

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 144

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



Dr. RICHARD MACARTNEY,  
OF CINDERFORD,

Is one of the best-known and most highly respected residents of Dean Forest. He is very keenly interested in sports of all kinds, and has earned fame in more than one branch. A good shot, he tied for the Championship of England in March, 1892, at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, with two others, there being 107 entrants, and eventually the Doctor took second prize. In the same year, however, he carried off the International Cup at the International Gun and Polo Club's meeting in August. At Rugby football his burly figure has been a tower of strength to many a side, and in the role of secretary he rendered invaluable help to the Cinderford Football Club for some years, during which they had an unbeaten record. Dr. Macartney also served for a long period as a member of the County Rugby Union Committee, and in season 1892-3 he served the office of Vice-President, whilst this season (1903-4) he fills the Presidential chair. Outside sport the Doctor is known as a most ardent supporter of the good old Conservative cause, and he also devotes much time to Freemasonry and occupies the somewhat unique position of Worshipful Master of two Lodges at the same time, viz. the Royal Forest of Dean Lodge, No. 1067, and the Vassar-Smith Lodge, No. 2994, which was consecrated at Lydney on Tuesday, 22nd Sept., in the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage of Brethren from all parts of Gloucestershire, Bristol, Somerset, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

NEXT WEEK:

"THE GEISHA" & "THE CREEK SLAVE."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

Chandos Grammar School,  
Wincombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.  
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.  
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE TERM  
BEGAN SEPT. 15th. - Apply to  
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a weekly prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The winner of the 142nd competition is Mr. J. W. A. Roylance, Royville, Alexandra-street, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 53rd competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The winner of the 35th competition is Miss Humpidge, of Swindon, near Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rector of Swindon (Rev. A. C. Gabell).

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, and should not be larger than 10 in. by 7½ in. Half-plate photos are best.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

Liverpool Cathedral is to be built of local red sandstone.



“Selina Jenkins’s” Letters.

SELINA JENKINS ON THE GLOUCESTER “MOP.”

Fairs is a very ancient institution. Long afore the fishcal policy was ever considered worth a body’s while to argy about, and afore free eddication and involuntary schools was invented, fairs was a national institootion of the ‘ighest himportance. Needless to mention, the old him called “Ho, dear! What can the matter be; Johnnie’s not come from the fair” is a proof of the angciousness of the hinstitootion, and also shows a very good hinsite into ‘uman natur’, so I considers, when it do go on to speak about Johnnie ‘aving missed ‘is way ‘ome in the dark after ‘aving partook of the fun of the fair, not to speak of his ‘aving negglected to purchis the piece of blue ribbon of wich we hears so much, both of wich is the likeliest things in the world to ‘appen after such goings on as is considered to form the program at sich hentertainments as the Gloucester “Mop.”

They do say that these ‘ere mops and things was mostly started in memory of saints and sich like, and was originally a kind of a sort of religious meeting—something between a Salvation Army onslaught and a play at the Theaytre in aid of the roof of a church. But if so, all I can say is, “ought toms, aught murr,” as the Germans do say, being foreign for ‘times is a good deal changed,” for of all the ear-splittin’ rackets as ever I ‘eard—well, there, I’ll tell you all about it, and then you’ll know.

Mary Ann Tompkins got ‘old of some old-fangled idea to the efeck that Gloucester “Mop” was a sort of a celebration of a saint’s day, altho’ it beats me altogether wot kind of a saint would ave sich a celebration. ‘Owever, she being of a ritocualistic ‘Igh Church turn of mind, considers it to be ‘er bounden duty to go over and take part in this ‘ere celebration ditto; and wot must she do but enlist me in the good cause by payin’ our 2 fares over and back in the cool of the hevening.

There was a very mixed lot in the carridge goin’ over with us, including a Ightalian with a monkey and a man as were blind by perfession; but, being off work for the time being, were studyin’ ‘alf a sheet of the “Daily News” as somebody ‘ad gave ‘im with a bit of cheese inside it. There was, moreover, about 3 more a side than could properly sit down, mostly belongin’ to the “great unwashed,” as they do call that sort, besides 2 maids, as stood up all the way to Gloucester, eatin’ nuts and smellin’ very strong of mixed scent, as must ‘ave used not less than a penorth each, from the strongness of the aroma, as you mite say. ‘Owsomedeve, the voyage by train passed hoff ‘apply enuff, ‘ceps for a haltercation between the ticket-collector and the Ightalian with the monkey, in the corse of wich it come out that monkey is charged the same as children under 12, altho’ the Ightalian tried to make out that a monkey were only a sort of a hinsect, and therefore was entitled to go free, like canary birds and poll parrots.

I can tell you, it were a relief to get out of the carridge when we pulled up to Gloucester, and to wend our way thro’ the streets to the scene of the “Mop,” viz. Barton-street. Afore we arrived on the spot we could ‘ear the classic strains of ‘Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you” and other well-known hime a-peelin’ thro’ the midnife air, as the sayin’ is; and soon w’ comes to the place where the fun of the fair was in full swing.

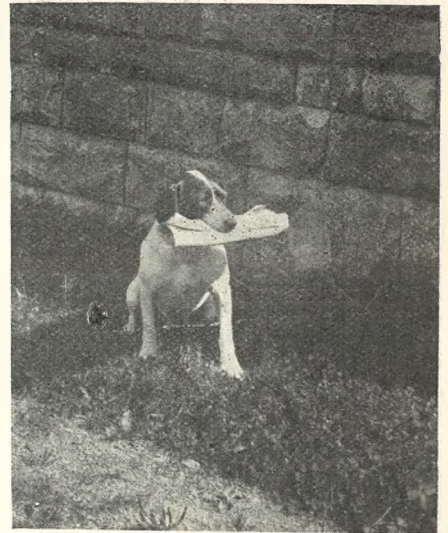
Now, Mr. Editor, if I was to attempt to subscribe wot a pandarmonium of noises there was you wouldn’t be able to print it. Type wouldn’t be loud enuff. You’d want to get it on a phonygraaf and get people to call to the office and ‘ave the row turned on. Just thing for a moment, you who likes yer peace and quietness: about 5 or 6 steam horgins all bellowing out different tunes, a man beating a big drum in front of one show, a great sort of fire bell clangin’ on another, and dozens of smaller fry shouting and yellin’

at their customers, whirling about spring rattles and reglar makin’ the welking ring with their hullabalooos. Rite up thro’ the street as far as a body could see was nothink but a long line of flaring naptha lamps on sweet stalls and toy stalls and gingerbread stalls and “take yer photo while you wait, as supplied to the Hemperor of China,” stalls; little stalls and big stalls, stalls on wheels, and stalls on orange-boxes; ‘swing the ball and choose wot you like stalls; a photo of your fature husband or wife, price one penny, stalls; try yer strength, try yer weight, try yer lungs, try yer height stalls; throw 4 rings on one hook and have a silver watch stalls; stalls with images of Kruger and De Wet and the Macedonian atrocities to be thrown at; cocoanut shies, “all bad nuts took back and exchanged, bazaars and at homes attended”; swingin’ boats, big wheels, ice cream, potatoe chips, winkles, patent pills, toothache cure—in fact, everythink under the sun—or the naptha lamps—that could be brought forward to tempt the coppers out of the poekets of the folk as was endeavouring to squeeze by in the roadway.

Talk about a squash!—well, I thought it were rather tight gettin’ into the Police-court to sympathise with they there passive desisters in Cheltenham, as ‘ave ‘ad their rates paid for ‘em by some fool’ardy individual, and done me out of a very hinteresting time at the sales, that I will say; but the crowd over there to the “Mop” were something hawful down by the roundabouts and shows, by the railway crossin’. Me and Mary Ann was so bandered about—wich somebody actually squirted some water or somethink into her face, as run down and spoilt the new blouse she ‘ad on—that we was very near fainting once, ‘aving ‘ad our feet trod out of all knowledge by the crowd, until we spied a sort of round step place, as we sets ourselves down on, thinking it were a fixture; but, you mark my words, if this weren’t the outside edge of a roundabout, as started off with we two a settin’ on the step, as was carried round 3 or 4 times afore we could subtract the attention of the driver so as to get ‘im to let us down, not to speak of all the young chaps laffing and makin’ unkind remarks about me being rather stout and Mary Ann Tompkins so thin, wich of course we didn’t make ourselves, did we, now?

When we got down from this position of peril, as the newspapers would say, we battled our way thro’ the tons of ‘uman beings by wich we was surrounded on every ‘and towards a place where there was a ‘andsome sort of hentrance to somethink or other, meanin’ only to ‘ave a look at the outside. But there was a row of young fellows jest behind, as joined hands and pushed for dear life, so that, whether we wanted to or not, we was jest carried hoff our feet up the steps and into the show, as turned out to be a hanimated pottygraafs, and very good pictures they was too, for 3d., accompanied with somethink as sounded like Sankey’s hims on to a hurdy-gurdy organ. But the ‘otness of the ‘eat inside was reglar onbearable; and there was sich a onparalleled crowd inside that there show the sides of it was very nigh bulged out with the pressure. I didn’t like the look of it, so me and Mary Ann creeps out thro’ a ‘ole in the side, determined that if we was to be suffocated we’d do it in the hopen hair; even if ‘twas such a ‘orrible crush, you could see the sky hoverhead.

We could see a man sellin’ somethink in the distance, so I goes first and bangs and pokes me way with me unberella (as Aunt Maria left me) until we gets clost to ‘im, as were sellin’ wot looked to me like great chunks of putty; but I gathered it weren’t that, but a sort of a hedible rock, becos I see a boy eatin’ it. ‘Owever, we won’t be too certain, becos boys eats anythink, even acorns and inj-rubber, when they can’t get brandy-balls. This ‘ere man were very interestin’ to listen onto, wich he started the lumps of rock at 2s. and generally sold them for 3d. or 2d., ‘oller-ing and ranting all the time with a 13-horse-power voice, as mite ‘ave done good service callin’ the cabs outside the Theaytre. I bought a lump of the rock jest to see wot it were like, but unfortnity I let it fall, and



“POMPEY.”

Meets G.W.R. down train every morning for Mr. C. W. Lawrence, Sandywell Park, Andoversford, R.S.O., and brings back London papers, which guard throws to him.

2 people stepped on it afore I could go to the rescue, so as it ain’t altogether wot you may call a tasty morsel, not now. ‘Owever, perhaps if I scrapes off the dust and bits it’ll come in for Eric Bertie and Gwendoline May when they comes around to see me. Mary Ann, she bought a rolled Australian gold chain for 8d. and a real silver plated Geneva lever watch, with a real face and 2 hands, warranted, for 3s. 6d., wich the man said if it didn’t suit he’d be there next year and would change it, wich was very kind.

There was a lot more I could tell you, but there isn’t room, such as the entertainment with a young man as twirls plates and basins and a young woman who swims about in a bottle of water; but our hapyion of the “Mop” is just this: I considers as they ought to give more room to walk in the roadway, and not to ‘ave to fight yer way thro’, as is Turkish and not British to a elderly fieldmale; wich Mary Ann considers that if this ‘ere is intended to keep up a saint’s day, she thinks they be different sorts of saints in Gloucester to them as is to be found in these parts. ‘Aving said wich, I lays down me pen, being in such a upshook state with the pressure I’ve ‘ad brought to bear on me that you must egsuse any mistakes in the spellin’, wich I be generally very careful over, so they says. SELINA JENKINS.

ZOLA’S MONUMENT.

Last year, immediately after Zola’s death, his admirers decided to erect a monument in Paris to his memory. Its execution (says the “Globe” Paris correspondent) was entrusted to the French sculptor Charpentier, and the Belgian Constantin Mennier. These artists, who are bound to deliver their work, completed, within three years, have now decided on their design, on which they have collaborated continuously during the past two months in Belgium. The monument is designed to symbolise the writer’s two works, “Fecondite” and “Travail.” “Fecondite” will be represented by a mother and children, and “Travail” by what M. Mennier, whose forte lies in vigorous and realistic figures of the Flemish toilers of the mining districts, calls “the figure of a worker belonging to an heroic trade—a blacksmith with a leather apron.” “That figure I know,” said the great Belgian sculptor, glowing with enthusiasm as he described his work, “I possess it; I have it in my head and under my hand.” The statue of Zola, standing, will be placed above these figures, and that, in its turn, will, to quote the artist’s description, “be dominated by verity.”

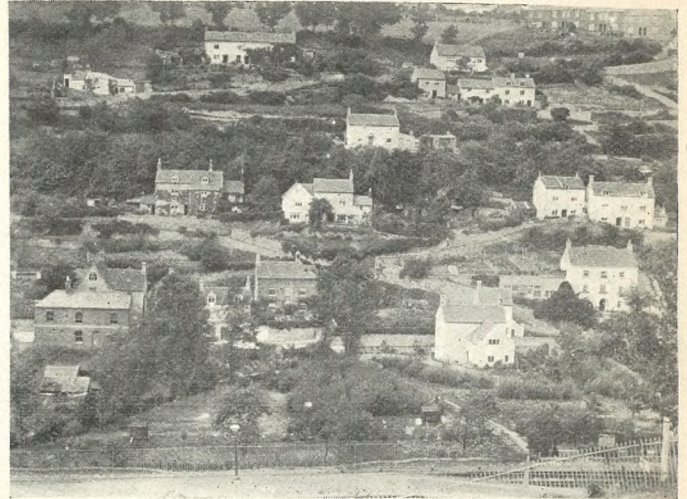




“Reflections.”

BISHOP'S DYE WORKS, NEAR STROUD.

Photo by C. Furley, Stroud.



View from Chalford Hill.

Photo by A. H. Colchester, Cheltenham.

## Tour of our Churches.

### SS. PETER AND PAUL, NORTHLEACH.

Northleach has a fine church, and the ecclesiastical authorities evidently make the most of it. It is set out in Cathedral style—chairs, not pews; open daily; a large book inside the entrance doorway for visitors to inscribe their names; and prayers every morning. The church is in the Perpendicular style, and was erected about the middle of the 15th century. The western tower has a panelled and embattled parapet, and other portions of the exterior of the building are relieved with canopied niches and crocketed pinnacles. It has a pretentious entrance porch, enriched throughout with tracery, and surmounted with a groined roof. The nave is lofty, and there are fine clerestory windows. The crested roof of the chancel, rising part of the way up the eastern window of the nave, however, has not a good appearance. In the chancel is a sedilia, and the east window is of brilliant colours. There are north and south aisles, and at the east end of each is a chapel, that on the north having been converted into a vestry and organ chamber. In this chapel is a grand old stone altar. From the south chapel, towards the altar, is a large squint, or hagioscope. The font is old, and the carving upon it a little dilapidated. There are brasses and tablets to the memory of former Northleach worthies. There is a good organ, presented in 1835. The gas standards look meagre, the only ornament to them being the incandescent fittings.

I attended service at this church on Sunday morning last. Having a look round before the congregation assembled, I was rather amused by the entrance of a baker's man with a basket of bread. It appears that under a charity half-a-dozen poor persons are given food for the body as well as food for the soul every Sabbath Day. But surely the bread might be delivered on a Saturday night, or earlier than 10.35 a.m. Sunday.

There was a rather sparse congregation—indeed, the church would seem to be much larger than is required for the rapidly diminishing population of this well-known little Cotswold town. The clergy and choir surprised themselves at the west end, and marched in procession to the chancel, whilst a soft voluntary was played on the organ. Morning prayers were gone through in a plain and devotional manner. The Venite was sung, and the lengthy Psalms for the day were capitally well chanted. One of the churchwardens, who is a licensed lay-reader,

read the lessons. The Te Deum and Benedictus were well chanted. A pleasing Kyrie was sung in the Ante-Communion service. The hymns were “Victim Divine,” and “O Lord Divine.”

The Vicar took for his text the first verse of Psalm 120, “When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.” He said the Psalms sung on the 27th of the month, and the first three on the following morning were called songs of degree, and had a special tone of peace and trust in God, and that little Psalter had been compared to periods in the newly-created world. Those fifteen Psalms excelled other Psalms in their beauty. Each of them dealt with some thought that went higher and higher, and they were sometimes called songs of deliverance. Another explanation was that this little collection were hymns for those going up to Jerusalem for the feast, and Jerusalem seemed to be the thought standing out prominently all through them. They were composed by a Jew who was longing to return to his native land, and expressed the individual needs and hopes of the worshippers. Some of the Psalms seemed to be words of our Lord, others of the individual, and others, again, of the whole Church, and those three thoughts should be in the minds of Christians. “When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord.” It was so simple, there seemed danger of passing it by altogether. What encouragement there was in the idea of God hearing them in their trouble. The worshipper would certainly have to bear many trials, but he would go on from strength to strength, confident that God, who had heard him in the past, would hear him in the future. In the second lesson that morning, written by St. Paul when suffering in prison, the writer would not allow his troubles to weigh him down. He could see the guiding hand of God, could see the answer to his prayers—all things working together for good. So St. Paul would have them grasp a firm hold of that idea—the love of Christ which passeth all knowledge. The woman of Nain, in that day's gospel, found an unexpected answer to her prayer. The great majority of sufferers had no miracle worked for them, so in the present day Christians should not expect anything extraordinary in the way of answer to their prayers—anything that would cause surprise among the people—and yet from time to time those expecting an answer would see how the course of things was so ordered that one expecting saw the answer to his prayers, sent possibly not as he expected or wished, but still better than he expected or wished. In the words of the text they saw the suggestion why trouble was sent them. It was to induce the sufferer to go to God, for there was no

doubt that prosperity inclined one to forget the Almighty, and to make one satisfied entirely with the world. Troubles, no doubt, were blessings if they brought them to God, and to the love of Christ which passeth all knowledge.

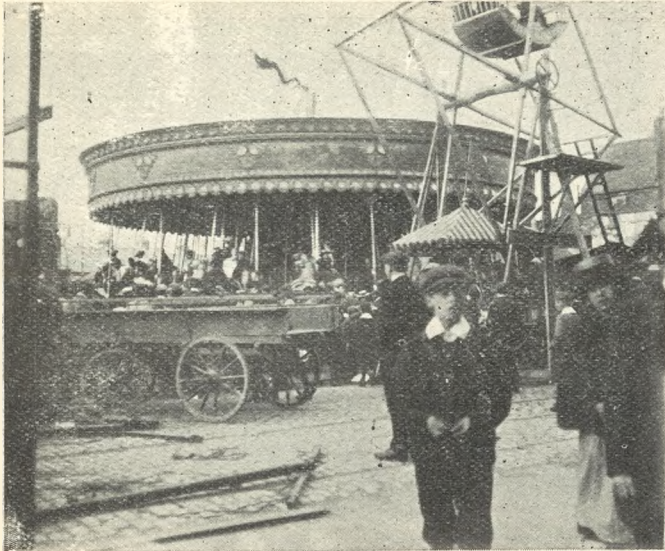
A comforting sermon certainly, and a discourse that should make its hearers go with increased zeal to a study of the Songs of David!

CHURCHMAN.

### RADIUM AS A POSSIBLE CURE FOR CANCER.

In an instructive summary, in “Knowledge” for October, of the history of the discovery of radium and of its properties, Mr. Edwin Edser writes as follows:—“If a small fragment of radium, sealed up in a glass tube, is carried for a few hours in a waistcoat pocket, the skin nearest to the radium is afterwards found to be blistered. It appears that radium emanations destroy all living tissue; they have also been found to be bactericidal. Professor Curie states that he would be afraid to enter a room containing a pound of radium; he anticipates that, if he did so, his skin would be blistered, his eyesight destroyed, and probably death would ultimately occur. Feeble radium emanations may, however, in the near future be found to possess valuable therapeutic properties. Thus Professor Rutherford suggests that the inhalation of air which has bubbled through a dilute solution of thorium might prove valuable in the treatment of consumption. X-rays have been found to cure superficial cancers; they probably do this by destroying the cancerous tissue. In the treatment of deep-seated cancer, X-rays cannot be used; they are necessarily applied from the outside, and would have to destroy the healthy external tissues before they could reach the cancer. It has, however, been suggested that a small sealed tube containing radium might be introduced into the midst of an internal cancer, and thus destroy the latter without affecting the healthy tissues. Professor J. J. Thomson has found that many well-waters are radio-active, and since the Bath waters have been found, by Sir William Ramsay, to contain helium, it is possible that these are radio-active also, and to this their efficacy may be due. It is generally understood that the Bath waters lose their efficacy if not taken immediately after being drawn, and this may be due to the decomposition of the small trace of radio-active substance which they presumably contain.”

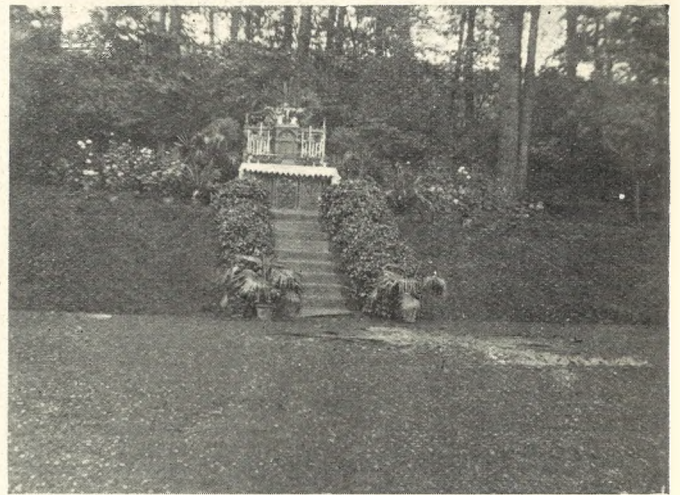




**BARTON FAIR AT GLOUCESTER.**



Gathering of Expelled French Monks and Local Roman Catholics on Lawn of Pembrey House, Carmarthenshire.



Altar erected on lawn on Corpus Christi Festival.  
Photos by Walter Wright, Painswick.

**THE POPISH INVASION.**



**'Red Rose' Orchestra.**

(MANTON-MYATT FAMILY).

**A UNIQUE BAND.**

Mother and Nine Children. No such attraction before the public.

WILL PLAY . . .

**HIGH-CLASS SELECTIONS**

AT THE

**WINTER GARDENS' EXHIBITION,**

TO BE OPENED BY HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR, ON  
**TUESDAY, OCT. 13th, AT 3 O'CLOCK.**

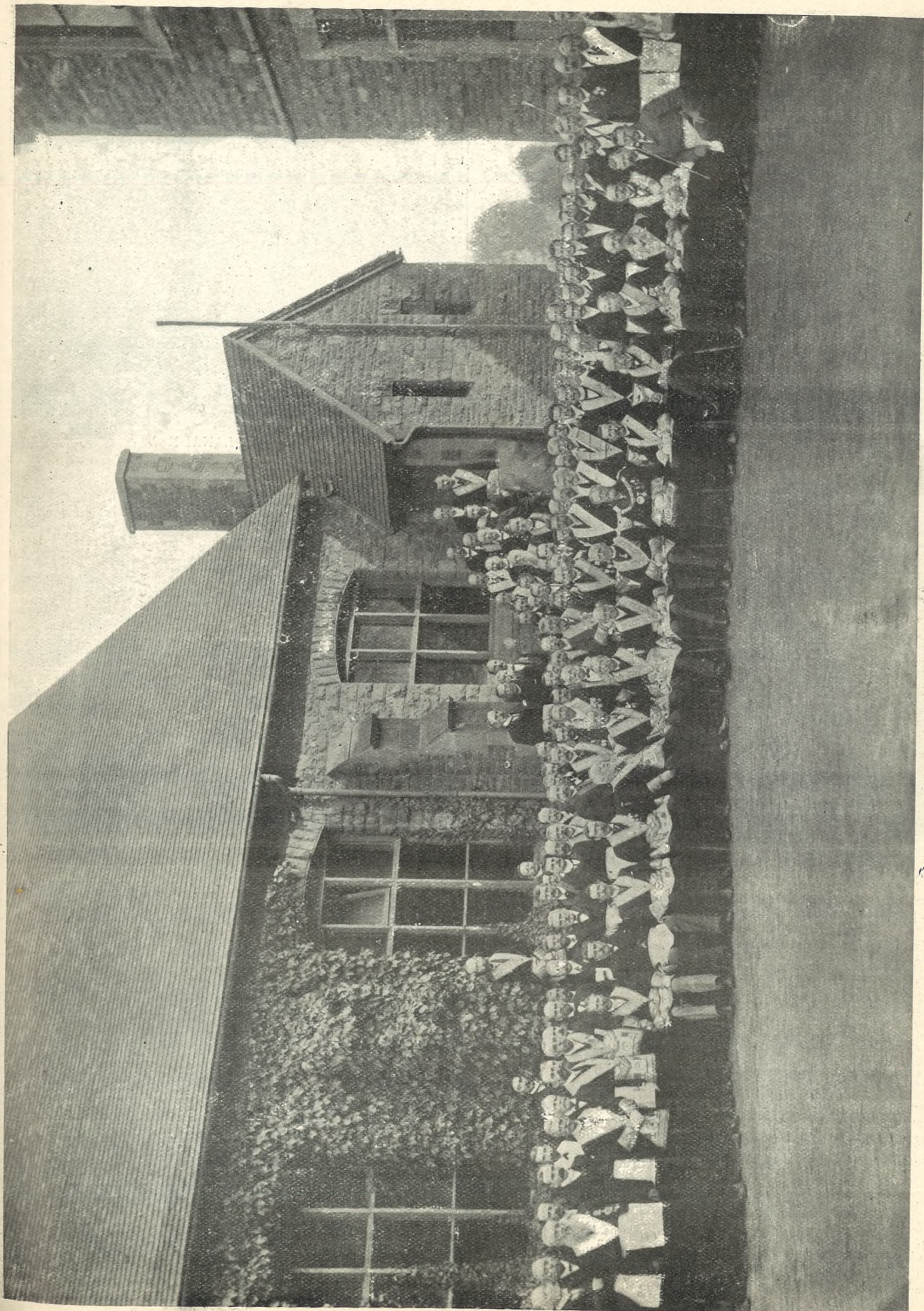
Handsome and Costly Stalls by several Largest Manufacturers in the Kingdom, also by many Leading Cheltenham Firms, besides Many Other Attractions.

**ADMISSION FREE BY TICKETS,**

Obtainable of Local Exhibitors, a List of whom Will Appear Next Week.

**C. F. BILSON,**  
GENERAL MANAGER.



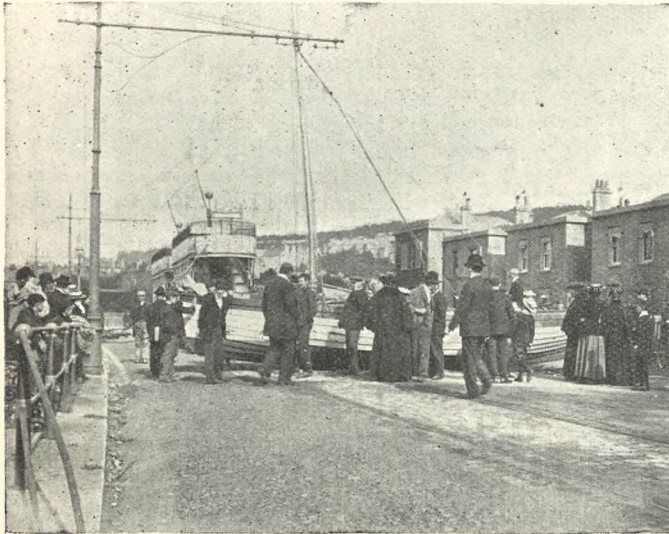


**Freemasons at the Consecration of the Vassar-Smith Lodge, Lydney, September 22nd.**

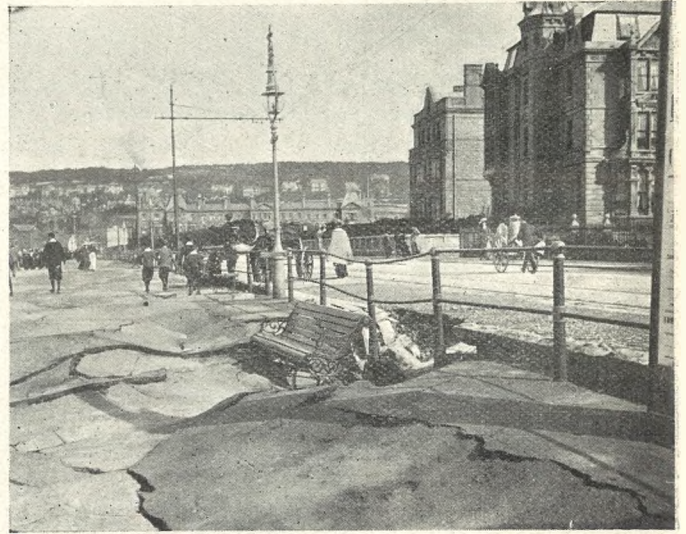
Sitting left to right:—Bros. S. W. Hadingham 1, Smith, Dep. Prov. G.M., 9 (R. Macartney, first W.M., 16, B. Nilssen 16, T. Simmonds 17, E. F. Broderip 3, L. Hann 4, Rev. Dr. Lynes 5, R. P. Sumner 6, James Bruton 7, J. B. Winterbotham 8, R. V. Vassar-<sup>2</sup>, Sir M. Hicks Beach, Prov. G.M., 10, Rev. S. R. Robertson 11, Sir John Dorington 12, A. V. Hatton 13, E. Lea 14, R. Hill Photos, by H. W. Watson, Cheltenham and Gloucester.



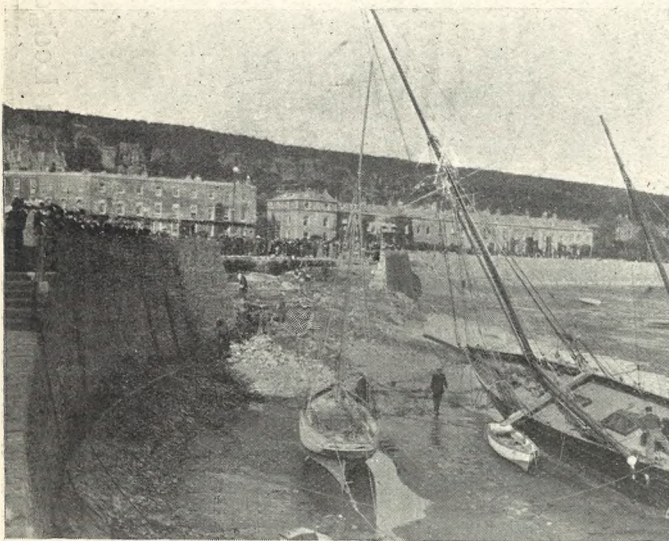
The Great Gale at Weston-super-Mare.



YACHT WASHED ACROSS ROAD, STOPPING TRAMS.

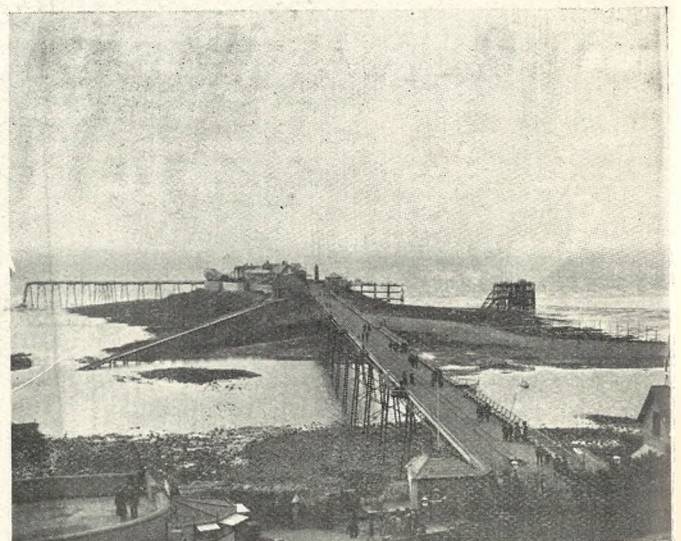


THE ESPLANADE



GAP IN SEA-WALL NEAR PAVILION.

Photos by A. Bamber, Cheltenham.



PIER, SHOWING DAMAGE TO LANDING STAGE AND EXTENSION.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPHS.

We give, in continuation of the series that have appeared from time to time in this paper, some more extraordinary epitaphs on tombstones in local churchyards:—

COWLEY.

"Here lieth the body of Thomas Cummins, servant and workman many years to Farmer Walker, of Upper Coberley, who gives this inscription to the memory of a honest, industrious, handy, good workman, died of a very sudden accident.

He left his work and to breakfast went,  
As usual he had gone before,  
Then back to his work was his intent,  
But he fell down at the door,  
Upon his knife, which cost his life,  
It entered his breast so sore."

"At ten years old my heart was light,  
With health my cheeks was red,  
But sickness came and I'm laid here,  
Tho' young among the dead."

1749

"Here lies our brother, and we must  
Ere long like he return to dust."

OAKSEY.

"Life is like a city, with its crooked street,  
Death is the market-place, where all men meet;  
If life was merchandise which men could buy,  
The rich man he would live, the poor man he  
would die."

TETBURY.

"In a vault underneath lie several of the  
Saunderses, late of this Parish. Particulars the  
last day will disclose. Amen."

BIBURY.

To a parish clerk:—

"I hawk'd, and hem'd, and sang, and spit,  
And vex'd my throat full sore;  
Some when I sang, were pleased at it,  
And some—when I gave o'er."

BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.

To Anthony Collet, who left £10 to the poor of  
Bourton:—

"In him none ever any baseness saw,  
His rule was honour, and his word was law."

ASHTON-UNDER-HILL.

A stanza on the south side of the chancel of  
Ashton-under-Hill Church:—

"Reader what needs a panegyrick's skill,  
A limmers pencil or a poets quill,  
They are but miserable comforters  
When bad ones die that paint their sepulchres;  
And when the life in holiness is spent  
The naked name's a marble monument:  
To keep from rotting piety and almes  
Doe farr excell the best Egyptian balmes  
Then whosoere thou art this course;  
Live live thy selfe both toombe and epitaph is  
safe,

Amoris Ergo Posivit  
April 8 Ano. Dom. 1651."

QUEENHILL AND HOLDFAST.

Upon a small brass in the church:—

th  
"If any aske who lies wi in this tombe  
Tell them Nick Barnes hath taken up ye roome  
Who godly dide & lived an honest life  
& so did prove to cuntry frend & wife  
His body rests his soul still daily singes  
Glory and praise unto ye King of Kynges."

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.

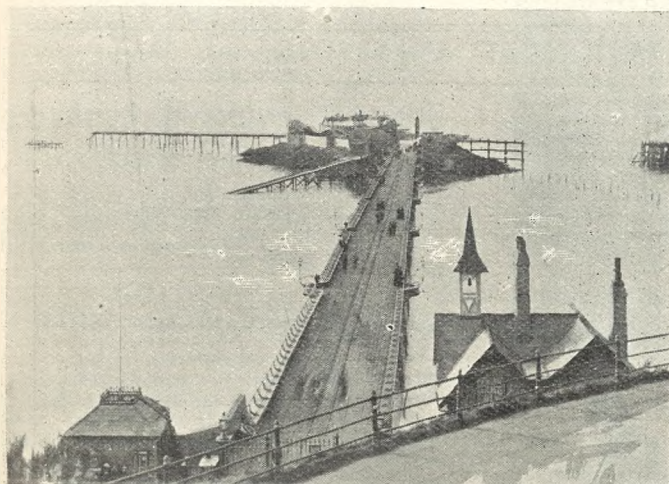
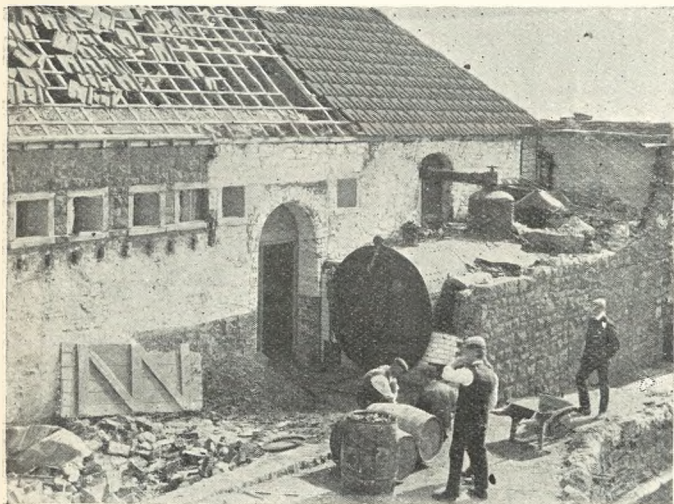
"Here lies the body of Mary Ford,  
Whose soul, we hope, is with the Lord.  
But if for hell she's changed this life,  
It's better than being John Ford's wife."  
According to Nash, the historian, John Ford was  
a bad husband to his wife Mary, and by direction  
of his neighbours put these lines on her gravestone.

A CURATE'S REMARKABLE TEXT.

Two curates at a church in Maryport (Cumberland) have just resigned. The senior curate preached last Sunday night his farewell sermon, and he chose a text which astonished the congregation. It was a portion of Abraham's direction to his young men—  
"Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship." The Cumberland papers quaintly add: "Much comment has been excited by the text!"



THE PRIZE PICTURES.



## The Great Gale at Weston-super-Mare,

September 10, 1903.

- 1.—Wreck of engine house at Knightstone Baths.
- 2.—Old Jetty on right showing centre washed away, and new Jetty on left with end broken off.
- 3.—The new Jetty twisted from end to end.
- 4.—Rocks and sea-wall between Claremont Hotel and pier. The cross represents a hole (20ft. long, and 10ft. wide, and 15ft. deep) made in sea-wall and Promenade.

Photos by J. W. A. Roylance, Cheltenham.



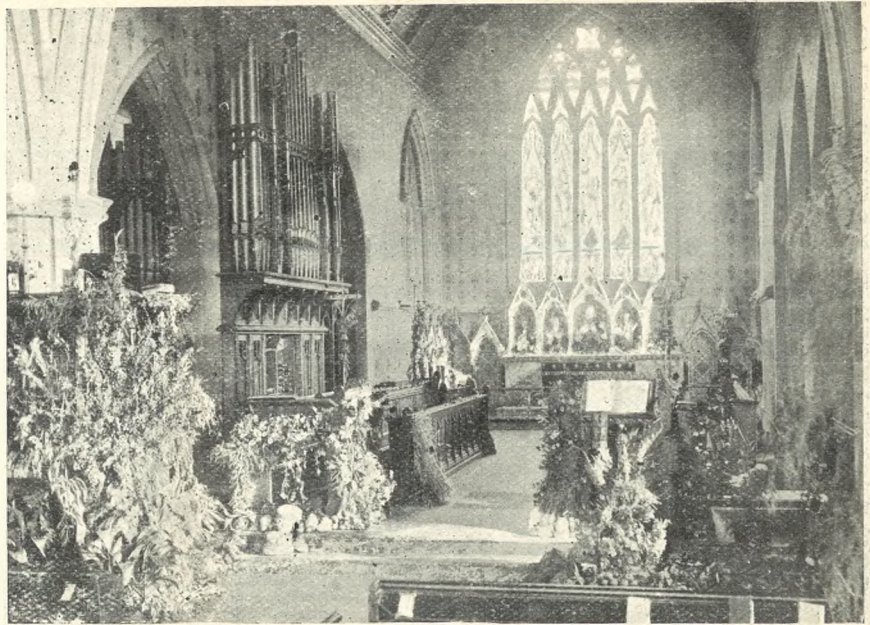
## Gloucestershire Gossip.

The first of the two marriages announced in the "Echo" as coming off in Gloucester Cathedral towards the end of the year will probably be that of Miss Selwyn Payne, the daughter of Major Selwyn Payne, of Badgeworth Court. I understand the date of this has been provisionally fixed for Wednesday, December 16th, a fortnight earlier than the other marriage—that of Miss Dorothy Arbuthnot. This date has been selected with due regard to the convenience of the bridegroom, Sir Percy Cunynghame, who has to make a very long journey from distant Sarawak, where he occupies the important position of deputy to Rajah Brooke, the ruler of that island. Sir Percy, who is descended from the Earls of Glencairn, has relatives in this county, for his aunt Mary Isabella married, in 1880, Capt. Walter Bentley Marling, of Clanna Falls. Then Sir Percy's mother was a Gloucestershire woman, she being the daughter of the late Rev. W. H. Bloxsome, rector of Stanton and Snowhill. The motto of the house is "Over fork over," the arms being—argent, a shake-fork between three fleurs-de-lis sable; and the supporters—dexter, a knight holding a spear; and sinister, a countryman holding a hay-fork.

That was a well-merited rebuff Mr. J. S. Sargeant, of Tewkesbury Park, recently gave the Town Council of that borough over their cool application to allow the town refuse to be deposited on his low-lying land near the Lower Lode. He replied that he could not comply for several reasons, of which he need only mention one (and, I think, a crusher):—"The proposed site for refuse lies next to the Bloody Meadow, and forms part of the Battle Field. To mark by a scavengers' heap the scene of the decisive battle of the Wars of the Roses would not only offend the feeling of all students and lovers of history, but would be justly resented by those inhabitants of the borough who have any regard for its old associations."

I should imagine there are very few persons in this county who have not been to one or more of the several statute fairs or mops periodically held in our midst. Gloucester Barton Fair has just passed by and I hear it is very probable that the pleasure portion of it has been held for the last time in the main street. It may be improved off the face of the highway, the same as the one in Bennington-street, Cheltenham, was nearly thirty years ago, but through a different process, namely the electrification of tramways in the cathedral city. The present City Fathers have no great regard for old institutions, and it is not likely they will be as complacent as the old Tramways Co. were and tacitly allow their statutory right to run cars down Barton-street remain dormant on fair days. In any case I take it that the poles and wires would be a great hindrance to the erection of tall shows and swings. It would be strange, indeed, if the death-blow to the fairs were dealt by science, which, in various forms of electric and photographic appliances, has not in recent years been missing from these carnivals. I have, for instance, seen some of the cleverest animated photographs at them, including the Passion Play. The present generation enjoys the sights and fun just as keenly as former ones did, and it is not so very many years ago that I saw a late noble lord showing his skill at a cocoanut alley and shooting gallery. There is always something novel of a sort, and at the recent Barton Fair crowds watched with amused interest the efforts of kickers to land a football into the capacious open mouth of a grinning face painted on tin.

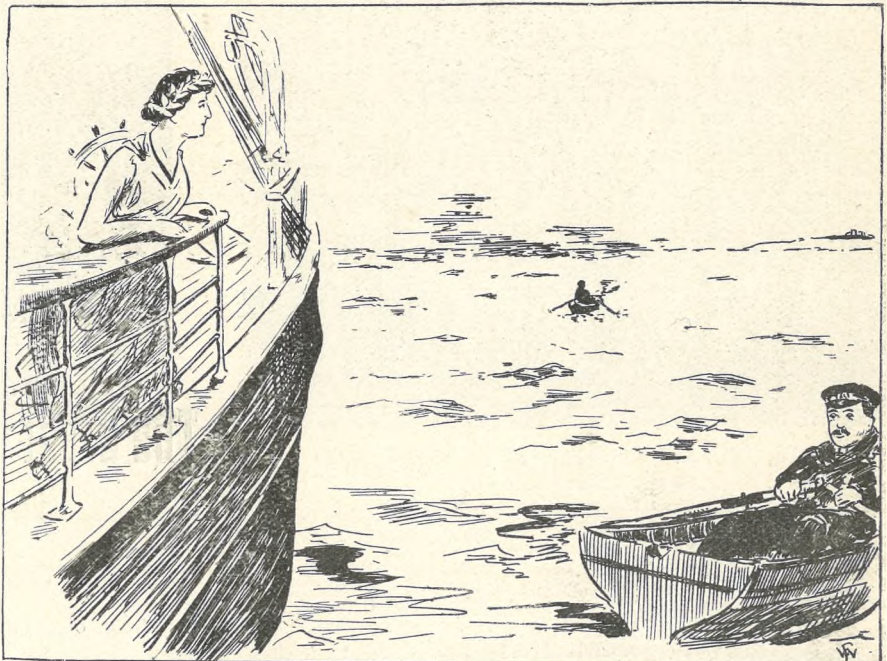
Last Saturday afternoon a Gloucester gentleman unexpectedly found himself acting as cicerone to three young ladies (who it appeared had come over from Cheltenham) round Llanthony Priory. He was on business bent in that neighbourhood when the ladies came up and asked him the way to these ruins and his gallant offer to show them



Harvest Festival at St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

Photo by C. E. Rainger.

## THE PRIZE DRAWING.



"It is felt that it will hardly be fair to ask Col. Rogers to take the Mayoral chair for a sixth time, and a movement is on foot among both parties in the Council to ask Ald. Skillicorne to accept the office."

CHELTONIA: "Twould be unfair to ask the gallant Colonel to pilot my good ship once again. Will my excellent friend Skillicorne take the responsibility, I wonder?"  
Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

there and over was thankfully accepted. Returning, they had to cross "Jacob's Ladder" (a G.W.R. footbridge), from which a fine view of the west end of the city is obtainable. H.M. Prison was standing out prominently, and the guide, who is jocular, volunteered a story to the effect that a Cheltonian who had just done time was walking home along the road, when he met a gentleman, to whom, after a refusal of alms, he offered in return for sixpence to tell him something of very great use to him. The coin quickly passed, and the gaol-bird said,

"If ever you get on the treadmill in Gloucester Prison you'll find No. 1 step next the wall the easiest." The ladies might have kept up the joke by remarking that it was thoroughly understood in Cheltenham that being "sent to Gloucester" meant detention in a "Government office with a very high wall."

GLEANER.

The Rev. Mr. Hutchings, late of Evesham, has been nominated curate of Bentham, near Cheltenham.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 145

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1903.

## THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
"A GREEK SLAVE."

NEXT WEEK (Matinee on Saturday):—  
"A COUNTRY GIRL."

The most successful musical play of recent years.

## Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.  
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.  
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE TERM  
BEGAN SEPT. 15th.—Apply to  
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a weekly prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The winner of the 143rd competition is Mr. J. W. A. Roylance, Royville, Alexandra-street, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 54th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The winner of the 36th competition is Mrs. S. Joyner of "Fernbank," Moorend-road, Leckhampton, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. D. Austin Fisher at Emmanuel Church, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in. Half-plate photos are best.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.



GLOUCESTER ANGLING CLUB.



OLD WALTON ANGLING CLUB, GLOUCESTER.

Photos by W. Frith, Gloucester.



## "Selina Jenkins's" Letters.

### THE NEW PITTVILLE.

Last week, being a fine day for upwards of 2 hours at a stretch, I wends me footsteps towards Pittville Gardings, wich they tell'd me was improved out of all knowledge, 'aving cut down that there weepin' willow as used to 'ang and weep into the waters of the lake to sich an extent as to very nigh cause floods on several occasions, besides 'aving built a new Swiss "Shawley" at the "ongtray" to the "jardines," all of wich words is furrin langwidge, and adds to the effeck without extry hexpense to the ratepayers.

So I takes a quiet walk down to see how things is lookin' hup since I were there last, as I subscribed in your columns, as were quite ashamed of that there Pump-room and the uncomfortableness of it all back then—jest afore the British Medical Doctors come 'ere for their 'ealth.

"On passon" (more furrin langwidge), I couldn't help wondering who to goodness designed the color for Pittville Gates. Upon my word, I never aven't seen nothink like so dingy in my born days, as reminds me of our back door after Jenkins painted it by candle-light, and done it 'alf greenery-yallery and the other 'alf yallery-bluey, thro' not mixin' 'is colors right; wich I considers Pittville Gates would do very well painted white, as would show hup the design, as you mite say, against the trees, whereas now I wouldn't 'ave the railings out in my back garding done the color they be. Still, as I was a-sayin', that's neither 'ere nor there, 'eeps that it offends the heye. 'Aving said wich, let us perceed to Pittville. The "Shawley," wich you 'ave to pass by as you enters the gate, contains a mineral water tap and a hindividoal! The mineral water tap's for the benefit of they as likes the Cheltenham waters, wich I 'aven't never relished of 'em, not since they give me No. 2 instead of No. 1, or somethink of the sort, up to Montpellier, and give me the revolutions in the system that bad I were forced to put off the washin', of sich a fine dryin' day, too, and sit over the fire with me feet hup for hours, as mite be very well for one of these Batherbazooks, as they do call them Turkish atrocities, but was rather 'ard on a lone fieldmale like me.

So much for the tap, wich is a very nice little bit of furniture and a tidy piece of standing room round it, as ain't never needed. Then there's the hindividoal, being of a heldery sort and the male agenda, wich is occupied most of 'is time in stoppin' people as wants to take about 3 adults and a family of children on a season ticket for one. They say as this 'ere gent's a distant relation of Holiver Crumble; and they do even talk in the "Echo" about crumbling wells, as is, I spose, something to do with the same. Of course, I don't understand nothink at all about it, not meself, not no more than the Duke of Devonshire understands about the union of 'earts and Fair Trade and the little loaf; besides of wich, like that respected gentleman, I don't want to know, and so that settles it. I've studied enuff figgers over that there conterversey to print a 'rithmetick book with; but the more you trys to know wich is right—Chamberlain or the Big Loaf—the more you can't tell. I don't care, not meself, if all the Government resigns, so long as I can get me bit of bacon and me tea and sugar and loaf of bread at the same price as up to now. 'Owever, if there's any signs of taxation of food, I shall bring me ummbereller into play at the perlitical rendezvoos, wich, if I 'aven't got a vot, I can influence they as 'ave.

But, there, there, now! if I 'aven't drifted right away from that there Shawley and Pittville onto the Big Loaf split, as is in everybody's head and mouth jest now.

So I wanders along the path to the lake, and, sure enuff, the willow tree were gone, and not a sign left. There was two boys raking about in the mud, as turned out to be lookin' for muscles, they 'aving been led to believe there was muscles to be found there containing gold-mounted pearl necklaces of the 1st water, as I considers was nothink but

hide fairy tales. 'Cos for why. 'Ow could they get pearl necklaces inside of 'em like that, not being workin' jewellers by perfession! I didn't want to waste no time with sich nonsints, so I goes hup to the Pump-room, wich stands, as the poet says, "embosomed amongst a thousand trees" (altho' I 'aven't never counted 'em, not meself). On entering the vestibul I were quite agreeably constounded to see 'ow nice a bit of refreshment there were there. There was really a very 'andsome show of jam tarts and cheese cakes and little tea sets, with coloured variegated serviettes, arranged on little tables, as nice as nice, and very hinvitin'-lookin', that I will say. The statue of a yung fieldmale on the tombstone at the back was mended, and looked very nice, altho' the Corporaion 'aven't yet been able to afford to dress her decent. Everthink was so spick and span I 'ardly knowed where I were, so I asks the party behind the counter wherefore was this whichness. So she tells me as she'd made a clean sweep of the old style, and put everythink on like as it would be in a 'igh-class restaurant, wich attracted folk more and more to come to the gardings and 'ave their tea there, under the classick dumb of the Pump-room.

"You don't say!" says I. "But tell me, now, 'ave you got rid of that bun as used to stand on to a glass dish just 'ere?" (pointing with me 'and). "Yes," says she, "it's gone." "Well, well!" says I; "jist to think of it! I know'd that bun so well; I see'd it so many times—sometimes dusty, sometimes tidied up a bit—that I reglar come to 'ave a real affection for that bun, being sich a old-established institootion! And jest to think it's gone at last! Well, well, now!"

The restaurantess could see I were affected, so jest to change the subjeck she suggested as per'aps I'd like to 'ave a penn'orth of "dumb." "Wot's that?" says I; "a new kind of choc'late?" "Ho, no, madam," says she; "I mean to go hup to the 'dumb,' being the name of the kind of pimple on the top of the spa, and view the landscape o'er; price one penny." "Hall right," says I; "let's 'ave a pennysworth, wich I 'aven't never been hup before, altho' I've lived 'ere all these years." The 1st part of the hexpedition was hup a large quantity of stairs, with a sort of a lead carpet, as I considers were a good idea, and I think I shall 'ave it laid hup to my top bedroom when the oilcloth's worn out; not but wot it must be mitey 'eavy to take hup and beat now and then. As you goes hup the second lot of stairs there's millions of names a-'rote on the walls, in spite of requests to the contuary, wich I can't for the life of me think wot it is makes people scribble their names and texes of Scripture, besides other things as is worse, everywhere they do go. It seems to me as if they can't bear to see a bit of blank wall nowheres without nothink 'rote on it. Why, talk about writing on walls, the Gordon Boys as comes to my door 'ave 'rote my name, splet in 6 different ways, all hup the side of my front door, together with personal remarks, sich as: "There's 'air," "Mind the umbereller," and so 4th, as is like their impurence.

Well, as I was a-sayin', up in this 'ere "dumb" place some 'ad 'rote poetry of this subscription, as follows:

"Be careful while you're on this dumb.  
That you don't fly to Kingdom Come."

In my hapinyun the surest cure for this 'ere disease is to put up a tablet, same as a man I 'ard of, sayin' thusly: "This is a list of fools. Please add your name!" as would soon settle the matter. The list wouldn't grow much after that, I reckon!

Hup to the top you gets out of a little door, and can walk around the "dumb," wich there's a very decent view in every direction, includin' Pittville Lake, the Gas Works, and the chimneys of the ash constructor, to the S.N.E., as the guide books says. Down below is destruction, if you falls over; but, s'posin' you don't, there's 3 stone figgers, the one at the end lookin' ever so wistful towards Agg-Gardner's Brewery, wich shows he ain't a Band of 'Ope member. At the other end is an old stone gent with a Tam o' Shanter on, and in the middle a young woman wavin'

perfoose greetings with the only 'and she has left, the other 'aving dropped off.

To my mind the "dumb's" a very good 1d. worth: there's a nice bit of fresh air, and you be well above earthly things, wich is suitable to people like me, as trys to sore above the Big Loaf. For them as can't afford to go to Weston, I should advise the "dumb," and the exercise a-gettin' hup to it, with hevery confidence. Yes, I considers Pittville's looked hup a lot since I were there last year; and I'm glad to see notice were took of my few remarks in the right quarters.

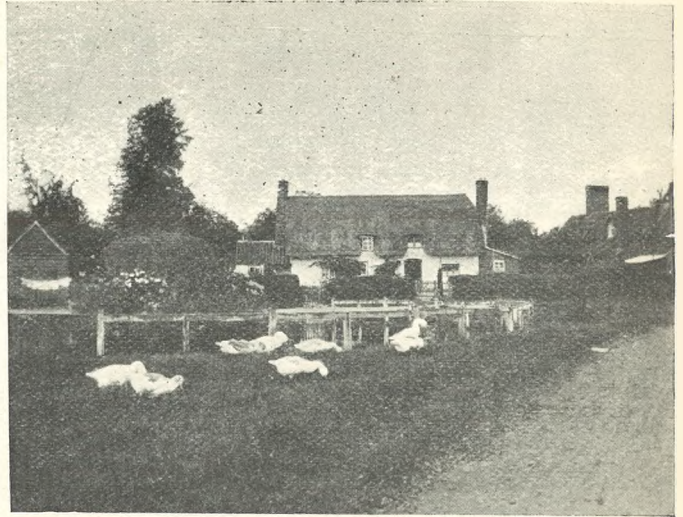
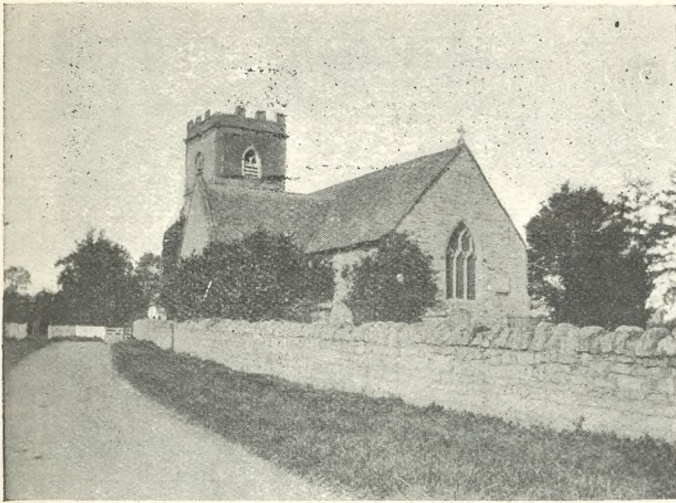
SELINA JENKINS.

P.S., N.B., B.Sc.—I've jest 'ad sent to me through the post a track on "'Ow to manage your liver" by the daughter of a Baptist minister (price 1½d.), wich is very kind of somebody, that I declare. I 'aven't read it all thro', being rather small print, so I can't exactly say from the bit I 'ave got thro' as to whether it's some boxes of pills at 1s. 1½d. a box or the Creator as 'ave cured the writers of a lot of testimonies at the end of the track. I thinks it's like this, 'owsoemdever: the Baptist minister's daughter gets the one and threeha'pences and the Creator gets the praise, being a very 'andsome division of profits—spesshully for the lady! In edition to the above, I've also and moreover received a copy of Old Moore's Almanick to review, wich shall be done wen I 'ave a week to spare; also anythink else I may 'ave jest a 'int to touch upon by a post-card in the editor's box.

### THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

"Cassell's Magazine" for October contains a personal sketch of the Emperor of Austria, whose daily round is a very strenuous one. If he is in residence at his beautiful castle of Schoenbrunn, on the outskirts of Vienna, where he spends the greater part of the year, he drives into Vienna immediately after breakfast, arriving at the old palace situated in the heart of the city soon after eight o'clock. He drives in a pair-horse carriage, generally an open vehicle, and passes through the narrow streets of one of the poorest parts of the capital on his way in and out of the city. Day after day he thus offers himself as an easy target for an assassin's shot, and though his friends and advisers and his own children have repeatedly begged him to avoid this danger, which is far from being imaginary in these days of Anarchist outrages, he persists in having his own way, saying that no Hapsburger was yet a coward. The police authorities post a whole army of detectives along the route an hour before the Emperor passes, but the strictest vigilance may in the necessary moment fail to prevent what would be a disaster for his country and for mankind. It frequently happens that persons with a grievance station themselves at some poin' along the route always taken by the Imperial carriage, and run towards it waving a written petition in the air when the Emperor is passing. In nine cases out of ten they are immediately seized by the detectives on the watch, a testimony to the thoroughness of the precautions taken, but whenever such an incident is noticed by the Emperor he orders the person arrested to be liberated, beckons him or her to the side of the carriage, takes the petition himself, and in a few gracious words promises that it shall receive his best attention. Not long ago a little bare-footed street arab ran up to the Emperor's carriage and handed the monarch a dirty, ragged piece of paper, on which was written, "Dear Mr. Emperor,—Please help us. Mother is ill in bed since weeks, and father drinks and brings nothing home for mother to eat. The doctor says mother needs good, nourishing food, but I can't earn enough to give her this. Good Mr. Emperor, please help us." Within two hours a messenger from the palace was in the garret bringing wine and food for the sick woman, and afterwards the lad was, by order of the Emperor, engaged to work in the Imperial stables. This is typical of many cases in which the Emperor has made his humblest subjects happy by acts of true charity.





LEIGH, NEAR COOMBE HILL.

Photos by G. L. Martyn, Cheltenham.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

I happen to have before me a list of the justices acting in and for the county of Gloucester for the year 1856, when the late Earl Fitzhardinge was Lord Lieutenant, and I see that the only survivors of these (numbering 260) are the Earl of Ducie, the present Lord Lieutenant, and the venerable Lord Leigh. Therefore Lord Ducie has practically created the whole of the present bench, which numbers about 320, not including, however, some 20 ex-officio magistrates by virtue of their positions as chairmen of district councils. I was much struck by the large number of clergymen on the list of 47 years ago—no fewer than 46, including the Bishop (Dr. Monk), the Dean (Dr. Rice), the Archdeacon (Dr. Timbrill), and Canon Dr. Jeune. Now there are not more than eight clerics in the commission of the peace, which is understandable, for Lord Ducie does not appoint any of the cloth save under exceptional circumstances. Then, as now, the landed interest has the lion's share of representation, but I should say that the commercial element is at present stronger than in 1856. Still there is considerable room for improvement, and I know of not a few duly qualified and eligible men principals in trade who would make capital J.P.'s. They would probably be soon put on the commission in the particular county where they might buy estates and settle down as landed proprietors.

I was rather sceptical when the "Fortune for a Cheltonian" was given forth about two months ago to the world, for in my time I had come across a few sanguine prospective millionaires. I ventured to "hope it is not merely a substitution of the Cape of Good Hope for Longhope, where the property in question lies." Now, within the last week, the illusion has been dispelled and the great expectations of the person concerned have vanished by the return from the Cape of the gentleman who was represented as dead and the testator of the fortune, and his declaration that it is all "a fairy tale," and that he "objects to be dead." I remember that some years ago a local jeweller adopted the appropriate motto in his business of "Win gold and wear it," and that, I think, is a far better principle for one to go on than to trust to the luck of a fortune being left to one.

Already the advent of the motor-train on the Great Western Railway between Chalford and Stonehouse is being feared by the tradesmen of the latter town, as they anticipate that, with the greater facilities available for

their present customers to get into Stroud, they will go and shop there, to the detriment of purely local trade. They certainly have the experience of Newent to justify their fears. The opening-up of this agricultural town by the railway has inflicted a positive injury upon local tradesmen, for it has caused the diversion of much shopping to Gloucester and Ledbury, in both of which places, it must be admitted, people have a wider range of choice of articles, and at lower prices in many cases. And I believe that one effect of the operation of the Honeybourne Railway will be the bringing of more grist to the mill of Cheltenham tradesmen, at the expense chiefly of Winchcombe retailers. Still, the railway ought to enable them to keep themselves up-to-date.

A few days ago an amateur photographer tried to get a snapshot of a notoriety for the "Graphic." The "Colonel" (who is immortalised in the cartoons published during the memorable Parliamentary election at Gloucester in 1880) was espied loitering outside Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, and the services of this amateur were quickly requisitioned to take him when he had consented to stand at attention immediately in front of an illustrated bill calling a meeting of passive resisters "for conscience sake." Unfortunately, the light was very bad, and, as was feared, the plate when developed was no good. Better luck next time with this "active assister," I hope. GLEANER.

### SECOND CROPS OF FRUIT.

1903 will be remembered by fruit growers and market gardeners as one of the most remarkable they have known. In the Vale of Evesham a mild February brought a fine show of blossom on the fruit trees, but there were disastrous frosts in May, and the plum crop was a failure. Pershore plums, which in prolific years have sold for a shilling a pot (of 72lbs.), made this year from ten shillings to over a sovereign. Last week damsons were sold in Evesham for 42s. the pot. This month, however, there are more plums to be seen in the plantations than during June. This is due to a heavy second crop. Naturally, the fruit is not so well grown and the flavour is not so good, but both Victorias and Pershores are making more money than the first crop sometimes does. There is also a second crop of strawberries and raspberries, while blackberries are very plentiful, and are being bought by the jam boilers. Apples and pears have been a great failure in the Evesham district, and the vegetable crops were hardly up to average.

## POETRY.

### A NOCTURNE.

Roll up the blind, throw wide the casement there;  
The eyes of heaven are steadfast in the sky:  
King Night lies mantled 'neath the ambient air,  
And Spirits from the Silences steal by.

Turn low the lamp, caress the ivory key,  
What time I woo the shy Amatian soul,  
And from its pure Cremona depths press free  
Euterpean balm, as wine into thy bowl.

Strike soft the strain and let its passion grow;  
Rove where I drift with love's unfaltering trust:  
When twain are one, yea, one in sooth, I trow—  
Howe'er tides ebb and flow—what must be must.

Yet, not as slaves we tune accordant note,  
Nor bruise our wings against the bars of Fate;  
But, love-linked, soar with common pulse, and float  
In purling peace above the hells of Hate.

All yesterdays and all to-morrows blend,  
And Time to Space is wed in one rich chord:  
To Lydian bliss life's long processions wend—  
Or led by cross, or driven by the sword.

Weave, then, my warp of being with thy woof,  
And wind the fabric from the living loom:  
Our shuttle's song shall pierce Earth's vaulted roof  
And waft sweet memories ayont the gloom.

Lo! how the waves now ripple at thy touch  
O'er fields of ether on the farthest shore,  
With cradle-cry of dreams that sorrow overmuch—  
Articulate with yearnings for the evermore!

And, faint through all, as t'were a silken thread  
Whereon thy pearls of harmony are strung,  
My own thin trill of melody hath sped  
Out to the infinite of the yet unsung.

Where smiles, above, the fretted crystal dome,  
And calm, below, the blue unfathomed deep;  
Or Truth at anchor rides, and thoughts ne'er roam,  
And all life's cares are rounded by a sleep!

So, heart in heart, we saunter idly there,  
And humbly, where the mad arpeggios crowd;  
For swift before us swarm our secrets bare,  
With some sad mysteries like a silvered cloud.

Let be! The cadences of hopes deferred,  
And Faith's crescendos that aforesight rose,  
Glide to a concord, and the echoes stirred  
Croon kindly over the harmonic close.

Painswick.

E. M. ZEE.

## ARTISTIC PRINTING

AT THE

"Echo" Electric  
Press.



## The Prize Pictures.



Photos by J. W. A. Roylance, Cheltenham.

## THE GREAT GALE AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE. ❁ ❁

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- ❁ ❁
- 1.—Boat washed over sea-wall to tramway (the wall 25ft. high, boat one ton and carries 25 persons and cleared wall without damage).
  - 2.—Boat washed close to Leeves' Cottage, named after Rev. William Leeves (born 1748, composed air to "Auld Robin Gray" 1771, died 1828).
  - 3.—Wreckage washed up at Anchor Head.
  - 4.—Sea-wall washed away at Kingston Causeway. This is the spot at which Mr. Eddie Bryant is also supposed to have been washed away. The body was washed up in Pembrokeshire, and was buried at Weston Oct. 1st.
  - 5.—One of the smashed boats on the Promenade.





Photos by C. T. Deane, Cheltenham.

## CHELTENHAM PROMENADE FOUNTAIN.

### MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH: A POST-OFFICE RECORD.

On the day of Mr. Balfour's speech at Sheffield, fourteen Wheatstone instruments, transmitting over 300 words per minute, were kept going throughout, until at midnight about 250,000 words had been telegraphed. These figures establish a record of post-office work in connection with the press. On the first day of the conference 250,000 words were transmitted, and on Friday, the last day, 60,000.

According to a Paris newspaper, glass is likely to supersede wood and metal in the manufacture of coffins. It is claimed that bodies buried in glass coffins become mummified in the course of several years.

### SUBMARINE MOTOR-CAR.

What might be described as a submarine motor-car has been invented by Mr. Simon Lake, of Bridgeport, Connecticut. It is capable of running on the surface of the water, at any desired depth below the surface, or along the bottom on wheels. The inventor has built two experimental boats, and has made successful journeys in them. From one he has succeeded in sending telephone messages from under water to people on shore.

### MOTOR-CAR TALK.

A constable at Highgate on Monday accused two persons of "using motor-car talk." He explained to the puzzled magistrates that they were shouting "Pip-pip."

### A MAN OVER EIGHT FEET HIGH.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Morning Advertiser" says it is claimed for a man named Macho, the son of peasants, that he is the tallest of known giants, overtopping those who imagine they hold the record by a head. He stands 8ft. 4in. high. His brothers and sisters are of ordinary height, but his grandfather was very tall. In order to sleep comfortably, Macho has had a special bed made for him. His appetite is in proportion to his stature. He never eats less than 4lb. of meat, bread, and vegetables at a meal—from which one gathers that a person 6ft. high might eat a 3lb. meal every time, which is absurd!



**THE SUNDAY CORNER.**

A man's religion fails to come up to the divine requisition which is deficient in the character and extent of its belief on the one hand, and in the nature and degree of the practice on the other.

Give up the holy day and we lose every holiday.

Would you like to be a true follower of Jesus Christ? Then, trust little to yourselves, and trust much to Him. When King Edward VI. had died, and Mary had come to the throne, two preachers were one day debating what they would do if put to the test. One of them confessed that he felt afraid of himself; that though his spirit was ready his flesh was weak, and shrank from suffering. The other, who had been an earnest preacher of the Protestant faith all through Edward's reign, rebuked his shrinking friend, and seemed to be ready to go forward any moment to the martyr's death. Their conversation took place in the country; both had to come, through circumstances, to London, and they were both put to the cruel test. Laurence Saunders, who had been so afraid of himself, stood firm, refused to recant, and died a martyr's death. The other failed. It is better to trust Jesus than to trust one's self. Without Him the strong are weak; but He can make the weakest to be a hero.

A man has no more religion in him than comes out of him.

I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than could be collected within the same compass from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written.—Sir William Jones.

All the shameless atrocities of wicked men are nothing to their heartlessness towards each other when broken down.

There is no grander sight than that of a young man with a fixed purpose and a determination to win, in spite of all obstacles. He does not have half the opposition to overcome that the undecided, purposeless man has, who, like driftwood, runs against all sorts of obstacles to which he must yield. He has no momentum to force them out of his way. What an inspiring sight is that of a youth going straight to his goal, cutting his way through difficulties and surmounting obstacles which dishearten others. Defeat only gives him new power, danger only increases his courage. No matter what comes to him—sickness, poverty, or disaster—he does not change his purpose. Young men who are always seeking the help of others never amount to anything. Those who have been bolstered up all their lives cannot be depended upon in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look round for something to lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go; and once down they are as helpless as a capsized turtle. Many a youth has succeeded beyond his expectations simply because all props were knocked out from under him, and he was obliged to stand on his feet and rely on himself.

The things that give us greatest pain are the ones most highly prized.

Pierce through the coarse husk of a grain of wheat, and you come to a golden spot, quick and vital; and not otherwise is it with sacrifice. It is painful without, but holding within the secret of victory. Not that the sacrifice, however, is unreal. All surrender costs. Pain hurts, always. The sacrifice of self often means the sacrifice of life. Nevertheless, be not deceived. He who has sacrificed himself has found a joy that the world cannot give, a peace that the world cannot take away.—N.D. Hillis.



On table will be seen a representation of the 42lbs. of honey taken from the hive of a single stock of bees in the apiary of Mr. D. Marshall, Winchcombe-street, Cheltenham. The children are Mr. Marshall's sons.

Photo by Cooper Harrison, Cheltenham.

The habit into which you put your heart will either be a holy or a harmful one.

Self-denial for the sake of self-denial does no good; self-sacrifice for its own sake is no religious act at all. If you give up a meal for the sake of showing power over self, or for the sake of self-discipline, it is the most miserable of all delusions. You are not more religious in doing this than before. This is self-culture, and self-culture, being occupied for ever about self, leaves you only in that circle of self from which religion is to free you; but to give up a meal that one you love may have it is properly a religious act—no hard and dismal duty, because made easy by affection. To bear pain for the sake of bearing it has in it no moral quality at all; but to bear it rather than surrender truth, or in order to save another, is positive enjoyment as well as ennobling to the soul. Did you ever receive even a blow meant for another in order to shield that other? Do you not know that there was an actual pleasure in the keen pain far beyond the most rapturous thrill of nerve which could be gained from pleasure in the midst of painlessness? Is not the mystic yearning of love expressed in words most purely thus: "Let me suffer for him"? This element of love is that which makes this doctrine an intelligible and blessed truth. So sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural, and dead; but self-sacrifice, illuminated by love, is warmth and life.—F. W. Robertson.

Gravestones do not represent reserved seats in glory.

Peace and rest we cry out for, and we do not understand what peace is. Peace for the rich man, as he imagines, is larger markets, fewer competitions, and never a strike. Peace for which the poor man waits is larger wage, shorter hours, finer clothes, and more pleasure. But none of these things bring peace, as long as men have ignorance and anger and selfishness on the inside.

A man must be miserably poor if he cannot afford to give a kind word to his fellow-man.

A coloured man was telling of his way of giving to the Lord. "Yes, sir," said he, "I gibs de truck off o' one acre ebbery year to the Lawd." "What acre is it?" the friend asked. "Well, dat is a different question. Truf is, the acre changes most ebbery season." "How's that?" "Why, in wet season I gibs de Lawd de low land, and in dry season I gibs Him de top acre of de whole plantation."

"In that case, the Lord's acre is the worst in the whole farm, for in wet seasons it would be quite flooded, and in dry times parched." "Jes' so. You don't allow I'se going to rob my family ob de best acre I'se got, did ye?" Is not this too much the fashion of our own offerings to the Lord: Shreds of time, bits of talent, dribbles of money, fringes of things?

There is no bill to pay for the Light of the World.

God permits temptation because it does for us what the storms do for the oak—it roots us; and what the fire does for the painting on porcelain—it makes us permanent. You never know that you have a grip on Christ or that He has a grip on you so well as when the devil is using all his force to attract you from Him; then you feel the pull of Christ's right hand.—F. B. Meyer.

The oftener the Bread of Life is handed to hungry souls, the more it multiplies.

Truth never needs any apology, though its severity at times distresses biased minds. Men think if their plans do not fit into the Divine architecture the fault must of necessity be attributed to the Infinite failing. But stop! when Justice and Wisdom have paved the way for Love, the magnitude and beauty of the pyramid temple rises before our astonished eyes so as to deck creation with a glory that is unfading for all time. Love and truth are inseparable, and for ever grip and hold the germ of life until its full development is attained, when it becomes a part of the all in all. Essenceless thinking can never hope to satisfy spiritually constructed minds, nor cold, lifeless logic to act other than in the cementing of material knowledge. Simple, humble, Christlike love followed with unabated constancy can alone give us the key to God's treasures.

The Rev. T. W. Brown has become minister of the Congregational Church at Berkeley. The Rev. F. E. Blackaby (formerly of Stow-on-the-Wold) has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Chapel at Coate, Oxford.

The Dowager Duchess of Beaufort laid the foundation stone of the new church of St. Aidan's, Crews Hole, Bristol, on Saturday. It will accommodate 755 worshippers, and will cost £7,500, including the gift of £1,000 from Mr. George White (chairman of the defunct Gloucester Tramway Co.).



TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

There is a familiar proverb which tells us that while speech is silver, silence is golden. But silence sometimes is a very difficult virtue. There are occasions when speech is almost imperative, when the feelings are aroused to such a pitch that silence becomes nearly impossible. Speech is the only way in which some people can relieve their feelings. Their speech may not be very coherent or logical—may be entirely meaningless in fact; nevertheless, when people have expressed themselves, when they have let off a certain form of words, they feel in a better and more tranquil frame of mind. A golfer, for instance, who misses his tee-d ball and hits the ground instead, and breaks his driver, finds it somewhat difficult to keep silent under such circumstances. Indeed, golfers are credited with a very expressive vocabulary. It is even said that expressions made use of on the golf-course are almost unprintable, and quite unfit for the ears of polite society.

There is a story told of a bishop who, when the waiter emptied a plate of hot soup down his back, looked up and down the table, and asked pathetically if there was any layman present who would use language appropriate for the occasion. What kind of language bishops might consider appropriate under such circumstances it is not for me to say; but certainly one sympathises with a bishop, or, indeed, with any other individual who finds his feelings too deep for expression. A friend of mine when suddenly and unexpectedly angered used to say, in vehement tones, "Daniel Isaac!" and declared that he felt all the better after giving expression to those Scriptural names. I have just received a post-card, written in red ink, which begins thus: "Allow me to congratulate you on the fact that you are undoubtedly a first-class pro-Boer, Passive Resister, law-breaker, and fool combined." It then goes on to use some other equally choice expressions, and couples with my name the name of one of the best-known men in London. This post-card is signed with an india-rubber stamp in two places: Henry Harding, the London Evangelist. Read Philippians I., 21.

Naturally after reading his choice epistle I opened my New Testament and turned to the Epistle to the Philippians, and to the 21st verse of the 1st chapter, in which I find the pious expression: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." I need say nothing about the first part of this beautifully solemn text, though it is possible that if Henry Harding were to die the loss might not be irreparable to the city of London. Still, we are told there is such a thing as righteous anger, and possibly Henry Harding, the London Evangelist, may have reason for being angry with me, and, his anger reaching a point beyond human endurance, he relieves his feelings by writing to me the post-card I have quoted from. Possibly he feels all the better for it, and as his expression of opinion does not do me the least harm, but furnishes me on the contrary with a text from which I can preach a little homily, no one need be the worse.

I am sure I hope Henry Harding is none the worse for giving expression—and somewhat violent expression—to his feelings. There are some people who never seem happy unless they are abusing somebody. I am not saying, of course, that my correspondent belongs to that class. Possibly he thinks he has done a Christian act in rebuking such a sinner as I am. It is quite true that the motto he has chosen from the writings of the Apostle Paul and his post-card do not seem exactly to harmonise, but that is a mere detail. Henry Harding is evidently no ordinary man. He is not only an evangelist, but he is the London evangelist. I presume there are no others in London like him. If only London had a few thousand of the same type, what a much better place it might be than it is to-day!

In reading the newspapers I discover that a number of good people are quite distressed, some of them a little angry, and not a few

decidedly argumentative, in consequence of the action of a number of people who feel it their conscientious duty to resist what they conceive to be an unjust law. If Passive Resisters do not give up their antagonism to the Education Act it will not be for want of advice nor from lack of argument. I notice that a worthy rector down in Southwark argues after this fashion: St. Paul had to live under the terrible tyranny of Nero, a tyranny so cruel and intolerable that we can scarcely form any real conception of it. Yet he says: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for the powers that be are of God." Now, I do not pretend to be a commentator, nor am I going to dogmatise as to what was in Paul's mind when he penned those words. I can quite conceive, however, that the term "the higher powers" may be an arguable point. Generally speaking, Paul looked at matters from a moral and spiritual standpoint. Hence it is just possible that he did not look upon all people who might happen to be for the moment in authority as "higher powers." Indeed, the lower powers have frequently been in authority; and because a knave or a fool happened for a moment to be seated on the magistrate's bench, or even upon a throne, one can hardly imagine the Apostle Paul claiming that such a one was ordained of God.

At any rate, I have always regarded the Apostle Paul as a very notorious Passive Resister. His contention was that conscience should always come first in the affairs of life, and that it was the duty of every convinced Christian to obey God rather than man. Where civil law did not trespass on the domain of conscience he obeyed it, but he recognised one supreme authority, and that was Christ. If ever by any chance his duty as a citizen should clash with what he believed to be the will of God, there was never any doubt as to his action. God was greater than Cæsar or Nero. It was his boast, when arraigned before King Agrippa, that "he had not been disobedient to the heavenly vision." One of the higher powers, according to this reverend gentleman's interpretation to-day, is the Sultan of Turkey. I wonder if this clergyman believes that the Sultan has been ordained of God, and that it is the duty of the Bulgarians and the Macedonians to submit meekly and quietly to his diabolical and hellish rule. If he does I candidly confess I do not envy him his belief.

This doctrine of the Divine right of kings is a very convenient one for certain people. Kings especially hold the doctrine with great tenacity. The present Emperor of Germany believes in it implicitly. He has no doubt upon his mind that he has been appointed by Almighty God to his high office. Well, I hope there has been a providential hand in raising him to the great position he occupies to-day. But when one reads in the newspapers that the Kaiser is anxious that the Sultan shall have a free hand, and has, in fact, been encouraging Abdul the Damned to persevere with his bloody work and to crush out the insurrection with a firm and relentless hand, one begins to doubt whether the Almighty has had any hand in his appointment. If rumour be true in this matter, I sincerely trust that the Kaiser will not again visit this country. English people who value their reputation should be careful of the company they keep. The man who encourages the unspeakable Abdul in his diabolical work not only disgraces the name of the Emperor, but is himself a disgrace to humanity.

It is quite time that civilised people discarded the pernicious idea of the Divine right of Kings. The mere accident of birth gives no man any moral right to tyrannise over his fellows or to countenance cruelty and oppression. This dogma of the Divine right of kings has been fraught with mischief all down the centuries. Under its cover the most atrocious wickedness has been committed and the most diabolical deeds have been condoned. The theory that kings can do no wrong is false as perdition itself. The idea of kingship at all is a survival from the dark ages. New nations that come into being

reject kings and hereditary rulers, and exalt men to rule over them not because of their accident of birth, but because of their fitness, morally and intellectually, for such high positions. I fancy if the Apostle Paul were alive to-day he would be the last man to say that Abdul was a "high power," or that he was "ordained of God."

A ONE-MAN ELECTRIC TRAMCAR.

The one-man tramcar, the trials of which have now been brought to a successful close, in use at Southport, will it is considered be found useful in the less busy times and seasons, when as we understand the large two-deck cars do not pay. To overcome this difficulty, and yet provide good accommodation and a frequent service for such passengers as there were, Mr. J. S. Raworth, the chairman of the Southport Tramways Company, designed the above-mentioned one-man car, which costs a great deal less in operation than the ordinary large car. The one-man car weighs about 4½ tons, and is capable of seating twenty passengers. It is fitted with hand and electric brakes, and a single official acts as driver and conductor both rolled into one. Passengers enter the car by the driver's platform and put their fares in a box. The rear step is folded up and locked by a gate. Between the part of the platform occupied by the driver and the entrance to the body of the car is a bar which, on being lifted to admit passengers, temporarily cuts off the current; or, in the event of the driver becoming incapacitated from any cause, and anyone going to his assistance, the lifting of the bar stops the car. The car cannot be started until the gate is closed. Very little force is required to operate the controller handle, and every position of the handle agrees with a certain speed of the car. The forward position gives full speed, and the backward position no speed. Therefore, to stop the car it is necessary only to pull back the handle.—"The Model Engineer and Electrician."

PUZZLED THE REPORTERS.

Mr. Balfour's reference in his speech to the "Bangorian controversy" puzzled the reporters. In one paper, notes the Liverpool "Post's" London correspondent, it is described as the Dorian controversy, in another as the Borian, and in another as the Bagarian; while in a Sheffield evening paper it was called the Bulgarian controversy. The Bangorian controversy arose over a sermon preached by Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, before George I., on the text, "My kingdom is not of this world." Its doctrines were hotly challenged, but, as Mr. Balfour said, the controversy is now completely forgotten.

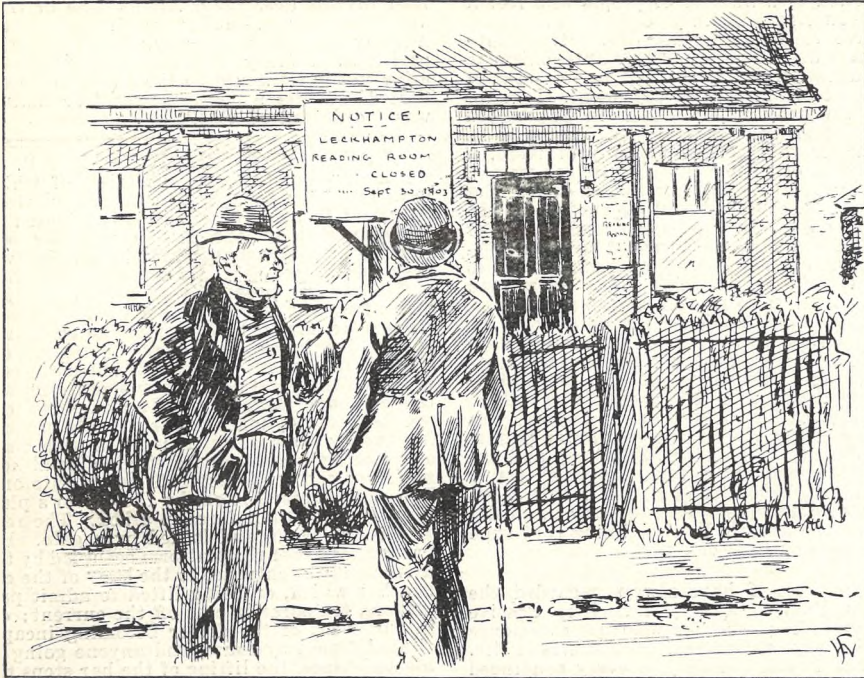
SEPARATED BY DEATH.

The oldest married couple in the United Kingdom, John and Ellen Baxter, of Laughton-en-le-Morthen, near Worksop, have been separated by death. Mr. Baxter has just died after a married life of seventy-five years, sixty of which were spent in one house. He was ninety-four, and his widow, who survives him, is ninety-six. In his younger days Baxter helped to dress the stone used in building the Houses of Parliament, which was obtained from a quarry in the neighbourhood.

CHANGE RINGING.—Members of the Gloucester and Bristol and Devonshire Guild of Ringers, at Heavitree Church, near Exeter, on October 5th, 1903, rang a true and well-struck peal of triples, containing 5,040 changes, in three hours and thirty minutes; conducted by W. T. Pates; treble E. V. Cox, 2 W. T. Pates, 3 A. F. Searle, 4 T. Mudge, 5 J. E. Baker, 6 J. R. Sandover, 7 G. H. Phillott, 8 W. P. Chapple; tenor, 26 cwt., in E flat.

The marriage of Mr. R. C. Shakespeare Waller, R.M.L.I., eldest son of the Rev. Percy Waller, of Holy Trinity Church, Cheltenham, with Miss Letitia Frances Stevenson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Princes Park, Liverpool, is arranged to take place on 10th November, at All Saints' Church, Princes Park.





1ST LECKHAMPTON WORTHY: "What with new Town-halls and Electric Light and Education Rates and other such improvements, they can't afford we any free reading unless we goes down to Clarence-street when our day's work be over."

2ND DITTO: "And doing it for economy, they says! I call it a gripping at the tap and lettin' out at the bung-hole!"

Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

**A LADY EXPLORER.**

Among the passengers who left Liverpool on Saturday for West Africa by the steamer Burutu was Mrs. French Skeldon, the well-known traveller and explorer. This lady has made a journey of over 2,000 miles through Africa on foot, and the natives have everywhere received her with great cordiality. Her explorations have given much valuable information to the world on scientific and commercial matters. Her present mission is undertaken at the request of Sir Alfred Jones, who has instructed her to report as to the development of the country in connection with minerals, vegetable life, and other substances likely to be commercially useful. Mrs. Skelton, who is reputed to be a great hunter, said she was looking forward to some good sport among the lions. After spending some time at Sierra Leone she will proceed to the Congo and report on the Belgian concessions there for the information of the King of Belgium.

**A NOVEL LOCOMOTIVE.**

Presiding at the last half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the Great Northern Railway Company, Lord Allerton referred to an engine of a novel type introduced by the company. This engine is intended to cope with the heavy suburban trains over the somewhat severe gradients of the Great Northern line between King's Cross, Highgate, and High Barnet, on which stretch of 11½ miles, it is anticipated, no fewer than eight minutes will eventually be saved by the "stopping" trains. The engine which has an imposing appearance, is really one of the ordinary eight-coupled goods engines, deprived of its tender, and provided instead with side tanks of large capacity, fitted with condensing apparatus, and slightly lengthened frames, coal bunker, and a pair of radial wheels. The engine weighs about 80 tons.

**Grand Trades & Commerce Exhibition,  
WINTER GARDENS, OCT. 13 to 22.**

To be Opened by THE MAYOR on Tuesday,  
October 13th, at 3 o'clock p.m.

THE HIGHLY-TALENTED BAND,

**"RED ROSE ORCHESTRA"**

(MANTON-MYATT FAMILY), WILL PERFORM  
HIGH-CLASS SELECTIONS EACH DAY.

**COOKERY LECTURES**

BY MISS F. SURRIDGE (LATE PRINCIPAL, SCHOOL  
OF COOKERY, TORONTO).

**COMPETITIONS**

IN COOKING, CAKE MAKING, AND SEWING:  
PRIZES TO THE VALUE OF £10 WILL BE GIVEN.

Cinematograph, Dissolving Views, Trades at Work, Handsome Stalls by leading Tradesmen of Cheltenham & the World's largest Manufacturers, besides a number of other attractions.

Admission Free by Tickets, (Illustrations of the Exhibitors (see names in Monday's "Echo").  
C. F. BILSON, Manager.



**THE FIRST TRAIN TO COOMASSIE.**

The Colonial Office has received the following telegram from the Governor of the Gold Coast, dated Saturday:—"The Chief Commissioner of Ashanti reports the first train into Coomassie arrived yesterday, with 27 Europeans and the kings and chiefs of Bakwai, Kokohi, Adansi, and Abodom. All Coomassie chiefs and most outlying chiefs received it. Everything was most successful."

The Waterloo Station extension work will probably make that station the largest in the world. The enlargement will give the station eight additional lines. The London and South-Western Railway Company's present schemes include not only an extension on the south side and a new double approach thereto from the direction of Westminster Bridge, but the reconstruction of Clapham Junction and the building of new platforms at Vauxhall.

The electrophone, the same instrument which conveyed the sounds of Mr. Balfour's voice from Sheffield to London during Thursday's speech, has been installed in one of the incurable cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital. A benevolent lady has paid the cost and rent of the installation of four instruments, and the patients can listen to the merriment and music at Daly's Theatre or the symphonies of the Queen's Hall, as they wish. On Sundays they may listen to the services in several churches in London.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 146.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
"A COUNTRY GIRL."

NEXT WEEK (First Time in Cheltenham):  
"THE UNFORSEEN."

A New Play from the Haymarket Theatre.

**Chandos Grammar School,**  
*Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.*

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.  
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.  
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE TERM  
BEGAN SEPT. 15th.—Apply to  
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a weekly prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The winner of the 144th competition is Mr. W. A. Walton, London-road, Gloucester.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 55th competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, for his "Legend of Chosen Church."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The winner of the 37th competition is Miss F. M. Ramsay, 1 St. Albans-villas, Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the vicar of Holy Trinity, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in. Half-plate photos are best.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce



**MR. FRANK RICHARDSON,**

THE NEW CHIEF CONSTABLE OF SALISBURY.

For several years chief clerk in the office of the Deputy Chief Constable of Gloucestershire. He comes of a constabulary family, for his father is Chief Constable of Hereford and his brother Chief Constable of Halifax.



**"SELINA JENKINS'S" LETTERS.**

**THE PRIZE PICTURE.**

**"SELINA JENKINS" ON THE TRADES EXHIBITION.**

'Aving received a ticket and a little crimson book to admit two of us to the Trades Exhibition to the Winter Gardens, opened by his Worship the Mayor, Col. Rogers, D.V., J.P., E.T.C., E.T.C., I did meself the honour of walking up last Tuesday evening jest to look around, and to see what new things in the way of brain-foods and other American fagaries there mite be on view; wich you never knows wot they be goin' to invent next these times, wot with wireless te'egraffy and sich like, as I will say upsets the weather somethink awful, wich you can't step only jest up the street to 'ave a chat with a neybor without takin' a humbereller and a mackintosh, not to speak of puttin' on yer thickest boots, or if you don't you're as likely as not to be more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  drowned dodgin' back. I never see'd sich rain, not in all my long and eventful career; talk about walkin' between the drops, why a microbe couldn't do it, as comes down all of a flop, for all the world like the picture in our our old fambly Bible of the Deluge, with Noah a-lookin' out of a winder in the Ark to see if there was any chance of terror firmer, as the sayin' is, and the very hevings droppin' down in one piece; wich I consider wireless telegraffy and electric trams and things draws the moisture, as like as not, and so ought to be doned away with.

'Owever, to come to the Trades Exhibition at the Wintny Gardings, I was glad to see as somebody 'ad tied up that there round-about door, as fairly hupset me last time I went to the Gardings, and is only a pore joke at the best of times. Arrived inside the buildin', as the newspapers would say, the heye were bewildered with a jealousy of colour and melody wich was truly remarkable and not-never-to-be-forgotten. On the one 'and was mysterialized milk, as will keep for 3 months if you don't drink it, on the other couches and settees, and coal-scuttles, and brazen bedsteads, while straight before were a stall labelled "Silk," as weren't "silk" at all, but as tasty a lot of cheese and groceries as you ever see'd. 'Aving 'eard that samples of everythink was gave away free at these sort of advertisement shows, I jest selects a fine cheese, weighing I should consider about 28 pounds, as a free sample, but the gent in charge of the grocery stall eggsplined to me that samples wasn't gave away at their stall, they being so well known, as were a knock-down blow for poor me, as considered I should be able to do without any groceries for a week or two after sampling all the stalls at the exhibition.

'Owever, I wends me way round the show, not without some difficulty, as it were very awkward walkin' here and there becos of gas-pipes or somethink wich was very frequent on the floor, and caused me once to trip up and knock over 100's of little packets of custard powder, as couldn't properly be settled 'eeps by me purchasing  $\frac{1}{2}$  a dozen, being a thing as I don't care for, not meself, as goes down so cold, and lies 'eavy on the chest for 'ours afterwards.

At one stall there was a juvenile young fellow wich tried to sell me a Spot-Destroyer Bomb, being a sort of a mentho cone as you rubs on grease spots, etcettery, wich 'e 'ad a bit of cloth and rubbed one of these 'ere bombs on jest to show it didn't hurt the cloth. So I hups and I says, "Now, look 'ere, young feller, why don't you do wot's more to the pint, and make a grease spot on that there cloth, and then use one of yer bombs on it?" So 'e thinks for a minnit, and then says that they be very sorry, but they be run out of grease; they generally keeps a taller candle on the premises, but it's all used up! 'Aving 'eard wich eggsplination I thought a few thinks to meself and passed on, to see a young woman driving a sewing-machine for dear life, and lookin' very 'appy at it, too, while 'er brother, so I s'pose, were introducing a select audience to the insides of another machine. They do say that the latest new brands of sewing-machines will do pretty well anythink, wich I shouldn't be surprised if they invented one as would get up in the morning and light the fire, and bring a cup of tea upstairs, while a body were dressin', they does sich onspeakable things already.

Then there's they there big phonygrafts at the music stall, wich one of 'em started screamin' with laffin' jest as I was standin'



Photos by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

in the line of fire, so to speak, as very near took me breath away with the row, and were that real I couldn't help giggling a bit meself, although there were upwards of 3 people a-standin' on me foot at the moment. But there, when sich sweetness and melody steels over the sole one doesn't think about a little pain.

There was a lot of other attractions, sich as a band in red westkets, all from one fambly, as must be a clever lot, and reminds me of pore Jenkins's fambly, as was all very clever with the accordion and the concertina, and could play bootiful hairs sometimes, that I will say.

Wich reminds me again of a sort of a frenzy-logical stall down to one end of the Wintny Garding, near to the few remarks on cookery, on the front of the same being a number of letters 'rote by all manner of distinguished individuools, sich as the follering: "Mr. Colledge has examined the head of my little girl, and I can certainly say his statements are quite correct."

Next door but one to this stall was sold a patent hair-wash, wich the young feller intimated were also a excellent thing for puttin' in the shavin' water, as I considered were like 'is impurence to me, as never shaved in me life, and ain't likely to take to it at my time of life!

There was also a gent of a foreign persuasion sellin' lace collarettes, as could tell up as good a tale as the best of 'em in order to get the stuff off 'is 'ands, and remarked to me in confidence (as I were doin' a bit of 'agglin' over the price of a collarette as I considered would suit me admirable, as the sayin' is) that 'e were "able to talk in six langwidges, but 'e couldn't tell me a falsehood not in one of 'em, and that this 'ere collarette cost more for jest the materials than I were payin' for the whole thing, including the art of makin' it and all."

Well, well, now; it's a reglar relief to find anybody as isn't able to tell fibs nowadays, wot with Chamberlain, and Rosebery, and all the rest of they perlitical chaps breathin' out fire and slaughter in column after column of

newspaper printing, and contradicting each other rite and left, till you don't know where you be, wot with the mixture of Big Loaf, Little Loaf, Bacon Maize, Little Englanders, Union of Hearts, Passive Desisters, Protectionists, Free Traders, Hit-'em-back-ers, Lib-Labs, and so 4th. and upwards of 2 dozen other varieties, wich politics seems to me to be blown to pieces by the Chamberlain bomb-shell, and as for the bits—why, they're countless!

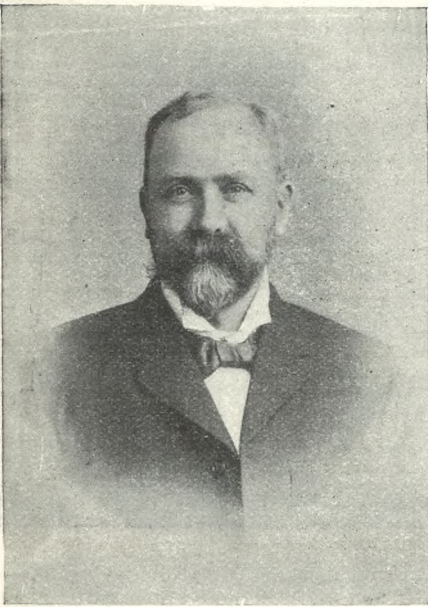
Still, to come back to the Wintny Garding show, I went round and picked up all the free samples as I could. "Sweet is the uses of advertisement," says the poet Willum J. Shakespeare, of Stratford (wich I 'ears they roasted 8 hoxen and 12 pigs whole in the streets there at the mop on Monday, and the gutters were very nigh flooded with gravy)—so I 'elped meself with the hutmost of freedom to all the free samples there was to be found, altho' I will say they be gettin' a site more pertikler than they used to be with their samples, wich a young woman at one of the stalls told me that in the old days people 'ave been known to live for a whole week on the samples they could obtain at the stalls, comin' in every mealtime and 'elpin' theirselves as if they was at 'ome, as was very excellent, but didn't pay. So instructions now is: samples to be as small as possible.

Amongst other things, I had a bit of wheat biseuit, as were quite different to my make of the same article, but it turned out I'd made a mistake in tryin' to eat the stuff raw, as were like so many dried sticks; but served by a 'andsome young woman, out of a silvery boiler thing, with a drop of cream and a bit of sugar, it were somthink to sit and dream about. But then I expects as the lot I 'ad weren't baked by the Niagara Falls, as they be now, as must make a tidy difference in the flavour, wich were stated in the "Echo" of Tuesday.

'Aving said wich, I concludes me brief statement by sayin' that I considers this 'ere Trade Exhibition a very good evening's amusement, only the samples mite be a bit more profuse-like. SELINA JENKINS.



## CHELTENHAM MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.



**Mr. Edward Gridley,**

EAST WARD, CHELTENHAM.

Hon. secretary East Ward Conservative Committee since its formation; hon. secretary Cheltenham Cricket Club.



**Mr. W. J. Merrett,**  
EAST WARD, CHELTENHAM.

Has resided in the ward for twenty years, and worked up and held the largest insurance agency in the district, of which, on account of ill-health, he gave up the active management last July, and hence has now time at his disposal to engage in public work. Adopted as candidate by the Trade and Labour Council, and unanimously supported by a large meeting of the Liberal Committee of the ward. Is a member of St. Peter's Schools Management Committee.



**Mr. Herbert Stroud,**  
SOUTH WARD, CHELTENHAM.

Has represented the ward for three years, and seeks re-election.

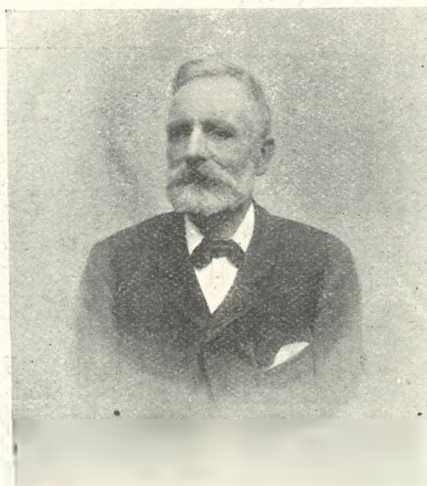
## GLOUCESTER MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.



**Mr. Charles Holbrook, J.P.,**

WEST WARD, GLOUCESTER.

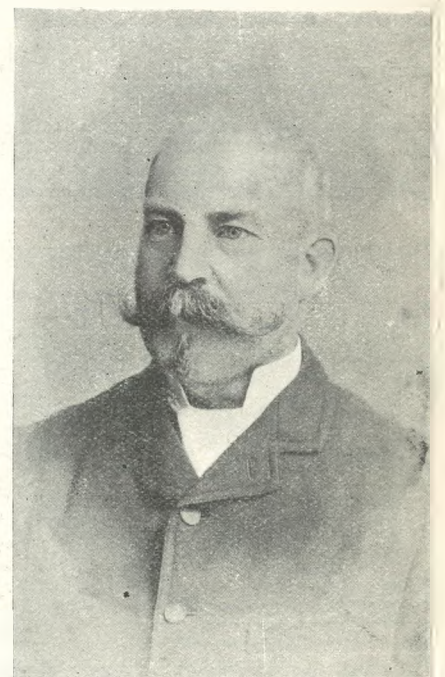
Has sat for the ward since 1898, and was at the head of the poll at the "general" in 1900. Has done yeoman service for the Conservative cause in Reading and Gloucester, and on leaving the former place in 1887 he was banqueted by the party and presented with a silver dessert service as a testimonial.



**Mr. William Goddard,**

TREDWORTH WARD, GLOUCESTER,

which he has represented for three years, previous to which he sat for the Barton. He is a leading Co-operator, and also a Poor Law Guardian.



**Mr. Charles H. Clutterbuck,**

EAST WARD, GLOUCESTER,

which he has uninterruptedly represented for 27 years. He is now "the father" of the City Council, and was Deputy-Mayor in 1887-8. Has been for many years a Poor Law Guardian, Charity Trustee, and Governor of the United Endowed Schools.



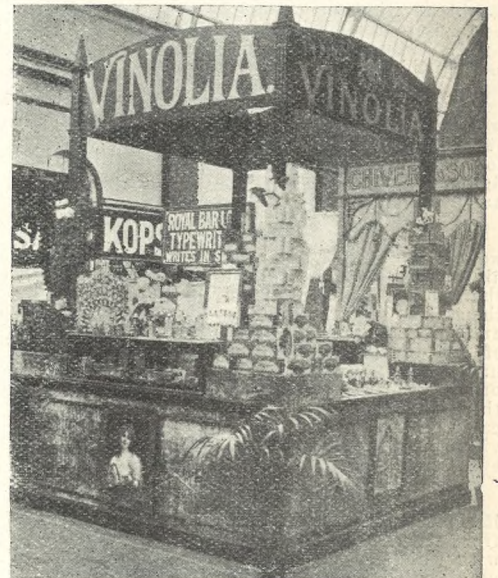
CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC. OCTOBER 17, 1903.  
 SOME OF THE STANDS AT THE TRADES EXHIBITION.



Photos by Whaley, Cheltenham.



CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 17, 1903.  
SOME OF THE STANDS AT THE TRADES EXHIBITION.



Photos by Whaley, Cheltenham.



## Gloucestershire Gossip.

Now that politics and electioneering matters are very much to the front, I may be pardoned if I briefly allude to the situation locally. It is interesting to note that the official resolution approving of the Premier's fiscal policy that was adopted by the National Union of Conservative Associations at Sheffield was moved by a Gloucestershire representative (Sir John Dorington); and that one of the towns in the county (Cinderford) was selected for his platform by Mr. Asquith, the first Liberal statesman who spoke after Mr. Chamberlain's declaration of preferential policy at Glasgow. All the constituencies, with the exception of the Stroud and Forest Divisions, are early prepared with candidates in the next Parliamentary struggle. Stroud is certainly backward with its Conservative champion, but there are rumours that it may succeed in getting a local one after all. Sir Charles Dilke has, I think, an impregnable seat in the Forest, and if this is attacked it would only be to keep him engaged. The Conservatives have, as usual, the advantage of a greater number of candidates of native birth or strong local and personal connections than the Liberals. For the past thirty years, ever since Mr. Agg-Gardner gained such a firm footing in the borough, Cheltenham has been a veritable "Potter's field" to bury Liberal stranger candidates in, and I doubt not that the True Blues here will be as ready to give as decent political interment to Mr. Sears, of the London County Council, as they did to Messrs. Lehmann, Biggs, Debenham, and Blaydes. But I am glad there is going to be a fight, as party machines want working occasionally. The machines won't, it seems, be running at full speed at the forthcoming municipal elections. Still, at fighting Gloucester contests all along the line are pending.

The storm in the wine cup after the Cotswold Puppy Show luncheon was unwarrantably raised, and I will not refer to it further than to say that I understand the farmers themselves preferred their champagne sweet, and that the incident reminds me of the story of an inexperienced diner-out, who, not understanding French, once ostentatiously ordered the waiter not to bring him any of the "sec" (dry) quality of champagne on the carte, as he only drank that of first-class vintage. He must have believed in "Mumm" ever afterwards as regards wine.

The retirement, under the Incumbents' Resignation Act, of the Rev. Arthur Armitage from the vicarage of St. John's, Cheltenham, with which he has been connected for forty years, will impose upon the Simeon Trustees, who hold the patronage of several livings in this town, the obligation of appointing his successor; and I believe I am speaking by the book in saying that the great bulk of the congregation would like it to be the Rev. Philip Cave-Moyles, the curate. If they have not already done so, I hope they will send up a memorial to the Trustees in his favour. There can certainly be no harm done in this. As the Rector of Cheltenham by his preferment of the Rev. H. E. Noott from curate to vicar of St. Luke's kindly acceded to the general wishes of that congregation, so I think the "Simeons" might well follow this excellent precedent in the case of St. John's.

There is still a blank at Lansdown Junction, and I find I am by no means alone in hoping that this will be remedied before the short winter days are upon us. I refer to the big blackboard, which doubtless required a little rest after bearing the strain of the "fiscal policy of 7s. 3d. in the £." But cannot our versatile friend coin some message or legend (in durable letters of course) to interest passers-by and to pay a tribute to the Garden Town? Perhaps "Charitable Cheltenham" would serve, as a recognition of its latest liberal response to the appeal in the "Echo" for the widow and orphans of the brave man who threw away his life in trying to stop a runaway horse.

GLEANER.



Drawn by Fred R. Bell, Cheltenham.

### "This Sears the Man!"

[The Liberal Hundred has unanimously selected Mr. J. E. Sears as the Liberal candidate for Cheltenham at the next Parliamentary Election.]

Chorus of Fairies—

Into Parliament he shall go!  
Backed by our supreme authority,  
He'll command a large majority.  
Into Parliament he shall go!  
—"Iolanthe" (W. S. Gilbert).



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

### When Will They Come?

YOUNG LECKHAMPTON: "Ma, when is Mr. Nevins going to bring me my cars?"

CHELTONIA: "He says you will have them by May 1st—but he didn't mention what year!"



## THE PRIZE DRAWING.

## THE LEGEND OF CHOSEN CHURCH

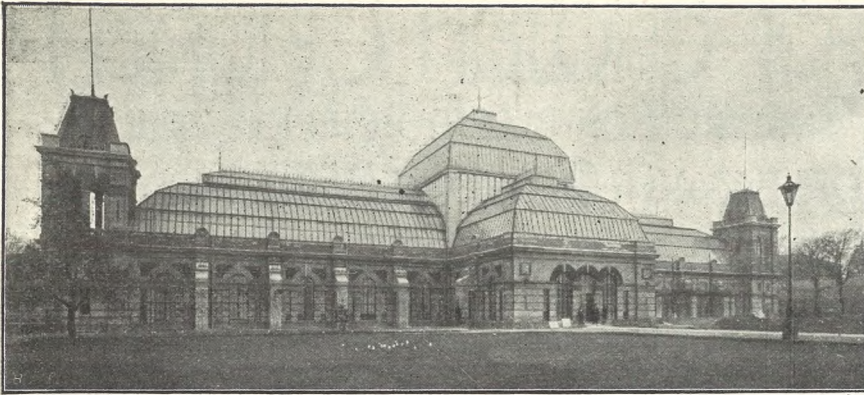
IN THE DAYS WHEN EDWARD I. OF BLESSED MEMORY RULED IN THE LAND, THERE AROSE BETWEEN GLOUCESTER CITY AND THE

TOWNE OF CHELTENHAM, A GOODLY MONASTERY WHICH IN A SHORT SPACE WAXED VERY FAT IN MONEYS AND LAND; YET POSSESSED NOT A CHURCH SO THAT MASS WAS HELD AT BAGGEWORTH. ~~XX~~ NOW THE MONKS BEING LOVERS OF GOOD CHEER & PORTLY WITHAL WERE SORE VEXED WITH THE LONG WALK AND MADE SHIFT TO BUILD THEMSELVES A CHURCH HARD BY. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ BUT THIS LAST STAGE WAS INDEED WORSE THAN THE FIRST INASMUCH FROM BEING



INDOLENT & THEY BECAME RIOTUOUS AND LUSTFUL. ~~XX~~ THEN IN WRATH UPROSE THE GOOD SAINT BARTHOLEMEW THEIR PATRON WHO IN ONE NIGHT CARRIED THE CHURCH TO THE TOP OF CHOSEN HILL. THERE AT THE MONKS MARVELLED GREATLY AND WERE FILLED WITH FEAR SO THAT THEY STRAIGHTWAY BEGAN TO MEND THEIR EVIL WAYS; IN TIME BECOMING LIKE UNTO OTHER MONKS. NOW THIS IS THE LEGEND OF CHOSEN CHURCH.





WHERE THE EXHIBITION IS BEING HELD.



THE RED ROSE ORCHESTRA (Manton-Myatt Family).

### The Trades Exhibition.

A trades exhibition under the patronage of many of the leading local tradesmen and of manufacturers further afield, whose specialities have in many instances a world-wide fame, was opened at the Cheltenham Winter Gardens on Tuesday afternoon by his Worship the Mayor of Cheltenham (Col. Rogers, J.P.). The object of the exhibition is chiefly to bring articles of daily use before the public, and to practically demonstrate the advantages of using up-to-date food preparations, domestic and household articles, and appliances. The wide range provided by this comprehensive scheme is sufficiently elastic to admit of anything between the latest in Mackintosh toffee and the most approved model or racing-boat or motor-bicycle, the making of a custard or the working of the most recent improvement in Yankee typewriters or English pianos—altogether a most instructive system of disseminating a practical knowledge of the stock-in-trade of the various exhibitors whose enterprise has suggested this method of educating and amusing the public. The catering of amusement does not end with cookery demonstrations and competitions, whether in doll dressing or writing poems on the merits of Nixey's blacklead, but an orchestra has been engaged to give programmes of high-class music throughout the exhibition; interesting and instructive lantern lectures, with wonderful scenic effects, have also been

arranged, and the cinematograph will lend its aid to this end. Altogether the exhibition, which is exceptionally well housed in such a building as the Winter Gardens, is decidedly worthy of a visit, and is a credit to its manager, Mr. C. F. Bilson, ably assisted by Mr. C. J. Flitton.

On pages 4 and 5 of this issue we illustrate some of the principal stalls of the exhibition. Variety is their distinguishing feature, and in the short space at our disposal it is impossible to enumerate all the good things that are worthy of notice. First to attract attention are the stands of Messrs. Silk and Sons, the well-known provision merchants, whose display is of the best and holds its own in interest with any in the exhibition. Close by, Messrs. Norton and Co. devote one stand to their latest patterns in cycles—they are agents for no less than fourteen leading firms, and make specialities of the Humber chain-driven 3-h.p. motor-bicycle and the Quadrant single-lever motor-bicycle—and another to fancy brass and copper work. Among natural foods, none has attracted more attention in recent years than milk and two of the most interesting stalls are those of Mr. James Wood, of Arle Farm Dairy, whose efforts to improve upon raw milk, relieving it of all impure and disease-conveying germs, meet with great approval; and of the Anglo-Swiss Milk Co., who add to the attractions of their stall by various prize competitions among the visitors. One of the most artistic stands is that of Van Houten, in the form of a miniature refreshment-room, and here the world-famed

cocoa is served in Royal Worcester cups at the nominal charge of one penny, this including a biscuit and a dainty serviette, in addition to which ladies desirous of trying the cocoa at home are readily supplied with a pretty tin containing sufficient for several cups. The firm also exhibit their new eating chocolate, which ranks among chocolates as Van Houten's Cocoa does among cocoas.

Messrs. R. Strang and Sons, of Montpellier, have a good show of ranges, tiles, stoves, mantels, hearths, and other fireplace specialities at the Town-hall end of the building. Their barless tile grates are worthy of inspection, whilst it is claimed for their "Trident" kitchener that it combines many improvements not in other makes. They also stock plumbers' fittings.

Next to them Mr. Woodward, of the Music Saloon, High-street, has a high-class display, amongst which the old English style pianette in "fumed" oak, and another similar instrument in Chippendale will attract the attention of connoisseurs. Their "pianola" and excellent gramophones should also be inspected.

Mr. Whaley's display of artistic photographic work is certainly one of the most interesting in the exhibition. Worthy of note amongst the exhibits are a grand enlargement in sepia of the Mayor of Cheltenham, in three-quarter life-size, and a three-quarter length of Dr. Bower, a well-known Cheltonian. Mr. Whaley also exhibits replicas of the score and odd medals he has won in competitive events, and a pair of his most successful exhibition pictures. An indoor group of 270 figures, each person separately photographed, displays Mr. Whaley's skill at this exacting branch of his art.

Mr. J. Hill, of the Promenade, caters very largely for the picture post-card-using public, his extensive stock including several copyrights of local views and a wonderful penny letter-card. A distinct novelty, indicative of the extent to which the craze (as we term other people's hobbies) has extended, is the musical letter-card, which upon being handled emits a cry similar to that generally associated with an indiarubber doll.

Kops, the well-known makers of Kops Ale and table delicacies, deserve attention. Samples of their specialities, including fruit, wine, liqueurs, cream puddings, ice cream, and so forth, are obtainable at the stand at intervals, and the same may be said of Chivers's lemonade and custards. "Yewsabit" is a metal polish guaranteed to clean brass, copper, and all metals like magic, and "no elbow-grease required." The stand at which exhibitions of its power are given is next Kops. The Vinolia Soap Company have two large and well-stocked stands, upon the one of which their toilet soaps and perfumeries were displayed, household soaps occupying the other. The well-known firm who dispense liquid life in the form of the meat extract known to the broad world as "Bovril" were housed in a neat little kiosk, in which were displayed the various productions of their industry.

Perhaps no better instance of modern enterprise was in evidence than that of the National Food Company, whose "Triscuit," to which, with other whole wheat foods, a stall was dedicated. Whatever our esteemed contributor "Selina Jenkins" may have to say about these and such like articles of diet, the fact that they are actually cooked by electricity generated by the Falls of Niagara give them an interest which must be an important asset to the company. Messrs. Lance and Co., house furnishers, have a very conspicuous and tastefully arranged stall in the skating rink; Messrs. Sanders, Morgan, and Co., exhibit the latest electrical fittings and appliances; and these and many other exhibits, such as Richmond's gas stoves, Nugget boot polishes, and Hovis bread, make a show that is likely to draw a considerable crowd of visitors daily until the 22nd inst., when the exhibition concludes.

One of the photographic illustrations is that of the Red Rose Orchestra, a highly talented band of musicians which is composed entirely of the members of one family.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 147

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,  
"THE UNFORESEEN."

NEXT WEEK: Mr. George Dance's Company in  
"A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

Success of two years at the Strand Theatre.

**Chandos Grammar School,**

*Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.*

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.  
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.  
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE TERM  
BEGAN SEPT. 15th.—Apply to  
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a weekly prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The winner of the 145th competition is Miss E. Raimondi, Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 56th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The winner of the 38th competition is Miss Constance Begbie, "Brightleigh," Charlton Kings, for the report of a sermon by the Rev. Denwood Harrison at Holy Apostles' Church.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in. Half-plate photos are best.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



MR. JOHN E. SEARS, L.C.C., F.R.I.B.A.,  
LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR CHELTENHAM.





SHAKSPERE AGAIN AMONG US.

A select audience has been invited to a comfortable country inn by a neighbourly admirer of the drama to meet the leading member of a theatrical company about to open a short season at the theatre of a neighbouring town, who it is given out has something to tell an unappreciative public regarding the drama and the stage. Glasses have been duly primed, and the hero of the evening rises to the clapping of approving palms.

Friends and gentlemen,—Thanks for your greeting. I have come to talk to you aent the stage, and your kindly reception assures me a genial hearing. I have played and fought, and sung and danced before the highest and the lowest of audiences. "Oft in the stilly night" have I received the plaudits of crowded houses. But the remuneration obtained was a sorry return for the talent displayed, and failed to provide the requisite juicy chop and nutrient porter. Shakspeare, gentlemen, has been shunted; grand opera is a luxury reserved for the monied few; the masses are fed on sensationalism, burlesque, and buffoonery. "O, for an ounce of civit, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

How apt to explain my position and the trend of the times come in many phrases I could quote from the voluminous Shaksperian text. No wonder thoughtful German critics have been full of admiration of Shakspeare for the power he has shown in the exposition of character, and the delineation of human nature under the varying circumstances of life. No wonder either that thoughtful Englishmen equally admire him as the king of English dramatic poetry, as Robert Burns is universally admitted to be the king of Scotch poetry.

"Down with your jibboom there, abaft the binnacle," is now roared out amid a mimic storm at sea, and a madman mounts the rigging, and leaps from the mast head on to a mattress below, amid music and applause. Who shall stay the work now being carried out to rob the stage of its boasted noble influence? Our immortal Bard, who, indeed, "Speaks like a man of God's making," pleads in a hundred forms for a fitting use of the stage. Let me recall a few of his pregnant phrases, occurring in his plays, which counsel us in richest English, and aptly plead for a purer time, while I ask you to imagine the poor actor before you to be "made up" as a Shaksperian portrait.

First, gentlemen, "I will see what physick the tavern affords"; though true it "Great men should drink with hardness on their throats."

"Every inordinate cup is imblest, and the ingredient is a devil."

"Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used."

"Society (saith the text) is the happiness of life."

"Friendly counsel cuts off many foes."

"Peace, good Pint-pot; peace, good Tickle-brain."

"Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here."

"Sometimes we are devils to ourselves."

"Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak."

"A cypress, not a bosom, hides my poor heart."

"My griefs cry louder than advertisement."

Although "I hope we shall drink down all unkindness."

let me say I think the theatrical middleman is too often moved solely by the money-getting spirit of the time.

"Taunt him with license of ink."

To him, to quote our bard again, "Nothing comes amiss so money comes withal."

"O brave new world that has such people in't."

"I owe him little duty, and less love."

"He will sell the fee simple of his salvation."

"I do begin to perceive I am made an ass."

"When the fox hath once got in his nose, he will soon find means to make his body follow."

"Policy sits above conscience."

"What time of day is't? Time to be honest."

"Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives."

"Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling."

"Bait the hook well, this fish will bite."

"Here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law."

"O knowledge ill-inhabited! Worse than Jove in a thatched house."

"Poverty dogs the heels of worth."

"If money go before, all ways do lie open."

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

"We must do good against evil."

"As good to die and go, as die and stay."

"In the end truth will out."

"As I am I live upon the rack."

"Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman."

"I prithee give me leave to curse awhile."

"A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue."

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse."

"Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on."

"A man may see how this world goes with no eyes."

"Some airy devil hovers in the sky, and pours down mischief."

"The strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey." (This before Darwin ferretted it out.)

"'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss."

"I am rapt in dismal thoughts."

"Draw the curtain close, and let us all to meditation."

And, if need be, "Patch grief with proverbs."

"A good man's fortune may grow out at heels."

"They passed by me as misers do by beggars—neither gave to me word nor look."

"How apt the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."

"Much rain wears marble."

"Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."

"Though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed."

O, how full of briars is this working-day world."

To persist in doing wrong extenuates not wrong, but makes it much more heavy."

"There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered."

"The affair cries haste, and speed must answer it."

"Dull not device by coldness and delay."

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, but to support him after."

"Small herbs have grace, great needs do grow apace; Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste."

"Truth is truth to the end of the reckoning."

"Order gave each thing view."

"Our content is our best having."

"This wide and universal theatre presents more woful pageants than the scene wherein we play in."

Let's carry with us ears and eyes for the time, but hearts for the event."

Opinion's but a fool that makes us scan The outward habit by the inward man."

"Now sir, thought is free."

"There is no darkness, but ignorance."

"Be a child of the time."

"O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen."

"The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons."

"There is no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand."

"Strike now, or else the iron cools."

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings";

"Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water."

"Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile; Filth savour but themselves."

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us."

"What's gone, and what's past help should be past grief."

"He that is proud eats up himself."

"Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves."

"Sometimes we are devils to ourselves."

"Who seeks and will not take when once

'tis offered shall never find it more."

"Wishers were ever fools."

"To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal; But sorrow flouted at is double death."

"How poor are they that have not patience."

"The hearts of old gave hands; But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts."

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."

"Everyone can master a grief but he that has it."

"What cannot be avoided 'Twer childish weakness to lament or fear."

"Policy sits above conscience."

"The fashion of the world is to avoid cost; so a giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise."

In urging a mending of the evils of the time, the mere political talker

"Draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument," leaving the complainant

"As far from help as limbo is from bliss."

And his applauding followers may be said to have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps."

"O they have lived long on the alms-basket of words."

"Village curs bark when their fellows do."

"Too light winning makes the prize light."

"You cannot shun yourself."

"Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting."

"To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first."

"Where souls do couch on flowers we will hand in hand," and strive

"To inlay heaven with stars."

"Take the present time by the top."

"Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides; Who covers faults at last shame them derides."

"Time must mend or end."

"The end crowns all, And that old common arbiter, Time, will one day end it."

JOSEPH MERRIN.

POETRY.

"MY DOG AND ME."

When fate's unkind, and every hope seems vain,  
Or griefs oppress;  
When coldly-turning friendships fill my heart  
With heaviness;—  
When, for a few bright hours, from life's dark cares  
I would be free  
Some lovely lonely country walk delights  
My dog and me!  
To make me smile and notice him, he'll strive  
By all he can;  
Where should I find more tender sympathy  
In any man?  
He'll whine, and gaze into my face, as if  
Those cares he knew;—  
You'd wonder such an ugly sort of dog  
Could be so true!  
You wouldn't say he's quite a thoroughbred,  
His coat's too rough;  
And I believe you'd think his curly tail  
Not long enough;  
But—like some people—what his figure needs,  
His instinct gains;—  
You'd wonder such a mongrel sort of dog  
Had so much brains!

\* \* \* \* \*  
He knows if friends or strangers knock, or tramp  
Across the yard;  
He's getting old—but he's a famous chap  
The place to guard;  
To snarl, and hear the echo of his voice  
He's mighty proud;—  
You'd wonder such a tiny sort of dog  
Could bark so loud!  
But, soon as little Wilfrid strokes his head,  
He's quiet at once;  
He'll "die," and "beg," or in the corner stand  
To play the dunce;  
And if that paper fool's-cap hides his eyes,  
He doesn't mind;—  
You'd wonder such a savage sort of dog  
Could be so kind!  
Ah me! from this small dumb obedient brute,  
One lesson's plain:  
He gives me all he has—his changeless love,  
My own to gain!  
His tongue can't tell a lie, nor can his heart  
Deceitful be;—  
That's why our friendship close and closer binds  
My dog and me!

—J. REDDIE MALLETT.



“Selina Jenkins’s” Letters.

“POLITICS AND TEMPER.”

Dear, dear, now! Jest to think of it! I’ve been readin’ upwards of a dozen or 2 tracks done by a firm by the name of Consistent, Brummagem, as really makes a body feel quite nervous, wot with rows upon rows of figures, as I never couldn’t abide, not meself, and can’t never for the life of me tell ‘ow many O’s there is to a million; altho’ I will say there’s they as fairly lives on figures and considers no pastime so fine as addin’ hup about 200 money sums and workin’ out sich little hitemas as—If 45 men would build a Roman Catholic church in 241 days 2 hours 5 minutes, ‘ow many women would it take to raise £14 2s. 6d. towards the support of the ‘eathen?

As for me, I knows the difference atween dear food and cheap food, although I can’t figger it out so as to make it look as if you was a site better off per hannum on wot you loses per week.

Mr. Chamberlain can do it, but I can’t. It may or it may not be correct that the British Hempire ‘ave great cracks all down the side and requires to ‘ave a ring fence put around it in the shape of this ‘ere Protection in order to keep out the furriners, as mite perhaps shake the old shanty down with their fagaries; but wot I asks meself is this: ‘Ow is it these cracks didn’t show until jest now, as seemed to be a convenient time to raise another cry to take the place of “Down with the Bores?” This ‘ere standin’ out to the dore and calling “Stinkin’ meat” is all very well in its way, but it reminds me of Mr. Jones, up to the corner of our street, as were a cycle repairer, and used to send his little boy out reg’lar with a penn’orth of tin-tacks to straw on the road early in the morning. As for the custom he had, the puncturs, as they do call ‘em, was innumeral, as the sayin’ is, and that there Jones got quite a reppytation for repairing puncturs (made with his own tacks). As is very much like Mr. Chamberlain, wich invents the disease in horder to ‘ave the ‘onner of curing it. Not but wot medical doctors very often does the same, as told my Aunt Marier that she had the somethink or other with a name like a ‘Ebrew-Greek superscription and sent her away to Bath for 2 months to take the biling waters, wich it turned hout that it weren’t nothink at all but ‘ousemaid’s knee, and didn’t want no biling waters nor nothink like it. A few bilious pills would ‘ave done a site more good and not cost ‘alf a quarter the money, besides ‘aving the directions in good ‘onest English, wich is good enuff for S. J.

‘Owver, I don’t ‘old with gettin’ ‘eated over dearer food; it’s very bad for the indigestions, and isn’t worth it; wich I were in a melay last week as were pretty well the death of me, all thro’ two politicians into a railway carriage. You see, it were like this: I were jest on a visit to me niece Mary Ann, bein’ married to a plasterer by profession, over to Watford, and five children, aged respectably 9, 7, 5, 3, and 2 years of age, wich there were 2 argymentative individuools a-setting up at the end of the carriage, one readin’ the “Daily News” and the other the “Times.” After a bit one of the two jest opened ‘is mouth and put his foot into it by remarkin’ that this ‘ere were a fine speech by Chamberlain at Greenock, as reported in the “Times.”

“A fine speech, sir?” says No. 2; “why I considers it’s a direct hinsult to reasonable ‘uman bein’s, as was created with brains jest so much as Chamberlain, or more, to talk such drivell! I tell you wot it is,” says he, “Chamberlain is another Judas Carrot, and I can’t for the life of me understand ‘ow ‘tis people makes sich a fuss of ‘im.”

“‘Ow dare you, sir!” says No. 1. “‘Ow dare you speak like that of the greatest statesman the world ‘ave ever seen or ‘eard, as Mr. Balfour said it, and so it must be true, he being the Prime Minister of England! Here’s a filantheropist as is goin’ to save the British Hempire from a early grave by means of taking taxes hoff tea and coffee and ecctery and devoting the proceeds of the same to giving old-age pensions to everybody.”

“Wot about the dear loaf, then?” says No. 2; and wot on earth is the sense of takin’



MR. THOMAS ENSTONE.

Gloucester’s “Grand Old Man,” 97 years old on October 9th, 1903, represented leading a cart-horse in Worcester-street, Mr. Ayliffe picking up his hat, which was blown off. Mr. Enstone is an ardent tricyclist.

Snapshot by Mr. John Newth, Gloucester.

taxes hoff tea and coffee and sugar and putting of ‘em on to bread and meat? If you’ll tell me ‘ow I’m goin’ to live on drinkables I should be obliged.”

“You silly hidiot, you,” says Mr. “Times” Encyclopædia, fairly losing ‘is temper; “you silly hidiot, can’t you ‘ave faith in sich a man as the Hon’ble Joseph Chamberlain? Hif he says things is goin’ wrong and wants to be put right, I considers he knows better nor you or me, and it’s your duty to follow ‘im, if you ain’t a Little Henglander or a passive desister or some sich thing, as I shouldn’t wonder if you was, from the way you talks! I believes in the brother‘ood of man and the union of ‘earts, as can only be welded together by taxing the dirty furriners and giving them so good as they gives us, or worse.”

“Now, look ‘ere,” says Mr. “Daily News,” “you’ve got no plan wotever, nor no program. Balfour says one thing and Chamberlain says another, wich between the two there ain’t a scrap of nothink you can ‘old on to, as tells a different tale every day; and yet you calls me a silly hidiot becous I refuses to back hup somethink as even your leaders isn’t agreed about. I considers we’ve ‘ad enuff of Joseph, with ‘is 200 million war, as was to be over in a week or 2, and were nothink but a miserable business from beginnin’ to—

“Now I knows jest yer true colors,” says Mr. “Times,” gettin’ as red as a turkey-cock about ‘he face. “You’re nothink but a cur—a cowardly cur—as runs down ‘is Mother Country, and ought to be branded with a hiron to that effect, that you ought; and if ‘twasn’t for wot ‘twas I’d give you the soundest”—

Jest at this point the train give a lurch, and down come a ‘eavy portmantle from the rack right on to Mr. “Times’s” head, as jumped hup with a strong hegpression only fit for Parleymunt and went for “Daily News” hammer and tongs, as the sayin’ is, for all the world like a prize-fighter, thinkin’ I s’pose, that “Daily News” had whacked ‘im on the head with the bag, remarking somethink as I couldn’t quite catch about “hitting back them as hits me!”

Me and 2 other young ladies as were in the department ‘ad to get on to the seats, there was sich a scuffle, with blows fallin’ in all directions—worse than a helection in the old days. There was a sort of a parson in the carriage, as did ‘is best to separate the debaters; but, Lor’ bless you, it weren’t no more good than sayin’ “Bo” to a motor-car. The only change was that the parson got a

good few of the knocks as were meant for each other.

“I’ll give you union of ‘earts,” says “Daily News” under his breath. “Take that and that—and eat it with yer big loaf,” hissed Mr. “Times.” Wich it were real serious, and once I were very near knocked over into the harena, so to speak, being the space between the seats, meself. One of the other fieldmaies ‘ad pulled down the winder and were shoutin’ “Fire! Thieves! Murder!” for dear life, while the parson and me after a bit decided distraction was the better part of valor, and jest ‘ided ourselves hunder the seats, seein’ as ‘ow we couldn’t get up into the luggage racks.

Fortnitly for our lives somebody in the next carriage ‘eard the cries for ‘elp, and pulled the cord to stop the train; and mitey thankful I were, I can tell you, when these 2 politicians was dragged forth, one mass of black eyes and swelled noses, amidst fragments of “Daily News” and “Times.”

Of course, they was two as ‘ad the polertics very bad; and wot I wishes to state is this, being the moral of the ‘hole heppisode: that polertics ain’t so important as to warrant fiting about or even gettin’ angry oever. I always laffs at they I don’t ‘old with, and a laff ‘urts more than a blow and don’t leave no marks. SELINA JENKINS.

“REVIEWING” A SONG.

This is how the editor of the Bosworth “Star Sentinel” acknowledged the other day the receipt of a new song entitled “When First We Met.” “As the editor of this paper,” he wrote, “doesn’t know a demi-semiquaver from a diapason, or a bass clef from a bone tumour, he will not be expected to give an extended notice to this production. We can say, however, that the type used in printing the song was clear and plain, and the paper seems to be of the best quality of rag. The design on the front page is artistic, and the words are as tender as a veal steak and as poetic as a song of a meadow lark on a May morning. The melody is sound and all right, with no wind galls or collar marks. The harmony also seems to be in a healthy condition, with no patent defects or noticeable blemishes. The tanality, according to our office-boy, who knows all about it, is clear and resonant, and rests, so he says, on harmonic relations and melodic elements.”



LOCAL MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.



Photo by Paul Coe, Cheltenham.

**Mr. R. Ley Wood,**

MIDDLE WARD, CHELTENHAM.

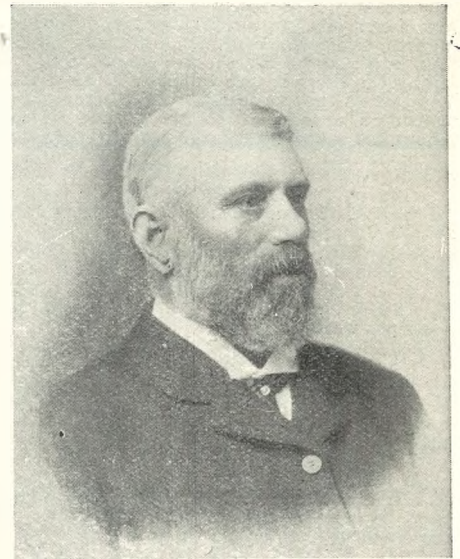
Has been a member of the Executive Committees of the Dean Close School and the Training College for the past fifteen years, and is much interested in educational work.



**Mr. Robert J. Vallender,**

ALINGTON WARD, GLOUCESTER.

Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows 1901-2, and on the Board of Directors.



**Mr. Nehemiah Philpott,**

BARTON WARD, GLOUCESTER.

Retired Deputy-Chief Constable of Gloucestershire.

TEWKESBURY OCTOBER FAIR.



SHOWS MONOPOLISE THE STREET.

Photos by J. J. Price, Tewkesbury.



A COLPORTEUR'S STALL.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, M.P., has promised to restore the Hickes tomb and the Hickes Chapel in St. Mary's Church, Leyton, and has also contributed towards the fund for the renovation of the church.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place at Poona, between Captain T. T. Gresson, D.S.O., York and Lancaster Regiment, and Evelyn, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Martin, of Whatton House, Leicestershire, and of Mrs. John Martin, of 65 Cornwall-gardens.

ARTISTIC  
PRINTING

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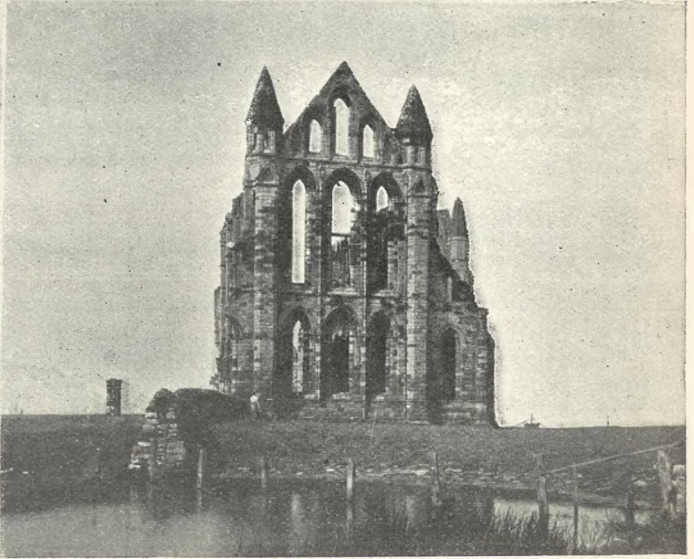
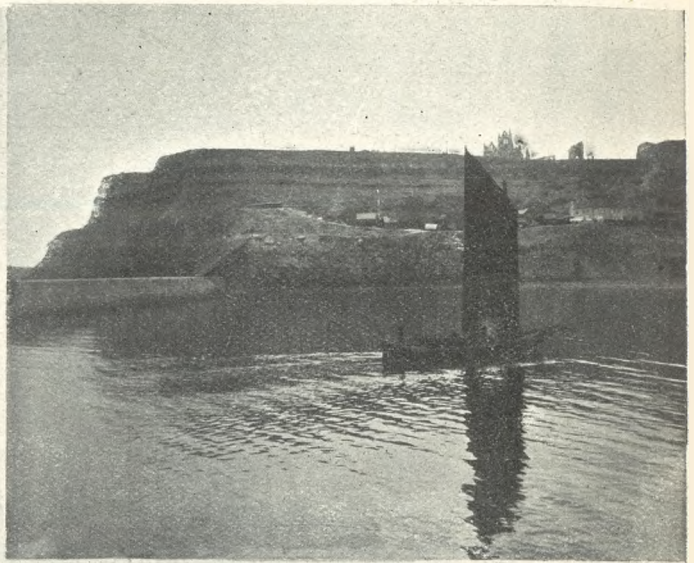
“Echo” Electric

Press.

Baron Rothschild tells a good story, which appears in this week's "T.A.T.," of an adventure with a London cabby, with whom even the happiest masters of repartee seldom come off first. In this case, however, the advantage lay with the "fare." The Baron tendered the legal amount, two shillings and sixpence. The driver, who knew him, held the money in his hand with a deprecating air, and, half angrily, half pleadingly, said:—"Look 'ere, my lord; your son always gives me three and a 'tizzy." "Possibly," replied the Baron; "but my son has an advantage over me—he has a rich father; I haven't."



✻ THE PRIZE PICTURES. ✻



Photos by Miss E. Raimondi,

PICTURESQUE WHITBY.

Cheltenham.

1. Whitby Harbour.
2. Old Houses.

3. The East Cliff.
4. St. Hilda's Abbey.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

In a note on February 7th last I alluded to the interesting fact that it is not given to every Gloucestershire squire to have three of his daughters married to peers of the realm, and for one of them to marry two noblemen and another to wed the son of her sister's husband, which would have been the unique position of Major Edmund Probyn, of Huntley Manor, had he lived long enough. Yet his widow saw this quadruple event, and I observe that she died about a fortnight ago, and several of the London newspapers not only referred to these circumstances, but made the extraordinary discovery that Mrs. Probyn was a sister of Mr. F. C. Philips, the novelist, and that the bulk of the local Press faithfully adopted this fiction. But if they had only taken the precaution to consult the usual books of reference they would have seen that, whereas Mrs. Probyn was the second daughter of Mr. John Jones, of Derry Ormond, co. Cardigan, and was married in 1853, Mr. F. C. Philips is the youngest son of the Rev. G. W. Philips, of Ruxley Park,

Surrey, and was born in 1849. They have evidently got very much mixed up.

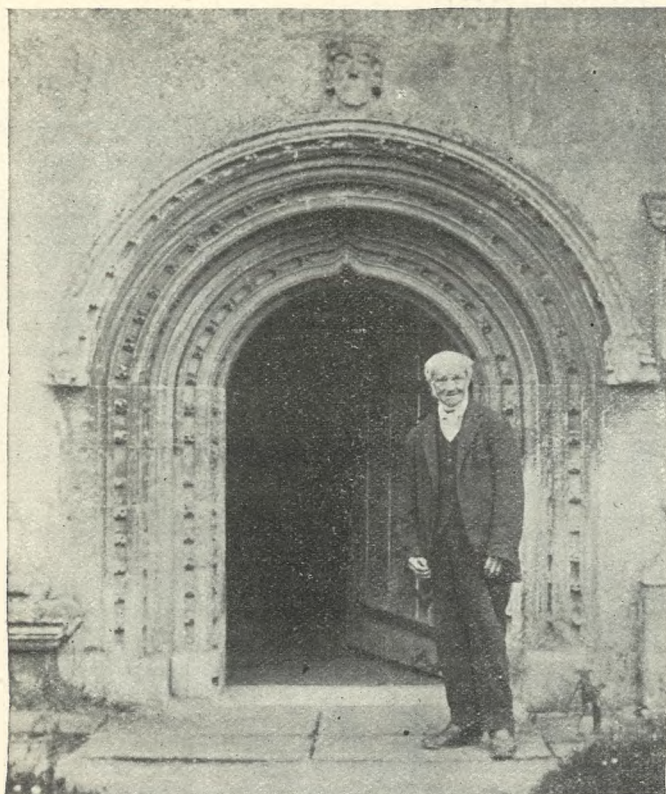
"Tally ho" will in the course of another week, when hunting proper begins, become the chief inspiring cry to make the welkin of the country ring. Cubbing was this year late by several weeks in this county, in common with others, owing to the delayed and very trying harvest time. The young hounds, however, have been well blooded, foxes being almost as plentiful as rabbits. The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds must have killed over fifty brace of cubs by this time, while Lord Fitzhardinge's, whose doings during cubbing are kept as much as possible from the public, have, I hear on excellent authority, done splendidly in the Berkeley vicinity, having on one particular day killed as many as ten cubs, while a leash every morning is about the usual "bag." No definite returns of the other packs have appeared in print, but Mr. E. Boyce Podmore, the new Master of the Cotswold, has been out early and late with his hounds, and on the 13th inst. he and the servants must have been in the saddle for twelve hours at a stretch, hunting in turn with the bitch and dog packs. A noteworthy

incident with the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds was that on the 13th, too, a cub was killed by them well within the town of Swindon, after he had run into the sitting-room of a house and alarmed the inmates. Then, the North Cotswold ran at least twice into the Cotswold territory, once after a game old fox from the fruit gardens at Toddington, and which went to ground at Oxenton.

As regards the prospects of the ensuing season, the nine packs of foxhounds that cover this county will all come out under their old masters save one (the Cotswold), and provided the weather is suitable and the arrears of harvest work on the hills are got under soon, there is no reason to expect other than clinking good sport with the 950 hounds that will be after the spoilt darling of the Nineteenth Century," as the late Duke of Beaufort described "Master Reynard." And there will be found fifty couples of harriers and beagles coursing hares, including ten couples of beagles that the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester will hunt with on Wednesdays and Saturdays, Mr. W. Vickers being master, Mr. W. Robinson huntsman, and Mr. J. Symonds whip.

GLENER.





WILLIAM CROOK,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS PARISH CLERK OF  
BADGEWORTH, IN HIS 82ND YEAR.



Photo by F. R. Willis, Cheltenham.

The above is a photograph of the shop recently opened in Fairview-road, Cheltenham, by Mr. H. C. Shurmer, fruiterer and greengrocer. It is situated near the Winchcombe-street end of the road, and the handsome shop front is a vast improvement upon that which it has replaced.



### TOUR OF OUR CHURCHES.

#### ST. CATHERINE'S, LEIGH.

On Sunday morning last I visited Leigh Church, a photograph of which appeared in the "Graphic" on the 10th inst. It is an unpretentious building, with few points of architectural interest, although a portion of the front wall of the nave has evidently been preserved from a very early time, the thin irregular courses of stone being very early Norman, if not even Saxon. It has a good battlemented tower for a small church.

The interior consists of chancel, nave, south transept, belfry, and vestry. There is no arch or screen between the chancel and the nave, and if anyone is anxious to improve the church, either as a memorial or otherwise, a screen would, I should imagine, be most gladly received. There is a brilliant east window, the pictures in it telling the story of the good Samaritan. A window in the transept, too, is coloured. There is a funny little piscina and a few old mural tablets. The seats are good, some portions of the old sittings having been preserved, the ends of which are formed of mighty slabs of oak. The font is rather old, but not of any special design. The pulpit is good and roomy, of modern carved stone.

There was a rather poor congregation on the occasion of my visit. The service opened with hymn No. 273 (A. and M.) The minister made little pretence at intoning the prayers, but the lady organist was rather much in evidence in the Amens. There was a good number in the choir, but few adult male voices, and the singing was mostly in unison. With a good organ, and such a number in the choir, the musical portions of the service should be improved. Ambition was certainly shown in the Te Deum, a fourfold chant being used; but it was rather too much for them, as in one place they got confused over the division of the chant, and had to stop and re-start the verse. The Venite and Benedictus were chanted, but the Psalms were read. Before commencing the ante-Communion service Hymn 281 was sung, but at rather too slow a pace. The Kyrie was not a very pleasing one. Hymn 436 followed.

The Vicar took for his text Ephesians iv., 30: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." He said St. Paul in these words gave a warning, and also told them of a great blessing. The same warning was needed nowadays. Sealing meant separation or security. A letter was sealed and its contents thus kept from the eyes of the public. By the seal of God's Holy Spirit Christians were separated from the rest of the world—they renounced the devil and all his works, and a sign was imprinted on their foreheads that they might bear in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus. Again, the act of sealing indicated security—when a person set his seal to a document he gave security for its faithful fulfilment. So in the spiritual life—it was the earnest of that great work which should be perfected within them. They were taught to consider the Holy Spirit in the light of a very dear friend, who was pleased when they did what was right and grieved when they did what was wrong. The Apostle furnished them with the standard by which they could gauge their lives. Could they still, then, grieve the Holy Spirit, and cause that Holy One sorrow? Alas! they could. Sin was an act of rebellion against their Heavenly Father, and how much it was to be deplored when it was committed by one dedicated to the Lord—when it was the work of one who had made before men a confession of Christianity. He spoke not so much of sin done on the spur of the moment, but of wilful deliberate persevering in doing what was wrong. Must not the Holy Spirit grieve when He thus saw His work undone and brought to nought? It was as bad as the building of a new church which when just on the point of completion was levelled to the ground in a night by some dastardly miscreants. As they looked at the ruins, would they not be justly grieved and indignant against the spoilers of their work? Again, they grieved the Holy Spirit by walking in the ways of worldly men. The Holy Spirit was given that they might be separated from the world. The world was full of sin and wickedness, and many took for their motto "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," or attended religious

ordinances for the sake of the social advantage they gave them. Did they think it was a matter of indifference to the Holy Spirit when he saw them thus forget their high calling? They might also grieve the Holy Spirit by being content with a very low standard of holiness. They must strive to grow in grace, to follow such things as were noble and pure; not be content with their present state; but, like a competitor in a race, try all they could to gain a prize. St. Paul would have lost all heart at the minimum of religion shown by many at the present day. Years go on, and many made no progress in their spiritual life. Did they think the Holy Spirit took delight in the Christians who get no better, but rather grow worse, and made religion a laughing-stock to all reasonable people? They must grow, they must progress, they must bear fruit, if they would please the Holy Spirit. They had a great privilege, which any one of them could rightly understand. The Holy Spirit was daily with them, eager and anxious to carry on the work of sanctification. Let them give response to that wonderful gift of God; send up prayers that God would take from them the love of the world; be regular in partaking of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion; and thus grasp the Holy Spirit which had sealed them unto the day of redemption.

Leigh has evidently a good and earnest minister; one who deserves a better congregation than he had on Sunday morning. I suppose there are plenty of people to attend his ministrations; but standing at the church door there are very few habitations in sight. Some of the roads, byways, and fields were flooded on Sunday, and perhaps that would account for the absence of a considerable number.

CHURCHMAN.

A meeting of the Bristol West Conservative Association will be called at an early date, when Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Bart., M.P., will address the members on the all-absorbing political topic of the day. But it is not likely that the meeting will be held before Sir Michael speaks at Manchester, early next month.



**RELIGION AND PENANCE.**

**TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.**

[By SILAS K. HOCKING.]

I was interested the other day in reading an account of a patent which had been granted in America for a machine which contrives the filling of air cushions in the pews of churches on the penny-in-the-slot principle. The more pennies dropped into the slot the better inflated is the cushion, and the more comfortable the worshipper finds himself in his seat. I use the word worshipper, of course, in its conventional sense, for one questions whether there is much worship in modern church-going. The idea of worship appears to be falling into abeyance. People attend church and chapel nowadays on much the same principle that they attend concerts; they want to be entertained, to be thrilled, to be moved, to have their emotions worked upon, to have a good time. And many people seem to regard attendance at a place of worship so many times a week as constituting the sum total of their religious duty.

The idea of having air cushions in pews is quite in harmony with the modern trend of things. It is in some measure a recoil from the old idea of penance. Time was when the interior of a church was about as cold and comfortless a place as could be found. People sat on hard boards, and rested their feet on cold flags, and patiently endured sermons an hour and a half and two hours long, and the idea of enjoyment scarcely came within the circle of their thoughts. They regarded the hardness of the bench, and the coldness of the flags, and the sense of weariness which they fought against, as something meritorious. It meant in some senses the crucifying of the flesh. Had they enjoyed sitting on the hard pews and listening to the long and pointless homilies they would have felt that there was something wrong, and that their service would find no favour in the sight of God.

I have heard old people boast again and again how in their young days they would get up at five o'clock of a winter's morning and tramp two or three miles across the snow so that they might attend a six o'clock prayer-meeting; and they evidently believed that prayers offered at six o'clock in the morning, on an empty stomach and after a two or three miles' walk in the snow, would be much more meritorious, and likely to be much more efficacious, than if they had stayed quietly at home and said their prayers in their own rooms. Indeed, I question if the idea of penance has ever been entirely absent from the conception of Christian worship and service. Men conceive of God as a Being who takes a certain pleasure in seeing His children denying themselves, putting themselves to inconvenience, and offering their worship to Him under conditions of physical distress or pain. Nearly all deities have been credited with a love of sacrifice. And even the Christian faith has not been kept quite clear of this pagan conception of what is pleasing in the sight of Almighty God.

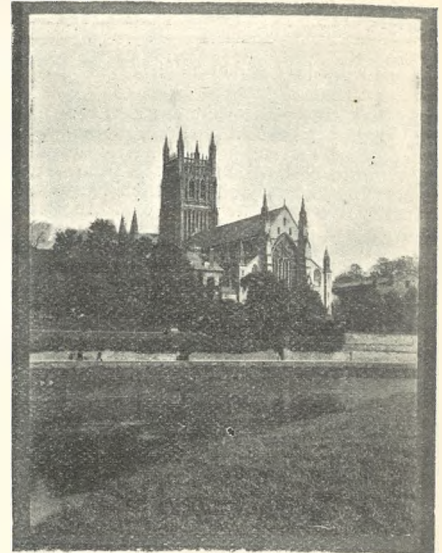
Some time ago I attended a large meeting where the subject under discussion was the conversion of the world, and the plan of operation almost unanimously approved by the good people assembled was that a certain day, or part of a day, should be set apart for universal prayer, so that at a given hour—difference in time in different countries being duly observed—Christian people should be invited to retire to their rooms, or to their churches, or wheresoever they might be, and all unite in one petition at one particular hour, so that from all parts of the globe at the same time, from tens of thousands of people, there should go up the same prayer, the same earnest entreaty to the Almighty, that He would exert His power and convert the world to the teaching of the gospel of His Son. This idea was expounded by speaker after speaker with much earnestness and emotion.

During the discussion the story of the importunate widow was told again and again. Indeed, nearly every speaker based his argument upon this particular saying of Jesus. Well, the day appointed has come and gone, and I have no doubt the prayers were offered in all parts of the world, at the particular time given, and for the particular purpose named. I have no doubt also that those who offered the prayers were all the better for the exercise, for there is always a reflex influence in prayer that must do good to those who engage in it. But the world remains, unfortunately, much as it was before, and there seems no more sign to-day of its conversion to the teachings of the Master than there did fifty years ago, or five hundred years ago for that matter.

The point that people seem to miss is this—that offering prayer, or attending a place of worship, or joining in adoration and praise and thanksgiving, or listening to sermons and exhortations, does not constitute the sum total of Christian duty. The world is to be won not merely by praying, but by working and teaching. The whole conception of God, of His character, of His purpose, seems to be wrong. When men pray that He will by some act of power do the work He has commissioned His disciples to do, the idea conveyed to an outsider is that God is able to do all these things, only that He is unwilling, but that He may be made willing by a sufficient amount of entreaty; that if only enough people can be induced to bombard Him, shall I say, at a given time, with the same request, He will throw aside His unwillingness, or His coldness, and because of their importunity will exert His power and do what otherwise He would leave undone. I do not say that this is exactly the conception of God that is in the minds of those who suggest this method of getting the world converted, but at least it is the idea that is conveyed to the minds of outsiders when they hear such a plea put forward.

Christianity is more than prayer and more than worship, and if it does not embrace the idea of penance it certainly does enjoin self-denial, the enduring of hardness as good soldiers, the bearing the burdens of others, the sacrificing of ourselves for the good of those by whom we are surrounded. God does not want sacrifice for Himself, and He is not appeased because we endure flagellation, or deny ourselves of food, or take long pilgrimages, or sleep on hard boards, or wear horsehair shirts. The mere idea of personal suffering in order to appease the wrath of God, or to win His favour, finds no countenance whatever in the teachings of Christ. When we do sacrifice it is that we may do good to others, that we may be helpful to our friends and neighbours, that we may give up something of our own comfort to bring light and joy to those who are in pain and darkness. Listening to sermons is not religion, yet it may be an aid to it. Christian work is not within the walls of the sanctuary, but within the walls of the sanctuary we receive inspiration for work. The church is not the battleground of life, it is rather the drillground where we are trained and inspired for the work that lies outside, in the streets, in the slums, in the factory, and in the home. We serve Christ by serving those for whom He died. We may sit on air-filled cushions and listen to sermons every Sunday of our lives, and yet fail utterly to serve Christ in any true sense of the word.

The swing of the pendulum is generally to the opposite extreme. The air cushions, and the comfortable pews, and the ravishing music, and the eloquent sermons, and the incensed air are the rebound from the stern, self-denying, self-crucifying puritanism of an earlier time. But whether we have gained by the change is more than doubtful; indeed, it is greatly to be feared that the change has been accompanied by very serious loss. In those sterner times religious people were at any rate in earnest; they were a daily rebuke to the godless and idle and self-indulgent. They believed intensely in the teachings of their religion, and they were ready to suffer and die for their faith. But our more



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

(from the river).

Photo by J. T. Merrett, Churchdown.



FIFTEENTH CENTURY CROSS,  
CHARLTON KINGS.

Photo by C. B. Hodson, Charlton.

luxurious form of worship seems to have robbed us of strenuousness and enthusiasm. We play at being religious to-day. Worship is a mere matter of æsthetic emotion and service, an affair of going to church and chanting litanies. Some day no doubt the pendulum will swing back again.

The contemplated fiscal revolution has not yet produced its poet. The only songs of the people to which retaliation and preferential tariffs have given birth are music-hall songs. The name of Ebenezer Elliott is pretty well forgotten nowadays, but seventy years ago, when the last great fight for the food of the people was being waged, his "Corn Law Rhymes" and "Corn Law Hymns" were quite as effective in the controversy as any economic arguments. Carlyle has described his poems as "lines of joy and harmony, painted out of troublous tears." The strength of his verse may be judged by this vivid glance at the terrible effects of the Corn Laws:—

I bought his coffin with my bed,  
My gown bought earth and prayer;  
I pawn'd my mother's ring for bread,  
I pawned my father's chair.



PETROL AND PICTURES.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

[By "ARIEL."]

A FREQUENT CAUSE OF OVER-HEATING.

Any motor-cyclist who is troubled with the fact that his engine gets hotter than it should would be well advised to examine the cam on the secondary shaft which raises the exhaust valve tappet. This cam in time becomes worn, with the result that the exhaust valve does not open at the proper time, and also shuts too soon, consequently half the waste products of the combustion do not get a chance to escape. I have had this trouble with the engine of my machine. Of course the retention of the burnt gases causes over-heating of the cylinder and combustion chamber, with a consequent loss of power. To remedy this either another tappet of greater length should be fitted or else a piece of steel screwed on to the old tappet. There should be a space of 1-32 of an inch between the valve and the lifter.

HINTS TO AID THE WORKING OF ACCUMULATORS.

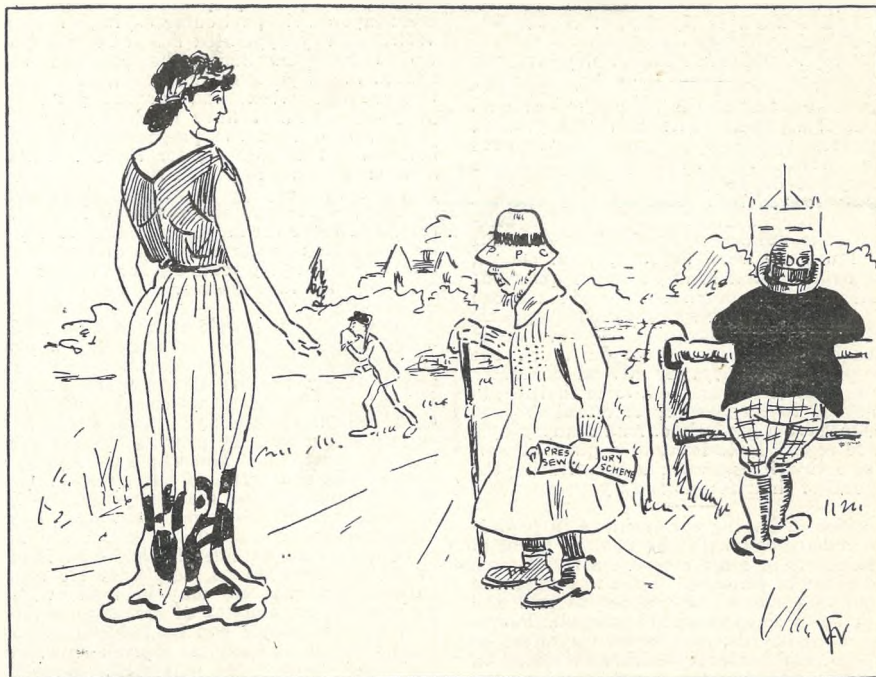
Use a little vaseline or oil to keep the terminals clean, and to prevent the acid which works up from binding the lock-nut. A new accumulator requires more attention than one which has been in use some time. It should never be left more than a month or six weeks before re-charging, whether in use or not. Older accumulators can be left for a longer period, but charging frequently is always beneficial. Another very important point is to never leave an accumulator standing discharged. This has a most injurious effect on the plates. Accumulators should be packed tightly in their cases. Cork is an excellent substance to wedge between the battery and the sides or top of the case. If the accumulator contains liquid acid, never pack it in with rags. The acid will be absorbed into these, and perhaps cause a short circuit in the wires leading from the accumulator. Never empty the acid out and leave the cells dry. The height of the acid should be carefully watched, and if any evaporates, add distilled or pure water to cover the plates by a quarter of an inch. When returning accumulators to the manufacturers for repairs, always empty out the acid, and do not forget to affix a label bearing name and address. This latter hint might seem superfluous, but the manufacturers state that frequently accumulators are sent for repair with no name or address affixed. In case of the acid becoming low it may be useful to state the proper proportions. Brimstone sulphuric acid diluted with distilled water, in the proportion of one part acid to four parts water (by weight), or one in six by volume. The acid should be added to the water, stirring well, and the mixture should be allowed to cool. In conclusion I may state that good accounts are coming in regarding the efficiency of dry paste accumulators.

AN AUTOMOBILE FEDERATION.

The majority of the provincial automobile clubs have decided not to affiliate with the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. A scheme is on hand for the federation of provincial automobile and motor-cycling clubs throughout the kingdom, giving a consolidation and protection of motor interests. It is considered that the proposed scheme would call into being an organisation carrying far-reaching power and influence, both in the provinces and in Parliament. Therefore I consider that in their own interests all motorists should to the best of their ability support the club in their district. A great deal of good work has been and is being done by the provincial clubs, but more could be done with greater support.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTOR.

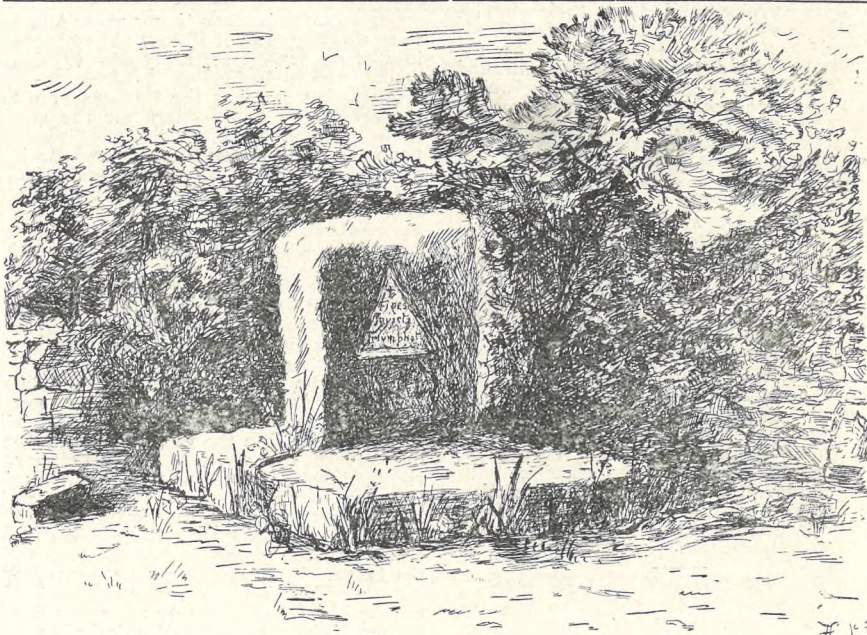
At the coming World's Fair in St. Louis, United States, there are to be thousands of self-propelled chairs, going by electricity at a speed of three miles per hour, and holding two passengers, who will be able to start and stop the chair themselves, or by preference



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

[At the last meeting of the Rural District Council, in the discussion on the Prestbury sewage scheme, one member remarked on a question raised as to the difficulty of getting through Pittville at a low cost "that it would be to the town's interest to help them."— "Chronicle" report.]

CHELTONIA (to Prestbury Parish Council): "Why drag me into the discussion? Haven't I plenty of my own already?"



Drawn by Annette Conway, Gloucester.

The "Siege" Stone on Haresfield Hill.

Erected to commemorate the siege of Gloucester.

The inscription on reverse side of stone is—"Siege of Gloucester, raised 5th September, 1643"; and on the side shown in drawing—"Fides Invicta Triumphat."

carry a driver and guide with them. There seems to be a big future before the motor-chair.

COMPRESSION AND THE INLET VALVE.

When the inlet valve dome has been removed for any purpose, it is a very good plan to pour a few drops of paraffin through the inlet valve, and then twist the

valve round on its seat. This will clear away the film of burnt oil which is frequently to be found on the valve and seat, preventing the former from shutting tight. The compression will be found to be greatly improved.

["Ariel" will be glad to answer any questions on motoring and photography.]



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT  
THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

No 148

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1903

Our Portrait Gallery.

The Man of the Moment.



RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:  
"A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

Next Week: Return visit of Mr. G. Dance's Co.  
in the Popular Musical Play:

"Three Little Maids."

National Union of Women Workers.

CONFERENCE

AT CHELTENHAM and GLOUCESTER,  
NOVEMBER 2-6.

MONDAY (AT CHELTENHAM).  
4 to 5.30 (in the Imperial Rooms).—Meeting of  
Educated Mothers.

8 p.m.—Reception by Mayor and Mayoress of Chel-  
tenham at the Princess Hall, Ladies' College.

TUESDAY (AT CHELTENHAM).

10.30 to 1 (in the Princess Hall).—Address of  
Welcome by the Duchess of Beaufort; Presi-  
dential Address by the Lady Battersea; "The  
Registration of Teachers" and "How to Im-  
prove Religious Teaching in Secondary Schools."

2.30 to 4.30 (in the Montpellier Rotunda).—"The  
Training of Midwives and the Organisation of  
their work in Rural Districts."

2.30 to 4.30 (in the Princess Hall).—Young Ladies'  
Meeting: Address by the Lady Battersea; Paper  
by Miss Beale on "Paid and Amateur Work"  
(Free Tickets issued to students).

8.10 (in the Princess Hall).—"Gambling and  
Speculation": principal speakers, The Bishop  
of Hereford and Mrs. Martin.

WEDNESDAY (AT CHELTENHAM).

10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 4.30, and 8 to 10 (in the Princess  
Hall).—Meeting of the National Council of  
Women of Great Britain and Ireland.

4 to 6 (in the Imperial Rooms).—"The Manage-  
ment of Infirmaries in Country Workhouses."

THURSDAY (AT GLOUCESTER).

10.30 to 1 (in the Guild Hall).—"Secondary Educa-  
tion under the New Act," and "Evening Con-  
tinuation Schools."

2.30 to 4.30 (in the Guild Hall).—"Public Health  
and Sanitary Authorities in Relation to the  
Rural Population."

8 to 10 (in the Guild Hall).—"The Sunday School  
in the Twentieth Century."

FRIDAY (AT GLOUCESTER).

10.30 to 1 (in the Guild Hall).—Meeting of the  
Officers of the National Union of Women  
Workers.

10.30 to 1 (in the Bow Committee Room, Guild  
Hall).—"Moral Education." (By special ticket).

2.20.—The Dean will conduct a limited number of  
visitors over the Cathedral.

4.—Special Service in the Cathedral.

5.30.—Reception by the Mayor and Mayoress of  
Gloucester at the Guild Hall.

Conference Tickets, 3s. 6d.; Day Tickets, 1s. 6d.;

Tickets for Single Meeting, 1s.

Enquiry and Ticket Office (until October 31st):

Charity Organisation Office, 11 to 1, November

2, 3, and 4: Imperial Rooms, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Chandos Grammar School,  
Wincombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.  
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.  
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE TERM  
BEGAN SEPT. 15th.—Apply to  
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

ETON HOUSE,  
Wellington Street, Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten

Thorough education at moderate fees. Prospectus  
on application to the Principal.

Half-term: Tuesday, November 3rd.



## "Selina Jenkins's" Letters.

### PALMISTRY.

I've often thought to meself that this 'ere palmistry must be a very nice tidy sort of a bizness, as it only requires to sit behind a table and look sollum to do a roarin' trade, as couldn't be beat not even with they pictur postcards, as I heard is bought and sold by the ton wholesale, along now, and is a reglar terror to the pore postmen, wich 'ave all they can do to carry round the deliveries, since folks thinks nothink of sending 10 or a dozen pictur postcards where they usen't to send one ordinary one.

But, there, I were talkin' about palmistry, wasn't I, when I went off on a side tax, as the sayin' is; and if I was to go into bizness for meself I think I should choose a nice clean perfession like palmistry—with, mebber, a separate compartment for 3 nology or "bumps," as I do call it, bein' much of a muchness, and not no need to sile yer 'ands at either of 'em.

Still, I 'spose it's necessary to believe in palmistry and "bumps" to set up in trade with a advertisement in the local papers and a large bill showin' the hinside of the 'uman head divided hup into little sections, for all the world like a 'oney-comb, and each one labelled wot pertikler failin' or virtue 'ave took rooms there. And this I will say—I don't no more beleve in one than the tother, if so much, and perhaps less!

When I was a yung gel I were tooked to a 3 nologist to 'ave me bumps felt, as gave me a character on to a written form makin' me out to be pretty well everythink that was bad, as all turned out afterwards were through me 'aving 'ad a saucepan fell on me 'ead off the shelf in the scullery a day or two before, as raised a lump which the 3nologist discovered to mean that I was of a hontrustworthy disposition, and 'asty in me temper; and any-one knows that I baint, not no how!

'Owever, to come to the pint, "the delightful and mystical art of Palmistry," as they do call it on the covers of the books about it, is within everybody's reach, when you can get for 1d. complete directions 'ow to set up in the bizness, and to plunder all and sundry who come along; not but wot the print were very small, and I mite 'ave made a mistake in the directions here and there, but, Lor' bless you, 'tis all the same—in other words, it's "All me eye and Betty Martin," as the sayin' is!

First of all, my little book says that short 'ands means "asty judgment," and when all the fingers bend backwards it means "deceit—do not trust such a person." Of course this must be very 'andy to know, wich its only to go up to a body as you don't know, and to try if their fingers bends backwards, and their character's settled; as would do away with the time and trouble took up by givin' written characters, wouldn't it, now?

Knots on the fingers denote "order and attention to details"; "pointed finger-tips show a tendency to jump to conclusions"; "a long and broad thumb shows determination, a person who will get his own way."

I don't know exactly what knots on the fingers means, but I 'ave a sort of idea that if the above is true then Joseph Chamberlain 'ave knots on the fingers, pointed finger-tips, and a long and broad thumb; leaseways, if 'e 'aven't, it only shows the perversity of the man, not to 'ave these 'ere symptoms as undoubtedly belongs to 'im.

Well, then, this 'ere little book says, "Look at the palm of the 'and, and below each finger you will see a sort of cushion of flesh—these are called mounts of Jupiter, Saturn, et-cettery." But, you know, I've looked at my 'ands for 'ours of a stretch, and I can't see no cushions of Jupiturn or anythink else, wich some people's 'ands must be made different to mine, that's certain. These 'ere cushions means poetry, and intemperance, and quickness at figgers, fits of despair, and all manner of wonderful things, as is very 'ard on me not to 'ave them, as could very well do with a few accomplishments of the sort.

But the very essence or colonel of the nut of palmistry, as you mite say, is they sort of



### A Gloucester Volunteer's Memorial.

Memorial stone in Gloucester Cemetery unveiled by Major Metford on Saturday, October 17th, 1903, to the memory of the late Sergeant-Major C. W. Smith, whose portrait we published at the time of his death.

Photo by J. E. Smith, Cheltenham.

wrinkles on the 'ands wich comes from folding of 'em up, as most of us does, at various times. Now, if you was to set me to tell a body's character with wrinkles, I should rather 'ave a look at the lines on their faces instead of their 'ands; wich I'd tell you in 2 shakes of a bee's wing whether you was likely to make a good match (if you was one of the fieldmale sect), and whether you was good or bad tempered, and likely to remain such, besides a variety of other useful information as can be told from the face much better than the 'ands or the head-bumps.

'Owever, they says that 7 lines may be traced on the 'and. On mine there's about 7 'undred, of all sorts and styles, from one as I did when I were cuttin' a bit of bread and butter 2 years ago come next Christmas down to a lot of little weeny marks all over the ball of me thumb, wich I 's'pose don't count for nothink, as they 'aint mentioned in the book.

The "Line of Life," as they calls it, is the sort of crease made with movin' your thumbs about, and decides 'ow long you'll live, and wot sort of bad 'ealth you'll enjoy; the longer it is, the better life you'll 'ave, so it's a useful 'int to they as wants to live long and die "appy" to twiddle their thumbs so much as ever they can, as will make their "line of life" more longer and deeper! 'Owever, accordin' to the way as mine runs, it signifies I shall meet with me end in a furrin land, as isn't likely, is it now, seein' as 'ow Chamberlain with 'is Retaliation and that is makin' bad friends of all the furrin parts, so that it won't really be safe for a body to die abroad in a year or two!

There's a sort of a wrinkle across the instep of me 'and as must mean one of 2 things, according to the book: either I've 'ad "trouble from a faithless lover," or else it means "a bad digestion and the stomach out of order"!

As to the first, pore Jenkins were too stooped to be faithless, altho' I wouldn't say a word to 'arm 'is memory; but as to the indigestion, I won't say but what I 'ave suffered cruel with 'um, off and on, mostly the latter, but I never knowed it made wrinkles in the palms of yer 'ands, altho' I will say it do make the nose a dradful colour sometimes, and don't look a bit teetotal!

"Two small lines on the edge of the hands under the little finger means marriage. If near to the heart line marriage for love, if nearer to the finger, for money. Short lines at right angles to these and on the Mount of Mercury are children. When straight, boys may be reckoned on; the slantin' ones are girls."

Well, well, now! Who'd a thought it? 'Ow very simple, to be sure. It's only for a yung couple, thinkin' of gettin' spliced in the banus of matter-i-money, to look up the straight and the slantin' lines, and then put by so much a year for each line! 'Ow easy! Why, it does away with all the long-family-and-nothink-to-keep-'em-on nuisance at one blow!

Of course there's a lot more in the book, but if I was to tell you all about it you wouldn't want to buy it; so with the above excellent recommendation I think I'll leave off praising of it hup. Not but wot I considers it's criminal in the body as wrote it givin' instructions that you must rub blacklead all over your 'and to see the wrinkle plain; I did it, and went to the door to the curate as calls and takes a dish of tea with me now and agen, and when we'd shook 'ands—well, there now—the blacklead was off my 'and and on to 'is, as were rather 'urt about it, and wouldn't beleve it were only palmistry for some time, and said as 'e really couldn't see the joke (becos of me laffin' fit to bust), and considered it were shameful the way the Church were put upon nowadays.

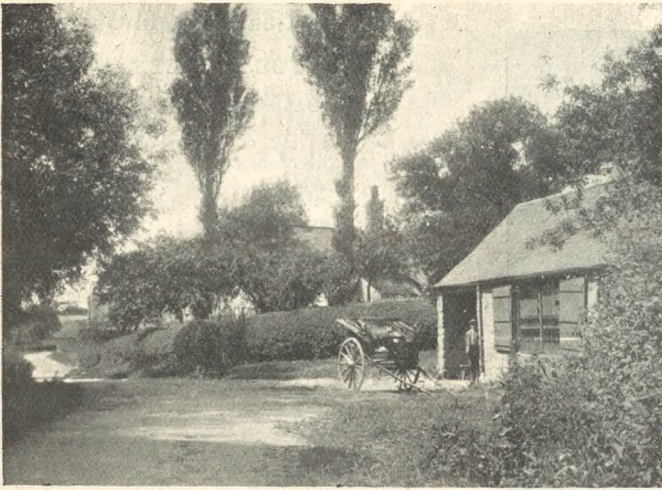
'Owever, 'all's well that ends well," as Bunyan says.

Leastways, I am,  
SELINA JENKINS.

The marriage of Mr. William F. Hicks Beach and Miss Susan Christian will take place on the 25th of November at St. Barnabas, Pimlico.

Sunday was Saint Crispins' Day. Readers will note the plural, for there were two Crispins, brothers, who made their living as shoemakers, and were accused of stealing the leather in order to help the poor, though according to another version, it was the angels who provided the raw material. Curiously enough, two battles were fought on this saints' day, Agincourt, 488 years ago, and Balaclava 49 years ago.





BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.



CHURCH AND OLD COTTAGE.

Photos by Jesse Price, Tewkesbury.

TEDDINGTON.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

"The rain, it raineth every day," and night too, now in this island. Most of us, I am afraid, who live in towns are too apt to regard the weather from the point of view of our personal convenience, and to give little, if any, thought as to its effect upon the material interests of our neighbours in the country. We cannot realise, except by personal observation, the damage that incessant rains cause to crops in the fields awaiting harvesting. But I very much regret to know as a fact, and I am sure my readers will share the regret, that the rain is spelling "ruin" to the grain crops on many of the broad acres of the Cotswolds, and making tillage operations on farms generally impossible. The outlook is, indeed, black.

The appointment of Lieut.-Col. Percival Scrope Marling as a deputy-lieutenant of Gloucestershire and the cities of Bristol and Gloucester, on the nomination of the Lord Lieutenant, reminds me that in these cases the Sovereign always intimates that he or she "does not disapprove of the appointment" before it is actually made. The Colonel will now be entitled to sit on the Court of Lieutenancy and, if he pleases on official occasions, to wear a scarlet swallow-tail coat and cocked hat with feathers. But I should think that the smarter uniform of his own corps, the 18th Hussars, will be more to his fancy. As affixes to his name he will have V.C., C.B., J.P., and D.L., but I imagine the first two initials, conferred for "conspicuous valour in the presence of the enemy," will be the most cherished of all.

I hear that in the future the Dean of Gloucester and Mrs. Spence are not likely to be so much in residence at the Deanery as they have been in the past, for through the death of Mr. Gerwyn Jones, her bachelor brother, Mrs. Spence has succeeded to the entailed family estate of Pantglas, Carmarthenshire, and they will keep up the establishment and reside there occasionally. It is a beautiful and rich property, and an indispensable condition in the settlement is that the holder of it shall bear the name of Jones, and this will necessitate Mrs. Spence again assuming her maiden name. Capt. Cecil Spence, her only child, is the next tenant-in-tail, and I understand that the gallant officer, who served so well all through the Boer War will live at Pantglas a great deal of his time, and perhaps have a pack of hounds. He is a devotee of sport,

and when he was aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Alderson after the capture of Pretoria he was one of his chief assistants in hunting a pack of hounds there in spare time. The late Mr. Gerwyn Jones, who was senior partner in the old-established banking firm of David Jones and Co., that issue the black ox notes by which Welshmen swear, left the bulk of his disposable estate, valued at £128,769 17s. 1d. gross, to his sister, Mrs. Davies-Evans, for life, with remainder to her sons.

Since the motor-train was put on the Great Western Railway between Chalford and Stonehouse, and caught on so wonderfully well, carrying about 15,000 passengers in the first six days, I have frequently heard the question asked whether a similar service will be established between Gloucester and Cheltenham. From enquiries I have made, I should say not, for the traffic is already sufficiently heavy on this line, which is common to the Western and Midland, and the motor-carriage, which only accommodates 52 persons, could not therefore do duty for most of the ordinary trains. This line is certainly one of the best paying parts of the Western system, and I am not surprised to hear that the bookings from Cheltenham are much larger in amount than those from Gloucester, for there are more first-class passengers, and for longer distances. The opening of the Honeybourne line will further swell the takings, and in regard to this undertaking a commencement was made at the Cheltenham end last Saturday by the "slewing" of two lines in the goods yard. The permanent-way men got well christened by the terrific storms.

GLEANER.

Love of dress and the cult of appearance are generally looked upon as purely feminine characteristics, but evidently mere man is as particular about his clothes as is the most fashionable beauty. At any rate, that is one impression obtained after reading an interesting article written in the current "Magazine of Art" by Professor Herkomer, R.A., painter of a capital portrait of Mr. Agg-Gardner, M.P. for Cheltenham. "Ladies," writes this celebrated portrait painter, "are naturally more artistic than men, and are not difficult to pose." That is all right, but here lies the revelation: "Nor are the ladies as vain as men. I have had no end of a bother about a tie, or the colour of men's trousers, but a lady always comes dressed in the costume that completely describes her taste, and, through her taste, her character."

An American physician, says the "Hospital," writing to the superintendent of nurses of a large training school in the United States, informs her that he wants "a graduate nurse to superintend and manage a small hospital of about twenty beds." He then proceeds to set forth his requirements as follows:—"She should have some executive ability. Age, twenty five to thirty-two; height, 5ft. 3in. to 5ft. 6in.; weight, 118 to 145lb. Fine personal appearance, neat and stylish, elegant form, well developed, good-looking, dignified, pretty mouth and teeth, splendid health, elegant disposition, popular, good education, medium complexion, pretty eyes, first-class references. Applicants will please send recent photographs, which will be returned if desired. State whether single, married, or widow, where born and raised, city or country, and salary expected." One can understand the necessity of health and education, but where does the need of an elegant form and a pretty mouth come in?

W. Willmott Dixon, in an article in "T.P.'s Weekly" on "Retorts—courteous and otherwise," tells how Bradlaugh once met more than his match. He was engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister, and insisted on the latter answering a question he had asked him by a simple "Yes" or "No," without any more circumlocution, asserting that every question could be replied to in that manner. The reverend gentleman rose, and in a quiet manner said: "Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a question on those terms?" "Certainly," said Bradlaugh. "Then, may I ask, have you given up beating your wife?" This was a poser, for if the answer were "Yes," it would imply he had previously beaten her; and if "No," that he continued to do so. There was a roar of laughter at Bradlaugh's expense, in which, seeing that there was no other way out of the dilemma, he himself reluctantly joined.

Mr. John Morley has provoked feelings of resentment amongst some of the inhabitants of Blackburn, his native town, where, it seems, he has rarely been for many years past. A dialect poet, Mr. Joseph Baron, known in Lancashire as "Tum o' Dick o' Bob's," writes in a Blackburn paper some admirable and true things about the high merits of Mr. Morley and Blackburn's regard for him. The last stanza, however, is one of complaint:

But . . . . . tha never comes to see us,  
Honest John!  
Come an' spend a week-end wi' us,  
Honest John,  
Iv tha will, we'll mek things hum,  
But iv tha declines to come  
We'll re-kessen tha, bi gum,  
A Non Est John!





**Cheltenham Life Saving Society.**

G. H. Fouracre. E. R. Nash. J. A. Kingston. F. S. Tytherleigh. C. Lewis. A. Rogers. W. F. James (Hon. Instructor). (Examiner).  
 F. V. Hawkins. G. F. Webley. T. James. C. F. Maisey. W. Cook.  
 W. Mills. J. W. Mills.

Photo by Macfarlane, Cheltenham.



Photo by W. H. Adams, Stroud.

**THE CHALFORD-STONEHOUSE MOTOR SERVICE.**

According to promise, the G.W.R. Co. have inaugurated a motor-car service to run on that section of their line between Chalford and Stonehouse, Glos. This service started on Monday, the 12th October. Chalford is the starting point of the cars, and besides stopping at the stations, the cars stop at the principal level crossings. The stopping places are at present Chalford, St. Mary's Crossing, Brimscombe, Ham Mill Crossing, Stroud, Downfield Crossing, Ebley Crossing, and Stonehouse. The total length of the journey is about eight miles, and the time taken is about 25 minutes, including stoppages. The cars, which were built at Swindon at a cost of £2,500, are of handsome appearance, and are driven by steam, the engine being at one end of the car. The cars are 57ft. long by 8½ft. wide, the height inside being about 8ft. The structural framing is of oak; the upper part outside is panelled with Honduras mahogany, and the lower part cased with match-boarding. The passenger compartment, which will seat 52

persons, is finished inside mainly with polished oak, the seats being made of woven wire covered with plaited cane. There are eight large windows each side of the car, each window being fitted with ventilators, which can be opened or shut by the passengers. The vestibule which is at the end of the car, is fitted with steps to enable passengers to enter or alight at level crossings. The cars are lighted by gas, which is supplied from a cylinder carried under the car. There are two cars on the service, only one of which is in use at once, the other being held in reserve in case of emergency. This second car was brought into use on Saturday, the 17th, on account of the large number of passengers, the two cars being coupled together. The number of passengers carried on the Monday was 2,500, and on the Saturday about 5,000 persons made use of the cars, the total number for the first week being estimated at about 15,000. The photo shows the car at the Downfield crossing.

**ARE ENGLISHWOMEN SLAVES ?**

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS A. HOCKING.

A somewhat animated discussion has recently been waged in one of our morning papers on the subject, "Are Englishwomen Slaves?" Such topics of discussion are usually reserved by editors for what is known as the dull season. Ordinarily, no doubt, the present should be a dull season. November is by no means a cheerful month. Parliament is not sitting. All the aristocracy have not returned to town. The weather in the main is depressing, and at such times the newspapers look out for topics that excite interest. But the present so-called dull season is an exception to the rule. No season can be dull while Joseph C. is on the rampage. The fiscal controversy is going on right merrily. Arguments and exhortations, facts and fallacies, figures and fictions, are flying about in all directions, with the result that our newspapers are full of more or less spicy and exciting news.

It is quite possible, however, that some people are getting rather sick of the fiscal controversy. The most interesting topic is apt to grow stale after a while, and when one has read a few speeches and pamphlets one is pretty well familiar with all that may be said for or against. And to have the same arguments, and the same facts, and the same illustrations dished up day after day is apt to produce a kind of nausea. Moreover, the gentler sex is not expected to be so keenly interested in political questions as their husbands and brothers; and when paterfamilias has left his home and his morning paper behind him and gone off to the City, it is more than likely that materfamilias will desire to be entertained by the newspapers. Consequently, the discussion on the topic "Are Englishwomen Slaves?" would present to her features of peculiar interest and attraction.

The subject is no doubt a delicate one, and bristles all over with difficulties. In the first place, we want a clear understanding of terms; and in the second place, we want to know what Englishwomen mean by freedom. There is always more or less of spasmodic and irresponsible talk of the cruelty of John Bull—not intentional cruelty, perhaps, but his very natural assertiveness and pugnacity, and his constitutional lack of imagination, lead him into thoughtlessness and carelessness which may be by some people construed into unkindness. During my life time I have heard not a few of the gentler sex protest that John Bull was a tyrant; that he had always his heel upon the neck of his devoted wife; that she, poor thing! had not a soul to call her own; that she was always at his beck and call, always short of money, and always being blamed for not making a sovereign go as far as two sovereigns are usually supposed to go.

I notice in the correspondence I have alluded to some young women complain of the treatment they receive at the hands of their brothers. Their brothers come home from business in the evening and actually expect to be waited upon, instead of waiting upon them. Then an American has intervened, with a contrast between the treatment meted out to women in England and to their sisters on the other side of the Atlantic. Every American coming across to England, he says, feels that England is a man's country. It strikes him strangely at first. Women do not dominate the show here as they do in his country. Of course the American knows nothing about our War Office, and of the influence of petticoats in high political quarters, or he might not be so cocksure of the fact that women are not the predominating influence even in Great Britain. But on the purely domestic side it is possible the American is right.

In America, he says, they begin life by deferring to the gentler sex. At the public schools, where boys and girls attend and



work side by side and share each other's sports, it is the correct thing for the boy always to yield to the girl. She also is more clever than he, and often outdistances him in the matter of book-learning. So from the beginning onwards the gentler sex rule—they are deferred to, they are looked up to, are treated with every possible consideration. They hold opinions independent of their brothers or sweethearts, or husbands. They go their own way without consulting anyone. They receive their male friends in their own rooms, they do not need a chaperon when they go to a public place of amusement. They journey across to England and make a tour of the Continent alone, without asking the company or protection of their male relatives. Well, if the American man likes this, and the American woman likes it, we have nothing to say. The better-class American woman is no doubt wonderfully clever, delightfully independent, and expects a great deal of attention—even obsequious attention. If Cousin Jonathan likes that kind of thing—well, it is the kind of thing he likes.

This American, however, admits that after an American has been in England for some considerable time he learns to like the English idea of things, and it does not appear quite so strange, and certainly not in the least objectionable as he gets to know the relations of the two sexes better. In many instances it is quite true that in England woman is the mere echo of her husband. She takes her politics and her religion and her opinions on social matters from him. That perhaps is natural. People who live together in social and intellectual equality gradually approximate more nearly to each other. Though there may have been wide diversities at the start, gradually these are bridged over, and they come to think alike as time goes on on most questions.

Now and then, of course, we come across husbands and wives who are not agreed on any single question. I heard of a case some time ago where a husband was stumping a constituency as a candidate for Parliament while his wife was busy canvassing for his opponent. Such a condition of things no doubt is not usual, nor can it be regarded as altogether desirable. When husband and wife under such circumstances met at the tea-table, politics would naturally be debarred. Usually it is in the interest of domestic peace and harmony when husband and wife see alike on matters of politics and religion, and when they do so it is no proof at all of the woman's mental inferiority. In nine cases out of ten no doubt they thought alike before they were married.

It is not my province, of course, to pronounce an opinion on the question as to whether Englishwomen are slaves or not. I have my opinion, and I have my reason for holding it; but, whether Englishwomen be slaves or not, there can be no doubt of this, that in too many instances Englishwomen and girls are exceedingly selfish. They want to be maintained not merely in comfort but in luxury. They are always anxious to dress in the newest fashion. They want to go to entertainments of all kinds, and they expect to be treated and waited upon, and in too many instances they are not peculiarly desirous of giving anything in return. Some of these down-trodden sisters who have written to the Press complaining of the treatment meted out to them have evidently been only too well treated. If they had to go out into the world to fight their own battle and earn their own living they might show less discontent with their lot, and more respect and consideration for those who toil from Monday to Saturday to keep them in comfort and in luxury. Gratitude ought not to be the least among our social virtues, and if a girl has been at home all the day, doing little or nothing, I do not think she ought to complain if in the evening her brother, who has been hard at work in the mill, or in the shop, or in the office, asks for some little attention. To do a kindness is surely not slavery, and the

## THE PRIZE PICTURE



Photo by W. H. Adams, Paganhill, Stroud.

### A CENTENARIAN'S COTTAGE.

Rock Mill Cottages, Painswick-road, about a mile from Stroud. In first cottage on left lived for many years Mr. Charles Pash, the Gloucestershire centenarian, and he died there in January, 1900.

girl who objects to doing a kindness, and resents a request for a little attention, displays a disposition that does not augur well for future happiness.

It may be quite true that the life of the average woman is apt to be dull. There is nothing very exciting in dusting furniture, or mending stockings, or cooking dinners. But is it not equally true that the life of the average man is dull? He goes into the City every day by the same train, sits in the same office and on the same stool from morning till evening; gets his lunch at the same restaurant, comes home by the same train in the evening, sits down to the same kind of dinner, and perhaps, to crown all, is worried by chronic lack of funds. To the woman at home it may seem very nice to be able to go into the City every day, and she may think that the life of her husband or brother is a hundred times fuller of interest than hers; but if she had to change places with him for a year I fancy in most instances she would be glad to get back to the routine of home. Englishwomen may or may not be slaves, but the majority of Englishmen if not actually slaves, are something near akin to it. And, in not a few instances, the slavery is accentuated by the needless extravagance of the womenfolk at home.

The German War Department has given instructions for the manufacture of one hundred motor-cycles for scouting purposes. The cycles will be of a peculiar character, the wheels being protected by a covering of steel sufficiently strong to stop the ordinary rifle bullet. The motive power is to be a small battery capable of carrying the machine one hundred miles without recharging. The cycles are to be attached to a corps which is to be specially created, and in which the motors—forty-eight in all—will also constitute a section. The whole corps will number 500 men, with six machine guns.

Heard at the Parish Church on Saturday, after the Bishop's visitation and Litany—  
From Archidiaconal fees,  
And Episcopal Charges,  
— — — deliver us.

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a weekly prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The winner of the 146th competition is Mr. W. H. Adams, Paganhill, Stroud, with his Centenarian's Cottage.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 57th competition is Mr. F. W. White, Brevel's Hay, Charlton Kings.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The winner of the 39th competition is Mr. Edgar W. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-road, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by Pastor C. Spurgeon at Salem Baptist Chapel.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol boards, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in. Half-plate photos are best.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

A Cardiff man says he knows there is going to be an early and severe winter, because his cat remains indoors, and is already putting on his winter coat. That is where the cat gets ahead of a lot of more important but unhappy people who have not yet the remotest idea where the winter's coat is coming from.





Old Hills, Ashleworth, near Gloucester.

Photo by C. H. H. Turner, Gloucester.



Not the Strand, but the latest view of Cheltenham High Street.

Photo by Thos. C. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

## CANARIES.

### NOTES ON BREEDING AND MANAGEMENT.

[By GEO. A. POWELL.]

#### INTRODUCTORY.

Owing to his brightness of plumage, vivacious disposition, and freedom of song, the domestic canary has won his way into the homes of dwellers in every city, town, and remote hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles.

No bird is more widely esteemed, and whether it be in the mansion of the rich or the cottage of the artisan he is cherished and his wants supplied, and he amply repays the care and attention bestowed upon him, by his cheerful behaviour and joyous vocal efforts. On the continent of Europe, where he is more systematically bred, and his housing made a matter of study, he is even in greater repute. Our own countrymen across the seas seem never to lose their regard for him, hence it is not surprising that thousands of singing canaries are annually shipped to all parts of the globe where Britons are located; while our American cousins, not backward in appreciating his merits as a songster, send over yearly increasing orders for these birds.

The fact that the canary finds a place in so many homes, and that its world-wide popularity so largely increases, must serve as an excuse, if such be needed, for giving a few plain hints in the columns of the "Cheltenham Chronicle" on its successful breeding for pleasure and profit, and management in health and sickness. Before proceeding directly to the subject in hand it may be interesting to note the early history of the bird, and the origin of the many varieties which constitute the canary for song or exhibition as bred to-day.

Some 300 years ago a ship bringing a consignment of green birds was wrecked in the Mediterranean, and these, taking flight and settling on an adjacent island, were caught and sold to some weavers in Flanders. These weavers, owing to persecution and being compelled to find a new home, settled at Worstead, near Wroxham, and their time was spent partly in weaving and partly in breeding canary birds, which were purchased and bred and in process of time greatly improved by Norfolk shoemakers, who continued the hobby long after the weavers had left this district. These shoemakers brought the bird from green to yellow, and to the living "golden balls of music" in such demand at the present day.

With this brief account of the introduction of canaries into this country, I will pass on to consideration of the bird as it is now bred, together with its requirements for breeding or song, written solely to assist the prospective keeper or intending breeder of these charming household pets; and if I can prevent the aspiring amateur from taking a single false step on the road to success, or lead the too often indulgent owner of a singing bird into a proper treatment of his or her pet, such labour will not be in vain, and may help in a small way to mitigate the sufferings, ending in premature death, which annually carry off thousands of these birds—the result of ignorance in management and mistaken kindness in feeding rather than of sheer neglect or forgetfulness on the part of their owners.

In some quarters, I am aware, the breeding of canaries is usually looked upon as a fitting pastime for the young lady fresh from school, or a jobbing tailor's or shoemaker's hobby—a reason why odd jobs are not finished when you send for them in a hurry? In others a weakness or a craze, as the case may be? Be this as it may, it is surprising how for 300 years tailors and shoemakers in such large numbers have found relaxation of mind and muscle in tending cage birds. Some of the finest canaries, mules, and British birds ever exhibited may be found to emanate from the homes and the workshops of small tradesmen at the present day.

This fact induces me to digress somewhat, and to remark that all closely tied professional and business men, as well as those who labour for a livelihood (and women also, if their household duties permit of it) should take up a hobby of some description; and attending to a neatly-arranged and well-kept stock of canaries, limited to suit the amount of leisure a fancier can bestow on his or her pets, will prove of the utmost benefit to the mind engrossed too many hours each day in the cares and worries of this changeful life, and few pursuits will prove so interesting, mildly exciting, and profitable withal, as the one under consideration.

To those who unfortunately suffer in health, a few canaries, the care of which entails no outdoor exposure, will work wonders in diverting the mind, too apt to dwell upon such misfortune, helping to mitigate the depression which ill-health so frequently produces.

The fancier who looks for his hobby to pay its way and leave "a bit over" will be interested to know that in the city of Norwich, the nucleus of British canary breeding, and which city gives its name to the

most popular variety of the bird, there are at the present time some 4,000 breeders of canaries. Yet so great is the demand for canaries in Norwich that difficulty is annually experienced in fulfilling orders for the home and export trade.

Thus it is that the production of songsters not only proves an interesting hobby; it makes both ends meet in the homes of many working men, and what was originally a pastime has now become an industry of the extent of which few are cognisant.

In addressing a gathering of fanciers at the annual show of the Norwich Alliance-Cage Bird Association recently held in Norwich, Mr. Jacob Mackley, head of the well-known firm of canary dealers (Messrs. Mackley Bros.), incidentally remarked that were there 8,000 breeders in Norwich alone, customers would be forthcoming for every spare bird at the end of the season, so difficult is it found to execute orders through lack of birds on sale.

With the foregoing introduction I will now proceed to the practical part of this paper, and in the first place consider the question of a

#### BREEDING ROOM AND CAGES.

Many enthusiastic fanciers through force of circumstances are compelled to start in a humble way, in a kitchen, workshop, or sitting-room, aye even in bedrooms. Here it must be the rule to place all cages in a good light, and where at some time of the day, the sunlight enters. The birds must be kept below the gas-light if such is used, and out of the draught from window or doorway, as well as from marauding cats or the ravages of mice and rats. Blinds must be drawn up at night, so that the birds may feed their young in the early morning light; for all birds unlike some human beings, are early risers. Where thousands of genuine bird lovers rear their pets under the above conditions, I take it that some of my readers may desire to possess a well-equipped room and thus ensure a healthy and maximum number of young from a larger stock. The room should face south to ensure bright sunlight, so that risks of hens refusing to feed may be somewhat reduced—a habit it seems impossible always to entirely prevent. The genial aspect of a south room will also greatly assist the birds during the trying period of the annual moult.

The writer once attempted breeding in a room facing north, and situated in such a position that sunlight was never seen to enter the cages. The result, as may be expected, was not encouraging. Hens sat closely and refused to feed. Cocks were listless, and seemed to have no heart for



singing. In a sunny room the hens spend much of their time in moving about the cages, and on returning to the nest find the tiny nestlings gaping for food. They fill their crops before settling down upon their charges.

In addition to being warm and well-lighted, a breeding room should be lofty; but the majority of fanciers cannot suit their fancy in every direction, or this one in particular, yet fresh air and plenty of it is of primary importance in rearing young canaries.

Now, in a low room ventilation can be procured at a small cost by providing two wooden boxes nine inches deep, covered at each end with perforated zinc, fixed in the outer and inner walls of the chamber, exactly facing one another. The one looking out into the air may have a sliding shutter to close in extreme frosty weather. Such an arrangement, with neatly moulded frames painted to match the woodwork of the room, is by no means an expensive one, and can be fixed by any handy man. In warm weather the window should also remain open, covered with a light frame and fine wire netting to keep out cats and to prevent a bird escaped from his cage seeking fresh fields and pastures new.

The ordinary canary will require no artificial heat in winter time, and it is a disputed point whether exhibition Crests and Belgians are not better without it. But in case it may be desired, perhaps in the more rigorous climate of our northern counties and in Scotland, I may as well describe the cheapest and most effectual mode of heating a bird room.

The "stove" consists of an atmospheric gas burner in the floor, giving a circle of tiny jets, covered with a barrel-shaped box of sheet-iron. This box has a pipe and elbow running from near its top into the chimney flue, close to the ceiling of the room, to convey away the fumes from the gas. A tin dish of water, kept constantly replenished, stands upon the stove, and thus an equal temperature can be easily maintained through the long winter days and nights.

A table and chair, together with a pestle and mortar, procurable at a cheap rate at auction sales, together with shelves for cages, will complete the outfit.

And now cages for the inmates must be provided. Too many handbooks on canary management, through the cranks and crotchets of their authors respecting forms of cages, make the hobby appear too expensive for a person with limited purse to indulge his fancy therein, and what should prove an incentive to the would-be fancier, in many cases acts as a deterrent, and prevents one launching out into a most instructive and pleasurable indoor pursuit. By studying simplicity you will save both time and expense. A plain deal box, annually scoured and cracks and crevices painted with fir-tree oil insecticide, and whitened inside with simple whiting and size, should have a front easily removable by drawing four screws or wire pins. Such fronts, made to any dimensions, are now procurable at extremely low prices from dealers in cage bird requisites advertising in the fancy press. The handy breeder should make his own. The cages have a sliding door of ample size in the centre, large enough to admit the free passage of a nest-box; two fair-sized holes, against which are hung a wooden seed-box and glass or earthenware drinking cup respectively; a couple of perches, not too pencil-shaped, and bevelled on top; together with a turn-rail fixed on a wire at the bottom of the cage to retain the sand, and by opening which the cage bottom may be more readily cleaned out. In such a cage the nest-boxes hang upon tacks by a wire, keeping the nest-boxes themselves at a slight distance from the side of the cage. A square wooden nestbox is much to be preferred to the shallow earthenware pans so largely advertised by dealers and sold in seed shops. The special point of such pans appears to be the facility with which the parent birds can drag their offspring out upon the cage floor to perish of cold and

hunger. In such a cage the soft food is supplied in small earthenware troughs, held in position by the sliding wire door. Some I have seen with a notch at each side near the front of trough, are admirably suited to the purpose, these notches enabling the door to clip and hold them securely. Several white earthenware baths are also needed, and may be fitted into a stout wire frame or cage open in front, and having hooks by which they may be hung on the cage front, and the sliding door allowed to drop on top of them. Given a coating of Brunswick black once every year, these frames will last a long time, even if in daily use, and every bird requires a bath twice or thrice a week except in severe frosty weather. A nursery cage ten inches square may also be provided, and has a wire front and back with wooded sides.

Should a hen commence to pluck her young, by removing them to this cage, and hanging it upon the front of breeding cage, she is thus thwarted in such diabolic cruelty. Placing in the cage a plentiful supply of nesting material, when the hen shows an inclination to nest again, will usually prevent this happening.

The cages, blackened or nicely stained and varnished, arranged upon shelves, their floors well covered with clean river sand, and seed-boxes filled with best Spanish canary seed only, are now ready to contain the stock, and present really a neat and tasteful appearance if of uniform size and pattern.

I have omitted, however, to provide for sifting the seed, which should be done daily and all dust and husks removed. A circular sieve, made entirely of tin and perforated zinc, can be obtained of any tinsmith at a cost of 6d., into which the seed can be poured and sifted.

In breeding rooms, where operations are carried out on a large scale, flight cages to accommodate ten or even twenty birds, are often provided, and the breeder can suit his taste, requirements, and pocket in the matter of providing additional accommodation for his pets.

[To be continued.]

When ladies take to sport they require elaborate regulations. For instance, the chief rules of a ladies' hockey club which has recently been formed are concerned with dress. Red and white are ordained as the club colours, and "all skirts must be six inches off the ground. No player to wear hats, pins or sailor or other hard-brimmed hats, or to have any metal spikes or projecting nails in boots or shoes. No high heels to be worn." Amazons may inure themselves to these privations, but how can womanly women accept Rule 6: "Silence to be kept during the game, except by the captains or coach when giving orders." What a keen competition there must be for the captaincy!

So much has lately been heard about the Northern Star potato that it is interesting to note the result of experiments at Daventry. Mr. W. L. Bird, of High-street, in that town, bought one pound of the famous potato early in the season. The last week in February he placed the tubers in a propagating bed, and as they shot he potted up the eyes and by that means had 150 plants. As they grew and gained strength, cuttings were taken from them, which were struck, and from the cuttings the largest potatoes were dug up. The last batch of cuttings was planted out in the open ground in the early part of July. The total produce from the 1lb. of tubers in one season was 932½ lbs. The heaviest root weighed 11lb. 8½oz., and several others ranged from 4lb. to 6lb.

It is a happy idea which has taken practical shape in the erection of a monument at Stuttgart to Liszt almost immediately after the inauguration of the Wagner statue at Berlin. It stands in the park of the royal castle upon a site selected by the King himself. The monument consists of a marble bust of the great composer on a pedestal of granite. The King and Queen of Wurtemberg and the Wagner family will take part in the inaugural proceedings.

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The proprietors of the "Gloucestershire Graphic" have issued a magnificent selection of Picture Post-Cards, and are now offering the same at the remarkably low price of

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- Leckhampton Churchyard (Winter).
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- Christ Church, Cheltenham.
- Tewkesbury Scene (with Abbey' Prestbury Parish Church).
- Devil's Chimney, Leckhampton.
- Tewkesbury Abbey Choir.
- Cirencester Barracks.
- Cotswold Convalescent Home, Cleeve Hill.
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**PETROL AND PICTURES.**

[By "ARIEL"]

**HOW TO START THE MOTOR-BICYCLE.**

In the early days of motor-cycling, before that handy contrivance, the exhaust-valve-lifter, had been introduced, the method in vogue of starting the motor was by mounting and pedalling. This was not such very killing work when the engines were only 1½ and 1¾ h.p.; but in these times, when engines are fitted of 3-h.p. and more, the fatigue of this method of mounting and starting is very great. The easiest way is to retard the sparking, run the machine along till the motor chips in, then step on the pedal and get into the saddle. It is much easier to run by a motor-bicycle than to pedal it.

**THE WEATHER AND MOTOR-CYCLING.**

Whatever enthusiasts may say to the contrary, the motor-bicycle is not a "bad-weather vehicle." What motor-cyclist is there who has not experienced a side-slip, with the probable resulting bad fall. I have been singularly unfortunate in this respect, having had bad falls from skidding. This may be due to the weight of the machine (175lbs.), but the consequence is I am in constant fear of falling when riding in "grease." The last slip I experienced was at Bristol, en route for Weymouth, with a friend who rides a 2½-h.p. Excelsior. We were riding over the tram lines in Bristol. Suddenly, without any warning, I found myself on the ground. Just as I fell I heard a crash behind, and looking round saw my friend also on his back in the mud. Of course a large crowd collected at once. Fortunately, not much damage was done to ourselves or machines; but had trams been close, the consequences might have been serious. After these experiences I concluded I would have my machine converted into a three-wheeler, with detachable chair in front. I shall hope to show how this has been done shortly.

**BELT DRIVING.**

The "drive" on my machine is by 1½ inch flat belt, running on steel pulleys. This belt slips on hills, notwithstanding the application of castor oil and other cures for belt slipping. I am now about to try the experiment of running two belts, one on top of the other, not joined in any way. I hope this will give a great increase of power.

**VALVE-LIFTERS.**

Exhaust valve-lifters that are operated by the Bowden slack wire principle require attention, after some use, at the points where the wires are fastened to the nipples. The working parts should be oiled now and again. The wires also frequently break through rusting. It is a good plan to apply a little vaseline to the exposed ends of the wires. The above also applies to "brake" wires.

**SHOULD MOTOR-CYCLISTS CARRY REAR LIGHTS?**

It is decidedly unfair to expect motor-cyclists to carry a rear light. The lamp would have to be placed in close proximity to the petrol tank; a slight leakage, and the whole machine might be ruined. The Americans recognise the unfairness, and exempt motor-cyclists from carrying rear lights.

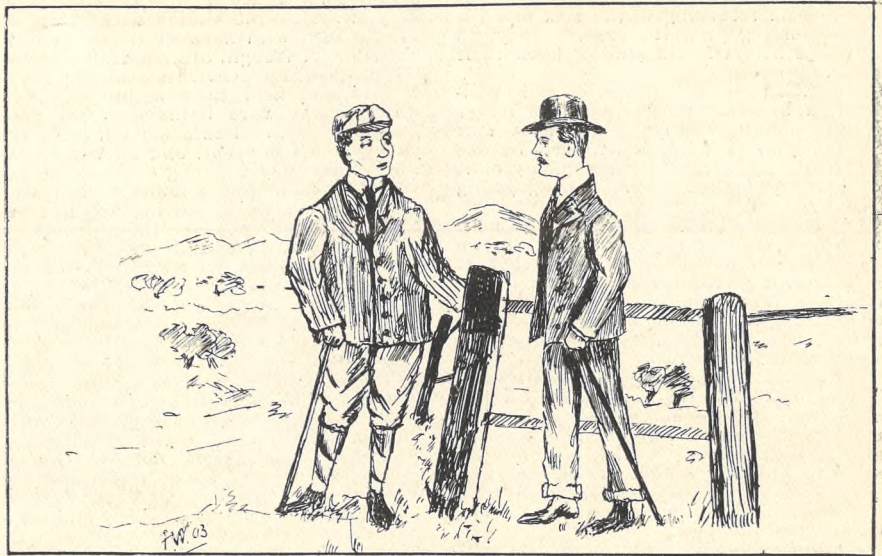
**DIRT IN BEARINGS.**

A few remarks on the above may not be out of place at the present time, when the roads are more often than not in a filthy condition. No bearing yet invented can be said to be entirely proof against dirt. I once saw what I thought to be a good idea to prevent dirt entering the bearings of a motor-cycle. The openings of the hubs were surrounded at each end with strips of wash-leather, which were wound round the spindle twice and then tied to the fork ends. The strips of wash-leather were about half an inch wide. A slight loss of power is caused by friction, but this is amply paid for in the increased efficiency of the cleaner bearings.

**CARE OF THE CAMERA.**

When a long spell of wet weather causes the laying aside of the hand or stand camera, it should not be carelessly put away on a shelf and forgotten. It should frequently be

**THE PRIZE DRAWING.**



OVERHEARD AT CHELTENHAM STEEPLECHASES.

SPORTING GENT: Your horse refused at the first fence and ran back.  
HIS FRIEND (new to the game): Never mind; I backed him both ways!

Drawn by F. W. White, Charlton Kings.

examined for any traces of damp, which will play havoc with the bellows and joints of any camera, and perhaps cause leakage of light when the camera is next in use. The camera should be wrapped up or put in its case, and then put in a perfectly dry place.

**DOUBLE OUTLINES ON A NEGATIVE.**

This is not a common defect, but it does crop up occasionally. The cause is generally to be found in the shutter of the camera, which, when worked at high speeds, frequently causes a slight movement of the camera just at the instant of exposure.

**FOR THE BEGINNER ONLY.**

If on developing your negative you find that the image appears the wrong way round on the plate, you may know at once that the dark slide was loaded with the plate the wrong way round, viz. with the glass side to the lens. It is a good tip to remember that plates are usually packed by the manufacturers film to film. If this fact be remembered, you will have no trouble in loading your slides or hand camera sheaths.

**FERRO-PRUSSIAN PRINTING.**

Ferro-prussiate printing must be done in the brightest sunlight. Different brands of the paper assume different tints when fully printed, but with all of them a certain amount of bronzing in the shadows is necessary. No fixing is required with the ordinary blue paper; the prints only need washing, face downwards, in plain water. The first water should be rapidly changed, and all the washing done in very subdued light. Three changes of water are sufficient, as too much washing weakens the image.

**TWIN-LENS HAND CAMERAS.**

The advantages of this form of apparatus are as follow:—(1) It is possible to focus after the plate is in position and up to the moment of exposure. (2) The view-finder shows the picture the full size of the plate used. (3) The lenses are specially adapted for this class of work, and generally have an arrangement for readily altering the size of the aperture.

**A LENS TIP.**

When using the half combination of any lens, it must also be remembered that while the focus is doubled, the time of exposure is nearly but not quite quadrupled.

John T. Kruger, of Wabash, Neb., bet a friend £100 that he would ask the first girl he met, after leaving his hotel, to marry him. This happened to be Mamie Grant, who promptly accepted his offer. They were married within an hour.

Perhaps the latest development of Listerism is the doctrine of "aseptic silence," which asserts that a surgeon should keep his mouth shut whilst operating lest bacilli should emerge with his words. Certain surgeons, indeed, cover their mouths with some membrane or other which is designed effectually to protect the patient. Similarly the younger men are teaching that every surgeon should be clean-shaven, as the hair hides countless germs. In this connection a correspondent of the "British Medical Journal" recalls the following lines of Edward Lear:—

An F.R.C.S. with a beard  
Remarked, "It is just as I feared,  
Two 'coccs,' ten bacilli,  
Twelve black aspergilli,  
Have all built their nests in my beard."

"About a fortnight ago," writes a correspondent of the "Field," while awaiting a City train at the Temple Station, I noticed a sparrow hopping about the lines for crumbs. A train going west came in, and the bird, having allowed the engine to come within a couple of yards, quietly jumped from the rail nearest me into the hollow between the sleepers, and crouched there till the train departed, when it hopped up and commenced foraging. My train came in soon after, and I saw the bird repeat the disappearing process on my line, though, as I got into the train, I did not see it emerge again.

Liston to the crying of an unattached soul: "Bachelor, 34, lonely, would value friendship of sensible, intelligent girl (Irish preferably), with small independency; view marriage; advertiser a cultured man, musically in particular, and of amiable disposition." And notice how essential it is that his loneliness should be cured by a small independency.

The Midland Railway Company received, not very long since, an exceedingly curious gift, in the shape of a complete collection of tools used by railway thieves. It comprised three jemmies, small, but exquisitely tempered, for breaking open the doors of temporarily unguarded trucks; syphons for "sucking the monkey"—i.e. extracting the contents of wine and spirit casks in transit; a number of skeleton keys; and a compound implement, described by the anonymous donor as the "train robber's vade mecum." This latter comprised within itself a monkey-wrench, saw, screw-driver, gimlet, wedge, centre-bit, and pinners; and is preserved as a great curiosity, together with the rest of the collection, in the company's "museum" at Derby.