

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 279.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING (7.45),

"Dare Devil Dorothy."

NEXT WEEK:

"AT CRIPPLE CREEK."

Times and prices as usual.

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MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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of your continued patronage.

85 WINCHCOMB STREET, CHELTENHAM.



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

MAY DAY AT WITHINGTON.

Annually on May 1st the children attending Withington National School decorate the May-pole that stands opposite the school. The custom was carried out as usual on Tuesday last, and they chose the May Queen and danced and sang songs round the May-pole. Mrs. Fallon afterwards distributed a quantity of sweets.

"ENGLAND'S BEST GIFT."

WHERE MOTOR-CARS ARE WORSHIPPED.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held on Tuesday at Exeter Hall, when Sir John Kennaway, M.P., the president, occupied the chair.

The annual report, in a review of missionary effort throughout the world, urged that Christianity was the best gift which England could make to her ally Japan, and added that the real hope for China lay in building up the Christian Church and so raising the whole standard of both family and business life. This view had been set before the Chinese Commissioners who were now visiting England.

How urgently India still needed the civilising influence of the Gospel was shown in the fact that within the past two years widows sacrificed themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands, and that the motor-car was worshipped there as "an incarnation of the spirit of the age." A Japanese judge had been baptised by Bishop Fyson, and on the Indian frontier an Afghan Mullah had been led to embrace Christianity. No fewer than 72 new missionaries had been enrolled. The total receipts amounted to £382,460, being £46,000 more than last year, and just enough to meet expenses.

A NEW GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS.

* * *

The King has been pleased to appoint Major Quentin Graham Kinnaird Agnew, M.V.O., D.S.O., a member of his Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, in succession to the late Major C. E. Gubbins. Major Agnew, who only retired from active service on Friday last, has had an exceptionally distinguished career in the Army, extending over twenty years. He formerly belonged to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, entering that regiment from the Militia in April, 1886, shortly afterwards accompanying Major-General (now Field-Marshal) Sir George White, V.C., as an aide-de-camp throughout the campaign in Burmah, for which he was twice mentioned in despatches. Subsequently he saw much active service in India; and during the recent campaign in South Africa he fought with distinction at the relief of Ladysmith, the battle of Colenso, the operations on Tugela Heights, and many other important engagements, down to the end of the war, when his services were rewarded with recognition in despatches, the Queen's medal with six clasps, the King's medal with two clasps, and the Distinguished Service Order. For a long time he officiated as assistant military secretary to the Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar, and in 1903 was created a M.V.O.

THE HAUNTED SPINNEY.

*

[By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL.]

I.

It was a cold night. Rain had been falling steadily not only for hours but days—the ground was saturated. As I walked along the country lane, the slush splashed over my boots and trousers. To my left was a huge stone wall, behind which I could see the nodding heads of firs, and through them the wind was rushing, making a curious whistling sound—now loud, now soft, roaring and gently murmuring. The sound fascinated me. I fancied it might be the angry voice of a man and the plaintive pleading of a woman, and then a weird chorus of unearthly beings, of grotesque things that stalked along the Cornish moors, and crept from behind huge boulders.

Nothing but the wind was to be heard. I stood and listened to it. I could have listened for hours, for I felt in harmony with my surroundings—lonely. The moon showed itself at intervals from behind the scudding clouds and lighted up the open landscape to my left. A gaunt hill covered with rocks, some piled up pyramidically, others strewn here and there; a few trees with naked arms tossing about and looking distressfully slim beside the more stalwart boulders; a sloping field or two, a couple of level ones, crossed by a tiny path, and the lane where I stood. The scenery was desolate—not actually wild, but sad and forlorn, and the spinney by my side lent an additional weird aspect to the place which was pleasing to me.

Suddenly I heard a sound—a familiar sound enough at other times, but at this hour and in this place everything seemed different. A woman was coming along the road—a woman in a dark cloak with a basket under her arm, and the wind was blowing her skirts about her legs.

I looked at the trees. One singularly gaunt and fantastic one appalled me. It had long, gnarled arms, and two of them ended in bunches of twigs like hands—yes, they were exactly like hands—huge, murderous-looking hands, with bony fingers. The moonlight played over and around me—I was bathed in it—I had no business to be on the earth—my proper place was in the moon—I no longer thought it—I knew it. The woman was close at hand. She stopped at a little wicket gate leading into the lane skirting the north walls of the spinney. I felt angry; what right had she to be there, interrupting my musings with the moon? The tree with the human hands appeared to agree with it. I saw anger in the movements of its branches—anger which soon blazed into fury as they gave a mighty bend towards her as if longing to rend her in pieces.

I followed the woman, and the wind howled louder and louder through those rustling leaves.

How long I scrambled on I do not know. As soon as the moonlight left me I fell into a kind of slumber—a delicious trance—broken by nothing save the murmurings of the wind and the sighing and groaning of the winds—sweeter music I never heard. Then came a terrible change—the charm of my thoughts was broken, I awoke from my reverie.

A terrific roar broke on my ears and a perfect hurricane of rain swept through the woods. I crept cold and shivering beneath the shelter of the trees. To my surprise a hand fell on my shoulder; it was a man, and like myself he shivered.

"Who are you?" he whispered in a strangely hoarse voice. "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," I replied, shaking off his grasp.

"Well—tell me, for God's sake, man!" He was frightened, trembling with fright. Could it be the storm, or was it—was it those trees? I told him then and where why I had trespassed—I was fascinated—the wind, and the trees had led me thither.

"So am I," he whispered, "I am fascinated! It is a long word but it describes my sentiments. What did the wind sound like?"

I told him. He was a poor, common man, and had no poetical ideas—the wildly romantic had never interested him—he was but an ignorant labouring man.

"Sounded like sighing, groaning, and so on?" he asked, shifting uneasily from one foot to another. He was cold, horribly cold. "Was that all?"

"Yes, of course! Why ask?" I replied. Then I laughed. This stupid, sturdy son of toil had been scared; to him the sounds had been those of his Cornish bogies—things he had dreaded in his infancy. I told him so. He didn't like to hear me make fun of him; he didn't like my laugh, and he persisted: "Was that all you heard?"

Then I grew impatient and asked him to explain what he meant.

"Well," he said, "I thought I heard a scream—a cry! Just as if someone had jumped out on someone else and taken them unawares! Maybe it was the wind—only the wind; but it had an eerie sound."

The man was nervous. The storm had frightened away whatever wits he may have possessed.

"Come, let us be going," I said, moving away in the direction of the wall. I wanted to find a new exit, I was tired of paths.

The man kept close to me. I could hear his teeth chatter. Accidentally I felt his hand brush against mine; his flesh was icy cold. He gave a cry as if a snake had bitten him. Then the truth flashed through me—the man was mad; his terror, his strange manner showing it, and now this sudden shrinking from me, revealed it all—he was mad: The moon and trees had done their work.

"I'm not going that way," he said. "Come along with me: I want to see which of the trees it was that cried!" His voice was changed, he seemed suddenly to have grown stronger. There was no insanity in his tone now, but I knew the cunning of the insane, and I feared to anger him, so I acquiesced. What an idea! One of the trees had cried; did he mean the wind? He grew sullen when I jeered at him. He led me to a little hollow in the ground, and I noticed the prints of several feet in the wet mud; then I saw something which sent the cold blood to my heart—a woman bathed in blood lay before me. Somehow she was familiar to me. I looked again—then again. Yes! there was the dark shawl, the basket, broken it was true, with the contents scattered, but it was the same basket; it was the woman I had seen coming down the road.

"My God! Whatever is this?" the man by my side spoke. He swayed backwards and forwards on his feet, his face white and awful in the moonlight—he was sick with terror. "On, God! it is horrible! horrible!" Then with a sudden earnestness and a crafty look in his eyes he bent over her. "Who is it?" he cried. "Who is the poor wretch?" I saw him peer into her face, but he didn't touch her—he dreaded the blood. Then he started back, his eyes filled with such savageness as I had never seen in any man's before; he looked a devil—he was a devil. "It's my wife!" he shrieked. "My wife!" His voice fell and turned into what sounded like a sob. "It's Mary! She was coming back to St. Ives. It was her cry! There—see it—confound you! You have it on your arm—your coat—it is all over you!" I raised his hand to strike me; the moonlight fell on it—a great coarse hand, and I noticed with a thrill of horror a red splash on it—it was blood! The man was a murderer! He had killed her, and with all the cunning of the madman was trying to throw the guilt on me.

I sprang at him with a cry of despair. He kicked, bit, and tried to tear my arms from his neck; but somehow I seemed to have ten times my usual strength. And all the while we struggled a sea of faces waved to and fro, peering down at us from the gaunt trees above.

He gave in at length; and I held him no longer with the iron grip, and help came in the shape of a policeman.

The man seemed to grasp the situation easily. There had been a murder, the man whom I had secured was known to him. He was a labouring man, of unsteady habits; he had been drinking, had met and quarrelled with his wife. The rest was to be seen in the ghastly heap before us.

The wretch had no defence, he seemed dazed, and eyed the bloodstains on his face and clothes in a stupid kind of way.

I slipped five shillings into the policeman's hand when we parted. He thanked me and pocketed the money; he knew his position and mine too—I was a gentleman and a very plucky one at that. So I thought as I walked back to my rooms, yet I lay awake and shuddered at visions of the nodding heads of trees rose before me, and from without, across the silent rows of houses, lanes, and fields, there rose and fell again the wailing of a woman—of a woman in distress.

II.

The murder in the spinney was an event in St. Ives; the people were unused to such tragedies, and it afforded them conversation for many weeks. The evidence against the husband was conclusive, he had been caught red-handed, he was an habitual drunkard, and he paid the penalty for his crime in the usual manner. I left St. Ives; I had seen enough of Cornwall, and thirsted for life in London once more, yet often at night the sighing of the wind in the trees sounded in my ears and bid me visit them once more. One day as I was sitting by my fire with a pile of magazines by my side, taking life easily, for I had nothing to do but kill time, my old friend Frank Wedmore looked me up. We had been at Clifton together in the far off eighties, and he was the only friend of the old set of whom I had lost sight.

He had not altered so much, in spite of a moustache and a fair sprinkling of white hairs. I should have known him had I met him anywhere. He was wearing a Chesterfield coat, very spruce and smart, and his face was red with healthy exercise.

"How are you, old chap?" he exclaimed, shaking hands in the hearty fashion of true friendship. I winced, for he had strong hands.

"Oh, fit enough," I said, "but a bit bored. But you—well, you look just the same, and fresh as a daisy." I gave him the easy chair.

"Oh, I'm first rate—plenty of work. I'm a journalist, you know. Plenty of grind, but I'm taking a bit of a holiday. You look pale. Your eyes are bad?"

I told him they got strained if I read much. "I daresay you will think me mad," he went on, "but I'm going to ask you rather a curious question. I remember you used to be fond of ghosts and all sorts of queer things."

I nodded. We had many such discussions in my study at school.

"Well, I am a member of the Psychological Research Society."

I smiled doubtfully. "Well, you can't say they have discovered much. The name is high-sounding, but nothing beyond."

"Never mind. Some day, perhaps, we shall show the public that at present it is only in the early stages of investigation."

Wedmore lit a cigarette, puffed away in silence for a few seconds, and then went on:—

I am undertaking a little work for the society now."

"Where?"

"In Cornwall. Ever been there?"

I nodded. Wedmore was very much at his ease.

"Been to St. Ives?"

I knew by instinct he would mention the place. He thought I looked ill, and told me I had been overdoing it.

"It is merely a case of 'flu,'" I assured him. "I had it six weeks ago, and still feel the effects."

The woman in the hollow was before me; I saw again her shabby shawl and the blood round her throat.

"There was a murder down there a short time ago."

I heard of it," I remarked casually. "It was a wife murder, I believe."

"Yes! just a common wife murder, and the fellow was caught and hanged."

"Then why the ghost?"

"Well, that is the odd part of it," Wedmore said slowly, leaning back in his chair, his long legs stretched out. "I have heard from two St. Ives artists—I beg their pardon, golfists—that screams have been heard in the spinney about twelve o'clock at night. Not the time for practical jokers, and the Cornish are too superstitious to try their pranks in unsavoury spots. And from what I heard, the spot is singularly uncanny."

"They haven't seen anything?" I asked.

"No. Only heard the cries, and they are so terribly realistic and appalling that no one cares to pass the place at night; indeed, it is utterly banned. I mentioned the case to old Potters—you may have heard of him, he is the author of 'When the Veil is Cleared Away'—and he pressed me to go down and investigate. I agreed—then I thought I would look you up. Do you recollect your pet aversion in the way of ghosts?"

I nodded. "Yes, and I still have the aversion. I think locality exercises strange influence over some minds. The peaceful meadow scenery holds no lurking horrors in its bosom, but in the lonesome moorlands, full of curiously moulded boulders, grotesque weakness must affect one there—

creatures seem to come, odd and ill-defined as their surroundings. As a child I had a peculiar horror of those tall, odd-shaped boulders, with seeming faces—featureless, it is true, but sometimes strangely resembling humans and animals. I believe the spinney may be haunted by something of this nature—terrible as the trees!"

"You know the spinney?"
"I do. And I know the trees."
Again in my ears the wind rushed, as it had on the night in question.

"Will you come with me?" Wedmore eyed me eagerly. The same old affection he had once entertained for me was ripening in his eyes; indeed, it had always remained there. Should I go? An irresistible impulse seized me, a morbid craving to look once more at the blood-stained hollow, to hear again the wind. I looked out of the window, the sky was cold and grey. There were rows and rows of chimneys everywhere, a sea of chimneys, an ocean of dull, uninviting smoke. I began to hate London and to long for the countless miles of blue sea, and the fresh air of the woods. I assented, when better judgment would have led me to refuse.

"Yes; I will go. As for the ghost, it may be there, but it is not as you think, it is not the apparition of a man, it may be in part like a man, but it is one of those cursed nightmares I have always had; I shall see it, hear it shriek, and if I drop dead from fright, you, old man, will be to blame."

Wedmore was an enthusiast, psychical adventure always allured him, and he would run the risk of my weak heart, and have me with him.

A thousand times I prepared to go back on my word, a thousand tumultuous emotions of some impending disaster rushed through me. I felt on the border of an abyss, dark and hopeless; I was pushed on by invisible and unfriendly hands; I knew I must fall, knew that the black depths in front would engulf me eternally. I took the plunge. We talked over Clifton days, and arranged our train to the west. Wedmore looked very boyish I thought as he arose to go, and stood smiling his good-bye in the doorway.

He was all kindness, I liked him more than ever. I felt my heart go out to him, and yet, somehow, as we stood looking at one another, a grey shadow swept around him, and an icy pang shot through my heart.

III.

It was night once more, and the moonlight poured in floods from over the summit of the knoll where the uncanny boulders lay. Every obstacle stood silhouetted against the dark background. A house with its white walls stood grim and silent, the paths running in various directions up and alongside the hill were made doubly clear in the whiteness of the beams that fell on them. There was no swift clouds, nothing to hide the brilliance of the stars, and it was nearly midnight. The air was cold—colder than is usual in St. Ives. The lights of many boats twinkled on the bay, and Godrevy stood out boldly away to the right, looking not more than a mile or so away. There were no lights to be seen in St. Ives itself. The town was absolutely still and dark; not a voice, not a sound, not even the baying of a dog.

It was very ghostly, and I shivered. Wedmore stood by my side. I glanced apprehensively at him. Why did he stand in the moonlight? What business had he there? I laughed, but I fear there was but little mirth in the sound.

"I wish you would stop that infernal noise!" he said. "I am pretty nervous as it is."

"All right," I whispered. "I won't do it again." But I did, and he edged sharply away from me. I looked over his head; there was the gaunt tree with the great hands—I fancied the branches were once again fingers; I told him so.

"For God's sake, man, keep quiet," he replied. "You are enough to upset anyone's nerves." He pulled out his match for the hundredth time. "It's close on the hour."

I again looked at the trees and listened. Suddenly, although there had been absolute silence before, I heard a faint breathing sound, a very gentle murmur. It came from over the distant knoll. Very soft and low, but gradually louder and louder, and then as it rushed past us into the spinney beyond, I saw once more the great trees rock beneath it, and again came those voices—those of the woman and the man.

Wedmore looked ill, very ill I thought. I touched him on the arm. "You are frightened,"

I said. "You, a member of the Research Society, you afraid?"

"Something is going to happen!" he gasped. "I felt it, I know it—we shall see the murder—we shall know the secret of death! What is that?"

Away in the distance the tapping of shoes came through the still night air. Tap—tap—tap—down the path from the knoll. I clutched Wedmore by the arm. "You think you will see the murder, do you? And the murderer?"

Wedmore didn't answer, his breath came in gasps; he looked about him like a man at bay.

"And the murderer! Ha! It comes from there! See, it is looking at us from those trees. It is all arms and legs, it has no human face. It will drop to the earth, and then we shall see what happens!"

Tap—tap—tap. The steps grew louder—nearer and nearer they came. The great shadows from the trees stole down one by one to meet them.

I looked again at Wedmore, he was fearfully expectant; so was I.

A woman came tripping along the path; I knew her in an instant—there was the shabby shawl, the basket on her arm—it was the same. She approached the wicket. I looked at Wedmore, he was spellbound with fear; I touched his arm. I dragged him with me.

"Come!" I whispered, "we shall see which of us is right. You think the ghostly murderer will resemble us—resemble men. It won't. Come!" I dragged him forward. Had it not been for me he would have fled, but I was firm. We passed through the gate; we followed the figure as it silently glided on. We turned to the left. The place grew very dark as the trees met overhead.

I heard the trickling of water and knew we were close to the ditch.

I gazed intently at the trees; when would the horror drop from them? A sickly terror laid hold of me. I turned to fly.

To my surprise Wedmore stopped me; he was all excitement. "Wait!" he hissed, "wait! It is you who are afraid. Hark! It is twelve o'clock!"

And as he spoke the clock of the parish church slowly tolled midnight.

Then the end came. An awful scream rank out, so piercing and so full of terror that I felt the blood in my heart stand still. But no figure dropped from the trees. Not from the trees, but from behind the woman a form darted forward, and seized her round the neck; it tore at her throat with its hands, it dragged and hurried her into the moonlight, and then, oh, damning horror, I saw its face—it was my own.

The world in general laughed at the strange tale of Francis Wedmore.

The madman he had led at midnight, gibbering into St. Ives, did not convince the sceptical readers of the London dailies with his corroboration. But the St. Ives people knew and understood. It is on account of that the spinney so soon lost its ghosts, though the wind whistles as dismally there as ever.

The Swansea municipal telephone system for the past year discloses a profit of £534, as compared with £283 on the previous statement for a period of seventeen months.

"It is safe to say that there are a quarter of a million consumptives in England and Wales," said Dr G. A. Heon in an address to the Royal Sanitary Institute.

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AN EVERGREEN ACTRESS.

I suppose Enocharbus's description of Cleopatra,

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety,

must often, and aptly, have been applied of late to Miss Ellen Terry, who celebrates this year her golden wedding to Thalia. A Dublin friend told me he once saw a beggar woman looking with such noticeable intentness after an old gentleman who was tripping up Grafton-street with all the light alertness of boyhood, that he asked "What's the matter with the old gentleman?" "What's the matter wid him? Yerra look at him! He but touches the ground in an odd place!" Similarly Miss Ellen Terry treads the boards, "which she hardly seems to touch," with all the girlish grace of fifty years ago. Mrs. Cibber when close on sixty was cast for the part of the sixteen-year-old heroine, Celia, of Whitehead's comedy "The School for Lovers." When the play was read over to the performers at Garrick's house, someone suggested that the age of the heroine should be advanced by a few years to make the discrepancy between it and that of the lady who was to play the part less noticeable. Mrs. Cibber, however, who was reading over the play with the help of a pair of spectacles, protested that the part of a girl of sixteen suited her better than that of a woman of twenty-five! And such was the grace and gaiety of her representation of Celia that the audience agreed with her!—"T.P.'s Weekly."

SHAKESPEARE'S PUNS.

Matter-of-fact critics have been sorely puzzled at the way Shakespeare's characters have of punning in moments of stress and agony. Who can forget Lady Macbeth's horrible jest? It is dead of night. Macbeth has murdered the king, his guest, and comes down the stairs to his wife, who, with nerves strung tense, stands waiting his success. He has done the crime with the daggers of the king's own grooms, sleeping near him. Dazed and half mad, he has brought the daggers down with him. They must be taken back; but, broken and terror-stricken, he refuses to face again the sight of his slaughtered king. So Lady Macbeth herself takes the daggers, and ascends to the chamber of horror. As she climbs the stairs she hisses out her terrible pun:

If he do bleed I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.

There comes into our mind, also, the dying John of Gaunt, taking leave of his life in an agony of sorrow for the woes of his country, and punning dismally on his own name throughout a dozen lines:

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones. No wonder that the king asks "Can sick men play so nicely with their names?" We think of Constance, and of her frantic despair as she hears of the peace between France and England, cemented by a marriage, which means the ruin of her son Arthur and herself. With wild energy she turns on the King of France, who had promised to maintain her against the usurper John, and upbraids him for his perfidy. And in the midst of her vehemence we are startled by a sudden pun:—

"You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood, But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.

These tragic puns may be attacked by some on the ground of incongruity, or defended by others with arguments drawn from the mysterious recesses of human nature. For most of us it is enough that they are Shakespeare's.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

The sea-borne trade of India is increased in value from £151,611,541 in 1900-1 to £212,038,692 in 1904-5.

According to a return relatives to fires in England and Wales for the year 1905, issued on Monday night, altogether 15,285 cases of fire were recorded, involving a loss of property to the amount of £2,329,828. One hundred and eighty-five persons lost their lives, and 267 sustained personal injuries.



CHELTENHAM BOWLS CLUB.

SEASON 1906 OPENED BY THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR (ALD. SKILLICORNE, J.P.) ON MAY 2. MATCH BETWEEN THE MAYOR AND ALD. NORMAN AND MESSRS. W. H. HORSLEY (CAPT.) AND F. W. STRANGE (SECRETARY) ABOUT TO COMMENCE.



GROUP OF PROMINENT MEMBERS.

Names (reading left to right):

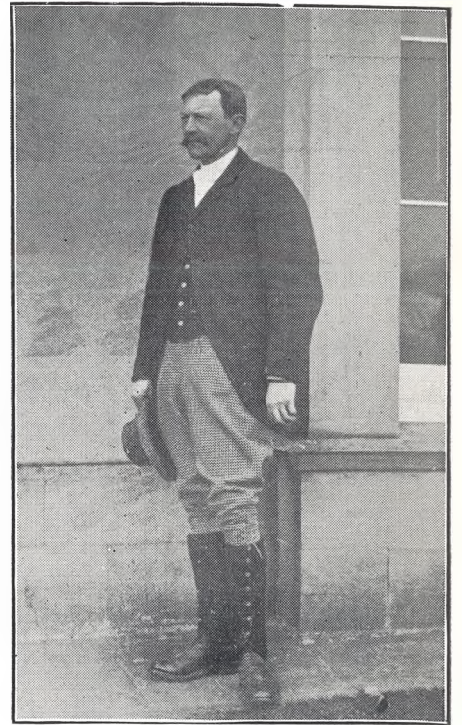
W. Griffiths, Gunning, Shenton, W. H. Horsley (captain), Granville, Connelly, Waite, Fisher, Goldsworthy, Powell, Beard, Strange (secretary), Atkins, Halliwell, Gwinnell, Astman, Juggins, Mayall, James, Wedberg, Gallop, Smith, Jones, Hayward, Rushton, Wilkins, J. K. Cooke (captain Stroud Bowling Club).



THE MAYOR BOWLS THE FIRST "WOOD" AND OPENS THE GROUND FOR THE SEASON.



SNAPSHOT OF SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.



NEW CHAIRMAN OF NORTHLEACH GUARDIANS.

Mr. Hugh Sidney Waller, of Farmington, near Northleach, who has been appointed chairman of Northleach Guardians and Rural District Council in succession to Mr. W. B. Minchin, who has resigned through leaving the neighbourhood. Mr. Waller has been a member of the Guardians and District Council for over twenty years, and was for ten years its vice-chairman.



STOW'S NEW COUNCIL CHAIRMAN.

Mr. J. F. Nicholls, of Stow-on-the-Wold, who has just been elected chairman of Stow Urban Council, which office carries with it the position of ex-officio magistrate. Mr. Nicholls has been a member of the Urban Council since its formation in 1895.

STRANGE FOSSILISED REPTILE.

*

The fossilised remains of a remarkable prehistoric reptile are occupying the attention of the antiquarians of Peterborough. The reptile, which is sixty feet deep in clay at Yaxley, near Peterborough, resembles a crocodile, except that it has flappers in the place of feet. It is described by experts as an ichthyosaurus, or fish lizard, but of an unusual type. It has two rows of spines on its back, and its tail is three feet in length.

USE

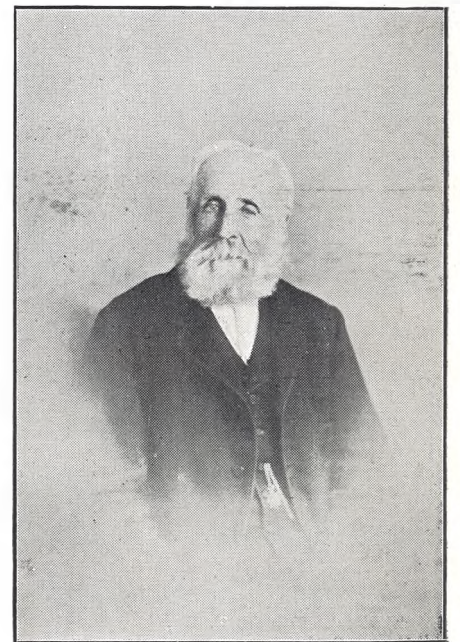
FORTH'S GERMAN POLISH.

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**PROCKTER AND FORTH,
CHEMISTS,
CHELTENHAM.**

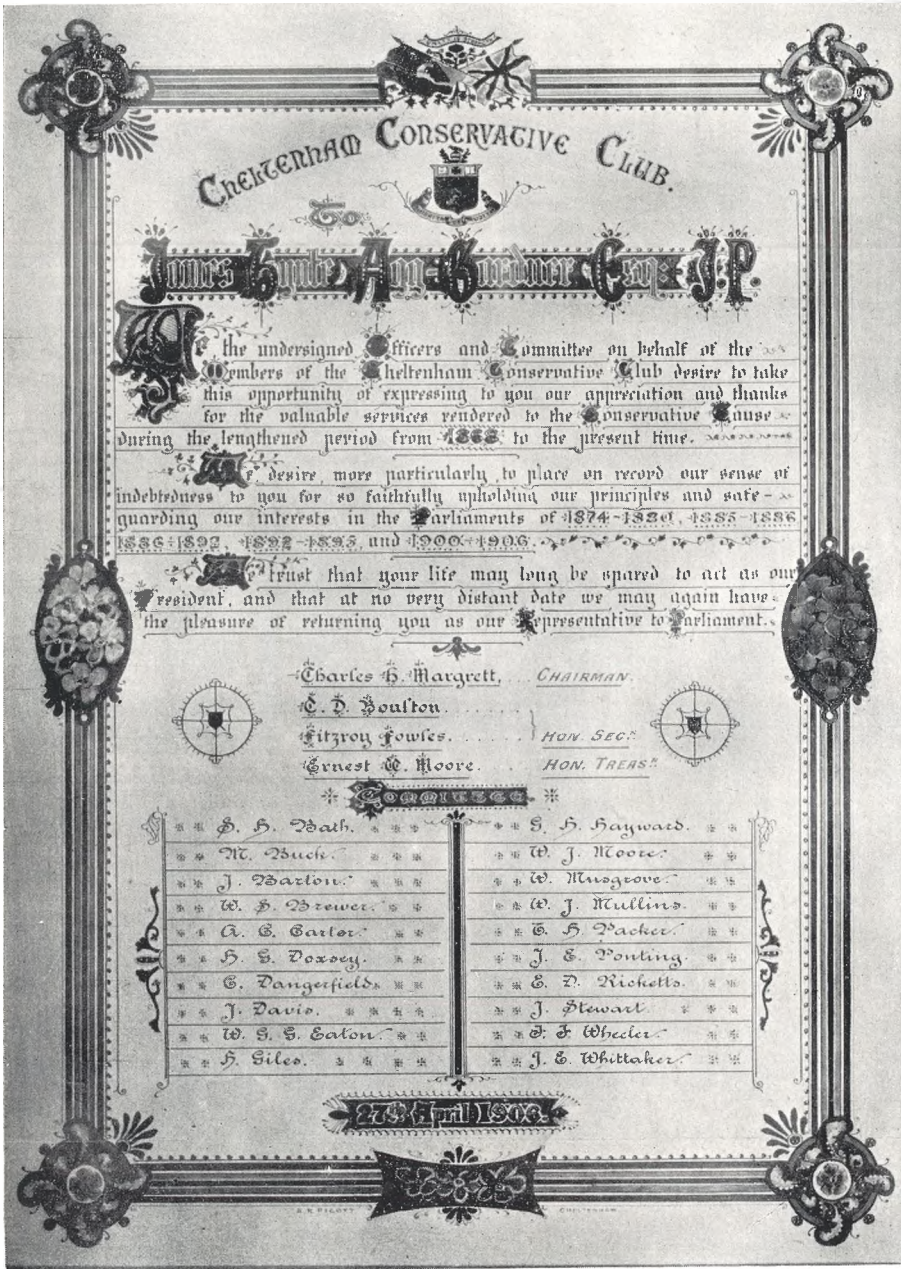


CHELTENHAM LAMPLIGHTER'S RECORD.

MR. J. W. AUSTIN,
OF 10 SWINDON-STREET, CHELTENHAM.
Lamplighter for 44 years. Walked 224,840 miles.

Of a brood of young blackbirds which have been reared in an orchard near Tiverton three are quite white.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



AGG-GARDNER PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

The address was presented to Mr. Agg-Gardner at the banquet given in his honour on April 27, 1906, and read as follows:—"Cheltenham Conservative Club.—To James Tynte Agg-Gardner, Esq., J.P.—We, the undersigned officers and committee, on behalf of the members of the Cheltenham Conservative Club, desire to take this opportunity of expressing to you our appreciation and thanks for the valuable services rendered to the Conservative cause during the lengthened period from 1868 to the present time. We desire more particularly to place on record our sense of indebtedness to you for so faithfully upholding our principles and safeguarding our interests in the Parliaments of 1874-80, 1885-6, 1886-92, 1892-95, and 1900-6. We trust that your life may long be spared to act as our president, and that at no very distant date we may again have the pleasure of returning you as our representative to Parliament. (Signed) Charles H. Margrett (chairman), T. D. Boulton, Fitzroy Fowles (hon. secs.), Ernest W. Moore (hon. treas.), S. H. Bath, M. Buck, J. Barton, W. S. Brewer, A. C. Carter, H. G. Doxsey, C. Dangerfield, J. Davis, W. G. G. Eaton, H. Giles, G. H. Hayward, W. J. Moore, W. Musgrove, W. J. Mullins, T. H. Packer, J. E. Ponting, E. D. Ricketts, J. Stewart, F. F. Wheeler, and J. E. Whittaker (committee). 27th April, 1906."

A man who was fined at Ware for keeping a dog without a license informed the Bench that he had kept one without a license for thirty years.

*

For so long a period has the head mistress of the infant school at Quorn, Loughborough, Leicestershire, held her post that she has taught the grandchild of a former pupil. She has been head mistress for forty years.

Last year 56,785 rats were destroyed at the London Docks.

*

The Midland Railway Company are providing new covered trucks specially built for the conveyance of motor-cars over their line.

*

Searching for his fox terrier in a wood near Great Leigh (Essex), a farmer found it playing with a fox.

"The Taff To The Tyne" alliteratively summarises the express route from Cardiff, on the river Taff, to Newcastle-on-Tyne that the Great Western Railway Co. inaugurated on May Day. I have for some time past anticipated this particular joining of the Great Western and Great Central for traffic purposes, but it now appears that the North-Eastern Co. has enabled the through work to be extended to the Novocastrian city. In fact, writing on May 7th, 1904, in reference to the surveying of the derelict Hatherley loop, I predicted that it foreshadowed its being brought into use for trains to convey Great Central and other traffic to and from Banbury and South Wales and the West.

* * *

The Banbury Branch, much improved since it passed into Great Western hands, is an important link in bringing the West, South Wales, Midlands, and North-East into closer communication than before. I have no doubt but that the Midland Co. will respond to this new Great Western competition by further accelerating trains to those of their districts affected. Thus the public will reap benefit, and I hope also the interested railways will get increased traffic. The necessity for quadrupling the joint railway between Gloucester and Lansdown Junction (to which I have often alluded) will be accentuated when the Honeybourne Railway adds its full quota of traffic to the great and ever increasing volume passing through Churchdown.

* * *

With the killing of their May Day fox by the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, an annual practice which was not unseasonable this belated spring-time, the curtain is rung down on the fox-hunting season of 1905-6. And it has been a very good one in this county, with plenty of sport and record kills of foxes, and with but few days stopped by frost or fog. The only human fatality was that of a groom killed in November at Olveston, when out with Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds. A well-known member of the Cotswold Hunt, however, in the person of Mr. W. A. R. Cannon, unfortunately met with his death by being thrown from a horse that he was exercising in Shropshire on January 30th. Railways proved death traps to two hounds, one of the Duke's being killed on the Great Western on February 17th, while "Raglan," a Cotswold dog hound, was run over by an M. and S.W.J. train in the Chedworth cutting on March 17th. This latter accident was a new and unwelcome experience in the history of the local pack.

* * *

The "bags" of the various packs covering this county are as follow:—Duke of Beaufort's, 128½ brace, as against 151½ brace; Lord Fitzhardinge's, 102 brace (eclipsing their record of 101 brace in the year 1902), as against 74½; the Croome, 57½—53; the North Cotswold, 50—37½; Earl Bathurst's, 43—41; the Ledbury, 36—35; the Cotswold, 35—34. Thus all these packs broke their records with the exception of the Duke's, which, however, ran 33 brace to ground.

* * *

Gloucestershire is always producing an election novelty. The latest comes from the Thornbury Division in the form of a farmer named Rugman, who, having an indispensable field to the local flower society, resolved to only allow its annual show to be held as usual therein this season on condition that Mr. Rendall, the new M.P., would not attend; and this the society was able to guarantee by the kind acquiescence of the boycotted member, who also generously sent a subscription to the funds. I think that Mr. Rugman might better have emulated the example of Lord Dunsany, who formerly represented the division in the Conservative interest, and who told me that, seeing Mr. Stafford Howard, whom he had defeated in 1886, and his family present as spectators at a fete of the Thornbury Habitation of the Primrose League, held on June 23rd, 1888, spontaneously took a snapshot of the whole party with his detective camera, he being anxious to secure a record of them in such unusual political company. And in default of snapshotting Mr. Rendall, Mr. Rugman might at least have derived some satisfaction in presenting him with a primrose or a bluebell on his own ground.

GLEANER.



CHELTENHAM TOWN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.
WINNERS OF THE GLOUCESTER AND DISTRICT LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1905-6.

Back Row (left to right): J. Stubbs (linesman), A. W. Quick, F. C. Rogers, H. Ward, R. E. Hall (committee), W. T. Blake, P. Bach, T. E. Andrews (joint hon. sec. and treas.), A. P. Sellick, W. Haden (committee), W. J. Lawrence (joint hon. sec. and treas.).
Second Row: F. Merry, A. Oakley, F. Cook, F. J. Troughton (capt.), C. S. Barnett, P. P. Barnett, W. Williams, W. Burcher (committee).
Bottom Row: A. Birt, C. Carter.



REST OF LEAGUE.

Back Row (left to right): E. D. Ricketts (vice-chairman), A. H. Smith, Quixley, Boughton (St. Michael's), H. E. Bradshaw (St. Paul's United), Mr. Barry Lewis (chairman), A. E. Wybrow (secretary), W. Haden (Emergency Committee).
Second Row: T. W. Maxwell (referee), Crouch (St. Michael's), S. E. Miles (St. Paul's United), W. Smith (capt.) (St. Michael's), A. E. Denton (St. Paul's United), Keeping (St. Luke's).
Bottom Row: H. Ingles (St. Paul's United), Green (Bourton Rovers).



A CHELTONIAN IN CANADA.
MR. R. NEWCOMBE,
LATE OF ST. PAUL'S, CHELTONHAM,
NOW OF MANITOBA, CANADA.

THE SMART POT-BOY.

The great comedian Shuter owed his education to an odd accident. When a pot-boy at a Covent Garden public-house he was despatched by a customer to fetch a coach. The coach was fetched, and the gentleman rode off, to find on his arrival at home that he had left in the coach a pocket-book containing papers of great consequence. As, however, he had not noted the number of the coach, he called next morning at the public-house to ask the pot-boy if he had taken note of it. Shuter, who could neither read nor write, nor express numbers in any other way than that in which he scored quarts and pints of porter against customers, answered the gentleman's inquiry with, "Two pots and a pint." "Two pots and a pint!" exclaimed the gentleman, turning perplexed to the landlord. The landlord explained that "two pots and a pint" answered to the figures 771, and that this must have been the number of the coach, as it was. The gentleman, delighted at once at the recovery of his pocket-book and at the smartness of the pot-boy, undertook the expense of Shuter's education, and continued his patron while he lived.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.
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A COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF GENTLEMEN'S

- STRAW HATS.
- SCOTCH TWEED CAPS.
- FELT HATS.

A. BECKINGSALE,
387 High Street,
CHELTONHAM.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTONHAM 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 179th prize has been awarded to Miss E. M. Robe, of Laurel Villa, Charlton Kings, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. C. Maskew, of Peterborough, at St. Mary's, Charlton Kings. Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

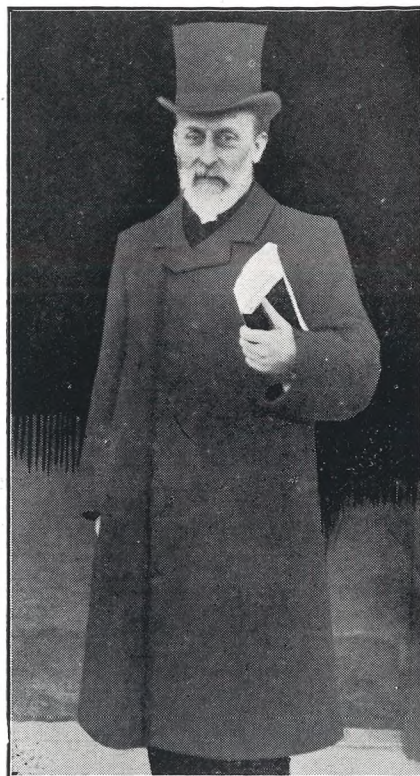
A genuine lock of Dickens's hair sold for £8 at a New York auction.

A hen at Thorpe has laid an egg upon the shell of which is the figure 5 as clearly formed as if embossed by a die stamp.



NEW CHURCH SCHOOL AT LECKHAMPTON.

OPENED APRIL 30, 1906.



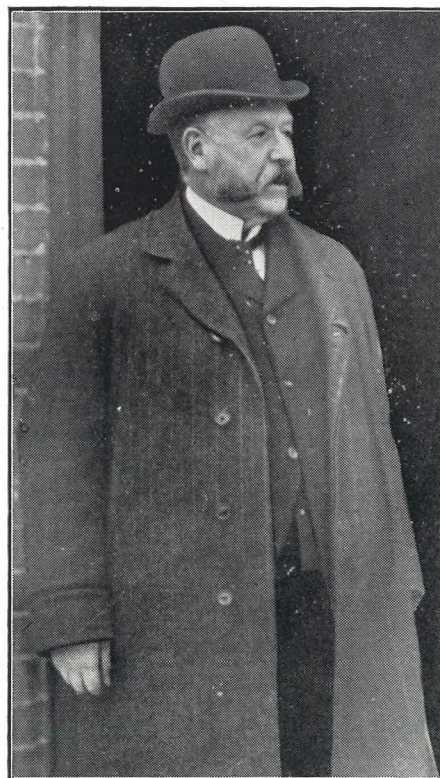
REV. CANON PROCTOR,
CURATE-IN-CHARGE OF LECKHAMPTON.



THE BUILDER
(Mr. J. D. Bendall).

THE ARCHITECT
(Mr. H. W. Chatters).

THE SCHOOLMASTER
(Mr. B. G. Thompson).



MR. G. B. WITTS,
MEMBER OF BUILDING COMMITTEE.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 280.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS EVENING (7.45),
"At Cripple Creek."

NEXT WEEK:

MR. AND MRS. F. R. BENSON
and their Shakesperian Co.

Times and prices as usual.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Price Lists on Application.

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SAFE DAIRY PRODUCE
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Largest Retailers of High-class Dairy
Produce in the Town.

DAIRY FARMS AT CHARLTON KINGS,
400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

All milk sold is guaranteed to be produced
on other than sewage-fed land.
TELEPHONE 0819.

PITCHER & SON.
NOTED FOR FIFTY YEARS IN THE TOWN
OF CHELTENHAM FOR GIVING THE
BEST VALUE IN ALL KINDS OF
FOOTWEAR.

Many have come and gone, but Pitcher still
remains. A Good Article at a Reasonable Price
has been Pitcher's Motto. Pitcher's is not a
Multiple Shop, but a Local Establishment.
Employ Local Labour, and Don't Send all the
Money out of the Town. You can get Just What
You Want at Pitcher's at Prices to Suit You.

NOTE ONLY ADDRESS—

85 WINGCOMB STREET, CHELTENHAM.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL NEW ORGAN,
DEDICATED MAY 10, 1906.

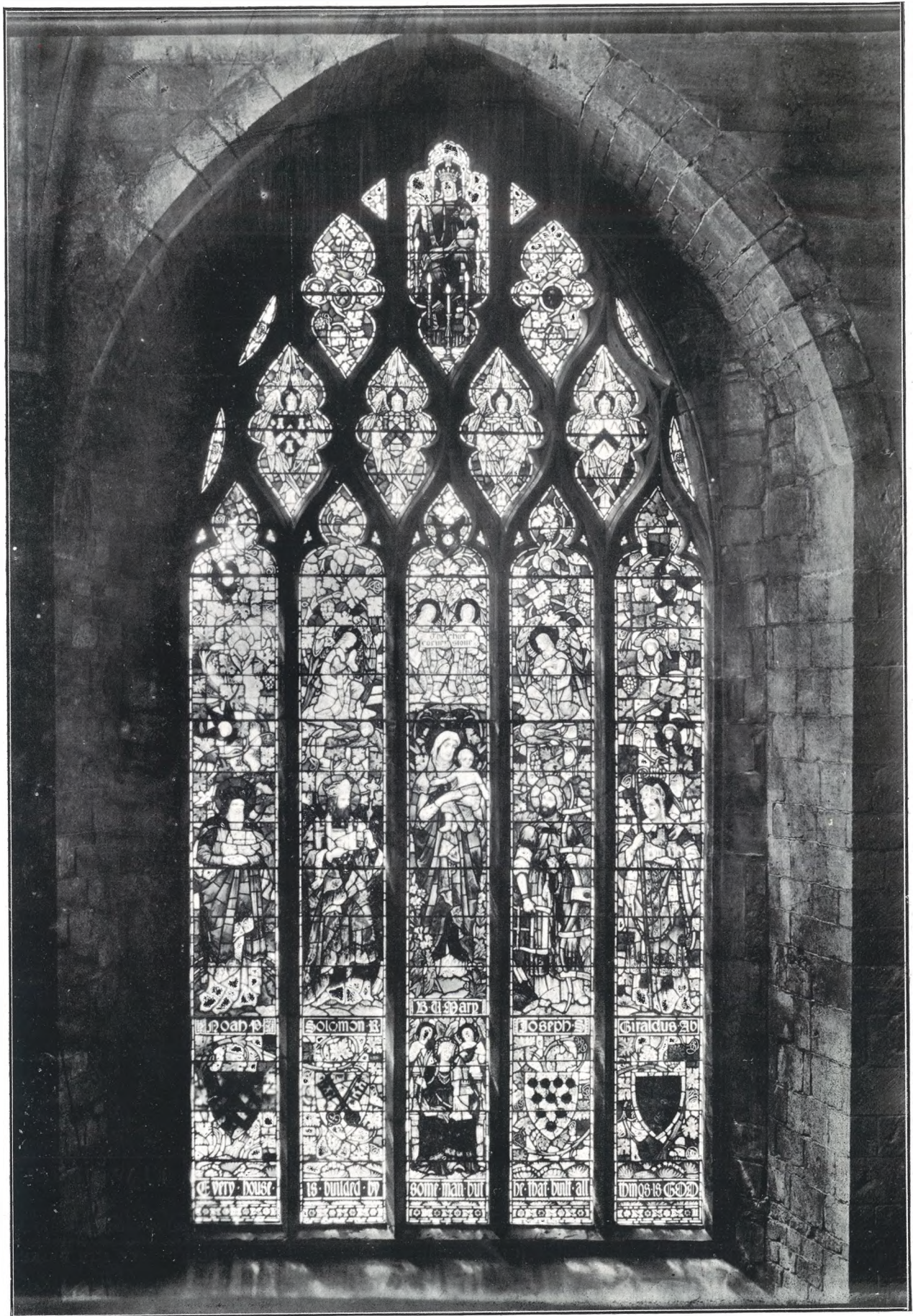
Built by Messrs. Norman and Beard, Ltd., Norwich and London. Case designed by Mr.
H. A. Prothero, Cheltenham, and carved by Messrs. Boulton and Sons, Cheltenham.

ENGLISH RELIGION.

In poetry and politics, in science and industry,
and in some branches of art and philosophy, the
English mind has been singularly creative. In
the matter of religion, however, it does not seem
to have exercised, as yet, any supreme and per-
manent influence on the rest of the world.—"The
Academy."

PROSPERITY AND DRINK.

The bulk of the population here in England
are better off than the same classes on the Con-
tinent, and have been accustomed for generations
to a more expensive style of living. In the
ordinary course of events it may be expected
that as German prosperity increases so will the
drinking habits of the people.—"Country Life."



"A TRUE MASTER BUILDER."

STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN TEWKESBURY ABBEY IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS COLLINS, J.P., OF TEWKESBURY. UNVEILED MAY 8, 1906.

Photo by Mallett and Sons, Tewkesbury

Stained-glass artists, Messrs. John Powell and Sons, London.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Military matters will bulk largely in three of the chief towns of the county during the next three days. For to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon there will be a combined church parade of the Gloucester Volunteers at the Cathedral, after which Brigadier-General W. A. Collings, commanding the South-Midland group, will inspect the parade on the Spa Cricket Field. Then Cirencester has its turn on Monday, when the old hands of the Militia battalion will assemble at headquarters and forthwith entrain and proceed to Salisbury Plain for their annual training, while, almost simultaneously the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry will detrain in the capital of the Cotswolds for the first time to encamp in Lord Bathurst's commodious and fine park. Finally, Cheltenham will, on Tuesday, be the scene of an interesting military function in the opening by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., etc., of the new Drill Hall, provided by public subscription for the two local companies of the County Rifle Battalion.

I regard with satisfaction the reverting to the practice of having a Gloucestershire camp for a Gloucestershire regiment, although it must be admitted there are a considerable number of Monmouthshire men and also a few from Somerset and Herefordshire in our Yeomanry. I ventured last June, when the regiment returned from its second year's training in Somerset, to say that Cirencester was the prospective ground for the 1906 drill, and so it will be in fact, thanks in a great measure to the facilities afforded by Lord Bathurst, than whom the local auxiliary forces have no greater friend. Cirencester is rising to the occasion; her townfolk will give the visitors a public welcome; and it is most satisfactory to find that over a dozen of her young men joined the regiment during last winter and will turn up in camp. It is much to be hoped that their patriotic example will stimulate other young fellows there to follow suit, for there ought at least to be a Cirencester troop in the near future.

Each year the camp regulations are made more stringent, and the Yeomanry training is no longer the easy time it was in the palmy days of the Cheltenham billets. This year there is to be a stiffening of the canteen rules in the direction that the troopers will not be served with any drinks between meals, and that their beverages at all other open times are to be restricted to ale and stout and minerals, provided the consent of the general commanding cannot be obtained for the serving of the class of drink they require. Punch will certainly be taboo, and I mention this insidious concoction merely because I well remember (though it is many years ago) when I was in the Rifles that Earl (William) Bathurst once kindly entertained our battalion after we had drilled in his park to dinner in the Corn Exchange, and, despite the fact that it was a blazing hot day, punch was the liquor, or liquors, served out. After an interregnum of several years the Yeomen are permitted to again assume their blue uniform with gold facings. No longer will they be absolutely "like convicts in khaki," as the Duke of Beaufort lamented just before his retirement from the command. While khaki is continued as the only wear for drills—the undignified slouch hat being superseded by a smart peak cap of blue, on which a khaki cover can be placed—the busby goes by the board, but for walking-out the old blue uniform is the thing, the only alteration being that two stripes of gold run down the trousers instead of one. Our gallant Hussars ought to be themselves again.

GLEANER.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

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FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

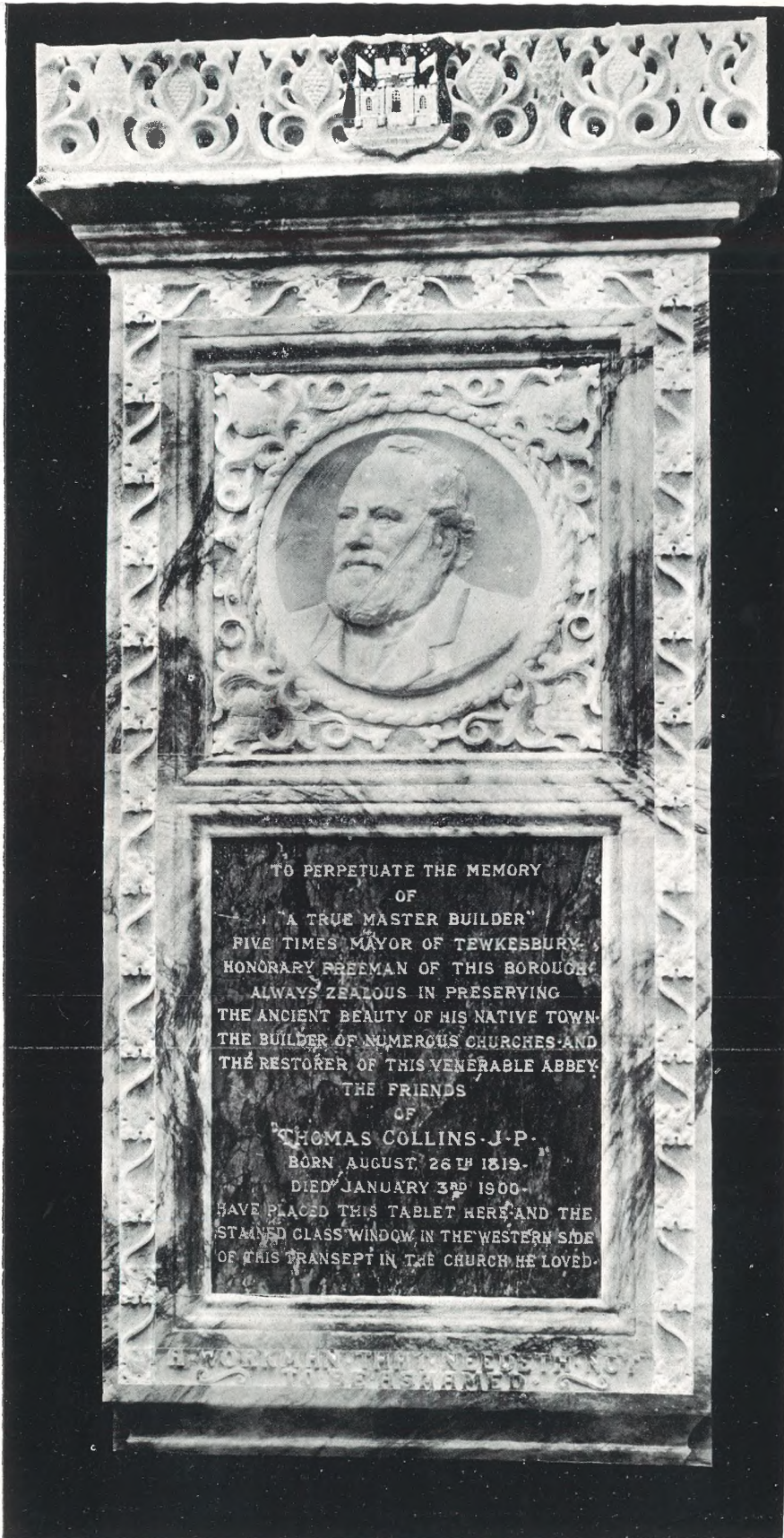
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library),

CHELTENHAM.

HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.



"A TRUE MASTER BUILDER."

MURAL TABLET AND MEDALLION IN TEWKESBURY ABBEY TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS COLLINS, J.P., OF TEWKESBURY. UNVEILED MAY 8, 1906.

Sculptors, Messrs. Boulton and Sons, Cheltenham.

Architect, John Oldrid Scott, London.

Photo by W. G. Barber, Bath-road, Cheltenham.



CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL—SCIENCE AND ART BLOCK.

TO BE OPENED IN SEPTEMBER AS A COUNTY CENTRE.

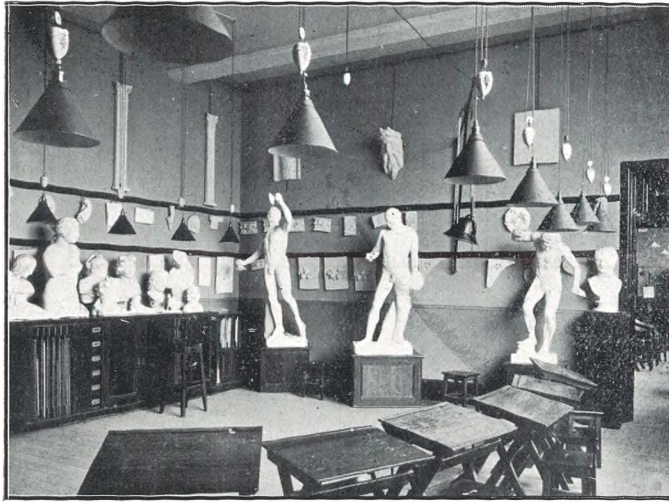
Architects, Messrs. Chatters and Smithson.

Builders, Messrs. Collins and Godfrey.



THE TEACHING STAFF.

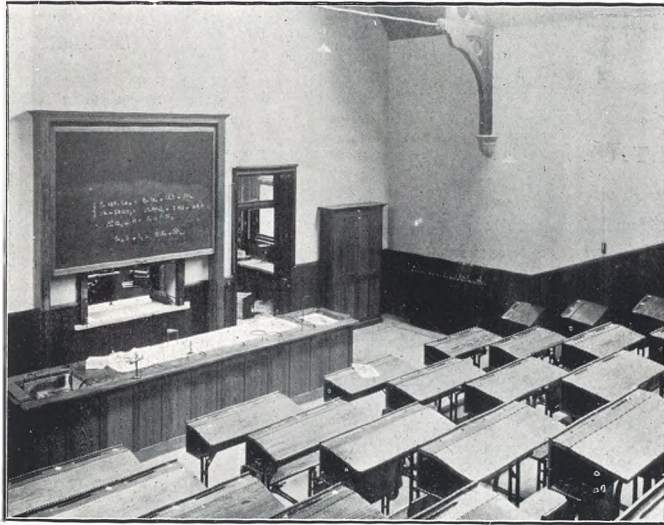
Back row (reading left to right): W. G. Oldland, M.A., F. A. Cavanagh, B.A., G. Fenning, H. L. White, M.A.
Middle row: Sergt. Barrow (drill instructor), A. E. Hudson, A.S.I., R.P.C. (plumbing instructor), F. C. Brock, B.A., F. Mason, F.I.P.S., E. B. Kilminster, F.I.P.S. (shorthand instructor), W. E. Stockings, M.Sc., F. C. Broad R. R. N. Baron, M.A., J. J. L. Oakey (manual instructor).
Front row: C. Stuart Millard, R.C.A. (master, school of art), Miss S. Evans, B.A., F. E. Fletcher (treasurer), H. S. Carrick, Miss E. B. Wilkins (shorthand), H. H. Robjohns, B.Sc. (director of modern and science instruction).



ANTIQUE ROOM, ART SCHOOL.



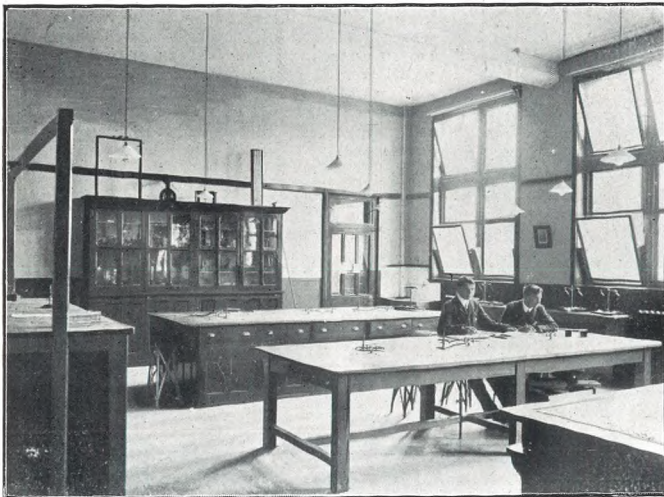
MODEL AND SHADING ROOM, ART SCHOOL,
WITH STUDENTS AT WORK.



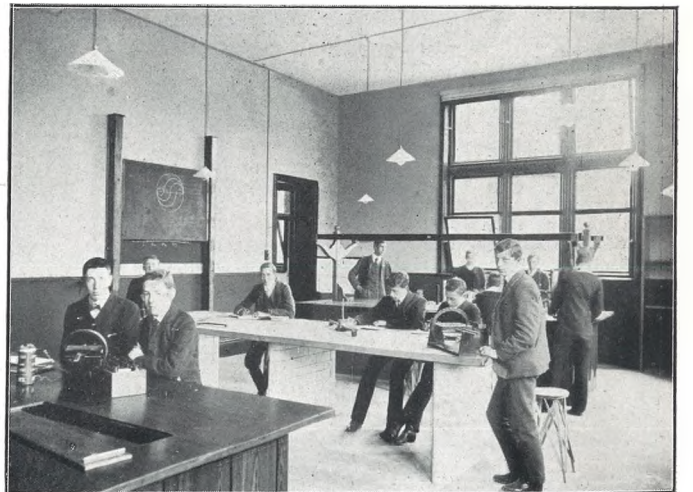
CHEMISTRY LECTURE THEATRE.



ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY LABORATORY.



ELEMENTARY PHYSICS LABORATORY.



ADVANCED PHYSICS LABORATORY.



NORTHELEACH AND SECONDARY EDUCATION.

COUNTY COUNCIL INQUIRY, MAY 4, 1906

Photo taken outside Northleach Institute, where inquiry was held (reading from left to right): Mr. F. W. B. Cripps, Mr. M. W. Colchester-Wemyss, Mr. H. W. Household, Mr. T. Davies, ———, Rev Canon Sewell, Mr. Robert Gray, and Mr. J. Sawyer.



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OR COLLEGE HOUSE. NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MR. F. GODWIN, J.P.

Photos by Barry Burge, Northleach.

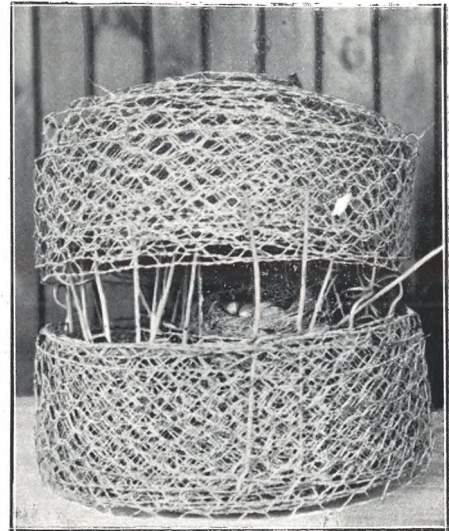


Photo by Miss Bott.

BLACKBIRDS' NEST

found in Pavilion of East Gloucester Croquet Ground. The birds have built their nest between two rolls of wire netting placed on top of each other.

RE-DYEING BILLIARD BALLS.

*

The following information on re-dyeing red and white billiard balls is given in "Work."—The white balls can be restored to their original colour by steeping them in a solution of hydrogen peroxide to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. The bleaching can be hastened by subsequently exposing the balls to sunlight; if they are then not sufficiently bleached, the treatment should be repeated. The colour of the red balls can be restored by dyeing. For this purpose, take 1 oz. of cochineal; add 7 oz. of water and a few drops of strong ammonia, and boil; strain and make up to 7 oz. again with water. Place the billiard balls in this solution and warm it until the balls are sufficiently coloured, then remove, rinse in water, and allow to dry slowly.

**

THE LONGEST ROYAL PEDIGREE.

*

King Alfonso has a remarkable pedigree. Certainly no monarch reigning to-day has so long and interesting a line of ancestors, excepting, of course, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan, with his twenty-five hundred years of unbroken lineage, says "T.A.T." The Kaiser is of yesterday compared with Alfonso. You go back less than three centuries to the Dukes of Brandenburg for Wilhelm's start, one duke among dozens. The King of Sweden lands in an innkeeper a little more than a century before. Edward VII. himself, through his Coburg-Hanoverian ancestors, is of modern origin when compared with Alfonso. Even the Romanoffs, progenitors of the Czar of Russia, were plain country gentlemen when Alfonso's forebears were kings and emperors, successors to long lines of sovereigns.

BRYANT & Co.,
TAILORS,
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COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

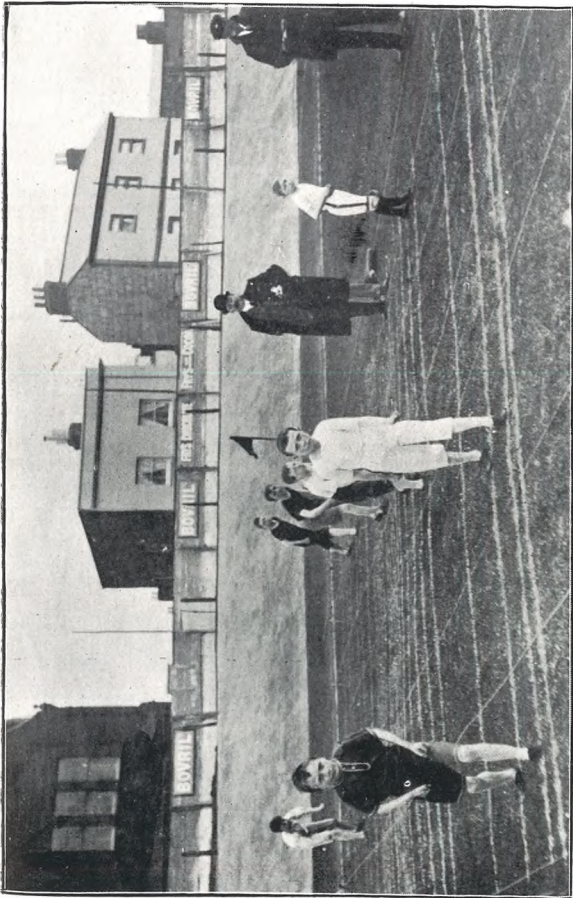
1 Colonnade, } CHELTENHAM.
362 High Street }



FIRST TIME ROUND IN MILE (WON BY STARLING).



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.

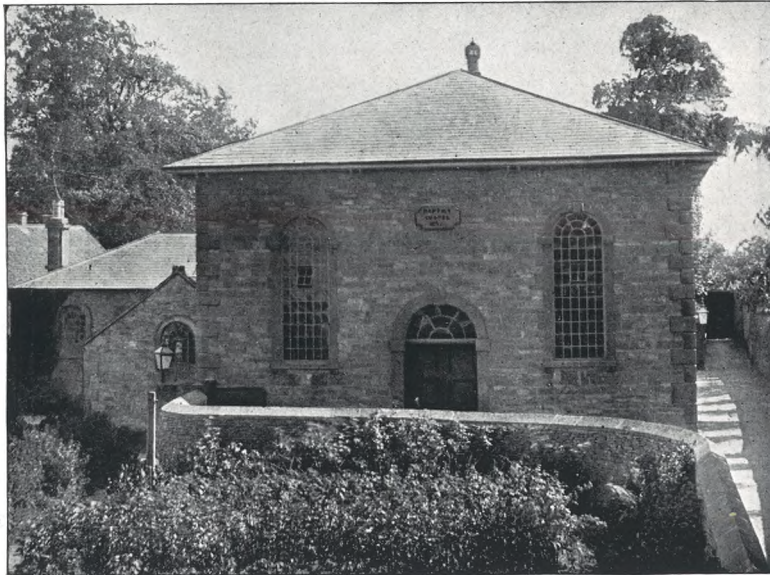


START FOR FINAL OF BOYS' RACE (WON BY MORGAN).



FINISH IN FINAL OF 120 YARDS (WON BY FRYER).

CHELTENHAM WHEELERS' ATHLETIC SPORTS, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1906.



STOW-ON-THE-WOLD BAPTIST CHURCH,

which dates from the seventeenth century. It stands some distance from the streets, and this is accounted for by the fact that it was built when there was a good deal of religious persecution.

[By kind permission of Editor of Stow Baptist Church Magazine.]



REV. E. J. TONGUE, B.D.,

the newly-appointed pastor of Stow Baptist Church. Recognition services were held on Wednesday. A report appears in the "Chronicle."

JUGGLE TROUBLES.

One of a juggler's troubles, writes Paul Cinquevalli in "T.A.T.," is with his audience. I mean that they will rapturously applaud some easy little feat that is no trouble, comparatively speaking, while a feat that has taken years of patience to perfect will leave them relatively unmoved. It is not the showiest trick that is the most difficult. One of the hardest tricks I do is that with the cigar, in which I toss a cigar off my forehead and catch it in a cigar-holder held in the mouth. But it looks easy, doesn't it? That billiard-ball trick, in which I balance two billiard-balls on the top of a cue, took me eight years' hard patient work before I was proficient. It certainly always elicits the heartiest applause, but next moment the audience will be in ecstasies over some simple thing that I have learnt in an hour. You cannot set any regular limit to the time it takes to learn a feat. I have thought of some easy feat in the morning, and gone on and done it the same night—after practice. Another trouble is to think of new feats. The juggler is naturally restricted in his methods of work and no sooner has he thought of a new trick, and, having perfected it, produced it upon the stage, than it is immediately copied by hosts of imitators

SPRING HEADWEAR.

A COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF GENTLEMEN'S

- STRAW HATS.
- SCOTCH TWEED CAPS.
- FELT HATS.

A. BECKINGSALE,
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PROCKTER'S
CARPET RENOVATOR
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For Carpets, Coats, and all Woollen or Silk Materials.

6d. per Tablet (by Post 7d.) with full directions.

PROCKTER AND FORTH,
CHEMISTS,
CHELTENHAM.

WHERE DO YOU COME IN.

An observer of the electric train-car manners of his fellow countrymen has compiled the following statistics of the comparative chivalry of the men, says "T.A.T." "Men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five will relinquish their seats to a young lady of attractive appearance in seven out of ten cases," reports this observer. "If the woman is not pretty, only three of the ten will get up for her. From thirty-five to fifty years of age, five out of ten, or about one-half of the total number, will give up their seats to the young and pretty woman, while less than one in ten—say about one in twelve—will rise to give the unattractive woman a seat. Old men seem to be more chivalrous than those of middle age, the proportion being six in ten, as against five in ten. Elderly matrons fare better with old men than with younger ones, although my statistics on this point are not sufficient to state conclusions."

Householders in Hornsey are being canvassed by the Milkmen's Sunday Rest Society to agree to one delivery of milk for the whole day's supply on Sundays

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 280th prize has been divided between Mr. Frank Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Mr. Percy Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, for reports of sermons by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Chapel and the Rev. T. Bolton at Wesley Chapel. Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

THE PRICE OF SAFETY.

£5,579,986 SPENT YEARLY ON POLICE.
The police force of England and Wales, according to a Blue-book issued on Tuesday, totalled 45,202 men last year, distributed as follows:—
Counties and boroughs 29,242
Metropolitan 14,954
City of London 1,006
The gross cost of maintaining this large force was £5,579,986.

There was one constable to every twenty-seven people in the City of London, while in the counties and boroughs of England and Wales there was only one to 942 people, and in the metropolitan area one to every 470.

The net cost of each policeman employed in ordinary duties is £93 per annum in the counties and boroughs, £105 in the metropolitan area, and £115 in the City of London.

CANTERBURY SPRING LAMB.

FOR THE CHOICEST ONLY AT POPULAR PRICES TRY
LEIGH JAMES, Family Butcher,
BATH ROAD, CHELTENHAM.
Post Cards and Price Lists on Application.
Deliveries Everywhere. Telephone 315. c274

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 281.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G.
OPENED CHELTENHAM RIFLES' DRILL HALL,
MAY 15, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This Afternoon (2.30) "HENRY V."
This Evening (7.45) "MACBETH."

NEXT WEEK:

"THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY."

Times and prices as usual.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

Municipal Entertainments under the Direction of
Mr. Alfred W. Newton.

GRAND OPENING OF THE SUMMER CONCERTS

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,

ADELER'S ARCADIAN.

Nightly at 8. Gates open at 7.30.
Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 3. Gates open at 2.30.

ADMISSION 3d. Chairs 2d. and 6d. Reserved Chairs 1s.
c287

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Price Lists on Application.

TO OBTAIN

SAFE DAIRY PRODUCE

GO TO

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY COMPANY.

Largest Retailers of High-class Dairy
Produce in the Town.

DAIRY FARMS AT CHARLTON KINGS,
400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

All milk sold is guaranteed to be produced
on other than sewage-fed land.

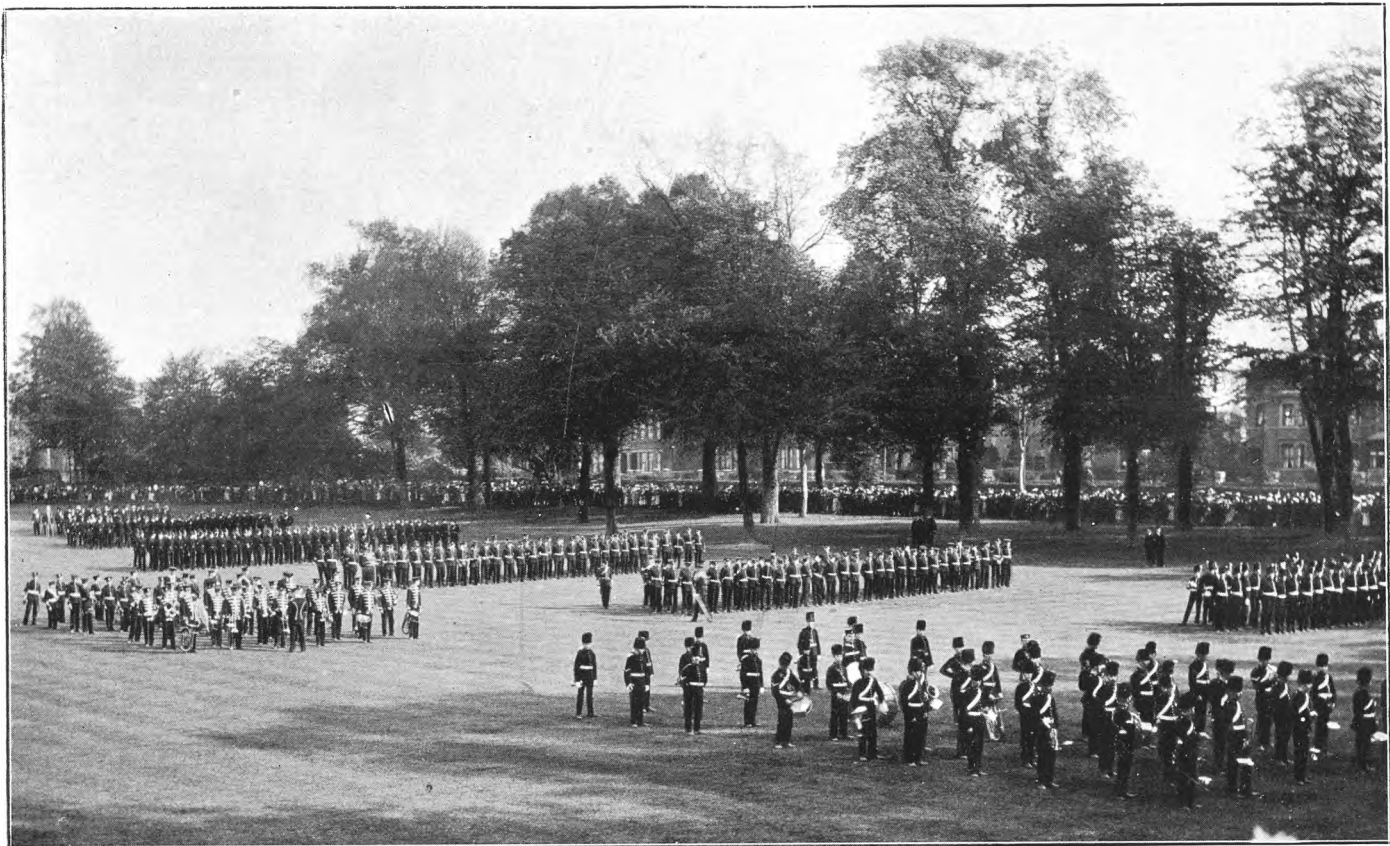
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DOLE DAY AT WITHINGTON. (See page 5.)

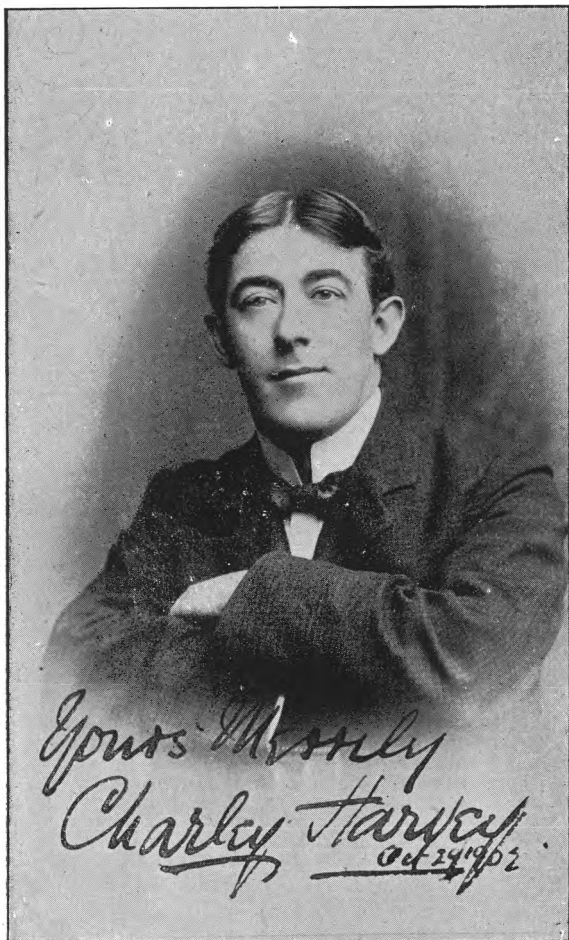
Tuesday was what is locally termed "Bread Day" at Withington. Its origin is explained in the following inscription on a tablet in the vestry of Withington Church:—"John Hayward, the rector of this parish, hath vested one hundred pounds Old S.S. Annuities in the names of certain trustees, the interest thereof to be yearly distributed at the church porch to the poor in bread, one half on the 15th day of May, and to be called the Carswell Bread, the other half on the 15th day of March, and to be called the Guiting Bread, in memory of his two most truly excellent wives, B. Southby, of Carswell, in Berks, and Anne Hayward, of Temple Guiting, in this county." The figure in the centre of the porch is Sexton Humphries, who has assisted in the distribution of the doles for thirty years. He hands the bread to the churchwarden (the other figure in the porch is that of Churchwarden Dancer), who in turn passes it to the poor recipient. Thirty shillings worth is distributed each day, and any remaining over is given by preference to widows.

AN ELEPHANT'S DRESSMAKER.

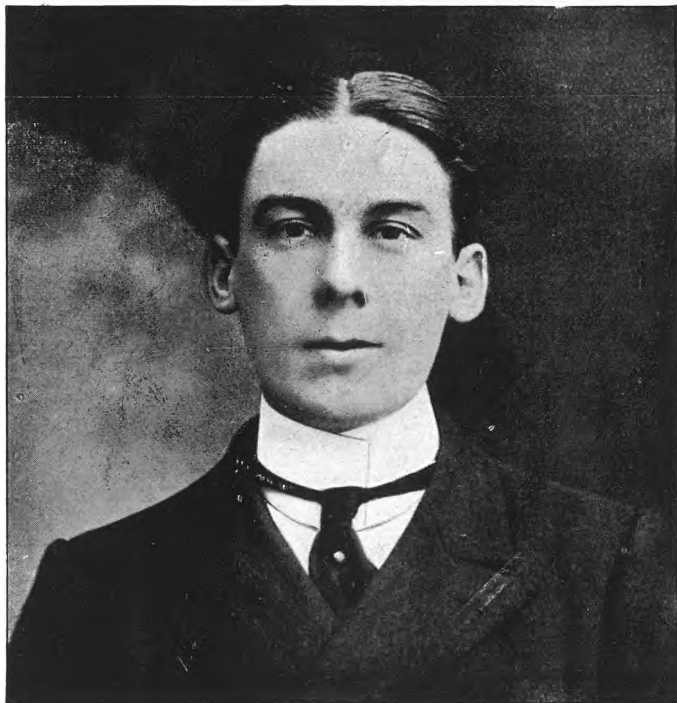
Within a stone's-throw of Houndsditch dwells and works the only dressmaker for circus animals in all England, says "T.A.T." Twenty-five girls help her with the sewing, which keeps her establishment busy through the winter in preparation for the spring circus touring companies, but she attends to the important work, such as fitting, herself. "Of course, I go right in with the animals," she says in a matter-of-course way. I fit the elephant's covers by means of a step-ladder, as well as those of the camels and dromedaries. It is a mistake to suppose that the materials for circus trappings are cheap and flimsy. Absolutely no expense is spared. It is no unusual thing for me to spend as much as £4 or £5 a yard for velvets or satins. The trimmings are the most expensive in the market, including bullions at a guinea a yard. Nothing that is delicate either in design or colouring will do. We must have the most pronounced colours, the richest effects."



VOLUNTEER CHURCH PARADE ON GLOUCESTER SPA, MAY 13, 1906.
INSPECTION BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL COLLINGS.



MR. CHARLES HARVEY,
who is appearing at Montpellier Garden next week with
"Adeler's Arcadians."



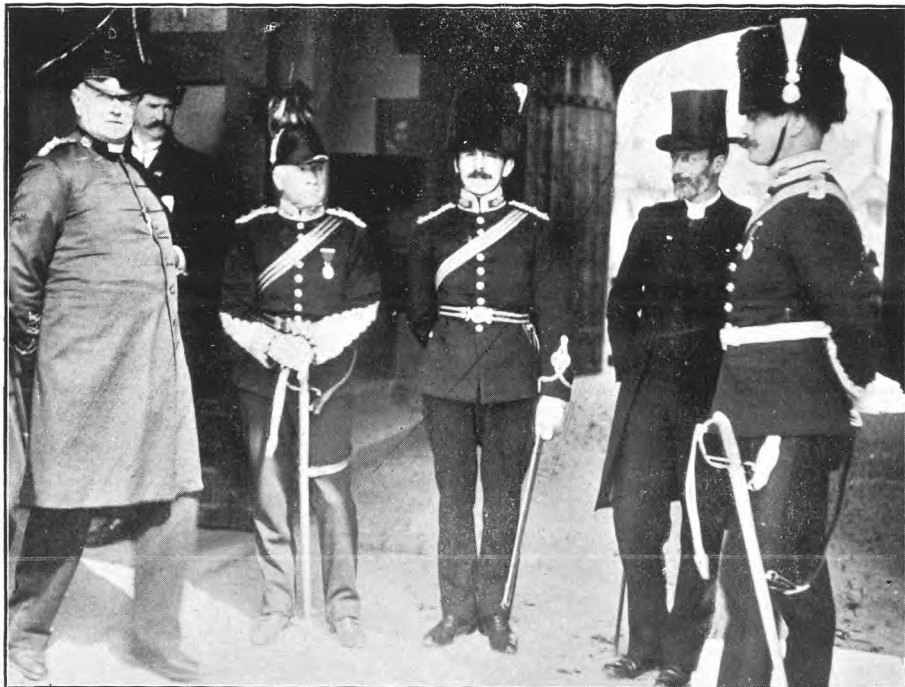
MR. LESLIE HOLLAND,
who appears at Cheltenham Opera House next week in "The Night of
the Party."

LANDLORDS AND GREAT ESTATES.

*

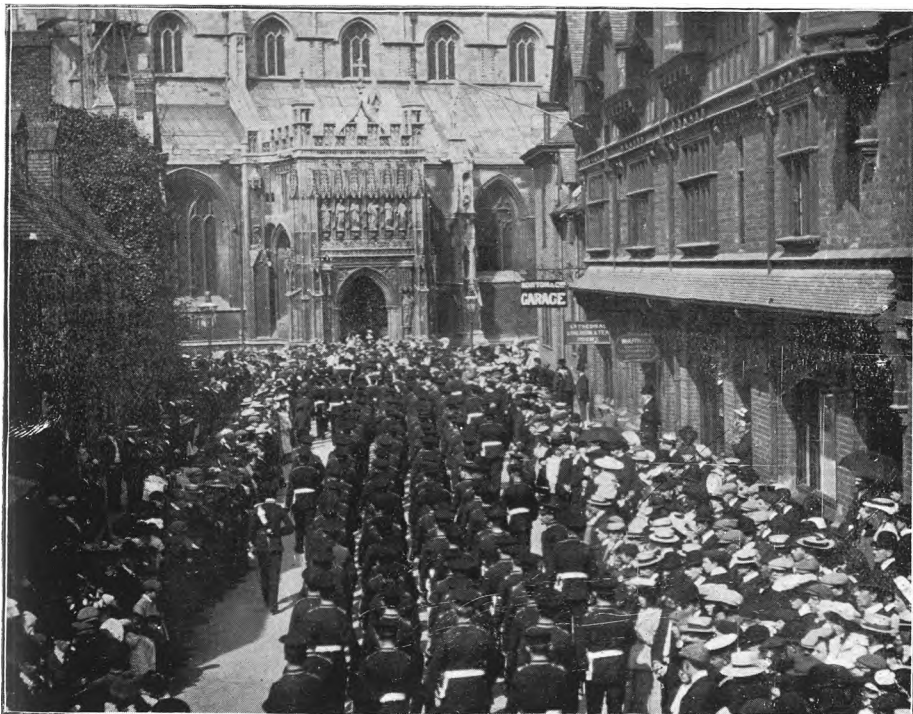
It is undoubtedly true that a great estate is best held by an individual. Had this not been the condition of England during the great depression the distress would have almost been unbearable, and the reason that there never has been any serious friction between landlord and tenant in England is that the former has inherited good traditions.—"Country Life."





INSPECTING MEN AT BARRACKS.

Rev. Canon Foster (Chaplain Artillery), Colonel-Surgeon Carleton (Artillery), Surgeon-Captain Bibby (Artillery), Rev. W. J. Selby (Chaplain Rifles), Lieut.-Colonel Metford (Commandant Artillery).



MARCHING TO CATHEDRAL FOR DIVINE SERVICE.

UMBRELLAS AT £40 A PIECE.

Fifteen million umbrellas are made every year. Of late this popular protector has been developing rapidly. One may buy an umbrella now, press a button, and have the top spread itself automatically says "T.A.T." Some umbrellas are made to fold up so that they may be stowed in a valise; Others lock with a key. There are large ones that spread their shelter over eight or nine feet of territory. As a general thing, umbrella factories are simply places where the parts are assembled. Ribs and stems are produced in factories making a speciality of such work. In cutting the cloth for the covering, about seventy-five thicknesses are

laid upon a "splitting" table, presided over by skilled workmen. The split pieces are then taken to girls who operate hemming machines. Next, the hemmed cloth is cut into triangular pieces with a knife, the cutter following a pattern laid upon the goods. These pieces are then sewn together by machinery. Covers and frames now being ready, the next step is to put them together. In the average umbrella the cover is fastened to the frame in twenty-one places. After that the handle is attached. For these handles a number of materials are used, including silver and gold, the latter bringing the cost of a single umbrella up to as high as £40 upon occasion.

PITCHER & SON.

NOTED FOR FIFTY YEARS IN THE TOWN OF CHELTENHAM FOR GIVING THE BEST VALUE IN ALL KINDS OF

FOOTWEAR.

Many have come and gone, but Pitcher still remains. A Good Article at a Reasonable Price has been Pitcher's Motto. Pitcher's is not a Multiple Shop, but a Local Establishment. Employ Local Labour, and Don't Send all the Money out of the Town. You can get Just What You Want at Pitcher's at Prices to Suit You.

NOTE ONLY ADDRESS—

85 WINCHCOMB STREET, CHELTENHAM.

BRYANT & Co.,

TAILORS,

FOR ———,

**BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,
RAINPROOF COATS,
AND
COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.**

**1 Colonnade, } CHELTENHAM.
362 High Street }**

THE GOOD OLD TIMES!

*

Mrs. Gaunt, celebrated both by Hume and Macaulay as the last woman burnt alive in England, was the daughter of Anthony Fothergill, of Brownber. Her life was given to the relief of the poor and helpless of all religious denominations, and to the visiting and comforting those fast bound in misery and iron in jail; and one of her beneficiaries, whom she had helped to escape from the vengeance of James II., to save his own life, denounced her for her shelter and succour of him. For this crime she was burnt alive at Tyburn! "My fault," she wrote, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it!" And die she did, with a composure which wrung tears from every eye. William Penn, who witnessed her execution, said that all the bystanders, seeing her dispose the straw about her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, burst into tears.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

* * *

A German statistician has discovered that there are 36,508 fair-sized breweries in the world, which brewed nearly six thousand million gallons of beer last year.

Henry Marks, of Nottingham, found two £5 notes between the pages of an old copy of the "Britannic Magazine," which he bought at a second-hand bookshop for 3d.

An old woman who died recently in the greatest poverty in Metz was found to possess £7,500 secreted in the cellar in which she lived. The fortune has been claimed by a distant relative, who also earned her living by begging.

**SUMMER
BEDDING PLANTS.**

A SPLENDID COLLECTION NOW READY AT REASONABLE PRICES. PROMPT DELIVERY.

Abridged Lists on Application.

**PATES & SHARPE,
CHELTENHAM.**

Telephone 181.

ALL KINDS OF GARDEN REQUISITES SUPPLIED.



CHELTENHAM RIFLES' DRILL HALL IN NORTH STREET.

OPENED BY FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G., MAY 15, 1906.



LORD ROBERTS INSPECTS GUARD OF HONOUR AT M.R. STATION ON ARRIVAL.



MAJOR POTTINGER WELCOMES LORD *ROBERTS.



DOLE DAY AT WITHINGTON.

(See page 1.)

Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.



VETERAN BELL RINGER.

MR. WILLIAM COX, OF BISHOP'S CLEEVE, who has been a ringer of the Parish Church for sixty years, and, although 82 years of age, continues his work in the belfry.

CANTERBURY SPRING LAMB.

FOR THE CHOICEST ONLY AT POPULAR PRICES TRY

LEIGH JAMES, Family Butcher,
BATH ROAD, CHELTENHAM.

Post Cards and Price Lists on Application.
Deliveries Everywhere. Telephone 315. c274

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 281st prize has been divided between C. A. Probert, 53 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, and G. A. Ambrose, the Manse, Bourton-on-the-Water, for reports of sermons by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's, Cheltenham, and the Rev. J. Meldrum Dryerre at Bourton Baptist Church.

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

USE

**FORTH'S
GERMAN POLISH.**

Unequalled for all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet Work. It Preserves and Polishes Brown Leather Boots.

Least Labour—Best Results—Use Sparingly.

PER 1/6 BOTTLE.

**PROCKTER AND FORTH,
CHEMISTS,
CHELTENHAM.**



TRINITY SCHOOLS (CHELTENHAM) NEW PLAY GROUND.
OPENED BY THE BISHOP MAY 12, 1906.
BISHOP AND FRIENDS WATCHING MAY-POLE DANCE.



THE MAY-POLE DANCERS.



LORD ROBERTS LEAVING M.R. STATION WITH MAJOR FOTHERING TO INSPECT GUARD OF HONOUR.



MAY-POLE DANCE BEFORE THE BISHOP.



WHO IS HE?
WHERE IS IT?
WHAT ARE THE OTHERS LAUGHING AT?

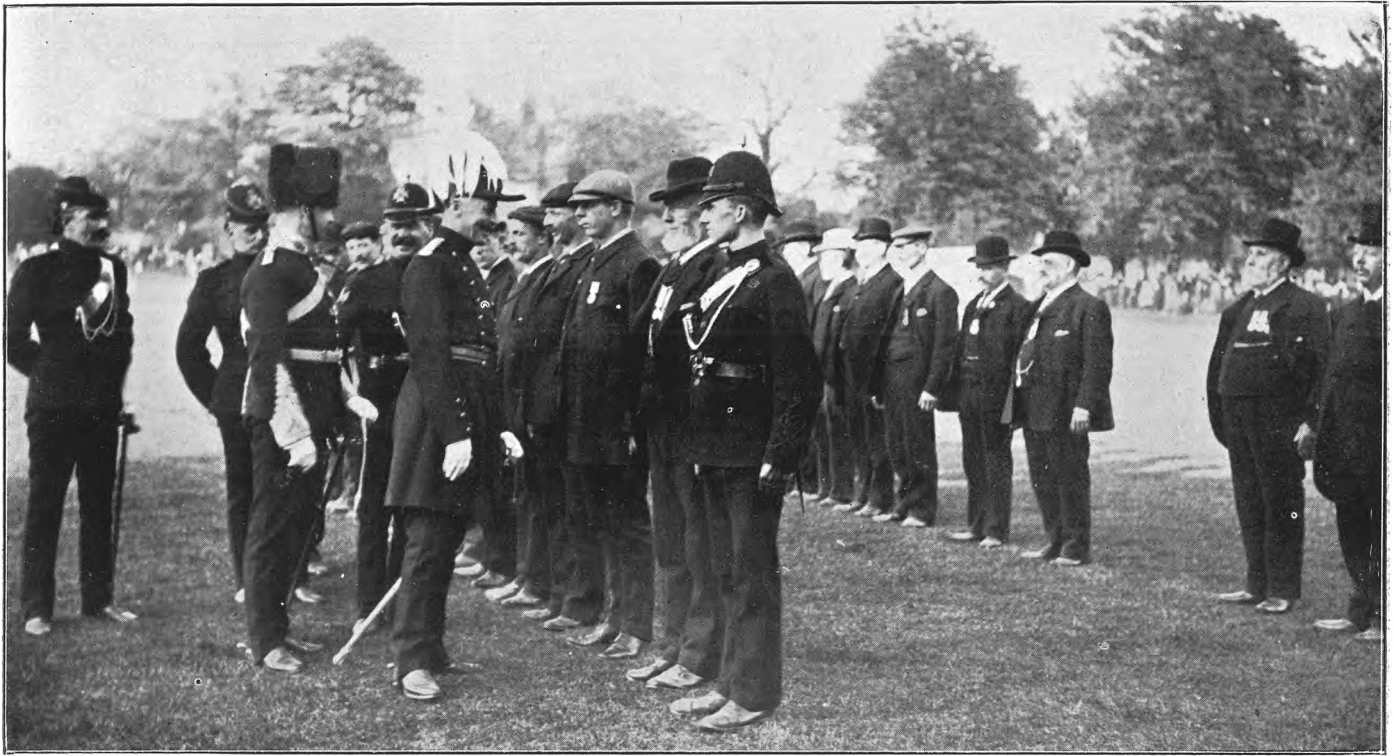
Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.
FOR
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,
GO TO
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
LAUREL HOUSE
(Near Free Library).
CHELTENHAM.
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

SPRING HEADWEAR.

A COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF GENTLEMEN'S

- STRAW HATS.
- SCOTCH TWEED CAPS.
- FELT HATS.

A. BECKINGSALE,
387 High Street,
CHELTENHAM.



THE BISHOP AT TRINITY ON THE
EDUCATION BILL.
"It's not fair play!"

GEN. COLLINGS CRACKS A JOKE WITH
A VETERAN AT GLOUCESTER.

LORD ROBERTS LEAVING STATION WITH
THE MAYOR, COL. CUNLIFFE MARTIN,
AND COL. WINTERBOTHAM.

LORD ROBERTS LEAVING DRILL HALL.



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 282.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



CAPT. H. L. G. BELL, R.E.

THE NEW ADJUTANT OF THE 1ST GLOUCESTERSHIRE
ROYAL ENGINEERS (VOLUNTEERS).

Capt. Bell, who is son of the late Gen. Bell, of Cheltenham, passed direct from Cheltenham College into Woolwich in December, 1891.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

This Afternoon (2.30) and Evening (7.45):

"The Night of the Party."

NEXT WEEK: THE CHARMING COMEDY—

"SWEET AND TWENTY."

Times and prices as usual.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

Municipal Entertainments under the Direction of
Mr. Alfred W. Newton.

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,

OLYMPIAN ENTERTAINERS.

Nightly at 8. Gates open at 7.30.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 3. Gates open at 2.30.

ADMISSION 3d. Chairs 2d. and 6d. Reserved Chairs 1s.
C287

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WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

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Largest Retailers of High-class Dairy
Produce in the Town.

DAIRY FARMS AT CHARLTON KINGS,
400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

All milk sold is guaranteed to be produced
on other than sewage-fed land.

TELEPHONE 6819.

CAN DESERTION FROM THE ARMY BE ABOLISHED?

Ever since the reign of Charles II., when for the first time a regular standing army was established in Britain, the question of desertion has loomed large, remarks a "T.A.T." contributor. But at last, if the authorities have their way, the evil will be stamped out once and for all. The scheme now under consideration at the War Office, and which will almost certainly be adopted, is founded partly on the Bertillon system of identification by measurements, and partly on the well-known finger-print system in use at Scotland Yard. Every recruit, upon enlistment, will be

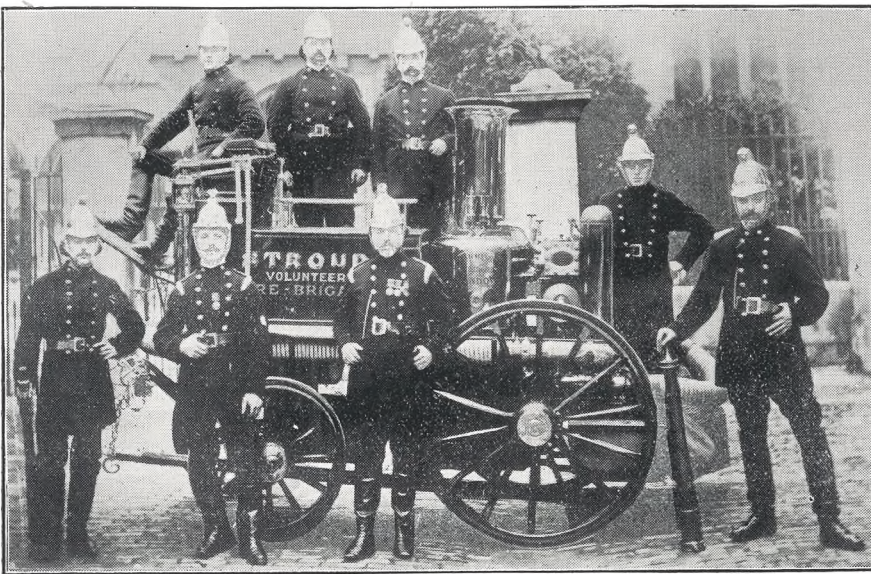
measured, an imprint taken of his thumbs and fingers, and he will also be photographed. This record, with his regimental number attached, will be kept, not at the depot of his corps, but at Pall Mall, so that it can be at once referred to in case of doubt. By this means, it is claimed, desertion, or rather re-enlistment after desertion, will become practically impossible. For all the recruiting-sergeant has to do, when a recruit of whom he is suspicious presents himself for enrolment, is to send his measurements and finger-prints to the War Office. If these are not recorded there, then it can be taken for granted that he has never been a soldier before.



Photo by Adele and Geo. Stone, Stroud.

CAPT. PHILIP FORD,
STROUD VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

A leading feature of Stroud life is its Volunteer Fire Brigade, which has done much for the public safety and benefit. Commencing its existence about forty years ago, it has justly earned the admiration of the townspeople for its promptitude and despatch in dealing with fires. Its reputation for smartness has indeed been steadily growing, and at present, thanks largely to the energy of Captain Philip Ford and the excellent combination and good fellowship of his men, it is in the highest state of efficiency. Captain Ford has been in the Brigade for twenty-nine years, and has been captain for the last thirteen years.



STROUD VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

A. MULLER, J. PEGLER, E. GRANT,
W. WHITE, LIEUT. E. GARDINER, CAPT. FORD, F. FORD, LIEUT. C. POCKETT.

BARNUM'S MAXIMS.

It may not be out of place to reproduce some of the maxims which Barnum laid down as a guide for himself and others. (1) Select the kind of business which suits your natural inclinations and temperament. (2) Let your pledged word ever be sacred. (3) Whatever you do, do with all your might. (4) Use no description of intoxicating drinks. (5) Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary. (6) Do not scatter your powers. (7) Engage proper employees. (8) Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. (9) Avoid extravagance, and always live considerably within your income if you can do so without absolute starvation." A fairly rigid set of rules; a good deal more puritanic in some details than would be acceptable even to a staid Britisher, much less a peripatetic American.—"London Opinion and To-Day.

"FEATS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC DETECTIVES."

A year or two back the police were called upon to investigate the death of a gentleman who had been killed in a crowd in a Midland town (says the writer of an article entitled "Feats of Photographic Detectives," in "Cassell's Saturday Journal." He had been struck on the head with a heavy instrument, and in the excitement of the moment none of those about him could state for certain what his assailant was like. A man was arrested on suspicion, and was brought up before the magistrates and remanded. On seeing the case reported in the newspapers an amateur photographer came forward with a snapshot of the incident, in which the accused man was clearly shown in a position, which rendered it quite impossible that he could have dealt the blow. Unluckily, while the bar with which the unfortunate man was killed was easily distinguishable in the very act of descending on him, the features of the wielder were hidden by a person standing in front of him. In hundreds of cases a footprint has helped to bring justice home to a guilty person. In some instances the actual impression has been produced in Court. In other plaster casts have been taken. But a footprint in snow defies reproduction or preservation. In these circumstances a photograph is simply invaluable. A race between a cyclist and the tide three years ago resulted in an exciting triumph for justice. A man had discovered the dead body of a stranger lying in a wild, marshy spot in the West of Scotland. It was evidently a case of murder, and beside the body were the footprints of the dead man and another person. The prints were apparently those of men engaged in a desperate struggle. The discoverer, an intelligent fisherman, noted them, and also remembered that in a short time the incoming tide would overflow the spot and, if it did not entirely obliterate the prints, must at least sadly interfere with their legibility. Having given the alarm he set off on his bicycle to a neighbouring village, nine miles away, where there chanced to be staying in a visitor in the district who was an amateur photographer. The visitor was also a cyclist, and the two came whirling back at break-neck speed in a desperate race with the incoming waters. They were in time to secure photographs of the footprints sufficiently good to place the police on the track of the guilty person. A peculiarity of nails and a toe-tip identified the murderer's boots.

**SUMMER
BEDDING PLANTS.**

A SPLENDID COLLECTION NOW READY
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
PROMPT DELIVERY.

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ALL KINDS OF GARDEN REQUISITES
SUPPLIED.



FUNERAL OF LEN COOK, OF CHELTENHAM, MAY 19, 1906.

CALLOUS NATURE.

In no other creature but man is the desire to bewail and mourn the dead very highly developed, though we hear from time to time pathetic stories of birds and beasts that died heart-broken at the loss of a mate. On the other hand, the hard-hearted sportsman and naturalist has proved by cruel experiment that if you shoot a bird near its nest the chances are that its survivor will have another mate in the course of an hour or two.—“The Academy.”

* * *

SOCIABLE GOLFERS.

It has been one of the marked characteristics of golf from the earliest times that all classes have mingled together on the frankest terms in the game without prejudice to the social distinctions which separated them outside of, and apart from, the game. No one has ever made the least objection to the entry of amateurs for the Open Championship, where the chances are heavily in favour of their being partnered with a professional, and where they must rub their shoulders, so to speak, on familiar terms with the professionals.—“The Bystander.”

CANTERBURY SPRING LAMB.

FOR THE CHOICEST ONLY AT POPULAR PRICES TRY

LEIGH JAMES, Family Butcher,
BATH ROAD, CHELTENHAM.

Post Cards and Price Lists on Application.
Deliveries Everywhere. Telephone 315. c274

BASKET PLANTS.

Baskets that are filled with summer occupants, such as ivy-leaved geraniums, petunias, and begonias, may rest until the end of May, but others can be filled at any time now with musk, campanula isophylla alba, a lovely white-flowered harebell that, unfortunately, has no popular English name; Sedum Sieboldii variegata, popularly known as Pigs' Ears; Saxifraga sarmentosa, variously called Mother of Thousands, Wandering Jew and Aaron's Beard; or Creeping Jenny. Place a lining of fresh moss round the sides of the basket, three parts fill up with soil, and then insert divisions of the selected plants, finishing off with a layer of moss, and dipping the whole in a tub of water.—“Agricultural Economist and Horticultural Review.”

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET.

Great Britain has a growing reputation as the place in which pure-bred animals are reared. We have at present the reputation for producing the the best stock of any in the world, and in the perfecting of this branch of agriculture science can be of the utmost service.—“Country Life.”

* *

WEATHER AND MOOD.

It is the mood that affects the weather as much as the weather affects the mood. A gleam of sunshine in December has set us all but dancing down the street; and on a perfect June day we have hunched our shoulders and cursed the unseasonable cold.—“The Academy.”

* *

LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Our great fault is that we come more and more to look upon literature as an entertainment, a refuge from the trouble of living, instead of the greatest aid to living which an age which is not an age of faith has left to it. We make far too much of stories, while our lives grow pettier, less strenuous, and less true every year.—“The Academy.”

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

How time flies! Nearly 2½ years have elapsed since I first mentioned the fact of the frame of a costly and unique clock being placed in the north transept of Gloucester Cathedral at the cost of the family of the late Canon Bartholomew Price, as a memorial of him; and I then remarked "As to the date when the clock itself will be added to the frame time alone will tell." Well, I have from time to time alluded to the slow progress made with its fixing and the hitches in making the hands to go and keep correct time. Now I am glad to be able to report that this non-striking clock at last appears to be in fair way towards working order, for the minute hand responds perceptibly to the swing of the pendulum in the reliquary below, as does the hour hand, though not visibly. Another instance, this, of everything coming to those who labour and wait.

0000

This unique clock consists of a bronze face bearing an allegory of Time and the legend "Porta mortis ianuacoeeli"; this is encircled by a wooden frame, on which vine leaves are carved; and there is a corresponding outer circle displaying the hours, divided by signs of the zodiac. With the exception of the bronze, the clock is richly gilded and decorated in azure blue colour, and the effect is decidedly striking, although the clock itself is noiseless. Canon Price's family doubtless decided on this form of memorial because of his attachment to horology, for, even when a youth, he, with the assistance of two local clockmakers, constructed from the materials of a 1705 clock, that had been at Compton Casey House, near, a serviceable timepiece and placed it in the tower of Coln St. Dennis Church, of which his father was rector.

0000

Another of the venerable benefited clergymen of this diocese is about to retire from the cure of souls. I allude to Canon H. W. Maddy, who has been rector of Down Hatherley ever since 1856. It shows the salubrity and charm of the four parishes contiguous to Chosen that last incumbents of them should have continuously held their livings for periods ranging between 53 and 42 years. Having attained his rectorial jubilee, Canon Maddy has certainly well earned his retirement. In addition to his clerical duties regularly and faithfully performed, he has rendered yeoman service to the Board of Guardians, Infirmary, and Children's Hospital at Gloucester. The living is a Crown one, so another little bit of patronage falls to Lord Loreburn. It is interesting to state that Canon Maddy's uncle, Sir Wm. Page-Wood, took the title of Baron Hatherley of Hatherley, in the county of Gloucester, when he became Lord Chancellor in 1868. I am glad the canon intends to continue living in the parish, and is having a residence prepared for him there.

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Before May 15th last, when Field-Marshal Earl Roberts happily inaugurated the Rifles' Drill Hall and headquarters (which were urgently needed by the two Cheltenham companies of the 2nd V.B.G.R.), and also inspected the Gordon Boys' Brigade in Suffolk-square Garden, our greatest living soldier had paid three recorded visits to the Garden Town, two of them being College engagements and the other the sad duty of attendance at the funeral of his friend and comrade, General Sir Richard Stewart, K.C.B. I don't think the nation can sufficiently thank the Field-Marshal for the impetus he is giving, by the weight of his powerful advocacy, to practice of marksmanship by rifle and air-gun clubs. I often think, however, that indoor target practice is not sufficient, and should like to see more of our budding marksmen passed into the Volunteers and become qualified for long-range shooting. And in view of the recent circular issued by the Board of Agriculture impressing the necessity of keeping the rooks under, I wish it were possible to enlist the services of shooting club members in trying their skill upon the congested rookeries in this town and throughout the county. No doubt the shootists would be glad of the chance of participating in rook shooting parties, which have, I have noticed, much fallen off of late years.

GLEANER.

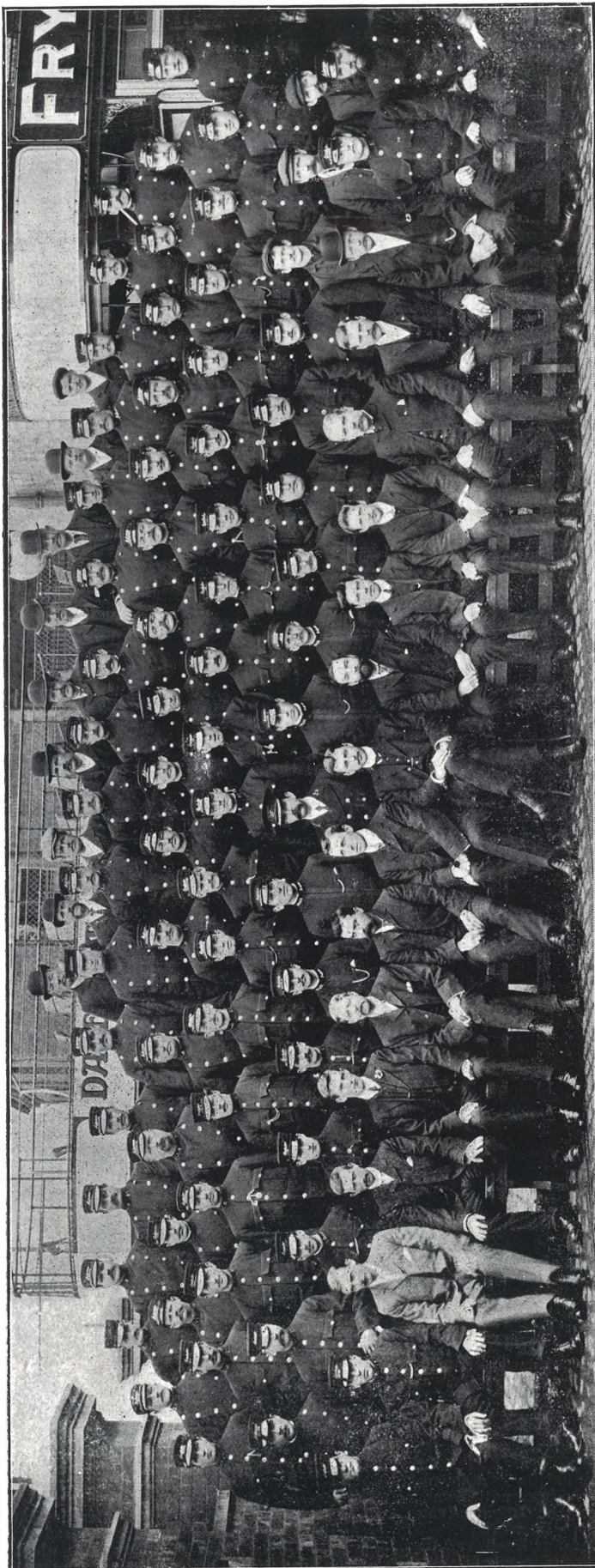


Photo by H. Ernest Jones, Northgate Studio, Gloucester.

GLoucester's LIGHT RAILWAY BRIGADE.

SIX SHORT OF ONE HUNDRED.

MR. LEONARD JOHNSTON (GENERAL MANAGER) NINTH FROM LEFT OF FIRST ROW.

WOMEN AS RELIEVING OFFICERS.

*

Of late there has been several women appointed as relieving officers, and many Boards of Guardians are considering the advisability of having at least one woman on their staff for such work. The idea that the work of a relieving officer is of necessity harsh and brutal has long gone out. The appointment of a woman as relieving officer seems to be a natural corollary of the appointment of women as Guardians. The latter have found how much there is in Poor-law work that is better done by a woman than by a man. As Guardians they can have a direct influence upon the working of the institutions under the control of their Board, but they come comparatively little in touch with the out-relief cases, nor is it possible that they can do so except in the rare instances when they can give up their whole time to the work. And even then their position as Guardians renders it inexpedient for them to interfere with the work of the relieving officers. But a female relieving officer might in the cases of women and children—and it is these who are the recipients of a great deal of the out-relief given—have a moral power which men cannot possess. One of the Derby Guardians, in discussing the question, pointed out that a female officer might do much good in the inspection of the homes of boarded-out children. The Guardians of Merthyr Tydvil appointed a special committee to inquire into the question of such an appointment, and this committee has laid down what they think should be the duties of a female relieving officer. Among these are: To visit the houses of those receiving relief in kind, to ascertain that the quality and quantity are what they should be (a point which many Boards have found to be most uncertain), to guide women to supplement relief by other work, and to find employment for delicate girls; to pay special attention to the aged and imbecile; to see that these were properly lodged, that their clothes were changed weekly, their beds cleaned and precautions taken against vermin; in chronic cases, such as ulcers and abscesses, to see that the affected parts were properly dressed, where professional help was necessary, to recommend a nurse, and where speedy recovery was probable to insist that the patients should go to the infirmary for treatment. It is obvious that to fulfil these duties properly the officer herself would need to have some knowledge of nursing. We should think that nurses who have had some experience in district work would be exceptionally well fitted for such post, and probably many of them would like to have them. It is certainly expected that the female relieving officer should go deeper into things than it is often possible for a man to do.—“The Hospital.”

* *

The generosity of an anonymous donor has placed the sum of £10,000 (on certain conditions) at the disposal of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, for the purchase of Barrington Court. About £1,500 is now required to make the house weather-tight and to put the beautiful facade in good order.

*

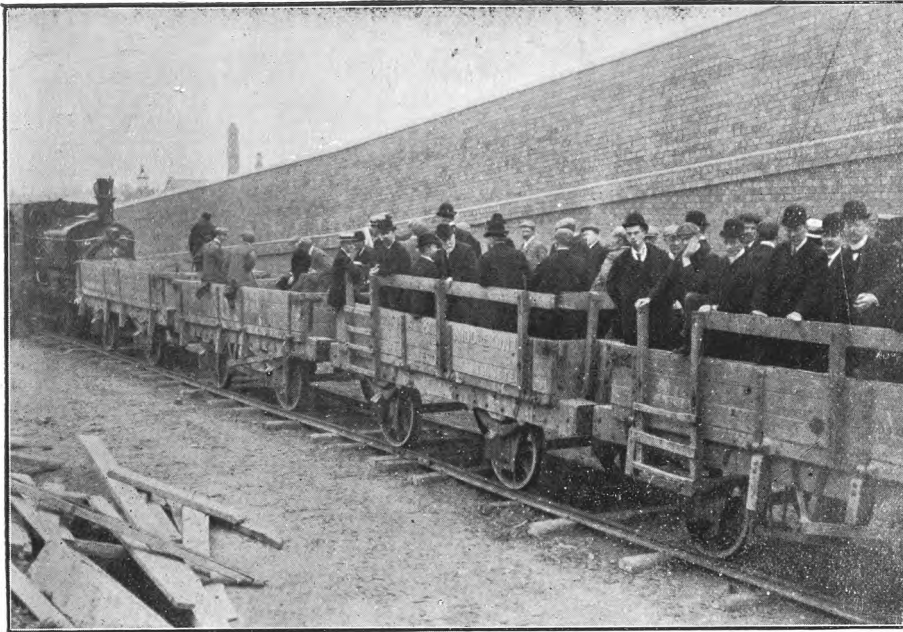
Curious to see “the white woman with the long hair,” the natives in the Ituri district of Central Africa have flocked to Major Powell Cotton’s camp anxious to look at his wife, the first European woman to penetrate the district, who accompanies him on his expedition from the Nile to the Zambesi.

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GLOUCESTERSHIRE ENGINEERING SOCIETY'S RAIL EXCURSION TO WINCHCOMBE, MAY 19, 1906.

UNDER THE NEW ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD BRIDGE, CHELTENHAM, JUST BEFORE "TRUCKING."



ENGINEERS "TRUCKED" ON THE LINE. MR. F. G. WRIGHT (PRESIDENT G.E.S.) ON EXTREME RIGHT.



WAITING FOR THE WAGON RIDE TO WINCHCOMBE.

CHANCE LEGACIES.

Some people do not bequeath their money at all, and it meets with unforeseen adventures. The Ragged School Union became possessed unexpectedly of a small legacy recently, writes F. M. Holmes in "The Quiver." An old subscriber made a will in 1867, leaving the residuary estate to four societies, including the Ragged School Union. The lady passed away in 1868, and her estate was duly administered. Thirty-seven years afterwards a relative died intestate, and consequently the first lady's estate became entitled to a sum of about £162, and, she being dead, but having left residuary legatees, the four societies mentioned were entitled to benefit. This result occurred in consequence of no will having been made, and it is noteworthy how much sometimes seems left to haphazard in this direction.

 WINDOW GARDENING.

Many people love flowers, and would find endless pleasure in window gardening if they knew how easily and, if necessary, cheaply it can be done. We think that no one who has seen the courts of many of the old colleges at Oxford and Cambridge in early summer, well furnished with window-boxes full of luxuriant plants, can deny that they add greatly to their beauty, and the background of old buildings sets off the pure tints of the flowers. There is not much variety in the contents of these window-boxes; usually geraniums of different sorts, calceolarias, and Paris daisies, while lobelia hangs down from them in long trails. In London and other large towns the window-boxes show the same lack of variety. In winter small shrubs, generally variegated, are used, and in summer the plants named above, and sometimes sweet-scented Coronilla glauca or mignonette. These arrangements are for decorative purposes only; they are not window gardens, but with a little thought an interesting garden may be had all the year round in this small compass.—"The Garden."

 A PLEA FOR FEEDING THE CHILDREN.

We all know that some quite conscientious people make what appear to be highly moral, or at least common-sense, objections against aiding the children of the poor (writes "Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander"). Just lately I was astounded by hearing a worthy lady (who, by the way, was at the moment partaking of an excellent lunch) remark "I don't believe in feeding school children. It takes the responsibility from the parent." And so, because of these vague and unprovable assertions, the children do not get fed. Leaving out the case of the parent, (which is strong) against this objection, there are the children to be considered. Are we to let them grow up weakly men and women, incapable managers, indifferent citizens, simply because they are ill-nourished; and yet with this same responsibility forced in the end upon them, though they are physically and morally unsuited for the burden? Personally, I can think of nothing better to be done than so to bring up the young generation that they may develop into happy healthy men and women—parents of the future who understand what their guardianship means. Nor do the neglected poor of the East End, whose sense of responsibility is frequently conspicuous by its absence, compare favourably with the lower classes in rural districts.

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A CHANCE FOR THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

*

Here is a chance for educated women! To make the British public think is good; but let us try to make the workers think—and think to some purpose. Many, perhaps most, good English-women are district visitors. Generally they are very generous with what is called private charity; sometimes they do good, sometimes harm. Supposing they were generous, too, in a public-spirited way. Let them teach the women the truth of their position. Let them impress upon them that in a civilised and so-called Christian country there is no necessity to make dresses for 1s., or spend hours over fine-work "badges," etc., for 1½d. If the workers can be persuaded to see what co-operation can do for their case, half the battle is won; if they once realise that trades unions could help them, and that not underselling, but mutual assistance, is the secret of success, a great step towards the goal has been taken.—"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."

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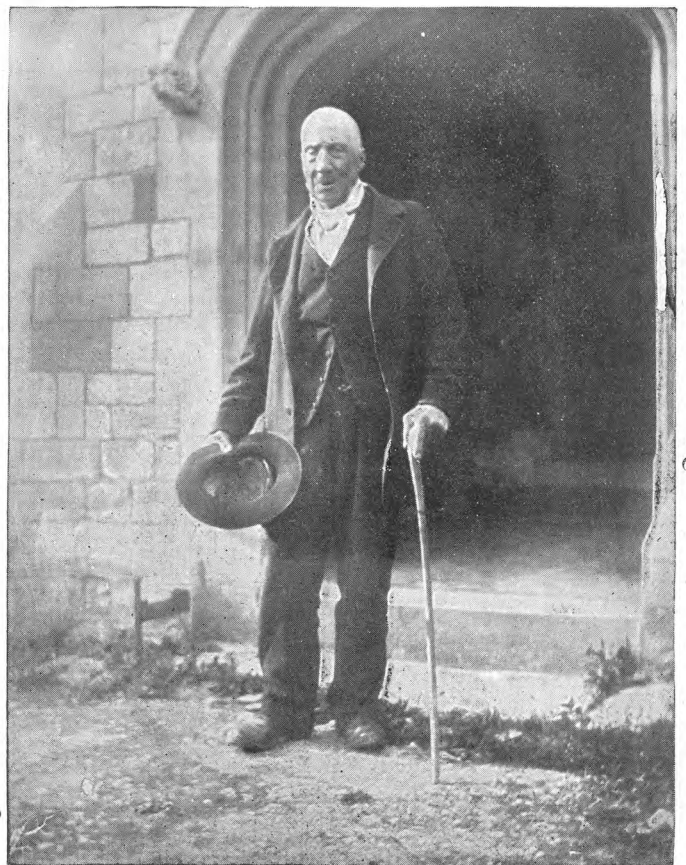
MR. ALBERT ASHCROFT,
OF CHELTENHAM.
DIED MONDAY, MAY 21, 1906.



REV. JOHN LLOYD DAVIES, B.A.,
NEW PASTOR OF HIGHBURY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
CHELTENHAM.



MR. PAUL MILL,
Whose Company Appears at Montpellier Next Week.



JOHN WASHBOURN,
AGED 92 YEARS,
whose death took place on Tuesday last. For about seventy-five years
he was clerk of St. Martin's Church, Woolstone, Glos. He was said to
be the oldest working parish clerk in England.

POETRY.

*

THE DEVIL'S TATTOO.

The devil's tattoo is a singular air—
You tap out the tune on the arm of your chair,
Or beat out its bars and its measures grotesque,
While nervously eyeing the top of the desk;
Or finger the chords of its endless refrain
When glum at your window you tap on the pane—
And these are the words of the devil's tattoo:

"There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do—
So what can I do?
There's nothing to do—
There's nothing, there's nothing a fellow can do."

Wherever you play it, it grapples your soul;
It drums and it hums with disconsolate roll;
It rumbles its way to the best of your brain,
And sighs in a dirge that your hopes are in vain;
It thrums till the half-wakened echoes pursue
And limp in the wake of the devil's tattoo:

"There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do—
I'm telling you true,
They'll do for you, too—
There's always hard luck for a fellow like you."

The devil's tattoo is the roll of a drum
That summons the army of weakness to come,
And get you to timing the rhythmical beat,
And march with it down the long road of defeat.
You think you have lost when you yield to its
chime;

You think you have fallen—you need but to climb,
To clench up your fists, and to fight your way
through,

Forgetting the words of the devil's tattoo:

"There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do—
So what can I do?
There's nothing to do—
There's nothing, there's nothing whatever to do."

IS THIRTEEN AN UNLUCKY NUMBER?

*

The ancient superstition that would have us believe that a malign influence, entailing death and disaster, lurks in the number thirteen dies hard, but if anything could give it a death-blow it would surely be the miraculous escape of the thirteen miners of Lens, rescued from a horrible fate after twenty days of suffering and torture such as could be adequately described by the pen of an Edgar Allen Poe. After this the number ought to be known as the lucky number, and its evil reputation should be removed. We might even have a revival of the Thirteen Club, which flourished some time ago, but is now never heard of. Simultaneously with the shattering of the superstition about this "unlucky" number, the other, and equally strong, belief in the baneful influence of the sixth day of the week ought to disappear, for was it not on a Friday that the lucky thirteen miners were brought up from what, in another twenty-four hours, would have proved their grave? Let timid hostesses take heart of grace, and if they find thirteen round their dinner tables remember the miners of Lens. Let sailors start their voyages on Friday instead of missing a tide in deference to the old superstition. Let us all walk under ladders and spill salt, and break mirrors (if we can afford it), and wear peacocks' feathers and opals (the female portion of us, I mean), and laugh to scorn the old fables with their suggestions of misfortune, evil spells, and such like whims and vapours.—London Opinion and To-Day."

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TIGER SHOOTING IN CAPE COLONY.

Corporal W. A. Bendall, who went out to the Boer War with the 2nd V.B.G.R. Active Service Co. from E Co., Cheltenham, but did not return with his comrades, having joined another corps of Volunteers, since the war has settled in the colony. He writes home thus:—"This is a tiger shot about two miles from Stutterheim on Good Friday afternoon. I thought it might do for the 'Chronicle and Graphic.' Notice the dog on the left, how it was mauled."

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 282nd prize has been divided between Mr. Frank Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Mr. T. T. Beckerlegge, 2 St. Margaret's-terrace, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Revs. C. E. Stone and A. Aston at Salem and King-street Chapels.

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

A German scientist, after several years spent in experiments, has calculated the value of a flash of lightning in electric current at £280.

*

A new rabbit trap is being used with great success in Australia. One trap has been known to catch as many as 630 live rabbits in a night.

*

During the past year the working of the parcels department of the Manchester Corporation tramways resulted in a loss of £5,500.

Esperanto is to be taught to the cadets at the French Military College of St. Cyr.

*

The Enfield education authorities have issued an edict directing that all girl pupils must present themselves at school with their hair neatly tied back by a piece of ribbon.

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