

December 9, 1892.

The Palace Journal.

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THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9th, 1892.

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

FRIDAY, Dec. 9th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

SATURDAY, 10th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m. Concert by Mr. Proudman's Choir. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 11th.—Sacred Concert at 4 and Organ Recital at 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 12th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m. Recital, "The Rivals" (Sheridan), by Mr. J. N. Ellaby, B.A. Admission, 1d. and 3d.

TUESDAY, 13th.—Gymnastic display in the Queen's Hall, by the girls of the Tower Hamlets Board Schools.

WEDNESDAY, 14th.—At 8 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Concert of Christmas Music by the "Æolian Vocal Union." Admission, 2d. Students of P. P. Classes admitted free. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 15th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

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 from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free.

THE attendances on Sunday at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital, and Library, were 1,962.

THE Christmas vacation will commence on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, and the classes will resume work for the new term on Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1893.

THE Library, Reading-room, and the Queen's Hall will be closed on Sunday, 25th, being Christmas Day.

PEOPLE'S PALACE YOUNG WOMEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.—The first annual meeting of this club was held in the Women's Social-room on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, at 8 p.m., when a goodly number of the members and friends were present. Lady Jennings, the president of the club, kindly took the chair, and the proceedings were opened by the reading and adoption of the report and balance-sheet, after which her ladyship gave a short address, and presented Miss Deeley with her prize. A very good programme of songs and recitations had been arranged, and the following kindly gave their services, which were much appreciated: Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Miss S. Evans, Miss Deeley, Miss Braithwaite. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and, after the conclusion of the programme, some games were started amongst the members. A vote of thanks to the president, was proposed by Mr. Ellis, secretary of the People's Palace Men's Swimming Club, and was seconded by Miss James, one of the vice-presidents of the Women's Club. The balance-sheet is

as follows:—*Receipts.*—By members' subscriptions, £4 10s. 6d.; by entrance fees, £2 6s. 6d.; by sale of dresses, £7 11s.; by cash for medals, £1 1s. Total, £15 9s. *Expenses.*—To making dresses, £1 6s.; to serge, £10 7s. 10d.; to medals, £2 8s. 6d.; in hand, £1 6s. 8. Total, £15 9s.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. Our first social dance of the season took place on Saturday evening last, and passed off most successfully. Over 150 members and friends assembled, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. We were all delighted to have the honour and pleasure of the company of Lady Brooke, and among others who favoured us with their presence were Mrs. May, Miss Dickens, Miss Bradley, and Miss Winfield. A long programme of 14 dances was got through, and in addition to this, Lady Brooke and Mr. Bradley charmed the company by playing, as a duet, the music for an extra dance, which was much appreciated by all the guests. Besides the ladies mentioned above, we were pleased to see a good number of our friends of the Ladies' Gymnastic and Orchestral Societies, including Miss Annie Heinemann, and Mr. Stock. Our hearty thanks are due to Mr. Osborne and the Governors of the People's Palace for the excellent arrangements they so kindly made for our entertainment. As our performance of "Elijah" is drawing near, we hope that each member of the Choral Society will make special efforts to attend all the remaining rehearsals, as we should like to give Mr. Bradley a good send off by a performance of the oratorio, which will be far in advance of anything we have yet done.

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

THE Children's Entertainments on Saturday afternoons during December have been resumed again this year. The entertainment begins at 3.30, and the subject to-morrow will be "Robinson Crusoe." Admission 1d.

MR. CAVE'S Prize Violin Bow will be competed for just before Christmas. The exercises to be played are 37 and 39 from "Forty Exercises" by W. R. Cave, and 57 from Berthold Tours. Scale G extending into 6th position. The date of competition will be duly announced. Preference will be given to intonation rather than *rapidity for the scale.*

THE Christmas breakfast for 2,000 poor children will be again provided on Christmas morning, at 8.30, by the Robin Society, in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Osborn will be glad to receive the names of any willing to act as stewards.

DAY TECHNICAL RAMBLERS' CLUB.—Twenty members rambled, on Saturday, November 27th, to Greenwich Hospital, journeying there by steamboat from London Bridge. In the Painted Hall, the pictures illustrating different incidents in the life of Nelson, naturally attracted a deal of attention, as did his coats, swords, and other relics which are to be seen here in cases. The portraits also of the great sailors of Queen Elizabeth's reign—Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, and others

—were extremely interesting to some of us. Leaving the Painted Hall, we made our way to the beautiful classic chapel, and from thence to the Museum, where we were personally conducted by an old sailor, who was well acquainted with most of the interesting exhibits. This was particularly the case with the Artic relics. He himself had been as far north as 72 degrees. In the Trafalgar Room we were treated to a very graphic recital of the main incidents of the great battle. Elsewhere we were allowed to launch a large working model of a vessel, which much interested us. Thanks to our conductor, our visit to the Museum was a very pleasant one, and one much enjoyed.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL CLUB v. BARKING SWIFTS.—This match was decided on Saturday on the ground of the latter at Barking, in the presence of a moderate company of spectators. The Old Boys were far from being strongly represented, being without the services of W. Bissett and W. White. They made a very good fight with the birds, and although the Old Boys were defeated in the end by six goals to one, they had very little the worst of the game. The play was very fast throughout, and the match was keenly contested right up to the finish, the Old Boys playing one man short throughout the game. Newman and Baines played in splendid style for the Old 'uns. Old Boys' team: H. Baines (goal), H. Phillips (capt.) and T. Howell (backs), R. Toyne, W. Johnson, and E. Langdon (half-backs), A. Clement (left), E. Newman (centre), E. Burton, and H. Skinner (right), (forwards).

MATCH next Saturday at Victoria Park (No. 5 ground), v. St. John's, Millwall. Meet at dressing room, 327, Old Ford-road, as soon as possible. Kick off 3 o'clock.

A. E. CLEMENT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. R. Cave. —We spent a most enjoyable evening with the members of the Choral Society at their social dance last Saturday, and must congratulate Mr. Dann and his committee upon the result of their successful arrangements. These little socials have done a vast amount of good in cementing the friendship of the members of both societies and in furthering the object for which we always meet, namely, harmony. We trust that the members of the Choral Society will honour us with their presence at our social dance, which is to take place early in the new year; the exact date will be given as soon as it is fixed. We shall perform "Elijah" on the 17th inst. Will members please note that we commence at 7.30 instead of 8 o'clock? and they are requested to be in attendance by 7.15, and also to attend as many rehearsals as possible.—*Public Notice.*—We are always pleased to admit musicians as members and to provide them with high-class music free for rehearsal. We have vacancies for violas, 'cellos, and basses, and also for oboes, bassoons, and brass instruments.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
A. VICTOR, }
H. VERYARD, } Librarians.

THE Garrick Dramatic Company are to repeat their successful moving tableaux "Faust," on Thursday next, at 8 o'clock—the object being to provide Christmas gifts to the deserving poor of the Parish of Holy Trinity, Mile End. An influential committee has been formed for the sale of tickets, which may also be obtained at the bookstall. Reserved seat ticket holders will be admitted at the East Gate or School entrance up to 8 o'clock.

A GYMNASIC display by the girls of eight Board Schools, in the Tower Hamlet Division, will be given on Tuesday next, December 13th, in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Diggle will preside. Banners will be presented during the evening. Admission 1s., 6d., and 3d. Tickets may be obtained in the office. This promises to be a very interesting display.

"Our Age of Progress; a Visit to the Channel Tunnel, and Impressions Under the Sea." This was the title of a most interesting lecture given in the Queen's Hall, on Monday last, by Mr. Frederick Thomas, of Exeter. The lecture was illustrated by diagrams and models, lent by Sir Edward Watkin, M.P. A full report will appear in our next issue.

Library Report.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

The Library was open 29 days, and closed on November 7th for cleaning.

The following papers have been added to the regular list:—*The Civilian, Pleasures, Chemical News, Teachers' Aid, Jewish Quarterly Review, and British Journal of Photography.*

During the month 42,469 admissions were registered, 5,027 of these being on Sundays; 5,725 volumes were taken out, of which 885 were read on Sundays; 26 volumes were added, some of these being suggested by readers themselves; three volumes were presented. There were 32 new readers entered.

In the Students' Lending Library 933 volumes were borrowed, 711 of these being light literature and novels, and 222 general literature, chiefly of a technical character. Twenty-eight volumes were presented by Walter Besant, Esq., and six volumes were bought.

CLASSIFICATION OF ISSUES.
Fiction, 4,087; travel, etc., 187; biography, 128; history, 132; poetry, 104; technology, 217; science, 204; English literature, 87; theology, 47; language, 93; law, 13; mathematics, 49; recreative arts, 67; philosophy, 43; fine arts, 56; general reference, 107; miscellaneous, 104. Total, 5,725.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

FICTION.

Lyll. *Autobiography of a Slander.*
Derrick Vaughan, Novelist.
Jerome. *Diary of a Pilgrimage.*
Beltram-Edwards. *Pearla: a Story.*
Meredith. *One of our Conquerors.*
Baring-Gould. *In the Roar of the Sea.*
Arnold. *Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Barter. *Woodwork (English Slöyd).* 1892.
Cameron. *Oils and Varnishes.* 1886.

Church. *Chemistry of Paints and Painting.* 1892.
Hannibal. *Last Fitting and Pattern Cutting.* 1888.
Hicks. *Yachts, Boats, and Canoes.* 1887.
Hutchinson. *Indoor Sports and Games.* 1891.
Jones. *Needlework and Cutting-out.* 1892.
Findlay. *The Working and Management of an English Railway.* 1891.
Greenwood. *Sunday School and Village Libraries.* 1892.
Lugard. *British East Africa and Uganda.* 1892.
Bentley. *Handbook to the Uganda Question.*
Sarll. *Double Entry Book-keeping.*
Remsen. *Organic Chemistry.* 1892.
Richter. *Organic Chemistry.* Trans. by Minter. 1892.
Russell. *Electric Light Cables.* 1892.
Urquhart. *Dynamo Construction.* 1891.
Thompson. *Dynamo Electric Machinery.* 1892.
Pendlebury. *Arithmetic.* 1891.
Wilkinson. *PhotoMechanica. Processes.* 1892.
Whately. *English Synonyms.* 1889.
Slingo and Brooker. *Electrical Engineering.* 1891.

A Street Boy's Story.

BY GERALD HOLCROFT.



IT seems so strange in this beautiful land That boasts of being free,
And stretches out far on every hand,
There should be no room for me.
I'm not very big, though I've done with toys,
My wants are few, one may see;
There's plenty of room for other boys—
But there isn't room for me.

I stand at the corner, weary and worn,
My boxes of matches to vend,
And wonder why I was ever born,

And how it all will end.
The constable's footsteps come this way—
"Get out of that corner, do!"
I hear the man's voice gruffly say,
"There ain't no room for you!"

I trudge along, with tears in my eyes,
For I'm hungry, faint and cold,
And check the choking sobs that rise,
For none of my matches are sold.
I seek a shelter from rain that falls,
My jacket is quite wet through;
Then suddenly some one loudly calls—
"There isn't room for you!"

And I'm thrust away from the sheltering door,
To wade through the mud and rain,
Why is it I am so wretched and poor?
Shall I ever taste meat again?
The matches are wet and refuse to burn,
I must put them away, I see;
To something else my hand must turn,
If there's only room for me.

To Drury Lane! It's Boxing Night,
The children are coming away.
What would I give to see the sight
That has made them all so gay!
"Carriage or cab, sir? Carriage, my lord?
I'll get it you quick, you'll see."
I begged for a job—I almost implored—
But there wasn't room for me.

I went to the workhouse and rang the bell,
And sank on the step on my knees,
But rose with a start at the porter's "Well?"
"I want a night's lodging, please."
He looked at me sternly up and down,
I had had no dinner or tea;
"We're full—chock full," he said, with a frown—
They hadn't got room for me.

This was the tale that was told by the lad
To the nurse who tended his case,
As he neared the end of a life so sad
That it left its mark on his face.
He was pinched and pale, and his big eyes shone
Like a beacon light at sea.
"Don't go. They'll say, if you leave me alone—
They haven't got room for me."

The nurse didn't leave him, but knelt to pray,
While he said, in a faltering breath,
"To-morrow, nurse dear, perhaps to-day,
I shall sleep the sleep of death.
I've always believed in Jesus who died,
And longed an angel to be;
If the world's too small—up there," he cried,
"There'll be plenty of room for me."

A Paganini Anecdote.

ONE day, while approaching Paris in a diligence after a visit to England, Paganini had the mortification of seeing his beloved Guarnerius fall from the roof of the coach.

The delicate instrument received a palpable injury, and had to be taken to Vuillaume, the famous maker and repairer of violins, established in the French capital. Vuillaume not only mended it, but—as the story goes—made an exact facsimile of it, taking both to the Italian virtuoso with the remark that the two instruments, lying side by side in his laboratory, had puzzled him as to their identity.

The dismayed musician seized first one and then the other, played upon both, and carefully examined them together and apart, and ended by exclaiming in distress that he could not decide which was his own.

He strode about the room, wild, ecstatic, and in tears, faith and fury alike struggling for the mastery in him, till the honest Parisian, overcome by the sight of a grief and a bewilderment so genuine, and never from the first intending to deceive his client, asked him to keep both violins as a pledge of his esteem and admiration, at the same time pointing out the sham Guarnerius, for which he begged an honourable place in Paganini's memory.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(11th Concert, 6th Series.)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10TH,

COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

MR. PROUDMAN'S CHOIR.

Conductor Mr. J. FRANK PROUDMAN, F.C.O.

PIANOFORTE—MRS. JOSEPH PROUDMAN. ORGAN—MR. WILFRID DAVIES, R.A.M.
SOLOISTS—MADAME SARINA DE HENSLER. MADAME RICH. MR. PERCY PINKERTON.
SOLO PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY.

1. CHORUS "Faithful and True" Wagner
(The Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin.")

Faithful and true, we lead ye forth,
Where love triumphant shall crown ye
with joy!

Star of renown, flow'r of the earth,
Blest be ye both, far from all life's
annoy!

Champion victorious, go thou before!
Maid, bright and glorious, go thou
before!

Mirth's noisy revel ye have forsaken,
Tender delights for you now awaken;
Fragrant abode, enshrine ye in bliss,
Splendour and state in joy ye dismiss.

Faithful and true, we lead ye forth,
When love triumphant shall crown ye
with joy;

Star of renown, flow'r of the earth,
Blest be ye both, far from all life's
annoy.

As solemn vows unite ye,
We hallow ye to joy!
This hour shall requite ye,
When bliss hath known alloy!

Faithful and true, now rest you here,
Where love triumphant shall crown ye
with joy!

Star of renown, flow'r of the earth,
Blest be ye both, far from all life's
annoy!

Champion victorious, now rest thee here;
Maid, bright and glorious, now rest thee
here!

Mirth's noisy revel ye have forsaken,
Tender delights for you now awaken;
Fragrant abode, enshrine ye in bliss,
Splendour in state in joy ye dismiss.

2. CHORUS Glinka
"Noble Chief! Thee we hail"
From Opera, "Life for the Czar."

Noble chief! thee we hail; we bid our
hero welcome home.

In triumph thou comest, in triumph we
meet thee,

Let ours be the voices, the foremost to
greet thee,

Thy valour from danger, thy country has
guarded;

By us then thy glory in song be recorded,
Be thou by thy country's devotion re-
warded.

We too, thy sisters, would fain give thee
greeting,

And tell thee how proudly we count thee
our own.
We grudg'd not our bravest and dearest
to lend thee;

Our fond prayers, our best hopes, did
always attend thee,

Amidst all thy dangers that God would
defend thee,

And once more with triumph thy valour
would crown.

Our hero, returning, salute we in welcome,
We pray God to keep thee both happy
and glorious,

To thee and our country His blessing to
give,

O'er all that would harm thee, for ever
victorious,

For long years in honour and peace
mayst thou live.

3. SONG "My Dearest Heart" Sullivan
MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

All the dreaming is broken through,
Both what is done and undone I rue;
Nothing is steadfast, nothing is true
But your love for me, and my love for you,
My dearest, dearest heart!

When the winds are loud, when the winds
are low,
When the roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling is all I know,
My dearest, dearest heart!

The time is weary, the year is old,
The light of the lily burns close to the
mould;

The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the City of Gold,
My dearest heart!

4. SONG ... "The Worker" ... Gounod
The night lay o'er the city,
The rain and wind made moan,
The worker in his garret
Sat toiling long and lone,
With nought of earth to praise him,
No earthly love to bless;

But there was one in Heaven
Still cheered his loneliness;
Courage, true heart, courage,
She waiteth beyond the Sun,
To welcome thee

When thy last work is done.
Far on the hills of Heaven,
An angel watching leant
Across the blue cloud barriers

With sad eyes earthward bent,
And whispered through the quiet,
"I come to thee anon,
Toil on, O! my beloved,
Thy work is well nigh done;

A few more years of labour,
Of struggling bravely on;
And then, God, the angel,
The worker's work has done."

Cold lay the lifeless body
Within that cheerless place,
A smile of peaceful trusting
Upon that poor thin face;

But from the lonely garret,
Unseen by mortal sight,
Two angels, happy hearted,
Passed into Heaven that night.

5 PART SONG ... J. B. Calkin
"The Chivalry of Labour"

Uprouse ye now, brave brotherband,
With honest heart and working hand,
We are but few, toil-tried and true,
Yet hearts beat high to dare and do;
And who would not a champion be
In labour's lordlier chivalry?

We fight, but bear no bloody brand,
We fight to free our fatherland;
We fight that smiles of love may glow
On lips where curses quiver now.
Hurrah! true knights are we
In labour's lordlier chivalry.

O! there be hearts that ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory;
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And watchers weep, and martyr's bleed.
O! who would not a champion be
In labour's lordlier chivalry?

Work, brothers mine, work hand and
brain,
We'll win, we'll win the golden age again,
And love's millennial morn shall rise
In happy hearts and blessed eyes.
Hurrah! true knights are we
In labour's lordlier chivalry.

6. PART SONG (for male voices) Werner
"Longing for home"

Hark! the breezes gentle moan
In soft cadence swelling,
While o'er earth's wide waste I roam,
Thoughts and sounds of distant home,
And of dear ones telling.

Breezes blow and truly tell,
If those dear ones love me well.

Hark! the wild waves ceaseless roar,
Deep to deep replying,
Surging back from shore to shore,
Onward rolling evermore,
Singing, murmur'ing, sighing.

Rolling waves, oh, truly tell,
If those dear ones love me well.

List! 'tis echo's silv'ry sound,
Sweetest strains repeating,
Whispering of those that yearn
For the wanderer's return,
Hearts for me yet beating.

Breeze and billow echoing tell,
Still those dear ones love me well.

7. ARIA from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

MADAME SARINA DE HENSLEY.

Voi lo sapete, o mamma, prima d'andar soldato,
Turiddu aveva a Lola eterna fe giurato,
Torno la seppe sposa, e con un nuova amore
Vogle spegner la fiamma che gli bruciava il core.
M'amò, famai, famai, ah! famai.

Quell'invidia d'ogni delizia mia,
Del suo sposo dimentica, arse di gelosia,
Me l'ha rapito, me l'ha rapito,
Priva dell'onor mio, dell'onor mio rimango,
Lola e Turiddu s'amano, io piango, io piango.

Translation.

Mother, you know the story: ere he to war departed,
Turiddu swore to Lola ever to be true hearted,
Through days and years, through hopes and fears true hearted.
He came! but she was wedded!
Know you the tale, sweet mother,
To a new love he turned him,
Thus to forget the other!
He loved me! I loved him!
He loved me, ah! he loved me!

They met again; then with the old love waking,
All her woes forsaking,
Wild in her jealous madness, she stole my lover,
And all my gladness!
Why, ah! why, should I live then,
Honour and love departed!
Lola is now his love again,
Ah, but I am broken hearted.

8. PART SONG ... Arthur Sullivan
"Echoes"

How sweet the answer echo makes
To music at night,
When rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
And, far away o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light!

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear
Is by that one, that only dear
Breath'd back again.

9. PART SONG (Humorous)—
Arthur W. Marchant

LADIES v. GENTLEMEN.

Ladies.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey, nonny, nonny.

Gentlemen.

He who trusts in ladies fair—
Builds a castle in the air
Just like the wind, the ever-changing wind.

10. NEW SONG (1st time) ...
C. Ernest Baughan

"Rose of all Roses"

MR. PERCY PINKERTON.

(Accompanied by the Composer.)

You are the queen of my morning,
You are the queen of my night,
Rose of all roses that round my path,
Offer exquisite perfume and light.
Though the sun were to fade from the heavens above,
I should still have your magical eyes, my love.

Just when my life was all clouded,
A desolate garden and drear,
Struck by the tempests of autumn tide,
And when hope had surrendered to fear—

Just when the darkness seemed almost complete,
You came to me, darling, you came to me, sweet!

As an angel, robed in the sunset,
All amber, and crimson, and white,
You opened the door of my heart, dear,
And made what was desolate bright.

Though the sun were to fade from the heavens above,
You would still be my rose of all roses,—
my love!

11. ORGAN SOLO "Tocatta in G" Dubois
MR. WILFRID DAVIES.12. "The Old Sundial" Gerald Lane
MADAME RICH.

I remember, long ago, dear, at the old home far away,
In the garden stood a sundial, mark'd the hours day by day,
And upon the ancient timepiece was a legend quaint and true,
And I learnt to read the lines, dear, when a little maid like you.

Time is ever fleeting by, with its song and sorrow;
Strive to do some good to-day, wait not till to-morrow.

Think of this thro' life, my darling, strive like this from day to day,
Every heart will love and bless you, as you journey on your way,
And our Father he has promised that, within the gates of gold
All who here in patience serve Him, shall be there repaid tenfold.
Time is ever fleeting by, etc.

13. PART SONG ... Arthur H. Jackson
"Lord Ullin's Daughter"

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter."

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover!"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of Heav'n, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded near.

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath is chang'd to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, thro' storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief;
My daughter! oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing,
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

14. PART SONG ... A. J. Caldicott
"How calmly the Evening"

How calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter be friending,
May we and our households continue to share!

The sky, like the kingdom of Heaven is open:
Oh, enter my soul at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of His love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

We come to be soothed with His merciful healing;
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
We come, our life's work and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

Lord save us from folly, be with us in sorrow,
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possess.

15. SONG ... "Vorrei" ... Tosti
MADAME SARINA DE HENSLEY.

Vorrei, allor due tu pallido e muto
Pieghi la fronte tra le mani e pensi,
E ti splendon su l'animo abbattuto
I vani sogni e i desiderii immensi.

Vorrei per incantesimi d'amore
Pianamente venire a'l tuo richi amo,
E su di te piegando come un fiore,
Con dolce voce susurrati: Io t'amo!

Vorrei di tutte le mie sciolte chiome
Cingerti con lentissima carezza,
E sentirmi da te chiamare a nome,
Vederti folle de la mia bellezza.

Vorrei per incantesimi d'amore
Pianamente venire a'l tuo richiamo,
E su di te piegando come un fiore,
Con dolce voce susurrati: Io t'amo!

16. PART SONG ... Sir A. Sullivan

"Joy to the Victors"

Joy to the victors! the sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
Glory's proud garlands triumphantly grasping;
Gen'rous in peace, and victorious in war.

Honour acquiring,
Valour inspiring,
Burning, resistless, through foemen they go:
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,

Till from the battle proud Rod'ric retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away;
There each fond damsel her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.

List'ning the prancing
Of horses advancing,
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear;
Love, our hearts warming,
Songs, the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing,
Love, wine, and song our blithe evening shall cheer!

Doors open at 7 p.m. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

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

December 17th, at 7.30 p.m., performance of "ELIJAH" by the People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra.

PROGRAMME OF A DRAMATIC RECITAL,

TO BE GIVEN BY

MR. J. N. ELLABY, B.A., OXON, ON MONDAY, 12TH DECEMBER, 1892, AT 8 P.M.

PART I.		PART II.	
ORGAN SOLO ...	MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.	"The Enchanted Shirt" ...	Col. John Hay
SELECTION from	"The Rivals" ... Sheridan	"The Ballad of Splendid Silence" ...	E. Nesbit
Characters.		"My Brother George's Tragedy" ...	E. F. Turner
MRS. MALAPROP.	SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.	"A Literary Nightmare" ...	Mark Twain
LYDIA LANGUISH (her niece).	CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (his son).	ORGAN SOLO ...	MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.
ORGAN SOLO ...	MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.		

MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O., will play the following Selections on the Organ:—

1. OVERTURE ...	"Light Cavalry" ...	Suppé	3. MARCHE CORTEGE (La Reine de Saba) ...	Gounod
2. "KERMESSE SCENE" and SOLDIERS' CHORUS (Faust) ...		Gounod	4. HUNGARIAN MARCH (Faust) ...	Berlioz

Doors open at 7 p.m.

Admission One Penny.

Reserved Seats, Threepence.

PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL

TO BE GIVEN ON

SUNDAY, 11th DECEMBER, 1892.

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

At 4 p.m.

VOCALIST—MR. DAVID WATKINS.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON CHOIR.

- 1. MARCHE RELIGIEUSE IN F ... Guilmant
2. ANTHEM "Incline Thine ear" ... Himmel
3. { a. A MORNING SONG (Peer Gynt Suite) ... Grieg
b. FANFARE from the "Water Music" ... Handel
4. VOCAL SOLO "In native worth" Creation (Mendelssohn)
5. HYMN "Lo! He comes with clouds descending"

Unison mf Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
f Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train;
Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth again.
mf Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
p Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
pp Deeply wailing
p Shall the true Messiah see.
mf Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears,
cr Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers.
mf With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
Unison f Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
mf Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
ff Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

- 6. FANTASIA ON THE SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN Lux
7. ANTHEM "Sing a song of praise" ... Stainer
CHORUS BY THE CHOIR.
QUARTETTE—MISS SELINA EVANS, MISS L. ROBERTS,
MR. J. H. THOMAS, MR. H. E. LEWIS.
Sing a song of praise, bless the Lord in all His works;
magnify His name and show forth His praise with the songs
of your lips and with harps.
The Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffer-
ing, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins and saveth in time
of affliction. Blessed be the Lord for ever. Hallelujah.
Amen.—ECCLES. xxxix., parts of v. 14, 15; ii., 11; i., 29.
8. ANDANTE RELIGIOSO ... Thomé
9. VOCAL SOLO "Sing ye praise" (Lobgesang) Haydn
10. ALLEGRO AND FUGUE (Second Organ Sonata) Mendelssohn

Organ Recital at 8.30 p.m.

- 1. { PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MINOR (Volume } Bach
IV., Peter's Edition No. 5)
2. CANTILENE ... Hird
3. MARCHE NUPTIALE ... Guilmant
4. { FANTASIA ON THE HYMN TUNE, "Abide } B. Jackson
with Me"
5. { SHORT SELECTION FROM THE ORATORIO } Handel
"Samson"
6. NOCTURNE IN E FLAT ... Chopin
7. POSTLUDE IN D... Smart

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.

Voices wanted for all parts for the People's Palace Sunday Afternoon Choir. Ladies and gentlemen who are able to read music, please apply to Mr. Jackson after any recital or sacred concert.

On Sunday next, at 4, the Choir will sing a selection of Christmas Carols.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT OF CHRISTMAS MUSIC,

Under the direction of MR. HUGH DAVIES, ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1892, AT 8 P.M.

ARTISTES:—

MISS ADA POTTER (Æolian Vocal Union). MR. DAVIE WILLIAMS (Humorous). MR. H. SMITH WEBSTER (At the Organ and Piano).

The Programme will comprise the Cantata "Festgesang" (Mendelssohn), Select Christmas and Humorous Pieces.

1. CANTATA "Fest Gesang" Mendelssohn (Hymns of Praise.)

Chorale.—Let all creation praise the Lord
Ye nations bow before him,
In choral strains with one accord,
Extol him and adore him.
Ye orbs of day that roll in light,
Ye distant stars that gem the night,
O praise your great Creator.

Angelic hosts repeat the song,
Ye Prophets clad in glory,
Ye ransom'd tribes, the theme prolong,
Repeat the wondrous story.
Ye spirits, who are flaming fires,
Awake your trumpets, strike your lyres,
O praise your great Creator.

2. SONG (with Chorus) "Nazareth" Gounod HOLDON WALKER.

Though poor be the chamber, come here and adore;
Lo! the Lord of Heaven
Hath to mortal given
Life for evermore.

Shepherds, who folded your flocks beside you,
Tell what was told by angel-voices near;
To you this night is born He whom will guide you
Through paths of peace to living waters clear.

Kings from a far land draw near and behold him,
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye come;
Your crowns cast down, with Robe Royal enfold Him,
Your King descends to earth from brighter home.

Wind to the cedars proclaim the joyful story;
Wave of the sea, the tidings bear afar;
The night is gone!—behold in all its glory,
All broad and bright rises th' Eternal Morning Star!

3. CHORALE "Fest Gesang" Mendelssohn

Let our theme of praise ascending,
Blent in music's lofty strain,
Soaring thro' the starry main,

Peal in echoes never ending,
Learning dawn'd its light arose,
Thus the truth assail'd its foes.
Faith and hope began to banish
Doubt and soul-appaling fear
Spreading, shining still more clear,
Error in their beams will vanish,
Mortals roam'd without a guide,
Darkness clouded ev'ry nation,
Not a ray could be descried,
All was gloom and desolation,
Learning dawn'd, its light arose,
Thus the truth assail'd its foes,
Till the earth with one accord
Shall adore, and praise the Lord.

4. SONG "The Holy City" Adams MR. W. A. HAMILTON.

Last night I lay a sleeping there came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem beside the Temple there;
I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang
Methought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang:
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King.

And then methought my dream was changed, the street no longer rang.
Hush'd were the glad Hosannas the little children sang:
The sun grew dark with mystery, the morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hark! now the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King.

And once again the scene was changed, new earth there seemed to be,
I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea.
The light of God was on its streets, the gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter, and no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night, or sun to shine by day.

It was the New Jerusalem that would not pass away.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna evermore.

5. CHORUS "The Fest Gesang" Mendelssohn

The word went forth, the word was light,
God spake, his radiance darted,
Light made chaotic darkness light,
And night from day was parted.

In space, the starry hosts He hung,
The universe in music sung
Its great Creator's glory.
Still all these countless orbs above
Hail Him in concert as they move
His praise in everlasting song
Rings through the vast celestial throng,
Hail Him in everlasting song.

6. SONG "Christmas Morn" Gounod MISS ADA POTTER.

Our psalms of joy to God ascending,
Filleth our souls with holy fame,
This day the Saviour Child was born.
Dark was the night that now is ending,
But on the dawn were angels tending,
Hail! Christmas morn! the Saviour child is born.

In faith we see thee, Virgin Mother,
Still clasp thy Son, and in His eyes
Seek Heaven's own light that in them lies,
Though narrow shed His might confineth,
Though low in manger He reclineth
Bright on His brow a glory shineth.

Oh! Saviour King, hear when we call Thee,
Oh; Lord of angels, glorious the song.
The song Thy ransomed people raise,
Would that our heart from sin and sorrow,
And earthly bondage now might sever,
And soaring to eternal morrow
With Thee, Lord, reign for ever and ever

7. CHORALE "Fest Gesang" Mendelssohn

(The audience are requested to stand and join in singing this.)
Soon may we join the lay,
His Heavenly chorus raises,
And stand in bright array,
To harp and sing our praises.

Where shining Cherubim
And flaming Seraphim,
Their hallelujahs blend,
In strains that never end.

8. SONG ... MR. W. H. SIMONS.

9. CHRISTMAS HYMN ... N. Novello "Adeste Fideles" (O come, all ye faithful!)

(The audience are requested to stand and join in the chorus).

Solos, MISS A. POTTER, MESSRS. H. CRIBB, W. A. HAMILTON, AND S. DAVIS.

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; O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb, Very God. Begotten, not created, O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choir of angels, sing in exultation, Sing, all ye citizens of heavens above; Glory to God, in the highest, O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord we greet thee, born this happy morning, Jesu, to Thee be glory given; Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing, O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Interval of 10 Minutes.

10. CHORUS... Mendelssohn "A Vintage Song"

On stave and hoop the long year through We work'd with will and pleasure, And when the cask was firm and true, We pressed the vineyard's treasure. Now, blest be thou, O fresh'ning wine, Thou heart consoler from the Rhine, Thou'lt cheer us without measure.

Thou mak'st our blood so pure and strong, Run sparkling like a river, Upon his tongue thou pour'st a song, Who silent blest the giver. Thou art the king of wines so true, Thou art the very Heav'n's due, Well may'st thou speed for ever.

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

12. SONG "Come live with me" Hatton MR. SIDDON TURNER.

Come live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That valleys, groves, and hill and fields, The woods or sleepy mountain fields. And we will sit upon the rocks, Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks; And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me and be my love.

And I will make thee beds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies; A gown made of the finest wool, Which from our little lambs we pull. The shepherd swain shall dance and sing, For thy delight each May morning; And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me and be my love.

13. SONG ... "Lovely Spring" ... Coenen MISS ADA POTTER.

When the Spring has climbed the mountain's height, When beneath the bright sun melts the snow, When the first green leaf comes forth to sight, And their earliest flowers the meadows show, When on hill and plain ends old Winter's reign, And the earth revives from her lingering pain; Loud, I hear a voice thro' the welkin ring, Oh! mortals, all rejoice, welcome lovely Spring.

Was it not in Spring, thou dearest one, Thy heart revealed itself to mine, That thy lips the tender truth betrayed, And I felt I was for ever thine. In the shady groves from the boughs above, The birds poured down their notes of love; Loud, I hear a voice through the welkin ring, Oh! mortals, all rejoice, welcome lovely Spring.

14. PART SONG ... Pearsall "O who will o'er the downs?"

O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, O who will up and follow me To win a blooming bride? Her father he has locked the door, Her mother keeps the key, But neither door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me! I saw her bower at twilight gray, 'Twas guarded safe and sure; I saw her bower at break of day, 'Twas guarded then no more! The varlets they were all asleep, And none was near to see The greeting fair that passed there Between my love and me! I promised her to come at night, With comrades brave and true, A gallant band, with sword in hand, To break her prison through; I promised her to come at night, She's waiting now for me, And ere the dawn of morning light, I'll set my true love free.

15. SONG "The Bugler" Pinsuti MR. SIDNEY DAVIS.

The bugler paced thro' the driving snow By the frozen river to watch the foe. Behind him in camp his comrades lay, Wounded and spent from the morning fray. His orders ran—when thou seest the foe, Three loud blasts on thy bugle blow. Those were his orders; he kept them well, Gallantly, faithfully, 'till he fell. Steady and slow, pacing the snow, Stalwart old bugler, watching the foe.

The wind blows cold from the frozen tide, Hark! hark! the foe on the other side, Across the ice they are marching fast, And the bugler blows a stirring blast; And now, and now they are at the shore, Loudly the bugle rang once more. He raised his bugle again to blow, But a shot from the enemy laid him low. There in the snow lieth he low, Gallant old bugler shot by the foe.

He raised himself in the blood-stained snow, And proudly he faced the coming foe. He seized his bugle, and blew with pride One grand long blast, and fell and died. His comrades came when the fight was past. They found him clasping his bugle fast. Dead at his post in the ice and snow, His old face turned, as he met the foe. There let him rest, he shall be blest, Gallant old bugler, bravest and best.

16. SONG (Maritana) ... Wallace "There is a Flower that Bloometh" MR. HENRY CRIBB.

There is a flower that bloometh Where Autumn leaves are shed With the silent moon it weepeth, The Spring and Summer fled. The early frost of winter Scarce its brow hath overcast, O, pluck it ere it wither, 'Tis the memory of the past.

It wafteth perfume o'er us Which few can e'er forget, Of the bright scenes gone before us, Of the sweet, though sad, regret. Let no heart brave its power By guilty thoughts o'ercast, For then a poisoned flower Is the memory of the past.

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

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

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair; It shone thro' dingy casement on many a garret bare, From highway on to highway, thro' alleys dark and cold, And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold. Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild, And weary little children turned in their sleep and smiled; While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes, Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

(Continued on page 417.)

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The Classes, with some exceptions, are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible.

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

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists various science subjects like Ambulance, Anatomy, Applied Mechanics, etc.

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Trade Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists trade subjects like Carpentry, Brickwork, Electrical Engin., etc.

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examination of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1893). Per Term. Per Course.

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Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists commercial and general subjects like Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Shorthand, etc.

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a 7/6 the Session commencing Sept. 26th and ending July 8th, 1893. s/- 1/6 Half-Session ending February 18th, 1893. b 10/6 Session; c 15/6 Half-Session; d 15/6 Half-Session.

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Classes for Women only.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes for women like Ambulance—First Aid, Nursing, Dressmaking, etc.

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(Under the direction of Orton Bradley, M.A.)

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists music subjects like Choral Society, Harmonium, Singing, etc.

Reduced fee to Members of the Choral Society. In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being twenty minutes duration.

(Continued from page 414.)

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;

18. SOLO AND CHORUS ("The Enchantress") "My task is ended"

Solo—MISS ADA POTTER. Chorus—Hither we come, at our lady's will, And whether in crowded hall, by lonely inn or rum'd wall,

ADMISSION TWOPENCE.

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It constantly happens that men detached from the main body of an army are called upon to determine for themselves their distance from an object to be fired at.

At 100 yards all parts of the body are seen distinctly, slight movements are perceptible, and the minute details of the uniforms can be distinguished.

My brave companions, who so oft have shared in perils past, And death as oft have dared for me, as for my father, For by you fulfilled is now the task we had in view;

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

At 200 yards the outlines of the face are confused, and the rows of brass buttons look like yellow stripes.

At 300 yards the buttons are no longer visible. At 400 yards the face is a mere dot, but movements of legs and arms are distinct.

At 600 yards details can no longer be distinguished, though the files of a company, if the light be strong, can be counted.

At 800 yards the men in a company cannot always be counted, nor their individual movements distinguished.

At 1,000 yards a line of men simply resembles a broad belt; the direction of their march can, however, be readily determined.

At 1,200 yards infantry can be distinguished from cavalry.

20. SONG "The Bells" ... Hatton MR. W. H. SIMONS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day, Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

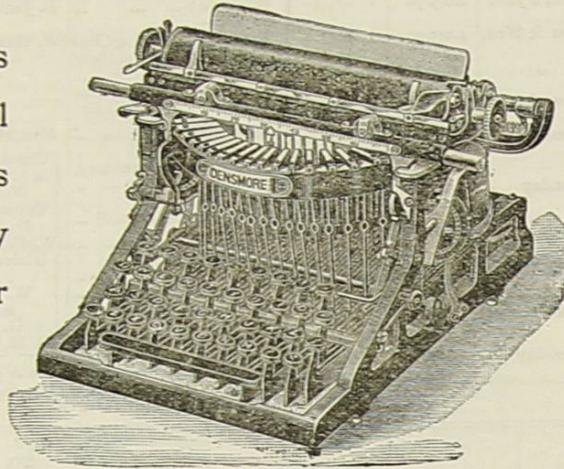
And in despair I bow'd my head; "There is no peace on earth," I said; "For hate is strong, and mocks the song 'Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!'"

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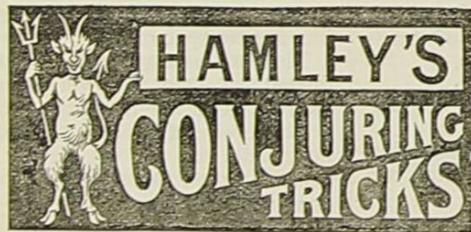


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