

December 23, 1892.

*The Palace Journal.*

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**THE PALACE JOURNAL.**

FRIDAY, DEC. 23rd, 1892.

**Club, Class and General Gossip.**

FRIDAY, Dec. 23rd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

SATURDAY, 24th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 25th (Christmas Day).—Free Breakfast to 2,000 poor children at 8.30 a.m., given by the Robin Society.

MONDAY, 26th (Boxing Day).—Winter Garden open from 10 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 3 and 8 p.m., Concert by Miss Eleanor Clausen's Ladies' Orchestra Pompadour Band. Admission, 3d.

TUESDAY, 27th.—Winter Garden, open from 2 to 10 p.m. At 3 p.m., Entertainment by the Meier Family. Admission, 3d. At 8 p.m., Concert by Band of the 4th Volunteer Brigade East Surrey Regiment. Admission, 3d.

WEDNESDAY, 28th.—At 3 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Entertainment by the Royal Holdfast Handbell Ringers. Admission, 3d. At 8 p.m., Concert by the celebrated Cardiff National Welsh Choir. Admission, 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 29th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. At 8 p.m., Costume Recital, Balfe's "Sleeping Queen," under the direction of Mr. Sinclair Dunn. Admission, 3d.

THE library will be open each day during the week from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Closed on Christmas and Boxing Day. Admission free.

THE attendances on Sunday at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital, and Library, were 4,258.

PEOPLES' PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—Our performance of "Elijah," on Saturday evening last was a great success, and Mr. Bradley appeared to be highly pleased at the manner in which the members of the choral society acquitted themselves. A most gratifying feature of the performance was the success achieved by those of our own members who assisted in several of the numbers. We were pleased to see such a good attendance, and all seemed to attack the work with every confidence, the result being that Mr. Bradley was rewarded for his hard work and careful training by a most satisfactory performance. Our next meeting for practice will be on TUESDAY evening, 3rd January, 1893, when, in the absence of Mr. Bradley, the rehearsals will be conducted by Mr. Jackson. Mr. Bradley hopes that members will support Mr. Jackson by attending as regularly as possible, as we have a lot of hard work to get through before the date of our Musical Festival, and we are hoping for a performance of "Israel in Egypt," which shall be quite as creditable to us and to our conductor as that of "Elijah" on Saturday last.—W. H. DANN, Hon. Sec., J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

PEOPLES' PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. R. Cave.—We scored a grand success last Saturday, in the performance of "Elijah."—Our social dance will take place on the 7th January next, and we shall be pleased if the members of the Choral Society will join us. Tickets will be ready at the Tuesday and Friday rehearsals in January, and members introducing a friend are particularly requested to select a student of the Palace, as the introduction of persons not interested in the Palace may prove disastrous to our social dances.—There will be no rehearsal until the 3rd of January, when the new term will commence, and subscriptions must be paid by that time.—Public Notice.—We have vacancies for violas, cellos, and basses, and also oboes, bassoons, and brass instruments.—WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec., A. VICTOR, H. VERYARD, Librarians.

THE Library and Queen's Hall will be closed on Christmas Day.

THE breakfast to 2,000 poor children on Christmas morning promises to be a success. All the tickets have been given away some days ago, and numerous applications are being made for more. Mr. Osborn will be glad to receive names of any willing to act as stewards, and would like to meet all helpers on Saturday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock.

THE social rooms and rink will be closed on Monday evening, but will be open as usual after Monday.

The annual breaking up of the Boys' Day Technical School took place on Friday last in the Lecture Hall. A capital concert under the able direction of Mr. E. J. Burrell, was given by the boys choir and orchestra. Sir Benjamin Baker, Sir John Roger Jennings and Mr. J. S. C. Heywood briefly addressed the boys, after which Professor Clarence gave his amusing conjuring entertainment, which was followed by a tea, to which good justice was done.

THE singing by the Sunday Afternoon Choir on Sunday last brought such a large gathering and gave so much pleasure, that we have arranged for a repetition of the programme on Sunday, January 1st, both afternoon and evening.

THE following arrangements have been made for the Christmas holidays:—

Boxing Day, December 26th, at 3 and 8 p.m.—Miss Eleanor Clausen's orchestra of young ladies (the Pompadour Band). Admission, threepence.

Tuesday, December 27th, at 3 p.m.—Entertainment by the Meier Family. Admission, threepence. At 8 p.m., Concert by the Band of the 4th Volunteer Brigade East Surrey Regiment. Conductor, Mr. A. R. Spriggs; vocalist, Mr. Arthur Weston. Admission, threepence.

Wednesday, December 28th, at 3 p.m. Entertainment by the Royal Holdfast Handbell Ringers. Admission, one penny. At 8 p.m., concert by the Cardiff National Welsh Choir, in full Welsh costume. Admission, threepence.

Thursday, December 29th, at 8 p.m.—Costume recital of Balfe's "Sleeping Queen" and concert, under the direction of Mr. Sinclair Dunn.

Friday, December 30th.—A Christmas dinner will be given by the editor and readers of the *Young Man and Young Woman*.

PEOPLES' PALACE OLD BOYS v. BRUCE.—This match was decided on Saturday last on the ground of the latter at Abbey-lane, Stratford, in very favourable weather. The turf was in a very wet condition, and so made the running very heavy. It was far beyond the advertised time that Phillips spun the coin, and lost the toss, the Bruce's captain electing to play with the wind. The teams lined up as follows: *Old Boys*.—H. Baines (goal), H. Phillips (captain), T. Howell (backs), R. Toyne, E. Langdon, A. Oughton (half-backs), E. Burton, H. Skinner (right), E. Newman (centre), A. Clement, W. Bissett (left) (forwards). *Bruce*.—C. Heath (goal), H. Logan, A. Dawkins (backs), J. Greayer, S. Meyrick, P. Greayer (half-backs), N. Logan, E. Harvey (right), W. Oscroft (centre), H. Mann, H. Talbot (left) (forwards). At 3.15 Newman started the leather rolling for the Old Boys, which was followed by give and take play, the Bruce's forwards keeping the ball well up in the Old Boys' territory for some few minutes from the start. Phillips always being on the alert, and sending the ball up in the opponents quarters, enabled the forwards to get a bit of the game, when, by some good passing, Skinner put in a fast shot which baffled Heath, and so scored the first goal for the Old Boys. On re-starting the sphere, Ocroft placed the ball to N. Logan, who took it up towards the Old Boys sticks, but by some incorrect passing by the forwards the ball was sent behind. From the goal kick the ball was passed to the right wing, and Burton, obtaining possession about the centre of the field, started off at a rate of ten miles per hour towards the opponents' goal, and a splendid shot placed the Old 'Uns two goals ahead, amid cheers. On re-starting, give and take play ensued until half-time, when the Old Boys crossed over with a lead of 2 goals and the wind. On re-starting the game, the Old Boys had matters all their own way, Phillips and Newman playing in splendid style, and by some grand spurts by the latter enabled the Old Boys to keep the ball in the Bruce's territory, when they gave us advantage of a corner kick. The kick was taken grandly, Toyne placing it well into the mouth of the goal, which resulted in Clement neatly heading the ball through the goal. On re-starting the Old 'Uns played in a determined manner, but nothing of further consequence was done until the whistle sounded, the Old Boys running out winners by 5 goals to none. Newman and Phillips played well for the Old Boys whilst the brothers Logan and A. Dawkins being very conspicuous for the losers. Next Saturday, v. Ferndale at Victoria Park (No. 5); meet at dressing-room as soon as possible; kick off, 3 o'clock. Match next Monday (Boxing Day) v. Grove (1st), at Victoria Park (No. 4); meet at dressing-room by 10.30 a.m.; kick off, 11 o'clock. Match next Tuesday, v. Granville, at Victoria Park; meet at dressing-room at 1.30 p.m.; kick off 2 o'clock sharp. Teams in Club-room. Dressing-room, 327, Old Ford-road.

A. E. CLEMENT, Hon. Sec.

THE governors of the People's Palace have finally decided to start early in the New Year classes in Navigation, and likewise a School of Nautical Cookery for sailors. Arrangements are being made to secure the services of teachers of the first position.

A SOMEWHAT interesting statement of National progress during the past six years appeared recently in a Conservative paper. Of course the paper in question not unreasonably drew deductions from it very favourable to the results of Lord Salisbury's tenure of office. Apart, however, from any party politics the figures will, I think, interest a good many of our members. The sets of figures after each item represent respectively the period 1885-6 and 1891-2.

Imperial Revenue, gross amount of, 89,581,000., 90,994,000.

Imperial expenditure, gross, 92,223,000., 89,927,000.

Naval and Military expenditure, 39,538,000., 33,312,000.

Balances in the Exchequer, 5,625,000., 6,255,000.

National Debt (aggregate liabilities), 713,645,000., 675,332,000.

Grants to relief of Local Taxation, 5,775,000., 10,926,000.

National Wealth—gross annual value of Income Tax Assessment, 629,855,000., 698,407,000.\*

Value of property assessed to the Poor Rate (England), 147,350,000., 152,116,000.

Local Rates—total expenditure out of (1890), 68,104,000., 67,182,000.†

Exports and Imports, value of, 618,822,000., 744,554,000.

Value of Exports and Imports, per head, 17l. os. 10d., 19l. 14s.

Value of Colonial Exports and Imports, 164,116,000., 192,802,000.

Shipping—vessels entered and cleared with cargo, 105,420,000 tons, 119,248,000 tons.

Number of seamen, &c., employed, 204,470, 240,480.

Tonnage of vessels on register, 7,362,000 tons, 8,279,000 tons.

Tonnage of new ships built (excluding H.M. Navy), 331,000 tons, 808,000 tons.

Agriculture—average price of British wheat, per quarter (1891), 1l. 11s., 1l. 17s.‡

Acres under cultivation, 47,932,000, 47,977,000.

Horses used in agriculture, 1,927,000, 2,067,000.

Cattle, 10,872,000, 11,519,000.

Sheep, 28,955,000, 33,642,000.

Pigs (exclusive of those in towns and cottages), 3,497,000, 3,265,000.

Railway traffic receipts, 69,591,000., 81,860,000.

Pig iron produced, 7,009,000 tons, 7,406,000 tons.

Coal produced, 157,518,000 tons, 185,479,000 tons.

Capital in Post Office Savings Bank, 50,874,000., 71,608,000.

Number of depositors, 3,731,000, 5,118,000.

Number of emigrants, 232,900, 218,507.

Number of foreign immigrants, 28,474, 47,197.

Amount spent on public education, 5,442,000., 6,012,000.

Add free education grant, nil, 2,500,000.

Number of paupers, 1,025,179, 951,608.

Number of criminals convicted after trial, 14,100, 12,100.

Number of bankrupts (Great Britain), 5,300, 4,600.  
Population of the United Kingdom, 36,312,000, 38,109,000.

It may, perhaps, interest readers to know what Ruskin has to say of women's true place and power. The following extract is from *Sesame and the Lilies* :—

"We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the 'superiority' of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

"Now, their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender.

"His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office and place she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in the open world, must encounter all peril and trial. To him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error, often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and always hardened.

"But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home; it is the place of peace, the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home.

"But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods—so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise of home. And wherever a true wife comes this home is always round her, and this I believe to be a woman's true place and power.

"But do you not see that to fulfil this she must, as far as one can use such terms of a human creature, be incapable of error? So far as she rules all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service the true changefulness of woman."

A CONSIDERABLE discussion has been going on in the American papers recently with reference to the return of the Jews to Palestine, and some of the American Rabbis have appeared to be the reverse of anxious for such a restoration. An immense increase in the Jewish immigration has been brought about by the recent persecutions in Russia, and it must be remembered that country alone has Jews enough to give Palestine a larger population than it ever had in any previous day. It is said that there are at present about 100,000 Jews in Palestine, a larger number than has been located there for nearly 18 centuries, and it is asserted that three-fourths of them have settled in the country within the last few years. It is only 12 years since Palestine has been thrown open to them, and the result has been a larger immigration of Jews into the Holy Land than the entire number who returned from Babylon after the Captivity 24 centuries ago. In Jerusalem alone, the British Consul states there are fully 40,000 Jewish inhabitants, and a good portion of the real estate in the city belongs to them. The number of synagogues, schools of learning, hospitals, and other public institutions, is constantly increasing. The water supply has been improved, new streets have been opened beyond the walls, telegraphs and electric lights have been introduced, several factories set up, and the new railway to Jaffa, just opened, has already stimulated the activity of the population in various ways. It seems quite possible that the early part of the twentieth century may see the rise of a Hebrew State on the Mediterranean, and, politically, such an event would probably be hailed with satisfaction by all parties as affording a solution of a difficulty which will hurt the *amour propre* of no existing European State.

MANY pessimistic views as to the decadence of our seamen and their inferiority to their forefathers have been expressed in the newspapers of late, owing to the accident to the ironclad *Howe*, not even yet out of danger. We have been reminded of the loss of the *Vanguard*, *Sultan*, and others, and deductions drawn not altogether comforting to the British taxpayer. Somebody, however, has had the curiosity to go a little deeper into the matter with the following very interesting result, which shows that the percentage of British men-of-war lost has never been so low as during the last 20 years. We must, however, remember that the money value of the unit has enormously increased during the present century, and it is quite possible as far as money is concerned a percentage of 30 of the ships afloat may represent quite as high a money loss to the country as the 270 per cent. of the first ten years of the century.

BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR WRECKED AND LOST DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

In 10 years.	No.	Per year.	Per cent. in commission.
From 1801-10...	175	17.5	2.76
" 1811-20...	79	7.9	1.70
" 1821-30...	27	2.7	1.85
" 1831-40...	10	1.0	0.61
" 1841-50...	16	1.6	0.72
" 1851-60...	15	1.5	0.72
" 1861-70...	19	1.9	0.76
" 1871-80...	6	0.6	0.29
" 1881-90...	8	0.8	0.4

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

By Miss ELEANOR CLAUSEN'S ORCHESTRA OF YOUNG LADIES,

THE POMPADOUR BAND,

On MONDAY (Boxing Day), DECEMBER 26th, 1892, at 3 and 8 p.m.

Afternoon at 3 o'clock—Conductress, Miss ELEANOR CLAUSEN.

- MARCH ... *St. George*  
" Marche des Mousquetaires"
- SONG ... "Serenata" ... *Braga*  
MISS KATE BUCKLEY.  
(English version).  
What lovely tones awaken me, swelling upon the breeze,  
As it sweeps thro' the open balcony, on to the distant trees?  
Hear'st thou them not? So beautiful, they seem to bid me follow them afar.  
I hear no tone of melody, calm is the summer air,  
Only the gentle zephyr steals thro' the moonlight fair;  
What are these tones, O dearest daughter? What is this song so sweet?  
Hush! Oh, they are not earthly music, But angels' festal lays,  
Calling to lands of beauty,  
To cloudless summer days.  
Oh, mother dear, I cannot stay, I must away, etc.
- WALTZ "La Crèole" *Hewitt*
- SELECTION ... *Mendelssohn*  
"Songs without words"
- VOCAL WALTZ ... *Roeder*  
"Little Gleaners"
- CORNET SOLO ... *Cowen*  
"The better land"  
MISS BEATRICE PETTIT.
- MAZOURKA "La Czarine" *Ganne*
- SONG ... *Slaughter*  
"The dear home land"  
MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN.  
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 springtime far across the sea.  
In the dear home land, far across the sea, I wondered was it springtime where I loved to be;  
Did the sunlight 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 missed the happy dear ones that of old I knew,  
There were kindly faces round me, but they know not me,  
And I wondered if they missed me far across the sea.

Doors open at 2 p.m.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

At 8 o'clock—Conductress, Miss ELEANOR CLAUSEN.

- MARCH ... *Roeder*  
"Souvenir de Belgrade"
- SONG (Gavotte) "Mignon" *Thomas*  
MISS KATE BUCKLEY.  
*Recitative.*  
Ci sono, ho tutto in franto, che monta, dentro io sto!  
Che! Filina la stanza ingombra di mia zia?  
In veder l'amata stanza d'allegrezza e di speranza  
batte il cor,  
La fraschetta non m'aspetta forse ancor.  
Oggi è mestee ch'io vinca la crudele  
Voglio ammansare il cor delé infidele.  
Io voglio che m'adori vittorioso e felice saro  
Di mille cicisbe i trionfero.
- WALTZ "Beauty's Daughters"
- SELECTION "Babylonia" *Williams*
- DUET ... *Offenbach*  
"In the dusk of the twilight"  
MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN AND MISS KATE BUCKLEY.  
In the dusk of the twilight, when our thoughts wander free,  
Far away on the mountains our lost home we see,  
Whilst we fancy the goat bells ringing out soft and low,  
Keep in time with our singing, as in years long ago.
- MAZOURKA "La Czarine" *Ganne*
- CORNET SOLO "Death of Nelson" MISS BEATRICE PETTIT.
- VOCAL WALTZ ... *Lassere*  
"The Mill Stream"
- VIOLIN SOLO "Faust" ... *Gounod*  
MISS GERTRUDE GOULDING.
- GAVOTTE "Ce qui dansait grandmère"
- SONG "For all eternity" *Mascheroni*  
MISS ELEANOR CLAUSEN.  
What is this secret spell around me stealing?  
The evening air is faint with magic power,

Doors open 7 p.m.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

- 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 crossed the waters, for my heart cried "Go";  
It was springtime, and the dear ones they had missed me so;  
They came with smiles to greet me, and to me it seemed  
My heart with joy was breaking in the dream I dreamed.  
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.
- OVERTURE ... *Auber*  
"Le Cheval de Bronze"
- VIOLIN SOLO Selected ... MISS EVA HAYNES (Ass. Trin. Coll.).
- WALTZ "Les Sourires" *Waldteufel*
- SELECTION "Babylonia" *Williams*
- And shadows fall upon my soul, revealing The meaning of this memory-laden hour.  
A year ago our paths in life were parted;  
A year ago we severed, broken-hearted;  
Where art thou now? On earth my love?  
Or did thy spirit soar to realms above.  
Tho' never more on earth, those eyes serene and holy,  
Thy face that shone in beauty, never more, never more I may see.  
The music of thy voice is echoing still within me,  
Thou reignest in my heart, mine own in life and death,  
I love thee.  
The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading,  
Thy hallow'd presence in my inmost soul  
Alone is real, by wondrous power o'er-shading,  
All things beside I feel its sweet control,  
Filling my heart with confidence eternal,  
That I shall meet thee in a world supernal,  
Where thoughts are felt, as I feel thine,  
In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts are mine.  
Tho' never more, etc.
- SELECTION ... *Offenbach*  
"Orphée aux Enfers"  
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

**PROGRAMME OF CONCERT**

ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1892, AT 8 P.M.

BY THE BAND OF THE 4TH VOLUNTEER BRIGADE EAST SURREY REGIMENT.

Conductor ... .. MR. A. R. SPRIGGS.

VOCALIST—MR. ARTHUR WESTON. CLARINET SOLO—MR. A. W. MADGE. CORNET SOLO—MR. T. W. SMITH.  
EUPHONIUM SOLO—MR. A. GODFREY. PICCOLO SOLO—MR. G. BARRETT.  
ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

PART I.

- 1. MARCH ... "Eclipse" ... .. Hume
- 2. PICCOLO SOLO "Les Satyrs" ... .. Le Thiere  
MR. G. BARRETT.
- 3. SONG ... "The sailor's grave" ... .. Sullivan  
MR. ARTHUR WESTON.

There is in the wide, lone sea  
A spot unmarked, but holy;  
For there the gallant and the free,  
In his ocean bed lies lowly.  
Down, down within the deep,  
That oft to triumph call'd him,  
He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep,  
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe  
From tempest or from billow,  
Where the storms that high above him chafe,  
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.  
The sea and him in death,  
They did not dare to sever;  
It was his home while he had breath,  
'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on thou mighty dead!  
A glorious tomb they've found thee,  
The broad blue sky above thee spread  
The boundless water round thee.  
No vulgar foot treads here,  
No hand profane shall move thee;  
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,  
And warriors shout above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,  
And tombs are asunder riven,  
Like the morning sun from the grave thou'lt bound,  
To rise and shine in Heaven.

- 4. FANTASIA "The Jolly Blacksmiths" ... .. Suckley  
SYNOPSIS:—Church Chimes; 4 o'clock strikes; Break of Day;  
Blacksmiths begin work; and Chorus.

- 5. CORNET SOLO "Carbineers" ... .. Godfrey  
MR. T. W. SMITH.

- 6. SONG ... "The Flight of Ages" Frederick Bevan  
MR. ARTHUR WESTON.  
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 me that night.

Doors open at 7 p.m.

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,  
Its 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.

- 7. FANTASIA "A Hunting Scene" Bucallosi
- 8. HUMOROUS RECITAL "The Wonderful Rooster" Max Adler  
MR. C. TRUSCOTT.

PART II.

- 9. DESCRIPTIVE PIECE ... .. Owlth  
"The Advance and Retreat of the Salvation Army"
- 10. CLARINET SOLO "Air Varié" ... .. Mohr  
MR. A. W. MADGE.
- 11. SONG "Come into the garden, Maud" Tennyson  
MR. ARTHUR WESTON.

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown;  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone.  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in the light and to die.

Queen of the rosebud, garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen, lily and rose, in one.  
Shine out little head sunning over with curls  
To the flowers and be their sun.

She is coming, my own! my sweet—  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed!  
Come my own, my sweet, Maud, Maud, come;  
I'm here at the gate alone!

- 12. FANTASIA "The Jolly Musicians" ... .. Muscat
- 13. HUMOROUS RECITAL "The Jumping Frog" Mark Twain
- 14. EUPHONIUM SOLO "Senchuet" ... .. Hartmann
- 15. SELECTION ... "Babylonia" ... .. W. Williams  
INTRODUCING "Wot cher, or Knocked 'em in the Old  
Kent-road;" "The Poor Girl Didn't Know, You Know;"  
"Comrades;" "Whacky, Whacky, Whack;" "Maggie Mur-  
phy's Home;" "Pa and Ma;" "That is Love;" "He was  
whistling this Tune all day;" "Legend of Champagne," etc.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

**PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT BY THE MEIER FAMILY,**

ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, AT THREE O'CLOCK.

PART I.

- 1. INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCE ... ..  
Mandolines, Guitar, Violins, and Zither.
- 2. TRIO ... "The Mountaineers" ... Oberthüre  
MEIER FAMILY.
- 3. QUARTET ... "Heimweh" ... .. Meier  
Two Zithers, Violin, and Piano.
- 4. JUVENILE SKETCH Selected ... .. C. Meier  
EMMA MEIER.
- 5. DUET ... "We are Tyrolese" ... .. Offenbach  
FRAU AND MYRA MEIER.
- 6. VIOLIN SOLO "Scene de Ballet" ... .. Beriot  
EUGEN MEIER.
- 7. SOLO (Mezzo) "The Dove" ... .. Tyrolese  
MISS MAYVILLE.
- 8. PERFORMANCE ON THE XYLOPHONE AND GIGILIRA.  
EUGEN AND EMMA MEIER.
- 9. TRIO ... "Sisters Dance" ... .. Glover  
MEIER FAMILY.  
Doors open at 2 p.m.

PART II.

- 10. SELECTIONS ON THE GLASS ORCHESTRA.
- 11. VOCAL QUARTET "Halli Hallo" ... .. Koshàè  
MEIER FAMILY.
- 12. JUVENILE SKETCH "The Swiss Toy Girl" ... E. Meier  
EMMA MEIER.
- 13. TYROLEAN YODELING SONG { "The Cowmaid" } C. Meier  
MYRA MEIER.
- 14. PERFORMANCE ON THE MUSICAL MACARRONIS (the  
latest musical novelty)  
EUGEN MEIER.
- 15. HUMOROUS QUARTET { "The Interrupted  
Glee" } ... C. Meier  
MEIER FAMILY.
- 16. HUMOROUS DUET { "How to Propose on  
the Alps" } ... C. Meier  
EUGEN AND EMMA MEIER.
- 17. DUET "The Tyrolese's Adventures in London"  
MYRA MEIER AND MISS MAYVILLE.
- 18. HUMOROUS SKETCH { "Boys and Girls" } ... C. Meier  
EUGEN AND EMMA MEIER.
- 19. INSTRUMENTAL "Michel's March" ... ..  
MEIER FAMILY.  
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.  
Admission Threepence; Children, One Penny.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

**PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT**

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1892, AT THREE O'CLOCK, BY THE  
ROYAL HOLDFAST HANDBELL RINGERS AND GLEE SINGERS.

IT IS PARTICULARLY REQUESTED THAT COMPLETE SILENCE BE OBSERVED DURING THE MANIPULATION OF THE BELLS

PART I.

- POLKA ... "Bonné Bouché" ... ..
- GLEE "In this hour of softened splendour" Pinsuti
- WELSH SELECTION { "Bells of Aberdovey" ... ..  
"The Black Monk" ... ..  
"I'm a Shepherd, born to Sorrow" ... ..  
"March of the Men of Harlech" ... ..
- RECITATION ... Selected ... ..  
MR. A. A. BRAND.
- SOLO ... "A Fickle Pair" ... E. M. Chesham  
MR. THOMAS FORD.
- AIR ... "Mandolinata" ... .. Paladilhi  
(As performed on the Bells of Antwerp Cathedral).
- SOLO ... "Only once more" ... .. F. L. Moir  
MR. F. BEVAN JONES.
- GLEE (Humorous) "The Goslings" ... .. J. F. Bridge
- AIR ... "Weel may the Keel Row" ... .. Tyneside

PART II.

- SELECTION "Imitation of Village Bells and Chimes"
- QUARTET "Holy Night, within this breast" Beethoven
- GAVOITE ... "Beatrice" ... .. Kottman
- SOLO ... "The Crown of Love" F. N. Löhr  
MR. ALFRED THOMAS.
- SELECTION ... "Fairy Bells" ... ..  
MR. G. DENINGTON.
- SOLO ... "By Desire" ... .. Grossmith  
MR. A. A. BRAND.
- SCOTCH SELECTION { "Ye Banks and Braes" ... ..  
"Duncan Grey" ... ..  
"Blue Bells of Scotland" ... ..  
"The Campbells are Coming" ... ..
- GLEE (Humorous) "The Three Chafers" ... .. Trutin
- AIR ... "Home, Sweet Home" ... .. Bishop  
(With Carillon Variations).

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MR. THOMAS FORD, MR. A. A. BRAND.  
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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

BY THE

## CARDIFF NATIONAL WELSH CHOIR,

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1892, AT 8 P.M.

ARTISTES:—

SOPRANOS—MISS POLLIE COLLINS, MISS NELLIE HILL, MISS MARY JENKINS, MISS MYFANWY WILLIAMS.  
 CONTRALTO—MADAME EMLYN JONES. TENOR—MR. C. EMLYN JONES. BASS—MR. IAGO LEWYS.  
 ACCOMPANIST—MISS MARIE REES. MUSICAL DIRECTOR—MR. C. EMLYN JONES, Medallist, R.A.M.

## PART I.

CHORUS ... *Macfarren*  
 "The Sands of Dee"  
 THE CHOIR.

O, Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee.  
 The western wind was wild and dark with  
 foam,

And all alone went she.  
 The western tide crept up along the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as the eye could see,  
 The rolling mist came down and hid the  
 land,

And never home came she.  
 Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?  
 A tress of golden hair,  
 A drowned maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets on sea;  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
 Among the stake on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
 The cruel crawling foam.  
 The cruel hungry foam,  
 To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the  
 cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee.

SONG—"The Storm Fiend" *Roedel*  
 MR. IAGO LEWYS.

O down they go to the sea in ships  
 With happy hearts and laughing lips,  
 With hope and faith in the faithless sea,  
 And little do they reckon of me!  
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 Fair shipmen! masters mine!  
 Laugh on while sky and sea are fine!  
 If I set my horn to my lips and blow,  
 Down in a trice your ships shall go!  
 While I chuckle and laugh, Ho! Ho!  
 I chuckle and laugh, Ho! Ho!  
 The storm fiend is the lord of woe!  
 The trembling maiden kneels alone,  
 The tears are in her eyes,  
 She sees the angry billows blown,  
 And the low'ring stormy skies.  
 And well may she weep when I'm abroad,  
 Weep for her love at sea;  
 And pray for him till her eyes grow dim,  
 "Misere, Domine! Misere, Domine!"  
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 Fair folk on land and sea  
 Your tears and cries they comfort me!  
 For who can stand when he hears my call?  
 Down in a trice ye bow and fall!  
 While I chuckle and laugh, Ho! Ho!  
 I chuckle and laugh, Ho! Ho!  
 The storm fiend is the lord of woe!

SONG—"The Flight of Ages" *F. Bevan*  
 MISS NELLIE HILL.

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 echos ringing  
 From out the golden years.

I had 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 me that night.

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,  
 Its 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 enfold;  
 And every star may fall from heaven,  
 And every rose decay,  
 But the ages cannot change my love,  
 Or take my dream away.

SONG—"Voices" *Molloy*  
 MADAME EMLYN JONES.

All through the day, where'er my feet may  
 wander,  
 In the crowded street, or when I muse  
 alone,  
 Soft on my ear fall gentle ling'ring voices,  
 Speaking of friends and joys I once  
 have known;

Echoes of old and loving scenes of  
 twilight,  
 Dreams from the past and mem'ries  
 long since flown.

Voices by the wayside, voices in the  
 leaves,  
 Floating thro' the garden, whisp'ring  
 round the eaves,  
 Voices on the river, voices ev'rywhere,  
 Ever bringing back the past, and all  
 that was so fair.

Then in the night, when all the world is  
 sleeping,  
 Still in ev'ry dream return those sounds  
 of old,  
 Back comes the past in all its radiant  
 glory,  
 Soft, as of yore, the tale of love is told,  
 Sad, tender eyes again in mine are shining,  
 Loving hands and true once more in  
 mine I hold.

Voices, loving voices, whisper through  
 the years,  
 When the heart is happy, when the  
 heart has tears,

Stay with us for ever, voices of the  
 past,  
 Till, when all is over, we meet in  
 heaven at last.  
*F. E. Weatherly.*

## MADRIGAL—

*W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan*  
 "Brightly dawns our wedding day"

MISS P. COLLINS, MADAME EMLYN  
 JONES, MESSRS. C. EMLYN JONES  
 AND IAGO LEWYS.

SONG—"The Last Watch" *Pinsuti*  
 MR. C. EMLYN JONES.

Watch with me, love, to-night.  
 This is the last, last time we meet,  
 For I must leave thee, O my sweet!  
 Our fate is fixed, our dream is o'er,  
 Our ways lie parted evermore!  
 The fault was mine, be mine the pain,  
 To never see thy face again,  
 To watch by wood, and wold, and shore  
 We two together nevermore!

Dear love, those days were bright,  
 But we have lost their light;  
 But, O! beloved, watch with me—  
 Watch with me here to-night!

My heart is torn, my brain is fire,  
 Thou art my life, my sole desire,  
 My queen, my crown, my prize, my goal,  
 Heart of my heart, sun of my soul.  
 Farewell! farewell! it must be so,  
 But kiss me once before I go;  
 Only this once, dear love, good-bye,  
 But I shall love thee till I die.

*F. E. Weatherly.*

SONG—"Serenade" *Gounod*  
 MISS POLLIE COLLINS.

When the voice of thy lute at the eve  
 charmeth the ear,  
 In the hour of enchantment believe what  
 I murmur near,  
 That the tune can the age of gold with its  
 magic restore;  
 Ah! play on, play on, my fair one; play  
 on, play on, for evermore.

When thy laugh, like the song of the dawn,  
 riseth so gay,  
 That the shadows of night are withdrawn  
 and melt away,  
 I remember my years of care and mis-  
 giving no more,  
 Ah! laugh on, laugh on, my fair one;  
 laugh for evermore.

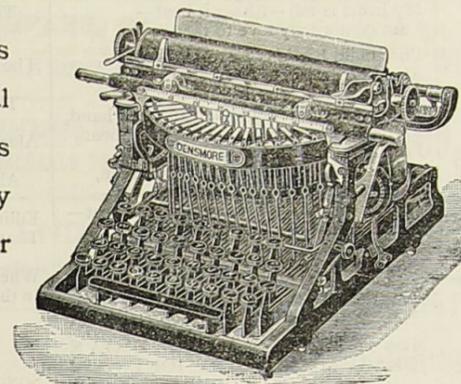
When thy sleep, like the moonlight above  
 lulling the sea,  
 Doth remind thee in visions of love  
 perchance of me,  
 I can watch as in dream that enthralled  
 me never before;  
 Ah! sleep on, sleep on, my fair one  
 sleep on for evermore.

(Continued on page 446.)

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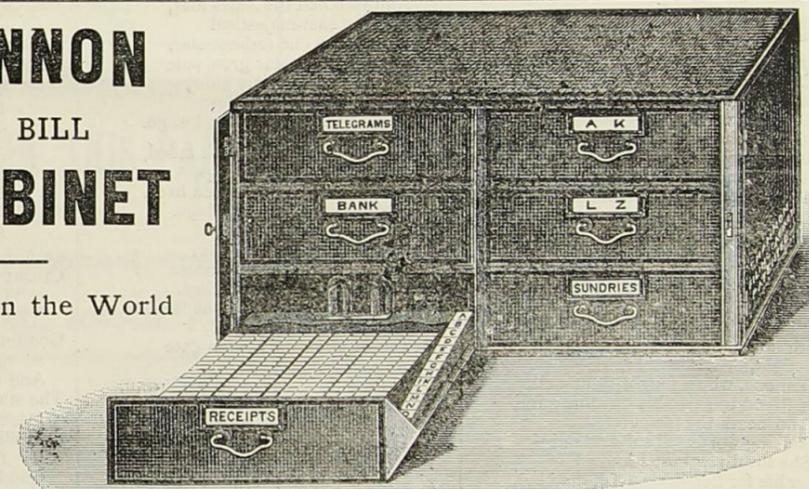
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AIR "Nymphs and Shepherds" Purcell  
Miss MYFANWY WILLIAMS.  
Nymphs and shepherds come away,  
In this grove let's sport and play,  
For this is Flora's holiday,  
Sacred to ease and happy love.  
To music, to dancing, and to poetry  
Your flocks may now securely rest,  
Whilst you express your jollity,  
Nymphs and shepherds come away.

Nymphs and shepherds pipe and play,  
Tune a song, a festal lay,  
For this is Flora's holiday;  
Lightly we tread o'er all the ground.  
With music, with dancing, and with  
poetry,  
Thus trip we round with merry sound,  
And pass the day in jollity,  
Nymphs and shepherds come away.

CHORUS "Sleighting Glee" Parry  
THE CHOIR.

## PART II.

CHORUS "Moonlight" Eaton Fanning  
THE CHOIR.

SONG ... "Comrades" ... Lath

MR. IAGO LEWYS.  
The sun's last beam a fitful gleam  
Shed o'er each hill's dark crest,  
And ling'ring still o'er tide and rill,  
Seem'd loth to sink to rest.  
Two comrades watch'd it fade away  
Like one last fond farewell;  
Two comrades brave and true were they,  
Watching as darkness fell!

Steadily tramping to and fro they go,  
Fearless of danger, watching for the foe;  
Heedless how swiftly death may quickly  
fall,

Ready are they for duty's stirring call!  
From childhood fond, firm was the bond  
Of friendship's loyal troth;  
Till love at last its shadow cast,  
One lass was lov'd by both;  
And there they paced their lonely round  
Beneath a foreign sky;  
Till clear and sharp the bugle sound  
Told them the foe was nigh.

Steadily waiting as the moments go,  
Fearless of danger, soon they'll meet the  
foe;  
Heedless how swiftly death may quickly  
fall,

Ready are they for duty's stirring call!  
With main and might, each join'd the  
fight,  
Till one, who'd fought right well,  
His friend to save, his own life gave,  
And 'neath the foeman fell.  
His dying words fell soft and sad—  
She lov'd you best I know!  
Your life for her I've saved, dear lad,  
Good-bye! 'Tis better so!

Firm and undaunted death the foeman  
nigh,  
Dying as only a soldier brave should die!  
Fighting for honour, to his latest breath;  
Such is true friendship faithful unto death.

SONG ... "F. Clay"  
"She wandered down the mountain side"  
Miss MARY JENKINS.

She wander'd down the mountain side  
With measured tread, with measured tread  
and slow;  
She heard the bells at eventide  
Down in the vale, the vale below,

A bird was singing its psalm of rest,  
But she heeded not, heeded not its song  
For other thoughts filled full her heart—  
And she sang as she went along.  
"I shall meet him where we always meet—  
He is waiting, waiting for me  
My heart is full—I hear it beat—  
I am coming my love to thee."  
Poor child! he's gone to his last rest,  
Alas! he perished in a foreign land—  
He nobly died with face to foe,  
Slain by a ruthless hand, a ruthless hand,  
Ah me! she knows not what they mean,  
For she heeds not what they say  
And still at eventide, again she's seen,  
And she sings as she wends her way—  
"I shall meet him where we always meet—  
He is waiting, waiting for me—  
My heart is full—I hear it beat—  
I am coming my love to thee."

HUMOROUS QUARTET ... Smith

"Good Evening"  
Miss P. COLLINS, MADAME EMLYN  
JONES, MESSRS. C. E. JONES AND  
IAGO LEWIS.

SONG ... "The Star of Bethlehem" ... Stephen Adams

MR. C. EMLYN JONES.  
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 stars shine,  
And childhood came again to me,  
With all its dreams divine.

Then as I listened to the bells,  
And watched the skies afar,  
Out of the east majestic  
There rose one radiant star,  
And ev'ry other star grew pale  
Before that heav'nly glow,  
It seem'd to bid me follow,  
And I could not choose but go.

And then methought earth faded,  
I rose as borne on wings,  
Beyond the waste of ruined lives,  
And press of human things.

Above the toil and shadow,  
Above the want and woe,  
My old self and its darkness  
Seem'd left on earth below.  
And onward, upward shone the star,  
Until it seem'd to me,  
It flash'd upon the golden gate  
And o'er the crystal sea.

And then the gates roll'd backward,  
I stood where angels trod,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem  
Had led me up to God.

12. SONG "For all Eternity" Mascheroni  
Miss POLLIE COLLINS.  
What is this secret spell around me  
stealing?  
The evening air is faint with magic  
pow'r,  
And shadows fall upon my soul  
revealing  
The meaning of this mem'ry-laden  
hour.

A year ago our paths in life were  
parted;  
A year ago we sever'd, broken-hearted.  
Where art thou now? on earth, my love?  
Or did thy spirit soar to realms above?

Though never more on earth, those eyes  
serene and holy,  
Thy face that shone in beauty never  
more I may see,  
The music of thy voice is echoing still  
within me,  
Thou reignest in my heart, mine own,  
in life and death I love thee.

The air grows fainter still, the scene is  
fading,  
Thy hallow'd presence in my inmost  
soul

Alone is real, by wondrous pow'r o'er-  
shading  
All things beside, I feel its sweet  
control,

Filling my heart with confidence eternal,  
That I shall meet thee in a world  
supernal,  
Where thoughts are felt as I feel thine  
In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts  
are mine.

Though never more on earth, etc.

SONG ... "Venetian Song" ... Tosti  
Miss MYFANWY WILLIAMS.

The night wind sighs,  
Our vessel flies  
Across the dark lagoon;  
The city sleeps,  
And well she keeps  
Her watch, the gentle moon.

For with her light,  
She guides our flight  
Across the silver sea;  
We are alone,  
The world, my own,  
Doth hold but you and me.

The night is still,  
But soft winds fill,  
And swell the willing sail,  
The wind is fair,  
The scented air  
Brings perfumes from the vale.

Then fly with me  
Across the sea,  
And leave the world behind,  
For here am I,  
To live or die,  
As you prove hard or kind.

CHORUS ... "Godfrey"  
"The darksome night has gone."  
THE CHOIR.

Good-night! The darksome night has  
gone,  
And fair as Hesper in the west,  
The star of thy dear love alone  
Dawns on the hallow'd hour of rest,  
And fills me with light divine as darkness  
falls.

Good-night!  
The breath of flowers is on the air,  
The summer rainbow gems are hid,  
And rest in perfumed slumber rare,  
Beneath night's dusky coverlid;  
And now the shadowy spell must fall,  
On thy blue eyes my flower of all.

Dream visions beautiful and blest  
Hover around my darling's head,  
Gentle spirits of sleep and rest,  
Fold your soft wings around her bed,  
Yet ere she slumber, may there be  
One kindly thought, one thought of me.

Good-night, etc.

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a 7/6 the Session commencing Sept. 26th and ending July 8th, 1893. 5/- the Half-Session ending February 18th, 1893. b 10/6 Session; 6/- Half-Session; c 15/6 Half-Session.

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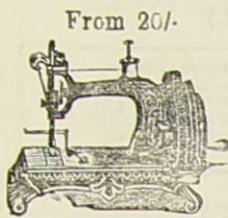
that in the next war there will be a neutral space extending for about half a mile in front of the position of either army, which both sides will recognise as impassable, inasmuch as no troops could venture into it and live.

"MR. KEIR HARDIE," says the Scotsman, in a recent issue, "seems determined to emulate Mr. Labouchere in the rôle of a candid friend.

THE NEXT WAR.—Military critics seem agreed that the next European war, whenever it may break out, will be an extraordinary and dreadful affair.

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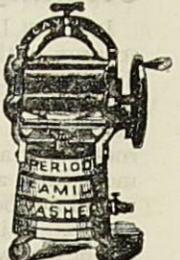
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