

December 30, 1892.

The Palace Journal.

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THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, DEC. 30th, 1892.

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

SATURDAY, 31st.—Children's Entertainment in the Queen's Hall at 3.30. Admission, 1d. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert by the Æolian Vocal Union. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, January 1st, 1893 (New Year's Day).—At 4 p.m. and 8.30 p.m., Sacred Concert and Christmas Carols. Admission Free.

MONDAY, 2nd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Lecture by Mr. Frederic Villiers, "War on a White Sheet." Admission, 1d. Reserved Seats, 3d. Day and Evening Classes resume work.

TUESDAY, 3rd.—Winter Garden, open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

WEDNESDAY, 4th.—At 8 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Concert by the Gipsy Choir. Admission, 2d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 5th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

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. On Sunday, open from 3 to 10 p.m. Admission free.

THIS has been a busy week at the Palace, commencing on Sunday (Christmas Day), when over 2,000 of very poor children, many without shoes and stockings, were entertained to breakfast by the Robin Society. The Hall presented a strange contrast, with the long tables all neatly covered with white cloths, and a plate with a meat pie and mug of coffee for each child. Mr. C. Hamilton kindly officiated at the organ, and to the many helpers who came out so early, many being here before 7 a.m., Mr. Osborn tenders his best thanks.

ON Monday we had two capital concerts by the Pompadour Band, and on Tuesday the Meier Family in the afternoon, and the popular Band of the 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment, with Mr. Arthur Weston as vocalist, delighted a crowded house. On Wednesday the Royal Holdfast Handbell Ringers in the afternoon, and the deservedly popular Welsh Choir in the evening, brought a large house together.

ON Thursday a Costume Recital, under Mr. Sinclair Dunn, brought the holiday arrangements to a close.

TO-DAY (Friday) the readers of *The Young Man* and *The Young Woman* are to provide a Christmas dinner to 2,000 ragged school children.

WISHING our readers a very happy and bright New Year.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—A children's entertainment will be held on Saturday afternoon at 3.30, the subject being "The North

Cape, or Land of the Midnight Sun," to be followed by the laughable adventures of the Chinaman and his pig, with other interesting and amusing views. Soloist, Miss Mary Austin. Admission, one penny.

ON Saturday, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Horace Barton will give a pianoforte recital in the Music-room. Admission free.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening last the members of the Choral and Orchestral Societies wound up the business of the term by holding a *conversazione* in the Lecture Hall. Songs and instrumental music were rendered by several ladies and gentlemen, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The principal business was the presentation to Mr. Bradley of a handsome marble clock, which had been subscribed for by members of the Choral Society. The testimonial was presented by Mr. J. L. S. Hatton, M.A., on behalf of the subscribers. Mr. Bradley was completely taken by surprise, and was evidently deeply moved at this evidence of the high esteem in which he is so deservedly held by all the members of the society. He acknowledged the present in an appropriate speech, and at the conclusion of the proceedings he left for Liverpool, whence he sailed for New York the following morning by the White Star steamship *Briannic*. He has the heartiest wishes of every member of the Choral Society for a pleasant and successful tour in America. We expect to have him with us again on 27th January. Our next rehearsal will be on Tuesday, 3rd January, when Mr. B. Jackson, F.C.O., will conduct. We hope to see a good attendance on that occasion.

W. H. DANN, Hon. Sec.
J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

Taken at their Word.

VIVIER, the celebrated and witty artist, passed recently some time in Paris, on his return from his summer travels. He had hardly arrived when he was invited to dine with M.X.—, the musical amateur and rich capitalist. After the repast, the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest:

"We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us—your plate will always be ready."

"Always?" said Vivier; "that is, in the fashionable sense of the word."

"By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day."

"In earnest?"

"Certainly; we should be delighted."

"Ah, well, since you are so cordial, I promise you I will do my best to be agreeable."

The next day, at six o'clock, Vivier presented himself.

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally; I have come to dine."

"Ah, it is very kind of you. It is very charming," said his hosts.

The dinner was very gay, and the artist on taking leave received many compliments.

The next day, as they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual, and faith-

ful to my promise. But it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of his hosts, "it is singular. You appear surprised. Did you not expect me?"

"Oh, certainly; you give us much pleasure," said the Amphitryon.

Vivier sat down, in his happiest vein, and seemed quite unconscious that he had all the burden of the entertaining, and that practically the conversation was mere monologue.

On the fourth day, at 6 o'clock precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time coldness and constraint were very perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it.

The mistress of the house replied—

"It is only because we feared you would not fare well. We have so poor a dinner to-day."

"I thought you expected me; but it is of no consequence. I am not dainty. I wish only the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, then, turning to madame with a complimentary air, he said—

"What could you mean? This dinner is splendid. I could desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived, as usual. The porter met him at the door.

"M. X.— is not at home. He dines out to-day."

"Ah, very well. But I forgot my great-coat yesterday; I must ask the servant for it." And darting up the staircase he knocked.

The door was opened—unsuspected apparition.

"Your porter is a simpleton!" said Vivier, gaily. "He pretended that you had gone out. I knew that he was mistaken. But what long faces! what a sombre and melancholy air! Has anything happened? Tell me, that I may offer my sympathies."

All dinner-time the witty artist continued and redoubled his entreaties that the supposed misfortune might be confided to him. He complained of their reserve, and indulged himself in all sorts of conjectures and questions.

"Have you lost money in speculations? missed an inheritance? Have you been wounded in your fortune—in your ambition?"

Then, at the dessert, bursting into a fit of laughter:

"I know what is the matter, and what troubles you. It is your invitation, so cordially made, and so literally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would throw me out of the window! I wish you good evening."

ONE of the favourite amusements of the true-born Briton is anathematizing the climate of his native land, from which, by the way, he seldom or never tries to escape. There are few of us with sufficient loyalty to sympathise with that English sailor who, on coming up channel after a long voyage, exclaimed, "Thank goodness we've done with them eternal blue skies and that blinding sunshine. This taste of good old English fog puts fresh life into a fellow."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT AND COSTUME RECITAL

OF BALFE'S OPERA,

"THE SLEEPING QUEEN,"

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

TO BE GIVEN ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1892, AT 8 P.M.

PART I.—MISCELLANEOUS.

PART SONGS
 "Who will o'er the Downs" *Pearsall*
 "You stole my love" *W. Macfarren*
 MR. GLENN WESLEY'S CHOIR.

SONG "So the Folks say" *Hutchison*
 MISS SUSETTA FENN.

It was Kitty the sweetest colleen,
 That in Derry had ever been seen,
 And Tim in his car had been drivin' her
 far,
 And hadn't a word to say.
 She was dressed all so pretty and neat,
 And was looking so wonderful sweet,
 She drove all his notions away, away,
 She drove all his notions away,
 For och! sure, love's a queer thing;
 So the folks say.

So I hope that you don't think it wrong,
 If she gave him a small help along,
 By saying, "Tim, sure, and you're very
 demure,
 What is it's the matter to-day?
 Faix! I wish that I never had come,
 But had stayed with my mother at home,
 If you've nothin' that's plisant to say, to
 say,
 If you've nothin' that's plisant to say."
 For och! sure, etc.

Then he plucked up a trifle of heart,
 And looked at the colleen so smart,
 "Were it not for the baste, I'd be circlin'
 your waist,
 But he'd start wid his nonsense and play."
 Then she looked up so pretty and sly,
 With a bit of a laugh in her eye,
 "Shall I drive a bit o' the way, o' the way,
 Shall I drive a bit o' the way?"
 For och! sure, etc.

SONG *J. J. Tarrant*
 "An Old Sweet Greeting"
 MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

The early sun serenely shines upon the
 Kentish hills,
 Guiding the corn, the hops, and bines,
 the rivulets, and rills,

'Midst the perfumed fields a stranger
 stops,
 For Love had just been there;
 His trap was laid 'neath the amber hops,
 'Twas a maiden sweet and fair.
 And there on that autumn morning
 Cupid's bow was bent,
 And straight without a warning the darts
 to their hearts he sent;
 He gave them his old sweet greeting,
 then off with a laugh he went,
 Leaving these two hearts beating with
 love 'midst the hops of Kent.
 The day passed on, but still he stayed
 To woo the damsel fair;
 Then as his bride he took the maid
 For ever in his care;
 Away from the wood, the fields and all,
 The meads with their sweet scent.
 Though left the scene they oft recall
 Their bliss 'midst the hops of Kent.
 And there on that autumn morning, etc.

VIOLIN SOLO "Legende" *Wieniawski*
 MISS ELLA ARMSTRONG.

SONG ... "Admiral Tom" ... *Hastings*
 MR. FRANK SWINFORD.

SONG "Terence's Farewell" *Le Patourel*
 MISS EMMA FENN.

So my Kathleen! you're goin' to lave me
 All alone by myself in this place!
 But I'm sure that you'll never deceive me
 Oh no! if there's truth in that face!
 Tho' England's a beautiful country
 Full of iligant boys, och! what then?
 You wouldn't forget your poor Terence
 You'll come back to Ould Ireland again.

Och! them English! deceavers by nature!
 Tho' may be you'd think them sincere,
 They'll say you're a sweet charmin' crature
 But don't you believe them, my dear!
 No Kathleen, agra! don't be mindin'
 The flatterin' speeches they'll make,
 Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
 Is breakin' his heart for your sake.

Eh now! where's the need of this hurry!
 Don't fluster me so in this way,
 I've forgot twixt the grief and the flurry
 Ev'ry word I was manin' to say!
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye
 Can I talk if you bother me so!
 Och! Kathleen, my blessin' go wid ye,
 Every inch of the way that ye go.

SONG *W. M. Hutchison*
 "Say that I love always"
 MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.

Take to my sweet, oh sea,
 The message I long to tell,
 Bear it afar for me
 O'er billow and seething swell;
 Safe on your raging breast,
 Surging and beating high,
 Proud on your whited crest
 That sings to the summer sky,
 Take it, oh! endless tide,
 My message of love convey,
 Over the bars, under the stars,
 Say that I love always.

Birds singing o'er thy tide
 Shall sing to my distant sweet,
 Hush! let them softly glide
 Where skies with the blue waves meet;
 Breathe it so soft and low,
 Far in the distant west
 Tell in the crimson glow
 Oh! tell whom I love the best.
 Take it, oh! endless tide,
 My message of love convey,
 Under the moon, murmur it soon,
 Say that I love always.

Adair FitzGerald

VIOLIN SOLO *Wieniawski*
 "Obertass Mazurka"
 MISS ELLA ARMSTRONG.

PART SONG *Bishop*
 "The Chough and Crow"
 MR. GLENN WESLEY'S CHOIR

PART II.

COSTUME RECITAL OF M. W. BALFE'S CHARMING OPERA, IN ONE ACT,

"THE SLEEPING QUEEN."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARIA DOLORES (Queen of Leon)	SOPRANO	PHILIPPE D'AGUILAR (A Young Exile)	TENOR
MISS EMMA FENN.		MR. SINCLAIR DUNN.	
DONNA AGNES (A Maid of Honour)	CONTRALTO	THE REGENT (Prime Minister)	BASS
MISS SUSETTA FENN.		MR. FRANK SWINFORD.	

SONG "The Prime Minister"
 REGENT.

I'm the regent—I'm the king—
 People know it—how they cringe!
 How they kiss my mantle's fringe!
 Power! 'tis a glorious thing.
 With humble faces
 They ask for "places."
 I say—"Hum! well—I shall see"—
 Then they plead on bended knee,—
 "Oh! be not sinister,
 Potent prime minister,
 None can be
 Good as thee,
 Noble or grand—
 Thy smile auriferous
 Is summer sun for us,
 Spreading gold
 Hundredfold
 Over the land."

Ha! ha!
 I like it!—'tis the sort of thing
 For a regent—for a king!

I'm the regent—I'm the king—
 Women know it—(cunning dears!)
 What with coaxing, what with tears,
 From me they get ev'rything!
 Sharp as needle,
 They can wheedle,
 But I linger over "yes,"
 While their pretty suit they press—
 "Oh be not sinister,
 Darling prime minister,
 None can be
 Sweet as thee,
 Noble or grand—
 Thy smile auriferous
 Is summer sun for us,
 Spreading gold
 Hundredfold
 Over the land."

Ha! ha!
 I like it!—'tis the sort of thing
 For a regent—for a king!

DUET ... "I crave a Boon"
 AGNES and REGENT.

Agnes. I crave a boon, which is in sooth
 Your favour for this humble youth
 I know—

Regent. Before you have begun
 Rest satisfied, it will be done.

Agnes. A thousand thanks,
Regent. The young man's name?
Agnes. Philippe d'Aguilar.

Regent. I reclaim
 My promise; it shall not be done!

Agnes. But wherefore so?
Regent. He is the son

Of my most ancient foe,
 Who tried to push me down
 From favour of the crown,
 But down himself did go. &c., &c.

Agnes. You swear it?

Regent. Do you doubt, fair one?
 Ah, never mind; suppose it done!
 I swear it, by those brilliant eyes,
 I swear it by the lips I prize,
 And, in return, you vow to meet
 Your foolish lover—don't you,
 sweet?
Agnes. On fate and woman's wit I lean,
 For succour from this dreadful
 bore;
 Once safely through this scrape,
 I ween,
 I'll never act the patron more.
Regent. On me for aid behold her lean,
 I knew she loved me well before;
 Such doating fondness ne'er was
 seen,
 She loves her patron more and
 more!

TRIO ... "She is heartless"

QUEEN, AGNES, and PHILIPPE.

Philippe.
 In the wars I'll take my chance,
 Wear thy colours, fair deceiver,
 Ev'ry time I couch my lance
 Down shall go an unbeliever.

Queen.
 There is not the slightest chance
 Of the death of unbeliever—
 Hotspur! from thy venging lance,
 Or I am a fair deceiver!

Agnes.
 Stay thee for the song and dance,
 Rashness is the worst deceiver;
 Brave men never prate of chance—
 For thine own sake still believe her.

BALLAD ... "Only a ribbon"
 AGNES.

'Twas not her face—though it was fair,
 'Twas not her form—though it was
 slender,
 'Twas not the jewels she might wear,
 That drew all hearts and made them
 tender;

'Twas only a ribbon!
 The young thing had twined in her auburn
 hair!

What made her lover strong to dare
 The fierce sirocco of the battle?
 What charm did that proud bosom bear
 'Mid shriek of steel and cannon's rattle?
 'Twas only a ribbon!

His lady-love loosed from her auburn
 hair!

The vet'ran dozes in his chair,
 While poets sing his valour loudly;
 What is the meed of war and care
 He shows upon his breast so proudly?
 'Tis only a ribbon—

That long ago twined amongst auburn
 hair!

DUET ... "The Treaty"
 QUEEN and REGENT.

Queen. Proceed, my lord: the queen will
 now confer
 In council with her sagest
 minister.

Regent. Your majesty, the scheme I
 would advance.

Queen. Is it a hunt—a tourney—or a
 dance?

Regent. Not one or other. State affairs.

Queen. Indeed!

Regent. And most important, madam.

Queen. Well, proceed.

Regent. The noble king of Arragon
 Proposes an alliance,
 Offensive and defensive,
 With treaties most extensive,
 Immense and comprehensive,
 To bid the Moors defiance.

Queen. The noble king of Arragon
 Of manners is the paragon,
 We've always understood;
 And fully understands the science
 Of making treaties of alliance
 As unto him seems good.

Regent. This treaty I have well gone
 through

In all its projects deep;
 I sent it yesterday to you
 In memory to keep.

Queen. Why, after the first clause or two,
 It sent me fast asleep.

Regent. Then, madam (if you will per-
 mit),
 To aid your recollection,
 These clauses I will now submit,
 To your profound inspection.
 &c.

SERENADE "The Noontide Dream"
 PHILIPPE.

She sleeps! though not a star
 Tells of the waning day,
 Upon her fair young face
 The happy sunbeams play.
 Dream, lady, thou art loved,
 Dream that thy lover's nigh,
 Dream that his hand's in thine,
 Dream thou can't hear him sigh!

And when thou wak'st, perchance,
 Beneath the starry gleam,
 Know, by thy beating heart,
 It was not all a dream,
 Sweet love,
 —It was not all a dream!

She dreams! but I am near
 To guard my love asleep;
 Oh! would that she but knew
 My passion pure and deep.
 Wake lady, for thou'rt loved,
 Wake, for thy lover's nigh,
 Wake, lay thy hand in his,
 Tell him no more to sigh!

Ah! if thy vision's sweet,
And if love be its theme,
Wake, lady, wake to know
It is not all a dream!
Sweet love,
—It is not all a dream!

BALLAD "O! could I but re-live the past"
QUEEN.

TRIO... "Most Awful Sight" ...
QUEEN, AGNES, and REGENT.

Regent. Most awful sight
For Regent's eyes!
This very night
The traitor dies.

Queen. What is the matter?
Regent. Oh! you know
The crime he's done.

Queen. —Dars't tell me so?
Regent. You saw him kiss
(to Agnes) The royal cheek?

Agnes. Not I—indeed—
If I must speak.

Queen & Agnes } No! nothing have we seen or
Regent. What! nothing have you seen
or heard?

Queen. Your Queen, sir, nothing knows
Save that she fell asleep,
And waking found you close
As if a watch to keep!

Agnes. Her Majesty well knows
I can her counsel keep,
The matter only shows
A maid should never sleep.

Regent. I'm certain that she knows,
But women are so deep,
And when their eyes they close
They do not always sleep!
&c., &c., &c.

QUARTET ... "Fondly I dream'd" ...

QUEEN, AGNES, REGENT, and PHILIPPE.

Philippe. Fondly I dreamed, my queen,
my love,
In the days that are gone by,
Of maiden's heart and soldier's
fame,

But they passed with a hope
and a sigh!

Then tell me, queen, and tell me
true,

This is no fairy show,
To fade with dawn of morning's
light,
And with the shadows go.

Queen. Rest in my love! for oh! I feel
Thou hast a faithful heart,
And by the honour of a queen,
Thou shalt not from me part!

I tell thee, love, I tell thee true,
This is no fairy show;
I will not fade with morning's
light,

Nor with the shadows go!
Philippe. Oh tell me, queen, and tell me
true,
This is no fairy show,
To fade with dawn of morning's
light,

Queen. I tell thee, love, and tell thee
true,

This is no fairy show,
It will not fade with morning's
light,

Nor with the shadows go.
Regent. I told thee, donna, what was
true;

Agnes. I marked it long ago;
I said he was a noble youth,
And fate has proved it so.

Agnes. I tell thee, Regent, what no
doubt

You knew long time ago;
Prime ministers ne'er speak the
truth,
And you have proved it so.

Doors open at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

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

The Biggest Hit.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON has the following in a little book of cricket stories:—

Half measures are of no use when cricketing stories are on the tapis. Either do not take your innings or else send in a story that is sure to carry its bat. We were lastly discussing the question of the longest hit that ever was known. Each had contributed his humble mite of fiction. One had seen a tenner (would they were more common!) on Cowley Marsh; another remembered an elevener on Chatham Lines; one had seen a ball picked up by a cow, and the batsman ran fifteen; another had seen a ball wedged up the spout of a pump, and they ran twenty-seven.

Then a warrior, who had been silent, spoke on this wise:—

"I think I know the largest number ever scored for one hit. It was a scratch eleven of the Sappers, and we were playing against an eleven of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum—they were temporarily sane lunatics, or believed to be so, but the lunatic at long leg fielded a hard hit so brilliantly that in his excitement, instead of returning the ball, he started off with it across country, of course with all the field in pursuit; and before they could catch him and bring back the ball the batsmen had run 157."

No one else cared to try an over, after that.

For many years I used to tell that story, and it "took the cake" without question. It is but quite recently that I have found it challenged by a tale that bears every mark of originality:—

"The match was at Boulogne," said the narrator, "but all the players, save one, were English. This one, the only

Frenchman, was a man named Billy. Now Billy was the most energetic fielder ever seen. He was all over the place; there was no holding him. At length the batsman put his bat up very hard against the ball, and sent it over square leg's head. It went on and on till it finally toppled over the cliff, down on to the beach.

"Long leg followed it to the edge of the cliff, and looked over, but declined to go any further. Not so, however, Billy. He scaled down the cliff with extraordinary activity, and secured the ball. But then he found that he could neither throw it up nor climb up again himself, so, after several futile efforts, he had to take a cab and go round by the town. I forget exactly how many the batsmen ran, but it was far more than 157."

And one of those exasperating men who are always on hand when one tells a good story, said, in a voice of gentle inquiry:—"But is not 'Billy' rather an unusual name for a Frenchman?"

Royal Titles.

THE titles of a late king of Burmah included: The King of Kings; the Cause of the Preservation of all Animals; the Regulator of the Seasons; the Absolute Master of the Ebb and Flow of the Sea; Brother to the Sun; and King of the Four and Twenty Umbrellas.

In the matter of titles, those of the Royal house of Burmah are not in the first rank, for the titles of the Kings of Achem are as far in advance of the Burmese as the latter were of our "Most Dread Sovereign His Highness the Most High and Mighty Prince James."

The King of Achem is the "Sovereign

of the Universe, whose body is luminous as the Sun; who was created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star; a King as spiritual as a ball is round—who, when he rises, shades all his people—from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted," etc., etc.

Judging by the titles, the greatest of all earthly sovereigns is the King of Monomotapa. He alone is the master of all the virtues and all the vices. He is the "Lord of the Sun and Moon, the Great Magician; the Great Thief."

The Recruit and His Gun.

A GOOD story is told of a young recruit who enlisted in a regiment of foot. The young fellow joined the army while the country was threatening war with Egypt, and he intended to make a good soldier. One day he was on guard-duty, and was slowly stepping along when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said: "Let me see your rifle."

The raw recruit handed over his rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face. As the officer received the weapon he said in a tone of the deepest disgust: "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your rifle, and now what are you going to do?"

The young fellow turned pale, and putting his hand in his pocket drew a big knife, and preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood: "Gi' me that rifle, or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute!"

The officer instantly decided not to play any further with the raw recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered.

PROGRAMME OF SELECTIONS FROM
VINCENT WALLACE'S OPERA, "LURLINE,"

(By kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchings & Romer),

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. HUGH DAVIES,
ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1892, AT EIGHT P.M.

MISS MARRIANE RICHARDS (LURLINE). MRS. JOHN HADDON (GHIVA). MR. HORACE WARD (COUNT RUDOLPH). MR. W. A. HAMILTON (WILHELM). MR. JOHN HADDON (THE GNOME). MR. W. H. SIMONS (RHINEBERG). RUDOLPH'S COMRADES AND RHINE SPIRITS. ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION.

PART I.		PART III.	
Overture ...	MR. H. SMITH WEBSTER	CHORUS (Fridolin) "Hark the Horn" ...	Randegger
Recit. ...	"All is silent" ... RHINEBERG	DUET (Cox and Box) "The Butter Cup" ...	Sullivan
Recits. ...	"Where's Lurline" { RHINEBERG, THE GNOME, AND LURLINE	SONG ... "She wore a wreath of roses" ...	Knight
Romanza ...	"When the night winds" ... LURLINE	SONG ... "Rock'd in the cradle" ...	Knight
Chorus ...	"Drain the cup of pleasure" COMRADES	SONG ... "Come live with me" ...	Hatton
Scena ...	"Here's Count Rudolph" { WILHELM, RUDOLPH, LURLINE, AND COMRADES	SONG (Humorous) Selected
Song ...	"Gentle Troubadour" ... GHIVA	* SONG ... "Auld Lang Syne" ...	Old Scotch
Chorus ...	"Come away to the Chase" COMRADES	SOLO—MR. HORACE WARD.	
SONG (Humorous) Selected ...	MR. DAVIE WILLIAMS.	Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' auld lang syne For auld lang syne, my dear We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.	

PART II.			
Recits. ...	"Where am I?" { RUDOLPH AND LURLINE	We two hae run about the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine, But we've wander'd many a weary foot Sin auld lang syne.	
Aria ...	"Sweet Form" ... RUDOLPH	We twa hae paid't in the brook, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us braid hae roar'd Sin auld lang syne.	
Song ...	"Take this Cup of Sparkling Wine" LURLINE	And here's a hand my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, And we'll tak a right gude willy-waught For auld lang syne.	
Song ...	"As in this cup" ... THE GNOME		
Scena ...	"Peace to the memory" { RUDOLPH AND COMRADES		
Recit. ...	"An Anxious Fear" ... RHINEBERG		
Aria ...	"The Nectar Cup" ... RHINEBERG		
Romanza ...	"Sad as my soul" ... LURLINE		
Recit. ...	"Home of my heart" ... RUDOLPH		
Song ...	"My home, my heart's first home" ... RUDOLPH		
Quartet ...	"Though the world with transport bless thee" ... RUDOLPH		
SONG (Humorous) Selected ...	MR. DAVIE WILLIAMS.		

DOORS OPEN AT SEVEN P.M. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE

TO BE GIVEN ON
MONDAY, 2ND JANUARY, 1893, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

BY
Mr. FREDERIC VILLIERS (the Special War Correspondent of the "Graphic")

ENTITLED
"WAR ON A WHITE SHEET."

SYLLABUS.

- Introduction—Our Artist on a Pacific Field. Our Artist on a Warlike Field.
- Russo-Turkish—July, Plevna. The Death Tramp of the Turkish Prisoners.
- War and Peace in Egypt—H.M.S. the "Condor" before Fort Marabout.
- War and Peace in Egypt—Ruins of Alexandria. To Abyssinia with the Mission.
- Up the Nile with Wolseley. Across the Desert with Herbert Stewart.

DOORS OPEN AT 7 p.m. ADMISSION—ONE PENNY. RESERVED SEATS, THREEPENCE.

* The audience are requested to sing the chorus and last verse.

PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL

TO BE GIVEN ON

SUNDAY, 1st of JANUARY, 1893.

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

At 4 p.m.

VOCALIST—MR. H. E. LEWIS.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON CHOIR.

1. ORGAN SOLO Overture to "Athalie" ... Handel
2. CAROL ... "When Christ was born" ...
When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
"In excelsis Gloria."
Herdsman beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born to-night,
"In excelsis Gloria."
The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"In excelsis Gloria."
Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis Gloria."
3. VOCAL SOLO "Ave Verum" ... Gordon
4. HYMN ... "O come, all ye faithful" ...
Unison f O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels;
p O come, let us adore Him,
or O come, let us adore Him,
f O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
God of God,
f Light of Light,
p Lo! He abhors not the Virg'in's womb;
f Very God,
Begotten, not created;
p O come, let us adore Him, etc.
f Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above;
"Glory to God
In the highest";
p O come, let us adore Him, etc.
Unison f Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
p O come, let us adore Him,
or O come, let us adore Him,
f O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

5. CAROLS { "Good Christian men rejoice"
"Cradled all lowly" (with pastoral symphonies)
Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say;
News! news!
Jesus Christ is born to-day;
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day! Christ is born to-day!
Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!
Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave;
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!

Cradled all lowly, behold the Saviour Child,
A Being holy, in dwelling rude and wild;
Ne'er yet was regal state, of monarch proud and great,
Who ruled a nation's fate,
So glorious as the manger bed of Bethlehem.
No longer sorrow, as without hope, O earth,
A brighter morrow dawned with that Infant's birth;
Our sins were great and sore, but these the Saviour bore,
And God was wrath no more,
His own Son was the Child that lay in Bethlehem.
Babe, weak and wailing, in lowly village stall,
Thy glory veiling, Thou camest to die for all;
The sacrifice is done, the world's atonement won,
Till time its course hath run,
O Jesu, Saviour, Morning Star of Bethlehem
Hallelujah! Amen.

6. ORGAN SOLO "Offertoire in D" Batiste
7. ANTHEM "O Zion that bringest good tidings" Stainer
Alleluia! O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee
up into the high mountains. O Jerusalem, that bringest
good tidings, lift up thy voice, be not afraid, say to the
cities of Judah, behold your God. Alleluia. Amen.
O that Birth for ever blessed!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First reveal'd His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore.

Of the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending, He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see.
Evermore and evermore.

8. VOCAL SOLO "The Star of Bethlehem" ... Adams

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 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 roll'd backward, I stood where angels
trod—

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

9. CAROL ... "Good King Wenceslas" ...

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament;
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

10. ORGAN SOLO "Christmas March" ... Merkel

At 8.30 p.m.

Carols, etc., by the People's Palace Sunday Afternoon Choir.

1. TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN D MINOR Bach
2. CAROL ... "The First Nowell" ...
The first Nowell the Angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.
They look'd up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, etc.
And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Nowell, etc.
This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay
Nowell, etc.
Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offer'd there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, etc.
Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood Mankind hath bought.
Nowell, etc.
3. CHORUS OF ANGELS Clark
4. CAROLS { "The Lord at first"
"In the fields with their flocks"
5. GRAND CHEUR IN D Guilmant
6. ANTHEM... "Glorious is Thy name" ... Mozart
7. PASTORALE Kullak
8. CAROL "Cradled all lowly" (with pastoral symphonies)
(For words see preceding page.)
9. MARCH TRIUMPHALE... .. Lemmens

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

ADMISSION FREE.

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

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

BY MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS' GIPSY CHOIR,

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1893,

COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:—

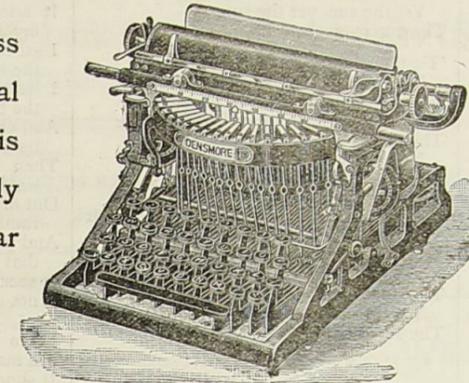
MISS EDITH TEAPE. MISS EMILLIE. MISS GLADYS CONRAD. MISS LILLY NEWTON.
 MISS MINNIE DANIELS. MR. HENRY THOM. MR. BEN JONSON. MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE.
 DULCIMER AND GIGILERA—MISS MINNIE BEADLE. PICCOLO—MR. E. A. SALFORD.
 VIOLINS—MISS FRANCIS AND MESSRS. J. AND C. WIDDICOMBE.
 PIANISTS—MISS A. MARIE COFFERY AND MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1. OVERTURE Herman
"Couronne D'or"</p> <p>2. CHORUS Seward
"Song of the Gipsies"
GIPSY CHOIR.</p> <p>3. SELECTION ON DULCIMER
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.</p> <p>4. SONG Knight
"Merry little gipsy maid"
MISS EMILLIE.</p> <p>5. SONG Chesham
"The Longshoreman"
MR. BEN JONSON.</p> <p>6. SONG Ardit
"The dream of home"
MISS EDITH TEAPE.
Brightly dawns upon me, dawns upon me,
Morning's gladsome ray,
Returning, yes, returning,
From my exile far away.
Ah! how slowly wing'd the hours
When pining on a foreign strand,
And far remote from thee, my native land.
Brightly dawns upon me, dawns upon me,
Morning's gladsome ray.
Returning, yes, returning home,
From countries far away.
Fancy fly, fancy fly, swiftly, swiftly,
O'er the raging main.
To my ear, to my eye,
Paint the home of youth again.
Dream, oh thou fond heart,
Of the merry days of old,
Thine, oh thou lone heart,
Friends have not grown cold.</p> | <p>Evening comes thro' my dream,
The vesper chimes are ringing,
I see the tapers gleam,
And hear the maidens singing.
Hallow'd and happy spot,
That knoweth nought of sadness,
Will it be then my lot
To share again thy gladness?
Ah, ah, yes, again in my home,
I'll never from the lov'd scenes of Father-
land roam.
Brightly dawns upon me, dawns upon me,
Morning's gladsome ray,
Returning, yes, returning,
From my exile far away.
Ah, yes, ah, yes, ah, from my exile far
away,
Ah, joy now fills my throbbing heart,
Ah, from thee, home, I'll ne'er depart,
Ah, no! ah, no! ah, no! ah, I'll ne'er depart,
I'll ne'er depart, I'll ne'er depart,
I'll ne'er depart.</p> <p>7. SONG ... "Dear Love" ... Klein
MR. HENRY THOM.
I do not dare to tell thee, dear,
How loved and prized thou art,
How lone and dreary pass my days,
How restless is my heart;
I have no hope in loving thee,
I cannot e'er forget,
For thy deep eyes still follow me,
Dark as the hour we met.
I do not dare to think of thee,
Thy face still haunts my sleep,
I only ask that love like mine
May pray for her and weep.
No kindly word must thou give me,
Sad silent and alone,
Yet, dear, I feel in loving thee,
The world is all mine own;
Thy name I still may breathe to heaven,
Thy face is on my heart,
Oh, let me now remembrance claim,
Though doom'd from thee to part,
In mercy give one thought to me,
One kind word I implore,
Thought reft of hope in winning thee,
I'll love thee evermore.</p> <p>8. SOLO ON GIGILERA
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.</p> | <p>9. TRIO Roedel
"Three old maids of Lee" (in character)
MISSES EMILLIE, GLADYS CON-
RAD, and NELLIE WILLIAMS.</p> <p>10. HUMOROUS PART SONG P. P. Bliss
"Pro Phundo Basso"
GIPSY CHOIR.</p> <p>11. SONG I. De Cara
"The garden of sleep"
MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE.
On the grass of the cliff, at the edge of
the steep,
God planted a garden—a garden of sleep.
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of
the corn,
It is there that the regal red poppies are
born.
Brief days of desire, and long dreams of
delight,
They are mine when my poppy-land
cometh in sight.
O! heart of my heart, where the poppies
are born,
I am waiting for thee in the hush of the
corn;
O! heart of my heart, where the poppies
are born.
I am waiting, am waiting, for thee in the
hush of the corn.
In my garden of sleep, where red poppies
are spread,
I wait for the living alone with the dead;
For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er
the deep,
At whose feet are green graves of dear
women asleep.
Did they love as I love, when they lived
by the sea,
Did they wait, as I wait, for the days that
may be.
O! life of my life, on the cliff by the sea,
By the graves in the grass
I am waiting for thee.
O! life of my life, on the cliff by the sea,
By the graves in the grass,
I am waiting, am waiting, for thee.
(Continued on page 464.)</p> |
|--|---|---|

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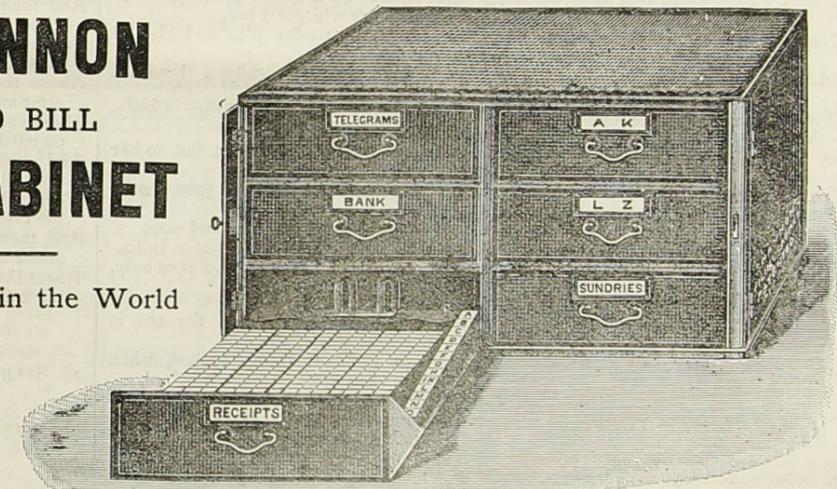
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12. SONG "The willow copse" *M. Watson*

MISS EMILLIE.

A maiden is stealing at close of day
To the willow copse alone,
How very imprudent! I hear you all say,
Well, hardly the thing, I must own,

But then don't you see a willow copse
Is a place so extremely inviting;
There are birds, there are trees, and the
wild flow'rs bloom,

There perfume in fragrance uniting,
But if you would rather not hear any
more,

Why, of course, I cannot compel you,
Still, if you would learn why the maiden
thus steals,

In the very next verse I will tell you.

There's somebody fretting and fuming
away

In the willow copse alone,
Who is it? who could it be but a man,
As most of you here must have known,
Then somebody sees the sweet maiden
who steals,

And as no one they think can hear
them,
There's billing and cooing—'tis common
to wooing,

When a voice is heard awkwardly near
them;
But if you would rather not hear any
more,

Why, of course, I cannot compel you,
Still, if you would learn whose the voice
that they heard,

In the very next verse I will tell you.

So, Miss, I have found you, and you, Sir,
begone;

Need I say 'twas the voice of her
father,
And then there were sobs, and a hasty
retreat,

They were glad to get out of it, rather.
Yet fathers I now must appeal to:

'Tis better to dwell where there's no
willow copse,

That a love-sick maiden can steal to,
I thank you for hearing me out to the
end,

For of course I could not compel you,
And I'm sorry my story has come to a
close,

'Tis done, and I've no more to tell you.

13. SONG ... "Uncle Jack" ... *Hatton*

MR. BEN JONSON.

14. SONG *Blumenthal*

"Sunshine and Rain"

MISS GLADYS CONRAD.

The rain is on the river,
But the sun is on the hill,
And I know the clouds will sever,
When the storm has had its will.
Set your heart then on the morrow,
If the sky be grey to-day,
For the darkest of your sorrows,
Be ye sure will pass away.

Lift your eyes, lift your eyes, to your Day-
giver,

Look up higher, hoping still.
Tho' the rain is on the river,
Yet the sun is on the hill,
Tho' the rain is on the river,
Yet the sun, yet the sun,
The sun is on the hill.

'Tis the winter's white show shower

That defends the shiv'ring root,

'Tis the falling of the flower

That gives birth unto the fruit.

Then arise from helpless moping

Nor repine at each annoy,

There is room for wider hoping,

If your days are void of joy.

Time is kind, time is kind and will deliver

All your days from every ill.

Tho' the rain is on the river,

Yet the sun is on the hill,

Tho' the rain is on the river,

Yet the sun, yet the sun,
The sun is on the hill.

15. PICCOLO SOLO... ..

MR. E. A. SALFORD.

16. SONG ... "Italia" ... *Trotiere*

MISS EDITH TEAPE.

Afar from the silent hills that rise

To kiss thy lucent skies, Italia,

A singer sang for gold a song of old,

There rang in the sweet melody

A memory of thee, Italia,

A thought of all the days gone by,

The love once whisper'd low,

She heard the tender plea and sigh of

long ago;

Ah, though sang she gaily, a thousand

hearts to thrill,

Her thoughts were wand'ring unto a

distant shore,

She sang not to the throng, but to her

lover still,

The song he lov'd in days of yore, Italia,

Italia!

Tho' you and I sever, alway and ever,

I sing of thee in lands afar, Italia, Italia,

Tho' parted and lonely, I love thee only,
my own Italia.

Afar unto where all day thy sea is

murm'ring wistfully,

Italia, a wand'rer comes at last, when

years are past,

Tho' all the world over she may roam,

Thy name still calls her home, Italia,

And ah! thro' all her dreams she hears

That tender voice of yore, that filled with

love the golden years

That are no more. Sad and weary her

true heart,

Her sweet eyes dim;

The laurel faded, the day of triumph o'er,

But ah, what matters all, if she may sing

to him

That song he loved once more, once

more, Italia, Italia,

Tho' you and I sever, alway and ever,

I sing of thee in lands afar, Italia, Italia,

Tho' parted and lonely, I love thee only,
My own Italia, Italia, Italia.17. SONG *S. Adams*

"The star of Bethlehem"

MR. HENRY THOM.

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.

18. SELECTION ON DULCIMER

MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

19. DUET *Forman*

"Two Johnnies in love"

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E. A. SALFORD.

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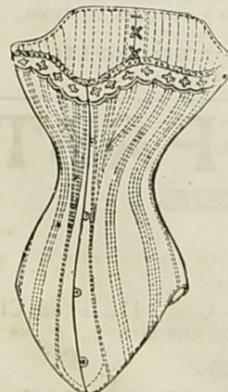
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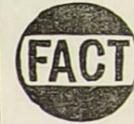
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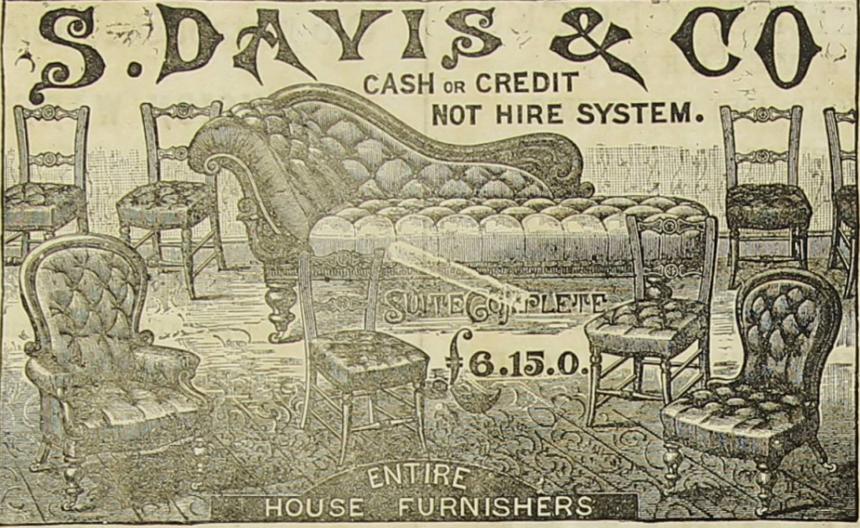


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