

THEATRE ROYAL, LEICESTER.

Sole Lessee & Manager { Also Lessee of Theatre Royal,
Sheffield, and Proprietor of
Theatre Royal, St. Helens } Mr. WALLACE REVILL
Acting Manager & Treasurer.....Mr. W. MALLALIEU.

MR. WALLACE REVILL'S SIXTH ANNUAL
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1893,



DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

Musical DirectorMr. T. J. BURGOYNE.
Scenic Artist.....Mr. J. I. KEITH.



JACKSON'S BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS

ARE the most speedy, most certain, and unerring Pills in the World for all complaints of the Liver, Indigestion, Bile, Dyspepsia, Pains beneath the Shoulders, Painter's Colic, Heartburn, Headache, Want of Appetite, Low Spirits, General Debility, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, and all Skin Affections. No other Pills known will restore the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Nerves in so short a time.

THE EFFECT OF ONE BOX IS MARVELLOUS.


Price **7**½d., **1s.** **1**½d., and **2s.** **9**d. each.

**J. B. JACKSON,
Sole Manufacturer.**

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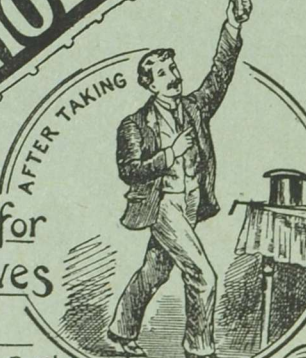
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BEFORE TAKING



HYPO-PHOSPHINE

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The Great Tonic for
the Brain and Nerves

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The above Preparations are sold by all Grocers, Store and Medicine Dealers, and Wholesale and Retail by the Manufacturer,

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IMPORTANT.—Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the above Preparations, the Proprietor will forward them Postage Paid on receipt of Stamps for Retail Price.

Wholesale London Agents—Messrs. BARCLAY & SONS, LIMITED, Farringdon Street.

On WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893,

AND EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

WILL BE PRODUCED ON A SCALE OF GREAT MAGNIFICENCE AND
SPLENDOUR,

Mr. WALLACE REVILL'S

SIXTH ANNUAL GRAND COMIC

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

ENTITLED—

DICK WHITTINGTON

Or, The Cat, the Rat, and the Fairies of Bowbell.

Written expressly for this Theatre by Mr. VICTOR STEVENS.

Produced under the Stage Management of Mr. W. MALLALIEU.

The Superior and Costly Dresses specially designed by Mrs. WALLACE REVILL, and made under her personal superintendence. The Charming Music, including most of the Latest and Popular Songs of the day, by kind and express permission of the principal Music Publishers, including Messrs. Francis & Day, Cramer, Metzler, Williams, Booseys, Maynard, &c., arranged and selected by Mr. CARL HAMLIN. The Extensive Machinery and Extraordinary Mechanical Changes invented and arranged by Mr. SAML. OMEROD and Assistants. The Ingenious Masks, Properties, and Heraldic Devices and Accessories, by Mr. R. SELVIDGE and Staff of Assistants. Limelights and Gas Contrivances by Mr. G. ELLIOTT. The Comic Scenes invented and arranged by Mr. HARRY WYS. The Ballets, Dances, and Children's Specialities invented, taught, and arranged by Madam E. BASSANO.

The whole of the Magnificent Scenery specially Designed and Painted by

Mr. J. I. KEITH.

Musical Conductor	Mr. T. J. BURGoyNE
Assistant Stage Manager	Mr. FRED POLLARD

The Entire Pantomime produced under the personal direction of

Mr. WALLACE REVILL.

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NYANZA
SQUARES,**

IN ALL SIZES.

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IN EVERY VARIETY,
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English & Foreign
Skin Rugs
KEPT IN STOCK.

A. STHAMER, 2 Halford Street, Leicester.

MORTALS.

Dick Whittington (a dashing party, full of go—Thrice Lord Mayor of London).

Tommy (his faithful Cat—a *mous*-chievous animal).

Alice (his lovely Daughter, sweet on Dick).

Selina Jane Juggins (an exceedingly Plain Cook, whose character will bear the strictest investigation).

Jack Idle (an Idle Apprentice, though *idol-ized* by his Mother).

Alderman Fitzwarren (the *Dear* Mercer of *Cheapside*).

Captain Bluster (of the “Saucy Polly”).

Fat Apprentice.

Tum-Tum the Terrible (Emperor of Morocco, whom the Rats delight to *tea-se*).

Hullabaloo (his Premier).

Prince Hassan (of the Moorish Court—a Toff of a high degree).

Princess Allfair (the Emperor’s Daughter).

IMMORTALS.

King Rat (a sort of Jubilee Sovereign, fresh from the Mint).

Nibblem

Bitem

Worryem

Eatem

Rats, bad *in grain*.

The Demon Rat—(worse *still*, and much worse when he’s *busy*).

Fairy Bow-Bell (the Fairy Queen—a gem worth more than gold).

Bon Accord.

Florella.

Ding

Dong

Cling

Clang

(The Four Chimes, “Pas-de-Quatre”).

Rats, Cats, Guards, Blackguards, Troopers and Supers in profusion ;

Fairies and Nymphs, Virtuous Peasants and Villainous People
supplied on the most prodigal scale.

Smoke STHAMER’S Navy Cut, 4d. per oz.

STHAMER for Havana Cigars.

By special request and for the convenience of those residing in the surrounding districts, there will be a series of GRAND ILLUMINATED

DAY PERFORMANCES,

THE FIRST ON

Boxing Day, Tuesday, December 26, 1893.

THERE WILL ALSO BE DAY PERFORMANCES ON

Saturday, December 30,

AND

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON

DURING THE PANTOMIME SEASON.

DOORS OPEN AT 2 O'CLOCK. COMMENCE AT 2-15.

NOTE—The Day Performances are in every respect the same as those given in the Evening.

CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS OF AGE HALF-PRICE TO ALL PARTS.

~~~~~ **Notice.—Late Trains**

Will leave Leicester Railway Station (Midland) every Evening for Wigston, Kibworth, Market Harborough, and Kettering, at 10-55 p.m. For Syston at 10-50 p.m. For Loughborough, Nottingham, and Derby, at 11-22 p.m.

London and North-Western Railway Company, for Wigston, Blaby, Narborough, Hinckley, and Nuneaton, at 10-52 p.m.

ADMISSION:—

Private Boxes, £1 is. Dress Circle, 3s. Boxes, 2s.
Pit, 1s. Amphitheatre, 9d. Gallery, 6d.

HALF-PRICE AT 9 O'CLOCK—GALLERY EXCEPTED.

Doors open at 7. Commence at 7-15. Saturdays and Boxing Night half-an-hour earlier. Carriages at 10-45.

EARLY DOORS will be opened at 6-30 each Evening. (Saturdays and Boxing Day at 6 o'clock). Parties wishing to avoid the Crush will be admitted by same, on payment of 6d. extra, to Circle, Boxes, and Pit. 3d. extra to Amphitheatre and Gallery.

Box Plan and Seats booked only at Spencers' Library, Market Place.

Any incivility on the part of the attendants, or neglect in the delivery of Bills, &c., if reported to the Management, will receive immediate attention.

STHAMER supplies Publicans at Lowest Prices

Try **STHAMER'S** Celebrated Ship Shag, 3d. oz.



SCENE I.

→ **The Goblin Belfry of Bow Bells.** ←

DEMON CHORUS.

King R.—Cease such noise. Why this merry-making?
 When freedom comes I'll give you all a shaking!
 For twenty years your King's been caged in here.
 The hour for my release is drawing near.
 For when it chimes the midnight hour
 I shall be free! Then to assert my power
 In every land.

Ha! ha! That's to your liking!
 The blow of vengeance soon we shall be striking.
 Oh, you cowards, you surely do not fear 'em?
 I'd demolish the lot—could I get near 'em.
 But hark! That sound! 'Tis the midnight chime.
 Thanks, dear rats, this reception's quite sublime.
 Now to business, I'm ravenous—you understand,
 I mean to settle every pussy in this land.
 There's work for me in store—indeed, in truth,
 I've heard it said a simple country youth,
 Dick Whittington, who owns the King of Cats,
 Means to make it warm for us poor rats.
 Ours must be the task that Cat to settle.
 Oh sweet revenge! I feel I'm on my mettle,
 For Whittington I vow I'll make it hot.

Enter Fairy.

STHAMER'S Manx Mixture, best 3d. Mixture
Out.

Largest Assortment of Pipes at STHAMER'S.

Fairy—You'll pardon me—I'll take good care you'll not!
I overheard your plot—your game I'll spoil.

King—I'd like to see the scheme I cannot foil,

Fairy—Harm young Dick—I vow I will endeavour,
To have you caged again for ever.

King—Well, that we've got to see—I tell you flat,
I'll settle Dick and his hateful Cat!

Fairy—They're under my protection. Harm but a hair,
You'll quickly go to pot, I do declare.

King—Ha, ha!

Fairy—Laugh away! the time will surely come
When baffled rage will leave you silent, dumb.

King—I defy your power!

Fairy—Defy away, my friend—

King—It's war between us,

Fairy—Aye, to the bitter end!

CONCERTED PIECE AND CHORUS.

SCENE II.

OLD CHEARSIDE.

A STREET IN YE OLDEN TIME.

Fitz.—Thanks, dear friends, for this kind reception.

Alice—How pleased I am—is quite beyond conception.

Omnes—Hurrah!

Fitz.—This must be an extra joy and mirth day,
It is my own sweet daughter's birthday,
Ah me, but there, my feelings I'll smother,
She does remind me so of her dear mother.

For your Tobaccos, go to STHAMER, Halford St.

Labor King, 7 for 1/- at STHAMER'S.

Alice—This is not a day for melancholy.

Fitz.—Right! Pull yourselves together—let's be jolly.

Alice—How very kind, thank you! What sweet roses,
How good of you to make such precious posies.
Bless you all, dear friends, Pa said I might,
To my tea and dance invite you all to-night.
Will you come?

Omnes— We will!

Alice— That's right, joy be with you.

Fitz.—Mind, bring your own sugar and tea with you.

Omnes—Oh!!!

Alice— Pa!!!

Fitz.—Only my fun, a feast I'll find you,
So pray don't leave your appetites behind you.
There—kiss your old dad—and list to me,
The time has come when you should married be;
I've found a husband for you—think how jolly
To wed the Captain of the "Saucy Polly!"

Alice—What, Captain Bluster—that horrid old guy?
No, thank you, dad, I'd rather die!

Fitz.—But think of the money he's got

Alice— Well, I don't care!
My future with that man I will not share!

Fitz.—You little silly—obey my wishes, do!

Alice—I won't!

Fitz.—Then, my child, I've done with you,
To call my own, I've not a single dollar,
Things have been *dicky*, I'm out of *collar*.
To save myself from ruin there's no way out
Unless at once my creditors I pay out.
You see, my dear, an awful storm is brewin',
Now say the word and save your dad from ruin.

Alice—Of love for him I don't possess a particle.

STHAMER for Cigarettes.

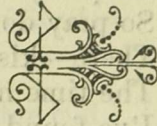
SNAITH'S



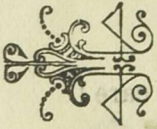
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10 Belgrave Gate,

AND

15 Haymarket.

STHAMER'S Navy Cut, best value for 4d.

Fitz.—Love? Bosh! Where's the genuine article!
 At first your mother didn't care about me,
 Then found she couldn't live without me.
 It was the "oof" that did it.

Alice— Well, I'll not do it!

Fitz.—Well, if you don't, my dear, you'll rue it.
 I'll give you till to-morrow to decide;
 Your father's ruin—or become his bride.

DUET. [Exeunt.

Enter Selina Jane Juggins.

Selina—Allow me to introduce myself to you,
 I'm "Selina Jane Juggins," how d'ye do?
 I once was lovely, a sweet young miss,
 It's marriage, girls, that's brought me down to this.
 I'm a widow, it's just three years ago,
 My hubby gave his final kick you know.

SONG.

[Exit.

Enter Jack Idle.

Jack—Oh, my poor head! A trifle I'd give
 If anyone could tell me where I live.
 Now, who pushed me down?

That was a stopper!

If you do that again, I'll call a copper!
 Steady, steady! Jack Idle's himself again.
 I've got such a headache,

Millions of stars I've seen.

Where was I last night? What a night it must have been.

SONG.

[Exit.

Enter Cook.

Selina—I thought I heard that idle Jack's voice. He's been out
 all night, I'll give him beans!

Re-enter Jack.

A. STHAMER, 2 Halford Street, Leicester.

Largest Stock of Cigars at STHAMER'S.

Jack—What game is this?

Hullo, Cookie, has anything gone amiss?

Selina—You drunken brute!

Jack— It's my birthday!

Selina— How many more?

This week?

Jack—To-day just makes a score?

You're not angry with me!

Selina—Oh, hold up, do!

Jack—Oh, Cookie, dear, you know that I love you?

Selina—You'll toddle off to bed, that's if you're wise.

Jack—I'd rather fall about, it's exercise.

Selina—Pull yourself together, just take my tip,

And quietly to your bedroom slip.

Should Fitzwarren catch you in this state

The instant sack will be your certain fate!

Jack—All right, Cookie, in future I'll turn over a new *leaf*.

Selina—I should advise you turn over an entire *volume*.

Jack—There's nothing *novel* about that.

Selina—Don't bring me to *book*.

Jack—Your words are not *binding*.

Selina—They are in *truth*.

Jack—No back *Answer*. I want a *Pick-me-up*.

Selina—Come indoors, I can give you *Scraps*.

Jack—Don't want *Scraps*. Have got *Tit-Bits*.

Selina—Oh, chuck it! In you go!

Oh, ye Gods and fishes!

He's gone and smashed the family dishes.

[Exit.

Enter Dick and Cat.

Dick—No need to introduce myself to you,

You'll guess it's Whittington aud Pussy too.

STHAMER'S well-known Shell Shag, 3d. oz.

STHAMER, the Wholesale Tobacconist,

Dick—Footsore and weary, we've tramped along
 Unknown and lost, amidst the noisy throng.
 How often in London—we've been told
 The streets are always paved in gold.
 There' very little gold that I can see.
 On every side starvation faces me.
 Without a friend, not e'en a helping hand,
 Against such cruel fate, it's hard to stand.
 Tho' civilized, in this our country dear,
 Poverty is ever lurking near.
 Subscriptions oft are sent to lands unknown,
 Without a thought for starving ones at home.
 Ah, such is life, and so 'twill ever be,
 Home's the last place to look for charity.
 I feel that I shall have to give up now.
 Poor Pussy, too, is worn out, aren't you?

Cat—

Me-cow!

Dick—Never mind, let's brave it to the end.
 Oh, Pussy dear, you are my only friend.

SONG.

Oh, what a crowd. How they rave and shout.
 Let's stand aside and see what it's about.

Enter Crowd, Captain Bluster and Middy.

Capt.—Shiver my topsails! belay, you lubbers, here!
 You'll drive me mad, you lazy lot, I fear.
 Salute yer Capt'n!

Sailors— Hurrah!

Enter Fitzwarren.

Capt.—Well, you antiquated old prosser you!

Fitz.—Delighted to see you.

You old Josser you!

Capt.—It strikes me forcibly —

Fitz.—You'll pardon me, Captain, It struck me forcibly!

Capt.—I've called to see the gal. Trot her out!

Halford Street.

STHAMER supplies Tobaccos from $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ^{up to} Tons.

Fitz.— With pleasure !
[Exit Fitzwarren.

Capt.—Weigh your mainsail! spread your anchor!
Hoist your quarter-deck, and give three cheers for your
Captain and his future bride.

Omnes.—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Enter Fitzwarren and Alice.

Capt.—Can I believe my peepers! Such form divine!

Dick— What loveliness.

Fitz.—Young man, you just stand aside!

Alice—Oh, what a nice young man!

Capt.—Oh, scrumptious miss, say you'll be my bride!

Alice—What! I marry you! You horrid old fright.

Fitz.—How dare you, child, you know it isn't right!

Capt.—She calls me a fright, what next I wonder,
I'll know the meaning o' this, I will by thunder!

Fitz.—She wants coaxing, Captain.

You tantalising child,
Upon my word, you'll drive your father wild.
Say something nice to him!

Alice—I hate you, there!!!

Capt.—Oh, if I were at home, wouldn't I swear.
Look here, young lady, consent to be my spouse,
Or, see your father kicked from yonder house,
He's in my debt for thousands and cannot pay,
So if you do not choose to name the day,
Out you go!

Omnes—Oh lor! what's that!

Enter Cook and Jack.

Selina—Take that, and that—you idle, drunken brat!

Jack—It's my birthday to-day!

Fitz.— Oh, you beauty!

Smoke STHAMER'S Navy Cut, 4d. oz., 2d. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

Jack—Hullo, guv'nor, how are you, you old cockalorum!

Capt.—Here, gaff my binnacles, what's yer little game!

Jack—Hullo, old Guy Fawkes!

Fitz.—Jack Idle, once for all, I've done with you,
I'll tear up you indentures and stop your screw;
No more apprentice be of mine, so go—
And never again your ugly features show.

Jack—You don't really mean it!

Fitz.—Ah, give me the lad
Who's straight and honest—one who would be glad
To work for honest fame—Ah, where is he!

Dick—The very lad you want, you'll find in me.
Give me a trial, sir?

Fitz.—He's got an honest face!

Dick—Have no fear, sir, I never would disgrace
Your trust in me.

Fitz.—Have you no friends?

Dick—Yes, one, my cat!

Fitz.—I hate cats! your chance has gone, that's flat.
You'll have to seek elsewhere for work, my lad.

Dick—Just my luck! Come, Pussy!

Alice—One moment, dad.

I pray you take some pity on that youth.

He'll be good and honest, he will, in perfect truth.

Selina—Our house is not a home for invalids, you know!

Capt.—Look here, Guv'nor, just you take my advice
And keep that cat, he'll settle all your mice.

Fitz.—A good idea, my boy, the place is yours.

Dick—I hope, kind sir, you'll never have one cause
To regret your bargain. Oh, thanks, sweet Miss.

Fitz.—I didn't bargain for anything like this.

Best Goods at Lowest Prices at STHAMER'S.

STHAMER for Shags, Cut Cavendish, etc.

Jack—In the language of the classics, I suppose,
I've got the blooming chuck!

Omnes—You have!

Selina—A good riddance too!

Jack—Oh, indeed! I wouldn't be mixed up with such a
stingy lot!

Selina—I always gave you my wages, you ungrateful wretch!

Capt.—Now then, my little beauty, say the word.
Be mine!

Alice— I won't, the notion's too absurd!

Capt.—You refuse?

Alice— I do!

Capt.—My hate, you have incurred.

Fitz.—Oh, you'd see your father end his days in sorrow,
Perhaps she'll change her mind, so call to-morrow.

Dick—Fortune smiles upon me, a chance I've got,

Alice—And may success attend your future lot.

Jack—Tho' hated and despised, this day you'll rue,
I swear I'll make it hot for all of you.

Omnes—Ha! ha! ha!

GRAND MEDLEY FINALE.

SCENE III.

FITZWARREN'S COUNTING HOUSE

Enter Selina.

Selina—Well, I'm blowed, I'm fairly sick o' this,
Who'd be a slavey, when things they go amiss
Just don't I cop it hot. They never spare me
If I says "I'll leave"—they only dare me!
Beca's they know they owe me two month's screw,
I'll make 'em pay—I can't go till they do.

STHAMER for Snuff, Top Mill, Old Scotch, etc.

STHAMER'S large stock of Mexican Cigars.

They are a mean lot—so 'orty and proud,
 'Ere there ain't not no followers allowed.
 'Pon my word, I think, it's simply 'orrible,
 In fact, the treatment here is quite intorrible!
 If I talks to the baker, the boss he gets quite *crusty*;
 Says I, "The man must talk!" says he, "Oh *musty*!"
 If I cackles to the butcher at the door,
 He says, "Look 'ere, you part to *meat*" no more.
 Then there's the sweep—he's tasted master's boot!
 He's ordered somewhere else to press his *soot*!
 I tell yer straight, I've fairly got the 'ump,
 And do believe I'm going off my chump!
 And this is my day out, it is too bad,
 It's two years since the last day off I had!
 It's all very well, when everythink's said and done,
 A slavey's life is not a happy one.

SONG.

Selina—Hullo, Jack.

Jack—Hullo, Selina!

Selina—I hear you've got the sack!

Jack—Got the sack! I've got several sacks!

Oh, Selina, I loves yer!

Selina—Now, that'll do, d'year?

You'd best clear out—you have no business here!

Jack—Oh, Selina, you know, if only I'd the power,
 The wealth of Nation's, love, on you I'd shower.

Selina—(Sings)

"Garn away, do you take me for a silly?"

"Garn away, do you take me for a 'J'?"

"Do you take me for a mug? Well, I'm sure,

"Strike me up a mulberry, what d'ye take me for?"

No, Jack, I'm going on the stage—I shall marry a real
 live lord, and be a perfect lady.

I shall be a Serpentine dancer—it's very easy—you're
 not required to do any steps, all you have to do is to
 waggle your skirts about a bit, and you're a Serpentine
 dancer.

STHAMER for Cigarettes by Weight.

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SCHOOL OF Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, &c.

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TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION UNDERTAKEN.

AUTHORS AND ACTORS M.S. A SPECIALITY.

44 BELGRAVE GATE.

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10,000 LADIES

TO FURNISH THEIR HOMES WITH

→ † **BALDWIN'S** † ←

UNBREAKABLE STEEL ENAMEL WARE

Suitable for all purposes and will stand all fires.

THE ABOVE STEEL ENAMELLED WARE TO BE PROCURED FROM

J. BALDWIN,

THE PEOPLE'S CASH IRONMONGER,

Exactly opposite the Horse Repository.

STHAMER for high-class Havana Goods.

Jack—Oh, you daisy!

Selina— I shall marry a “dook,” a “dookiss” I shall be!

Jack—Let me be your dook!

Selina— Sir!

Jack— Oh, *Do-kiss* me!

Selina—Keep your distance—you may look, but you mustn't touch!

Jack—Selina, I love yer—long you must have known it!

Selina—Love me! It's the first time then, you've shown it!
You love Alice!

Jack— Your jealous feelings smother,
I only love sweet Alice—as a brother!

Selina—Do you really mean it?

Jack— Why, of course I do!

Selina—Well, Jack, I always was so fond of you.

What can I do to prove how much I really love you?

Jack—Lend me a shilling!

Selina—I lent you sixpence yesterday!

Jack—All right! I'll pay you back!

Selina—There you are!

Jack— Oh, Selina, make it two!

Selina—What!

Jack—To prove how strong my love it is for you!

Selina—You'd make a good soldier. You borrow so nicely. And
you really love me?

Jack— I swear it on my knees!

Selina—Swear! No bad language here, sir, if you please!

Well, upon my word, your conduct's shady,
Remember, sir, you're talking to a lady!

Jack—Spurn me not, but name the happy day!

Selina—Right, but first of all let's push de clouds away!

DUET.

[Exeunt.

A. STHAMER, 2 Halford Street, Leicester.

Best 2d. smokes, 7 for 1/- at STHAMER'S.

Enter Fitzwarren.

Fitz.—My “stores” are quite a “frost”—gone clean to “pot,”
 And tho’ a “frost,” for me it’s precious hot!
 I sold the goods that public fancy tickles,
 My best “preserves” were voted simply “pickles.”
 With “dairy goods” I tried my friends to please,
 They said my “Stilton” was not quite the “cheese;”
 My composite candles, little good I found,
 They only meant a “composition” in the pound;
 My “groceries” I always over-rated,
 And “grocer” frauds were never perpetrated.
 Ev’rything goes wrong—to plague my wretched life,
 What can I do to end this ceaseless strife?
 I give it up. It runs in the “familiee,”
 There’s no help for it—they all take after me!

SONG.

[Exit.

Enter Dick.

Dick.—Fortune seems to smile on me more brightly,
 And I’m haunted by the face of Alice, nightly!
 My constant dream! My waking thought! Ah me!
 I wonder if she ever dreams of me?
 An errand boy—ah no! she’s far above,
 I ne’er can hope to ever gain her love!

SONG.

And now to work! Too long I’ve idle been.
 Alice, where art thou? Her face I have not seen
 This day.

Enter Alice.

Alice—Good morning, Master Dick!

Dick—Good morning, Miss!

Oh, isn’t she lovely! Oh joyous bliss

To see her once again.

Oh Alice—oh dear!

I’m beginning to feel decidedly queer!

You’re very busy—oh let me help you—do!

STHAMER'S enormous stock suits all classes of Customers.

Alice—I came this way in hopes that I'd see you!

Dick—Oh how jolly! I feel a sort of creep here!

Why, she's making love—it must be leap year!

Alice—The boy's in love!

Dick—Oh, if I could but dare!

Alice—I must go now, I've no more time to spare!

Dick—Oh, don't go yet!

Alice—Oh, you naughty boy, you—

Dick—I'm awfully sorry. Did I then annoy you?

I must speak out! Be still, my heart! don't jump so!

Alice—He's going to propose—be still, my heart, don't thump so!

Dick—Well, here goes! Alice, I love you! There!

By all the twinkling stars above, I swear

My heart is wholly thine!

Alice—I'm yours!

Dick—What bliss!

I never dreamt of happiness like this;

Alice—That Dad will give you his consent, I doubt it!

Dick—Well, never mind, my dear, we'll do without it!

SONG.

Alice—Good-bye, darling, I really must go now,

If father finds me here, there'll be a row!

Dick—Good-bye, sweetheart, and now one loving kiss!

Enter Selina.

Selina—Hullo, hullo! What little game is this?

Nice goings on, I'm sure, before my very face!

Your behaviour, sir, is simply a disgrace!

To show you, miss, the love I've really got for you,

I'll fetch your Pa, and make it jolly hot for you!

Enter Fitzwarren.

Selina—You're just in time!

Fitz.—Well, what's the row!

A. STHAMER, Cigar Importer, Halford St.

Selina—

I'm riled!

Dick has actually kissed your child!

Fitz.—Such goings on will get into the papers!

They never see us, do they, "at such capers?"

Selina—Yes they have tho'. There, take it out of that!

They've seen you often kissing Cookie on the mat!

Fitz.—Well, I never!

Selina—

Just mind what you're about!

Fitz.—You leave at once!

Selina—

Good-bye, it's my day out!

Fitz.—And as for you, you forward, sly young elf,

You've made it precious warm for your sweet self!

If this occurs again, you'll have to go!

Alice—'Twas all my fault—pray don't treat him so!

Fitz.—You dare say that? you saucy little jade!

I should do the same myself—I'm afraid!

Look here, young Dick, you'll have to stick to work,

You leave at once, should you your duties shirk.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Exeunt all but Dick.

Dick—Ah, woe is me—I'm always in hot water,

And Alice, too, I'm forbidden now to court her!

If she'll be true, I can afford to wait,

But now to work, to put the office straight.

How tired I am!

What means this drowsy feeling?

Soft and gentle sleep is o'er me stealing.

Oh, my poor heart—it beats with constancy!

Alice, sweet Alice—my thoughts are all for thee!

Enter Jack.

Jack—He sleeps! Now's my chance to do the trick;

I said I'd be revenged on Master Dick,

And so I will—I've stolen Cookie's purse,

She'll miss it soon—and now, to make things worse,

STHAMER for well-conditioned El Destinos.

All fancy Tobaccos kept at STHAMER'S.

Jack—I'll place it in young Richard's care—

So here goes!

And now to lay the snare!

Revenge! He'll transported be for life!

And Alice, then, perhaps will be my wife!

Ah, Master Dick, at last, indeed, you're done!

But now to step aside and watch the fun!

Dick—Oh lor, I've been asleep! This will not do!

Oh Alice, Alice, this is all for love of you!

Enter Cat, Selina and Fitzwarren.

Fitz.—Kill the monster!

Dick—How dare you, sir, do that?

Strike me if you like,—don't touch my cat!

Selina—Give it a pennorth of rat poison!

Dick—

You dare!

Poor pussy—you're under my protection! There!

Enter Alice.

Alice—What is the matter?

Fitz.—That blessed cat has smashed everything in the pantry!

Here, out you go! At once I'll pay your wages!

I'm afraid at present I'm rather short of cash;

I'm sorry to say my threat was rather rash,

I really haven't the money!

Selina—

The cash I'll lend.

Fitz.—Oh Cookie, dear, you are indeed a friend!

Selina—Oh lor! I've been robbed!

Omnes—

Robbed?

Selina—

It's true!

Jack—I wonder who's the thief!

Fitz.—

Don't know!

Jack—

I do!

Omnes—You!

Jack—Yes! There stands the knowing thief.

Omnes—Dick Whittington!

The latest in the ^{Tobacco}Trade, STHAMER'S Navy Cut

STHAMER for Tobacconists' Fancy Goods.

Alice— It passes all belief !

Jack—Don't you believe me? Just search his pockets through,
And every word I say, you'll find is true !

Dick—Stand back, I'm innocent, I swear !
What's this? A purse !

Selina— 'Tis mine !

Dick— How came it there !

Fitz.—You know that best !

Jack— I have the only proof !

I was on the watch, and saw him take the "oof."

Dick—It's a lie !

Fitz.— To a prison you'll be sent !

Alice—Look up, Dick, I believe you innocent !

Fitz.—Get thee gone !

Dick— Farewell ! a long goodbye !

Selina—Here, stow Dick—this humbug's all my eye !

Alice—Good-bye, Dick !

Dick— Come, puss, we'll pull along somehow !
You don't believe me guilty, do you ?

Cat— Me-ow ?

CONCERTED FINALE.

SCENE IV.

HIGHGATE HILL.

DICK'S MILESTONE AND TRYSTING TREE.

Enter Fairy Queen followed by attendants.

Fairy—Be on the watch, and with your fairy charm,
Protect Dick Whittington from any harm !
I've lured him hither !

Nobody supplies the trade ^{better than} STHAMER.

Have ^{you} smoked **STHAMER'S Gold Leaf Navy Cut.**

Fairy—

Alas, alas, poor boy,

Life to him is without one single joy.
 Poor Dick, tho' fortune on thee still doth frown,
 A future waits thee full of great renown.
 Go tell my Fairy elves—that here to-night
 We meet, to hold our Fairy Revels bright.

Attendants retire.

SONG.

Exit.

Enter Dick and Cat.

Dick—Come along, Pussy, here we'll rest awhile.
 That's better! Comfortable?

Cat—

Me-ow!

Dick—

That's the style!

Poor me! alas! turned out of house and home,
 Compelled once more this cruel world to roam.
 It's very hard—almost too hard to bear,
 Of hardships surely I have had my share.
 Accused of theft, my blood it burns with shame;
 I—who have always borne an honoured name,
 I'd willingly endure sharp hunger's pain,
 Could I but see dear Alice once again!
 See her again? Ah, no! and yet somehow
 A little bird is whispering—

Cat—

Me-ow!

Dick—You know then, Pussy, what I mean?

Cat—

Me-ow!

Dick—

Ah, yes,

My every thought this Pussy seems to guess.
 Hark, sweet music; How my poor heart doth swell,
 I feel so strange as tho' some fairy spell
 Inspired me with a dream of Home—ah me!
 "Home, sweet Home." There is no home for me.

SONG.

A. STHAMER, the Halford Street Cigar and Tobacco Warehouse.

WAND

CASE

CHEMIST.

PURE DRUGS.

LOW PRICES.

18 HAYMARKET & HIGHFIELD ST.

Smoke **STHAMER'S** celebrated Target, 3d. oz.

Dick—Now for a sleep; soothing and divine,
Just forty winks to rest this head of mine.

GRAND FAIRY BALLET.

Fairy—Sleep on, bright visions, hover round you dreaming,
In shapes too heavenly for mortal seeming;
Courage, noble youth, the loved one of your life,
Sweet Alice, some day shall be your loving wife.
Hope on, hope on, your future lot to bless,
And in the end we'll crown you with success.
Aye success! No means shall be left undone;
Dick shall be thrice Lord Mayor of London!

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London;
Turn again, Whittington,
London's Lord Mayor.”

Exit Fairy.

Dick—I've been dreaming, hark the bells again!

“Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

The bells they seem to turn my very brain.

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London;
Turn again, Whittington,
London's Lord Mayor!”

Dick—Yes, I will return. Come, Pussy, I declare
That life once more to me is tempting fair!
Oh, Alice, no more lonely sadness,
Thy future shall be one long spell of gladness!
Come on, dear Pussy, a hang for fortune's frown,
Pull yourself together, let's hie for London town.

Exeunt.

SONG AND CHORUS.

STHAMER'S STEAM-HAMMER, unequalled, 4d. oz.

SCENE V.

❖ **NEAR THE DOCKS.** ❖

Enter Alice.

Alice—Poor little me. My heart is feeling sad,
 For not one wink of sleep all night I've had.
 A cruel world at true love to be mocking,
 And think a sweetheart awfully shocking.
 Oh, I could rave and storm and tear my hair,
 Which, being my own, I've a right to tear!
 Oh Dick, my own true love, come back to me.
 My heart for you will ever constant be.

SONG.

[Exit.

Enter Jack.

Jack—There she goes! Oh Alice, my love don't spurn,
 For this poor heart, pray give yours in return.
 I'm now the villain of the piece. How nice!
 I wouldn't be the "hero" at any price!
 If crime's to be done, I long to begin it.
 Of all the perfect hot 'uns, I'm fairly in it.

SONG.

[Exit.

Enter Fitzwarren.

Fitz—Heave ho, my hearties! Haul in yer blooming slacks.
 Oh! for a sailor's life, I love none other,
 First up one wave and then down another.
 Oh! I don't like the thought of it! The Captain says
 going to sea will make a man of me. He says if there's
 anything in me, it's sure to come out! Oh!!
 To stay at home we really can't afford,
 We're going to try for better luck—abroad.
 In half-an-hour the ship will sail away,
 And then for foreign parts, ahoy! Belay!

Enter Selina.

STHAMER'S Gold Leaf Navy Cut beats all others.

Fitz.—Shiver my timbers—why it's Cookie!

Selina—Hullo Fitzee—is that you? Where are you going to in that dress?

Fitz.—I'm going to sea. Where are you going to in that dress?

Selina—I'm going to see—

Fitz.—Going to sea?

Selina—Don't interrupt me—I'm going to see the General—I've joined 'em!

Fitz.—Ah Cookie—you ought to do very well in the Salvation Army.

Selina—Why?

Fitz.—You'll be able to "Cook" the accounts.

Selina—Ah, there's no vacancy—the General does his own "cooking." Where do you sail for?

Fitz.—Africa!

Selina—How far is it?

Fitz.—Three thousand miles.

Selina—Only three thousand? Oh, I could do that on my tricycle.

Fitz.—Oh, you goose.

Selina—*You Gander!* (Uganda).

DUET.

Enter Captain, followed by Sailors, Alice, and Jack.

Capt.—Hullo, there! Here Guv'nor, I'm in a stew,
We cannot sail—I'm minus half my crew,
Unless we find a few to volunteer,
We can't man the ship—that's very clear!

Jack—Take me!

Selina—And me!

La Gloria, best 2d. smoke in the market, at STHAMER'S

Cigars in 25's, wonderfully got up for 'Xmas, **at STHAMER'S.**

Capt.— Don't be a silly fool!

We'll "man" the ship—not "woman" it.

Selina—That's cool!

Jack—Well, I'll make one.

Fitz.— And so will I!

Capt.— That's two!

I only want one more to make a crew.

Enter Dick and Cat.

Fitz.—You back again!

Alice— My Dick!

Dick— Oh, listen, do!

Pray Mr. Skipper, let me join your crew.

Fitz.—What! harbour a thief?

Dick— I'm innocent!

Fitz.— Stand aloof!

Dick—Oh, take my word!

Fitz.— Your word! You took my "oof."

Dick—Oh, take me sir!

Capt.— I will indeed, forsooth,

I do believe the lad—he speaks the truth.

Fitz.—I won't have a thief on board. He'll be sneaking the ship next.

Jack—Here, hold on a bit. I must speak out.

Omnes— Well! well!

Jack—I've something on my mind I want to tell.

Dick never stole the purse—'twas I!

Omnes—'Twas you!

Jack—Oh, dear,

Your love for him, it stung me to the quick!

I thought I'd be revenged on Dick.

Took Cookie's purse—and quickly as a rocket

I placed the money then in Richard's pocket.

I ask your pardon, Dick. Forgive me, Alice.

2 Halford Street.

STHAMER'S Cut Cake, best in the market, **3d. oz.**

Dick—I forgive you, Jack, I bear no malice.

Alice—And so do I.

Dick—My own! My precious dear.

Wilt have me now, my character is clear?

Selina—I knew you were innocent all the time! I forgive you!

Bless you my children!

Fitz.—Dick, my boy, your pardon. Let's shake hands,

Together let us sail to foreign lands.

Dick—Right you are!

Capt.—Well, we must get aboard!
To waste such precious time we can't afford.

CONCERTED PIECE.

SCENE VI.

PORT OF LONDON.

Enter Captain, followed by Fitzwarren, Sailors, Selina, Jack, Dick, and Cat.

Capt.—Heave ho! yer lubbers, aboard! It's time to sail!
Look out for squalls, we're going to have a gale!

Selina—I feel so poorly—how that vessel rocks.

Fitz.—That's nothing, wait until she leaves the docks.

Dick—Come along my darling, whate'er betide,
There's nought to fear, whilst I am by your side.

Alice—I know that, Dick!

Jack—It's my birthday to day.

Capt.—All aboard!

SONG AND CHORUS.

STHAMER for Irish Roll.

SCENE VII.

DOMINION OF EMPEROR TUM-TUM

THE TERRIBLE.

Enter Princess Allfair and Fan Bearers.

Allfair—You may retire !

Heigho ! alack-a-day and deary me !
 I wonder where dear Hassan now can be !
 He kissed me and said “s’long,” so light and gay,
 I didn’t think he’d be *so long* away.
 With anxious love I feel my bosom yearn,
 I do *so long* for Hassan’s quick return.
 He should come back by yonder crooked path,
 Why, here he comes !

Enter Hassan.

Hassan—My love !

Allfair—My life !

Hassan—My fate !

Allfair—Oh, darling, tell me, why thou art so late ?

Hassan—Detained on most important business, dear.

Allfair—Don’t apologise, I’m happy now you’re here.

Hassan—Oh, you sweet and captivating miss.

Allfair—You really love me ?

Hassan—Yes, now one sweet kiss !

Another !

Allfair—Oh, Hassan dear !

Hassan—Let’s make it three !

2 Halford Street.

STHAMER for Havana Cigars.

Allfair—Oh, make it a dozen!

Hassan— I will dear, in a trice,
And my darling, you should say—

Allfair— It's nice.
Oh Hassan say—are all your wild oats sown?

Hassan—Yes! When we're wed, I'll always stay at home.

Allfair—From me at night you'll never stop out late?

Hassan—No, never!

Allfair— You darling!

Hassan— It's truth, I tell you straight.

Allfair—But when on washing day, my dear, we scrub,

You'll not get riled and trot off to your club?

Hassan—No, never!

Allfair—You sweet! You'll take me shopping too,

And buy everything I take a fancy to?

Hassan—No, never!

Allfair— Oh!

Hassan— My dear, I mean I will!

Allfair—Then Hassan dear, I vow I love you still.

DUET. [Exeunt.

Enter Guards of the Emperor, followed by Premier Hullabaloo.

Hulla.—Our great and mighty monarch comes this way,

Therefore we must the usual homage pay.

Enter Tum Tum the Terrible.

Tum.—Dat am good! Try again!

Dat am better!

Such homage suits your monarch to the letter.

Now to business, what's on the tapis, eh?

That makes you look so jolly happy, eh?

2 Halford Street.



Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

Is the Great Specific for Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentary.

General Board of Health, London, Report that it acts as a Charm, One Dose generally sufficient

COUGH,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—DR. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED A REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne *must be false*.

This caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DR. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states :

"TWO DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5th, 1880. To J. T. DAVENPORT, London. DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands we are happy to say are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging

from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & Co., *Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.*

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN OF EVERY KIND, affords a calm refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. SOLE MANUFACTURER—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell St., W.C.

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Toothache, Neuralgia,
Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Cholera, Gout, Consumption, &c.

STHAMER for Cigarettes.

Hulla.—Oh, mighty King, it grieves me to relate,
Your country's in a very shocking state.
The place is swarmed with rats, I do declare,
They're causing devastation everywhere

Tum.—The rats! The rats! The terrible rats! Oh! lor
More trouble for this monarch am in store.

Hulla.—They come in droves, and take you unawares!
Why, even now, they swarm the Palace stairs,

Tum.—Oh, save me from my friends—I mean the rats!
My kingdom for a horse—no, a thousand cats.
Demon Rat enters and disappears.

Tum.—Gracious, good goodness! Tell me what was that?

Hulla.—May it please you, mighty King, it was a rat!

Tum.—Oh, what a whopper!

Hulla.— Whatever shall we do?

Tum.—Well, something must be done, that's very true.
I have it!

Hulla.— Well?

Tum.— A Royal Proclamation
At once we'll post throughout the nation.
Offering to those who'll do their level best,
To help to rid us of this awful pest—
A ton of gold.

Hulla.— Oh sire!

Tum.— That am our Royal decree.

Hulla.—Oh lor - all this will end in Bankruptcee.

Tum.—To raise the cash you'll levy further taxes.

Hulla.—When they refuse to pay what we now axes?

Why, what with strikes, and wars, we're in arrears,

Labor King, 7 for 1/- at STHAMER'S.

STHAMER for Cigarettes by Weight.

Hulla—That there will come a “smash”—I have my fears.

Tum.—Let's to the palace, and there in Royal Debate,
At once our troubles we'll investigate.

DUET.

[All Exeunt.

Enter Selina.

Selina—I'm the only one saved! It's my day out!

Oh lor, a lively time I've had of it.

Fool that I was to cross the ocean,

I still can feel that up and down motion.

Oh, what a come-down -- of reason I'm bereft,

Just what you see of me is all that's left!

I feel each moment that I'm getting thinner,

It's just six months since I have tasted dinner.

In fact I feel I'm going mad and madder,

I'll let myself out as a living “shadder.”

Oh cruel fate! How very hard doth seem,

Last night I had an agonizing dream

Of bygone days—it touched me to the core—

Such happy days! Ah, days to come no more!

SONG.

[Exit.

Enter Jack Idle.

Jack—I'm the only one saved!

A nice ending this, to a half-day trip.

Ah! fool I was to go aboard that ship.

On the ocean's *bed* I've slept 'neath *sheets* of water,

Largest stock of Cigars at STHAMER'S.

All fancy Tobaccos kept at **STHAMER'S.**

And now can *count-a-pain* in every quarter.

Oh dear! Oh lor, I fear that I shall sink,

Oh, what would I not give for just one drink.

There's not a pub in sight—oh dear! Oh my!

If I'd the chance I'd drink a brewery dry.

What shall I do? I've knocked at every door in the city and begged for bread. It's the old old story, they say: "Go away—go away! The dogs' home is round the corner."

I'm lost! Oh lor! The niggers they have spied me.

They will not be content until they've fried me

For their supper. I'm off!

[Rushes off.]

Enter Fitzwarren.

Fitz.—I'm the only one saved!

Oh, perish me pretty! A nice old run I've had,

For miles by niggers I've been chased like mad.

Oh, what'll be the end—ah, goodness knows,

They'll nab me! Cook me! Eat me, I suppose!

But not if I can help it, so I will hide.

[Rushes off.]

Enter Dick.

Dick.—I'm the only one saved!

And all the terrors of the storm I've braved,

For what? Upon a foreign shore to starve,

Or make a dish for cannibals to carve!

My darling Alice lost! I dare not think of that!

I wonder if they've saved my precious cat.

My strength gives way—the end has come at last!

2 Halford Street.

STHAMER for well-conditioned El Destinos.

Dick—No help for me—all hope I fear is past.

Enter Captain.

Capt.—I'm the only one saved! Here quite safe and sound,

Whilst all the crew and passengers are drowned.

Those niggers they have led me such a dance,

But now to make escape, whilst I've the chance!

[Runs off.

Enter Cat.

Cat—Me-ow! Me-ow!

Dick—I thought I heard my Pussy's voice, that's flat.

At last I've found my own true faithful cat!

Enter Captain.

Capt.—Dick!

Dick—Captain!

Enter Fitzwarren.

Capt. & Dick—What, Guv'nor!

Fitz.—Can I trust my eyes?

By Jove, indeed, it is a real surprise!

Enter Jack.

Capt., Dick, & Fitz.—By all that's wonderful, it's Idle Jack?

Jack—Well, I'm blowed! I thought you all were drowned.

Enter Selina.

Selina—“There's Rosemary for you!”

Jack—Look, what the tide's washed up!

Omnes—It's Selina!

Selina—What!!!

Omnes—We are the only one's saved!

Dick—But where is Alice? My darling I must save!

Jack—The Emperor has claimed her as a slave!

STHAMER for Flakes.

Dick—A slave! Never!

Jack— They captured her to-day!
The Emperor and his court, they come this way.

Enter Guards, Emperor, and Hullabaloo, followed by Alice.

Tum.—By Royal Command, we'd see the maiden's face!

Dick & others—It's Alice!

Tum.— What perfect loveliness and grace!
She's mine! She's mine!

Dick— You'll pardon me, she's not!

Alice—Dick!

Dick— Alice!

Selina— Oh, crumbs, shan't we get it hot.

Tum.— Seize him!

Dick—Stand back! Touch me if you dare,
Remember I am English—so have a care!

Selina—Put up yer dooks, and see me give you toko,
And land you one upon your ugly boko.

Tum.—Remove that woman!

Selina—Who are you calling a woman? I'm no more a woman
than you are! You ugly old stick of sealing wax!

Enter Hassan and Princess.

Hassan—Your Majesty, oh come without delay!
And from your larder drive the rats away!
They've cleaned out all the cupboards.

Tum.— Rats again!
Oh, these awful rats—they'll turn my brain.
To clear this plague—some strong steps must be taken,
Or we'll save nothing.

Hulla.— No, not even our bacon!

Largest assortment of Pipes at STHAMER'S

STHAMER supplies publicans at lowest prices

Tum.—We have proclaimed both far and wide to-day,
 A ton of gold we are prepared to pay,
 To whomsoever first shall clear the land
 Of every rat!

Dick— Oh, ain't this jolly fine!
 Great Sir! It shall be done—the prize is mine!
 I'll undertake to settle every rat.

Tum. & Hulla.—You will!

Dick— I will!

Tum.— But how?

Dick— With this—my cat!

Tum., Hulla., Hassan, & Allfair—Isn't it a beauty!

Dick—Now Pussy dear, there's work for you in store,
 The Emperor has promised wealth galore,
 If you can polish off this plague of rats.

So now to prove that you're the King of Cats!

Tum.—On to the Palace, and there to pour out wine,
 And all of you shall drink to me and mine!

CONCERTED FINALE.




STHAMER'S Navy Cut, best value for 4d.

Nobody supplies the Trade better than STHAMER.

SCENE VIII.

THE ROYAL PALACE.

Grand Fete and Oriental Ballet.

 *Grand Variety Entertainment!*

Introducing the Renowned **BROTHERS PASSMORE,**
BISHOP & VALE, and a host of Specialities.

Enter Hullabaloo, Prince Hassan, and Princess Allfair, followed by Emperor, Alice, Dick, Cat, Fitzwarren, Captain, Jack and Selina.

Tum.—Let's all be glad, my worst fears they have fled,
Now I know that every rat is dead.

Young man, your cat has played a noble part,
Before my Court I thank you from my heart.

Now for the wine!

Selina—Mine, a little drop of unsweetened if you don't mind.

Fitz.—Cookie, I'm surprised. I thought you didn't touch
spot.

Selina—Quite right! I take mine in a bucket!

Tum.—Now charge your glasses, and as your host,
I beg to give you all a hearty toast,
Here's health to Whittington and his Prince of Cats,
And death to all the hateful rats!

Have you smoked STHAMER'S Gold Leaf Navy Cut.

Pianos ! Organs ! Pianos !

G. E. JACKSON,
35 SOUTHGATE STREET.

Pianos from 8/- per Month,
 AMERICAN ORGANS FROM 6/- PER MONTH.
 Second-hand Instruments always in Stock,
 Wonderfully Cheap.

EVERY NEW INSTRUMENT WARRANTED for 10 YEARS.
 TUNED FOR TWELVE MONTHS. Delivered Free in Town or Country.

THE WELL-KNOWN

Estey, & Mason & Hamlin American Organs

COLLARD & COLLARD and NEUMEYER PIANOS,
 Cannot be BOUGHT SO CHEAP anywhere as they are now offered at

G. E. JACKSON'S
Piano and Organ Rooms,
35 SOUTHGATE STREET,
LEICESTER.

STHAMER'S Cut Cake, best in the market, 3d. oz.

Omnes—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

King Rat appears.

King R.—Ha! ha! ha! With that toast I don't agree!
Behold King Rat! You've to reckon now with me.
Revenge is mine at last, and from this hour,
You all shall know and feel my mighty power.
Be all accursed!

Young Dick, your end is near!

Quick to my aid—big Demon Rat appear!

Enter Demon Rat.

King R.—Yonder's the cat! To work! Demolish him!

King Rat disappears.

Dick—Pussy, show how quickly you can polish him!

Omnes—Hooray!

Dick—Well done, Pussy!

Alice—You're champion now!

Are you quite satisfied yourself?

Cat—Me-ow!

Tum.—I must remark, my joy is quite unbounded!

With wonderment indeed, I'm quite dumfounded.

Hullabaloo, see that wealth galore,

Is given to our friend—

I can't say more!

Dick—Thanks, mighty King!

At last my fortune's made!

Alice—And may the brightness of it never fade.

STHAMER for Pipes, Pouches, Matchboxes, etc.

STHAMER'S Steamhammer, unequalled, 4d. oz.

Selina—I say Dick, you'll remember me in your will, won't you?

Dick—Allow me on behalf of the English nation,
To extend to you a hearty invitation.
I promise you indeed beyond conception,
In good old London town a big reception.

Tum.—We accept the offer, and also beg to say,
That we will sail with you this very day!

Dick—Right you are.

You've nobly done your duty!
Now let us sail for England, Home, and—

Selina—I'm the Beauty!

GRAND FINALE.

SCENE IX.

The Dear Old Land of Albion once more.

Enter Fairy Queen.

Fairy—"All's well that ends well" My task's done,
Richard has both fame and honour won!
In peace he now can spend his future life,
With joy complete and Alice as his wife.
Bless their hearts, I wish them every bliss,
It does me good to think I've shared in this.

[Exit.

Enter Emperor.

Smoke STHAMER'S Celebrated Target, 3d. oz.

A. STHAMER, 2 Halford Street, Leicester.

Tum.—I've had a Royal welcome—both near and far,
 In fact I've quite out-shone the "Persian Shah."
 Old England's great—its power none can resist,
 Of Empires new and old, it heads the list.

Enter Selina.

Selina—Hallo Emphy! I see that you're all there!
 I'll go for him, we'd make a lovely pair!

Tum.—She's making eyes at me! Neum! Neum!

Selina— Spare me, do!
 Naughty boy!

Tum.— Be mine! I'm fairly gone on you!

Selina—Oh, sir. I wonder what my mamma will say.

Tum.—One kiss!

Selina— I won't!

Tum.— You must!

Selina— I say—I can't!

Tum.—I say you shall!

Selina— I tell you then, I shan't!

Tum.—You'll drive me mad!

Selina— You won't have far to go!

The Town Council chamber is round the corner—one
 visit there is guaranteed to completely drive you off
 your dot?

Tum.—You must and shall be mine—while there's life
 there's *oap* (hope).

Selina—Should advise you to use the "Monkey Brand."

STHAMER'S Manx Mixture, best 3d. Mixture out.

STHAMER'S well-known Shell Shag, 3d. oz.

Tum.—Oh say, sweet maid, that you will be my bride.

Selina—Pray just give me a moment to decide.

Tum.—Be my queen, my palace let us see.

Selina—All right, I'm yours!

I'll kill him in a week.

DUET.

Enter Captain, Fitzwarren, Jack, Hassan, Princess, and Hullabaloo.

Jack—What! Mashing again?

Fitz.—

Oh well, upon my life.

Selina—That's where you're wrong—I'm going to be his wife.

Omnes—His wife!

Selina—Yes, his wife! There's nothing very wonderful about that, is there? I suppose I can marry an Emperor if I like—and if I don't like, for the matter of that—it wouldn't be the first Royal marriage that was a marriage of convenience.

Capt.—I'm sorry for you, I hope you're well insured?

What can't be "cured" yer know must be endured.

Selina—Pooh!

Omnes—

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Hassan—

We're only joking!

Allfair—

We wish you joy!

Jack—Yes, dear Cookie. First a girl and then a boy!

Selina—Oh you silly things!

Allfair—

Poor girl, did they tease her.

STHAMER supplies Tobaccos from $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. up to Tons.

STHAMER for high-class Havana Goods.

Jack—You giddy old dog !

You silly old Geezer !

Capt.—Now then, hurry up ! It's time to get our fun done,
And see our Dick proclaimed "Lord Mayor of London."

CONCERTED PIECE.

SCENE X.

GRAND PROCESSION

(GUILDHALL.)

LORD MAYOR'S DAY—LONDON.

Enter King Rat.

King R.—I own I'm crushed. With rage I fiercely burn !
Go where I will, I'm done at every turn.
I'll not give in, my foes I'll yet defeat.
Ha ! ha ! my turn will come, "Revenge is sweet !"

[Exit.

Enter Principal Characters.

Selina—At last we've done it.

Allfair— You have ?

Tum.— Yes, we are wed.

I feel so jolly, I think I'll lose my head !

A. STHAMER, Cigar Importer, Halford Street.

Best Goods at Lowest Prices at **STHAMER'S.**

Selina—Pull yourself together love—don't be a fool!

Tum.—Can't help it when you're married! It's the rule.

Enter Fairy Queen.

Dick—Why, who is this? How very strange doth seem,
It's the kind fairy I saw in my dream!

Fairy—Yes, Master Dick, It's true I've been your friend,
And hope to prove so too—unto the end.

Enter King Rat.

King R.—Pardon this intrusion—I've a conscience got.
I own that I have been a bold bad lot!
In future I'll be better—some pity show me!
I'm quite a decent fellow did you but know me.

Dick—Well, "good for evil" we return.

King R.— Good lad!

To-morrow night I'll be twice as bad!

Dick—Dear friends, I now appeal to you,
My troubles they are past,
And with my Alice at my side,
My future lot is cast.

How sweet it is to think that friends,
Can live in memory dear.

With friends like you to help us on,
There's little we've to fear.

The stoutest ship that e'er set sail,
Must brave the angry storm;
May we anchor safely here,

Best 2d. Smokes, 7 for 1/- at **STHAMER'S.**

✂ Grand • Medley • Finale. ✂

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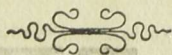
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Five Minutes' Interval.

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THE CASH BOOTMAN,
WARWICK HOUSE,
 ❖ 48 & 50 Cheapside, Market Place, ❖
LEICESTER.

H. P. TYLER is acknowledged by all as giving the best value in Boots and Shoes in the World.

How is it that H. P. T. has gained this reputation? Because his Boots have stood the test for nearly 30 years, and so recommended themselves.

ALL HIS GOODS ARE SOLID LEATHER!

He marks every pair in Plain Figures and guarantees the Wear.

He sells more Boots and Shoes in the United Kingdom than any other firm, and this enables him to sell at a smaller profit.

H. P. TYLER knows the requirements of the people, and studies health and comfort by selling only reliable goods.

The Largest and Best selected stock of Shooting Boots in the district.

Try his "JUMBO" BOOT, 10s. 6d., for heavy country wear. None better. 12 months' wear guaranteed.

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Fashionable Tailor 



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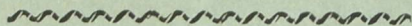
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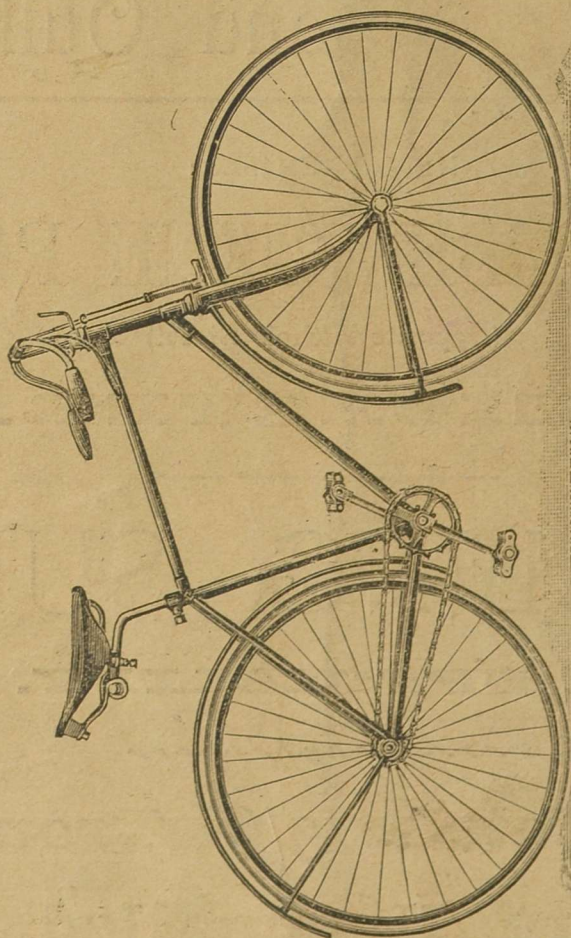
HAVE MADE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES

SECOND TO NONE,

Brought about by only the best material and workmanship being used in their construction, and they are

ALWAYS UP TO DATE!

Any kind of Tyres fitted.



Cash or Easy Payment.

If you are about to purchase a Cycle, do not have an unknown make that will be a source of trouble to you, but have one that has stood the test of time that you can enjoy, named a **PEREGRINE!**

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