

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 231.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This evening at 7.45—

"THE HAPPY LIFE."

Next Week (First Time in Cheltenham):—

"WHAT BECAME OF MRS. RACKET?"

Prices 4s. to 6d.

GRUESOME FOUNDATIONS OF THE MARBLE ARCH.

The Marble Arch is built on dead men's bones. Military executions without number took place within Hyde Park, according to "The World and His Wife." Except for the rare instances where the bodies were given over to the relatives or to surgeons for dissection, they were buried in the earth that was to form the foundation of the Marble Arch. When they were erecting this latter, the builders came upon a stone, too deeply imbedded in the soil to admit of easy removal. So they built upon it. The stone bore the grimly simple legend: "Here soldiers are shot." At the angle of what is now Connaught-place stood the Tyburn Tree, where, until 1783, executions took place. The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were exhibited there after the Restoration, and said—as to the latter two, at any rate—to have been buried beneath the gallows.

ARE "GEE-HO" AND "WHOA" ANCIENT EXCLAMATIONS?

The well-known exclamations of countrymen and carters to their horses to stop or to increase their speed were used in Chaucer's time, and are of even greater antiquity, and as familiar in France as in England. "Gee-ho," or "gee up," finds a place as "gio" in the old story of the milkmaid who kicked down her pail, and with it all her hopes of growing rich, as related in a very ancient collection of dialogues printed at Gouda in 1480. "Whoo ha," or "whoa," is a legacy bequeathed to us by our Roman ancestors, presumably descended from the Latin "che," an interjection strictly used in the sense of "enough!" "Ho," or "hoa," was the cry commanding the knights at a tournament to cease from all further action.—"Pearson's Weekly."

LOVE AND THE HAIR-BRUSH.

When Clementine rumples my hair,
I feel that my shoulders are wings—
A throne of Valhalla my chair—
My visions undreamable things!
My passion I yearn to declare
In words that beatitude brings—
In music that ecstasy sings—
(When Clementine rumples my hair).
When Ermytrude rumples my hair,
I show her at once I'm annoyed;
The parting I cherish with care
I fear is completely destroyed.
She says, with her sisterly air—
You'd love it if Clementine toyed!"
I would; but the pleasure is void,
When Ermytrude rumples my hair.
H. in "The Bystander."



EMPIRE DAY IN CHELTENHAM.

CHILDREN GATHERING OUTSIDE THE TOWN-HALL.

THE PURSUIT OF GRATUITOUS PUBLICITY.

The fascination which attends the gentle art of endeavouring to get "something for nothing" is felt by persons in nearly every walk of life. When all is said in its behalf, it is nothing but mendicancy, and begging, when resorted to by poor people—who may have been driven to it by force of adverse circumstances—is, as we know, an indictable offence. The cadger on the sidewalk and the cadger in his office are, however, in the eyes of the law, on a different plane; but it is questionable whether the solicitations of the gentleman who seeks to screen his criminality behind a pair of bootlaces (which, held in the hand, are supposed to afford protection) are any worse or more annoying than those of persons who, using only metaphorical bootlaces, pursue one with their astounding demands. Concurrently with the increased attention to advertising, there has sprung into being a new variety of respectable (?) mendicancy. The object of persons of the type referred to is to obtain advertisement for their businesses without going through the painful experience of paying for advertising space. The method adopted is generally a fairly obvious one. The free-publicity merchant addresses a letter to the editors of the magazines or newspapers he thinks likely to fall into his trap, and requests the insertion of the accompanying "item of news." The "item of

news" invariably turns out to be devoid of public interest. If the editor be wise, he promptly passes the communication on to the waste-paper basket, or if he thinks the sender may be well-meaning though ignorant, he sends the letter to the business department of his journal, in order that an advertising representative may have the pleasant task of explaining the obvious, which is, in this connection, that newspapers are not benevolent institutions, and that newspaper proprietors have as much right to receive payment for the publicity they are able to provide as the letter writer has for his goods, whatever these may be.—"Magazine of Commerce."

Vengeance, if we only carefully watch, dwells always near us.—Euripides.

When men are friends, there is no need of justice; but when they are just, they still need friendship.—Aristotle.

Call no man happy until you know the end of his life; up till that moment he can only be called fortunate.—Horodotus.

Hell was not created by anyone. The fire of the angry mind produces the fire of hell, and consumes its possessor. When a person does evil, he lights the fire of hell, and burns with his own fire.—Mulanuli.



NEW SEAL OF THE SEE OF GLOUCESTER.

Effigy of Bishop Gibson, with Arms of the See on left and his lordship's personal Arms on right.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary 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 131st prize has been divided between Miss H. M. Toms, 30 The Promenade, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for his report of the sermon at St. John's by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

DO VEILS INJURE THE SKIN?

The question has been much discussed by medical men making skin disorders their special subject. The matter is far beyond the criticism of those who object to beauty doctoring on the ground that all people should grow old and ugly in a contented manner. Veil-wearers have suffered from a chronic inflammation of the face skin. Has this been caused by the veil worn? The evidence may be summed up thus: the most innocent material, if wetted by the breath, and moving to and fro—as it may do when one is cycling—can inflame the skin. This is due to mere friction. But the more usual cause is wearing unwashed material saturated with one or other of the commercial dressings. Doctors are not milliners, and cannot be expected to appreciate the consternation their advice sometimes occasions. One item of this advice is that the veil should be thoroughly washed and rinsed before it is donned.—"Home Notes."



THE "TOO MUCH" CENTURY.

The twentieth century will be known through the ages as the "too much" century, says "The World and His Wife." Never before has the sin of too much reached such a height. We eat too much—twice too much—we indulge in too much "mixture" of foods and drink; rush about too much; talk too much; in short, the lovely, healthy doctrine of moderation in all things is absolutely forgotten. "Live on sixpence a day, and earn it," was the famous dictum of the famous Court physician Dr. Abernethy. If you feel down and depressed, and that life is not worth living, try a course of sixpence a day, self-denial, and moderation in all things. That dull, bored feeling, the lack of interest in anything or anybody, to which many depressed persons are prey, is nearly always traceable to errors in eating and drinking. This black, gloomy outlook of life in nine cases out of ten disappears after a grain of calomel. Clear out the choked liver with calomel, and the horizon of life clears up in a most astonishing manner.



Photo by H. E. Jones,

Northgate-street, Gloucester.

MR. JOHN E. HERBERT,

NEW PRESIDENT GLOUCESTER TRADERS' ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Herbert is a son of the late Mr. William D. Herbert, J.P. He is a freeman of the city and a member of the firm of W. Herbert and Sons, Northgate-street. Many of his ancestors lie buried in Chosen Churchyard, and their tombs he has lately had restored.

THE THOUGHTS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

The thoughts of millionaires might well be supposed to have a very considerable value—if they could only be got at. At any rate the late W. H. Vanderbilt set great store by his own, as is evidenced by the following amusing anecdote related by Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the famous thought-reader, who is contributing some interesting chapters of reminiscences of the distinguished people whose thoughts he has read to "Pearson's Magazine." He writes:—

"The first real live millionaire I had the high honour of shaking hands with was the late W. H. Vanderbilt. At that time he was a king of something or other. In America all millionaires are kings—of pork or beans, or wheat or cattle, of iron or copper; and—yes, now I remember—Vanderbilt was a railway king. He was not much to look at, certainly, and his attitude as he lay back in his chair on the verandah at the hotel at Saratoga was not particularly elegant. But still, he was King Vanderbilt, and he had his obsequious courtiers around him.

"Thus he greeted me: 'Was out when you called. Got your card and the letter. Do you

know anything about trotting horses—No? Anything about rails—No? Then I guess you ain't no good to me!' After a pause: 'Want to read my thoughts, do you, Well, what am I thinking of now?'

"I ventured to remark that he might be thinking of inviting me to join him in a drink, as the weather was hot and I was exceedingly thirsty.

"Wrong, first time, young man,' he replied, vigorously expectorating between the rungs of a chair opposite. 'Say, Boss,' and he turned to Boss Kelly, the then all-powerful head of the Tammany Ring—I'm not in the chair this round.'

"Well,' said I, 'I never read you as being at all likely to stand me or anyone anything. Why, you never even thought of offering me a chair. Now,' I added, 'I can read Mr. Kelly's mind like an open book. It's running the whole while on the bar over there, and he's just going to take me there right with him.'

"That's so," replied the bulky, good-natured Irishman. "You've read me at once. Come right along. Say, Van,' he added to the Railway King, as he took my arm to lead the way, 'you're not in this deal.'"

AN ENTERPRISING LOCAL FIRM.



MESSRS. NORTON AND CO.'S HANDSOME NEW PREMISES AT THE CORNER OF BATH ROAD AND HIGH STREET.

We have this week reproduced some photos of the depôts of the well-known firm of

H. G. Norton & Co., Motor & Cycle Merchants & Ironmongers,

1, 2, 3, 4, & 5 Bath Road, & 416, 417 High Street, Cheltenham,

and the Cathedral Motor & Cycle Depot, Gloucester.

It is common knowledge that the public want a good selection of goods in any department when purchasing. This firm claims without fear of contradiction that it can give the Motoring and Cycling public a finer selection of Motors and Cycles and Furnishing Ironmongery than any other firm in the Midlands, also high-class Bassinettes and Mail Carts, and their depôts are considered to be of the finest in the country.

THEY ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR CHELTENHAM, GLOUCESTER, AND DISTRICT FOR HUMBER, LEA-FRANCIS, ROVER, SINGER, SUNBEAM, SWIFT, RALEIGH, TRIUMPH CYCLES, ETC.

They can supply nearly all the above well-known makes, with free wheels, rim brakes, and Dunlop tyres, from £7 15 od., and cheaper makes from £4 4s. od.

They are Agents for the greater part of the County of Gloucester for the celebrated **WOLSELEY, HUMBER & PANARD MOTOR CARS**, and claim to have sold the first Motor Car in the district in 1899; and to show the growth of their Motor Business, they have now **TWELVE** Motor Cars on order at their Cheltenham and Gloucester Depôts, and they have a good Garage at both places for all kinds of Repairs, and a good stock of Tyres and Sundries. They also let out Cars on Hire with good Drivers, and teach Driving.

A reference to the photographs will show the buildings as they previously existed, and as now rebuilt. The work consisted of the pulling down of two shops and dwelling-houses in the Bath-road, and erection of a suite of shops and showrooms, extending from the original premises in the High-street round to the old Cycle Department in Bath-road, giving a total frontage of 38 feet to the High-street and 124 feet to Bath-road; and it may be here mentioned that it is proposed to eventually extend the buildings round into Bath-street, where the present repairing shops now stand, which will give an additional frontage of 107 feet.

The problem of connecting up the old High-street and Bath-road buildings was a somewhat difficult one, but from our illustration it will be seen that a satisfactory solution has been arrived at.

The building is in the style of the English Renaissance; it has a total floor area of 22,000 feet, in four floors, including amply lighted store and showrooms.

The general building work was carried out by Mr. Mealing, of St. Luke's Road, and the new shop fronts, which are in teak, with pewter lettering in the fascia, were executed by Messrs. Martyn & Co., Ltd. Messrs. Healing & Overbury were the Architects.



THE OLD PREMISES IN 1902.



GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW IN CHELTENHAM.
PROCESSION OF TRADESMEN'S TURNOUTS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The making of the Bishop of Gloucester is no quick matter, and is not yet finished, although two further processes in the work have been carried through this week, namely the confirmation of election on Tuesday, at the Church House; and the consecration on Ascension Day, at Southwark Cathedral. The last and crowning act, that of the enthronement, is reserved for Gloucester, on the afternoon of the 15th inst. There, in the Mother Church of the Diocese, Dr. Gibson will become de facto Bishop. Great preparations are being made by the Dean and Chapter for this rare and most interesting ceremony. The choir will be required for the accommodation of the goodly number of clergy who are expected to attend, and a portion of the nave will be reserved for Church officials and workers. The Bishop will deliver an address, both in the choir and the nave, and also speak afterwards in the Chapter House in acknowledgment of various written and oral welcomes that his lordship will there receive. The Bishop of Dover will, as commissary of the Archbishop of Canterbury, represent his Grace at the enthronement service. Speculation is already rife as to whether the new Bishop will resuscitate the Theological College when he has got well into harness. There would be ample accommodation for students ready to hand in a portion of the big Palace, quite separate from the residential part.

While adhering to my opinion that the lay clerks at the Cathedral ought not to have their moderate salaries so sweepingly reduced, I am free to confess, after obtaining some up-to-date authentic information on the finances of the Chapter, that this

body is to a great extent the victim of adverse circumstances. Fifty years ago they handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in return for payment of a fixed annual income, their estates, mainly comprising leasehold houses, and the number of canons was then reduced from six to four. Some thirty years later, under another arrangement, the Chapter gave up the fixed income and took over certain farms, then let at good rents, but as the leases fell in, concurrently with the era of depression, the Chapter found they had made a very bad bargain. For instance, for one farm on the Cotswolds leased at £1,500, a new tenant could not be secured at more than £700 rent. Next the Commissioners gave the Chapter tithes in lieu of land, but this proved like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for tithes much decreased in value; yet the Chapter are assessed to the full amount for poor rate, and, moreover, obtain no relief under the Agricultural Rates Act, which is held not to apply in their case. Agricultural depression and a great reduction of the stipends of the Dean and Canons of Gloucester are synonymous terms. And, if the present establishment is to be kept up to its full strength and salaries, the only way of doing so is by the Commissioners providing a commensurate endowment, and also relieving the Chapter of the increasing cost of maintaining the fabric, which, it should be remembered, really is a national monument.

Our Yeomanry have returned from Wells looking well and brimful of appreciation of good work done during the training and the enjoyable time spent. This feeling, however, does not prevent them from hailing with pleasure Col. Hedley Calvert's announcement that it will not be his fault if the camp next year is not held in Gloucestershire. Earl Bathurst's Park, Cirencester, which

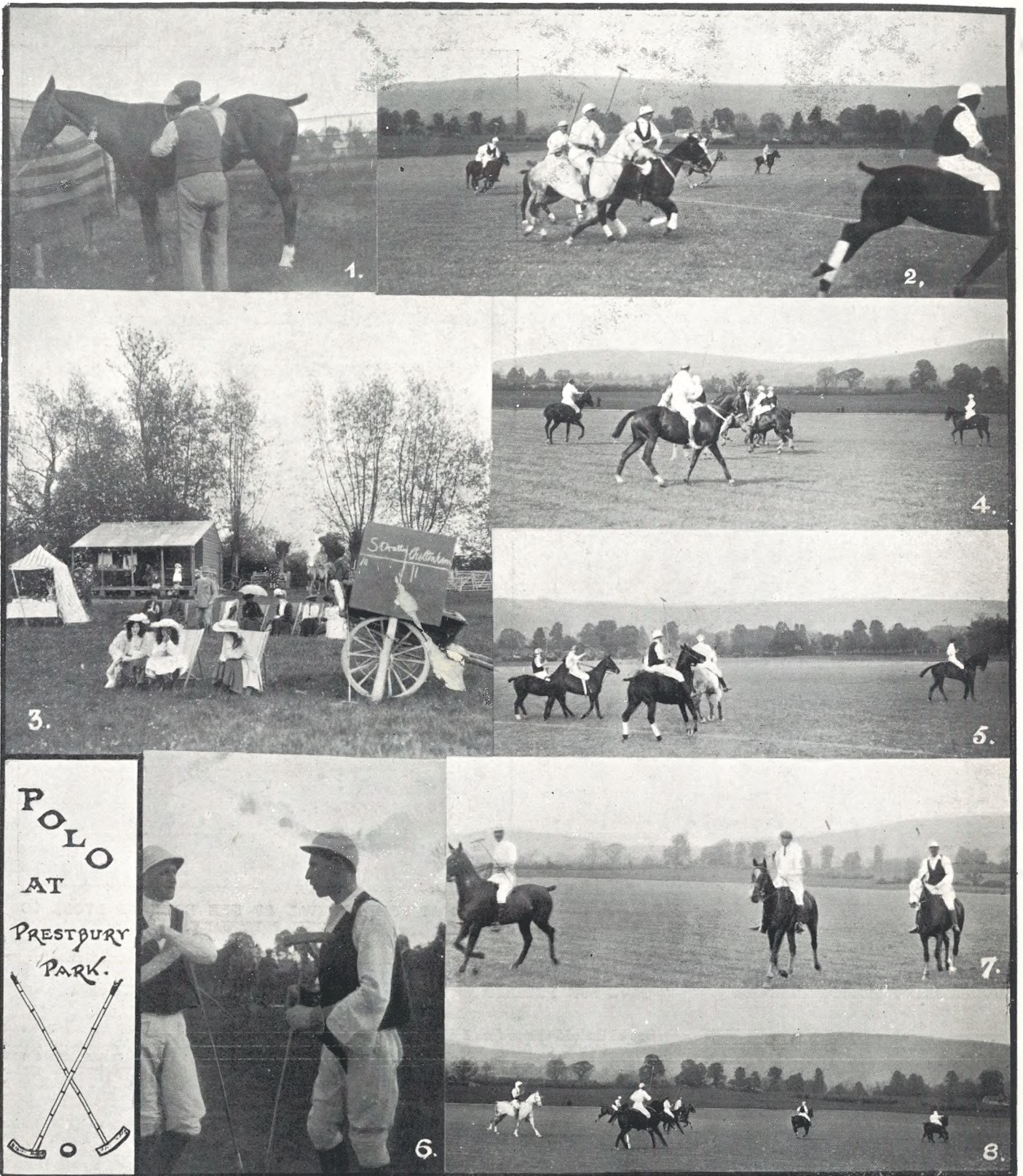
I hear is the prospective ground, would be an admirable place for it, provided a suitable encampment cannot be secured nearer Cheltenham.

Distinguished Siamese and Japanese are among those who have honoured the Gloucestershire School of Cookery with visits. I now hear that a daughter of the native Assistant Bishop Oluwole, of Equatorial Africa, has entered for a two-year course of training, and is domiciled with a Gloucester vicar. Thus its influence will permeate into "Darkest Africa." GLEANER.

FORTUNE TELLING.

"The root of all superstition," says Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning," "is that to the nature of the mind of all men it is consonant for the affirmative, or active, to affect more than the negative or positive; so that a few times hitting or presence countervails oft-times failing or absence." For example, some months since a lady friend of mine in a provincial city had a London palmist down for the entertainment of her guests, two of whom the chiromancer so mortally offended by proclaiming publicly that they would never find husbands that they at once quitted indignantly the room and the house. Yet, though neither was engaged, nor had the slightest prospect of being engaged at the time, both were married within a few months. Not much point in that story? No, and therefore I tell it, because it illustrates the kind of story which no one tells. If the palmist had predicted that these two ladies, who for many reasons seemed unlikely to be mated, would be married in a few months, everyone would have told the story.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

How few, alas! their proper faults explore; While on his loaded back who walks before. Each eye is fixed.—Persius



1. A rub down during interval.
 2. A race for the ball.
 3. Spectators.

4. An exciting melee.
 5. Playing from centre.
 6. Messrs. Rogers and Unwin (of the Cheltenham team).

7. Returning to change ponies.
 8. A scurry up field.

CHELTENHAM V. STRATTON (CIRENCESTER).

TRAGEDY IN CHELTENHAM.



HOUSE WHERE THE LYONS FAMILY RESIDED. IT WAS AT THE OPEN WINDOW WHERE THE CURTAINS ARE HANGING OUT THAT MRS. LYONS APPEARED SHOUTING FOR HELP.



SCENES AT THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF LYONS TO THE MORTUARY.

ODD-LOOKING HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

One of the curious things about holidays spent in our own country, is that such strange people appear: people with odd manners, eccentric clothes, absurd fancies and ways; some of them common, some vulgar, some pedantic and extraordinary, others merely quaint; but they are all unknown folk, not to be met with, even in London, at any other time. The only people obviously the gainers for their presence are the confectioners, for these worthy tradesmen literally make fortunes out of our strange friends' propensity for consuming anything and everything in the eatable line, from elaborate luncheons to the stalest buns. Then they disappear again. Where do they go? Is it possible that such people rarely emerge into the light of day except to take a holiday; or is it more probable that their exalted idea of these festivals is such, that not only is their attire more gorgeous, but even their manners and ways must be altered in their anxiety to do full justice to their outing? Perhaps they are, after all, only ordinary, sober hard-working people, rendered unrecognisable, though not necessarily more attractive, by their idea of enjoyment.—Lady Phyllis in "The Bystander."

GAVE SUN PERMISSION TO SET.

"One of the odd things that I saw in the trip up the east coast of Africa was the permission given each day by one of the kings for the sun to set," said Mr. T. A. Rose, who recently made a trip to South Africa. "At one of the ports where we stopped, the soldiers were drawn up on the parade ground before the royal palace as the sun was setting. With pomp and ceremony the ruler advanced to the front of the balcony on the second floor and majestically waved his hand toward the sun. One of his subjects explained to me that it was the royal sanction for the sun to set. When asked as to whether the ruler gave his permission for the sun to rise in the morning, the man replied that the sun must always rise before the ruler, but that it could never go down unless the royal hand waved approval. The king who did this was the Sultan of Zanzibar. I hardly believed that he himself was sincere in thinking his permission necessary, for he was educated for four years at Harrow College in England, but the performance was to increase the belief among the subjects of his divine origin."—"Milwaukee Sentinel."

NEGATIVE ADVERTISING.

Mr. Seymour Eaton, one of America's liveliest advertisers, in the course of an interview, tells the following story:—"Two summers ago I met some friends in Dublin who had been out sight-seeing. They had just come from a visit to a brewery. They had to make application to some official to get cards of admission. Upon these cards it was stated that under no circumstances whatever were gratuities of any kind to be given to the guides. My friend said that when he and his companions entered the gate a good-natured Irish guide was delegated to show them over the place. He was particularly interesting and obliging, and spent an hour or more with them. When they returned to the gate on the way out they felt like giving Pat a good-sized tip, but, of course, were anxious not to get him into any trouble with his employers. My friend showed Pat the card, and asked him if it really meant what it said. 'Oh, begorra,' said Pat, 'that's only to remind ye of it.' An instance of negative advertising."

God is a law to the man of sense; but pleasure is a law to the fool.—Plato.



Master Printers—Mr. W. J. CRAWFORD.



A SUCCESSFUL CHELTONIAN.

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Mr. A. B. Dodd was born in Cheltenham in 1871, was educated here, and his mother still resides here. He, however, long since settled at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he takes a prominent part in friendly society and philanthropic movements. At the annual meeting of the Hearts of Oak Society last week he received the honour of election on the Executive Council, and has the additional honour of being the youngest member of that body.

COOLING FOODS FOR THE SUMMER.

If people would allow a little more rein to their natural instincts in hot weather, says "The World and His Wife," they would find life more comfortable. It has been truly said that a man who eats and drinks like an Icelander in India cannot expect to escape illness. Just the same holds true of food in mid-winter and in mid-summer in England. When the thermometer is 30deg. Fahr. we should adopt a different regimen to that we naturally crave for when it is 80deg. Fahr. The breakfast bacon of January may be, with great advantage, banished in June and July, and its place taken by cucumbers, watercresses, and salads. Thus the intake of carbon is lessened, and the loss of fluid from the body, which must take place when we perspire freely in hot weather, is to some extent made good. But so strong is the hold that routine has on many of us, and so little do we consider our physiological requirements, that we often act just as foolishly during the sultry months of summer as if we were living the lives of Icelanders in India.

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MR. SAM FAY—RAILWAY MAGNATE.

The current number of the "Magazine of Commerce" contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Sam Fay, the general manager of the Great Central Railway. An expert railway manager is not to be deemed a ready-made manufactured article. He takes a great deal of making. Mr. Sam Fay came of a long line of hereditary farmers. He was born near Southampton eight-and-forty years ago, and determined to become a railway man simply because he rode once a quarter to and from school in a South-Western "parly," and liked it. This, as a phase or lead to a profession, was the New Forester's first love, and now he is married to it, for good or evil. Apparently, the train has carried the little Southampton boy to good.

Through the kind offices of a South-Western director, he was given a junior clerkship at a small station, where he studied passenger and freight account keeping. Still forging ahead, Mr. Fay, in 1881, founded the "South-Western Gazette" in the interests of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, to which it has contributed yearly a considerable sum, and, like a certain theatrical "Aunt," is still running. Later Mr. Fay, in 1882, published a history of the South-Western Railway under the title of "A Royal Road."

In 1884 Mr. Fay, now well grounded after twelve years' service, entered the office of the traffic superintendent, and became chief of the indoor staff, which meant for him his first experience, as he says, of the administrative side of railway work. The work was hard, especially when, in 1885, Mr. (now Sir) Charles Scotter "came like a breeze from the north" (Manchester) to take up the general management of the South-Western. Sir Charles was an elderly proficient, with ever-arriving new ideas, which, as Mr. Fay says, "caused many people on the line to try to forget much they previously regarded as orthodox." But Mr. Fay remained in the traffic department for seven years, during which he took charge of the many races and military reviews which specially belong to the South-Western Railway on occasion.

Mr. Sam Fay ultimately became general manager of the Great Central. He has done much for the Great Central, and the line has done much for England. It has opened Manchester direct to the Continent and the Continent to Cottonopolis. How to go to Paris or to Berlin is no longer a problem of distracting changes of system.

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Endure the hardships of your present state;
Live and endure yourselves for better fate.
—Virgil.

A swan on the Dee at Chester has menaced boating parties so seriously that it was "arrested" by the police and put in a place of confinement. Its vagaries caused one boat to capsize.

Miss Emma Toogood, of Shanklin, is in the habit of keeping a large number of cats, sometimes as many as eleven in one room. An order was made on Saturday for the abatement of the nuisance.

OUR PICTURES.

REPRODUCTION PRICE LIST.

Photographs of Pictures appearing in the "Gloucestershire Graphic" are supplied at the following prices:—

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Post-cards -	-	-	-	3/- doz.
	MOUNTED.			
5in. x 4in.	-	-	9d. each	7/6 doz.
Cabinet or half-plate	1/-	each		10/6 doz.
Whole plate, 8½in. x 6½in.	-	-	-	2/- each.
	UNMOUNTED.			
5in. x 4in.	-	-	-	6d. each.
Cabinet or half-plate	-	-	-	9d. each.
Whole plate	-	-	-	1/6 each.

REPRINTS FROM BLOCKS.

REPRINTS FROM BLOCKS ON SPECIAL ART PAPER OR POST-CARDS. PRICES ON APPLICATION.

POOR ENGLISH HAIR.

Mr. W. Clarkson, the world-famous wig-maker, writing in "Smith's Weekly," says:—Very few wigs are made from British hair. This, I hasten to add, lest you think me unpatriotic enough to cast reflections upon my countrywomen's "crowning glory," has nothing whatever to do with the question of quality. The explanation is quite simple, and is as follows:—Except in a few remote country districts, Englishwomen no longer wear caps or coifs, and if they parted with their hair they could not conceal the fact of having done so. And so the bulk of human hair for making wigs, "transformations," and what not, comes from such countries as Italy, Sweden, and Norway, where the women are habitually covered. This was not always the case. About a hundred years ago large quantities of hair came from Ireland, Kildare and adjoining counties supplying fair and auburn locks, while from the south came the raven tresses for which the daughters of Erin are so justly admired. The usual price for a good crop was ten shillings. But now the snood has given place to the "picture hat," and although occasionally a pedlar may induce a colleen to part with her hair in exchange for a few trinkets, practically the trade in Irish hair is dead. It is an interesting fact that the strongest and longest hair is found by the seaside. In England the women of the eastern counties have long been noted for their luxuriant hair, and, generally speaking, seafaring folk rarely suffer from baldness. The presence of salt in the air has undoubtedly much to do with this, for salt rubbed into the scalp is an excellent tonic and restorative.



MIDLAND RAILWAY OFFICIALS AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

The race of fools is not to be counted.—Plato.
He regarded nothing to be cheap that was superfluous, for what one does not need is dear at a penny.—Plutarch.

THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO MARRY

AND WANT TO



FURNISH ECONOMICALLY



CAN DO SO BEST AT

DICKS & SONS, LTD.

They can sell you the following lines, which are a few among hundreds of others that are worth attention:—

- Good-looking Parlour Suite, with Couch, complete in American Leather, for £3 10s. od.
- Tapestry Carpet Square 9 x 9 feet, 15s. 11d.
- Pretty Overmantel, Stained Walnut, 10s. 11d.
- Cheffioneir, Stained Walnut or Mahogany, £1 9s. 6d.
- Centre Table for 8s. 11d.

- Chest of Drawers, Washstand, & Dressing Table, painted in nice-looking Light Oak, for £1 8s. 9d. the set.
- Full-size Bedstead with Brass Rail 12s. 11d.
- White Toilet Set, 3 pieces, full size, 2s. 11½d.
- Millpuff Bed, Bolster, & Two Pillows for 15s. 11d.
- Full-size Wire Mattress, 10s. 11d.

DICKS & SONS can furnish you a Cottage complete for Ten Guineas, or a better House up to any value. They have an immense assortment of Medium and good-class Furniture in stock, also a lot of inexpensive Furniture in New and Artistic Styles. The floor space of their Furniture Showrooms exceeds a quarter of an acre, and they will be pleased to show you over at any time.

FURNISH FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS

AT DICKS & SONS, LTD., 172 TO 176 HIGH ST., CHELTENHAM.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
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No. 232.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

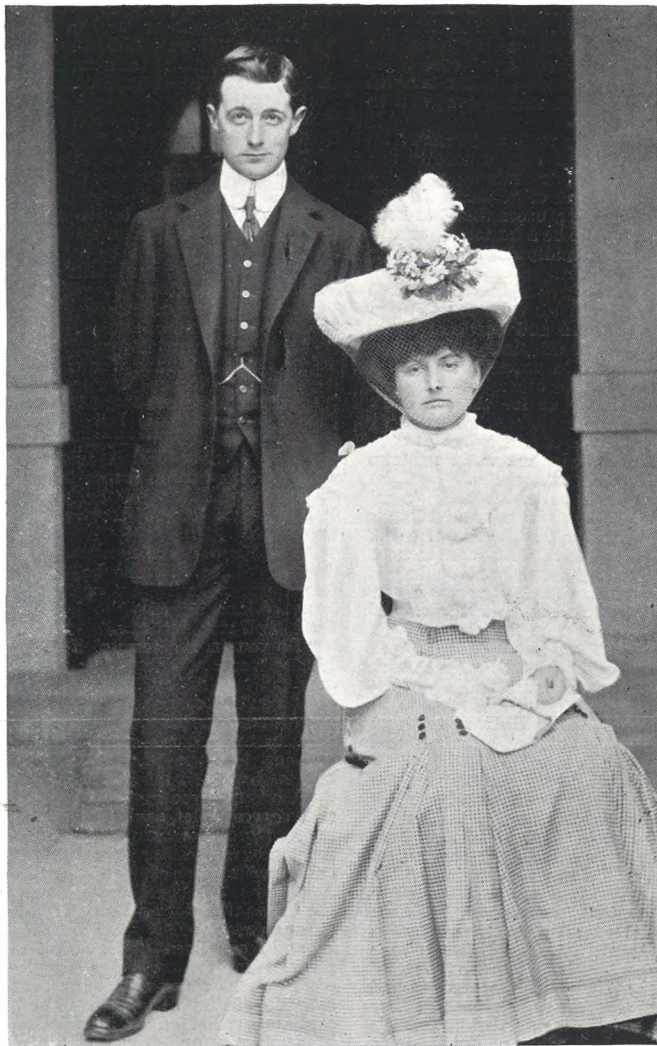
This evening at 7.45—
"HAT BECAME OF MRS. RACKET?"
Next week (last week of the season).

MR. & MRS. F. R. BENSON
and their Shakespearian Co.

Prices 4s. to 6d.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS' TRICKS.

Public speakers of all kinds have many little tricks for making and "holding" an audience (says the writer of an article entitled "Tricks Adopted by Platform Speakers" in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). More than one successful orator now appearing before the public has his favourite platform pose, a way of standing that he knows presents him in picturesque attitude to his audience. Several speakers take with them wherever they go special small tables, made to exact height, that just suit them to lean upon when speaking. Inadvertently left behind, the "speaking table" of one noble lord was last year sent on by special train. There is a lady speaker, a champion of the poor, who has a special "platform cough." If proceedings seem becoming dull, and people listen listlessly, the lady, at the finish of a phrase, fires off, as a kind of aside, her special cough. A reporter has said: "It is not a comic cough, but it is a cough in some way so 'unlike' the lady herself that it always concentrates thought upon her." In addressing working-men, evidence of acquaintance with trade terms often is valuable. Appealing to an audience of leather-workers, a speaker provoked ringing cheers when he referred to a kind of leather known as basil, for he pronounced the word "bazzle," as the men did, and not "baz-il," the name of a culinary herb, as it was rendered by his opponents. Speaking to the men at a great glass works, a member of Parliament told them to support him, and the opposing party would soon "fly." Cheers greeted the hit, for "fly" meant here not merely "be routed," but, technically, the cracking of a glass vessel by the expansion of an air-bubble within it. "Looking back over my reported speeches," says an old hand at electioneering, "I find that perhaps most of the 'loud cheers' and 'much laughter' provoked were the result of either local allusions or impromptu remarks that I had introduced into my speech on the spur of the moment. The best 'stock-gag' you can find will not cause the enthusiasm which, say, a bit of repartee to a questioner will call forth." Amongst other tricks, the pre-arranged interruption is not unknown. A secret confederate of the speaker asks some seemingly damaging question, and is promptly "demolished" from the platform. The expedient may, however, be dangerous. At an important meeting, a prominent lawyer and politician—genial in private life, impressive as a public speaker—was heckled by a small man seated near the front row. Drawing himself to his full height, the orator said slowly, in tones of withering scorn, "How can you, a respectable British working man, say such a thing?" Completely taken aback by the other's "tremendous" "platform manner," the interrupter, telling the truth, blurted out, "Why, sir, you told me to!"



MR. and MRS. ERNEST TURNER,
OF SHIPTON OLIFFE MANOR.

ORGANISERS OF THE CAFE CHANTANT IN CHELTENHAM IN AID OF THE
FUND FOR THE RESTORATION OF SHIPTON CHURCH.

Condemning the present-day idolatry of pleasure, the Archdeacon of Lewes, in his visitation at Brighton on Monday, spoke of the growing indifference to the Sabbath, especially among the leisured classes.

Seventy sand-bins, for use in the event of fires occurring on petrol launches when at or near locks on the Thames, are to be provided by the Thames Conservancy Board.

To be loved, be lovable.—Ovid.

A Louis XV. snuff-box, with six panels, bearing representations of a boar hunt and similar incidents, was sold at Christie's for £1,100.

Porthcawl Dock, which cost £160,000 to make, was opened 36 years ago this month. For many years it was the busiest dock in the Bristol Channel. There has not been a vessel in it this year so far.

Selina Jenkins' Letters.

IN SEARCH OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.
PART I.

Of course, we all likes to be in the fashin', whether it's crinolines or the latest thing in 'air-nets; and the fashin' of the moment is wot they calls the Simple Life." Amos 'ave took it very bad, indeed, and, in fact, 'e talks nothink else, pretty well nite and day; 'e got it from a little book as 'e brought 'ome one day, price 3d., and it consists in goin' out and livin' with the birds, and the hants, and the worms and things, and makin' friends and brothers of 'em, so to say, in a little bit of a cottage, and growin' yer own vegetables and grocery on yer own plot of ground, as you've dugged up and watered with the sweat of yer own brow.

It seems the Americicans 'ave a-took to it wonderful, until really there ain't no demand for towns and cities, becous everyone lives in the country, "far from the maddenin' crowd, as Shakespeare says, as sounds all rite in a sonnicks or a bit of poetry, but don't answer over well in real life, so I considers.

As I were a-sayin', Amos were so wropped up in this 'ere new-fangled idea that 'e says to me, "Selina," 'e says, "unless we finds a small cottage somewheres, with a bit of ground on to it, we're lost, I can see clearly; becous this 'ere book says so, as sets forth 'ow we be a lot too luxuriant-like in the towns, and is rapidly degeneratin' into mere spendin' machines, as is always a-buyin' nick-nacks and hornaments as we 'aven't no use for, while we really 'aven't no time for thinkin' quiet-like, becous of the rush and bustle of trams and motor-cars; and as for the time it takes you alterin' yer costume so as to be on a level with Mary Ann Tomkins and the others—"

"Well, Amos," I says, "as for that, I don't think you can say much, seein' as 'ow you told me yerself you used up'ards of $\frac{2}{3}$ of a 'our of time as you mite 'ave been carryin' the water upstairs for me, or turnin' the mangle, only last week, in tryin' on bowler 'ats, becous of Padbury 'avin' told you the brims was goin' to be wored larger this year; still, I will admit it's a bit of a tax keepin' hup with the neybour, wich there is next dore but one jest been painted down a bright greenery colour, a-purpouse to make the rest of the 'ouses in the row look dingy, and not a penny of the money is like to be paid for doin' of it, nother, becous I knows the milkman 'ave stopped callin' becous of there bein' 7 weeks owin'; wich is a cryin' shame, becous of our front dore jest 'avin' been done a peacock blue, as'll 'ave to be did all over again, now, fer if there's one thing I believe in, it's in 'avin' the brightest and smartest front dore in the street!"

"That's just it, Selina," says Amos, "hif you lives in a street you 'as to work like a nigger jest to keep hup to the respectable level of the street; while all the time there's 'eaps of folks as lives in little 2/6 a week cottages on their own potato patch, with a pig or 2 down the bottom of the gardin' (wich it's only to go out and cut off a slice of bacon when you wants it and pick a potato off the bushes to get a lovely meal, with the haid of a fryin'-pan); yes, I says, there's 'eaps of folks livin' out on the land like that, leadin' 'the Simple Life,' at one-half the expence and 6 times the 'appiness we enjoys in the town. They don't 'ave no call to keep up aperients, and it's my firm hapyion the best thing us can do is to get back to the soil and lead this 'ere 'Simple Life,' out amongst the bees, and the flowers, and the lambs, and things, as 'appy as cricket-matches, and nothink to bother about, not even the newspapers! Why, do you know old Farmer Hodge, out by Northleach, bein' rather a pore scholard, and 7 miles from the railway, never 'eard till a month ago as Queen Victoria were dead, the news not 'avin' travelled to 'is parts; as were the same one that drove in to Cheltenham to see the eclipse of the moon as 'appened 2 years ago, 'avin' been told there were a better view from up by the Queen's 'Otel than anywhere else; all of wich goes to show wot simple, 'onest folks they be as lives close to the sile, and don't struggle to keep up aperients."

"Yes, Amos," I says, "I knows Farmer Hodge is a good simple sort, 'ceps when 'e's on the dore-

step with they there ancient chickens of 'is, as 'e always tries to make out 'ave only just escaped from the hegg a day or two, altho' I will say the last one 'e sold us mite 'ave been the one as were let loose by Noa.. from the Ark, fer the guinness of 'im, bein' more of the natur of old boots boiled than anythink 'uman! But still, 'e were a good-'arted simple lot, I'll admit, wich I shan't forget 'ow 'e told me when 'e went up to Lunnon to the Agericultural 'All once, they put 'im in a bedroom with a helectric light in it; so in the mornin' they asked 'im 'ow 'e'd slept, and, you b'leeve me, 'e 'adn't 'ardly 'ad a wink of sleep all night, 'e said, "becos," 'e said, "when I come to blow out the light," 'e said, "I couldn't do it," 'e said, "for they'd got the pesky think in a bottle, and I couldn't get at it," 'e said!

"But about this 'ere 'Simple Life'" says Amos. "S'pose we goes up to Cleeve 'Ill, to see wot we can do in the way of gettin' old of a cottage cheap. Wot do you say, Selina?"

"Very well, Amos," says I; "the hair up there suits me very well, and, of course, it's very 'andy 'avin' the trams to go hup the—"

"No, no, Selina," 'e says, "that ain't no 'Simple Life'! You've got to live like the birds and the beastizes—from 'and to mouth, wich there 'aint much 'Simple Life' in gallivantin' hup the 'ill in a helectrical tramcar, bein' a luxury, wich the book 'ere draws the line at luxuries!"

"All rite! all rite! Amos," says I; "no offence, I 'opes! You see, I can't get used to it all of a suddint, not 'avin' read the book like you! Still, I s'pose it's all rite; so we'll walk up and see wot's to be 'ad in the way of cottages, cheap."

Wich we did! A nice pretty walk it were, and bilin' 'ot all the way; but there! I s'pose it's good for a body to perspire a bit, as would 'ave been up'ards of 200 degrees in the shade goin' up the 'ill from Southam, only that there weren't any shade to be found nowheres!

Well, when we got to the top of the 'ill, we see some darlin' little cottages up a lane, as seemed to be just the very thing and not too egspensive. There was a hold man leanin' up against a stone wall (to keep it hup, I s'pose, wich they Cleeve 'Ill walls be fair coff-drops fer droppin' down on-bewares, if you only looks at 'em 'ard-like), so we asks 'im who the owner of these 'ere cottages mite be. Lucky-like, it turned out the owner were just round the corner lookin' after a sheep as 'ad been it between wind and water with a goff ball, and we 'ad an interview with 'im on the spot.

"Are them 2 cottages yours, mister?" says Amos. "Becous, if they be, we wants to know 'ow much we could 'ave one of 'em for, with a piece of land big enuff to keep a few pigs, and fowls, and mebbe a cow."

"Be you in the farmin' line, then?" says the hindividual; "wich this ain't exactly wot you may call harable land!"

"I don't know nothink about no harable land," says Amos. "all I wants is a simple, quiet cottage, in to wich me and Selina—my better half, sir—can live the 'Simple Life,' free from care and far from the maddenin' crowd."

"Wot's that you say?" says 'e. "I don't know as I agrees to let anybody lead a Sinful Life in my cottage, becous you know I be a deacon, and must act up to it a bit; besides wich, there's enuff and to spare of the Sinful Life every Sunday now, wot with they there goffers playin' all over the 'ill as if it were a Bank 'Ooliday."

So I considered it were time for me to chime in, and I egspines. "We didn't want to lead no Sinful Life; it were jest a harmless simple easy egzistence as we wanted; and 'ow much would 'e sell one of they little cottages for, with a bit of cabbage gardin' on to it for the fowls and the bees and pigs and things to run about in?"

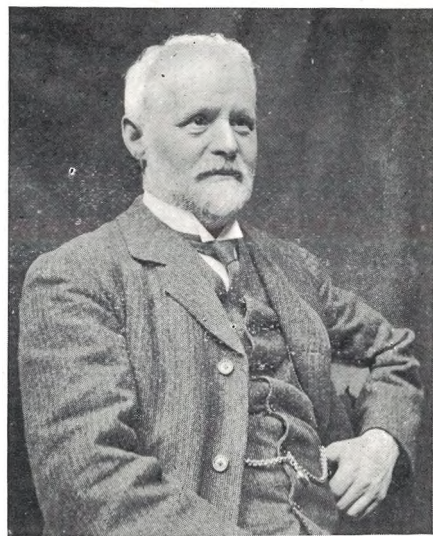
"Well, if you means bizness," says 'e, "I wouldn't obжек to sell one of they cottages, and this 'ere piece of land down so far as 'ere," pointin' to a spot on the fence.

"And 'ow much per acre?" says I.

"Acre," says 'e, startled-like; "we don't sell this 'ere land on Cleeve 'Ill by the acre; law bless me 'art and soul, do you think this is any or'nary place, like the Promenade or Pittville? This 'ere land alone is to be 'ad at not a cent less than 1s. a square inch! The cottage would be five 'undred pounds, and the out-'ouse there we'd throw in for a extry 'undred! There wouldn't be no charge for the wall, and the sanitary arrangements is perfect. If you was to pay down 'alf the money the rest could be—"

"Old 'ard! old 'ard!" says Amos. "Wot we wanted was a cottage and a gardin', not a gold

CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN.



MASTER PRINTERS—MR. JOHN SAWYER
(Norman and Sawyer).

mine, as I s'pose it must be, or else you'd never put sich a price on; look at the cottage there; why, it ain't much bigger'n a fowls'-house, and I should think it were bilt by throwin' of it from a distance on to where it is, by the knock-knee'd, bandy-legged style of it."

"Well, but look 'ere," says the proprietor, fearin' he'd lost a good customer; "you must take into account that land's very much in request on Cleeve 'Ill; besides wich if you buys the top you buys the whole depth rite thro' as far as Australia if you likes to dig down so far, and you can use the lot, if you cares to do so!"

Jest then there came a bit of a breeze around the corner of the cottages, as were enuff to give you the suffocations becous of the strength of the flavour; I were really quite faint for a minnit.

"It's very close 'ere, Mister," says Amos; "I shouldn't wonder if your drains wasn't out of order."

"Drains!" says the hindividual; "my good people, I'm sure there can't be nothink the matter with the drains, becous there ain't none! It's the sea hair a-blowin' in off the Bristol Channel!"

"Come on, Amos," says I; "it's off! We'll find a corner where the breeze don't come so whiffy off the Channel, as is the best imitation of drains I ever set nose to"

No! I shouldn't care to live this 'ere "Simple Life" under sich circumstances as that there breeze, not even if the sile was only a penny a mile, with cottages throw'd in!

'Owever, next week I'll give you some more egspierents of the "Simple Life," as 'ave very near been the death of me!

SELINA JENKINS.

(To be continued.)

Being in want of funds to repair the fabric of the church, the parish of Church-Staunton is seeking a faculty to permit the sale of an ancient silver chalice, the property of the church. The chalice is a small one, and the only lettering upon it is "Church-Staunton, 1660," thus showing that it was obtained in the year of the Restoration. Should the faculty be granted, the chalice will pass into the possession of a collector for £65.

A rare Shakespeare has been discovered in a house at Great Missenden, Bucks. The owner had some valuable old silver and china, and when she was searching through her collection to find something of interest for an archaeological exhibition she came across a copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's "Richard III.," only three other copies of which were known to be in existence. Sotheby values the book at £800, but it is believed to be worth more, as it had been insured for £1,000 many years ago. The book had lain on a shelf unnoticed for twenty years.



GOOD CONDUCT MEDALISTS, GLOUCESTERSHIRE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, WELLS CAMP.

Major W. Heyworth Playne, in centre; Farrier-Sergt. Spreadbury, Bandmaster Hatton, Sergt. H. Davis, and Quartermaster-Sergt. A. Perris, Gloucester Squadron, four from the right, sitting; Sergt. Welch and Quartermaster-Sergt. R. Bastin, Gloucester Squadron, third and fourth from the right, back row; and Corpl. Larnar, second on left, back row.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary 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 132nd prize has been divided between Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, and Mr. Charles Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for sermons by the Rev. B. J. Gibbon at Horfield Baptist Church and Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's, Cheltenham.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

OUR PICTURES.

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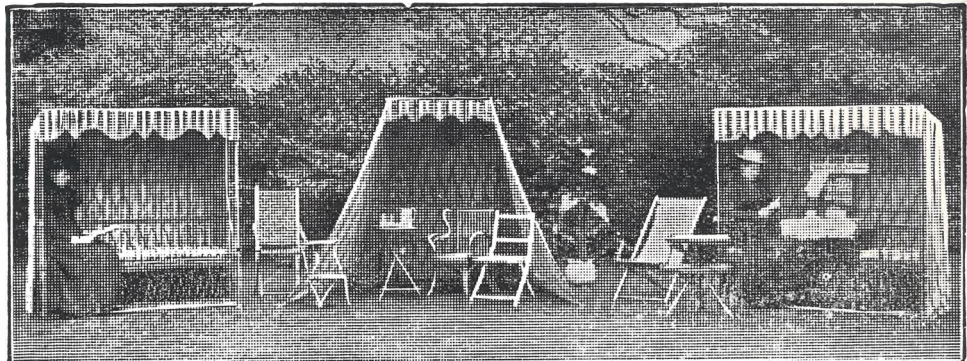
Ten shocks of earthquake were experienced on Sunday at Scutari, in Albania, three of which were severe.

PATENT WICKER GARDEN SHELTERS.

THE WELBECK.

HENLEY TENT.

THE WINDSOR.



HEELAS, SONS, and CO.'S PATENT AL FRESCO GARDEN SEATS are made of stout Wicker, stained and varnished, and are fitted with a loose striped cover. They afford a perfect screen from cold winds or scorching sun, and by means of the wicker bottom the feet of the sitters are protected from damp. For invalids they are invaluable. Price of the "Welbeck," 2ft. 3in., 25/9, 29/6; 3ft. 6in., 37/9, 44/6; 5ft., 44/6, 52/6. Ditto, with Showerproof Canvas, 2ft. 3in., 34/9; 3ft. 6in., 49/6; 5ft., £3 3s. Prices of the "Windsor" from £2 15s. Ditto, with cover of Showerproof Canvas, £3 13s. 6d. Both of these Shelters can be made to fold if required at a small additional cost. The "Henley Tent" folds quite flat; price, with Striped Tick Cover, two qualities, 35/6, 39/6; Showerproof Canvas, £3 3s. Goods to the value of £2 upwards sent carriage paid to any railway station in England, Scotland, or Wales.

CATALOGUE AND PATTERNS OF COVERING FREE FROM THE MAKERS,

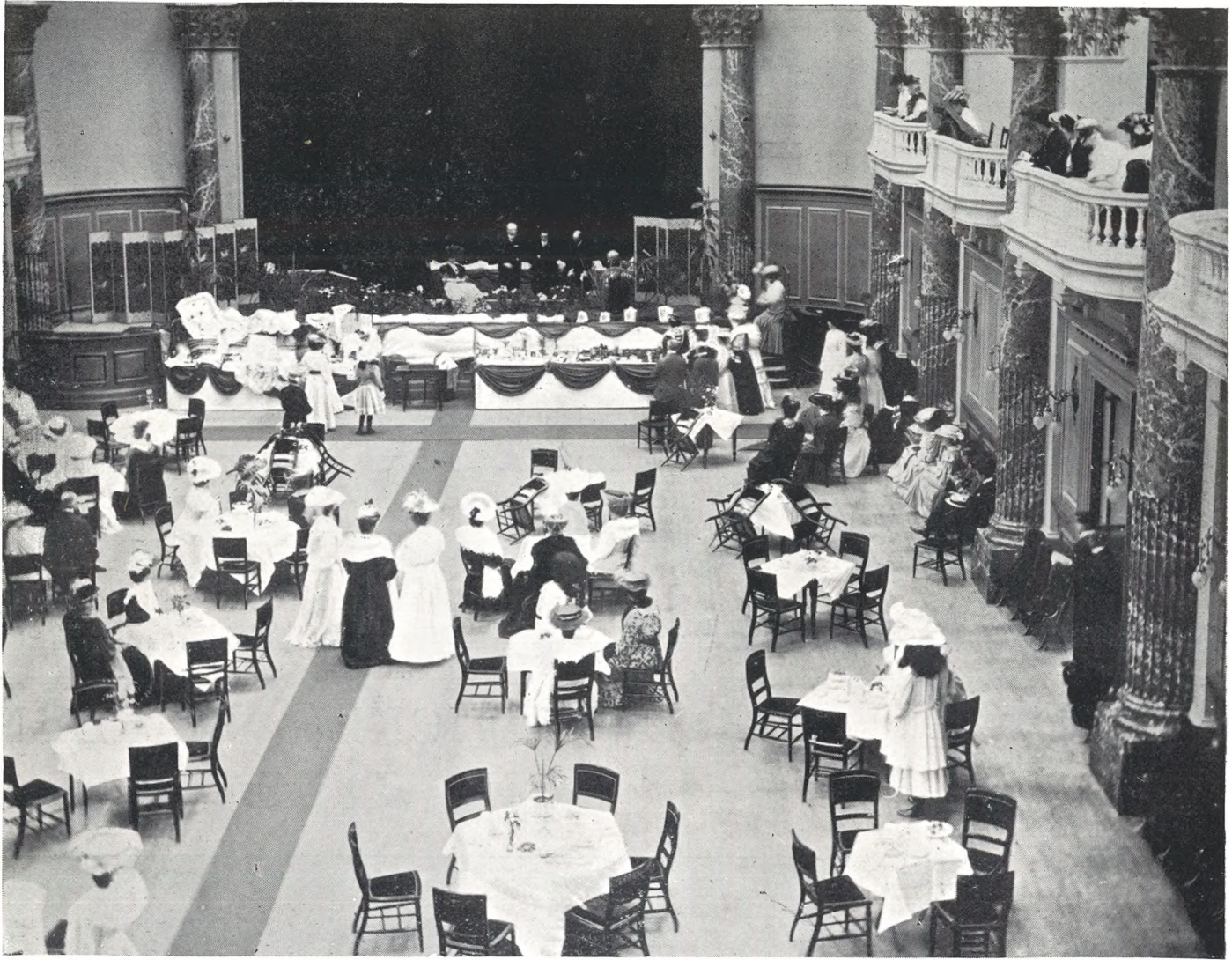
HEELAS, Ltd., READING.

For thirty years John Thomas Cooke ("Blind John") tramped the streets of Farnworth, near Bolton, selling newspapers. He died the other day, and left a legacy of £20 towards the building fund of the Farnworth Parish Church new schools.

At Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, a sheep-shearing class started by the county council has been given up because of the scarcity of sheep in the district.

A St. John's Wood lady has been robbed by her footman of jewels valued at about £2,000.

The budget presented to the Worcestershire County Council on Monday showed an estimated expenditure of £392,774, an increase of £59,341 compared with the corresponding estimate of last year. In the education estimate a sum of £7,000 was provided for scholarships.



CAFE CHANTANT IN CHELTENHAM.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE OPENING CEREMONY IN THE TOWN-HALL.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

From a very remarkable article in the "North American Review," by Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the leaders of modern English science, it would appear that the new electrical theory of matter has thrown a strange light on the question of the origin of life. It has been found that the molecules of such elements as carbon possess the power of linking their atoms together in very large and complex groups, and that these groups are able to assimilate the molecules of certain other atoms. The larger these loose, mobile groups grow the more power they acquire. So long as their structure is not dissolved by too great a heat, or solidified by intense cold, they become the vehicle for influences wholly novel and unexpected:

The complexes group themselves into minute cells, which acquire the power of uniting with other cells. They absorb into their own substance such portions as may be suitable, and exclude the less organic portions. Thus, then, begins the act of "feeding." A cell which grows by assimilation need not remain entire, but may split up into two or more cells. Thus begins the act of "reproduction."

Sir Oliver Lodge traces how these new complex groups of molecules then begin to respond more readily to their environment with the delicacy of a subtle piece of mechanism, until they slowly acquire the faculty of locomotion, and a sort of sensitiveness to light and other influences, which

comes very near to being feeling. In short, a complex group of molecules, with the power of assimilation and growth, is capable of being the material basis of life.

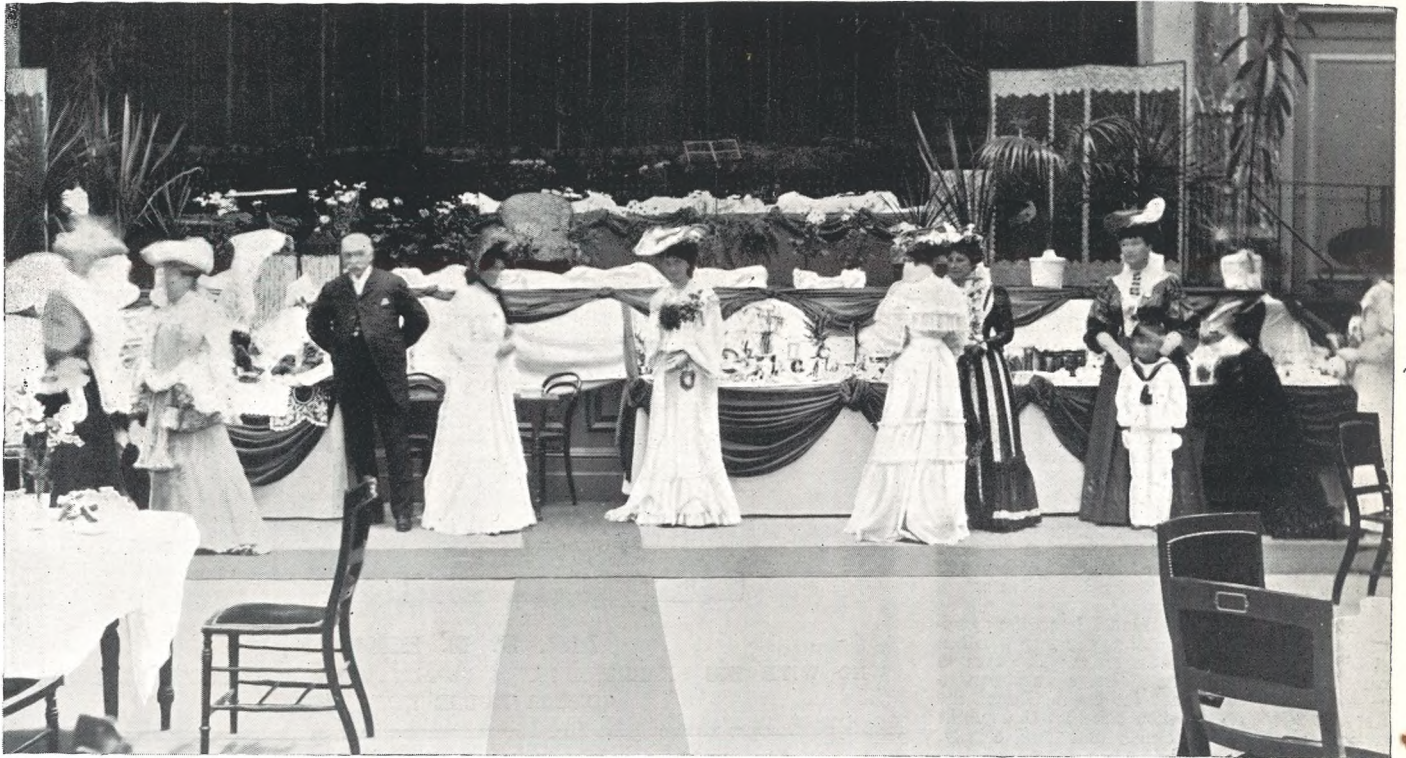
Sir Oliver Lodge, however, finds no grounds for believing that these groups of molecules generate life by their own unaided latent power. That is the extreme materialistic view which even Haeckel is not in any way able to substantiate. The great English scientist considers that the principle of life is something outside the material world.

It belongs to a universe higher than any known to our senses, and it merely utilises for its own purposes the interactions of matter. While it is here it moves about and strives for many objects, some worthy, some unworthy, and it acquires thereby a certain individuality, a certain character. It realises itself by becoming conscious of its own mental and spiritual existence, and it begins to explore the Mind, which, like its own, it conceives, must underlie the material fabric, half displayed and half-concealed, and intelligible only to a kindred spirit.

Sir Oliver Lodge, in fact, looks upon the world, as Keats did, as the place of "soul-making." When the delicate mechanism animated by the immortal spirit, which gives power and purpose to every atom, wears out, the soul, moulded and strengthened by its manifold experiences, returns to the undiscovered plane of existence from whence it came.—"To-Day."

ON "BULLS."

A bull may be said to be a gross contradiction, or blunder in speech. It was derived from one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer in the time of Henry VII., who was celebrated, rather than famous, for the blunders which fell from his lips when he pleaded before the Judges. A witty Irishman, upon being asked for the definition of a bull, said: "If you see two cows lying down alone in a field, the one standing up is sure to be a bull." One of the most recent bulls was perpetrated by Mr. Dillon, M.P., in the House of Commons, during an Irish debate last February, says the "Penny Magazine." He said, "There was a mysterious political dinner party in 1903 which never came off." Mrs. Edgworth, in her essays on "Irish Bulls," gives the following: "When I first saw you, I thought it was you, and now I see it is your brother." "I met you this morning and you did not come; I'll meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not." "Oh, if I had stayed in that climate until now, I would have been dead two years." An Irish paper published this item: "A man named McCarthy was run over by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday. He was injured in a similar way two years ago." In 1874 the Irish House of Commons issued an order to this effect: "Any member unable to write may get another member to frank his letter for him, but only on condition that he certifies with his own handwriting his inability on the back of it."



CAFE CHANTANT IN CHELTENHAM.
STALLS AND STALL-HOLDERS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them" is a trite saying, which can be appropriately applied to several recent circumstances that point to a commencement of the last, but by no means least important, section of the Honeybourne Railway through the north part of the town of Cheltenham. I refer to the removal of the bodies from a large number of graves to another part of St. Mary's Cemetery, so as to clear the track of the railway; and to the arrangement between the G.W.R. Co. and the Corporation for the former to widen the bridge over Malvern-road to 36ft., equal to the width of the public highway, in the event of a passenger station being put up near there; and to the completion and occupation of one-half the number of the 42 houses that the company was required to erect in Alston-avenue in lieu of the old dwelling-places that will be pulled down for the railway's construction.

I regret that circumstances should have arisen which leave the company no alternative to making Malvern-road the site of its Honeyborne line station, and I venture to predict that the local public will not be long in realising the inconvenience of having a fourth railway station, which, I believe, is to have an "island platform." The preparations to which I have alluded all pointed to the G.W.R. Co. fixing up the contract for the final length, and this has been done. The work on the Hatherley loop, in hand since New Year's Day by a firm of contractors other than those doing the Honeybourne Railway, is finished, and the company having now done the ballasting of the track, the loop merely awaits official inspection, which it is hoped will be made shortly and that the little loop will soon be brought into use. In addition to saving a number of through trains being passed daily over the points at congested Lansdown Junction, the loop will form a connecting link of direct communication between the Great Western and Great Central Railways, and much traffic is expected over it. I hear that by sending coal trains from the Pontypool district over this route, instead of via Abergavenny and Worcester as hitherto, the Great Western will be able to dispense with two bank engines on the journey, the gradients being much easier.

The great disparity in the values of purely agricultural land and of urban building sites is pretty well known, but some recent striking instances of it, I think, deserve record. The Cheltenham Education Committee naturally grumbled, but decided to pay and look pleasant, at £1,850, which they were charged by Jesus College, Oxford, for an acre and a little over three roods of land in the Gloucester-road, for a site for a new school. This worked out at £1,040 an acre. And yet a few days later there were sold by auction in Gloucester some 470 acres of farming land in different parts of Gloucester and Tewkesbury districts, including homesteads and farm buildings, and belonging to various people, the total amount realised by the sale being about £12,500, or not equal to £30 an acre. If Jesus College owned these lands in the Garden Town they could appraise them as worth about half a million sterling on the basis of the amount they insisted on being paid for the Gloucester-road parcel.

Memories of Majuba have been aroused in various quarters by the death in Cheltenham of Captain Fred. Lucy, a gallant Gloucesterian, the "Echo," as is usual in the cases of deceased local celebrities, having first announced the death and provided the biography. I well remember reading the first account of Majuba by a special correspondent, and in this he wrote:—"One of the coolest and most energetic officers was young Lieutenant Lucy, of the 58th Regiment. His cheery laugh and utter disregard of danger did much to keep the men together. Always standing on the crest of the hill, recklessly drawing the enemy's fire on himself in order to tempt them from their cover and expose themselves to the fire of our men, he stood to the last, and just before General Colley was shot I heard him coolly asking for a match to light his pipe." And I can recall the fact that my old friend, Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor, wrote some stirring appreciative verses of "Gallant Fred." The fact is not generally known that it fell to the lot of the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry to participate in avenging the defeat at Majuba on the hill itself some twenty years later and within two days of the anniversary. On February 23rd, 1901, the Yeomanry, after a sixty days' trek, were proceeding in a train from Harris Smith to Ladysmith, and in the dead of night the Boers blew up the railway and attacked the train with a fierce fusillade;

but at daylight the Gloucesters and two companies of Grenadiers detrained and drove off the Boers, the scene of action actually being on the slopes of the famous Majuba Hill of bitter memory. GLEANER.

OF FRIENDSHIPS—PLATONIC AND OTHERWISE.

Is it because we are growing unromantic that there has lately sprung up a kind of friendship between men and women which would have surprised—perhaps shocked—our more formal and dignified ancestors? In those days, if a man showed a girl marked attention, he compromised himself; and the businesslike mamma, who was dreadfully officious, either promptly dismissed him or received him in such a very decided manner that it was henceforth almost impossible that he should dismiss himself, even if he wanted to. But now that mamma has retired into a much less aggressive place, and young people manage a good deal of their own affairs, we have a friendship between men and girls which consists, or, at any rate, is supposed to consist, in a sort of comradeship. I think this friendship has only two aspects. In nine cases out of ten it ends in matrimony. But in the tenth case? Well, they do not get engaged; but even this, I argue, is because the girl does not make herself sufficiently attractive. She lets the friendship become a sort of easy-going schoolboy affair; she allows the man to be rude to her and call her nicknames; she is indifferent both about his manners and her own; and men do not like that sort of thing. Twenty years ago, no man would have dreamt of omitting the little civilities which many young men now consider too much of a bore to perform. A woman creates her own surroundings, or can do so, and even the very non-chalant young man, whom other girls have spoilt, makes an effort to amend his somewhat slovenly manners in the presence of one who expects what is due to her.—Lady Phyllis in "The Bystander."

For him I reckon lost who's lost to shame.—Plautus.

The man in the suburbs who addresses his letter from a number in the street is sure to be reliable. Don't trust the person whose house has a high-sounding title.—"London Opinion."

THE CRACK IN THE WAINSCOT.

[By E. S. GREW.]

Dr. Woulfe was rather surprised to hear that Colonel Caffyn was waiting to see him; he was still more surprised at the Colonel's demeanour when the door closed on them both in the consulting room.

"Yoy'll excuse me, Woulfe," said the visitor, "but I think that that is an edition of Herodotus upon your shelves."

The Doctor said it was; and his visitor stepped across the room and took a volume down. He opened it at random, and to Woulfe's growing amazement read in the Greek a passage from one of the battles of Cyrus. He then stiffly translated it and returned the book to the shelves.

"Now then, said he, "tell me, Woulfe, do I strike you as a man in possession of all his faculties?"

"Well," began the Doctor, silencing a doubt as to whether his visitor had been affected by the heat, "you can read Greek better than I could years ago."

"And now feel my pulse!"

As the Doctor took his neighbour's wrist, he glanced more attentively at his face.

"Caffyn," he remarked, "you seem to have had a very bad night. What's wrong with you?"

"Not night," said the Colonel. "Nights."

"Sleeplessness?"

"Not sleeplessness. I think I know the symptoms of sleeplessness as well as any man who has spent most of his life in India. But this is neither nerves nor liver. What I want you to assure me is that it's not the brain. I read the Herodotus just now to show you that in daylight at any rate I can see clearly and think clearly. At night I am haunted."

The Colonel paused, apparently to allow the Doctor to express incredulity. But as the Doctor said nothing he went on: "There was a story when I was a child that the Chantry House was haunted—or rather had been haunted. But that was said to have been quite a harmless ghost who sued to lurk about the passages and play with the children, until my great-grandmother, a religious woman, had become scandalised, and had begged the Bishop of Dorchester to come and bless the house. Then the ghost disappeared; at any rate we children never saw anything of it."

Dr. Woulfe could not restrain a smile. "You don't mean to say the playful ghost has reappeared?"

"It has acquired very queer notions of playfulness now," rejoined Colonel Caffyn, and then went rather white. "I can feel it now," he said, "there's no play about it. A week ago I mover from the south side of the house because the workmen woke me up in the morning; and I thought it better to suffer some inconvenience rather than delay the alterations that ought to have been finished before I came home. So I had my bed put up in the room which used to be the housekeeper's room on the ground floor. It looks over the kitchen garden towards the brook. There's nothing else about the room except that it's rather damp."

"An old room?"

"Yes, it's one where the wainscot is still left. I will tell you about the wainscot presently. I first slept in the room on Tuesday night. Nothing happened. I got home late—in fact, it was because I expected to get to bed late that I ordered a bed to be made up in the Oak Room, for I didn't want to be awakened by the workmen in the morning. Well, nothing happened, except that I did not sleep very well; but that might have been because I had been dining out. Next night I went to bed early, and dropped off to sleep before eleven. I left a light burning. Some time in the night I woke up—no, I won't swear I woke up, but I'll tell you what happened."

"What you thought happened?"

"Put it that way if you like. The light appeared to waver, and the panel of wainscot on which it was shining to grow dim. I noticed that the light just caught the edge of a long crack of the panel. I shut my eyes again. Then something happened. The crack in the wainscot seemed to widen. I felt some presence in the room. I tried to open my eyes; but I had that feeling sometimes felt in dreams, that the power to do so was gone. Then something tightened about my throat and grew tighter. I felt that I was choking; and all the time I was conscious of some infernal agency that was the cause of it. It was as if the room were crammed with some presence that was expanding until it



MR. F. R. BENSON,

WHO WITH HIS SHAKESPERIAN COMPANY WILL APPEAR AT CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK.

crushed the life out of me. My eyes were open now, but there was no light. The candle had gone out."

"You saw nothing, then?"

"Saw? No, I saw nothing. It was the pressure of something I could not see that—well, anyway, I struggled to get to the door. I found myself at the shutters, and got them open. The faint light from outside pulled me together; but I was cold with sweat. I'm not going to make any attempt to conceal it. I had been as frightened as we are when we are children and wake up with the nightmare. It's like nothing else."

The Doctor waited; the speaker had evidently not finished.

"That's only the beginning of it. I put it down as I say to nightmare of a virulent type; but I hadn't the nerve to shut the window again. I spent the rest of the night dozing and waking with fits and starts. However, my outbreak of nerves seemed feeble enough when I was up and dressed; and any idea I might have had of moving out of the room simply seemed ridiculous. So I slept there on Thursday night. Again I went tired to bed; and without a flutter of nervousness dropped off to sleep as soon as I was in bed. Then again—no, not the same thing—something else happened. My eyes opened to the candle shining on the crack in the wainscot; and the candle, guttering and sinking, was going out. It went out—and the crack widened. It widened, and something dark came out of it. It swelled till it reached to where I lay, and choked me while I tried to free my throat. I could hear the clock striking in the hall. I don't know what happened after that or how long a time went by. When I came to myself the hall clock was again striking, so the interval must have been considerable. But, Woulfe, the reek of the candle was still in the room."

Colonel Caffyn took out his handkerchief and wiped his lips. He was strongly and evidently excited.

"And that's not all," he continued. "I've tried to stick it out. But four nights running it has happened. For four nights I have woke with that creature's folds about my throat; every night the candle has gone out, or when my eyes open the wick is just smouldering down. It has happened first at midnight, then at one o'clock, and then at two." He stopped, and attempted a smile which was an uneasy grin. "I'd rather think there was something in it than believe that my nerves have trapped me into delusions of this kind."

The Doctor replied at once. "I am so convinced that there is something in it that I'm not going to tell you anything about nerves or digestion, or theorise on the brain's tendency to convert a subjective impression into an objective

one. What I will do is to come and stay with you in the wainscoted room."

Colonel Caffyn visibly brightened. "That's very good of you," he said, "it's what I should like. If you will dine and sleep we can test the thing better."

Doctor Woulfe arrived at the Manor a little before dinner, and was taken by his host to the haunted room. Ostensibly the Doctor was to occupy one of the upper bedrooms of the house; but Caffyn said that the wainscoted room was large enough to accommodate a second mattress—which had been taken into it. To Woulfe's surprise he found that the mattress, like his host's own, was laid on the floor, Caffyn remarking that as he had only been proposing to sleep in the room for a few nights he had not troubled to have a bedstead moved in. He hoped his guest did not mind.

The Doctor did not mind; but he was rather disturbed by another habit of the old Anglo-Indian when they went to bed rather late. On the first inspection of the room, the windows, which looked over the low-lying fields about the Manor House to the creek and to the bleak marshes beyond, were open. But at bed-time the windows were shut and were almost hermetically sealed by the heavy old-fashioned shutters that some previous owner of the house had put in to protect himself from the bitter east winds of winter.

Colonel Caffyn did not observe the Doctor's disapproving glance at the shutters. "As it happens," he remarked, "each night I have slept with the shutters closed, because there are no blinds. Light always wakes me up in the mornings. I suppose it is the legacy of my Indian days, when the sun hits you on the head like a blow unless you sleep with the clothes over your head. But on the whole perhaps it's better for our experiment."

In the interests of scientific investigation the Doctor had therefore to forego a protest. But whereas Colonel Caffyn, whose nerves certainly seemed to have little wrong with them, fell asleep rather quickly, the sense of oppression in the room and its rather damp smell kept the Doctor awake. Something, of course, was due to excitement, he argued, to excitement, and something, he argued, to an excellent dinner; and something to unhygienic conditions—on the subject of which he was rather a faddist. Whatever the cause, he could not sleep. He got up at last, and took a second candlestick from the mantelpiece. One candle, in accord with the Colonel's suggestion, had been left near the wainscot, where it burnt steadily, and helped to keep the Doctor awake. He lit the second candle, placed it by his bedside, and settled himself to read. Colonel Caffyn, undisturbed by these operations, slept solidly, snoring now

and again. Dr. Woulfe thought he should never go to sleep.

But he must have done, for his next mental impression was that of a half-waking dream in which he seemed to be struggling as he once remembered having fought against chloroform. Like the sleeper in nightmare, he could not open his eyes; but when at last in an agony of effort he did so, their gaze fell at once upon the candle by the wainscot. While he looked it went out. He stretched out his hand towards the second candle. The second candle went out.

As the Doctor, his heart beating fast, groped for the matches, a gasp came from the mattress where his companion lay. Where were the matches? He found them, but his hand shook, and he spilt them. At last he struck one. It flickered and went out.

In the darkness the Colonel was struggling and choking. Then of a sudden the Doctor found his senses and sprang up and towards the mantelpiece where he had put a bicycle lamp. It was a patent electric one; and in another moment its radiance illumined the room. Colonel Caffyn had rolled from his mattress to the floor. The Doctor was a strong man, though the Colonel was a heavy one, and he quickly stepped to his side, and, in spite of his struggles, pulled him to his feet.

"What the—why—Woulfe!" he cried hoarsely, then: "You saw it!"

"I saw nothing," said Dr. Woulfe, calmly. "But I think we will not stop in this room any longer."

"You did see it, then!" said the Colonel, in a whisper.

The Doctor glanced at the white face, wet with sweat.

"We'll talk about that to-morrow morning. Meanwhile you must go to your own room upstairs."

Caffyn stumbled once or twice on the way. He reeled a little when they stood in his room. The Doctor produced a tiny shining syringe.

"You must go to sleep, Caffyn, he remarked. "It's absolutely necessary. And if I give you a strong opiate and see that you are not waked we shall be in a better position to talk this business over to-morrow."

It was bright sunshine when the Colonel woke; and the first thing he noticed was that there was no sound of the workmen outside. With his hot water came a message that Doctor Woulfe would see him as soon as he was dressed. He shaved with a shaking hand; but the first sight of the doctor's face brought reassurance with it.

"You've got something to tell me, Woulfe." "I want you to come with me to where we slept last night."

They went to the wainscoted room together. Some workmen were there, and as one of them stepped aside, Colonel Caffyn saw a great gaping hole where the cracked panel of wainscot had been. Brickwork behind the panel had been knocked away; and as he drew nearer, Colonel Caffyn saw that behind the brickwork was something like a pit.

"Bring a light," said the Doctor. One of the workmen brought a flat candlestick with which someone had evidently been experimenting, for a cord was tied to it. The workman lighted the candle and lowered it into the pit.

Colonel Caffyn leant forward feeling a little sick. He was not quite sure what he was going to see. But before he saw more than a broken arch of brick the candle went out.

"There's your ghost," said the Doctor.

"What?" "There's no ghost," continued Doctor Woulfe, rapidly explaining, "except marsh gas. There's a sewer running under your late bedroom, Caffyn. It's grave—I mean the brick arch—has fallen in; and consequently it's wraith has risen each night to torment you."

"I don't believe it, declared the Colonel, flatly; "how could it grip me by the throat like—as it did?"

"You slept on the floor each night—exactly the place to make it most effective. It might as easily have suffocated you as not. But I admit that the absence of smell made the thing puzzling. That was partly because the sense of smell is almost dormant during the sleeping hours, and partly because marsh gas, as distinguished from the gas usually associated with sewers, has not much smell."

It was not easy to convince the haunted Colonel; but a complete examination of the ruined brick culvert, more than a century old, and the

drainage that led into it soon left him with no doubt. The Doctor had guessed the solution of the mystery, it appeared, at the moment when his second candle went out. When the electric bicycle lamp remained unaffected, he was sure of it.

The Colonel had only one last doubt to be answered.

"Why did the thing choke me an hour later each night?" he asked.

"That puzzled me at first," replied Doctor Woulfe; "but I find that the culvert communicates with the creek, and that when the tide rises the culvert becomes flooded and the gas is forced back. The tide rises nearly an hour later each night."

HOW I CATCH APES.

The ourang-outang, which can travel from bough to bough in the tree-tops with amazing speed, is obviously a very difficult animal to capture. Besides, the wild man of the woods is a creature of great ferocity and immense strength. In Borneo I was once lucky enough to secure the two largest mias (such is the native name) ever seen there. The method of capture had the merit of simplicity and ingenuity. The apes, I found, frequented especially a certain rather large tree in the midst of a dense jungle. Encircling this with a cordon of beaters, to prevent them from shifting their quarters, I proceeded to cut through the trunk of every tree that stood within a radius of some fifty yards or thereabouts from this central refuge. No trunk was completely severed, but each was left propped, as it were, by a single splinter. When all had been so chopped, at a given signal (the mias being safely ensconced in their refuge) the last tree was cut in two. As it fell forward it crashed against the tree nearest at hand. The latter toppled, snapped, and likewise fell, bringing to the ground, in its turn, a third, fourth, fifth tree, and so on. Simultaneously almost the whole circle of trees collapsed like a house of cards, leaving two very surprised apes treed in an open clearing, with not a branch within reach to which a spring for liberty could be made. To cut down this last tree and secure the mias in nets as they came to the ground with it was a simple matter—though one brute, it is true, thrusting a hairy-arm through the meshes, laid hold of my leg and broke it.—Henry Mayer, the Wild Animal Trapper, in "Pearson's Weekly."



"DONT'S" FOR YOUNG TEACHERS.

Don't lose your temper. You will have it tried almost beyond endurance a dozen times a day, but be patient, don't give in to it. If you do you will lose just that much ground with your pupils. If you fly into a passion before a class the result in nine cases out of ten will be laughter. You can't blame the children. A person in a temper is apt to be a mirth-provoking sight. Or you may get sullen disobedience as the result of your lack of self-control. Whatever the result, it will be your loss, not your gain. Don't try it. Avoid sarcasm. Many young teachers believe this to be a very effective method of keeping order. There is no more fatal mistake. If there is one thing children hate more than another it is to be ridiculed before their mates, and the result is generally sullenness and continued disobedience. Don't nag. Children think it's great fun to keep a teacher at it if she once begins, and she'll soon find life a burden and herself a habitual shrew. Don't see too much. That is to say, try to overlook the small and perfectly harmless things that children do in class. I have seen teachers who broke the silence to reprove a child for leaning over to pick up a pin from the floor. This is not discipline; it's fussiness on the part of the teacher, or a mistaken notion that perfect order means physical repose. Try to remember that when children are cramming their brains, as they are obliged to do these days, their nervous energy must have some outlet. Let them have their little moments of distraction if they do not disturb the general order and quiet.—"T.A.T."



The British Central Africa cotton crop has for the second time been destroyed by rain mists and biting winds.



JOHN LYONS, THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTER IN THE RECENT CHELTENHAM TRAGEDY.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME.

There are just three principal reasons, says a writer in the "World and His Wife," why nice girls go out from their homes to work, and two of those are practical, obvious, reasonable reasons, such as family lack of funds, or else the consciousness of some great talent which one does not dare to "bury in a napkin." Such a talent, for example, as that which made "Nellie Mitchell" leave her Australian home to become "Nellie Melba." But the third reason is one which ought not to be. This is the reason which sends to overcrowd the labour market girls who are really needed at home. Girls whose parents are able and anxious to support them. Girls who might find healthy and stimulating occupation within the four walls of their father's house, without any of the nerve-racking strain and competition which the outside worker often suffers from. What is this reason? Because, in ninety-nine English homes out of a hundred, there is no money in working for papa. But why shouldn't there be? Why should not papa pay the daughter who works in his home all day, as willingly as he pays the son who works from nine to six in his office? If he did, he would not only have a contented daughter, but he would also have a right to exact that the domestic work was well done.



A floating mine has been found in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

LOVE BEHIND THE COUNTER.

That love's young dream should run its gentle course behind the counter is perhaps only natural (says the writer of an article entitled "Love Dramas Behind the Counter," in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"): Not that it invariably does so, however. In some retail establishments there is practically no intermarrying amongst the assistants. Maybe the young ladies are so bored with the eternal cry of "Sign!" that they are determined to wed no one who will remind them of it. The manager of a vast emporium in the West End of London declared to the writer that his young people have too much of each other's company to think of looking for partners in their own place of business; but further inquiries elicit the fact that taking the shop world altogether, a very great number of romances indeed are played behind the prosaic counter. That beauty can be a source of considerable embarrassment to a lady is undeniable. One girl, of whom the writer has particulars, was so pestered by proposals from her male comrades in a store that she was obliged to throw up her berth. A position eagerly sought after by young ladies with an eye to matrimony is that of cashier in an establishment where, with the exception of the one at the desk, men only are employed. A girl thus placed, whose features are in the least degree attractive, need never remain a spinster indefinitely. In this connection, details of a farcical affair that occurred last year in a provision shop are worth recording. The adorable queen of the cashier's desk won the affections of the half-dozen men who served in the shop. Apparently unable to decide which swain she cared for best, she walked out with all of them in turn, and each one flattered himself that he had gained the day! Vain imaginings! Late one afternoon the bachelor proprietor came down on the gallant six and discharged them, having done which he proposed to the girl, and subsequently married her. He now has six staid, elderly, grey-haired men to help him behind the counter, and at the cashier's desk is a beardless boy who cares

not a snap of his inky fingers for love. Real love matches between employer and employee are not so rare as might be supposed. The directing genius of a splendid business in the provinces was once his wife's shopwalker. On her first husband's death, the lady was left sole owner of a shop with several departments. The shopwalker in question soon came to love the widow, but being humble of aspirations he dared not speak, fearing that if he did so he would have to walk some other shop. After several months he lost some of his timidity, and of a sudden he summoned up all his audacity and, risking his position, proposed. To the relief of himself and the astonishment of his comrades he was accepted.

•••••

FRUIT-FARMING AS A HOBBY.

A hobby that combines profit with interest and relaxation is a boon indeed. Fruit farming in a small way, however, seems to fulfil all these conditions.

Writing in "Pearson's Magazine," Mr. M. Tindal gives a full explanation of how fruit of all sorts may be grown for pleasure and profit by anyone possessing time, patience, and a small greenhouse. He writes:—

"There is no reason why anyone with a glass-house—cool-house, or conservatory—should not grow fruit in pots as well as flowers. 'Twere a thousand pities, indeed, that anyone should not do so; though the idea is still so new that to countless amateurs it has never been suggested. Such fruits as peaches and nectarines, apples and pears, plums, apricots, cherries, grapes, and figs are all suitable for pot-culture. They are simple to grow, and offer ample reward for the trouble they give by their fruit, and by their charming decorative qualities. And peaches, nectarines, and strawberries at least offer the chance of profit if sold in the open market.

"The little pot-grown trees bear surprisingly large crops, and endure for years. Pot-apple and pear trees bear from one to six dozen fruits,

according to size and weight, and are good for twenty or twenty-five years' fruiting.

"There is as much difference," declares an expert, "between the complexion of an apple grown under glass and one grown in the open as between the complexion of a maiden of sweet seventeen and of a rough old sea-salt! People think it is the sun that gives the heightened colour alike to a sea-salt's face and to an apple, but really the winds are responsible.

"The sun is a more gentle artist than the wind. Grow your apples on small trees under glass, protecting them from wind and bad weather, and they will attain perfect shapes, the most exquisite hues, a wonderful texture, and the quintessence of flavour. And there will be a bloom on their surfaces like the bloom of a peach."

"Pear lovers maintain that there is one hour, and one hour only, when a choice pear is in perfect condition for the palate. Some say that the perfect period endures only for half an hour; and I have heard of ardent fruit lovers sitting up half through the night awaiting the psychological moment when a favourite pear should reach its prime.

"These arguments are all in favour of the pot-grown pear, raised in the conservatory; for it may be kept without trouble under constant watch and ward; and no birds come to peck or wasps to sample. As in the case of all late sorts, the fruit must be carefully picked and stored for ripening. The time to do this is when the pear's stalk parts easily from the shoot."

•••••

The Mayor of Preston, in laying the cornerstone of a new Sunday school in Hoghton village, recalled the fact that his father received his education in that school, the fashion in those days being to attend chapel in the morning and learn to write in the afternoon on sanded boards. The chairman added that it used to be part of his grandfather's duty to escort part of their way back to Blackburn timid ministers who had to return home in the dark.

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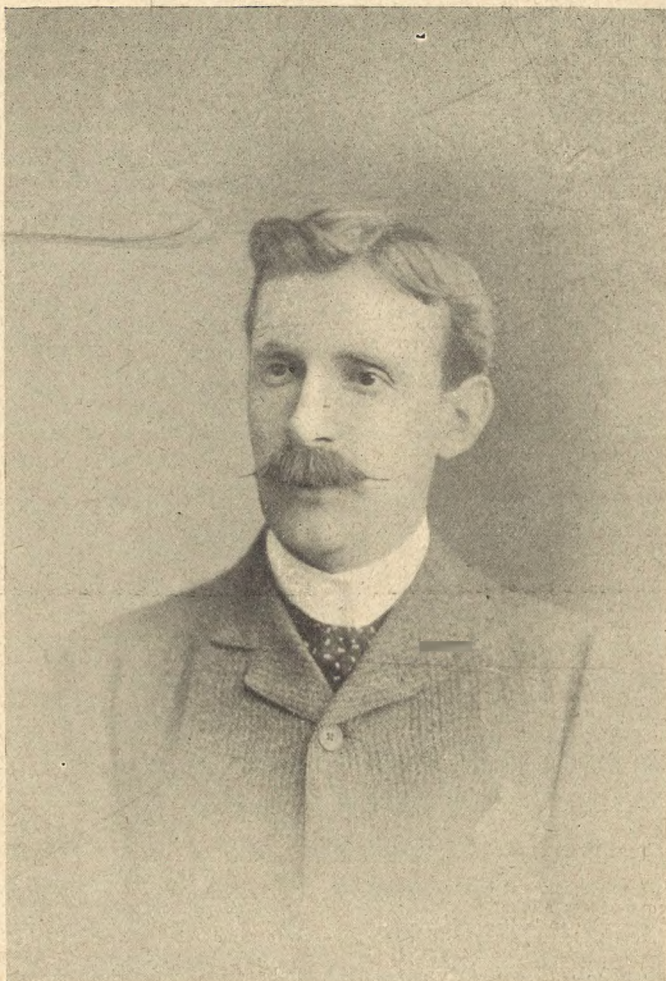
PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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The 133rd prize has been divided between Miss
E. M. Jeffrey, Leamington House, Pittville, and
Mr. Frank H. Keveren, 2 Hambrook-terrace, Charl-
ton Kings, for their reports of sermons respectively
by Rev. G. Gardner at All Saints' Church and
Rev. H. W. Claburn at Charlton Kings Baptist
Chapel.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons
will be found in the "Chronicle."

Mr. L. H. Clarke, a railway guard between
Exeter and Torrington, who is about to retire,
has travelled over three million miles in charge
of his train, and has never had an accident.



MR. C. EYNON MORGAN.

AT ONE TIME A MEMBER OF ALL SAINTS' CHOIR, CHELTENHAM, AND FOR
THE LAST ELEVEN YEARS PRINCIPAL TENOR LAY CLERK OF GLOUCESTER
CATHEDRAL, A POSITION HE HAS RESIGNED ON OBTAINING A MUCH
BETTER APPOINTMENT AT MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



SELINA JENKINS' LETTERS.
IN SEARCH OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

PAR. II.

Well, after a lot of lookin' about and talkin' to helderly hindividuals clothed in corduroy and trousers and shirt-sleeves, at last we did hit upon a little cottage, up the top end of a garding. It were jest the thing to live the "Simple Life" in, becoss it wouldn't by no manner of means 'old anything more than the simplest of the simple. It were so small that I really couldn't see meself where anything bigger than a hinsect could find room to shelter in it, and as fer Amos, 'e said the only thing we could do would be to open the bedroom window and put our feet out of nights, altho' I don't 'old with sich personal and perlitical remarks, not meself.

'Owsomdever, it were only 2/6 a week, with a cabbage and a pertater patch, a houthouse or 2, and a soft-water butt of the first water, as the sayin' is, all enclosed with one of them celebrated Cleeve Hill walls; the interior were furnished, too, in a manner of speakin', altho' I shouldn't 'ave considered it were hup to the mark fer town and city life; still, as Amos said, this 'ere "Simple Life" bizness means roughin' it every way you can, and, if there's two ways of doin' a thing, selectin' the one as is most on-comfortable, bein' better fer developin' the characteristicks, wotever that mite be.

Amos were rather struck with the landskip from one point of view, wich, lookin' around the side of the soft-water butt, you could see very near to Birmingham; and (just like 'e) 'e must lean 'imself hup against the garding wall the better to see the effect.

"Look! Selina!" says 'e; "why I do b'leeve you can see the peer at Westing if you jest cocks yer eye like this 'ere; don't you see somethink long and shiny just the other side of them 'ills? 'Aint it a luvly view, Selina? Talk about yer Greenland's Hicy Mountings, why they ain't a patch on—"

Jest then, whether 'twas us leanin' against the silly old wall, or whether 'twas Amos wavin' 'is 'ands about so free I can't ritely tell, but down come all one side of the garding wall in a reg'lar havalanche of stones as Amos fell right over and into a bunch of stingin' nettles afore 'e knew wot 'ad 'appened. A great big stone come down on my foot, too, besides the dreadful ruin as it made all along our garding; wich I don't 'old with these 'ere Cleeve 'Ill walls, as comes down if you only looks at 'em, and ain't nothink more nor less than deceitful structures of the deepest dye. Still, I s'pose it all comes in with this 'ere "Simple Life," as I says to Amos when 'e come out of the nettles and begin to look for dock-leaves to take out the stings with!

Arter we'd picked up as much of the wall as we could, and propped it up with sticks, we turned our attention to the "Simple Life" indores. (Although I will say that wall were a perfect nuisance to us, as fell down up'ards of once a day reg'lar. Why, it comes down "smack," one Friday mornin' jest becoss a blackbird pitched on to it for a moment! And when Amos 'adn't got nothink to do I always sent 'im out to pick up the wall!)

Our troubles indores started off with liting the fire for a bit of cookin', as were a sort of a hopen agericultural range as must 'ave dropped out of the Hark when it floated over Cleeve, by the look of it. We 'adn't brought no sticks with us, and, of course, patent fire-lighters 'aint allowed fer the "Simple Life," so Amos went out a-ferretin' about on the Common fer sticks, the whiles I poked out the hashes. When 'e brought them in they was all green twigs, some of 'em with leaves on to 'em, as I told 'im wouldn't never do to lite a fire with, but 'e would 'ave it that when they got warmed through they'd burn like anything! Jest like a man, to say sich rubbish, becoss, of course, 'ow was they goin' to get warmed thro' if they wouldn't catch fire?

'Owever, I put these 'ere green sticks in, with a nice lot of newspaper, and set a match to 'em; but, law bless yer 'eart and sole, there come out sich volumes of smoke as I never see, not in my born days! Why, in a minnit or 2 you couldn't see a-croast the room fer smoke, and sich smoke! The tears run down our faces like watercourses, and I couldn't catch me breath until we beat a retreat, as the sayin' is, out o' doors, a-coffin and a-wheezin', both of us, fit to break a blood-vessel.

"Wot to goodness is the matter?" says Amos. "The smoke 'aint goin' up the chimbley at all; every bit of it looks to be comin' out of the door; I'll get a ladder and see whether they've put a cork in the chimbley-pot or somethink, wich you never knows in these 'ere country places wot they

be up to, and p'raps they've stopp'd it up for warmth's sake!

"It's all your fault, Amos," I says; with they green sticks of yours, as I'm very near pizened with the pungenceness of it; the best thing you can do is to 'old yer nose and pop in and put that 'here fire out, you bein' the cause of it, wich I don't see as green sticks is necessary to 'Simple Life,' leastways it don't say so in the little book, do it now?"

"Ho! well!" says Amos; "I knows 'ow to put it right; you wait 'ere 'alf a moment"; and so sayin' 'e rushes off round the corner to the out-'ouse, where 'e'd come across a tin of pariffin hoiil, wich afore I could stop 'im 'e'd rushed into the thick of the smoke and conflick once more, and poured about a pint over the smoulderin' green sticks and so 4th!

The effect was tremenjis: flames bust forth from the chimbley like a fireworks display, and the fire rored away like a locomotive, until I thought the cottage would be melted or blowed up or somethink with the heat and hupore!

It weren't no use to 'oller for the Fire Brigade, becoss they don't 'ave sich things up on Cleeve 'Ill, but 2 or 3 young chaps come rushin' up from another cottage lower down to know wot was the matter, and one of 'em, of a knowventive turn of mind, climbed up by way of the water-butt and pored 5 or 6 buckets of dirty water down the chimbley, wich put out the fire, 'tis true, but made a ter'ble mess of the room inside or root, wot with the soot and the water and the smeech over everythink!

One of these 'ere-chaps told us as we musn't expect the smoke to go up the chimbley in cottage life. "The right way," he says, "is to open the front dore and the winder, and then the draft blows down the chimbley and out of the dore; wich it's all rite like this, so long as you don't sit jest between the dore and the fire, where you gets the full force of the smoke right in your face.

"Well," says I, "wot's the chimbley for, then, I should like to know?"

"Ho! don't you know?" says 'e, "The chimbleys in cottage life is always bilt at the end to keep the cottage up, the end bein' liable to give way."

"Well! well!" says I, "of all the frauds! This 'ere 'Simple Life' 'aint all it seems, Amos," says I.

"No," 'e says, "I admits it 'as its drawbacks—frinstance, the chimbleys of the draw-back construction! Still, it's a change from the 'um-drum life as we lives down to Cheltenham, ain't it, Selina?"

"Well, Amos," says I, as I were sweepin' out the water and the rubbish as 'ad come down the chimbley; "Well, Amos," says I, "it's a change, as the missionary said when 'e were told 'e was to be baked instead of boiled for the cannibal feast; but I donnow as 'ow I've felt the benefick of it up to now; whether we be doin' it too simple, or not simple enuff, I don't know; but we don't seem to 'ave 'it on that peacefulness as you mite 'ave egspected from readin' the book; there's you, now, with a smut on yer nose, and yer 'ands as black as a chimbley-sweep's, and me slavin' away cleanin' out this 'ere rubbish-eap of a place, as mite 'ave been enjyin' ourselves doin' nothink down in the little 'ouse in the town; whereas all the enjoyment we've 'ad 'ere, up till now, is the pleasure of knockin' a wall over and pickin' it up agin, likewise of litin' a fire, as first wouldn't go at all, and afterwards went too much, not to mention puttin' of it out agin."

"Yes, but Selina," says Amos, "we be gettin' back to a nateral life, amongst the birds and the pigs and the pertaters, as we all knows is more nateral and 'ealthy than bein' crowded inter streets and halleys and the like!"

"I don't know nothink about birds and pigs, Amos," says I, "and as fer pertaters, I likes 'em very well—Magnum Bonums, b'iled till they be a bit crumbly, with jest a dash o' salt in the water as you biles 'em in; but as fer livin' with pertaters, I ain't never 'ad no cravin's that way, not meself. Give me a nice little fire as draws well, the kettle singin' on the 'ob, and a nice 'ot cup of tea fresh from the pot (with, mebbe, a neybor looked in with the latest bit of news of the sort as you don't get in newspapers)—give me this, and you can keep yer pigs and pertaters till further orders."

"Well, but, Selina," says Amos; "sure-a-lie you bain't a-goin' to back out of this 'ere Simple Life a-ready, afore we've got into the thick of it, as the sayin' is?"

"As fer the thick of it, Amos," says I, "that there green wood smoke was quite thick enuff to

satisfy me; I don't ezactly pine away for no more of that sort; but if you be very anxious to go on with this 'ere Simple Life, I'll 'ave another try, on condition as you incloods patent fire-lighters in it, and gets one of they hoiil stoves to bile the kettle on," wich was wot we agreed to as the up-shot of all this 'ere flashco. As it turned out, this 'ere were only a mere flea-bite in the bucket to wot 'appened afterwards, but—

(More next week.)

SELINA JENKINS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The Severn salmon season has been a remarkably good one up to now; in fact, with the exception of the year 1903, it is several years since I saw such a fair number of these fine and large fish on the local fishmongers' slabs at the very opening of the season as I did during the first week of last February. The opinion of expert fishers in the estuary that north-east winds bring the best hauls of fine salmon to the nets is certainly verified by the results of my observation. The weight of the biggest funny monster caught so far this year was 55lbs., and it was netted near Gatcombe, opposite Sharpness Point. We are certainly getting on towards the record of June, 1889, when three "silver scalers," weighing respectively 61lbs., 60lbs., and 50lbs. were netted in the Severn estuary. I wonder how many people are aware that even whales, seals, and porpoises have been caught in the river below Gloucester. Yet these are undeniable facts—that on August 4th, 1863, a whale 16 feet long and 12 feet in girth was caught at Stonebench, three miles only from the city; and on September 13th, 1875, a bottle-nosed whale, 23 feet long, 11 feet 4 inches in girth, weighing 2 tons 12 cwt., was stranded and captured near Lydney; and in October of the same year a seal was brought ashore at Purton. Immense sturgeons, over six feet 'long, called royal fish because they are supposed to be the Sovereign's property by right, are frequently netted after large hauls of salmon. And I myself have seen, not so many years ago, porpoises disporting themselves in the muddy river right under the walls of H.M. Prison at Gloucester, but I was glad that most of them escaped.

The wake, held from time immemorial, on the top of Cooper's Hill every Whit Monday has had a fillip given to it during the past two or three years, resulting in largely increased attendances. The pastimes, still amusing, are, however, shorn of some of the items that the Town Crier of Gloucester in the year 1836 thus announced would take place:—"Coopers Hill weke to Commence On Wits monday Per Sisley (precisely) at 3 o'clock. 2 Cheses to be ron for; 1 Plom Cake to be green (grinned) for; 1 do. do. to be Jompt in the Bag for; Horings (h-rings) to be Dipt in the toob for; Set of ribbons to be Donsed (danced) for; Shimey to be ron for; Belt to be rosled (wrestled) for; A Blader of Snuff to be Chatred (chattered) tor by hold Wiming (old women)." I have added the words in parentheses in order to make intelligible some of the events so deliciously spelt. A political cynic—I believe it was the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis—once said that "life would be tolerable but for its amusements." I expect he would have hau something severe to say about the amusements on Cooper's Hill, but I don't suppose that his censure would have troubled the many who obtained innocent merriment from them. At all events experience has convinced me that the enjoyment of country folk of this class of amusement is by no means confined to them, but that the masses in several towns of our own county equally delight in hearing men singing in competition for a live pig, weighing nearly a hundredweight, which they have to hold up under one arm and neither stop nor laugh; also in seeing young fellows compete for a prize to the one who is the quickest in gobbling a plate of hot pudding, only touching it with their lips.

It did not look like the piping times of peace at Lansdown Station last Saturday and on Whitsun Day, when between five and six thousand "Lancashire Lads" from Manchester and Liverpool were passed over the Junction in ten troop trains, which followed one another at regular intervals of time. It really reminded one of the "good old times" when troops were hurried through Lansdown to Southampton, for embarkation to South Africa. The "Lancashire Lads," however, were merely Volunteers going, as is their custom, to the annual training in camp on Salisbury Plain. GLEANER.



CHELTENHAM CROQUET TOURNAMENT—June 5th to June 10th.

1. General view of Ground (Mr. Ashton playing in Final).
 2. Some of the spectators.
 3. Miss Bramwell (finalist), Mr. C. du Cane (referee), and Mr. T. K. Ashton (winner of cup).

4. The Club Challenge Cup (Open).
 5. Mr. A. B. Ackroyd playing in Semi-Final.
 6. Mr. H. E. Foll (hon. secretary).
 7. Miss Bramwell playing in Final.

8. Watching the Semi-Final.

In top right-hand corner is a snapshot of Mr. Ashton, taken just after he had won the Cup!



FREEMASONS' FESTIVAL AT TEWKESBURY—GRAND LODGE, JUNE 13, 1905.

PROCESSION TO THE ABBEY.



FUNERAL OF MR. CECIL MILLER, BANDMASTER SALVATION ARMY IN CHELTENHAM.

1. Hymn at graveside by Band.
2. Funeral passing along Bath-road.
3. Painful scene at graveside; the widow having to be supported.
4. Crowd in Cemetery
5. Coffin carried out of the Citadel, showing deceased's cornet, jersey, etc.
6. After the funeral.

AN OBJECT IN LIFE.

[By J. S. MACKINTOSH.]

The young man lolled on the window-seat with a languid abandonment that just avoided being impolite. He was tall, slim, and clean-shaven, and wore immaculate clothes whose fit had evidently been a supreme effort of the tailor. Through his single eyeglass he watched the girl who sat opposite to him—the very embodiment of restless energy. It was a piquant face he saw, full of vigour and vivacity, with eyes which, with their direct and frank gaze, were yet subtly emotional. It seemed as if her thoughts moved too rapidly even for her quick tongue; every movement of her body (and they were many) had a significance, and she would stop a sentence half-way through and finish it by a gesture. She was full of a lithe grace and freedom of movement: the kind of girl who proves irresistible to a man of quiet and reserved nature.

"You should have been born a pauper," she was saying, with a touch of scorn in her voice. "You should have had to work for your living the moment you were born."

"Fancy a baby working for its living!" he cried, with a fine show of sarcasm.

"Well?" she inquired, challengingly.

"Do you know many who do?"

"Plenty," she averred. "I've got some on my visiting list at this moment. Oh, it would do you good to see them. They don't wear single eyeglasses, and their hands are dirty and grubby."

He examined his carefully-kept nails with an air of abstraction. "Well," he observed meditatively, "I am not altogether to blame. You see, my father would have coal mines—I don't know how many—and naturally he left them all to me."

"Why naturally?"

"Because I was his only son."

"And did he leave you also your indolence—naturally?"

"My father worked like ten thousand galley-slaves—hence the coal mines."

"And hence your invincible laziness. You are the very worst kind of man to have wealth."

The young man assumed a judicial tone. "Let us sum up the case to this point," he said. "I stand arraigned of two crimes. First—of being born with coal mines; second—of being born indolent."

"And worst of all, of not having an object in life—for which the first two are to blame. Now, you could get rid of your coal mines as easily as you could get rid of your indolence—if you would only try."

"But you forget—my venerable trustees! They are persuaded that there is much virtue in coal mines."

"Ah, she said, "I forgot you were so young." The young man looked hurt. "Well," he said, "they are always reminding me that I have reached the age of—"

"Indiscretion," she interrupted him. "Well, all my well-meant suggestions for your good seem to meet with your indifference."

"All your suggestions involve so much energy," he said plaintively.

"All work is energetic," she replied.

"And most kinds of play," he murmured. "Even flirtations."

"Ah, that's more in your line!" she cried. "There now! There is a suggestion that should meet with your approval! A flirtation! Only let it be more than a flirtation; let it be your object in life. Search diligently till you discover some girl who is entirely indifferent to your position and your wealth; who will have a wholesome contempt for you; who will ignore you and rebuff and spurn you; who will meet your advances with indifference and your desires with opposition. Fall earnestly in love with her and compel her to fall in love with you. (You can be masterful when you like, or you would never have had that mouth!) And end by marrying her and settling down. Such a girl will drive all the indolence out of you, and she will have sense enough to show you how to spend your money properly."

"She would be what they call a Tartar."

"She would be a wholesome antithesis to you."

"Is that a definition?"

"A prescription."

"I think I'll try it."

"But you must be in earnest!" she warned him with uplifted finger. "In deadly earnest."

"And if finally she won't have me? Suppose my compelling powers should prove unequal to her—opposition and all her other amiable qualities?"

"Nevertheless, it will do you good," she said

inexorably. "And mind, no languishing—you'd better get rid of that eyeglass—no dallying, no perfumed flattery! You must take off your coat to it. You must be—strenuous!"

He stretched his tall figure and jerked back his shoulders as if preparing for action.

"I thank thee for that word!" he said. "I shall be strenuous."

"That is right," she nodded. "And now you must go and begin. The consultation is over."

"And your fee?"

She glanced at him, her bright expression clouded for a moment.

"I shall ask it when you have—succeeded."

II.

"Well, what have you done?" asked the girl a week later, when the young man called. "Have you found her?"

He proceeded with a malicious deliberation to dispose his limbs comfortably and adjust his eyeglass before replying.

"On Monday," he began, counting on his fingers, "I met a girl. She seemed to be the very thing. She was as stiff as alabaster. She was most embarrassingly stand-offish. She met all my advances as if they had been bad tobacco-smoke. I felt inclined to tell her to go to the deuce. Then I recollected your directions. I prepared to compel. I was very strenuous. We got by ourselves somehow—in a conservatory, and then—she thawed: thawed most ingloriously. Nay, she gushed. She said: 'How lovely it must be to have so much money that you don't know how much you have!' That settled it. I paid her off."

The girl nodded approvingly. "Quite right," she said. "That's the worst kind."

"On Tuesday," he continued, moving to the next finger, "I met another. Oh, you would have said, 'Now is your chance!' That's what I said to myself. She was one of the regal kind—tall as a poplar, with shoulders sloping like a tent. I discovered that she had any amount of gold; therefore, I argued, she won't care a hang for mine. So that quality was all right. She talked politics at dinner. Heavens! how she talked! It was like algebra. She asked me what were my views on Protection. I said I had none. You should have seen her contempt! I shrivelled under it. Nevertheless, I determined to compel. I prepared myself by making a few inquiries about her when the ladies had retired. And I found that—now don't blame me for it—I found that she was engaged to be married to a grubby little M.P. who makes soap—and sells it."

"Ah, you should have found that out before you wasted time on her."

The young man looked despondent. "It was disappointing," he said lugubriously. "She seemed very promising."

"Well, proceed."

"Well," he continued, "there were some more—nice girls they were; but I was disappointed to find that they either liked money and position, or else they liked—me. That, of course, disqualified them."

"So you haven't even got started?"

"I haven't told you everything, yet," he replied, with a certain hesitation.

She waited a moment for him to proceed.

"What more have you to—confess?" she asked, amused at his embarrassment.

"I—I met another," he said, speaking slowly.

"I was attracted to her the moment I saw her; and yet, somehow, in certain ways I was afraid of her."

"Ah, that is a good sign," she commented hopefully.

"Moreover, she seemed to have a decided contempt for—for my get-up."

"Well?"

"She's not wealthy; but in spite of that, she has no regard for money, at least for its own sake."

"How did you discover that?"

"Well, we got rather confidential; and we exchanged views on—oh, lots of things! She was so friendly and unaffected and honest, I am afraid I forgot my role of compeller; I didn't talk one word of love."

"What did you talk about?"

"It didn't strike me at the moment what I was talking about; but now that I consider, I am almost certain I talked about—myself."

"Oh," said the girl—she was frowning a little—"is she pretty?"

"I don't think you would call her pretty. For myself, I think she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Ah—who is she?" asked the girl, with a curiosity she did not attempt to conceal.

"Will you not let me keep her name a secret till—I have succeeded? That is part of the game, you know. But I am certain that you have never seen her face; though you may have heard of her."

The girl had a momentary struggle with her curiosity.

"Very well," she said at length frankly, "I'll not ask to know her name—provided always, as they say in Acts of Parliament, that you keep me informed of how it goes on."

"I'll do that," he replied with equal frankness, "and I'm sure I shall be able to tell you of my progress with greater freedom so long as you are in ignorance of her name."

"Then you are making progress?"

"I don't know," he replied despondently.

"She resents sentimentalism. She won't hear a word of love. That is a kind of opposition in which she is very strong."

"But you must overcome that," she said encouragingly. "You say she takes a real interest in you?"

"Oh, yes. I am convinced of that. But as for love—she is quite—quite indifferent. But she does take an interest in me. You don't think that a bad quality?"

"Well, I should have liked her to be entirely indifferent. But it is not a defect so long as she is not so foolish as to admire you."

"Oh, she doesn't admire me! That is indubitable. I wish, ah! I wish I could do something to make her admire me."

"A girl should admire a man for what he is; not for what he does."

"But what is there to admire in me? What am I? Wealthy and indolent. You yourself have damned me," and he sighed a sigh of real despondency.

"Ah!" cried the girl exultantly. "See how it is beginning to work! You have become dissatisfied with yourself; that is a great step. There is hope for you. I like a man who is dissatisfied with himself. It means that there is development going on; that he will become something."

"If she only knew how unutterably dissatisfied with myself I am! How unworthy of her I think myself! Tell me,"—he turned to the girl eagerly—"tell me, do you think she will ever become more than a friend? Do you think that her interest (which just now appears to be only a divine good-nature and friendliness for me) could ever become—love?"

He had sprung to his feet. His languidness had completely vanished, and his eyeglass had dropped from his eye. For the moment he looked, in his unmistakable sincerity, a man of action—a man to be admired.

The girl's face had changed curiously as he spoke. Her eyes flashed with a look that could only be interpreted as one of displeasure. Her mouth quivered for an instant, and then became hard.

"She seems to have made a decided impression on you," she said at length, coldly.

The young man retired within himself, like a snail that has encountered a hostile touch. His habitual mask of languidness shut down upon his face, obscuring the vigour and emotion that had shone in it a moment before. He pulled out his watch and toyed with it in apparent abstraction.

The next instant the girl was standing before him. She could see that she had hurt him. She was surprised at his unexpected sensitiveness, but she was annoyed at herself for having been unsympathetic.

"Forgive me," she said, as she held out her hand. "I believe," she went on earnestly, "I sincerely believe that your—your friend will come to have more than friendship for you. I earnestly hope it, I wish you success!" She turned away and looked out of the window. Her eyes were curiously troubled.

"Thank you," said the young man gravely.

"Did I tell you that I am going down to—the coal mines. My trustees have called a meeting. Their jurisdiction ceases in a month."

"And you will be twenty-five!" she cried, turning to him with a quick smile.

"Yes, I shall have ceased to be young," he said as he held out his hand in farewell.

She laughed. "You will continue to report progress, won't you?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid that I shall not succeed."

"I am confident that you will," she cried gaily. She sat quite still when he was gone—and it was a very rare thing for this girl to sit still. Also, her mobile face had become curiously fixed. Only her eyes showed feeling, and it was a feeling of distress.

III.

A fortnight passed, during which the girl:

speculated more perhaps than she was aware on the progress of the affair which, apparently, owed its origin to her own advice. Then she received a letter from a friend of her—a woman of energy like herself, who had renounced the life of ease and pleasure that wealth can give to become a district nurse in an unlovely community. This is what, among other things strictly feminine, she wrote:—

“As I expect you will have seen from the newspapers, there has been a terrible accident in one of the mines here. For days past, the men have been unable to go down because of noxious gas, but yesterday it seemed to have dispersed, and a party of them went down the shaft. They had not been long down, when a frightful explosion of fire-damp occurred, and eight of the men were entombed. The remainder only escaped with the greatest difficulty—some of them with shocking injuries. The mine-manager went down with a rescue party to try and find the rest, but they had to give it up because of the foul gas. After a time, having used what means they could dispel the gas, they went down again, accompanied by the owner of the mines—a young fellow of twenty-five or so. (By the way, you know him, I think—Mr. Grosvenor. He is tall, wears an eyeglass, and looks as if he existed under protest). They worked for about three hours, suffering horribly from the gas, and at last found the entombed men, but so imprisoned by a fall of rock that they had to resort to blasting before they could get them out. But they did get them, and it appears that the hero of the rescue-work is this Mr. Grosvenor. They say he risked his life in the most heroic way to reach the men, and altogether behaved with the utmost bravery. He was injured about the face and hands, and, I understand, barely escaped a further fall of rock himself. You should have heard the cheering when they reached the pit-head with the rescued men. It seemed as if the people would go mad. I understand he is much liked. It is surprising, for he looks much too *blase* and exclusive to have made himself popular with grimy miners. He is modest, too, for I saw him bribing the reporters to keep his name out of the papers. The bribes must have been substantial, for his name certainly does not appear.”

The girl's face was full of a peculiar elation as she finished the letter. Her eyes had a far-away look, and a smile struggled with the moisture in them. She stood apparently lost in a reverie for some moments; then she deliberately turned to the letter and read it a second time.

The next day the young man called. He was, if possible, more immaculate than ever, but there was an ugly livid mark down one side of his face, and he kept one hand behind his back.

“I did not mean to call so soon again,” he said, “but I couldn't resist coming to—to see you.” He was unmistakably nervous.

“You have come to report progress?” she inquired. It might have been a laugh that trembled in her voice.

“Yes,” he said; and he said it as if it were not in the least what he intended.

She stood looking at him whimsically for a moment; then she went up to him, and gently withdrew the hidden hand from behind his back. It was bandaged.

“It is a wonder that you escaped with so little damage,” she said. “Oh, I know all about it!” she added, as she saw his look of bewilderment.

“What! Have those confounded newspaper fellows—”

“Oh, it was not the newspaper. I had it from a much more reliable source—a woman.”

The young man sank into a chair, and said nothing. The girl, too, was silent for a moment. She kept looking at him with a curious light in her eyes.

“I'm pleased with you,” she said at length, softly.

“Are you?” he cried, springing up eagerly.

“She must be very proud of you. Is she not less indifferent?”

“I cannot tell,” he replied doubtfully. “I think she is.”

“Then lose no time in putting your fortunes to the test.”

“Do you think I might dare to ask her to—marry me?”

“I think you would have a very good prospect of success.”

“Then—will you marry me?” he said squarely and steadily.

She stepped back with a look of bewilderment.

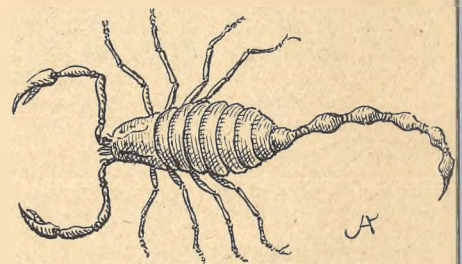


Photo by H. E. Jones,

Northgate-street, Gloucester.

MONUMENT TO HARRY FLETCHER MINCHIN
ERECTED IN GLOUCESTER CEMETERY BY THE ZETLAND LODGE OF
INSTRUCTION OF FREEMASONS AND MASONIC FRIENDS.

“Me?” she cried.
“Yes, you—you—you! Didn't you guess it has been you all the time?” His least injured arm was round her, and he spoke with a passionate intensity that was a revelation to the girl. “You—only you, ever since I knew you. You—always, always, always—if you will have it so.”
“But you said I had never seen her.”
“I said you had never seen her face. Neither have you.”
“A quibble!” she said.
“Let it pass,” he answered. “Do you know, I came this afternoon hoping—ah, hoping! to give you—your fee.”
“What is it?”
“My heart. Will you have it?”
She smiled into his eyes.
“Ah!” she cried exultantly. I have succeeded!”



RECENT VISITOR TO CHELTENHAM.

Sketch of scorpion received alive in a box of oranges by a High-street tradesman. There are five or six species of this reptile. In Southern Europe they seldom exceed three inches in length, but in Asia and Africa they often exceed ten or twelve inches, and their sting is very dangerous to life. They are viviparous, producing as many as forty or fifty at a birth; but owing to the habit of the mother of devouring most of her progeny, the number of them is greatly curtailed.

In a balloon in which he had ascended from Peel Park, Bradford, Mr. Bramhall travelled sixty-four miles in seventy minutes, and when at a height of 5,000ft. he sighted the sea he descended at the rate of 1,880ft. per minute, overtaking the sand ballast he had thrown out.

During the operations in connection with the restoration of Culross Abbey many beautiful specimens of ancient architecture have been brought to light. In the south transept, which is believed to date from the early part of the thirteenth century, a tomb has been discovered under the arch in the aisle, which is thought to be that of Roger de Quency, Earl of Winchester, who died in 1264. In the north transept the Argyll tomb has been discovered, but will not be further interfered with except in the presence of experts.



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No. 234.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1905.

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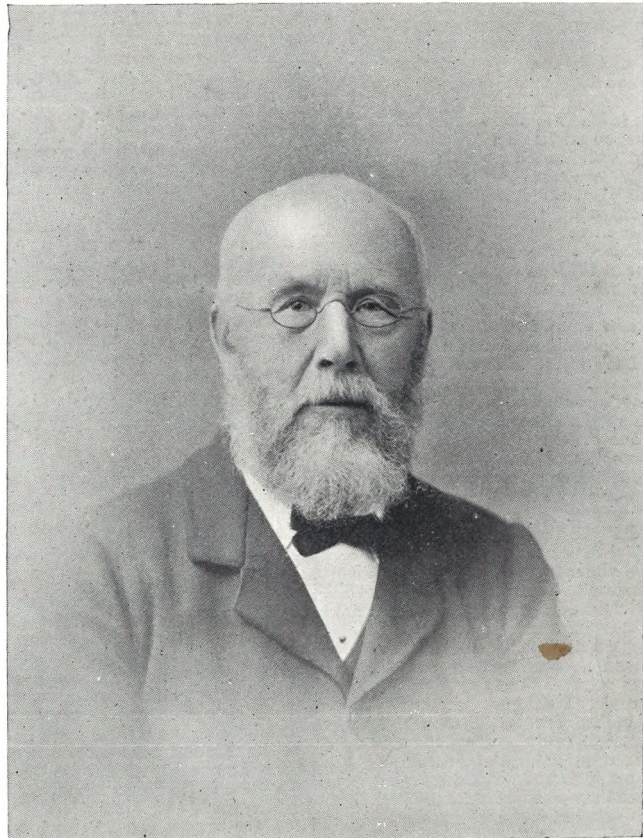
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HOW TO TREAT A BABY IN A TRAIN.

Because babies are so delightful and are such delicate delicious toys to us, writes Mr. Peter Keary in "Pearson's Weekly," I protest against the occasional ill-usage to which the thoughtless subject them. And particularly in the train. Some of us grown-ups get pretty irritable in a train anyhow; perhaps without reason. The baby has every reason. It isn't sense, for instance, to keep bumping a baby up and down on your knee. The baby has a liver, at this age, out of all proportion to its own size. It digests its food much more slowly than you do, and if it has just had its bottle and is filled with milk, such a foolish practice is churning the milk into butter. It's as bad, after feeding, to lay a baby flat upon its back on a pillow on the seat opposite to you. Every jolt and jar of the train acts detrimentally on the liver and the brain of the child, and may mean future ailments. It's a pity to boast, if you lay it down this way, that "baby had such a good sleep in the train," because it hadn't. If you doubt me, ask your doctor. If you have to feed a baby in a train, take a small soft eiderdown quilt with you. Then let it sleep as near upright in your arms as you can. Don't lean back in your seat. Keep your elasticity. Neither you nor your baby will get bumped or jarred then. You'll get tired presently. That's the time to look around for some reliable man. He's finished his paper, and wants something to do. He's itching to take the baby, and afraid you won't trust him with it. Tell him just exactly what you want done—how he must sit upright, and how he must hold his charge. Baby has been so good, you will find the other man in the carriage asking if they can be "Next!"



CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN.

MASTER BUILDERS—MR. C. H. CHANNON.

(Channon and Son).

WHY SHOULD SUNDAYS BE DULL?

Discussing the desire of the citizens of Glasgow to have their museums opened on Sundays, Mr. Peter Keary writes in "Pearson's Weekly": This is different to the Glasgow of only a few years ago. There was a time when it was wicked to whistle or suck peppermints on Sunday in the streets of Glasgow. I have known the sombreness and awful austerity of a Glasgow Sunday chill the blood in me and so paralyse the nerves that I wanted to go out and kick a policeman for the pure joy of feeling alive, if it was only for a moment. I know there is a feeling in the minds of some people that museums should not be opened at all on Sundays. I think a more advanced state of thinking must come. I cannot, and never could, see a reasonable cause of objection. Wherever the experiment has been tried it has been a success. Thousands of men have

attended church in the morning, and in the afternoon taken their wives and children to a museum, and looked at the wonders of God's creation and man's handiwork. I have never yet found anyone the worse for it. I have found many the better. They have had intelligent occupation for the mind, and, being for the most part working men and women, have seen and learned of things they could not on their working days. The British Sabbath has not been rational. It was once a day on which one half of the people sat in its parlour window and watched the other half go by, and criticised the hat or the bonnet, the coat or the dress, the walk or the carriage, cruelly or humorously in the process. I don't see much Christianity in that, or in lounging about the street corners or frequenting the public-houses. Viewing a museum is a pretty sad pleasure anyhow. It won't do us any harm.

Selina Jenkins' Letters.

IN SEARCH OF THE "SIMPLE LIFE," PART III.

I never knew before me and Amos took to this 'ere "Simple Life," on to the summerit of Cleeve 'ill, why it is that country agericultural folk gives way to drink so bad in 'ot weather! It's all very well to be teetotal abstinence down in the town, where you've only got to turn on a tap and pay yer water-rate to 'ave hoceans of Severn water brought rite into the bosom of yer fambly, as you mite say; but up 'ere on the 'ill top, livin' the "Simple Life," in a 'alf-a-crown a week cottage, you've actooally got to fite yer way to the water-works thro' 'locks of cows and horses and droves of fowls, as comes down like the wolfe on the fold, as the sayin' is, if you ain't lookin', and threatens you in all manner of dreadful ways becous you be 'elpin' yerself out of their fambly pump-troff. The water supply is a tidy walk away from our cottage, and I shan't never forget the first time as I went out to collect a few drops of water from the perlin' rill, as they poet chaps calls a gurgley sort of pipe, filled with moss and other 'erbs, and water comin' out of it, with a deep and dirty troff beneath, fer folks to fall into! As I were a-sayin', I were silly-like to go down by meself, but it sort of come over me 'ow picturesque and hartistick it must look to see me, with a sun-bonnet on me 'ead and me petticoats tucked up, sallying 4th into the hearly mornin' breeze with a bucket on me harm gatherin' waters!

As is all very well in poetry and sich-like foolishness, but don't work out in practice; becous, as it 'appened; the place the water comes out on is that awk'ard and onfit for a lady, I were obliged to go down on me 'ands and knees to it. So, as you must know, I were bendin' hover the water-troff, like Eve at the Founting, or somethink in the statute-gravestone line, and little thinkin' of anythink but wot a long time it took this 'ere "Simple Life" water supply to fill a hordinary bucket; when all of a suddint I felt a sort of a 'ot breath at the back of me 'ead (as smelt like a milk pudden' done with eggs, and caught a bit in the oven), and, you mark my words, when I looked up, if there wasn't a flock of cows all round me, wich one of 'em were a-smellin' the back of me sun-bonnet, as affable as could be!

But, lor, bless you! I can't abide to be in the same field as a cow or a bullock, wich I were that fritened me 'eart very near come up in me mouth. I was 'oldin' the bucket under the spout with one 'and, the whiles I balanced meself with the other over the water-troff, so I couldn't do nothink in self-defiance, 'ceps to make noises. "S-s-s-h!" I says, "S-s-s-h; go away; S-s-s-h!" but the more I said it the more they didn't do it. "Go away," I shouted again, "I shall get quite angry and knock you in a minnit, if you don't move," I says; but whether they thought I were a-singin' to 'em or wot, I donnow, 'ceps that all to a suddint one of 'em opened 'is mouth, like the door of a bottomless pit, and gave 4th a rore like thunder rite into my ears, as fritened me to that extent I lost me 'old, and with a splash sat rite down into that there troff of water! Oh! it were wet; and the worst of it was I couldn't get out ontill some yung quarryman chap, 'earin' shouts and screams of "Fire" and "Murder," left 'is waggin' and 'orses and come to the rescue; as mite 'ave been the death of me, first by fright and then by drownin', if so be 'e 'adn't a-bin within ear-shot, as the sayin' is!

Wich I don't 'old with this 'ere goin' and drawin' water from a well or a spring, at the risk of yer life, as mite 'ave been all rite for Rebekah and Joseph, back in Scripture times, but ain't my style at all, to say nothing of the things as gets throwed into the water supply, and the animals puttin' their noses in, regardless of consequences, every time they goes to drink. If you b'leeve me, after all this 'ere fiascho, and me gettin' wet to the skin thro' them cows, there was part of a old boot, a piece of newspaper, and a hearthworm at the bottom of the water when Amos poured it out, wich ever since we always never forgets to strain the drinkin' water thro' a culender, becous of not carin' to take our food and drink together. As eggspines why the agericultural folk goes in so free fer cider, ale, and other spiritual beverages, becous of the difficulty in gettin' water alone, and of it bein' so strong when you does get it. Still, as Amos says, the beauty of this 'ere "Simple Life" is in overcomin' 'ardships and risin' superior to 'em all; only I don't

think a cares fer makin' friends and neybor's of cows and bullocks, as is very uncertain creatures, and 'ave been known to toss a body over a 'ouse, afore now, when they be playful inclined, espesshully if you wears anythink red about you; wich is I know a fact, becous of Uncle Benjamin, as was chased thro' 2 fields and acrost a stream by a bullock thro' 'e 'avin' a wonderful scarlet nose, as they do say once stopped a train becous of the engine-driver mistakin' of it for a danger single as Uncle were crossin' the line!

'Owsomdever, there's a good few egspierients in the "Simple Life" to keep one alive, amongst the chief of wich is hinsecks! Ontil me and Amos took to the "Simple Life" in a 2/6 a week cottage I thought there was only about 3 kinds of hinsecks in existence, bein' wapses and bees, flies, and domestic hinsecks; but we've counted 121 different sorts of creepy things in the week we've been up 'ere on Cleeve, besides scores of other mixed varieties with wings, as is everlastingly comin' in the winder and droppin' into the milk-jug or goin' down the chimbley of the lamp fer warmth and comfort!

Amos says that we must be friendly to all livin' things in the "Simple Life," rememberin' that, accordin' to science and joggraffy, we was like it ourselves once; wich I 'aven't no knowledge of ever 'avin' beer a wood-lice or anythink like that, not meself, and I knows very well my mother and grandmother was similar 'uman bein's to wot I be meself, so I don't know where these 'ere scientific gents gets their useful information to; and as fer bein' friendly to the livin' things and so forth, I asks you now, straight and to the point, 'ow in the name of fortin can a decent body like me, brought up respectable, and went to Sunday school reg'lar when a child—I asks you 'ow can a lady like me be haffable to a hinseck?

No; it ain't nateral, wich I considers hinsecks is intended to be stepped on, and I don't 'old with they as studies sich things, and makes so much fuss with 'em, as if they was on a par with 'uman bein's, very near. In the "Simple Life" bizness I s'pose they comes in from the garden, jest to hexplore wot on earth we folk be hup to in sich a hout-of-the-way spot. Amos says 'e considers they be company of a dark evening, but if so 'e's welcome, as I tells 'im; I never couldn't abide creepy things, and never don't intend to, wotever, "Simple Life" or no "Simple Life."

Talkin' of hinsecks, 'owever, I must tell you wot 'appened last Tuesday nite, as mite 'ave been a serious accident and put in the papers, if it 'adn't been for my presents of mind in fetchin' 'elp, even if they was a bit 3 sheets in the wind, as the sayin' is.

You see 'twas like this 'ere. Me and Amos 'ad retired to our virtuous couch, as the sayin' is, wich in our cottage you goes up a ladder to get to it, stairs not bein' a part of the "Simple Life." So, as is usually the case, I were in between the sheets long before Amos 'ad rubbed in the 'air-restorer as 'e puts on every night; and I were jest settlin' meself off to sleep, when I saw sich a great spider as you never 'eard in yer life, a-walkin' acrost the ceiling jest above me. "Amos," says I, "quick," says I, "come and kill this 'ere spider, or else I shall scream," says I.

"Where is it, Selina?" says Amos, pickin' up the 'air-brush and lookin' up. "Ho! I see 'im! Keep yer mouth shut, Selina, fer fear of 'im a droppin' in, and I'll soon settle 'im off"; and so sayin' Amos got up on to the bed, took aim, and 'it the ceiling a good 'ard knock jest where the spider ought to 'ave been! But 'e wasn't there, becous, of coorse, spiders is knowin' critters, and hid seen wot Amos were up to, and made off fer safer quarters; wich Amos leaned over so far from the bed tryin' to give 'im another blow that 'e overbalanced hiffself and come down pretty 'ard on the floor! I was under the clothes fer fear of the spider, so I didn't see 'im go, but I 'eard the noise, and in a minnit or two I 'eard 'im say, "Selina!" in the plaintiff tone of voice 'e always puts on when 'e've done somethink extry silly, and 'as to suffer fer it!

"Selina," says he again, more plaintiff than ever. "Well, wot is it?" says I, peepin' out from the bedclothes. "Selina," 'e says, "wotever 'e I to do? I can't get me leg out!" "Wotever do you mean?" says I; "get yer leg out of where?" "Can't you see," says 'e, "I've put me leg through this 'ere wormeaten 'old floor, and I can't get it out! It's caught somewheres or other!"

And it were! We tried all manner of ways to get 'is pore leg out of the place in the boards as it 'ad gone thro'; but it weren't no avail. As I told 'im, he 'adn't no bizness jumpin' off the

bed like that, as mite 'ave brought the cottage down about our ears in ruins; becous in the country they be biit so light and the boards is so eat up by hinsecks you 'as to be careful if you be upstairs, or else you'll pretty soon find yerself downstairs!

To cut a long story short, not ontill I put on me clothes and went down to the public at the brow of the 'ill, and fetched up 2 hindividoos as was jest fein' turned out at closin' time, did I get 'im out, wich they was onkind enuff to laff bitterly when I told 'em that my 'usband was fell through the ceiling, and couldn't be got out! Even with the aid of these 2 chaps, the only way we could do it was by leverin' of 'im up from below, wich, as it was, 'e scraped 'is pore leg very 'bad in exterminating it, altho' it's a mercy it wasn't worse than it was. I put 'im to bed, and gave 'im 2 bilious pills, and at the time of 'ritin' 'e's gettin' on nicely, thank you. I dunnow wot come of the spider; I 'aven't seen it since, but I should think if 'e's got any brains at all, 'e feels pleased with 'imself at the hupore and disturbance 'e caused in our "Simple Life." Amos says 'e 'eard 'im laffin' to 'isself, but I fancy that's only one of 'is yarns!

SELINA JENKINS.

(To be continued).

VERE DE VERE AND BEER DE BEER.

A Cup Day generally reminds me of the fifth of November. There is usually a large attendance of publicans, who bring the missus; and the missus—temporarily divorced from her customary occupation of serving pints of ale to pale-faced and wretched customers who "use" her establishment—puts on her best frills and feathers, generally with the most ludicrous results. The largest cigar has before now failed to make a man a gentleman, and the most resplendent silk gown still leaves Mrs. Bung singularly unlike a real duchess, or even a reduced gentleman eking out a dull existence on a small annuity and lots of proper pride. A publican in "patents" is like an elephant in gaiters, and the complexion of the "missus" under the provocation of the sun resembles the appearance it assumes on a warm, "harmonic" evening in the saloon bar. She cannot acquire the society pose, struggle the local dressmaker however she may. Which leads me to the conclusion that between the caste of Vere de Vere and the caste of Beer de Beer, there must ever be an unbridgeable gulf. —T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion."

* * * * *

FOR GENTLEMEN.

From a "Times" advertisement—"Gentlemen should not emigrate, it being more profitable to grow produce at home under glass. Apply to —." We trust this patriotic endeavour to keep our aristocrats on their native heath—to speak—will not go unrewarded. It is pleasant to think of the younger sons of great families sitting in their stately homes watching things come up under glass. But where are our Pro-consuls to come from?—"The Bystander."

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ENTHRONEMENT OF NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, JUNE 15th, 1905.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>1. Procession leaving Deanery.</p> <p>2. Crowd after procession passed.</p> <p>3. Waiting outside west door.</p> <p>4. Bishop's Acting-Apparitor knocking with mallet at door of Cathedral. Bishop behind (X over</p> | <p>head), with Archdeacon of Canterbury on right and Rev. F. A. Lefroy and Mr. Hannam-Clark (Diocesan Registrar) in rear.</p> <p>5. Bishop passing into Cathedral.</p> <p>6. Arrival of Mayor and Corporation.</p> | <p>7. The Mayor (Mr. Langley-Smith), Recorder (Mr. Morton Brown), and Corporation, with the Mayors of Cheltenham and Tewkesbury, leaving Cathedral, with swordbearer leading.</p> <p>8. Mandate being read inside west door.</p> |
|--|--|--|

Gloucestershire Gossip.

• * •

Bishops, like ancient Rome and other cities, are not made in a day. It was on March 6th last that the King signified his approval of the appointment of Dr. Sumner Gibson to the See of Gloucester, but it was not until June 15th that he absolutely became Bishop by enthronement at the Cathedral "into the real, actual, and corporal possession of the Bishopric and See, with all and singular the rights, dignities, honours, privileges, and appurtenances thereto belonging." This final and most successful ceremony was an event to be remembered by the clergy and laity, numbering over a thousand, who were privileged to witness it. The clergy, in most cases with their churchwardens, came down from the hills and along from the vales of the diocese, some from as far off as detached parishes in Warwickshire and Worcestershire and places on the borders of Wilts and Monmouth counties. Of all dignities there were about 250 clergy in attendance, with some 180 churchwardens. As a spectacle the enthronement of Bishop Ellicott, the last previous one, was nothing as compared with this. And in this connection I must say I am surprised that a certain newspaper that ought to know better persists in its statement that "not since the appointment of Bishop Thomson, in 1861, has a similar function been witnessed within the walls of the stately old Cathedral. For accuracy's sake, I repeat that Bishop Ellicott was enthroned there on May 9th, 1863.

* * * * *

So far as I am aware, there was only one person in the procession who was officially present at the ex-Bishop's enthronement, and he is Mr. Fred Evans, lay clerk at the Cathedral, who has the unique record of having sung in the choir during the latter part of the regime of Bishop Baring, in 1860, and also at the enthronements of Bishops Thomson, Ellicott, and Gibson. Of the clergy, I believe that not one can claim to have been at the previous function. But there were at least four in the procession whose connection with the diocese is longer than Bishop Ellicott's term of forty-two years. I allude to Hon. Canon Golightly, rector of Shipton Moyne since 1856; Hon. Canon W. H. Stanton, rector of Hasleton since 1860; Hon. Canon G. P. Griffiths, vicar of St. Mark's, Cheltenham, since 1862; and the Rev. C. R. Dighton, vicar of Maisemore, who was rector of Mitcheldean 1857-78. Then it is an interesting fact that Hon. Canon George James, rector of St. Michael's, Gloucester, who was among the first deacons ordained by Bishop Ellicott on Trinity Sunday, 1863, also joined in the procession. Several of the clergy, I regretted to see, were very feeble, showing that though the flesh was weak the spirit was strong in them to be there. Two of the "cloth" had a coign of vantage in the shrine of Edward II., and an unattached parson, who did not arrive until the psychological moment of the induction to the throne, somewhat loudly apologised to the seat stewards, saying that his train was late. Never before have I seen so many clerics wearing or carrying birettas

* * * * *

Almost all the newspapers, probably misled by the programme, stated that the Bishop knocked thrice on the west door, whereas, as a matter of fact, it was his lordship's acting-apparitor, carrying the mitred mace in right hand, who did the knocking with a polished wooden mallet in his left. The blows resounded through the Cathedral, and the congregation marvelled how the unseen Bishop could rap so hard. I note that the ceremony was not quite identical with that at Llandaff on the following day, for Bishop Hughes read a petition to be admitted and then himself dealt three heavy blows on the door with his crozier, whereupon the Dean inside opened the wicket and the Bishop craved for admission, which was readily granted. Bishop Gibson undoubtedly created a remarkably good impression among his first congregation by his silvery, resonant voice and his earnest and admirable address. I was glad that a collection was taken for the restoration of the tower and roof of the nave and that it realised £58 11s. The only drawback to the whole proceedings was that a photograph was not allowed or possible to be taken of the historic scenes inside, certainly in the Chapter House.

GLEANER.



**BIG FIRE AT BADGEWORTH.
MAJOR SELWYN-PAYNE'S NEW RESIDENCE BURNT OUT.
BEFORE AND AFTER.**



1. Before the fire.
2. Sunday visitors from Cheltenham in foreground.
3. Interior of one of the rooms. X shows where fire is supposed to have started.
4. From churchyard.
5. Showing newer portion (least damaged).
6. Badgeworth Church shown.



A PIECE OF GOODS.

In Palestine the mother of men is the servant of men. Being part of the household chattels, she is sold for as large a sum as her father can extort from the prospective bridegroom. She is a thing, a piece of goods. The father of a first-born son proudly calls himself after the boy's name, but his girl babe is not reckoned among his children. Her infant shoulders learn to bear the burdens, her little feet patter their way to the fountain even from the moment their tiny strength can support the weight of the jar. Her whole life is one of grinding, baking, fetching water, waiting upon others; at twelve she is sold into married service; growing old at middle life, she may see herself supplanted by a younger wife; often being robbed of her sons by the military conscription; and finally she is put away as the last breath is leaving her body.—“A Little Pilgrimage,” in the “Windsor Magazine.”



MY FIRST GUINEA.

In contributing to the interesting series of famous authors' confessions in “Pearson's Weekly” on “My First Guinea, and What I Did With It,” Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne writes: “My first guinea in the writing line was earned from a London tradesman who offered me that sum—and after some trouble was induced to pay 20s.—for literary assistance in arranging the subject-matter to be printed on his wrapping paper. He vended everything, from a sextant to a pearl necklace, and, having no trick with the pen himself, he wanted all his qualifications set out appetisingly—by a university graduate if possible. He said I made a very good job of it, and I hoped that his recommendation would procure me further orders. But it didn't. I had written about six long novels before this, together with 2cwt. of assorted articles, essays, plays, and poems, but none wanted them. The first cash return came as above.” Among other well-known authors Mr. W. Clark Russell writes: “The first guinea I ever earned was included in a sum of ten pounds which I ‘took up’ for wages after a voyage to Australia in a sailing ship in which I had signed articles for one pound a month as fourth mate. I received the money in London, and, being in want of a tall hat, turned into Moses and Sons, New Oxford-street, whose windows were filled with new hats, the tickets affixed. I bought a hat for half a guinea, and, after riding with it on the top of an omnibus for about half an hour, the thing blew away into the road, and was picked up covered with mud by the conductor, and I was mortified to find that the label—“Only look—10s. 6d.”—was attached to it, and that I had ridden through the streets with the price of my hat on me.”



AMERICAN GIRLS ON THE CONTINENT.

The numbers of fair Americans who wed foreigners is beginning to prove a serious problem to our cousins across the herring pond (says “The Bystander”), for collectively the fortunes which are annually taken away from the country of their birth by American girls marrying Europeans must amount to a very large sum. The American girl is undoubtedly very popular among the young men on the Continent. Whether her greater cosmopolitanism is the main cause, or whether her adaptability to new surroundings recommends her, or whether the verve and the refreshing terms of queenly superiority which she exercises over the *jeune homme*, accustomed hitherto to believe in the complete superiority of his sex, is the cause of fascination, we do not know. Perhaps it is a happy combination of all these. But observe the difference between the British and the American colony at any place you like to mention. The British colony is a thing apart; it holds aloof; is respectably conventional and exclusive; the members visit one another, entertain one another; but it is rare that the stranger from without the gates enters within the sacred circle. On the other hand, the American colony assumes no degree of aloofness. The members mingle with the native element. At once the colony becomes the life of the place—the very hub—inaugurating anything from bazaars to dances. The young element—males in the majority—very quickly finds its vogue *chez les Americains*. Their dance is divine, and the slightest excuse suffices the American girl to get up a hop. Its popularity grows, and its fair daughters marry. It would be interesting to know how many American women there are on the Continent married to others than men of their own nationality.



Mr. FRED. EVANS.

A LAY CLERK OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Sang as a boy in the choir in 1860, towards the end of Bishop Baring's episcopacy, and also at the enthronements of Bishops Thomson and Ellicott, and as a lay clerk at Bishop Gibson's enthronement.



OLD INHABITANTS OF TEWKESBURY,

Seated on tomb in Abbey Churchyard and watching Freemasons' Procession.

DREAMS.

The subject of dreams is one which has always been of absorbing interest to man in all ages, from the days of the Pharaohs down to the present time.

Apart from the class of prophetic or warning dreams, of which endless instances might be quoted, abundant interest is to be found in the ordinary experiences of dream life. Among these may be mentioned the dreams which visit us more or less regularly, when we are ill or unwell. With some people they take the form of some kind of physical suffering, very often the sensation of burning or drowning.

My own is that of being burnt to death at the stake, and the agony of feeling my feet and legs gradually burnt is very vivid, and horribly real. The last time I suffered from this nightmare, I remember that a tennis tournament was in progress on a ground below the hill where the stake was erected. As the executioner came to bind me to it, I said vehemently, "To think that in these nineteenth century days an unfortunate person should actually be burnt at the stake, and while a tennis tournament is going on, too!"

My mother has told me that, as a child, her nightmare was that her feet were glued to the hob of the grate, and as she was unable to lift them off, were gradually burnt away. Another friend describes hers as being an attempt to balance a haystack on the point of a very tiny needle, and another very common one is that of falling over a precipice, a dream from which one usually awakes with a violent shock! Yet another is the feeling of trying to run from something which is pursuing us, and finding our feet hopelessly heavy, or that we are trying to shout or cry aloud and our voice remains dumb or absolutely muffled in sound.

In contradistinction to these unpleasant dream-experiences, there is one which most of us have enjoyed at some time or other, and which is indescribably delicious—that of floating or flying through the air, one's feet just above the ground and one's body as light and airy as a feather.

Some dreams are curiously vivid and lasting in their effects. One I remember dreaming as a child of four or five is as distinct in its reality to-day as when I dreamed it.

I thought someone took me by the hand, and led me through a railway station down a long flight of steps into a garden, full of flowers of the most brilliant hues. As I walked along the paths I noticed, to my horror, that the blossoms were in reality living snakes, twisted into the semblance of real flowers, and as I passed they

raised ugly hissing heads at me. In a state of overwhelming terror I awoke and screamed for my nurse.

Another very vivid dream I had when a girl at school is interesting in view of the present state of affairs in Russia. I dreamed that I was governess to the Czar's children in St. Petersburg. One day, having ventured out alone to do some shopping, I was passing down a wide street with great warehouses on either side, when I suddenly found myself surrounded by an angry and threatening mob.

"Seize her, seize her, kill her!" they cried in voices that grew every moment shriller and more menacing. In a panic of terror I fled down the street and into one of the warehouses, the door of which stood open, and hastily climbed on to a heap of packing-cases which stood piled up against the wall. The crowd surged in after me, and several savage-looking men began to climb up to my temporary refuge. I, meanwhile, with bitter tears begged and implored them to save my life, crying that I was so young, so very young, to die, and my life so worthless to them—I was only the poor little English governess, surely they could have no spite against me. Then, to my intense relief, a band of police broke in and drove them off, and I made my way back to the palace with all possible haste. There I was immediately ordered to take the little princesses to a country house some miles from the city, and we were hastily packed into a carriage and driven off across the wide snowy wastes till we reached our destination in safety.

Occasionally one's dreams take the form of a sort of historical romance, in which we ourselves seem to be partly actors and partly independent spectators.

In one such dream of mine I seemed to live through several years of existence as the wife of a rough baron in the Middle Ages. The end of the dream, which was singularly coherent and free from the usual absurdities of dream-life, was very tragic, for the baron committed suicide from the castle walls, and his wife (or I), in remorse for his death, of which she had been the partial cause, took a vow of silence and spoke no more to the day of her death.

With regard to the fulfilment of dreams, an amusing instance was told me not long ago by a friend. She dreamt one Saturday night that she went on church next morning, and on the floor of her pew saw a boot-button lying. On reaching home she discovered that it was one which had come off the pair of boots she was wearing. All fell out exactly as she had dreamed. She went to church, saw the button, and on reaching home found one of her buttons was missing!

I myself have only once had an experience of the kind. I dreamt one night that a young friend

of mine, of whom I had heard and seen nothing for some considerable time, wrote to tell me he was giving up the post he had held for some years, and was going to the University in order to obtain his degree and take up other work. When I came down to breakfast next morning, on my plate lay the letter, exactly as I had dreamed, and when opened, proved to contain the very information I was naturally expecting it to do.

It is curious to notice how the actual happenings of ordinary life mingle with our dreams. The howling of the wind, a knocking at the door, or a sudden noise become transformed in fancy into the shrieking of a crowd, the hammering of a carpenter, or the fall of a mighty avalanche.

I remember dreaming once that I was a soldier condemned to death for some military crime. As I stood facing the file of soldiers who stood waiting, with their muskets raised, for the signal to fire, the order was suddenly given, "Let the drums begin to beat," and immediately a tremendous roll of drums pealed out. I awoke to discover that a heavy thunderstorm was in progress, and the roll of drums was a terrific peal of thunder which seemed literally to shake the house.

More than one well-known writer has embodied the idea of people meeting in dream-life and going through various experiences together, afterwards to make each other's acquaintance in real life, with the natural result! Of these the most well-known examples are Kipling's "Brushwood Boy," in which a young officer's dreams are described with wonderful naturalness and reality, and the other Marion Crawford's "Cecilia," a charming romance of modern Italy.

Much may be said in favour of dreaming, and much against the habit; but, after all, who would, even if they could, banish altogether from life those sweet elusive visions of the night, many of them so delicious, so ridiculous, so fleeting, and perhaps so sad, in which we wander through Elysian fields or escape unparalleled dangers, in which we once more play as children with the long-dead playmates of our vanished years?

D. K. BOILEAU.



The Archbishop of York, who has been suffering from sciatica for the past fortnight, is making progress towards convalescence.

Canada has forwarded a strong protest against the embargo laid on Canadian cattle to the Colonial Secretary.

Colliding with a motor-tricycle at Swindon, a cyclist was thrown into the air, and after turning a double somersault landed on his back unhurt.

Lord Hugh Cecil has been elected a member of the Unionist Free Trade Club.



BEST MAN (CARRYING BRIDEGROOM'S HAT) AND BRIDESMAID.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Wedding of Mr. Mackenzie (of Bournemouth) and Miss Turner, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Cheltenham, on Whit Monday.

HOW WE GOT OUR BANK HOLIDAYS.

Lord Avebury (better known as Sir John Lubbock) writes a special article in the Holiday Number of "Pearson's Weekly," telling how Bank Holidays came about. It may be asked, he writes, why did we call these days Bank Holidays? The reason is rather technical. As I have explained, elsewhere, according to immemorial custom, the payer of a bill in England has three days' grace, so that an acceptance which comes due nominally on the first of the month is not really payable till the fourth. If, however, the third day of grace should fall upon Christmas Day, Good Friday, or a Sunday, then it is not thought fair the payer should have a fourth day's grace, and such bills are due the day before—that is to say, they are due on the Saturday or the day before Good Friday or Christmas Day. Now, in considering the Bank Holidays it was thought that it might act unjustly if a person were called upon to provide for his acceptances the day before they would otherwise have fallen due. And after some consideration, therefore, we suggested that bills falling due upon these days should be payable, not the day before the last day of grace, but on the day after; so that a bill falling due on a Bank Holiday becomes really payable a day later than would be the case if it were due on a Sunday, Good Friday, or Christmas Day. Under these circumstances it was necessary to use some special name for the new holidays in our Bill. If we had called them national holidays or general holidays this would not have distinguished them from the old holidays. They were therefore called "Bank Holidays," and this is the real origin of a word which has now become so familiar. But it was never intended that these holidays should be applicable exclusively to banks.

PROVIDING THE POOR WITH SPECTACLES.

"Many honest, hard-working folk have found themselves reduced to want and the workhouse simply because they could not procure the spectacles they required to enable them to go on with their work," writes Miss Waring, of the London Spectacle Mission Society, in the current issue of "Smith's Weekly." "The need, however, has now been met, and the London Spectacle Mission Society has branches in north, south, east, and west London. Last year over two thousand applicants were supplied with glasses suited to their requirements, and during the twelve years of its existence the society has provided spectacles for no fewer than 14,328 persons. As to the future of the society, there are great possibilities of development. At present it is for the supply of spectacles only, and not for the treatment of disease nor for young people under the age of twenty-five. With regard to the age-limit, we deeply regret we are obliged to keep to it, for, though thoroughly recognising the vast importance of children and young people wearing proper and accurate spectacles, our society does not profess to provide such to anyone under the age of twenty-five, and for this reason: the sight of such young people is defective from such a variety of causes, many of them so intricate that the best professional advice is necessary to determine what lenses are required; these lenses, moreover, are very costly. A child's spectacles ordinarily cost five times as much as an adult's; then, again, children constantly lose or break them, and always outgrow them, so the society does not find itself in a position to meet such cases unless a separate branch, both working and financial, were established to meet the difficulty. If anyone would undertake this work it would indeed be a boon."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AND 'ARRY: A COMPARISON.

I was staying over Whitsuntide in a quaint town famous for its historical associations and beautiful surroundings, and here I met some tourists from across the Atlantic (says Lady Phyllis in "The Bystander"). The American woman, whatever may be said of her brilliancy, capability, and the rest, is not a peaceful being when she swoops down upon the countryside—the freshness of June, strikes one rather forcibly—a huge mistake. Sauntering along the river I encountered many of these active sightseers, examining, ticketing, prying into the beauties of nature and the habitations of men. It made me rather breathless. They were all as busy as bees, hot, eager, uncomfortable; and simply racing to see how much they could put into the day. I cannot believe they enjoyed it. At some distance, lying on the grass, his hat over his eyes, and idly throwing stones into the water, 'Arry was taking his holiday, vaguely contented with the rest and the somewhat florid charms of 'Arriet. I was never tempted before to admire the holiday-making of 'Arry; but now his sleepy serenity seemed almost a beautiful thing. "Next time I go away," I said, addressing a meek-looking cow, or the brightly-garbed form of 'Arriet, or anything or anyone else that would listen, "I will avoid tourists—especially when they are American."

* * * * *

The "no hat" craze has extended to the ladies in Tunbridge Wells. A simple bow of ribbon is a favourite piece of millinery.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary 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 134th prize has been divided between Mr. E. W. Toms, 30 Promenade, and Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons respectively by Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Philip Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's Church, Cheltenham.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

Picture blocks similar to those in this paper, and suitable for any trade or profession or any kind of printing, are produced by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co. at about half the prices usually charged locally. There are no better business advertisements! Drop us a post-card, and our photographer will call and arrange matters without further trouble to you.

One-eighth of the total population of the United States consists of negroes (says the "Daily Telegraph" Washington correspondent), and it is to be presumed from the advertisements that appear in their newspapers that the majority of them are anxious to become white. On no other hypothesis can the immense sale of quack preparations for bleaching the skin and taking kinks out of curly hair be explained. With the object of protecting the negroes, the postal authorities have decided to exclude all magazines and newspapers inserting such advertisements from the American mails.

* * * * *

TO ENCOURAGE TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE.

To keep pace with the growing demand for technical instruction, the directors of the London and North-Western Company have recently provided at Crewe an electrical engineering laboratory, equipped with all appliances necessary for teaching electrical engineering, and have arranged for a number of apprentices in the works to spend one afternoon per week in this laboratory, in order to receive instruction, at the same time paying their wages for the time thus occupied as though it were spent in the works at their ordinary duties. The laboratory is also utilised for evening-class students of the Crewe Mechanics' Institution. A mechanics' shop is also attached to the institution, containing lathes, drilling machines, etc., worked electrically. The object of the company in establishing the Mechanics' Institution was primarily to give their young workpeople the advantage of a good education, so that they could be taught theory at the institution while they learned the practical part in the works. Membership of the institution has, however, always been open to non-employees resident in the town. The fees charged are merely nominal, and this, owing to the financial support contributed by the company, which is mainly derived from a portion of the entrance fees paid by apprentices (not the sons of employees in Crewe Works) for admission into the works, the sons of employees being allowed free admission. The Crewe institution receives national grants for educational results, but no grant is received from the local authorities, as the Cheshire County Council, the administrative authority, makes it a condition only to give grants where representation is allowed, and up to the present time the directors of the company have objected to any outside interference with the detailed working of the institution.—"Railway Towns," in the "Windsor Magazine."

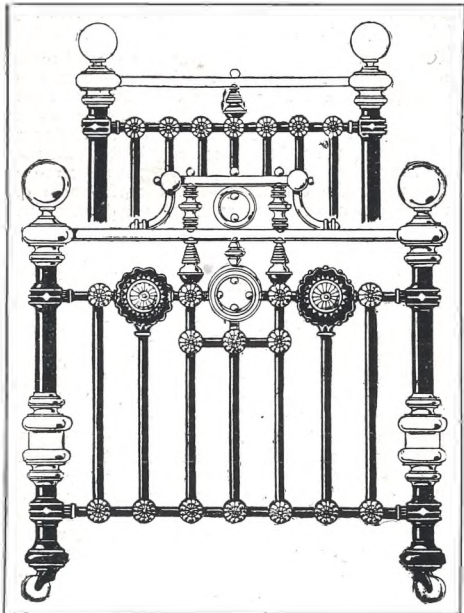
ORIGIN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

In days when lottery circulars, however disguised, are hunted down by the Post-office authorities with the greatest energy, if with little success, it is somewhat astonishing to be told that the British Museum owes its origin to a lottery authorised by Parliament and run by the State. The fact was noticed in the address which Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, the newly-installed president, read on Tuesday morning to the International Ornithological Congress, which is holding its meetings in the Imperial Institute. The great museum of national treasures was founded in 1753. In that year Sir Hans Sloane died, and in his will offered his collection, which had cost him £50,000 to bring together, for purchase by the nation. Parliament bought it for £20,000, and it became necessary to obtain a house to put it in. A great State lottery was set on foot, and the proceeds amounted to nearly £100,000, which sufficed to provide accommodation for this and many other collections which were subsequently acquired by the nation. Montague House, Bloomsbury, a large building standing in its own grounds, was purchased for £10,000, and, being pulled down some years later, when its walls, even extended as they had been, became too cramped adequately to fulfil their duties, provided the site for a more suitable storehouse, the present British Museum. Not till 1837 did the zoological section of the national collections, in which the Ornithological Congress is more particularly interested, grow sufficiently important to be catalogued separately, but when the specimens from the Zoological Society's museum—which had for some time been carried on in opposition—were brought to Bloomsbury, this section rapidly increased, and it was removed to the newly-erected Natural History Museum at South Kensington something like twenty years ago. None of the birds left by Sir Hans Sloane now remain. Means of preservation were not so good

then as now, and all the zoological specimens have withered away with time, and a similar fate has overtaken all except one of the birds which were placed in the museum as the result of Captain Cook's voyages. The International Ornithological Congress was inaugurated twenty years ago, and holds its meetings at intervals of five years in one or other of the important districts of Europe. This is its first visit to London. The idea is to encourage legislation for the preservation of live birds, and generally to assist to promote the entente cordiale between the civilised nations of the world. Nearly 400 delegates are attending the Imperial Institute meetings from all parts of Europe and from America. The Congress continues for ten days, in the course of which a number of papers will be read of interest to lovers of bird life.

GOOD WORK OF A RAILWAY COMPANY.

"A most beneficent institution at Swindon," writes a contributor to the "Windsor," "is the G.W.R. Medical Fund Society, which has no less than eleven doctors on its staff, besides a dental surgeon, an assistant dentist, and seven dispensers. There is a well-appointed cottage hospital in connection with this society, which also owns a commodious dispensary, washing and Turkish baths, swimming baths, hairdressing and shaving saloons, and a dentistry, and provides invalid chairs for the benefit of its members. Subscriptions are made through the funds to a number of hospitals and convalescent homes. Membership of this society is compulsory upon employees of the Great Western Railway Company in the town, and it is managed on a self-supporting basis by a committee of the members. It was established as long ago as 1847, and has done an incalculable amount of good work."



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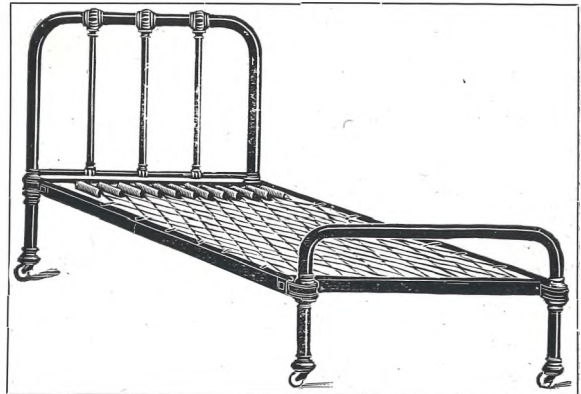
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Handsome Bedstead, all Brass, £2 19s. 6d.

New designs in Black and Brass from 25/6 to £7 7s.

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Better qualities 10/11 to 25/6.
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