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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, December 25th.—Library closed.

SATURDAY, 26th.—Library closed. In the Queen's Hall, Concerts by the Ladies' Pompadour Band, at 3 and 8 p.m., Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 27th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ Recital and Sacred Concert at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

MONDAY, 28th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 3 p.m., Drawing-room Entertainment, by Mr. Sidney Gandy and Miss Englefield. Admission 3d. Concert by the Gipsy Choir, Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Entertainment by the I.D.K. Minstrels. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, 30th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m. Special Concert. Selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's Operas. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 31st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by André's Mandoline and Guitar Band. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, January 1st.—New Year's Day, Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

THE Time-table and Illustrated Syllabus of the Evening Classes for the new term, commencing Monday, January 11th, may be obtained at the office.

IN connection with the holidays we are glad to announce that Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., has offered to lend some of his works for inspection by the East End public; amongst them will be included "Puritan and Cavalier," "Leading the Flock," "By the Sea of Galilee," "Sheep Shearing," and "Spinners and Weavers," and they will be on view in the ante-room adjoining the Winter Garden during the Christmas festivities, thus forming an additional attraction to the Palace. The public attending the concerts and entertainments will be allowed to inspect them free of charge.

THE services of sacred song on Sunday last drew the largest number of visitors we have ever had on one Sunday since the commencement. The solos "Angels ever bright and fair," sung by Miss Polly Collins, and "Entreat me not to leave thee," by Madame Emlyn Jones, were especially enjoyed by the people, the rendering being very good. Mr. Jackson, our organist, played variations on the beautiful hymn tune "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" with his usual good taste and judgment, and drew out the good qualities of the organ.

THE electric lighting was tried in the Technical Schools on Friday, the 18th instant, with entirely satisfactory results, not a hitch occurring. We are therefore sanguine that the Winter Garden will be thrown open for use to the public during the holidays.

THIS being the last issue of the "Palace Journal" before the Christmas holidays, we take the opportunity of wishing not only our students but the public generally "A Happy Christmas."

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SKETCHING CLUB.—The exhibition of sketches for December was held on Monday last, when about thirty works were sent in for criticism. The best work was the modelled head of a baby, by Mr. A. White, which was exceptionally fine. The head was the proud possessor of a very determined looking nose, but Mr. White assured us that this particular baby was rather determined—whether in point of howls, was not stated—so we presumed it was all right. The subjects for January are:—*Figure*—An Autograph Portrait, or a Hand. *Landscape*—An Interior, or a Silent Pool. *Design*—Christmas Card, or Stained Glass. *Still Life*—Christmas Fare, or Drapery. *Modelling*—An Autograph Portrait, or a Jewel. Both Mr. Legge and Mr. Bateman have promised to give a lecture or so during the term, on Sketching from Nature.

H. LAYTON, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last, December 19th, a party of twenty-four visited the Maddox-street Galleries and inspected the historical and world-renowned collection of instruments of torture removed from the royal castle of Nuremberg, lent by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. Man's inhumanity to man plays such a leading part in the history of the world that it is impossible to discover at what period torture really began. Look where we will, undoubted evidence met us of its existence in some shape or other. From the year 1468 until the Commonwealth the practice of torture was very frequent in England. The last on record is 1640. The most terrible torture was known as the *peine forte et dure*, which was applied in this wise:—the victim was laid flat on his back, with his arms and legs drawn as far asunder as possible by ropes, then as much weight as he could bear was piled upon him, and more. This was increased day by day until he pleaded, or died. The very smallest possible amount of food was given, and the day he ate he was not allowed to drink. Who can picture the terrible suffering undergone by the unhappy wretch? And this was ordered in the name of religion or justice! The first room we passed through contained a collection of prints and engravings, showing the application of the various tortures in different countries, and also instruments for the lesser degrees of punishment, or shame tortures, in the construction of which a great amount of ingenuity is evident. Shame masks and stocks for scolds, masks and cages for fraudulent tradesmen, for drunkards and brawlers, the drunkard's mantle, various stocks, branding irons, collars and bracelets, etc. There is also in this room, relief from the general surroundings of torture, in a highly interesting and unique specimen; a cherry stone, on which are minutely and exquisitely carved 113 eminently characteristic heads of emperors, princes, popes, and other historical persons, the masterpiece of the celebrated Nuremberg carver, Peter Flœtner, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century. Passing on to the next room, we succeeded in obtaining a guide who talked about each instru-

ment exhibited. The fiendish ingenuity displayed in the constructing of these instruments so that they should inflict the greatest amount of suffering shows that the question of torture must have not only been well thought out, but that it must have had the sanction and, if we may use the term, patronage of the law-makers and municipalities. As we looked through this collection we see that neither tender youth, weak old age, delicate female, or ailing man was spared its horrors or its shame. And we cannot be too thankful to think we live in an age where more enlightened and humanitarian principles prevail. This collection, so complete, may be to many somewhat gruesome, but it is of the highest educational value, as showing us the great strides which this century has made, not only in arts and sciences, but in the interests of truth, humanity, and justice. No more does the iron maiden clasp her unhappy and women broken on the wheel, tortured on the rack, branded with red-hot irons, driven mad with thumb-screws, stretched on ladders, or suffer the terrible and lingering "peine forte et dure," and never again will the laws allow tender women to be mutilated by the horrible and sharp-clawed spider. We left this exhibition with feelings of gratitude that our lot had been cast in the nineteenth century.

A. McKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

MADAME TUSSAUSD'S, who are ever to the fore in providing novelties for the Christmas holidays, have just added a new series of six tableaux to the Chamber of Horrors, entitled "The Story of a Crime," arranged under the direction of the artist, Mr. John T. Tussaud. In the first scene a young man is introduced to a syren in evening dress, who presides at a card-table in a gilded salon; and the next group shows the end of the game, the infatuated visitor having been fleeced by the woman's confederates. A money-lender has clutched a handful of notes and cheques, but the losses are not all made good. In the third picture the usurer is putting a man into possession of the once happy home, to the sorrow of the young gamester's wife and the dismay of his little girl. The beggared husband seeks revenge, and assassinates the man who has ruined him. The remaining tableaux tell the inevitable sequel—the interior of a criminal court and the prisoner's "last walk" from the condemned cell to the scaffold. All the modes have been arranged with admirable attention to detail, and the general effect is that of a sensational drama in waxwork.

The Labour World at Home.

GENERALLY speaking, during the past month, the skilled labour market has continued to be in a disturbed condition, and strikes have been more frequent than in the month preceding, the total recorded being 81 as against 64. This includes the short strikes, on the north-east coast, of the engineers against systematic overtime, which have, happily, been arranged, and that of the London bootmakers, which is also settled. The cotton trade, as usual, is debited with the largest share of these disputes, the total of the trade being 16. The building trades are next with 10, after which comes the coal trade with 9. Ship-building has had 8 strikes, the woollen trade 6, engineering 5, miscellaneous textiles 4, and the balance is spread over general trades.

So far as the actual demand for labour is concerned, the general position is slightly better than it was last month. Some industries give worse results than they did a month ago, while others show a diminution in the number of their unemployed, those in the latter category being in excess of those in the former, so that the percentage of employed over all the societies making returns is somewhat less than when last reported.

IN all, twenty trade unions have made returns. These have an aggregate membership of 243,358, and of this total 10,828 are returned as being out of work. The total last month was 10,923, and thus there is a net decrease of but 95. The percentage for this month of those out of work is 4.45, whereas last month it was 4.48, so that the change for the better is scarcely appreciable. The chief improvement is observable in the printing trade, while the cotton and steel trades have also sensibly improved. In ship-building and engineering there is no improvement, the demand for men in some of the branches having fallen off considerably. The building trade remains remarkably steady, and, for the season of the year, is very brisk. The general remarks as to the state of trade made by the reports show that 14 are "moderate" and 6 "good."

What to Read and Where to Get It.

Chicago, the Marvellous City of the West: a History, an Encyclopædia, and a Guide (Gay and Bird, King William-street, Strand, 5s.). It is yet a far cry to the World's Show of '93, but inasmuch as the bookings for the Polytechnic trips thereto are ready number upwards 250, and as these self-same bookings are mounting up at the rate of 50 a week, I shall without question do good service by bringing under the notice of our trippists the volume in question. The book is divided into five parts—(1) Chicago as it was; (2) Chicago as it is; (3) an Encyclopædia (an alphabetical index to every point or item of interest in the city and its surroundings); (4) the World's Columbian Exposition, and (5) a Guide (how best to see the city in a given number of days). Though so moderate in price, there are upwards of 550 pages of closely-printed letterpress, over 70 full-page illustrations, 3 sectional maps, and a large map of the city in an end pocket. It is unquestionably a "big thing" in guides, as full of information as an egg is full of meat, handy in size, capitally got up, and remarkably cheap. Those who have already booked, or are thinking of booking their places for "the Show," cannot do better than get some idea of what they will see by purchasing this guide to the Garden City.

Captain Japp, by Dr. Gordon Stables (S.P.C.K., Northumberland-avenue, 5s.). This is a tale of adventure in Japan and at the North Pole, in which one, Willie Gordon by name, plays the hero's part. It were fruitless to attempt even to enumerate the strange adventures of the hero between the time of his leaving his home in the Highlands and his final return with a charming Japanese bride. What with shark hunting, the blasting of icebergs, bear tracking, winter life on the great ice pack, blizzards, encounters with Malay pirates and such like "mild excitement," together with a love story enacted in the Flowery Land, there is hardly a dull page in the whole volume. Incidentally, a good deal of information is conveyed concerning Japan which in the present juncture will not be unwelcome, though it is perhaps just as well to add, for the benefit of those who prefer their fiction entirely unadulterated, that the "pill" is skilfully silvered, and that the admixture in no way detracts from the charm and interest of the story. Nubea, like most of the daughters of Satsuma, is a very lovable character, though one cannot help wondering how it was she proved herself such a past mistress in Western methods of courtship.

Hazell's Annual for '92 (Hazell, Watson & Viney, 3s. 6d.). In seven years this cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day has won for itself a unique place among books of reference. The present issue is, in the main, up to date, and in some instances, "very much so"; e.g., the result of the School Board Election, which was only announced on November 27th, is recorded in its proper place, while a supplementary list of "occurrences during printing" is appended. Few would credit the enormous amount of information crowded into it: more than 700 pages, and to say that the book bristles with facts conveys an utterly inadequate view of its comprehensiveness and usefulness. Every department of human life and thought is represented, while especial attention is given to such burning questions of the hour as Labour Legislation, Social Politics, Education, Hypnotism, etc. No thinker, much less those who work, can afford to be without so useful a daily companion.

The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell (Macmillan and Co., 7s. 6d.). At last we have got a complete popular edition of the poems of one of the sweetest of New England singers—welcome news to many readers of this Magazine, for, whenever Mr. Lowell has been quoted in these pages, enquiries have been made concerning the author of the selections given. Lowell's great charm was his intense humanity—in that one fact lies the magic of his pen. The present volume includes also the famous "Biglow Papers," than which no series of poems in the English language has done more for freedom and the right. Though written in the cause of Abolition, they are as full of point for present day conflict with wrong and injustice as when they first saw the light. Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C. (of Tom Brown's school days' fame), supplies an introduction, and a very fine steel portrait of Lowell adorns the title page.

Practical Introduction to Chemistry, by W. Marshall Watts (James Nisbet & Co., Berners-street, 1s.). Students working alone will find this little manual very useful, as the construction of the work is such that the actual performance of the experiments is essential. When used for classes, under the direction of a teacher, "additional experiments" provide work for those of a class who advance more rapidly than the rest. Footnotes indicate the approximate cost of the apparatus. The two hundred odd experiments are carefully graded throughout.

Sentenced to Siberia.

"SIBERIA? I have had five-and-twenty years in Siberia."

So said my fellow-passenger. We were on board a Petersburg and Hull steamer; we were passing down the Gulf of Finland, and the low fortifications of Cronstadt were growing more and more indistinct in the distance. We were sitting on deck, he and I, each with the fraternal pipe in his mouth, and were getting through the preliminary stages of acquaintanceship-making.

"I am a Lancashire man," said my new acquaintance, who was unusually large and strongly built, "and I rose from the ranks. Ekaterinburg is, as I daresay you know, on the Siberian side of the Ural Mountains, and in the heart of the Government mining districts. A man thinks twice before he transports himself and his family to such a place; but I had made up my mind to get on, and this was a good chance to one in my position.

"One evening, late in our short Russian summer, when the long days were fast drawing in, we were in our family sitting-room.

"After a time my wife left the room to see about our supper. My wife (she has been dead now this nine years) had as strong nerves as any woman that I ever knew—nothing ever seemed to knock her off her balance. Well, she came back in a minute or two and beckoned me to the door. She was calm enough, but I could see by her face that something was wrong. She whispered: 'When I opened the door of the *kladovoy*' (the larder, that is) 'I heard something at the window. Whatever it may have been, it took the alarm, and did not let me see it; but it has left its marks on the lattice.'"

"I followed her silently to the *kladovoy-fortochka*—as in Russia we call the little window of such a place. In summer time its glass casement was removed, and it was now only protected by a lattice of crossed strips of fir-wood. These strips were slightly displaced, as if some one had tried to force them out, and thus to gain entrance. The *fortochka* was about large enough to have admitted the body of a man.

"Nothing was to be seen by looking out; for though a reasonable amount of twilight still remained, it was only enough to show things with any distinctness in the open, and I had sheltered the back of our house by planting a number of young fir-trees. I whispered to my wife that she should go back, and that I would stay where I was for a bit, and see whether the robber—if it was a robber—would come again.

"Down I sat to watch, close by the door of the *kladovoy*. I choose a dark corner, and one where, in the dusk, it would have been a hard matter to see me, but I had a full view of the lattice.

"Slowly and gradually something raised itself before the opening. It was a head; but in the uncertain light I could not say whether it was a human head or that of some brute creature. Whichever it might be I could see enough of it to know that it was such a wild, haggard, unearthly-looking thing as I had never looked upon before. Any quantity of shaggy hair was hanging about it, and its only features to speak of seemed to be eyes. Eyes it had past all mistake. Never did I see anything like the way in

which it glared at our good provisions within.

"I have seen what a famished wolf looks like, and I should hardly think a famished wolf worth comparing with that creature. It was ravenous after what it saw. Up beside the head came two bunches of long claws, which wrenched at the wooden lattice as if to tear it down. But they were too weak. The strips held fast. And then the thing fell-to with its teeth to gnaw a way through.

"Whilst the creature was thus engaged, I contrived to slip quietly from my dark corner by the door, and catching up a big stick, went out at the back of the house. I stole round as noiselessly as I could towards the window. There were, as I said, young fir-trees on that side of the house, so that with a little care it was not difficult to approach the place unobserved. When I got to within a few yards, I saw that the man—for the creature *was* a man—was still hard at work, trying to force a way in.

"I dropped my stick and made a rush at him, and had him before he knew anything about it. He did not give up quietly. He struggled hard—desperately, I may say. But, bless you! he'd not the ghost of a chance with me. I am a tolerably strong man still, as men go, and I was younger then. I could have undertaken three such as he, and thought nothing of it. The poor wretch had no sort of condition about him—he was mere skin and bones—no muscle at all. He was nothing but a walking anatomy, with a few rags by way of covering—and only a very few.

"All that he gained by his struggles was a good shaking, for I gave him one that made every tooth in his head chatter; and then I laid him flat on his back.

"I had been long enough in the country to gain some knowledge of Russ. I could use it pretty freely to our mill people; and I must own that for terms in which to blackguard a set of lazy rascals, as most of those fellows are, Billingsgate isn't a patch on it. So I could make my prisoner understand it. 'Now then, my friend,' I said to him, 'you needn't take the trouble to show any more fight. You see it won't pay. So just get up and march quietly off with me to the *ouchastok*'—the *ouchastok* being, as you perhaps know, equivalent to the police-station in English.

"But instead of getting up, and doing as he was told, like a reasonable being, the creature contrived to wriggle itself upon its knees, and to hold up its hands, whilst it begged of me, in the name of the Virgin and all the Saints, not to hand it over to the *politzia*. It would rather be killed outright, and was ready to be beaten as much as I pleased.

"My ragged friend, I said, 'you are a queer chap; why do you object to the police so strongly?'

"The poor wretch made no direct answer, but only reiterated his entreaties that I would not give him up. I began to have some suspicion of the quality of my guest. 'I am inclined to think,' I said, 'that you are neither more nor less than an escaped convict.'

"Instead of attempting to deny it, he only begged me to pity him as before.

"Russian law is terribly hard on those who in any way assist in or conceal the escape of a convict. Of that I was aware. But though I am a big fellow to look at, and in some things can hold my own as well as any man, I have always been a poor, soft-hearted fool in others. I was beginning to feel downright sorry for that

poor wretch—it was not so much his prayers that fetched me as his looks. 'Well,' I said, 'suppose I don't give you up, but let you go. What then?'

"He would always remember me with gratitude. He would go on his way at once, and do no harm to my property. He was no thief. He had only entered this *dvor*—this yard, to hide himself, but the sight of food had overcome him; he was famishing, and he dared not beg. He had walked, how far he could not tell, perhaps a thousand versts, and all the way he had not dared to ask for food, scarcely to speak to a living soul. He was trying to reach his own village, perhaps a thousand versts farther. If I would only set him free he would go on at once.

"If I do let you go I must give you something to eat first. Come with me!

"The miserable wretch hardly believed that I really meant to feed him, and would have run away had he dared. I took him into an empty house of which I had the key, and fetched him as much food as I thought it safe for him to eat.

"So there I was, with an escaped convict on my hands. Had I been more prudent, I should have reflected that the fellow was most likely a hardened scoundrel, quite undeserving of pity, and that his gratitude would probably be shown either by robbing me, or, if he should happen to fall into the hands of the police, by getting me into trouble to save his own worthless neck. I ought to have thought of these things; but, as I said before, I am a soft-hearted old fool, and neglected to do so.

"I kept him in that empty house for several days; in fact, till he had so far recovered his strength as to be fit to go on. Nobody knew about him, not even the members of my own family, for if I was doing a foolish thing, I had sense enough to run as little risk over it as possible. Feodor Stepanovitch—for that my convict told me was his name—enlightened me on some few points of his personal history. His native village was, he said, in the government of Vladimir, and he had left it to get work in the town of Ivanova, where there are factories.

"I never expected to see him again, nor wished to do so; and I was somewhat startled when, a few weeks later, among a gang of convicts which were being marched by a guard of soldiers out of the town on their way eastward, I recognised Stepanovitch. I was standing close by when he passed, and was so much surprised to see him that I, somewhat imprudently, perhaps, spoke to him by name. But, will you believe it?—the ungrateful dog stared me in the face, and marched sullenly by without a word or a sign of recognition. 'So much,' thought I, 'for gratitude!'

"Some months later, when the next summer was getting well advanced, we had one night an alarm of fire.

"A good many people were soon got together, mostly our own hands, and I directed and encouraged them as well as I could to get the fire under. But they are a stolid heavy set of fellows, those Russians, and the way in which they take care not to over-exert themselves at a fire is enough to drive an Englishman wild. Yet there were some few who worked well, and one fellow in particular, I noticed, a ragged fellow, a beggar I took him to be, who really worked splendidly, and in a way that ought to have made many of those whose

daily bread depended on the existence of the mill ashamed of themselves.

"What between the apathy of those lazy scoundrels generally, and want of water, it was soon plain that the sheds which were on fire could not be saved, and that what we had to look to was the mill itself. The danger of the main building was increasing every moment, for the fire was beginning to make its way along the shingled roof.

"I could see what had to be done; those shingles had to be stripped off. I had a ladder reared against the building, and called for volunteers to mount it. The height of that roof from the ground was considerable, and the fire was every moment getting more and more hold upon it. To strip off the shingles would be a hard job, and a hot one, and, it is not denied, a dangerous one. Not one of those cold-blooded rascals who had eaten our bread for years would come forward. I stood at the foot of the ladder, and told them I was going up myself. I offered twenty roubles—fifty roubles—to any man who would help me. But it was of no use.

"Just when I was about to mount alone, the ragged stranger fellow, whom I had before observed working so vigorously, came running up. He had been too busy in another place to know what was going forward sooner.

"He looked up to the roof. The delay of those few minutes had given a fearful advantage to the fire. 'There is death up there,' he said; 'Is saving this mill so very important to you?'

"If it is burned I am a beggar." "We will talk of the reward afterwards," he said, as he sprang past me, and up the ladder like a cat.

"I was following, too eagerly, perhaps, to be careful, and I am a heavy man. A roud broke, and down I came, with a knee so much twisted that I could scarcely stand. It was no longer in my power to climb to the roof.

"But from where I propped myself against a wall, I could see that ragged fellow, who was up and doing enough for three or four ordinary men. You should have seen how he sent the shingles rattling down. Seen from below, he seemed at times to be working with fire all round him, but he went on without minding it. I never saw an Englishman—let alone a Russian—go to it with a better will. I heard the people round me say that he worked more like a fiend than a mortal man—and so he did. He handled the burning wood as though his fingers had been iron instead of flesh and bone, and scarcely seemed to shrink from the flames that blazed up round his face. He never appeared to rest or stay for breath till he had succeeded in cutting off the communication between the fire and the mill.

"I made the men below set the ladder as handily as they could for him to get down, and he did his best to reach it. But he must have been quite used up, besides being pretty much blinded and suffocated with the smoke. Anyway, he lost his footing, and down he went through the rafters, and crashed among the burning rubbish below. It was an ugly fall.

"We got him out as well as we could; and such a scorched, smoke-blackened, smashed-up copy of God's image I should never wish to see again. But he was still alive, and to the proposal to carry him straight to the hospital I said, 'No; take him into my house.' So they took him in.

"After we had got the fire quite under, and made all safe about the mill, I limped to the side of the bed where they had laid the poor fellow. He had come round a bit by that time. He tried to open his eyes, but it seemed to me that the fire and smoke had not left him much power of seeing with them. He spoke, however, more distinctly than might have been expected, and his first question was whether the mill was safe.

"I told him that owing to his pluck it was. I was surprised to find that he recognised my voice, and still more when he named my name. 'You do not know me' he said; and, indeed, it was not likely that anyone should know such a crushed and shapeless mass of cinder as he was. 'You do not know me—Feodor Stepanovitch. They caught me, and took me back. I knew you when you spoke to me in the street, but I dared not answer, lest they should suspect you of having befriended me. I have escaped from them again, and am going home to Ivanova. I must see my wife.'

"He lay a little, and then added, 'I am glad I was here to help you to-night. I am glad they did not take me again before I got here. I do not think the *politsia* will take me again.'

"And they did not; for he was dead within an hour of that time.

"That, sir, is the end of my story of a *Siberiak*. Do you happen to have a light handy; for, somehow, I have let my pipe out? And, bless me, my pipe-bowl is quite wet. I believe I'm crying. What an old dunce I am!"

The Ancient Advertiser.

A GREAT deal has been written about the part which advertising plays in the development of modern English trade, and certainly the art and practice of advertising has attained a completeness amongst us which is not to be matched elsewhere. But those who suppose that advertising is a modern invention, or a child of the printing press, or a foster-child of the newspaper, are under a delusion.

To advertise is an inherent necessity of human society. As soon as primitive man recognised that he must be social in order to be human or humane, as soon as he began in any degree to be civilised, he began to advertise. Relics of the advertising instinct and customs of the most ancient cultivated nations are not wanting even in London itself.

The British Museum is in possession of a whole collection of ancient Greek advertisements, which were dug up in the island of Kuidos in the year 1758. They are in the form of leaden plates, upon which are inscribed the names of honest persons who had found articles, or of rogues who had stolen them. Such a plate could, of course, be used again and again, the old advertisement being erased, the plate smoothed, and a new advertisement being indented upon it.

These, however, are by no means the oldest advertisements in the world. That wonderfully cultivated people, the old Egyptians, seem to have been regular advertisers. Papyrus leaves have been excavated amongst the ruins of Thebes more than three thousand years old. They are inscribed with the description of runaway slaves, and the

offering of a reward to anyone who can catch them and return the wretched men to their proprietor.

Possibly it was a custom in Egypt, as it certainly was in Greece and Rome, to fasten advertisements upon the walls of public buildings, on the pedestals of statues, in the most frequented spots. The ancient Greeks employed a public crier, who went out into the streets with a bell, sometimes accompanied by a musician. The Greek crier seems to have been a man of wit and jokes, who first gathered a crowd and entertained them, and then passed from pleasure to business. Ancient advertisements may still be deciphered on the walls of Pompeii, which will remind the tourist of those which he sees daily in London and Paris.

Paper Money.

ALL the way from China, and from a period dating more than a hundred years before the time of Christ, there comes to us a story in which some writers appear to see the origin of bank notes. Amongst the Celestials it was customary and necessary, so the story goes, for courtiers, and princes, whenever they came into the royal presence, to veil their faces with a piece of skin. Now, it so happened that at one time the Imperial purse was far from full, and it fell to the lot of the Prime Minister to discover some expedient for removing this source of inconvenience. He accordingly spent many tedious hours, and pondered over many schemes. The result of his profound meditations was a decree to the effect that for veiling the face in the presence of royalty only the skins of certain white deer belonging to the sovereign should be allowed. Of course His Majesty, possessing a monopoly of these deer, could sell pieces of their skin at whatever price he liked. This made them very valuable; they consequently circulated amongst the upper classes of Chinese society as a convenient form of money, and thus we read, "Bank-notes were invented in China."

Strange Story of a Will.

ONE has heard of wills written on bed-posts, concealed in haylofts and flower-pots, and other possible and impossible places, but probably no will has ever passed through stranger vicissitudes than one admitted to probate by Sir James Hannen.

The testator was an engineer on board a Channel steamer, and made his will giving everything to his wife, and gave the will to her. Some time afterwards they had a quarrel, during which she tore the will up and threw the pieces into the fire. The husband picked up the pieces and put them into an envelope labelled "poison," but said he would make a new one. However, several years afterwards he died of smallpox on his steamer, and on his clothes being searched before burning, the envelope with the pieces of the will inside it were luckily found and given to his wife. This brand, plucked from the burning, has now been pieced together, and will be deposited at Somerset House—a lesson to all time to wives not to lose their tempers too far, if they do not wish to lose their husbands' property, or to save it only by a lawsuit.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1891.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERTS

TO BE GIVEN

ON BOXING DAY, DECEMBER 26TH, 1891,

BY THE

POMPADOUR BAND.

Musical Director to the People's Palace Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

AT 3 O'CLOCK.

1. OVERTURE ... "Le Diadème" Hermann
2. SONG ... "At My Window" Henry Parker
MISS KATE BUCKLEY.

When the golden morn is breaking,
Thro' the mists that veil the lake,
Ere the milkmaids cross the meadow,
Ere the daisy stars awake,
Thro' my casement flow'r surrounded
Comes a cadence clear and strong,
'Tis a bird that breaks the silence
With a sudden burst of song.

Oh! happy bird, sing on for aye,
Thy carol blithe and free,
Thy music speaks of love and home,
Then sing, oh! sing to me.

When the twilight shadows darken
Over distant hill and lee,
Then again I long to listen
For the song that comes to me,
With fair promise for the future,
In its music ever heard,
Tell my heart for very gladness,
Sings with thee, my bonnie bird.

Oh happy bird sing on for aye
Thy carol blithe and free,
Thy music speaks of love and home,
Then sing, O sing to me,
Ah! ah! oh sing to me.
Thy music speaks, etc.

3. WALTZ ... "Stella Mia" Aigrette
4. VIOLIN SOLO ... Two Mazurkas Wienawski
MISS GERTRUDE GOULDING.

5. SELECTION ... "La Cigale" Audran

6. SONG ... "When Sparrows Build" Gabriel
MISS FLORENCE OLIVER.

When sparrows build and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise.
Like a scarlet fleece the snow field spreads,
And the icy fount runs free;

And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge and sail in the sea.
Oh! my lost love and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so,
Is there never a chink in the world above,
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou did'st set thy foot on the ship and sail,
To the ice fields and the snow,
Thou wert sad for thy love did naught avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear;
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee anear.
We shall walk no more through the sodden plain,
With the faded bents o'erspread;
We shall stand no more on the seething main,
While the dark rack drives o'erhead.
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,
When the sea gives up her dead.

7. MARCH ... "Russian Parade" Godfrey

8. CORNET SOLO ... "I Lombardi" Verdi
MISS BEATRICE PETTIT.

9. POLKA ... "See me Dance" Soloman

10. DUET ... "Gentle Spring"
MISS KATE BUCKLEY AND MISS FLORENCE
OLIVER.

11. VOCAL WALTZ ... "Fairy Tales"

12. FINALE ... "A Hunting Scene" Bucalossi
(Descriptive.)

"The morning breaks, and peaceful."—The huntsman prepares for the chase.—"Our huntsman sounds a merry blast."—The parties join.—"A hunting we will go."—We all are there.—"The dogs are eager, and so are we."—We are off.—Barking of dogs.—Off the scent.—No, on it again. The death.—The return home.

DOORS OPEN AT 2.30.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

1. OVERTURE "Light Cavalry" ... *Suppe*

2. SONG ... "Dear Heart" ... *Tito Mattei*

MISS KATE BUCKLEY.

So long the day, so dark the way,
Dear heart, before you came,
It seems to me it cannot be,
This world is still the same.
For then I stood as in some wood,
And vainly sought for light,
But now day dawns on sunlit lawns,
And life is glad and bright.

O, leave me not dear heart,
I did not dream that we should part,
I love but thee, O, love thou me,
And leave me not, dear heart.

With you away, the brightest day,
Dear heart goes by in vain,
I dare not dream what life would seem,
If you ne'er came again.
Dark ways before would darken more,
This world would change to me,
Each sun would set in vain regret,
That morning brought not thee.

O, leave me not, etc.

3. VOCAL WALTZ ... "Serenata" ... *Jaxone*

4. VIOLIN SOLO ... Selected ...

MISS EVA HAYNES, F.C.V., Assoc. Violinist,
Trinity College, London.

5. SELECTION "The Gondoliers" ... *Sullivan*

6. SONG "For all Eternity" ... *Mascheroni*

MISS FLORENCE OLIVER.

(Violin Obligato, Miss Gertrude Goulding).

What is this secret spell around me stealing?
The evening air is faint with magic power,
And shadows fall upon my soul revealing
The meaning of this memory-laden hour.

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

Tho' never more on earth,
Those eyes serene and holy,
Thy face that shone in beauty,
Nevermore, nevermore I may see!
The music of thy voice is echoing still within me
Thou reignest in my heart,
Mine own in life and death, I love thee.

The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading,
Thy hallowed presence in my inmost soul
Alone is real, by wondrous power o'ershading
All things beside; I feel its sweet control.
Filling my heart with confidence eternal,
That I shall meet thee in a world supernal;
Where thoughts are felt as I feel thine,
In this blest hour, and know thy thoughts are mine.

Tho' never more on earth, etc.

7. MARCH ... "Tommy Atkins" ... *Beaumont*

8. CORNET SOLO "The Lost Chord" ... *Sullivan*

MISS BEATRICE PETTIT.

9. DESCRIPTIVE "A Hunting Scene" ... *Bucalossi*

"The morning breaks, and peaceful."—The huntsman
prepares for the chase.—"Our huntsman sounds a merry
blast."—The parties join.—"A hunting we will go."—We
are all there.—"The dogs are eager, and so are we."—We
are off.—Barking of dogs.—Off the scent.—No, on it again.
—The death.—The return home.

10. DUET "In the Dusk of the Twilight"

MISS KATE BUCKLEY, MISS FLORENCE

OLIVER.

11. VOCAL WALTZ "The Millstream" ... *Lassere*

12. FLUTE SOLO "Beneath Thy Window" ... *Le Thiere*

MISS MAUD HAYNES.

FINALE ... "Voyage in a Troop Ship" ... *Miller*

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the hall or talk during the performance of any song
or piece of music.

DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1891.

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

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MISS SELINA EVANS.

1. OVERTURE to the "Messiah" ... *Handel*

2. HYMN ... "O come, all ye faithful" ...

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem:
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

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

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above;
"Glory to God
In the highest;"
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Amen.

3. ANDANTE PASTORALE... *Sullivan*

4. SOLO & CHORUS "Praise thou the Lord" *Mendelssohn*

Praise thou the Lord, O my Spirit and my inmost
Soul; praise His great loving kindness, and forget thou not
all His benefits.

5. TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN D MINOR... *Bach*

6. HYMN ... "Hark, the herald angels sing" ...

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new born King.

Christ, by highest Heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb,

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesu, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

7. LARGO IN G ... *Handel*

8. SOLO & CHORUS { "In the field with their
flocks abiding" } *J. Farmer*

In the field with their flocks abiding
They lay on the dewy ground,
And glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around,
When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er them
And lo! from the heaven above
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love.

He sang that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease,
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.

To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day,
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones,
Flashed forth to join the lay.
O never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men
And the heavens themselves had never heard
A gladder choir till then.

For they sang that Christmas carol,
That never on earth shall cease;
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.

And the shepherds came to the manger
And gazed on the Holy Child,
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The Virgin Mother smiled,
And the sky in the star-lit silence
Seemed full of the angel lay;
To you, in the City of David,
A Saviour is born to-day.

Oh! they sang, and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease;
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.

9. CHRISTMAS POSTLUDE { "Good King Wencelas" } *Garrett*

AT 8 P.M.

1. SELECTION from the "Messiah" ... *Handel*

- (a) "For unto us a child is born."
(b) Pastorale Symphony.
(c) "There were Shepherds."
(d) "Glory to God in the Highest."

2. BERCEUSE ... *Delbruck*

3. INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE (Sonata, No. 7) *Rheinberger*

4. FANTASIA on the { "O come, all ye
hymn tune { "faithful" } ... *B. Jackson*

5. VESPER BELLS... *Walter Spinney*

6. SELECTION of Christmas Carols ...

7. GRAND CHOEUR IN D MAJOR ... *Guilmant*

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1891,
AT 8 P.M., BY

THE GIPSY CHOIR.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR TO THE PEOPLE'S PALACE—MR. J. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

VOCALISTS—

MISS ANNIE MONTELLI. MISS EMILLIE. MISS ETHEL NEWTON. MISS NELLIE WILLIAMS.
MR. EDWIN STEVENS (late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company).
MR. BEN JONSON. MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE. MR. GEORGE ROBERTS.

INSTRUMENTALISTS—

Solo Violin—Miss LOUISE RUSSELL. Dulcimer and Gigilera—Miss MINNIE BEADLE.
Piccolo and Flute—MR. E. A. SALFORD.
2nd Violin—MR. WALTER TOLHURST. Pianists—Miss RUBY HOWE & Miss E. A. BEADLE.

PART I.

OVERTURE "Garrison Ball Polka" Josef Gungl

GLEE "The Wandering Savoyards" Taylor

Far from our happy home, our sunny, bright Savoy,
We sing to you our songs of happiness and joy;
And sing our sweetest tunes, Oh listen to the strains,
That waft us back on fancy's wing, to Savoy's sunny plains.
Ah! Li-de-li-de-li-de-li-de; Ah! Li-de-li-de-li-de-li-de.

These are our very best, and we can do no more,
Then help us on our way, for we are very poor;
These are our songs and tunes, Oh, listen to the strains,
That waft us back on fancy's wing, to Savoy's sunny plains.
Ah! Li-de-li-de-li-de-li-de; Ah! Li-de-li-de-li-de-li-de.

SOLO ON DULCIMER ...
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

SONG "The Promise of Years" P. Rodney
MISS EMILLIE.

Old time turned back the book of years,
And bade, and bade me read again,
The page whereon the past appears,
I once to turn was fain.
I saw myself with careless brow,
With friend and comrade nigh;
I read the hope, the whisper'd vow,
And looked away to sigh.
Life is but toiling, age is but pain,
Give me, O Fortune, my childhood again.
Manhood is toiling, age is but pain,
Give me, O Fortune, my childhood again.

Then roses grew about my feet,
That now are lost and dead.
On olden paths that were so sweet,
I ne'er again may tread.
Along life's way by youth made bright,
I wandered, sang, and smiled,
I cannot laugh to-day so light
As when I was a child.

Then time turned o'er the stained page
(Methought the stains, the stains were tears),
And bade me scan the leaf of age,
The promise of far years.
It spoke there of a land apart,
Beyond this life of pain,
Within whose gates the world-worn heart,
Shall grow a child again.
Patience, O sad heart, life is not vain,
Heav'n shall restore thee thy childhood again.
Patience, O sad heart, life is not vain,
Heav'n shall restore thee thy childhood again.

SONG "Tom Bowling" Diddin
MR. EDWIN STEVENS
(late of Carl Rosa Opera Company).

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah many's the time and oft!
But mirth has turned to melancholy,
For Tom has gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

VIOLIN SOLO "Tarantella" Otto Langley
MISS LOUISE RUSSELL.

SONG "An Old Garden" Hope Temple
MISS ANNIE MONTELLI.

PICCOLO SOLO "Silver Bells" C. Le Thiere
MR. E. A. SALFORD.

SONG ...
MR. BEN JONSON.

COMIC SONG "Annie Body's Rooney" Dance
MR. GEORGE ROBERTS.

PART II.

VOCAL WALTZ "Little Gleaners" A. Roeder
Along the village street, with eager hast'ning feet,
We go to yonder summer land, where waves the golden
wheat.

The sun is bright on high, the reapers hurry by,
And we must follow all the day, for harvest time is nigh.
Bright are the cornfields in golden summer weather,
We little gleaners are gleaning there all day,
Watching the reapers who bind the sheaves together,
Gleaning our harvest, with hearts so light and gay.

The skylark is singing on high, far away,
With sweet music filling the sky, blithe and gay.
It blends with the mill's merry sound, far away,
Where swiftly the wheel hurries round, all the day.
Ding, dong, hark, the bells are ringing on high.
Ding, dong, twilight shadows are dark'ning the sky.
Ding, dong, swinging high in the belfry tower.
Ding, dong, rest will come with the evening hour.

The sunlight now fades in the west, the skies turn red and gold.

The skylark has flown to its nest, the sheep are in the fold.
The wheat sheaves shine out in the gloom, beneath the setting sun;

The reapers are all going home, their harvest work is done.
Over the twilight meadows, singing with glee we wander,
All in the gloam hastening home, back to the village yonder.

Now in the starlight glowing, and where the stream is flowing,
Hurrying on glad is our song, on this our harvest night.

SOLO ON GIGILERA ...
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

SONG "Maggie" D. M. ...
MISS EMILLIE.

I love to wander by the brook,
That winds among the trees,
And watch the birds flit to and fro,
Among the autumn leaves,
'Tis my delight from morn till night,
To ramble on the shore,
But when I do my mother's voice
Comes from the kitchen door.

"Maggie, Maggie, the cows are in the clover,
They've trampled it since morn,
Go and drive them, Maggie, to the old red barn."

I'm not allowed to have a beau,
Except upon the sly,
So yesterday he came and took me,
Walking through the rye.
We strolled along so lovingly,
It seemed just like a dream,
When just from out the kitchen door,
Came that far scream—
Maggie, Maggie, the cows, etc.

He took me to a country fair,
We went in a balloon,
Says he to me we'll go and see,
The man up in the moon.
We drifted over towards the farm,
Perhaps a mile or more,
When suddenly I heard that voice,
Come from the kitchen door—
Maggie, Maggie, the cows, etc.

SONG "The Anchor's Weighed" Braham
MR. EDWIN STEVENS.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore,
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break; a little moment stay.
Alas! I cannot, I cannot part from thee.
The anchor's weighed, the anchor's weighed.
Farewell! Farewell! Remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix that heart like thine!"
"Go, then," she cried, "but let that constant maid,
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind!"
"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be!
The anchor's weighed, farewell, remember me."

VIOLIN SOLO "Serenade" Kessler
MISS LOUISE RUSSELL.

SONG ...
MR. BEN JONSON.

SONG "Cherry Ripe" Horn
MISS ANNIE MONTELLI.

COMIC SONG "See me Dance the Polka" Grossmith
MR. GEORGE ROBERTS.

SOLO ON DULCIMER ...
MISS MINNIE BEADLE.

COMIC DUET "Two Officers in Blue" St. Ford
MR. FRANK WIDDICOMBE & MR. E. A. SALFORD.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1891.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

ON MONDAY, 28TH DECEMBER, 1891,

AT THREE O'CLOCK, BY

MR. W. SIDNEY GANDY AND MISS INGLEFIELD.

PART I.

MAGICAL ILLUSIONS.

- 1. Les Mouchoirs.
- 2. The Four Mystic Blocks.
- 3. Money-Making.
- 4. The Spiritualistic Table.
- 5. Sleight of Hand, with Cards.—Sympathy Illustrated.—
In the Distance.—They grow smaller and beautifully less.

PART II.

A MUSICAL SKETCH.

"The Christmas Concert," introducing Imitations of
Singers, Reciters, and Musical Instruments.

DOORS OPEN AT 2 P.M.

PART III.

A Novel Exhibition of Will Power, illustrating direct
Thought Reading without Contact.

PART IV.

Mandoline Solo ... Miss INGLEFIELD
Ventriloquial Sketch ... Mr. W. SIDNEY GANDY

PART V.

EXPERIMENTS IN THOUGHT TRANSMISSION.

This wonderful and inexplicable entertainment was
discovered by Mr. Gandy and Miss Inglefield quite
recently. Although the experiments seem miraculous, the
performers lay no claim to supernatural power. They
allow their audience to apply any reasonable test to prevent
collusion or confederacy.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF

GILBERT-SULLIVAN CONCERT,

ON WEDNESDAY, 30TH DECEMBER, 1891,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

... .. Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

VOCALISTS.

MISS NANNIE HARDING (of D'Oyly Carte's Opera Companies).

MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY (of D'Oyly Carte's Opera Companies).

MR. WILLIAM HILLIER (of the English Opera Company, etc.).

MR. CECIL BARNARD (Savoy Theatre, by kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.).

AND

MR. BROUGHTON BLACK (late Savoy Theatre, and D'Oyly Carte's Opera Companies).

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

ACCOMPANIST—MR. CECIL BARNARD.

PART I.

1. ORGAN SOLO Overture—"Yeomen of the Guard" MR. B. JACKSON
2. DUET "I have a song to sing, O" (Yeomen of the Guard) { MISS NANNIE HARDING & MR. CECIL BARNARD.
3. SONG "Whom thou hast chained" (Princess Ida) MR. WILLIAM HILLIER
4. SONG "When Maiden Loves" (Yeomen of the Guard) MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY
5. SONG "The Sentry's Song" (Iolanthe) ... MR. BROUGHTON BLACK
6. SONG "The Moon and I" (Mikado)... .. MISS NANNIE HARDING
7. QUARTETTE "Brightly dawns our Wedding Day" (Mikado) { MESDAMES HARDING & VAUDREY & MESSRS. HILLIER & BLACK.
8. ORIGINAL MUSICAL SKETCH MR. CECIL BARNARD
Introducing a new humorous song—"The Coster's Protest" or "The 'Ero of the Day" (MR. CECIL BARNARD).

INTERVAL.

PART II.

1. ORGAN SOLO Overture to "The Mikado" MR. B. JACKSON
2. SONG "The Vicar's Song" (The Sorcerer) ... MR. BROUGHTON BLACK
3. SONG "Poor Wandering One" (Pirates of Penzance) MISS NANNIE HARDING
4. DUET "Most obedient to command" (The Sorcerer) { MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY & MR. BROUGHTON BLACK
5. ORGAN SOLO Selection—"Trial by Jury" MR. B. JACKSON
6. SONG "It is not love" (The Sorcerer) ... MR. WILLIAM HILLIER
7. SONG "When a Merry Maiden Marries" (Gondoliers) MADAME ADELINE VAUDREY
8. QUARTETTE "A Regular Royal Queen" (Gondoliers) { MESDAMES HARDING & VAUDREY & MESSRS. HILLIER & BLACK.

At the Pianoforte MR. CECIL BARNARD & MR. B. JACKSON.

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the hall or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION, THREEPENCE.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1891.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT BY PROFESSOR ANDRE'S

MANDOLINE & GUITAR BAND,

ON THURSDAY, 31ST DECEMBER, 1891,

AT 8 P.M.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

... .. Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

VOCALISTS—MISS CLARA DOWLE, MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ.

PART I.

1. WALTZ... .. "Goesia Alpina" A. Ponzio
MANDOLINE AND GUITAR BAND.
2. NEW SONG "Going to Kildare" E. Newton
MISS CLARA DOWLE.
'Twas whin mornin' just began,
Goin' to Kildare,
I met with Tim O Halloran,
Goin' to Kildare;
But faix wid all the quality,
Join in the jollity,
'Tim and me got mixed ye see,
Goin' to Kildare.
With the lords an' all the ladies there,
The Bradys an' O'Gradys there,
An' every praste that showed his taste,
By dancin' at the fair.
Wid the Dalys' an' O'Healys' there,
A swingin' their shillelaghs there,
Faix Tim and me got mixed ye see,
Goin' to Kildare.
But whin the pipes began to play,
Dancin' at Kildare,
'Tim niver looked at all my way,
He left me quite entoirely,
An' danced wid Norah Brierly;
So Tim an' me had words ye see,
Dancin' at Kildare; Wid the?
But whin the moon was shinin' bright,
Comin' from Kildare,
He put his arms around me tight,
Comin' from Kildare.
"Ach! Molly dear," he says to me,
"Tis time that we were fixed," says he,
An' what was I to say ye see,
Comin' from Kildare; Wid the?
3. ZYLOPHONE SOLO "Selected"
MISS MARTIN.
4. SONG "I Fear No Foe" Pinsuti
MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ.
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 find a blow so given,
Would I raise a hand to stay?
Though my heart in twain is 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.

5. MARCH "Hunters" arranged by Edis
BANJO BAND.

6. NEW SONG "For all Eternity" Mascheroni
MISS CLARA DOWLE.

What is this secret spell around me stealing?
The ev'ning air is faint with magic pow'r,
And shadows fall upon my soul revealing
The meaning of this memory-laden hour,
A year ago our paths in life were parted,
A year ago we sever'd, broken-hearted.
Where art thou now! On earth, my love?
Or did thy spirit soar to realms above?
Though never more on earth,
Those eyes serene and holy,
Thy face that shone in beauty,
Nevermore, nevermore may I see!
The music of thy voice is echoing still within me,
Thou reignest in my heart, mine own,
In life and death I love thee.

The air grows fainter still, the scene is fading,
Thy hallow'd presence in my inmost soul
Alone is real, by wondrous pow'r o'er shading
All things beside; I feel its sweet control,
Filling my heart with confidence eternal
That I shall meet thee in a world supernal,
Where thoughts are felt, as I feel thine,
In this blessed hour, and know thy thoughts are mine.
Though never more, etc.

PART II.

7. MARCH "Tyrol" Ringler
MANDOLINE AND GUITAR BAND.
8. SONG "The Fire King" Henry Klein
MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ.

The fire king rose with a mighty voice,
And summoned his slaves around;
They crept to his feet from their smould'ring caves,
And crouched on the burning ground—Ho! ho!
He bade them go to the east and west—
To the limits of earth and sea—
To blight the lives which the earth loved best,
And to scatter misery—Ho! ho!

Raging and roaring they go—
Demons of pain in the fire king's train—
Ho! ho! Ho! ho!
Leaping and curling like snakes they speed,
Darting and flying like captives freed—
Hearts must be broken, and hearts will bleed.

Away, away, where the weary slept,
And the dreams of night were sweet,
The smoke crept on with its stealthy step,
And on crept the burning heat—Ho! ho!
No pray'r, no tear, their rage could quell—
Higher, still bounding higher!—
Till the street was fill'd by the blinding cloud,
And the awful cry of "Fire!"—Ho! ho!
Raging and roaring they go, etc.

Away, away, on the rolling main,
Where a fair ship sights the land,
The fire king travell'd, and in his train,
Rode death and his mighty band—ho! ho!
They lit up the woe on the dying face
That would smile on the land no more,
Demons of pain in the fire king's train,
Their midnight task is o'er.
Raging and roaring they go, etc.

9. DULCIMER SOLO Selection of Scottish Airs ...
Miss MARTIN.

10. SONG ... "When we meet" ... Hope Temple
Miss CLARA DOWLE.
(With pianoforte and organ accompaniment.)
Once, long ago, when the scent of the roses,
Climbed o'er the threshold and scented the day
Some one I loved gathered one snow-white blossom,
And gave it to me e'er his ship sailed away.
He said but these words, "Oh, darling—my darling,
I love you as dearly as man e'er loved yet,"
And ever since then the scent of the roses
Awakes in my heart a strange throb of regret.
Ever since then, ever since then, ever, ever, ever, since then.

Once, long ago, when the scent of the hawthorn
Lay in the light of the glad summer sun
They told me his voice was silent for ever,
And I knew that the dream of my lifetime was done.
I said in my heart, "Oh, darling, my darling,
My love shall be yours when we meet in far years,"
And ever since then the scent of the hawthorn,
Awakes in my heart a wild passion of tears.
Ever since then, ever since then, ever since then, love, ever
ever since then.

11. SONG ... "Anchored" ... Watson
MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITZ.
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Flying with flowing sail
Over the summer sea,
Sheer thro' the seething gale,
Homeward bound was she,
Flying with feath'ry prow,
Bounding with slanting keel,
And glad, and glad, was the sailor lad,
As he steered and sang at his wheel.
Only another day to stray,
Only another night to roam;
Then safe at last, the harbour past,
Safe in my father's home.

Bright on the flashing brine
Glittered the summer's sun,
Sweetly the starry shine
Smiled when the day was done,
Blythe was the breeze of Heav'n,
Filling the flying sail,
And glad was the sailor lad
As he steered and sang thro' the gale.
Only another day to stray, etc.

Sudden the lightning flash'd
Like falchions in the dark!
Sudden the thunders crashed,
Alas for the gallant bark!
There, when the storm had passed,
A dreary wreck lay she.
Put bright was the s'arry light,
That shone on the summer's sea,
And a soft smile came from the stars,
And a voice from the whispering foam:
Safe, safe at last, the danger past,
Safe in his Father's home.

12. MARCH "Descriptive of the Battle of Delhi" ...
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ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1891,
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Incidental Music Composed by MR. GEO. NELSON.

<p>PART I.</p> <p>OVERTURE ... "Ride to Moscow" I. D. K. BAND</p> <p>COMIC SONG ... "Her Father's Boot" MR. GEO. NELSON</p> <p>BALLAD ... "Good Night" MR. J. RICHARDS</p> <p>COMIC SONG "De Golden Wedding" MR. TED HAMILTON</p> <p>BALLAD "Nightbirds Cooing" MR. CHAS. HOWARD</p> <p>COMIC SONG "Out Californy Way" MR. FRED CHALLEN</p> <p>BALLAD "Only a Lock of Hair" MASTER ROBERTS</p> <p>COMIC SONG "The Darkie Beau" MR. JOHNNIE ALLEN</p> <p>BALLAD { "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" } MR. R. MCGEORGE</p> <p>COMIC SONG ... "Five Little Pigs" MR. JOE STANLEY</p> <p>BALLAD "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye" CHAS. ALBERT</p> <p>COMIC SONG "Out Comes Polly" SAM BRANDON</p> <p>COMIC FINALE.</p> <p>Incidental Dance Music Composed by MR. GEO. NELSON. Doors open at 7 p.m. Admission—Threepence.</p>	<p>PART II.</p> <p>OVERTURE ... I. D. K. BAND (Violin Solo—MR. E. A. LAMBERT.)</p> <p>CLOG DANCE ... MR. R. MCGEORGE I. D. K. BANJO BAND.</p> <p>BURLESQUE ORATION { "A Few Absurdities" } MR. JOE STANLEY</p> <p>CHARACTER DUET AND DANCE ... MESSRS. SAM BRANDON and E. A. LAMBERT. (Dance arranged by MR. SAM BRANDON.)</p> <p>To conclude with a Nigger Sketch, entitled— "CORNERED." (Specially arranged for the troupe by MR. JOE STANLEY.)</p> <p>Bilson Warrett ... MR. TONY STAGG (Manager hard up for stars.)</p> <p>Sarry Bullivan ... MR. JOE STANLEY (Heavy Tragedian hard up for work.)</p> <p>Signor Irvino Henries ... MR. R. MCGEORGE (The ebony <i>multum in parvo</i>.)</p> <p>Robert Arthurs ... MR. GEO. NELSON (Renowned Conjuror, and all-round humbug.)</p> <p>Mad Jimmy ... MR. C. HOWARD (Afflicted with homicidal mania.)</p>
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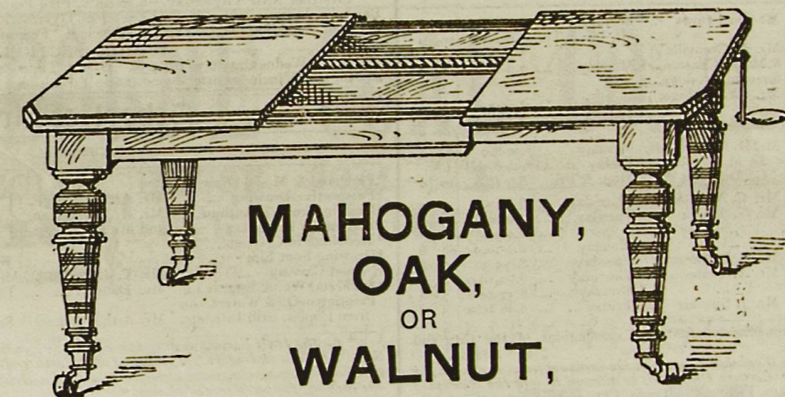
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