na blinder
chwerv,
Neb yu cwyno, neb yu marw, O! na byddai'n haf o hyd.

O na byddai'n haf o hyd, dydd didefyn ar y hyd,
Auiau mewn perffettirwydd gwisgoedd,
Byroyd ar bob dalen bythoedd;
Mi nau'n ieuanc yu oesoesoedd,
O! na byddai'n haf o hyd.

6. SOLO ... "Angus Macdonald" ... *Roedel*
MADAME EMLYN JONES.

O! sad were the homes on the mountain and glen,
When Angus Macdonald marched off with his men;
O! sad was my heart when we sobbed our good-bye,
And he marched to the battle, maybe to die.
O! Angus Macdonald, the loch is so drear,
And gloomy the mountain for thou art not near;
O! Angus my own in the camp over sea,
I'm waiting, and longing, and praying for thee.
O! Father of Mercies, humbly I pray,
Thou seest the fight and the camp far away;
O! watch o'er my Angus and bring him to me,
For thou canst defend him where'er he may be;
But hark! there's a stir, there's a stir in the trees,
There's a stir in the trees in the glen,
'Tis the call of the pibrochs, the marching of men;
The echoes are waking on forest and scar,
'Tis Angus my own coming home from the war.

7. SONG ... "By the Fountain" ... *S. Adams*

Miss POLLIE COLLINS.
I was passing by the fountain,
I remember it so well,
I saw a sweet face dreaming
Where the waters flashed and fell;
And the green leaves waved above her,
And the birds sang sweet and clear,
And there was one beside her,
Who whispered in her ear;
While the silver fountain falleth,
And the stars are in the sky,
I shall love thee dear, for ever,
With a love that shall not die.

It was after years I saw it,
That same sweet face of yore,
But the fountain, it was frozen,
And the birds sang there no more;
There was grey among her gold hair,
There were tears within her eyes,
As she stretch'd her hands imploring
Towards the empty skies.

"Art thou coming my beloved?"
Still I heard her bitter cry;
But the stars gave back no answer,
And the fountain no reply.

And once again I saw it,
That same sweet face of old,
But the waiting all was over,
And the little tale was told.
He would come no more for ever,
Too well she knew it now,
While her heart gave back the echo
Of her lover's broken vow.—
While the silver fountain falleth,
And the stars are in the sky,
I shall love thee, dear, for ever,
With a love that shall not die.

8. CHORUS ... "A Spring Song" ... *Pinsuti*
CHOIR.

I sat beneath the Abeles old, the meads were shot with
green and gold
And underdeath my feet there roll'd, the little silv'ry Gad;
The cuckoo, and the thrush, were singing, singing,
singing,
The sheep bells on the hills, were ringing, ringing,
All life was gay and glad.

The busy bubbling waterfall melodiously kept time to all,
The rich May music mystical ton'd to the freshening air,
Each ripening bud that open flies, seem'd gasping with a gay
surprise

To greet a world so fair.

O lovely, lovely, lovely spring;
O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom king!
Breathe on heart and bid me sing,
Or rather praise and pray;
For emblems are these sunny hours,
These golden meads, and streams, and flowers,
Of everlasting May.

PART II.

9. CHORUS ... "Comrades' Song of Hope" ... *Adams*
CHOIR.

Hark, what sounds of solemn gladness
Are heard filling the air:
Sweet the hope that dawns on sadness.
A joyful day foretelling,
To banish the night of despair,
Men that toil in the battle of life,
Listen to strains that will sweeten the strife.

When the kindly country that bore you;
When broad mankind your valour needs;
When the good and great gone before you
Lood down to mark your noble deeds.

For your fatherland and freedom,
For truth and right stand in the van,
Fling wealth and pomp to those who need them,
Be staunch and bold, and play the man;

Truth your standard, holy your cause,
Be faithful to death for your freedom and laws;
Your cause is right, and right is might,
Then play the man and win the fight.

10. SONG ... "The Bedouin Love Song" ... *Pinsuti*
MR. D. AQUILA JONES.

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 a 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 not die.
Till the sun, etc.

11. SONG ...
MISS MARY JENKINS.12. RECITATION ... Selected ...
MISS ALICE PRYCE JONES.13. QUARTETTE *Pinsuti*
"In this hour of softened splendour"
MISS P. COLLINS, MADAME E. JONES, MESSRS.
C. E. JONES and D. A. JONES.

In this hour of softened splendour,
When the moon, fair Queen on high,
Bids the stars due homage render
To their sovereign in the sky:
In this hour oh, lady, hear me,
Bid me my passion prove,
With thy royal glance, ah, cheer me,
While I tell all my love.

In this hour of softened splendour,
When the moon holds court on high;
Hear, oh, hear me, homage render,
And give me sigh for sigh.

See the gentle moon now paleth
In the radiance of the dawn,
And in pure white robe she toileth,
All her queenly glories gone;
In this hour, oh, lady hear me,
Bid me my passion prove,
With thy royal glance, ah, cheer me,
While I tell all my love.

In this hour so soft and tender,
When the moon forgets to shine,
And the day breaks forth in splendour,
Say thou wilt be mine.

14. OLD ENGLISH SONG ...
 "Sally in our Alley"
 MR. C. EMLYN JONES.
 Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart, and lives in our alley;
 There is no lady in the land, that's half so sweet as Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart, and lives in our alley.
 Of all the days within the week, I dearly love but one day;
 And that's the day that comes betwixt the Saturday and Monday;
 Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best, to walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart, and lives in our alley.
 My master and the neighbours all, make game of me and Sally;
 And but for her I'd rather be a slave, and row a galley.
 But when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll marry Sally,
 And then how happily we'll live! But not in our alley.

15. SONG ... "Sing, Sweet Bird" ... Ganz
 MISS POLLIE COLLINS.
 Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow,
 Let me listen to thy strain,
 From thy warblings I can borrow
 That which bids me hope again;
 Hover still around my dwelling,
 There is pleasure where thou art,
 While thy tale of love thou'rt telling,
 Say, who can be sad at heart.
 Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain;
 Ah! sing, sweet bird.

Doors Open at 7 p.m. ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.
 The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

PROGRAMME FOR THURSDAY, APRIL 21st.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS, 1892.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

ON THURSDAY, THE 21ST OF APRIL, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, BY THE

ROYAL CRITERION HANDBELL RINGERS & GLEE SINGERS.

Conductor—Mr. HARRY TIPPER.

MISS WATKINS, MESSRS. RYALL, BELTON, JAMES, AND WISE.

PART I.

BELLS ... "Marche aux Flambeaux" ... S. Clark
 PART SONGS { "When Evening's Twilight"
 "Absence" } Hatton
 BELLS ... "Le Charme Gavotte" ... Le Thiere
 SONG AND CHORUS "A Sailor's Song" ...
 MR. HARRY TIPPER.
 BELLS ... "Merry Bells Polka" ... Godfrey
 RECITATION ... Selected ...
 MR. J. WISE.
 SONG ... "On the Banks of Allan Water" ...
 MR. H. G. RYALL.
 BELLS ... "Scotch Melodies" Arr. by H. Tipper
 Including "Bonnie Dundee," "Scots Wha' Hae," etc.
 PART SONG "Phyllis Dyes Her Tresses Black" Prendergast

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

Doors Open at 7 p.m. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.
 The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

Morn and noon, and dewy even,
 Anxiously for thee I'll wait,
 Come, thou chorister of heaven,
 Cheer a soul disconsolate;
 So shall time fond thoughts awaken,
 Joy once more shall live and reign,
 And the harp, so long forsaken,
 Yield its dulcet tones again.
 Sing, sweet bird, let me listen to thy strain;
 Ah! sing, sweet bird.

16. HUMOROUS SONG ... Selected ...
 MR. GRASON HOPE.
 17. CHORUS "Let the Hills Resound" Brinley Richards
 CHOIR.

Let the hills resound with song as we proudly march along,
 For as of old our sires were bold, stout hearts have we;
 While Cambria's mountains stand like the ramparts of the land,
 Unfettered as the winds are her children free.
 War we wage for freedom's heritage,
 Our cause is true that urges to the conflict's close,
 And peace shall crown the warrior's bright renown,
 The fame of him who bore him well in front of foes.
 Let the hills resound, etc.

Land of my home, tender thoughts will come,
 When thy happy valleys in dreams I see,
 And thy hearth-fires rise, and blue as skies
 Eyes of the dear ones are turn'd on me.
 Fair flow thy streams, and in sunlight gleams,
 Break upon the stones of a milk-white strand;
 And as soft haze fills the range of hills,
 Fond prayers arise for my own lov'd land.
 Let the hills, etc.

PROGRAMME FOR WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20th.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

By Miss NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY CHOIR,

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH OF APRIL, 1892, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

ARTISTES—

MISS EMILLIE. MISS LILLY NEWTON. MISS MINNIE DANIELS. "MISS EDITH TEAPE."
 MR. S. GEO. FOSTER. MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE. MR. WALTER DANIELS. MR. HENRY BOWMER.
 MR. WILL ADAMS (Humorous).

Dulcimer and Gigilera—MISS MINNIE BEADLE. Piccolo and Ocarina—MR. E. A. SALFORD.

Violins—MISS F. WIDDICOMBE AND MESSRS. J. AND C. WIDDICOMBE. At the Piano—MISS RUBY HOWE.

Director—MR. HORACE ARCHER.

PART I.

OVERTURE "Le Diadem" A. Herman

GLEE ... "The Carnovale" G. Rossini
 MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY
 CHOIR.

We are beggars, struck with blindness,
 Living on the rich man's kindness,
 On a day of joy and feasting,
 To the poor, oh, please to give.
 Pretty maidens, wives, and matrons,
 Ope your purses, be our patrons,
 As we blind can't see your beauty,
 Let us know your hearts are kind—
 Please to give, please to give.
 We are merry beggars singing,
 Gaily money-boxes ringing.
 Listen to our pleasant ditty,
 With Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la,
 All we sing is please to give.
 We know good manners tho' we be blind
 beggars all,
 We thank you heartily for gifts, however
 small;
 Come, show your charity, kind lads and
 lasses,
 Let each bestow a trifle as he passes,
 Come show your charity unto the blind.
 Carnival's passing, Carnival's passing
 away,
 Passing away.

SELECTION ON THE DULCIMER—
 MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

SONG ... "Pepita" J. P. Knight
 ("The Merry Gipsy Maid").
 MISS EMILLIE.

Who sings so gay by sun and shade, so
 sweet by moon and star?
 It is the litte gipsy maid, who comes
 from lands afar.
 And all who hear her notes of glee, awhile
 forget their woes,
 By hill and meadow, fancy free, she sings
 where'er she goes,

Vi-va la bel-la, la zin-ga-rel-la, vi-va, vi-va
 la Pe-pi-ta.
 Vi-va la bel-la, la zin-ga-rel-la, vi-va, vi-va
 la Pe-pi-ta.

And as she sings, her own dear home in
 fancy seems to rise,
 So far, so fair across the foam, beneath
 Italian skies.
 Once more she roams her sunny lands,
 and sees the vintage throng,
 And hears them hail her where she
 stands, their little queen of song.

And when within these colder climes the
 little gipsy sings,
 A glimpse of old Arcadian times, and
 golden years, she brings,
 The lands blow brighter round her feet,
 the sunshine bright above,
 The world again grows young and sweet,
 because she sings of love.

PICCOLO SOLO ...

MR. E. A. SALFORD.

SONG ... "Espanita" ... Mora
 MISS EDITH TEAPE.

When the summer day is dying,
 For thee, love, I fondly long,
 With guitar to serenade thee
 In an ardent loving song;
 There is no maid in Madrid
 Proud as I with thee nigh,
 Birds sing low in bowers hid,
 And my heart it makes reply.
 Oh, but the breeze so softly sighing
 Seems my love song to defy,
 For I'm thine for ever,
 Ne'er on earth to sever,
 Only death can part us,
 Love alone can guide us,
 Bright the future before us,
 Sure as skies which beam o'er us.
 Love so tender and true,
 Espanita waits for thee.

On the zephyrs gently blowing,
 Birds, sweet birds, my message
 bear,
 Tell him weary I am growing,
 And I long his voice to hear;
 Loved one, I'll ne'er thee forsake,
 I am thine, thine alone,
 Naught there is my love can break,
 True till death I am thine own,
 Ah! trusty as the stars above us
 Is my love, dear one, for thee,
 Love, I am thine for ever,
 Ne'er on earth to sever,
 Only death can part us,
 Love alone can guide us,
 Bright the future before us,
 Clear as skies which beam o'er us,
 Love so tender and true,
 Espanita waits for thee.

SONG (Humorous) ... Mason

"It Makes You Careful, Doesn't It"
 MR. WILL ADAMS.

SOLO ON GIGILERA ...

MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

SONG "The Flight of Ages" F. Bevan.
 MR. S. GEO. FOSTER.

I heard a song a tender song,
 'Twas sung for me alone
 In the hush of a golden twilight
 When all the world was gone,
 And as long as my heart is beating
 As long as my eyes have tears,
 I shall hear the echoes ringing
 From out the golden years.

I have a rose, a white white rose,
 'Twas given me long ago
 When the song had fall'n to silence,
 And the stars were dim and low,
 It lies in an old book faded
 Between the pages white,
 But the ages cannot dim the dream
 It brought to be that night.

PART II.

MARCH ... "Valliant" J. W. Moore
SONG "This and That" Henry Pontef
MISS EMILLIE.

Now, Grannie, prithee do not scold me,
I know full well 'tis passing late,
I know to hurry home you told me,
But someone met me at the gate.

Now, Grannie, prithee do not frown,
Indeed 'twas only cousin Mat,
Who, riding home from London town,
Just stopped to tell me This and That.

This and That! all very fine,
You think your Grannie blind, no
doubt;
I've eyes to see, Gran'daughter mine,
And know full well what you're about.

If for so long he made you linger,
And just of This and That to speak,
Then what is *this* upon your finger,
And what is *that* upon your cheek?

Well Gran, I'll tell you all the truth:
This, on my finger is a ring:
Now don't be hard upon the youth,
'Tis such a tiny, weeny thing;

And, as to *that* upon my cheek,
Well, Gran, there's nothing much
amiss,
The truth you know I said I'd speak,
'Twas Auntie sent us *both* a kiss;

One for me, and one for you,
So, as 'twas getting very late,
To save delay, I took the two,
Then safely locked and barred the
gate.

So, So! my lass, give me that ring,
Next time I meet your cousin Mat,
I'll give him back the tiny thing,
And box his ears for *This and That*.

OCARINA SOLO ...
"The Last Rose of Summer"
MR. E. A. SALFORD.

SONG ... "It was a Dream" ... F. Cowen
MISS EDITH TEAPE.

I heard the rippling brooklet sing
Among the poplar trees,
I heard the willows whispering
Unto the evening breeze.
Again I looked on the old, old place,
Again I saw my darling's face,
Again we wander'd by the stream,
It was a dream, it was a dream.

I saw the wand'ring streamlet flow
Down to the cold grey sea,
I saw the bending willows bow
In welcome over me.
Again I listen'd to breeze and bird,
Again my darling's voice I heard,
We kiss'd beneath the moon's soft beam,
It was a dream, it was a dream.

SOLO "Honour and Arms" Handet
MR. S. GEO. FOSTER.

SELECTION ON THE DULCIMER—
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

GLEE ... "The Sailors' Chorus" ... Anon
MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY
CHOIR.

We rock away on the billows gay,
As they blithely toss their caps of foam,
And with joy we ride o'er the seething
tide
Though our prow is turned from love
and home,
And with joy we ride o'er the heaving
tide.
Sailing far away from love and home.

Solo.

For the sailor's heart is free as air,
And to the winds he throws all care,
And rolling o'er the changeful deep,
Heloves the north wind's rush and leap.

Chorus.

Crying blow, blow, blow, ye merry gale
Make the ship speed on all sail, all sail,
Like a driving cloud as white as snow
On and on we go.
Blow away, blow away, ye merry gale,
Make the ship speed on all sail, all sail,
Like a driving cloud as white as snow
On and on we go, cheerly men.
Let the helmsman watch her well,
Mind the ship as she mounts the blue
billows' swell,
Now haul, cheerly men, belay.
So we sail, we sail away,
Sail we far away.

Solo and Quartet.

O moonlight nights on the tropic seas,
How the soul mounts away from scenes
like these,
And with gliding wings sail from star to
star,
Where the homes of the lost and loved
ones are,
They are all at rest, and beside the
crystal sea
Do they love us still, do they e'er forget
Those who here for years must be?

Chorus.

Crying blow, blow, etc.

DUET "Two Johnnies in Love" Mohawks
MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE AND
MR. E. A. SALFORD.

SONG (Humorous) ...
MR. WILL ADAMS.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

I have a love the love of years,
Bright as the purest star,
As radiant, sweet and wonderful,
As hopeless and as far,
I have a love the star of years,
It's light alone I see,
And I must worship, hope and love
However far it be.

It is the love that speaks to me
In that sweet song of old
It is the dream of golden years,
These petals white unfold,
And every star may fall from Heaven,
And every rose decay,
But the ages cannot change my love.
Or take my dream away.

GLEE "The Village Blacksmith"
Crampton
MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY
CHOIR.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Solo.

His hair is crisp and black and long
His face is like the tan.

Chorus.

His brow is wet with honest sweat
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Solo.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow;
Like a sexton ringing the village bell;
When the evening sun is low

Chorus.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door,
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

Solo.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice,
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise,
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

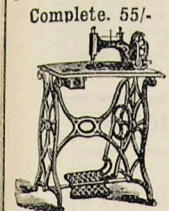
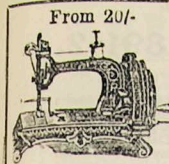
Chorus.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close,
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

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In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Society of Arts.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1891-2.

New Term commences Monday, 25th April, and ends 23rd July, 1892.

The Classes, with some exceptions, 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 FREE upon producing their pass. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in that which they will be admitted FREE upon payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of admission.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elem.	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday ... 8.0-10.0 Tuesday ... 8.0-10.0	4 0 5 0	
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair	Tuesday ... 7.15-8.15	4 0	
" " Prac., Adv.	Mr. D. S. Macnair	Friday ... 8.15-10.0	10 6	
" " Prac., Theo., Adv.	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday ... 8.15-10.0	10 6	
" " Prac., Theo., Adv.	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday ... 8.15-10.0	7 6	
" " Org., Hons. and Special Lab. Wk. I	Mr. F. G. Pope	M., Tu., Fri.	7.0-10.0 15 0	
Prac. Plane & Solid Geo., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Mon. & Th.	8 4 0	
" " Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low	"	9.0-10.0 4 0	
Mach. Construct. & Draw., Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Tuesday	8.0-10.0 4 0	
" " Adv.	Mr. F. C. Forth	"	8.0-10.0 4 0	
Mathematics, Stage I...	Mr. J. W. Martin	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0 4 0	
" " II...	Mr. J. W. Martin	"	9.0-10.0 4 0	
" " Practical...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday	8.0-9.0 4 0	
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. W. Slingo	Monday	8.0-9.0 4 0	
" " Adv. and Prac.	Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0 6 0	
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	8.0-9.0 4 0	
Theoretical Mechanics	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	9.0-10.0 4 0	

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1892).
 † Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.
 ‡ Half Fee to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.
 † Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.
 Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Carpentry & Joinery Lec...	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	45 0
" " Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	M., Tu., & Th.	8.0-10.0	10 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklry.	Monday	7.0-10.0	5 0
*Electrical Engin., Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingo, and Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Prac.)	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday	7.30-8.0	14 0
" " Workshop (Adv.)	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday	7.30-8.30	10 0
*Photography ...	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing Lecture, Hons. Ord.	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	25 0
" " Workshop	Mr. G. Taylor	Monday	8.0-10.0	10 6
*Printing (Letterpress) ...	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
†Tailor's Cutting ...	Mr. A. Umbach	Thursday	8.30-10.0	6 0
†Sign Writing & Graining ...	Mr. J. Sinclair	Friday	8.30-10.0	5 0

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examination of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892).
 † Per Term.
 ‡ Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. b 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing. To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing Trade. A special course of lectures on Trade subjects will be given during the session, for particulars see syllabus or hand-bills.
 The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.0-6.30	7 6
" " " " "	"	Friday	7-8.30	7 6
Millinery ...	Miss Newell	Tuesday	6.0-7.30 & 7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery— " Penny Lecture...	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.0-9.0	1 0
" " High Class	"	Friday	8.0-9.30	10 6
" " Practical	"	Thursday	8.0-9.30	5 0
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic etc. ...	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6
Laundry ...	Miss Sharman	Wednesday	7-9	5 0

Commercial and General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Advanced ...	Mr. A. Savill	Monday	7.30-8.30	2 6
" " Elementary	"	"	8.30-9.30	2 6
" " Book-keeping (Elementary, Practical)	"	Thursday	7.30-9.30	2 6
" " Journalising	"	"	6.0-7.0	4 0
" " Beginners	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Advanced	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
* CIVIL SERVICE ...	Mr. G. J. Michell	Mon. & Th.	6.30-8.45	—
Shorthand (Pitman's) Begin.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Inter.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
Type Writing ...	"	M., T., Th., F.	7.10	12 6
French— Elementary, 1st stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " 2nd stage	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Beginners ...	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Intermediate ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
Conversational ...	"	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Advanced ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
German—Advanced ...	Herr Dittel	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. G. J. Michell	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6

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FOR YOUNG WOMEN.
 MONDAY AND THURSDAY.—6.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8.0 till 10.0. Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Gymnastics and Running Maze. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker. 7 till 8. Fencing. Fee, 5/- per term.
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 Boys, Wednesday, 6.30 till 9.30. Girls, Thursday, 6.30 till 9.30. Sixpence per month, which includes attendance at two Educational Classes.

School of Art.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. H. J. Bateman, and Mr. D. Jessemann	Monday, Tuesday, Thursday & Friday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Drawing from the Antique	"	"	"	"
*Decorative Designing	"	"	"	"
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	"	"	"
Drawing from Life ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon. & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	Mr. Danels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Painting in Oil & Water-Color from Copies, Still Life, etc.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Saturday	2.0-4.30	10 6

* 10/6 the Session commencing Sept. 15th and ending July 2, 1892.
 † Students of the Wood Carving Class are expected to attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Musical Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Choral Society...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Tuesday & Friday	7.30-10.0	1 6
Singing— Class 1. Junior Choir	Mr. W. Harding Bonner	Thursday	6.30-7.45	1 0
" 2. Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 0
†Solo Singing ...	Miss Delves-Yates	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15/-
†Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Spencer, & Mr. W. V. King	Th., Fr., & Sat.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced) ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin ...	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello ...	assisted by Mr. G. Mellich	Wednesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Mandoline ...	Mr. B. M. Jenkins	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
"	"	Tuesday	7.0-10.0	5 0

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

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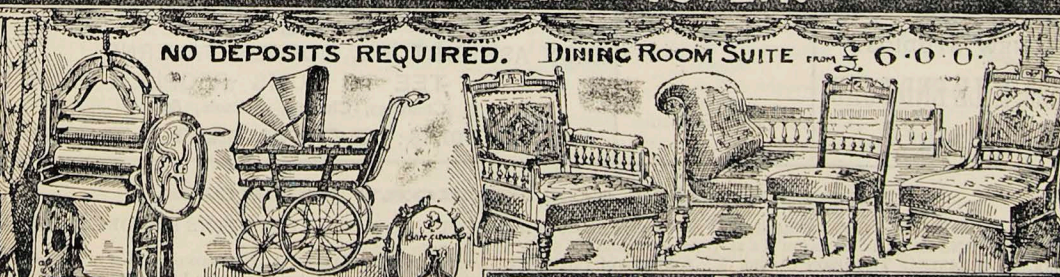
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