

November 25, 1892.

*The Palace Journal.*

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**THE PALACE JOURNAL.**

FRIDAY, NOV. 25th, 1892.

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

FRIDAY, Nov. 25th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.  
SATURDAY, 26th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m. Concert by the Tonic Sol-fa Association. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 27th.—Sacred Concert at 4 and organ Recital at 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 28th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m. Costume Recital of "Rip Van Winkle," by the English Opera Singers. Admission, 1d. and 3d.

TUESDAY, 29th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Pianoforte Recital at 8 p.m. Girls' Swimming Club social in Club-room.

WEDNESDAY, 30th.—At 8 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Humorous Entertainment by Mr. Scott-Edwards. Admission, 2d. Students of P. P. Classes admitted free. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, Dec. 1st.—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.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Mr. W. R. Cave, Conductor. Owing to the wet weather last week, and the small attendance of members, the election of officers was postponed. The Choral Society have kindly invited us to their social dance, on Saturday, December 3rd. We are arranging for a social early in the new year, the exact date of which will be duly announced. *Public notice.*—We have vacancies for 'cellos and basses, and also for oboes, bassoons, and brass instruments.

WM. STOCK, Hon. Sec.  
A. VICTOR, Librarian.

WE are sorry to announce that several articles have been surreptitiously abstracted from the cloak room lately. In consequence of this, an attendant will in future always be in charge of the room; and students are requested to obtain a ticket for any articles deposited there. At the same time, the governors wish it to be distinctly understood that, although they are taking every precaution to prevent a repetition of the offences in the future, they cannot be held responsible for anything which may be lost.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—Our first social dance of the season takes place on Saturday evening, December 3rd, in the Music Rooms. Attention is directed to the rule which states that members who have not attended at least four rehearsals during the month preceding a dance are not entitled to receive

cards of invitation. We have enrolled several new members lately, but still have vacancies for contraltos, tenors, and basses. Ladies and gentlemen who have good voices, and who can read music fairly well at sight from either Tonic Sol-fa or staff notation, are cordially invited to join us, and our conductor will be glad to see applicants for admission before the commencement of any of our rehearsals. Our next performance will take place on December 17th, when we give Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in the Queen's Hall, in conjunction with the Orchestral Society. We are also busy rehearsing Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

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

ON Tuesday, the 29th, the Girls' Swimming Club will hold their first "Social." Lady Jennings will preside, and a miscellaneous programme of instrumental and vocal music will be provided. During the evening a report will be read of the first year's work done by the club, and it is hoped that the evening will be a very pleasant one. Refreshments will be supplied from 7 to 8. Tickets may be obtained from Miss J. Osborn, single, 6d.; double, 9d.

**People's Palace  
(Beaumonts) Cycling Club.****FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER AND  
DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.**

THE fifth annual dinner and distribution of prizes of the Premier Cycling Club of East End, to wit, the People's Palace (Beaumonts), took place on Saturday evening, at the Bodega, City Arms, St. Mary Axe, under the chairmanship of the president, Mr. B. L. Cohen. The proceedings were graced with the presence of a goodly number of lady members and friends, their appearance, as the chairman said, adding to the attractiveness of the occasion. The Beaumonts can boast of having more lady members than any other club, the fact of which they have just cause to be proud, and it was, therefore, only right they should have been present at the dinner, more especially as two were the recipients of prizes.

Prior to the dinner, the chairman announced, with regret, that his wife, who had intended to be present, was unavoidably absent on account of her health.

Dinner being over, the proceedings opened with a pianoforte solo, "On the mountains," by Mr. Holmes, followed by the usual loyal toast. Mr. A. Giles gave an excellent rendering of "Queen of the Earth"; a banjo trio by the Athena Banjo Band well deserved the marks of appreciation which it called forth.

Then came the toast of the evening, "The Beaumont Cycling Club," coupled with the committee. The chairman, in proposing the toast, said he was aware that drinking the health and prosperity of the club was like drinking to their own healths, but he was convinced that the club's success and of the gatherings with which it was associated, depended upon the amount of individual enthusiasm which was given to the club collectively, as distinguished from the particular

desires of the members. He was proud of being president of the Beaumont Cycling Club, which was so well and successfully managed, but at the same time he was perfectly aware that it did not matter who was the figure-head, for his assistance was not to be compared with the personal attention of the members. He hoped the ladies' presence was a virtue which would bring its own reward, and at all their future gatherings they would be present in larger numbers. One thing he was pleased to notice was the attention the club bestowed upon beginners, and if he could assist by giving a prize he would be very glad to do so. Cycling he regarded as a very pleasant and most agreeable means to a very enjoyable and instructive end. As the club grew, as it ought to, it should be sectionalised, and branches formed for rambling, sketching, photography, and such like. Mr. Cohen concluded by referring to the splendid services rendered to the club by the secretary (Mr. Burley), captain (Mr. Farrant), financial secretary (Mr. Bright), the handicapper (Mr. Dawson), and others.

"The man who broke the bank of Monte Carlo," by Mr. T. Best Folkes, was loudly applauded, but owing to the lengthy programme the calls for an encore could not be acceded to.

Mr. J. H. Burley, in responding for the club, gave a brief *resumé* of the year's work, from which it appeared that the Saturday afternoon runs had been much better attended than previously, the average attendance being about forty. The new country headquarters were a grand success, although the Tuesday socials were not. The monthly extended runs had been well patronised, and proved very enjoyable fixtures, as also had the tours. A good number had availed themselves of the opportunities of a dancing class, which the club had lately started. The Shield for the Path Championship had been won by their youngest member—he might call him "the baby" of the club—viz., Mr. Howard. With regard to the Hundred Miles Championship, they did anticipate being able to give a shield similar to the Path Championship, but their financial position would not permit them, and they had to be content with a medal.

Mr. H. Farrant having replied for the committee, the distribution of prizes took place.

Following is the list of events and prizes won by the different competitors:

W. J. Andrews won 100 Miles Road Championship; prize, a gold medal; first in 100 Miles Handicap, black marble clock; 100 Miles Time Competition, silver medal; 2nd prize, 15 Miles "Flower" Handicap, pair of opera glasses; 3rd prize in 25 Miles Handicap, a cruet stand.

H. B. Howard won 10 Miles Path Championship; prize, gold medal and "Beaumont" silver challenge shield; 2nd prize, 25 Miles Handicap, a writing desk; 2nd prize, 15 Miles "Flower" Handicap, pair of opera glasses.

H. Raggett won 25 Miles Handicap; prize, a waterproof coat; 3rd in 15 Miles Handicap and Time medal in Championship; prize, pair of bronze vases.

F. W. Shears won 15 Miles Handicap; prize, a cruet stand; also a gold medal in Championship.



J. Clements, 2nd prize, 100 Miles Handicap, a marble clock and silver medal.

N. Dawson, 3rd prize, 100 Miles Handicap, pair of bronze figures and Time medal.

M. Moyle, 2nd prize, 10 Miles Championship, a silver coffee-pot.

H. E. Kitsom won 15 Miles "Flower" Handicap; prizes, "Flower" cup and gold medal.

G. Phillips, 3rd prize, 15 Miles Handicap, a gold centre medal.

W. Rivett, Time prize, 100 Miles Handicap, a flower stand.

Miss A. Evans and Miss G. E. Crispe, gold medals for attendance.

J. Burley, attendance prize, pair bronze vases.

H. Farrant, attendance prize, pair bronze vases.

R. Stapleton, attendance prize, a marble clock.

Mr. W. Marshall, who officiated as M.C. at the Beaumonts' dances, was presented with a handsome pair of bronzes, he having lately entered the order of Benedicks.

Mr. Marshall, having expressed his thanks for the gift, proposed the toast of the "President and Vice-Presidents," remarking that in their President they had a gentleman who had greatly interested himself with the clubs of the People's Palace, and who had always done his best to push forward social life.

Mr. T. Best-Folke then sang the song of the evening, "Beaumont Episodes," being specially written by him for the occasion. It was capitally rendered, and elicited loud and prolonged applause, the chairman calling for three cheers for Mr. Folke for the able manner in which he had dealt with the episodes.

Mr. Cohen, in reply to the toast of "The President and Vice-Presidents," said he was sure the Governors of the People's Palace would help those who helped themselves. It was for the various clubs to formulate their requirements and submit them to the Governors. He believed the Cycling Club wanted a track, the Cricket Clubs cricket pitches, and the Football Club a football ground. If that was the case, then those who would use the grounds should put their shoulder to the wheel, look about for a suitable area, and then approach the Governors on the question. He said that although he was not a Governor himself he was intimately acquainted with many of them, and would do his utmost to obtain the much-needed ground for the various clubs.

The toast list was brought to a conclusion by "The Ladies," by Mr. W. Marshall, responded to by Mr. D. Jessemann.

The remainder of the programme comprised: *vio in sclos*, "Cavatina" and "Fantasia," by Mr. W. Cutting; pianoforte selection (specially composed), "Galop de Concert," by Mr. Holmes; "The Skipper," by Mr. A. Giles; "A Knight's Medley" and "Up I Came," by Mr. Knight; recitations, "The Black and the Green" and "Major Pamby," by Mr. H. Burley.

The programme was brought to a conclusion at 11 o'clock by "Auld Lang Syne."

The words of Mr. T. Best-Folke's song, "Beaumont Episodes," will be published in next week's journal in "Aitchbee's" notes.

## Street Vendors.

ADVERTISING frauds tend to show that common sense is conspicuous by its absence in too many people; but even more audacious than these are those persons who retail their wares from our street corners, their chief capital consisting of consummate cheek and the "gift of the gab."

A well-known story relates how two companions visited Epsom during the racing day, stocked with butterscotch which they could not dispose of as confection at "four squares a penny"; but found a ready sale for on re-naming it "corn curer," at a penny a lump. Possibly the story is true, probably not; but it serves to illustrate how readily John Bull will rise to the barest of hooks, if only the slight bait offers to cure his bodily ailments.

"If any lady or gentleman is troubled with bronchitis, sore throat, etc., etc., will that person step forward?" As nobody seemed anxious to accept the invitation, I duly stepped forward, and was requested to blow through a glass tube into a small glass of, apparently, water. I did so, and lo! the water was "milky." With a smile like an angel's for sweetness, the base deceiver held the glass up for the edification of his staring, gaping audience. "There, ladies and gentlemen, you see that opaque film; that is the *pure essence* of the cold. If, by merely breathing into my delection" (whatever that might be, I know not), "this gentleman has disburdened himself of so much of his lungal impediment, how much more would he be made better by absorbing this delection into his system?" Such argument must be conclusive to any but the most mule-headed persons, and his audience purchased about eleven bottles—holding two ounces of "delection" each—at sixpence a bottle, to cure their various "lungal impediments."

"This sweetmeat, ladies and gentlemen," said another luminary in my hearing recently, "is composed of ten vegetable extractions, prepared by myself. It is swallowed directly on to the lungs, and so gets at once to the root of the disease." An inexorable policeman made the poor fellow move on before he had disposed of his precious sweetmeat.

Then there are the fellows who remove corns, and, worse still, those who remove warts. If you have a delicate stomach, pass by on the other side when you come across one of them; if your stomach is stong, glance at his long, grimy nails, and shudder. An acquaintance who, when "young and foolish," had the temerity to allow a wart to be acted upon, suffered for his folly by a long illness consequent upon blood poisoning; during which time he was attended by a strange doctor, the family physician being so disgusted at the cause that he point-blank refused to cure the effect. The vendor of pills, lotions, ointments, and linaments we will leave, just noting that the articles are generally deceptive, sometimes obnoxious, and occasionally beneficial, though not to that wholesale degree described by the seller. Many will remember how Japhet and Melchior, in Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father," sold for £17 10s. various pills and boluses, to make which scarcely cost them the odd shillings.

Another class of street vendors are

sellers of glass-cutters, worth the penny which is their price; patent solder, warranted not to melt at a temperature less than 200 degrees Fahrenheit; patent mottled soap, invaluable for fetching the grease out of Tommy's Sunday coat, always supposing, of course, that the soap does not think fit to add to the dishgurement of the garment; patent boot laces at a penny per pair, warranted to bear the strain of a suspended fifty sixer; coaguline, not patent, which answers very well in many cases; cypress wood, likewise not patent, but very rare, and in many cases the subject of a most impudent and bare-faced fraud; and innumerable other patents and non-patents, inventions and discoveries which cannot be described at length, but by means of which many honest men earn livelihoods, and many rogues do ditto.

One very common sight is the man who sells silver-plating liquid at a few pence per bottle. He will plate a brass watchchain for you, or a ring, in a most beautiful manner, and quickly polish it till it flashes under his lamp like burnished silver. Just feel the article plated; what a clammy feeling it has, and so stickily smooth. Keep it a few days, and watch it grow—dull. The "silver" has formed an amalgam with the brass. The solution is mercury or quicksilver in solution with nitric acid and a large quantity of water.

## Edinburgh Public Library.

THE late Lord Provost Harrison, when asked what Edinburgh's chief industry was, replied "Education." That there is truth in this statement is obvious, for not only are our universities and colleges well equipped and therefore well attended, but the thirst for knowledge which exists among our working-class population is to a great extent provided for.

That the citizens appreciate the educational value of a study of books, is borne out by the statistics of the Free Library, which has now been one year in existence.

It appears that during the 12 months 44,774 persons obtained tickets entitling them to borrow books, and that 806,697 volumes have been issued.

These figures are largely in excess of the most sanguine hopes of the promoters of the institution, and, in fact, they are so large that there is a talk of forming branches in various parts of the city in order to relieve the pressure upon the centre, and at the same time provide greater facilities to readers in the suburbs.

When examining the details of the return, we find, of course, that fiction bulks largely among the various classes of books lent—nearly the half of the total number.

Still, it is encouraging to find that this item does not preponderate to the extent it does in other large towns. Of works of a religious nature over 29,000 volumes were issued, while of science and art there were nearly 69,000. It will thus be seen that the library has been made good use of, and that it will continue to be so is hoped and desired.

# PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(9th Concert, 6th Series.)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH,

COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

## THE TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.

CONDUCTOR—MR. LEONARD C. VENABLES.

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

PIANIST—MR. HORACE BARTON.

SOLOISTS—

Miss AMY B. DEVONSHIRE, L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

MR. MASKELL HARDY.

MR. ARTHUR APPLEBY.

PART I.

## "ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS," A SACRED CANTATA,

By ALFRED R. GAUL.

NO. 1.—INTRODUCTION (Instrumental)  
*Moonlight on the Nile.*

THE BURNING BUSH.

NO. 2.—HEBREW CHORALE.

God called and said: I am the God of the Father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. I Am that I Am. I have surely visited you, and seen that which was done to you in Egypt.

THE DELIVERANCE.

NO. 3.—CHORUS.

So He brought forth His people with joy and His chosen with gladness.

THE WILDERNESS.

NO. 4.—INTERMEZZO (Instrumental).  
*Day Break.*

NO. 5.—CHORUS (for Men's Voices).  
Comrades, rise! the day is breaking;  
Grey and chilly comes the dawn;  
Comrades, rise! the day's provision  
Falleth for us with the morn.

Pale the dawning shows and ghostly  
Through the opening of the tent;  
Comrades, rise! and gather manna,  
Ere the morning hour be spent!

Pass we from the tents enfolding,  
See what lieth on the ground!  
With the morning due it falleth,  
Small, and white, and sweet, and round.

Angels' Food to us is given,  
Fresh the marvel, ever new,  
As our daily bread it cometh,  
Falling for us with the dew.

Not as in the House of Bondage,  
Where we made our weary moan;  
Light the toil, and glad the labour,  
Thus providing for our own.

Sweet the food His hand hath given,  
Sweet the portion He hath sent;  
With His blessing, all is blessed,  
So he add therewith content.

See the cloud, all night of fire,  
Paling in the growing day;  
Over yonder purple mountain,  
Swiftly rise the golden ray.

Ere the tent's long shadow shorten,  
Ere the morning hour be done,  
Let us hymn our praises duly,  
With the rising of the sun.

Comrades, rise! the day is breaking,  
Grey and chilly comes the dawn,  
Comrades, rise! the day's provision  
Falleth for us with the morn.

NO. 6.—CHORALE.

O God again to Thee we raise  
Our morning hymn of prayer and praise,  
While yet the day is new;  
For aid from dangers of the night,  
For blessing of the new-made light,  
Our thanks are ever due.

From hostile hand and traitor heart,  
From pestilence envenomed dart,  
Thy love hath guarded still;  
Oh may the lives Thou dost prolong,  
To Thee for ever more belong,  
In word and deed and will.

Oh may we ever bear in mind  
The House of Bondage left behind,  
The promised land before!  
Oh, Father, keep as Thou hast kept,  
Both while we wak'd and while we slept,  
And bring us to that shore.

NO. 7.—AIR (Soprano).

Sing, sing to the Lord, and praise His Name;  
be telling of His salvation from day to day.

NO. 8.—DUET (Tenor and Baritone).

For the Lord is great and cannot worthily be praised: He is more to be feared than all gods. As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but idols. But it is the Lord that made the heavens.

NO. 9.—CHORUS.

Declare His honour unto the heathen:  
and His wonders unto all people.

NO. 10.—SOLO AND CHORUS.

But there was no water for the people to drink, and the people thirsted there for drink, and they said, "Give us water, give us water, that we may drink!"

NO. 11.—AIR (Baritone).

While in the sultry wilderness we faint,  
Fond recollection turns to Egypt's stream:

The lordly river bursting all restraint,  
In mem'ry haunts us as a mocking dream;

While in the sultry wilderness we stray,  
And our hearts die within us day by day.

Memories of toil, of bondage, all decay:  
The cruel bondage and the weary task,  
But never shall remembrance fade away  
Of that cool stream: from whence a draught we ask.

Sweet are thy waters, Nilus, to the taste  
While here we perish in this arid waste.

Yet yonder where the purple mountains glow,  
See! at their base a lake of waters clear!

The fringed palms beside the margin grow,  
Haste, comrades haste! the goal of hope is here;

'Tis but the mirage with its mocking gleam,  
Blended, blended with memories of Egypt's stream.

NO. 12.—RECIT. (Tenor).  
So the people cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He deliver'd them from their distress. He open'd the rock of stone, and the waters flow'd out: so that rivers ran in the dry places.

NO. 13.—CHORUS.

Sweet to the thirsty soul,  
The waters cool and clear,  
Sweet in their rippling flow,  
Alike to eye and ear.

He smote the stony rock,  
The healing waters flow'd;  
And He who freedom gave,  
Hath life again bestow'd.

Then praise we now His Name,  
With thankful heart and voice!  
Who heard us in our need,  
Who bids us now rejoice!

Our children's weary cry,  
Our patient flocks' appeal;  
Ah! hard were these to bear,  
Hard burning thirst to feel,



But now with thankful heart,  
The Lord we praise and bless,  
Who look'd upon our grief,  
Who pitied our distress.

Yea, praise we now His name,  
With thankful heart and voice,  
Who heard us in our need,  
Who bids us now rejoice.

NO. 14.—AIR (Soprano).  
The waters of the riven Rock,  
Gleam in the sun to-day;  
Secure we rest in the shade,  
From noontide's sultry ray;  
And think of her who wander'd here  
As we to-day have done,  
And gaz'd in anguish on her boy,  
Our Great Forefather's son.

As Hagar thro' the desert drear,  
With falt'ring footstep pass'd,  
She deem'd of all her weary days,  
She then had seen the last.  
But help was near her in that hour  
Of agony and thirst;  
An angel guide was there to shew  
Where hidden waters burst.

Like her, we wander here to-day,  
Like her, have tasted grief;  
Like her, we too have thirsted sore,  
And He hath giv'n relief.  
Like her we find a shelter sure,  
Beneath a Father's hand,  
The shadow of a mighty Rock,  
Within a weary land.

NO. 15.—DUET (Soprano and Tenor).  
As the manna falling from the morning  
skies,  
So God's daily mercy round about us lies.  
Take the day's providing, trust Him for  
the rest,  
He will shape the morrow as He know-  
eth best.

Has He ever fail'd us for our daily bread?  
Pure and sweet His mercies over all are  
shed.  
Share we then the bounty with who need-  
eth more,  
It shall add contentment and blessing to  
our store.

Trust Him, ever trust Him, who hath  
been our stay,  
Trust Him, ever trust Him, thro' both  
night and day;  
Trust Him in the sunshine, trust Him in  
the shade,  
Trust Him in the tempest; trust, nor be  
afraid.

Sow we in the furrows, then in safety sleep,  
While the Harvest's Master watch o'er all  
doth keep,  
Vain without His keeping were our toil  
and care,  
He, while we are sleeping, harvest doth  
prepare.

#### THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

NO. 16.—CHANT (Full Choir).  
Yet for all this they sinned more against  
Him, and provoked the most highest in  
the wilderness.

They thought not of His hand and of  
the day when He delivered them from  
the hand of the enemy.  
How He had wrought His miracles in  
Egypt, and wonders in the field of Zoan.  
He turned their waters into blood, so that  
they might not drink of the rivers. Their  
land brought forth frogs, yea, even in their  
king's chambers. He spake the word, and  
there came all manner of flies, and lice in all  
their quarters. He smote their cattle

with hail-stones and their flocks with hot  
thunderbolts. He sent thunder with  
hail, fire mingled with the hail ran along  
upon the ground. He brought the east  
wind and the east wind brought the  
locusts, and they did eat every herb of  
the land, and all the fruit of the trees,  
which the hail had left. He sent dark-  
ness, and it was dark, even darkness  
which could be felt. He smote all the  
first-born in their land, even the chief of  
all their strength. But as for His own  
people, He led them forth like sheep,  
and carried them in the wilderness like a  
flock. But they thought scorn of that  
pleasant law, and gave no credence unto  
His word.

NO. 17.—AIR (Tenor).  
O fertile land of Egypt,  
We ne'er shall see thee more;  
Where earth outspread her bounty,  
And lavish'd all her store.  
The water'd fields are glowing,  
Outstretch'd for many a mile;  
The palms their branches drooping  
Above the waves of Nile.

O fertile land of Egypt,  
We ne'er shall see thee more;  
The fisher on the margin  
Rejoiceth in his toil,  
As from the flowing waters  
He draws the silv'ry spoil;  
How green the boughs are waving!  
How ripely glows the corn!  
The seven-fold ears are bending  
Beneath the smile of morn.

We look'd from off our labour  
Upon the laughing plain:  
Here, in the dreary desert,  
We see it all again!  
While here we gather manna,  
Light food our souls abhor.

NO. 18.—CHORUS (Unaccompanied).  
Set your affections on things above,  
Not on things on the earth.  
Fear God and keep his commandments,  
For this is the whole duty of man.

NO. 19.—TRIO (Soprano, Tenor,  
Baritone).  
All here below doth suffer change:  
Fair flowers are born to die:  
The summer doth to winter fade,  
And clouds obscure the sky;  
But, doubting heart! away with fear!  
He ruleth thro' the year.

All here below doth suffer change:  
Bright visions fade away,  
The dreams of life bring waking strange:  
The heart's high hopes decay;  
But, doubting heart! away with fear!  
He ruleth thro' the year.

Ye change, but He doth never change,  
Then trust ye unto Him,  
Whose love is ever more the same,  
Howe'er your own grow dim;  
And He who guideth still shall guide,  
And land you safe on Canaan's side.

NO. 20.—CHORUS.

But we have fainted in the desert way,  
Have murmur'd in our tents from day to  
day;  
Have look'd with longing back upon the  
road;  
Have loath'd the manna that our God  
bestow'd.

How shall we pardon'd be, how find a  
place  
With those who thankfully receive His  
grace.

NO. 21.—SOLO (Tenor).

Fear not, be strong, for I am with you,  
saith the Lord of Hosts, according to the  
word that I covenanted with you, when  
ye came out of Egypt, so My Spirit  
remaineth among you. Fear ye not.

NO. 22.—SONG (Baritone).

Forth from the Land of Egypt,  
The tyrant's cruel hand,  
The Lord hath brought us safely  
To where to-day we stand.  
Behind the House of Bondage,  
The toil and sighing sore;  
The Desert all around us,  
The Wilderness before.

The Wilderness is barren,  
Put He will still provide;  
Unknown the desert pathway,  
But He will be our Guide.  
Until, our journeying ended,  
We stand upon the shore,  
The Wilderness behind us,  
The Promis'd Land before.

But ah! before we reach it,  
A river flows between;  
A dark and gloomy river,  
Where help hath never been.  
Yet hark! the voice of mercy  
Sounds from the further shore,  
"I am with thee thro' the river,  
Nor leave thee evermore."

NO. 23.—MARCH.

Onward moves the guiding pillar  
O'er th' untrodden desert way,  
Comrades, strike your tents and hasten,  
Prompt the summons to obey,  
Paling, kindling, moving, staying,  
Ever changing, aye the same:  
Thro' the day a cloudy pillar,  
Thro' the night a living flame.

Forth we go, we know not whither,  
Following aye the guiding cloud:  
We have no city, no continuing city,  
Brief the sojourning allow'd.  
Whether in the arid desert,  
Or by Elim's shaded well,  
Where the cloud abideth, wheresoe'er  
abideth

There until it move we dwell.  
Hark! the silver trumpet soundeth!  
Haste the summons to obey,  
Strike the tents, and journey onward,  
O'er untrodden desert way.  
Follow with unwearied footstep:  
Follow with undaunted heart,  
Hark! again the trumpet soundeth,  
'Tis the signal to depart!

#### PART II.—MISCELLANEOUS.

CHORUS ... .. Haydn  
"Hark the Mountains resound" (Seasons)

Hark! the mountains resound!  
The vales and forests ring!  
It is the shrilling sounding horn!  
The cry of the hounds and the huntsman!  
The fear-aroused stag is up,  
And eager horses and dogs pursue.  
He flies! behold how he bounds!  
His rapid flight outstrips the wind.  
Thro' copse and thicket behold now he  
bursts!  
And skims o'er the plains to the  
sheltering wood.  
The pack are now at a fault:  
And doubtful where to bend their cours-  
es,  
They stray dispers'd around,  
Tally ho! Tally ho; Tally ho!  
The hunter's voice and sounding horn

Have brought them back again,  
Ho! ho! ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!  
ho! ho!  
With ardoured, rashly pours along,  
O'er the plains the rejoicing throng.  
Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!  
Surrounded now on ev'ry side,  
His spirits and his vigour lost,  
Exhausted drops the trembling deer.  
Again the merry horn resounds,  
The conquering notes of sounding brass,  
And clamorous joy of shouting crowds  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

SONG "Alice, where art thou?" Ascher  
MR. MASKELL HARDY.

The birds sleeping gently, sweet Lyra  
gleameth bright,  
Her rays tinge the forest and all seems  
glad to-night,  
The winds sighing by me, cooling my  
fever'd brow,  
The stream flows as ever, yet Alice,  
where art thou?  
One year back this even, and thou wert by  
my side,  
Vowing to love me, Alice, whate'er might  
betide.

The silver rain falling, just as it falleth  
now,  
And all things slept gently, ah, Alice,  
where art thou?  
I've sought thee by lakelet, I've sought  
thee on the hill,  
And in the pleasant wild wood, when  
winds blew cold and chill;  
I've sought thee in forest, I'm looking  
heav'nward now;  
Oh, there 'mid the starshine, Alice, I  
know art thou.

PART SONG "Blow Soft Wind" Facer

Blow, blow, soft western wind,  
O'er the valley and the hill,  
Life unto the flowers instil.  
Days of winter now have fled,  
Golden springtime reigns instead,  
Soon each bloom will raise its head,  
Obedient to thy will.

Blow, blow, soft western wind,  
To the treetops whispering,  
Where happy songsters sing.  
Woodland glades thy coming wait,  
Grieve in that thou art so late,  
Springtime opens wide her gate,  
That thou may'st favour bring.

Blow, blow, soft western wind,  
O'er the meadows to and fro,  
Onward pressing, buds caressing,  
Murm'ring music sweet and low.

SONG ... .. C. T. Sutcliffe  
"The Voice of Jesus"

MISS AMY B. DEVONSHIRE,  
L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

I heard a voice in the morning,  
When earth was lovely and bright,  
Ere the finger of sorrow had touch'd me,  
Ere I thought of a coming night.  
The voice was loving and gentle,  
Its accents persuasive and mild  
As the voice of a tender mother  
Wooing her darling child.  
Gladly that voice obeying,  
I flew to the Saviour's breast,  
He fold'd His arms around me,  
And I found, in my childhood, rest.

I heard that voice in the noontide,  
When, wearied, and ready to faint,  
I paused in the midst of my labour,  
And poured forth my soul's complaint;  
The heat of the day and the burden  
Were more than my soul could bear,  
For my head was bowed with sorrow,  
And my heart was oppress'd with care,  
But that voice it called me to shelter,  
'Neath the tree of life in haste,  
Under its shadow I rested,  
Sweet was its fruit to my taste.

I hear that voice in the gloaming,  
As I wait while the shadows fall;  
And a blessed calm comes o'er me  
As I hear the Master's call.  
And a blessed calm comes o'er me  
As I hear the Master's call.  
As a strain of heav'nly music  
It comes upon mine ear,  
And it fills my soul with rapture,  
And it fills my soul with rapture,  
And the love that casts out fear.  
Peacefully over the river,  
Nearer and nearer I glide,  
Now will I rest for ever,  
Close to my Saviour's side.

PART SONG "Pack Clouds away" Oakley

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow,  
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,  
To give my love good morrow;  
Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow,  
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,  
To give my love good morrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin redbreast,  
Sing birds, in ev'ry furrow,  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good morrow;  
Blackbird and thrush in ev'ry bush,  
Linnet and stare and sparrow,  
You pretty elves, among yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good morrow.

SONG ... .. Sullivan  
"Ho, Jolly Jenkin"

MR. ARTHUR APPLEBY.

The wind blows cold across the moor,  
With driving rain and bending tree,  
It smites the pious hermit's door,  
But not a jot cares he;  
For close he sits within, and makes his  
merry din,  
With his "Ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave  
in drinkin',  
And trowl the brown bowl to me!  
Then ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in  
drinkin',  
And trowl the bonny bowl to me."  
The wind a roaring song may sing,  
In crashing wood or frighted town;  
He whirls the mantle of a king,  
As 'twere a beggar's gown;  
But caring not a jot, we sing and drain  
the pot,  
With his "Ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave  
in drinkin',  
And trowl the brown bowl to me;  
Then ho, jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in  
drinkin',  
And trowl the bonny bowl to me."

PART SONG ... .. Pierson  
"Ye Mariners of England"

Ye mariners of England!  
That guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again,  
To match another foe!  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow.  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from ev'ry wave,  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep thro' the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow,  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep;  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow,  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

QUEEN'S HALL Doors Open at 7. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

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





## PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT &amp; ORGAN RECITAL

TO BE GIVEN ON

SUNDAY, 27th NOVEMBER, 1892.

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

## At 4 p.m.

SOLO VOCALIST—MR. W. CLAUDE HAMILTON.  
THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
CHOIR.

1. INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE IN G MINOR ... Tinel

2. HYMN "Lead us, heavenly Father" ...

*Unison mf* Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee;  
Yet possessing every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.*p* Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.*Unison mf* Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy;  
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

3. ANDANTE WITH VARIATIONS ... Rea

4. VOCAL SOLO "There is a green hill far away" Gounod

There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all;  
We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.  
He died that we might be forgiven;  
He died to make us good;  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Sav'd by His precious blood.  
There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven and let us in.  
Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

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.

5. TOCCATA IN G ... .. Dubois

6. ANTHEM "Glorious is Thy name" ... Mozart  
("Gloria," from 12th Mass.)

7. ANDANTE PASTORALE (Light of the World) Sullivan

8. VOCAL SOLO "The Children's Home" ... Cowen  
(Organ Obligato, Mr. B. JACKSON.)They played in their beautiful gardens,  
The children of high degree,  
Outside the gates the beggars  
Passed on in their misery;  
But there was one of the children  
Who could not join the play,  
And a little beggar maiden  
Watched for him day by day.Once he had given her a flower,  
And oh! he smiled to see  
Her thin, white hands thro' the railings,  
Stretched out so eagerly.  
She came again to the garden,  
She saw the children play,  
But the little white face had vanish'd,  
The little feet gone away.She crept away to her corner,  
Down by the murky stream,  
But the pale face in the garden  
Shone thro' her restless dream,  
And that high-born child and the beggar  
Passed homeward side by side,  
For the ways of men are narrow,  
But the gates of heav'n are wide.

9. MARCHE TRIOMPHALE ... .. Archer

## Organ Recital at 8.30 p.m.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

1. { LARGO AND ALLEGRO IN D } ... .. Guilmant
- MINOR (Sonata No. 1) }
2. FANTASIA ... .. Clarke
3. VARIATIONS ON A WELL-KNOWN HYMN TUNE B. Jackson
4. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MAJOR ... .. Bach

ORGANIST—MR. JAMES K. STRACHAN (of Glasgow).

5. TRIUMPHAL MARCH in E Flat ... .. Guilmant
6. { a. INVOCATION in E Major ... .. Maily
- b. PASTORALE in F Major ... .. Lemmens
7. { a. SONG WITHOUT WORDS in E Major } Mendelssohn
- b. FUNERAL MARCH in E Minor }
8. PROCESSION MARCH in D Major ... .. Dr. E. T. Chipp

## PROGRAMME OF THE COSTUME RECITAL

OF SCENES FROM THE OPERA OF

"RIP VAN WINKLE,"

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. BROUGHTON BLACK.

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1892,

COMMENCING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—

RIP VAN WINKLE	... .. (A Village Good-for-nothing)	... .. MR. HENRY BODY.
DERRICK VAN SLOUS	... .. (The Village Lawyer)	... .. MR. ALFRED STALMAN.
PETER VAN DUNK	... .. (Burgomaster of Sleepy Hollow)	... .. MR. REX. WATNEY.
CAPTAIN HUGH ROWLEY	... .. (Of the British Army)	... .. MR. FRANK STRATTON.
NICK VEDDER	... .. (Landlord of the "George III." Inn)	... .. MR. R. GILLIGAN.
GRETCHEN	... .. (Wife of Rip Van Winkle)	... .. MISS AMY MATTHEWS.
KATRINA	... .. (A Village Flirt—Daughter of Nick Vedder)	... .. MISS S. GIBSON.
HANS	... .. (Derrick's Nephew)	... .. MISS EDITH WALKER.
ALICE	... .. (Rip's little Daughter)	... .. MISS ETHEL CHIPPERFIELD.

PIANIST ... .. MR. CUTHBERT NUNN.

## ACT I., 1775.

The action takes place on the Hudson, near New York, at a time when English rule in North America was disputed overtly by the French, and covertly by the Republican party springing up in settlements. A British detachment has arrived at Sleepy Hollow (a Dutch settlement under George III.), for the purpose of surveying a strategic position, and Government decides to buy certain land for that purpose. This site happens to belong to the village good-for-nothing, Rip Van Winkle, who, married to a charming girl, called Gretchen, spends most of his time in the hills vagabondising. His rival and deadly enemy, Derrick, the village lawyer, holds a bond over this land, and already sees himself a rich man, as Rip is not likely to be able to pay off his debt. There is, however, method in Rip's vagrant habits. He has brooded over the country-side legends of Hudson, buccaneers, and buried treasure, until by digging and exploring he has at last actually found a chest of gold. With part of this treasure-trove he pays off Derrick and redeems his land. The lawyer, however, finds that he has been paid in French coin, and coupling that fact with Rip's well-known Radical tendencies and frequent absence in the hills, he fastens on him a charge of high treason; and chases him from the village. The sub-plot embraces the intrigues of the local coquette, Katrina, the sententious utterances of the old Dutch inn keeper, Nick Vedder, and the ambitious dreams of the Burgomaster.

## ACT II., 1775.

Rip escapes to the hills, and is followed by a patrol of peasants, Vedder and the Burgomaster in command, ostensibly for the purpose of arresting him, but in reality to facilitate his escape. To this end also Gretchen, accompanied by Katrina, goes after the good-for-nothing.

Gretchen meets her husband, but Derrick breaks in on them, and to save Rip, Gretchen pretends love for the rascally lawyer and gets him away.

## ACT III., 1795.

ALICE VAN WINKLE (Rip's daughter—the little child of Act I.)—MISS HILDA ABINGER.

LIEUT. HANS VAN SLOUS (of the U.S. Navy—the little Hans of Act I.)—MR. G. F. SMITH.

JAN VEDDER (son of Nick Vedder of Act I.)—MR. R. GILLIGAN.

At the conclusion of Act II., Rip, it must be supposed, resumes his excavations in search of gold, and is surrounded by Hendrick Hudson and his phantom crew, by whom he is charmed into a sleep of twenty years. In this act Rip awakes—an old man—but nothing doubting, descends to the village, which is in all the uproar of a closely-contested election to Congress. One of the candidates is Derrick, now a rich land proprietor, Gretchen is dead, and her daughter Alice, the same age as her mother in the first act,—and the same in face and figure—has been adopted by the good old Burgomaster as his housekeeper. Nick Vedder has gone over to the majority, but his son, Jan, runs the inn in his stead. Little Hans is now lieutenant in the American navy (at war with England), and is daily expected by his sweetheart, Alice. Old Rip Van Winkle appears, but nobody recognises him—and his own child thinks him mad. Little by little, however, he succeeds in calling himself to their memory, and, finally, establishing his identity, discomfits Derrick, takes back his property, and secures the happiness of his daughter Alice in her union with Hans Van Slous.

Doors Open at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION—ONE PENNY.

RESERVED SEATS—THREEPENCE.

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



# PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

By Mr. SCOTT-EDWARDES,

ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1892, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

- | PART I.                                   |                               | PART II.  |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|---|-------------------------------|
| 1. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Balmoral" ...         | MADAME BÜLOW.                 | 8. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Pasquinade" ...                           | MADAME BÜLOW.                 |
| 2. BALLAD ... "What the Cuckoo said" ...  | MRS. C. B. GROSSMITH.         | 9. HUMOROUS SONG "The Funny Man" ...                          | MR. C. B. GROSSMITH.          |
| 3. VIOLA SOLO "Trüblingsgedanken" ...     | MR. FRED MATHEWS.             | 10. VIOLA SOLO "The Intermezzo" ...                           | MR. FRED MATHEWS.             |
| 4. HUMOROUS SKETCH "My First Love" ...    | MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.           | 11. HUMOROUS SONG Selected ...                                | MR. SCOTT-EDWARDES.           |
| 5. BALLAD ... "Killarney" ...             | MADAME BÜLOW.                 | 12. HUMOROUS SKETCH "Venice" ...                              | MADAME BÜLOW.                 |
| 6. MUSICAL MEDLEY "Our Evening Party" ... | MR. SAM DUNBAR.               | 13. HUMOROUS SONG ... "You can't think of everything" ...     | MR. SAM DUNBAR.               |
| 7. MUSICAL SKETCH "Mother-in-law" ...     | MR. AND MRS. C. B. GROSSMITH. | 14. HUMOROUS MUSICAL SKETCH ... "Those awful comic songs" ... | MR. AND MRS. C. B. GROSSMITH. |

Doors Open at 7 p.m.

Admission—TWO PENCE.

STUDENTS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE ADMITTED FREE.

# PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN IN THE WINTER GARDEN

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH, 1892, AT 8 P.M.,

BY THE

ZULU CHOIR.

- |                        |                                       |           |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. CHORUS ...          | "The Minstrel Boy" ...                | Seigfried |
| 2. CHORUS ...          | "The Praise of Song" ...              | Braham    |
| 3. SONG ...            | "The Death of Nelson" ...             |           |
| 4. CHORUS ...          | MR. Z. DHLAMINI.                      |           |
| 5. CHORUS ...          | "Room Enough" ...                     |           |
| 6. SONG ...            | JUBILEE SINGERS.                      |           |
| 7. CHORUS ...          | "Awake, Æolian Lyre" ...              | Danby     |
| 8. CHORUS ...          | "The Song that reached my heart" ...  | Jordan    |
| 9. SONG ...            | MISS A. MSANE.                        |           |
| 10. ZULU CHORUS ...    | "There's a meeting here to-night" ... |           |
| 11. SONG ...           | "Annie Laurie" ...                    | Trotter   |
| 12. CHORUS ...         | "Ever dear" ...                       |           |
| 13. TE DEUM (Zulu) ... | MR. J. GUMEDE.                        |           |
|                        | "Vukani Vukani" ...                   |           |
|                        | "Close to the threshold" ...          | Parker    |
|                        | MISS A. MSANE.                        |           |
|                        | "Turn back Pharaoh's Army" ...        |           |
|                        | "Siya Kudumisa" ...                   |           |
|                        | GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.                   |           |

Doors open at 6 p.m.

ADMISSION ONE PENNY.

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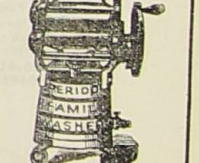
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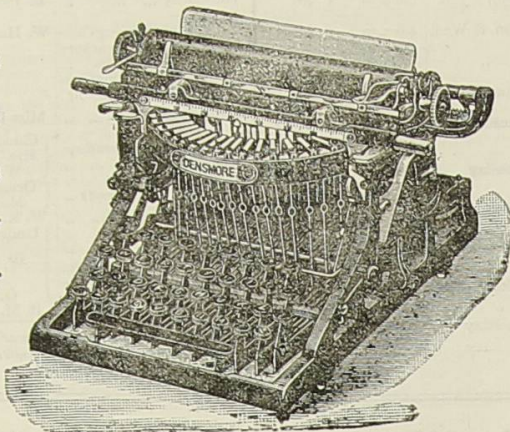




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