

# THE Palace Journal

People's Palace, Mile End Road.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1893.

ONE PENNY.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE

### Club, Class and General Gossip.

#### COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, January 20th. — Winter Garden closed. Entertainment in Queen's Hall for 800 poor cripples.

SATURDAY, 21st. — In the Queen's Hall at 8 p.m., Concert by the Queen Vocal Quartette. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 22nd.—At 4 p.m. and 8.30 p.m., Sacred Concert and Organ Recitals. Admission Free.

MONDAY, 23rd.—Winter Garden, open from 6 to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment by the Royal Criterion Handbell Ringers. Admission, 1d. Reserved Seats, 3d.

TUESDAY, 24th. — Winter Garden closed.

WEDNESDAY, 25th.—At 8 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Concert, under the direction of Madame Rich. Admission, 2d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 26th.—Prize Distribution, in Queen's Hall, of Stepany Church Schools.

THE Library will be open each day during the week, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. On Sunday, open from 3 to 10 p.m. Admission free.

THE attendances on Sunday at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital, and Library were 3,210.

ON Sunday last we had a very large attendance of the Sunday Afternoon Choir, who sang three anthems. Additional contraltos and tenors are still wanted.

THE vocalist for Sunday next, at 4 o'clock, will be Miss Jessie King.

MR. HARRY QUILTER has intimated that the Wilkie Collins Memorial Library, so long promised to the Palace, will be ready for delivery early in June next.

THE Men's Social Room continues to be well patronised each evening; but the young women's room is not used nearly so much. We think it must be that the young women of the Palace are not aware of its existence. It is well lighted and furnished, and the leading daily and weekly periodicals provided.

SIR EDMUND and LADY CURRIE paid a flying visit to the Palace on Wednesday last, and seemed much pleased with their visit. We had a crowded and enthusiastic audience in the Queen's Hall Mr. Broughton Black directing one of his popular Operatic Concerts.

THE class for men whose education has been neglected promises to do some very useful work. This class meets on Tuesday evening, and is conducted by Mr. Thomas.

THE classes in Navigation and Nautical Cookery started on Monday last, and there was a fair attendance in spite of the weather. We shall, however, expect much larger classes when we have escaped from the present wintry clime, and the attractions of the skating in the Victoria Park have come to an end.

### People's Palace Cycling Club Notes.

THE Annual General Meeting will take place at the Palace, on Thursday, January 26th. Chair will be taken at 8 p.m., by our President, N. L. Cohen, Esq.

At the last committee meeting, Messrs. Kennard and Flanders were elected to act as auditors. The committee also resolved to become affiliated to the Essex Cycling Union, which was, I think, a step in the right direction. Messrs. Farrant, J. Burley and Bolton were elected delegates to represent the club upon that body. A discussion took place as to the best means of securing the voting of a larger percentage of the members for the purpose of electing the officers for the coming season. It was suggested that the nomination of candidates for the various offices should be sent through the post to the Secretary, who would compile a list of the nominations, and forward them to each member, so that he might vote for those he chose, and return the voting paper to the Secretary through the post.

There is no doubt much to be said in favour of this proposition, but, after due discussion and consideration, it was defeated. The next proposition was that a date should be fixed as the latest day for receiving nominations of members to fill the various offices in connection with the working of the club. The idea underlying this proposal is to prevent as far as possible the nomina-

tion of members for posts for which they are in no way adapted; also to give the Secretary an opportunity of compiling a list of the nominations ready for the general meeting, so as to expedite matters as much as possible.

This proposition was, I am glad to say, carried, and I hope that it will work as well as I anticipate. Do not for one moment think that we wish to stop nominations, far from it. You are cordially invited to nominate, for the various posts, those members whom you think are most suitable and fitted for the due performance of the functions pertaining to the several offices.

Besides taking up much of the limited time at our disposal on the evening, the practice of nominating members at the meeting leads many to look upon nominating a member as doing him a great favour, and the evil does not end there, for the voting is so split up that the committee elected does not always consist of the best men, nor can the result be in any way considered a true expression of the members' wishes. Please take note that all nominations must be received by Monday, January 23rd, and should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., J. Burley, Hope Lodge, Carisbrooke Road, Walthamstow.

With this Journal you will receive a list of the members' names, so that you will not overlook the best men, but it would be advisable to first ascertain whether your proposed nominees will serve if elected.

We have had a very good working committee during the past season, but I think the opportunity presents itself for further strengthening our staff of officers. There is no doubt but that our captain of last season proved the best officer that has ever held that position. He has in every respect fulfilled his duties most faithfully, not only riding at the head of the club, but arranging the runs and carrying out the tours as he should do. Then there are the general hon. sec. and the financial sec., who have also proved themselves trusty and true, and I think the club would be ill-advised to make any change in either of those three officers. Mr. V. Dawson should also be again elected as handicapper (for none better fitted for the post can be found among the members). With regard to the sub-captain, I understand that Mr. Cutting will not serve again, in which case I am of opinion that the man for the post is Mr. Stapleton. That

gentleman acted as deputy to Mr. Cutting throughout the season, and fulfilled the duties of the office in a most praiseworthy manner when the sub-captain was unavoidably absent, owing to his multifarious business engagements.

There are some good men whom I should like to see on our committee, because I believe them to be possessed of sound, practical ideas. First, there is Mr. Soane, who, I am sorry to think, is not so well-known to you as he deservedly should be. Then there are Messrs. Flanders, Jessiman, and last but by no means least, Mr. A. S. Till. All these gentlemen I am sure would prove creditable members of the committee and I should be pleased to see them elected.

I am glad to hear that a member has sent in a proposition that our committee be augmented by one, and for that post he has nominated a lady member. This is certainly an innovation, and one more over which I am strongly inclined to think will produce good results. No club in this end of the town—at least so far as I am aware—has a lady member on its committee, but that is no reason why we should hang back. We have led the way in other matters—not the least of which is in the number of our lady members—and I see no justifiable reason why we should not do so again, as onward should always be our motto.

If this proposition be adopted we shall want a lady member who is willing to work for the club by looking after and promoting the interests and welfare of those members, with whom by virtue of her sex nature has made her more competent to deal.

The record of one's past, although not always, is in most cases the best means to judge one's future by. Of our fair members I do not think that I need fear contradiction if I say that Miss Crispe has proved a regular hard worker in the club's interests. Of our present lady members she was the first, and the membership of the others is the result of that lady's exertions and perseverance.

In connection with the Cinderellas Miss Crispe has also done good work, and had it not been for her welcome and kind assistance our dancing class, which has proved such a booming success, would probably never have been started. Therefore I think that if the proposal spoken of is carried, as I sincerely hope it may be by a large majority, the members will do the club a great service and Miss Crispe an honour by electing her to serve on the committee.

Now for a paragraph about myself. These may be the last notes that I shall write for this Journal, as at the General Meeting you will be called upon to say in whose charge you will place the club notes. During the time I have been responsible I have always endeavoured to give news concerning the club, because it is my belief that notes about the club and its members would prove more interesting than cuttings from the cycling journals. I have occasionally had cause

to unfavourably criticise the committee or officers, but such course was disapproved by some.

I believed then, as I believe now, that such criticism is productive of good, for I hold that if an officer cannot fulfil the functions pertaining to the office he holds he should tender his resignation to the committee, so that the position may be filled by one who can give the necessary time for the due performance of those duties, but in all that I have written there is nothing that I should take objection to if it were written about myself under such circumstances.

I wish it to be plainly understood that my past work is to be the standard for you to judge the future by. I make no promises, and I claim for myself the right of criticism in the future as in the past. I refused a seat on the committee so that official responsibility should not prevent my criticisms, and with all due deference to those who differ from me, I may say that I refuse to be gagged.

These notes would hardly be complete without a word or two whispered in someone's ear, and this time it is to many of the members. What I have to complain of is the general apathy of the members. It is all very well to know that you have trusty and hard-working officers, but you should remember that many hands make light work. After the officers have made arrangements for carrying out any fixture, every member should put his shoulder to the wheel, and thus ensure success, instead of which most of you stand by and look on. Take the Cinderellas for instance: many of you never think of trying to sell a ticket among your friends, so that those members who make them successful have to do the work that would otherwise fall to them.

With the New Year, many of you, no doubt made some good resolutions, which it is more than likely you will never keep. Let me ask you to make and keep a resolution to support all the fixtures of the club, so that they may be carried to a successful issue, and thus relieve the hard-worked officers of much labour.

Another item that has a claim upon your attention is the programme for the coming season. Think the matter over earnestly, and forward your ideas to the Secretary, who I am sure will give them the consideration they merit. Members are also invited to send in propositions for the agenda paper for the General Meeting. The latest date for receiving propositions for the agenda paper, and nominations for the various offices in connection with the club, is Monday, January 23rd, and they should be sent to the Hon. Sec., J. Burley, Hope Lodge, Carisbrooke Road, Walthamstow.

Now for the last and most important words. The General Meeting takes place on Thursday, January 26th, at 8 p.m., and I should like every member to consider it his and her—for I want all the lady members to be present—bounden duty to attend and vote for those cau-

didates whom they conscientiously believe to be best fitted for managing the business of the club in the most efficient manner possible.

AITCHBEE.

P.S.—The dancing classes in connection with the cycling club have been further extended for the term just about to commence, and there are a few, very few, vacancies in both the learner's and advanced classes. Those wishing to join should send in their names at once to Mr. H. Farrant, 108, Grove Road, Bow. No time should be lost, as one day may make the difference between being in time and being too late.

### People's Palace Choral Society.

During the absence of Mr. Bradley, our rehearsals are being conducted by Mr. B. Jackson, F.C.O., and under his able leadership we are making good progress in the study of the various works which we have in hand, which include "Israel in Egypt" (Handel), "To the Souls of Art" (Mendelssohn), "Stabat Mater" (Pergolesi), and the choruses from Weber's "Der Freischütz." As we have such a lot of heavy work in hand, we hope that the members will endeavour to attend as regularly as possible.

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

### Choir Social.

THE People's Palace Sunday Afternoon Choir's Social took place in the Girls' Social Room, on Thursday last, and about forty-five members were present.

After some songs had been very efficiently rendered by several members of the choir, some games were resorted to and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

Towards the close of the evening we had the pleasure of Mr. Davie Williams' company: he sang, much to the amusement of all, three of his well-known comic songs.

A vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Osborn for being present, and for affording us such an enjoyable evening; and to Mr. Jackson, our able organist and conductor, for the great interest he takes in the choir, and for being present; and to Mr. D. Williams for entertaining us so ably.

There are vacancies for contraltos and tenors. Ladies and gentlemen, who are able to read music and wish to join, will please apply to Mr. Jackson after any recital or sacred concert.

WM. NOTMAN, Hon. Sec.

Two Americans have travelled from Paris to China on bicycles. They are said to have ridden their machines the whole way, with the exception of a small stretch of desert.

THE Bilston Township Commissioners have resolved to follow the example of the Wolverhampton Free Library Committee, and blot out all the betting news from the newspapers before they are placed on the stands of the Free Library.

The Great Towns of the World.

LONDON, the largest town in the world, has a population of four millions. The second town is Paris, which has about two millions, and then come the cities of Canton and Hankow, in China, with populations of a million and a-half each. New York is the fifth town in the world in point of size, its population being 1,206,299. Berlin comes next with 1,119,000 inhabitants; then Vienna, with 1,050,000; and then Tokio, in Japan, with 1,037,000. Singan-fu and Siantan-fu, in China, follow with populations of a million each; and these complete the list of towns in the entire world having a million or more inhabitants, the number of such towns being ten. The eleventh largest town is Tientsin, in China, its population being 920,000, and the twelfth is Philadelphia, the population of which is 847,170.

China has two towns of 800,000 each, which form the thirteenth and fourteenth largest towns, and then comes Calcutta, with 790,233 inhabitants. Bombay, with 773,196 inhabitants, is the sixteenth town, and the seventeenth to the nineteenth are in China. Manchester, including Salford, has a population of 569,909, which makes it the twentieth town in the world. Then comes Brooklyn, with 566,663 inhabitants, and then Liverpool, with 552,425. There are eight other towns in the world with a population of half-a-million each. Six of these are in China, one (Chicago) is in America, and one (Bang Kok) in Siam.

The distribution of the large towns is a fair indication of the locality of civilisation. Where there is barbarism there is an absence of large towns; where there is semi-civilisation the large towns are few; and where civilisation flourishes, the number of large towns in proportion to the population is considerable. China has a greater number of towns over 100,000 inhabitants than any other country, the number of such towns in that empire being forty-one. Great Britain comes next in order, having twenty-five of such towns. But the twenty-five towns in Great Britain are a much larger number in proportion to the population than the forty-one towns are to the population of China, the number of inhabitants of China proper being about twelve times the number of inhabitants of Great Britain.

In China there are 350,000,000 people, while Great Britain has only about 30,000,000. India is the third on the list of countries having the greatest number of towns of above 100,000 inhabitants. She has twenty-one, a small number in proportion to her population, which is 250,000,000, or more than eight times that of Great Britain. This bears out the theory that civilisation and large towns go together, for the greater part of the semi-civilised races that inhabit India are distributed in towns of from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants.

In the United States there are twenty towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants, which is a remarkable proof of the energy and progress of that great country. The total population of the

United States is 50,000,000, just one-fifth of that of India, yet she has as many large towns within one. Germany, which is the next in order after the United States, can only boast of twelve towns of 100,000 inhabitants and upwards; and France, which is the next, has only nine. Both these countries have about 10,000,000 inhabitants more than Great Britain. Italy has seven towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants; Russia has seven; Japan has five; Spain, Belgium, and Austria, four each; Turkey, which in Europe and Asia has a population of 25,000,000, possesses only three of such towns, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Damascus; Holland has three; Portugal has two; Ireland, two; Sweden, one; and Denmark, one.

Of the four continents, Europe has the greatest number of such towns, the number being 82. Next comes Asia, with 71 of such towns, and then America with 29, of which 21 are in the northern half and eight in the southern half of the continent. Africa, which has a total estimated population of 206,000,000, has only five towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants. These are Cairo and Alexandria in Egypt, Tunis in the country of the same name, Fez in Morocco, and Antananarivo in Madagascar. The only town in Australia of more than 100,000 inhabitants is Melbourne, and New Zealand has no such town.

As a rule the capital of a country is the most populous town in it, but there are two notable exceptions—Washington, the capital of the United States, the population of which is only 147,000, or less than one-eighth of that of New York; and Rome, the capital of Italy, which has only 220,000 inhabitants, while Naples has 416,000. London is the largest capital in the civilised world, and Athens, the capital of Greece, is the smallest, the population of the latter city being only 50,000.

Anecdotes of Disraeli.

SOME light is thrown on the personal history and character of Lord Beaconsfield by a number of anecdotes which the Rev. Newman Hall picked up while on a visit to the town of Wycombe, in Bucks. Mr. Hall was the guest of the gentleman from whom he received the information. This gentleman's father occupied the same house in which the son now lives. Disraeli, then a mere youth, called upon the old man, knowing he had great influence in the place, and said he wished to represent the borough in Parliament.

There were then only sixteen electors in Wycombe, which was a pocket borough. Disraeli was told there was no vacancy, as they were well content with the members they had; but he was asked what opinions he wished to represent. To that he replied that he was a Tory. "Then," said the elector, "you won't suit me, for I am an old-fashioned Whig." Disraeli withdrew, disappointed, but after some complimentary courtesies, such as inviting him to a free use of the large library of his father, the elder Disraeli, of the "Curiosities of Literature," called again. This time he came with changed colours, bearing letters of introduction from Hume, O'Connell, and

others of the advanced Radical school. The elector at once formed a very strong and by no means flattering opinion of his visitor, which he never altered, and as soon as possible wished him good-bye. All Disraeli's subsequent efforts to represent Wycombe failed, and he always cherished a grudge against the town.

On one occasion, when the late Bishop Wilberforce was there on some Church mission, Disraeli had prepared himself to speak in a manner befitting his reputation and the occasion; but just as he began his speech a donkey brayed beneath the window, and this completely discomfited him, for he attributed it to his political opponents, as if, had they brought the donkey, they could make it bray. Some years after, when applied to by the rector to subscribe to some parish church object, he declined, alleging this old insult as his reason.

Sir Robert Peel's First Lesson in Oratory.

WHILE Peel was yet a child of tender years—not more than three or four—as we learn from the memoirs of the Dean of York, his father having been knighted and finding himself rising in wealth and consequence, and believing that money could command for a respectable man a seat in Parliament, determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. To this end the father would set his child on the table, and say: "Now, Robin, make a speech, and I will give you this cherry," or whatever the prize might be. What few words the little fellow could produce were applauded, and applause stimulating exertion, produced such effects that before Robin was ten years old he could readily address a promiscuous company with a considerable degree of eloquence. As he grew up his father took him every Sunday into his private room, and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached on that day. Little progress was made at first, and little was expected; but by steady perseverance the habit of attention and retention grew powerful, and at length the sermon was repeated almost verbatim. When, at a distant day from that, the statesman, remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, answered, without notes, his arguments in correct succession, it was little known how the power of so doing had been originally acquired at Drayton Church.

INCOME OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.—Professor Leone Levi tells us that, as the result of inquiries made into the average earnings of the working-classes between 1851 and 1881, he ascertained that the increase in the income of the lower middle classes had been thirty-seven per cent., while in that of the working-classes it was fifty-nine per cent., thus corroborating Mr. Giffen's statement as to the improvement in the position of the working-classes. These two able statisticians have independently investigated the subject, and have both arrived at the same conclusion.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT  
ON  
Saturday, January 21st, 1893, Commencing at Eight o'clock,  
Under the direction of Mr. HOWARD TALBOT.

ARTISTES:

MISS AMY SARGENT. MISS MARY HUTTON. MR. DAVID WILSON.  
VIOLIN - MONS. HENRI SEIFFERT. PIANIST - MADAME DE LLANA SEIFFERT.  
ACCOMPANIST - MR. HOWARD TALBOT.

PART I.

DUET (Violin and Piano) ... Grieg.  
Sonata in C minor.  
Allegro.  
Romanza.  
Finale.  
MONS. AND MADAME SEIFFERT.

SONG "Voices in the Heart," Slaughter.  
MISS MARY HUTTON.

In my heart a voice oft whispers,  
And my childhood lives again,  
Soothing words to stay my sorrows,  
In a mother's gentle strain;  
Then a fuller voice speaks to me,  
And the past years roll away,  
For my darling seems beside me,  
And the month is smiling May.  
Speak to me, O voices,  
Tho' tears may flow,  
Stay with me, O memories  
Of long ago.

Yet a third voice lingers with me,  
And its tones of childish mirth  
Tell of one so bright and winning,  
Lent so little while on earth;  
And tho' round me sweetest singers  
Pour the treasures of their art,  
There are never such sweet voices  
As the voices in my heart.

SONG ... Scuderi.  
"Will you leave the old home?"  
MR. DAVID WILSON.

There's a country so I'm told, lass,  
Far across the rolling sea,  
Where there's room for all the bold, lass,  
If the heart be young and free.  
There I'll go, old ties forsaking,  
Though I'll miss them all 'tis true,  
And my heart it will be aching  
When I sail away from you.  
When I've made for you a home, lass,  
And the folks at rest shall be,  
Will you come across the foam, lass,  
To the new world and to me?

'Twill be hard to leave the old folk,  
And 'tis sad at heart they'll be,  
But good fortune smiles on bold folk,  
So I'll make her smile on me.  
Till the dear old folks grow grey, lass,  
In the old God's acre rest,  
I will work, and wait, and pray, lass,  
For the girl I love the best.

SONG ... Goring Thomas.  
"The Swallow Song"  
(From "Esmeralda.")  
MISS AMY SARGENT.

Oh fickle light-hearted swallow,  
You and the gipsy are sister and brother,  
Never a guide, but the summer to follow,  
Homeless and heedless of father and mother,  
Stay for a moment, light-hearted, oh stay.  
The well and the willow are sweet by the way,  
Oh stay, fickle swallow, oh light-hearted brother.  
The journey is weary, when twilight is grey.  
Oh swallow, we follow, oh fickle one stay.  
Oh fickle, light-hearted swallow, &c.

VIOLIN SOLO "Russian Airs"  
Wienawski.  
MONS. HENRI SEIFFERT.

SONG "Let me dream again" Sullivan.  
MISS MARY HUTTON.

The sun is setting and the hour is late,  
Once more I stand beside the wicket gate,  
The bells are ringing out the dying day,  
The children singing on their homeward way,  
And he is whispering words of sweet intent,  
While I, half doubting, whisper a consent.

Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain,  
Oh! do not wake me, let me dream again.

The clock is striking in the belfry tower,  
And warns us of the ever-fleeting hour,  
But neither heeds the time which onward glides,  
For time may pass away, but love abides.

I feel his kisses on my fevered brow,  
If we must part, ah! why should it be now?  
Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain,  
Oh! do not wake me, let me dream again.

PIANO SOLOS (a) "Menuett" Paderewski  
(b) "Etude" ... Chopin  
MADAME SEIFFERT.

PART II.

BALLAD "Mary of Argyle" Nelson.  
MR. DAVID WILSON.

I have heard the mavis singing  
His love song to the morn,  
I have seen the dewdrop clinging  
To the rose just newly born;  
But a sweeter voice has cheer'd me  
At the evening's gentle close,  
And I've seen an eye still brighter  
Than the dewdrop on the rose.  
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,  
And thine artless winning smile,  
That made this world an Eden,  
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,  
And thine eye its brightness too,  
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness  
And thy hair its sunny hue,  
Still to me wilt thou be dearer  
Than all the world shall own.  
I have loved thee for thy beauty,  
But not for that alone.  
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,  
And its goodness was the while  
That has made me thine for ever,  
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

SONG ... "One Word" ... Pinsuti  
MISS AMY SARGENT.

One word in the twilight spoken  
When the sun sank into the sea,  
And the old dark spell was broken  
As the love light dawned for me.  
It fell on the stillness softly,  
And came to my heart like a prayer,  
And life wore a golden halo,  
No clouds veiled its pathway fair.  
Only a word in the twilight,  
Darling, from you to me.

One word in the twilight spoken  
When the year its course had run,  
And the veil, once mine, was broken,  
The dreaming past and gone.

One word in the springtide golden,  
When time's swift tide ebb'd on,  
And the sunshine seem'd clouded over,  
And the dream of our life seem'd gone.  
It came in the hush of the evening,  
And smote on my heart with a thrill,  
For the mist of past sorrow had vanished  
And the halo was golden still.

VIOLIN SOLO (a) "Aria" ... Tartini.  
(With Pianoforte accompaniment by H. Seiffert. Published by Dulli & Co, 61, Regent Street.)

(b) "Gipsy Songs" ... Sarasate  
MONS. HENRI SEIFFERT.

Song "Beyond the World" *Howard Talbot*  
Miss MARY HUTTON.  
Come down and look at the sea, my child,  
As it breaks on the golden sand,  
And hark to the stories it bears to us  
From many a far-off land;  
It tells of the land of waving palm,  
Of citron and orange bowers,  
It tells of many a fairer spot  
Than this weary world of ours.  
It beats on the shores of that fair land,  
Where, thousands of years ago,  
The shepherds were led to Bethlehem  
By the Eastern Star aglow;  
And, hark! it echoes the sound of bells  
That chime in the evening air,  
The bells that sing us that sacred song  
Of Him who was cradled there.  
It has echoed that song from every shore,  
And has borne on each foam-tipped crest  
A message of love to the weary heart,  
A song of eternal rest.  
It stretches away beyond the world,  
And beckons to you and me,  
To carry our burdens to Heaven above  
And sail to eternity.

SONG ... "My Queen" *Blumenthal*,  
Mr. DAVID WILSON.  
Where and how shall I earliest meet her?  
What are the words she first will say?  
By what name shall I learn to greet her?

I know not now, but 'twill come some day,  
With the self-same sun shining upon her,  
Streaming down on her ringlets' sheen.  
She is standing somewhere, she I would honour,  
She that I wait for, my Queen.  
I will not dream of her, tall and stately,  
She that I love may be fairy light;  
I will not say she should walk sedately,  
Whatever she does it will be sure, be right.  
And she may be humble or proud, my lady,  
Or that sweet calm which is just between;  
But whenever she comes she will find me ready  
To do her homage, my Queen!  
But she must be courteous, she must be holy,  
Pure in her spirit the maiden I love,  
Whether her birth be noble or lowly  
I care no more than the spirit above.  
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,  
And ever her strength on mine shall lean,  
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,  
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen!

TRIO ... "O! Memory" ...  
Miss AMY SARGENT, Miss MARY HUTTON, Mr. DAVID WILSON.  
O! memory, O! memory,  
When all things change we fly to thee,  
We bid thee bring us back the years,

The thoughts, the friends we loved so well;  
E'en our sorrow time endears,  
Breath upon us thy magic spell,  
O! memory &c.

SONG ... .. *F. Clay*.  
"She wandered down the mountain side"  
Miss AMY SARGENT.  
She wandered down the mountain side,  
With measured tread, and slow;  
She heard the bells at eventide,  
Down in the vale below.  
A bird was singing its psalm of rest,  
But she heeded not its song,  
For other thoughts filled full her heart,—  
And she sang as she went along:—  
"I shall meet him, where we always meet;  
He is waiting, waiting for me;  
My heart is full, I hear it beat,  
I am coming, my love, to thee."  
Poor child! he's gone to his last rest,  
Alas! he perished in a foreign land.  
He nobly died with face to foe,  
Slain by a ruthless hand  
Ah me! she knows not what they mean,  
For she heeds not what they say;  
And still at eventide again she's seen,  
And she sings as she wends her way,  
"I shall meet him where we always meet;  
He is waiting, waiting for me;  
My heart is full, I hear it beat,  
I am coming, my love, to thee."

ADMISSION THREEPENNY. Doors open at 7 p.m.

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

# PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

BY THE

## Royal Criterion Hand-bell Ringers and Glee Singers,

On MONDAY, 23rd JANUARY, 1893, at 8 p.m.,

Assisted by Miss BESSIE POOLE, Pupil of M. Sainton, Silver Medallist, R.A.M.

PERFORMERS—MR. HARRY TIPPER, Conductor; MESSRS. RYALL, BELTON, JAMES and WISE.  
SOLO VIOLIN—MISS BESSIE POOLE. R.A.M. PIANIST—MISS TIPPER, R.C.M.

### Part I.

BELLS "Marche aux Flambeaux," or March from "Athalie" ... ..  
PART-SONG ... .. *Bevan*  
"Go Zephyr, and whisper the Maid"  
BELLS ... .. Waltz (Selected) ... ..  
SONG ... .. "On the Banks of Allan Water" ... ..  
Mr. H. G. RYALL.  
BELLS ... { "Bonnie Dundee," } *Scotch*  
                  "Scots wha hae," } *Selection.*  
                  "Charlie is my Darling," }  
                  "The Campbells are coming," &c. }

PLANTATION MELODY "Dinah Doe" ... .. *Molloy*  
VIOLIN SOLO ... Fantasia "Il Trovatore" ... .. *Alard*  
Miss BESSIE POOLE, R.A.M.  
HUMOROUS QUARTETTE "Thomas Maltese" ... .. *Bliss*  
BELLS ... Imitations of Village Chimes, introducing Hymn,  
Tunes, Changes, &c.

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

DOORS OPEN AT 7 P.M. ADMISSION 1d., RESERVED SEATS 3d.

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

### Part II.

BELLS ... .. Selection from Operas by Verdi, Weber, &c  
SONG ... .. "I'll seek for thee in every flower" ... *Clay*.  
Mr. FREDERICK JAMES.  
VIOLIN SOLO ... "Scène de la Csarda" ... *Jeno Hubay*.  
HUMOROUS TRIO "Dame Durden" ... *Harrington*.  
BELLS ... .. "Blue Bells of Scotland," with variations.  
SONG (Plantation) ... "Far away ober dere" ... *Scott Gatty*.  
BELLS ... .. "Merry Bells Polka" ... *D. Godfrey*.  
QUARTETTE ... "A lover's complaints" ... *Glanvill*.  
BELLS ... { "Men of Harlech," } *Selection of*  
                  "Jenny Jones," } *Welsh Melodies.*  
                  "Ash Grove," }  
                  "Let the hills resound," &c. }

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

# Students' Popular Entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, 25th JANUARY, 1893, at 8 p.m.

## CONCERT.

ARTISTES:—Miss PHYLLIS HOPE. MADAME RICH. MR. MILES MOLE.  
MR. OSWALD SHARPLEY. MUSICAL SKETCHES—MR LOVETT KING.  
CORNET SOLOS—MR. GEORGE HARLOW.  
PIANOFORTE - - - Miss ANNIE ASHLEY AND MR. LOVETT KING.

QUARTETTE ... .. *Henry Leslie*.  
"Believe me it all those endearing  
young charms."  
Miss PHYLLIS HOPE,  
MADAME RICH, MR. MILES MOLE,  
MR. OSWALD SHARPLEY.

SONG ... "I fear no foe" ... *Pinsuti*.  
MR. OSWALD SHARPLEY.

I fear no foe in shining armour,  
Though his lance be swift and keen,  
But I fear and love the glamour  
Through thy drooping lashes seen.

Be I clad in casque and tasses,  
Do I perfect cuirass wear,  
Love through all my armour passes  
To the heart that's hidden there.

I fear no foe in shining armour,  
Though his lance be swift and keen,  
But I fear and love the glamour  
Through thy drooping lashes seen.

Would I fend a blow so given,  
Would I raise a hand to stay,  
Though my heart in twain be riven  
And I perish in the fray.

I fear no foe except the glamour  
Of the eyes I long to see,  
I am here love, without armour,  
Strike and captive make of me.

SONG "Sunshine and Rain" *Blumenthal*.  
MADAME RICH.

The rain is on the river,  
But the sun is on the hill,  
And I know the clouds will sever  
When the storm has had its will.

Let your hearts then on the morrow  
If the sky be grey to-day.  
For the darkest of your sorrow  
Be ye sure shall pass away.

Lift your eyes to yon day Giver,  
Look up higher, hoping still,  
Tho' the rain is on the river,  
Yet the sun is on the hill.

'Tis the winter's white snow shower  
That defends the shivering root,  
'Tis the falling of the flower  
That gives birth unto the fruit,

Then arise from helpless moping,  
Nor repine at each annoy,  
There is room for wider hoping,  
If your days are void of joy;  
Time is kind and will deliver  
All your days from ev'ry ill,  
Tho' the rain is on the river,  
Yet the sun is on the hill.

CORNET SOLO—  
"Take a pair of sparkling eyes"  
MR. GEORGE HARLOW.

SONG ... "The Old and the Young Marie"  
MR. MILES MOLE.

She stands on the pier, sea-beat and brown,  
Gold-haired is she.  
Bright is the little fishing town—bright,  
Bright is the sea;  
The children are racing along the sand,  
Singing in glee.

Whom are you looking for, waving  
your hand,  
Young Marie? Young Marie?  
While the sunbeams play on the  
waters gay,  
And the boats are coming across  
the bay.

She sits on the pier, sea-beat and brown,  
Old now is she.  
Chang'd is the little fishing town, un-  
chang'd is the sea;  
A little barefoot maiden fair stands at  
her knee.

What are you thinking of, stroking  
her hair,  
Old Marie? old Marie?  
While the sunbeams play on the  
waters gay,  
And the boats are coming across  
the bay.

There's not a lover in all the town so  
brave as he,  
And he's gone to buy the wedding gown,  
over the sea.  
To-morrow morn, when the bells ring  
clear,

Wedded we'll be.  
Are you not dreaming there on  
the pier,  
Old Marie? old Marie?  
While the sunbeams play on the  
waters gay,  
And the boats are coming across  
the bay.

SONG... "When the heart is young"  
*Dudley Buck*  
Miss PHYLLIS HOPE.

Oh! merry goes the time, when the  
heart is young,  
There's nought too high to clime, when  
the heart is young,  
A spirit of delight scatters roses in  
her fight,  
And there's magic in the night, when  
the heart is young.

But weary go the feet, when the heart  
is old,  
Time cometh not so sweet, when the  
heart is old,  
From all that smiled and shone there  
is something lost and gone,  
And our friends are few or none, when  
the heart is old.

Oh! sparkling are the skies, when the  
heart is young,  
There's bliss in beauty's eyes, when the  
heart is young,  
The golden break of day, brings glad-  
ness in its ray,  
And ev'ry month is May, when the  
heart is young.

But the sun is setting fast, when the  
heart is old,  
And the sky is overcast, when the  
heart is old,  
Life's worn and weary bark lies toss-  
ing wild and dark,  
And the star hath left Hope's ark, when  
the heart is old.

Yet an angel from its sphere, though  
the heart be old,  
Whispers comfort in our ear, though  
the heart be old,  
Saying, "Age from out the tomb shall  
immortal youth assume,  
"And spring eternal bloom, where no  
heart is old."

MUSICAL SKETCH (HUMOROUS).  
"An Unmusical Party" *Lovett King*.  
MR. LOVETT KING.

### PART II.

TRIO "Queen of the night" *Smart*.  
Miss PHYLLIS HOPE,  
MADAME RICH, MR. OSWALD  
SHARPLEY.

SONG "Ho! Jolly Jenkin" Sullivan. MR. OSWALD SHARPLEY.

SONG "The Gift" Bchrend. MADAME RICH.

A mother was watching on Christmas night, Rocking her babe in the candle light, And she lifted her eyes in the gathering gloom, For the Christ child stood in her lowly room.

"What shall I give to the child" he said, Softly caressing the sleeper's head; "Nay," said the mother, "O Angel Guest Give her whatever thou deemest best."

"What shall I give her, O Mother mild,"

"Ask what thou wilt for thy little child; Shall I touch her brow, that her eyes may shine

With a beauty that men will call divine. Shall I touch her lips that they may flow With songs the sweetest the world may know;

"Nay," said the mother, "that will not stay, Songs are forgotten and hair turns grey."

"But what shall I give her?" He said again,

"Ask, and thou shalt not ask in vain." And the Mother lifted her eyes above, Give her purity, truth and love,

And the Christ child turned to her, soft and mild,

"Thou hast chosen the best for thy little child, Be not afraid tho' life be sore, I shall be with her for evermore."

CORNET SOLO "Non è Ver" Matti. MR. GEORGE HARLOW.

DUET ... MISS HOPE AND MR. SHARPLEY.

Doors Open at 7 p.m. ADMISSION TWOPENCE. Students of the People's Palace admitted Free.

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

Just in Time.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a-day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbours that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness.

A length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane.

SONG... "The Star of Bethlehem." MR. MILES MOLE.

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 up lifted patient eyes, Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded. I rose as borne on wings Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things. Above the toil and sorrow, above the want and woe; My old self and its darkness seemed left on earth below.

And onward, upward shone the star' until it seemed to me It flashed upon the golden gate and o'er the crystal sea; And then the gates rolled backward, I stood where angels trod— It was the Star of Bethlehem had led me up to God.

SONG "The Moorish maid" H. Parker. Miss PHYLLIS HOPE.

I've watched the golden sunshine Thro' my narrow prison bars, I've seen the pale moon gliding 'Midst her court of glittering stars. But no birds sing near my lattice, And the flowers I cannot see, Save in dreams the day recalling When the captive maid was free.

In my dreams I see the wavelets As they kiss my native shore; Hear again the martial music That I thought to hear no more. Yet such dreams come but in sleeping, And that sleep I woo in vain, Or has night its waking visions, That I hear a plaintive strain?

Hark! near it comes, and nearer; Oh, can it be that I Dare trust that music's message, That love and help are nigh? Ah! yes; I know that voice, 'Tis he, my lover, true and brave. O, Heaven, look in pity down, And help to bless and save, 'Tis he! 'Tis he!

My heart with rapture now is dancing, Like a bird of the wood it sings with glee, For love to home will bid me welcome, Like a bird of the wood, I'm free, I'm free, Ah! yes; like a bird, I'm free.

HUMOROUS SONG "Ladies in Parliament" MR. LOVETT KING.

The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return in the face of his neighbour without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner.

Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horse's hoofs was thundering in his ear, and he was driven to his wits' end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He

had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said, "How lucky, neighbour, that I was able to arrive just in time!"

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbour opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.



WEAK AND LANGUID FEELINGS,

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, IMPAIRED VITALITY, BRAIN FOG, SLEEPLESSNESS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APETITE, and all Nervous, Muscular, and Organic Diseases, yield like Magic to the Marvellous Healing Properties of



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FOR SCIENTIFIC PROOF Call and see the Belts tested with the galvanometer, or write for special pamphlet.

This genuine appliance is light and comfortable in wear, and may be relied upon to speedily and permanently invigorate the debilitated constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, give strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectually prevent chills and rheumatic pains. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is, nevertheless, a most reliable one; and the number of unsolicited convincing testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom have obtained no relief from medicine, and, in fact, had been given up by their physicians as "hopeless."

FOR PRACTICAL PROOF Call and see the Originals of Thousands of Medical and other convincing Testimonials, or write for copies.

READ THE FOLLOWING CONVINCING TESTIMONIALS.

"Has Achieved Everything." W. ROGERS, Esq., Marchwell Hall Farm, near Wrexham, writes April 27th, 1891, "I beg to inform you that the Electropathic Belt which I have received from you has proved to achieve everything that I required it for, and thanks to your treatment I feel myself a new man. Wishing the Medical Battery Company every success."

Rheumatism.—Mr. GEORGE KILBORN, Lower Street, Kettering, writes March 14th, 1891, "Having been laid up with Rheumatism for some length of time, I was persuaded by Mr. Fitzburgh to try one of your Electropathic Belts. I did so, and found very great relief, for which I thank you."

Rheumatism.—Mr. H. THURVILLE, S. Green, Bentley-Farnham, writes March 15th, 1891, "I feel it my duty to give you a testimonial as to your treatment in my case. After giving the Electropathic Belt a fair trial the pains decreased gradually, and now, thanks to its use, I am free from pain and seem as well as ever I did in my life, and am able to do my regular work without fear of the pains from which I used to suffer. I conclude with many thanks to the Medical Battery Company for the interest taken in my case, and wishing you every success."

Nervousness.—Mr. DICK MCKAY, 27, Arline Street, Hackney Road, E., writes April 4th, 1891, "My brother sent me one of your Electropathic Belts while I was performing in the provinces. I had been a sufferer from nervousness for some years, but since wearing the appliances I have been myself again, sustaining long and trying parts without feeling the least affected."

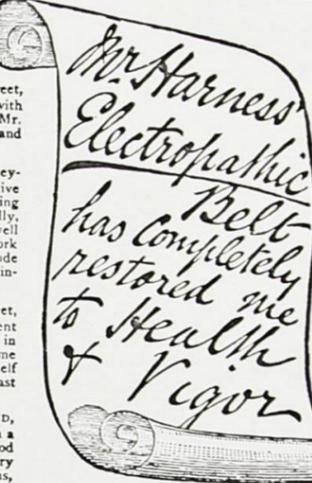
"I owe my life to you."—Mr. F. H. RUTLAND, Great Shelford, Cambs., writes March 10th, 1891, "It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that I write to let you know the good your Electropathic Belt has done me. I suffered with a very bad complaint and had been doctoring for the last twelve months, but I am very glad to say your Belt has cured me, and if I was to say I owe my life to you it would only be doing justice."

Nervous Exhaustion and Debility.—C. H. KIRBY, Esq., 13 & 14, John Street, Glasgote, Tamworth, writes March 9th, 1891, "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt and Spine Band I have greatly improved in health. I feel myself much better and stronger, and am also confident it will perfectly restore me to health again."

Neuralgia.—Mr. N. WILKS, 19, Whitefriars, Chester, writes March 20th, 1891, "I am delighted with the Electropathic Belt you sent me. I should have written before but thought I would wait and see if I derived any benefit, and I am happy to say I feel better now than I have done for many months past. Since wearing it I have not once had Neuralgia, from which I suffered so long. I shall have great pleasure in recommending your Electropathic Belt to all my friends."

Pains in the Back.—Miss M. SANDWELL, 9, Selborne Villas, Manningham, Bradford, writes March 15th, 1891, "I am pleased to say that since wearing your Electropathic Belt my health is much better, and I have not felt any pain in my Back, nor so much of the bearing-down pain. I am also glad to say I have not had a sick headache. I feel very thankful indeed that I procured the Belt, and shall be pleased to recommend it to others."

CONSULTATIONS FREE.



Nervous Exhaustion and Neuralgia.—ED. PILCHER, Esq., 19, Harbour Street, Ramsgate, writes March 17th, 1891, "It gives me much pleasure to add my testimony to the great relief I have received by wearing one of your Electropathic appliances. For some years I have been a sufferer from Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, and several other ailments, but since I have worn one of your valuable Belts I have been quite another man. That dreadful sensation of languor, which was so prevalent, is entirely gone, and my nervous condition is greatly improved. You may make use of this."

Sciatica.—G. L., Staff Paymaster, Royal Navy, writes March 13th, 1891, "I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the fact that I have derived great benefit from the use of your Electropathic Belt, which I purchased two years since. At the time I was suffering from an attack of Sciatica of six weeks' standing, and within ten days of putting the Belt on I was completely free of it, and have had no return since. From time to time I have had slight touches of Lumbago, which have passed away in a day or two, in putting on the Belt."

Lumbago.—Mrs. EDWARDSON, 22, Charles Street, Widnes, Lancs., writes March 10th, 1891, "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt for a bad Back of many years' standing, I can move about much easier, and my general health has greatly improved. I am very pleased with it, and cannot speak too highly of it. I shall recommend the appliance to all our friends. You can make whatever use you like of this. Wishing you every success."

"Fee" to "Come Myself again."—Mr. W. HURST, 18 Company Army Service Corps, Aldershot Camp, writes March 10th, 1891, "I am pleased to say since I commenced to wear your Electropathic Belt I feel once more myself again, and you will not find me slow in recommending your appliances to all my friends. I cannot speak too highly of your Institute. The pains I complained of have entirely left me, and there are no signs of their reappearing. I once more thank you for your study of my case, and I am only sorry I cannot write you a better letter on your treatment."

Weakness and Pains in the Back.—C. BULLARD, Esq., 47, Cornhill Terrace, Steward Road, Stratford, Essex, writes March 6th, 1891, "I am most happy to inform you that your Electropathic Belt has done my wife a great deal of good. She is much better, and we are grateful to you for your kindness and for the use of the wonderful Belt."

Quite Cured in Six Weeks.—Mr. C. Adams (address on application) writes April 10th, 1891, "On the 13th June, 1889, I purchased one of your special Electropathic Belts for strain in the back through riding, and which caused me severe continual pain. I only wore the Belt for six weeks, and it quite cured me. About six months afterwards I also purchased one of your special Hernia appliances, which for comfort and support I have never found its equal. In fact, the Hernia has disappeared under its influence. I shall always be ready to answer any inquiries respecting the treatment I have undergone. I may add, my occupation necessitates a great deal of hunting and rough riding, and I found the appliances most useful as well as perfectly safe."

CONSULTATION FREE. MR. C. B. HARNNESS, President of the Institute, and the other officers of the Company, may be consulted Free of Charge, on all matters relating to Health and the application of Curative Electricity. MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD., Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. NOTE ONLY ADDRESS.

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Director of Evening Classes, J. L. S. HATTON, M.A.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1892-3.

New Term commenced Monday, 2nd January, 1893, and ends on the 30th March.

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.

Science Classes.

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

Table of Science Classes with columns for Subjects, Teachers, Days, Hours, and Fees. Includes subjects like Ambulance, Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, Botany, Building Construction, Chemistry, Geology, and Mathematics.

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1893). Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.

Trade Classes.

Table of Trade Classes with columns for Subjects, Teachers, Days, Hours, and Fees. Includes subjects like Carpentry & Joinery, Brickwork, Brasswork, Electrical Engin., and Sign Writing & Graining.

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examination of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1893). Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject.

Commercial and General Classes.

Table of Commercial and General Classes with columns for Subjects, Teachers, Days, Hours, and Fees. Includes subjects like Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Civil Service & English, History, and German.

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SCHOOL OF ART.

Table of School of Art classes with columns for Subjects, Teachers, Days, Hours, and Fees. Includes subjects like Freehand & Model Draw, Wood Carving, and Painting in Oil & Water Color.

a 7th Session commencing Sept. 26th and ending July 8th, 1893. b 1st Session ending February 18th, 1893. c 15th Session: 10th Half-Session.

Nautical Classes.

Table of Nautical Classes with columns for Subjects, Teachers, Days, Hours, and Fees. Includes Navigation, Elementary and Cookery.

Classes for Women only.

Table of Classes for Women only with columns for Subjects, Teachers, Days, Hours, and Fees. Includes Ambulance-Nursing, Dressmaking, Millinery, and Cookery.

School of Music.

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

Table of School of Music classes with columns for Subjects, Teachers, Days, Hours, and Fees. Includes Choral Society, Piano, and Violin.

Typography Classes Social.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., the students of the Typographical Classes, conducted by Mr. E. R. Alexander, at the Polytechnic and the People's Palace, held their annual united social in the Marlborough Rooms, and the evening was very enjoyably spent by all.

After an excellent tea, which was well served by the Poly. caterers, Mr. Alexander took the chair, being supported by Mr. Hamilton, we then commenced the musical part of the evening with a pianoforte duet, "Il Carriole."

"The warriors of the sea." Mr. Sims gave "The song that reached my heart," and Mr. Orchard gave "The Rochester Bells." Mr. E. R. Alexander then proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Elliott for so ably presiding at the piano, which was carried unanimously.

depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down into an undignified attitude, and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the bootjack. They always put the matchbox in some wrong place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a perishable glass thimble or glass bottle in its former place, and when you grope about for it in the dark you get yourself into trouble.

Mark Twain's Remarks on Chambermaids.

Against all chamber-maids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the wrath of bachelorhood. Because—They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner, so that while you read and smoke (as is the ancient and honoured custom of the bachelors) you have to hold your book aloft in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

Motto for a Waste-basket.

If all the trees in all the woods were men, And each and every blade of grass a pen; If every leaf on every shrub and tree Turned to a sheet of foolscap, every sea Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes Had nothing else to do but act as scribes, And for ten thousand ages, day and night, The human race should write and write and write, Till all the pens and paper were used up, And each great inkstand was an empty cup— Still would the scribblers cluster round its brink, Call for more pens, more paper and more ink.

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**Who was the Dinner for?**

William Fox, of Nottingham, was a member of the Society of Friends, and he was one of the true old school of Friends. His sympathy for the poor was deeply excited by serving the office of overseer; and seeing how poor some were who had to pay poor-rates, he resolved to economise the parish funds, and thus prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many parishes for the overseers and the committee who attended the weekly payments of the paupers to have a good dinner at the close of their day's labour, and this was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put an end to the practice. He therefore hastened away before the close of the weekly payment to the dining-room, and thus addressed the master of the workhouse:

"Is the dinner ready?"  
"Yes Sir."  
"Then, bring it in."  
"Are the gentlemen ready, sir?"  
"Never mind the gentlemen. I say bring it in."  
And this was done.

"Now, call all the poor people, friend—now, call all the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say, sir?"

"This dinner is for the gentlemen."  
"For the gentlemen? Oh! Who pays for it then—do the gentlemen?"

The workhouse master, staring most amazingly, said "Why, no, sir, I reckon not. It's paid for out of the poor-rates."

"Out of the poor-rates? To be sure it is. Thou art right. The rates are for the poor men, and not for the gentlemen. Poor rates—eh? I think we have no gentlemen's rates; so fetch in the poor at once, and look quick."

The workhouse master went, and William Fox went too, to see that he did as he was ordered, and not to give the alarm to the gentlemen, and in a few seconds was hurried in a whole host of hungry paupers, who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at table.

William Fox then bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the house. It was a workhouse indeed. William Fox all the time stood cutting and carving and handing good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats. In a few minutes there was a thorough clearance of the table.

Scarcely had William Fox dismissed the delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement.

"Why," exclaimed they, "what is this? Why is the table in this state? Where is the dinner?"

"I found a very good dinner ready, and as I knew that none but the poor had a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly; but if any of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me, and I will give him one. The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practice of dining at the parish cost during William Fox's year of office.

**The True Story of Romeo and Juliet.**

EVERY stranger who goes to Verona is sure to have his sympathy moved, and his curiosity excited, by what is called "the Tomb of Juliet;" and there is no man who has read Shakespeare that will not hasten to the spot where it lies, regardless, at the moment, whether it be real or not. It is well known that this part of Italy had furnished to our immortal bard the materials of a tragedy, which, for all the pathetic details of hapless love and devoted constancy, stands unrivalled in any language. And though much of legendary exaggeration is superadded to the circumstances of the catastrophe, yet the main fact is attested by the local history of Verona; and therefore the mind is disposed to admit the probability that the excavated oblong stone which is now pointed out in the neglected ruins of an old Franciscan monastery, might have once contained the beautiful form of the unhappy Juliet. Count Persico, one of the native nobility, who has published a very interesting work on the curiosities of Verona, and of the provinces adjacent, thus narrates the melancholy story of Romeo and Juliet:—

In the year 1303, or about that time, Bartholomew della Scala, being captain of the Veronese, Romeo de Monticoli was enamoured of Juliet de Cappelletti, and she of him, their families being at the time in bitter enmity with each other on account of party feuds. As, therefore, they could not be openly married, a private union took place between them.

Shortly afterwards, Romeo having in an affray of the two factions killed Tebaldo, the cousin of Juliet, was obliged to seek for safety in flight, and proceeded to Mantua. His unhappy spouse, afflicted beyond measure, sought commiseration and counsel from the intermediate agent of her secret marriage, seeing that there was no longer any hope of a reconciliation between families now still more incensed against each other than before. Therefore, by a preconcerted arrangement, Juliet procured a sleeping draught, and shortly after, according to common report, yielded up her life.

Romeo having been apprised of the dire news, before he heard that she was only apparently dead, resolved, in the bitterness of his anguish, to take poison, and die likewise. Previously to his doing so, however, not entirely despairing of her life, he went to Verona, and availed himself of the evening hour to enter the monastery. Being here assured that his Juliet had been interred not long before, he swallowed the poison, which he had with him, and hastened to the tomb, where their mutual friend pointed out the way by a passage beyond that which was ready for his return.

The friar wondered very much what had happened to Romeo, unconscious of the hard fate that awaited him. While he endeavoured to assure him that the lady was not in reality dead, the poison began to operate, and now on the very verge of death he called on his Juliet with a faint voice. She awoke, and scarcely recognised him. Romeo expired, and Juliet breathed for a moment only to share his hapless doom.

**The Wrong Orator.**

The Hon. Demosthenes Hornet had a very pleasant experience. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made, that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting the celebrated innocent.

Nobody in the town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, and they had got the notion that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a *nom de plume*, and supposed his real name was Hornet. The denouement is thus told:—

Mr. Hornet thus remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman in a whisper if he was all right, and got "Yes" for an answer.

Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!"—a loud laugh. He couldn't understand it, but went on. "It backs up happy homes!"—still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!" perfect roar of applause.

Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were guying him, but he proceeded: "We must crush the serpent!"—a tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Hornet couldn't stand it. "What I'm saying is gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth.

Hornet turned to a man on the stage and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behaviour?"

"Yes, ha, ha—it's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man.

"This is an insult!" cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of "Go on, Twain!"

And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose up and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly quitted laughing and blushed very red, and the folk in the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and quitted laughing too. And then Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall. And the assemblage then voted to censure Twain and the chairman, and dispersed amid deep gloom.

**RAPIDITY OF SPEECH.**—From the computations of shorthand writers, it appears that a ready and rapid orator in the English language pronounces from seven thousand to seven thousand five hundred words in one hour, which is about one hundred and twenty words in a minute, or two words in each second.

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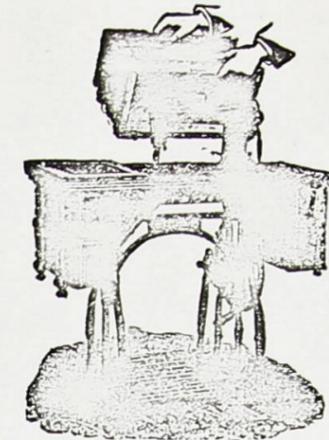
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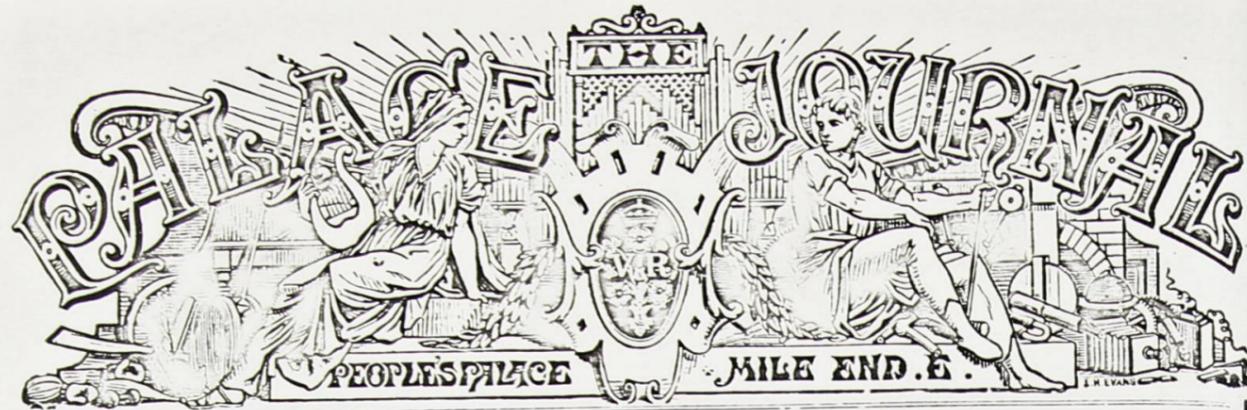
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1893.

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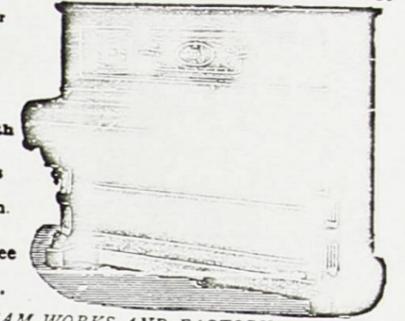
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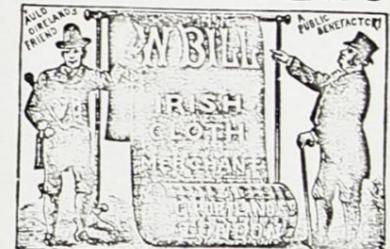
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