

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

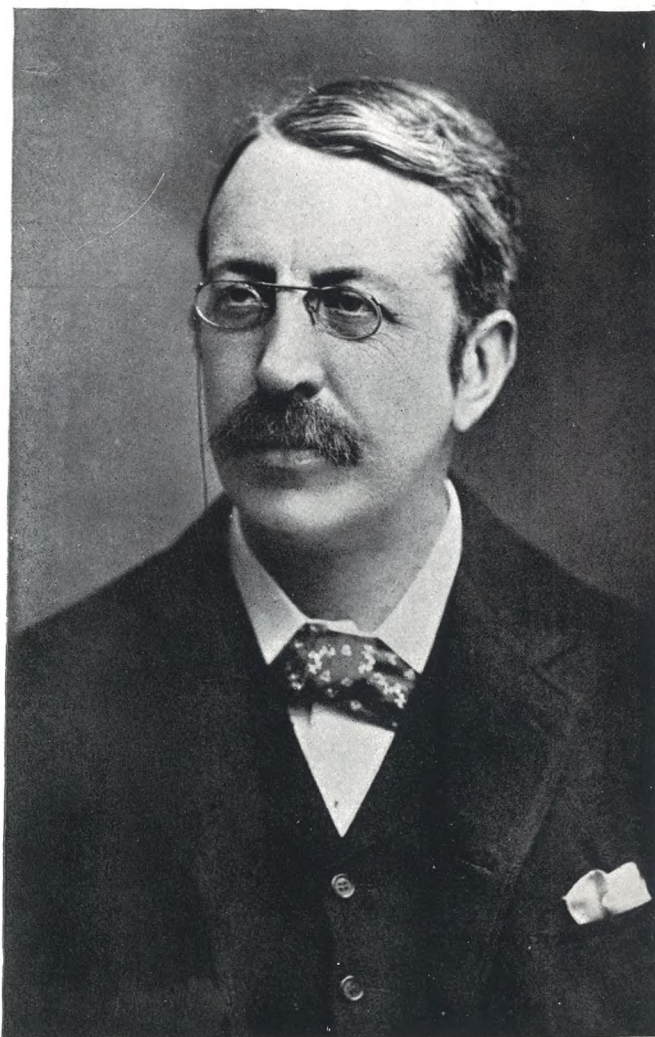
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 288. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1906.

.. Our Portrait Gallery ..



BISHOP OF STEPNEY
(RIGHT REV. COSMO GORDON LANG, D.D.),
who is taking part in Cheltenham Ladies' College Guild Biennial Meeting.

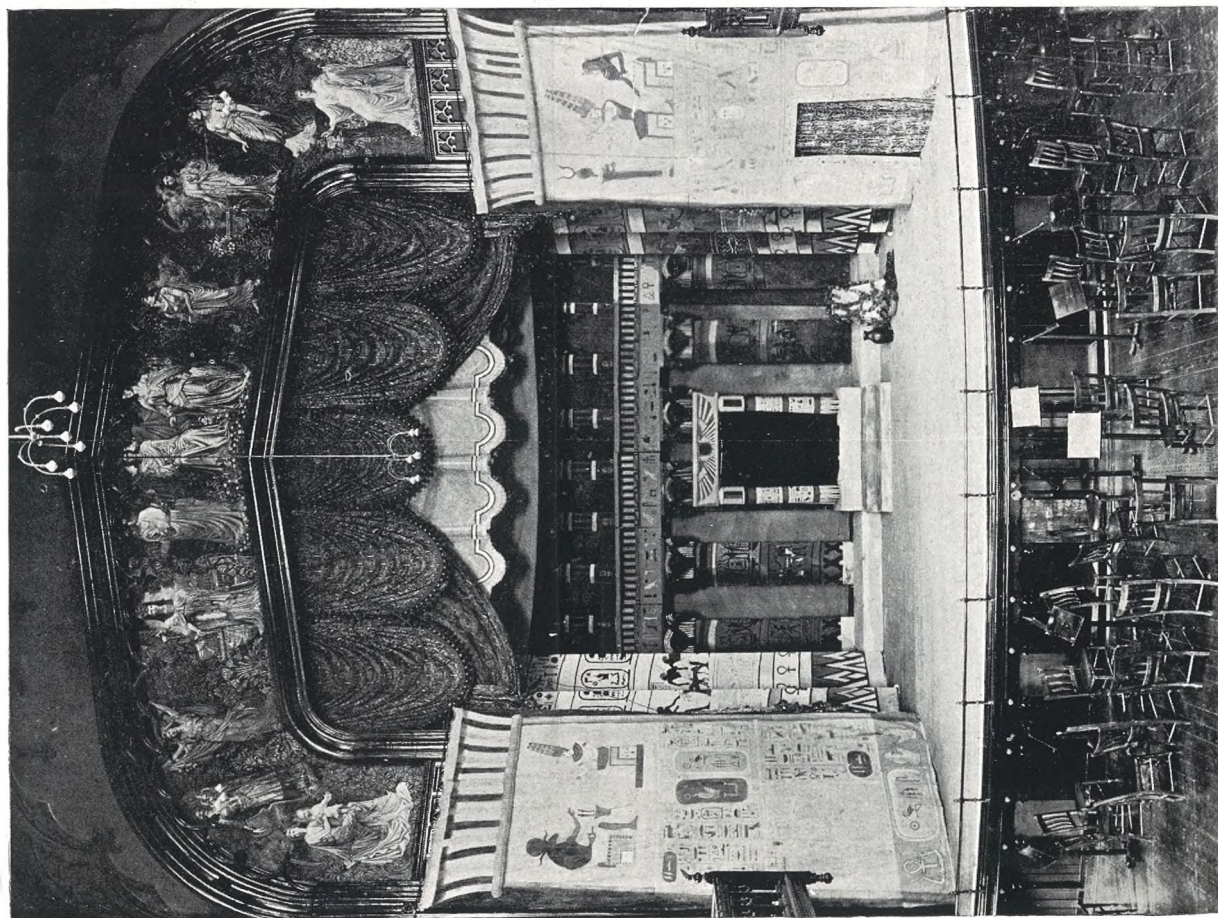


SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD, M.A., Mus.D., D.C.L.,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY,
PRESIDENT OF CHELTENHAM PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE GUILD BIENNIAL MEETING,

JULY, 1906.

PERFORMANCE OF EGYPTIAN PLAY, "HAT-SHEP-SET."



THE STAGE AND PROSCENIUM.
TEMPLE SCENE, ACT II.



MISS DULCIE ROBINSON AS HAT-SHEP-SET.
(ACTS IV. AND V.)



Miss Bainbridge. Miss Daniell.
EGYPTIAN PLAY AT THE LADIES' COLLEGE. Group of Dancers.

CHEAP DERBY WINNERS.
"As is well known" (writes "Trenton" in "Country Life"), "Major Loder was fortunate enough to purchase Spearmin for 200 gs. at the sale of Sir H. Tatton Sykes's yearlings, and a correspondent writes to ask if there is any other instance on record of a Derby winner having been bought for so small a sum of money. Writing from memory, I should say that the sale of Galopin for 500 gs. might fairly rank as an equally fortunate bargain."

BRYANT & Co.,
TAILORS,
FOR ———
BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,
RAINPROOF COATS,
AND
COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.
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LAUREL HOUSE
(Near Free Library),
CHELTENHAM.

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

NEVER AGAIN.

The old voyagers give us what we can never have again. Whatever future lies before us, it is certain that no one will ever circumnavigate the world again for the first time, and that that particular thrill has gone from our writing for ever. The charm of it is still so potent that all later books of travel, however marvellous their adventures, seem insipid in comparison.—"The Academy."

The first box of new Californian cherries, containing 10lb. of fruit, has been sold in Philadelphia for £500, the proceeds going towards a charity fund. Each cherry was sold separately, and the highest price paid for a single cherry was £22. Five single cherries fetched £20 each. Last year the first 10lb. box of cherries realised £20, but the competition this year was specially keen.

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AND CLOTH CLEANER.

For Carpets, Coats, and all Woollen or Silk Materials.

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

PROCKTER AND FORTH,
CHEMISTS,
CHELTENHAM.



County Golf Meeting on Cleeve Hill Links, June 27th.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>1. The Committee.</p> <p>2. Mr. T. K. Ashton (winner of Gold Medal), on right, with Mr. Chamberlain (his opponent).</p> | <p>3. Mr. Grieve (of Cheltenham), who tied for best score in team competition with Mr. Sewell and had the best aggregate for the day.</p> | <p>4. The winning team (Minchinhampton).</p> <p>5. Spectators watching play on the first tee.</p> <p>6. Mr. J. Bryan, of Minchinhampton.</p> |
|--|---|--|



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

CHELTENHAM CONSERVATIVES AT LOWER LODE.

ANNUAL OUTING OF CHELTENHAM LODGE OF THE BENEFIT SOCIETY, JUNE 30, 1906.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

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

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,
The Popular London Entertainers,

THE DAGONETS.
NIGHTLY AT 8.

Matinees—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3.

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 188th prize has been awarded to Miss F. Winter, 11 Leicester-terrace, Leckhampton, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. C. Woodhouse at SS. Philip and James's Church. Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

final choice. I hear that one of the trio is Mr. William Silver Frith, the eminent London sculptor, and his selection on the merits would, I must say, have an additional recommendation from the local point of view by reason of the fact that he is a native of the Cathedral city. I am one of those who hold that in competitions, all other things being equal or pretty nearly so, a local man should have preference in the selection. I hear that the committee meeting is fixed for next Wednesday because most of the members have subsequent engagements at Bishop Gibson's garden party at the Palace. Therefore, it will be a decided change from grave to gay for some of them.

◆◆◆◆

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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.
TELEPHONE 0819.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

◆◆◆◆

The list of honours published on King Edward's official birthday, June 29th, contained, so far as I could see, the name of only one Gloucestershire man, namely Alderman W. T. G. Cook, one of the Liberal leaders of Birmingham, and a native of Kingscourt, near Stroud, and who received a knighthood. Nevertheless, this county came off very well when one considers the fairly large number of recipients of honours who are found to be associated with it by marriage ties or as Old Cheltonians. In the former category there are seven who married ladies of Gloucestershire extraction, and it is interesting to note that the Earl of Ducie, now the senior Lord-Lieutenant of the kingdom, has a daughter, a niece, and a cousin, each of whose husbands has been honoured, the spouse (Mr. Shaw Lefevre) of the former receiving one of the six new peerages conferred. This is, I should say, an experience unique to any nobleman of the present day. There is, at least, one former student at Cheltenham Ladies' College who becomes a Lady; and she is the wife of Sir J. Bamford Slack, Knight. Lady Bamford Slack is a well-known and active member of the National Union of Women Workers, and her father was the late Mr. Edward Bretherton, of Kingsholm, Gloucester.

◆◆◆◆

Next Wednesday will probably see a definite selection made of the sculptor who is to be entrusted with the execution of the recumbent figure of Bishop Ellicott that is to be placed in an approved spot in Gloucester Cathedral as a memorial of the late great scholar-prelate, for on that day the committee will meet and consider the designs of the three sculptors that a sub-committee has examined and referred to them for

There will be a highly interesting function in the Cathedral city next Monday in the presentation of its honorary freedom to Viscount St. Aldwyn, the Lord High Steward of Gloucester, in recognition of his distinguished services to the State, extending over a period of forty years. The Corporation and its past members, the magistracy, and civic officials will present the certificate of freedom unanimously conferred by the Corporation in an elegant silver casket to the noble lord, who will also have tendered to him a congratulatory address by the foundation freemen. Lord St. Aldwyn will be in the proud position of being the only living honorary freeman of the city, an honour which has been borne by such distinguished men of the past as the great Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson, both of imperishable memory. I am glad to hear that before long a replica of the portrait of himself that Lord St. Aldwyn promised to give the citizens in response to a request by the Corporation, will adorn the walls of the Guildhall. His lordship will be depicted in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer. GLEANER.

A. BECKINGSALE,
111 HIGH STREET
(Opposite Plough Hotel).

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SUMMER SHIRTS.**

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-Large Variety of Patterns.

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NOVELTIES

in our well-known Specialities may be seen, including MILLINERY, FLOWERS, TEA GOWNS, BLOUSES, SKIRTS, CORSETS, BABYLINEN, Etc.

Yours respectfully,

ERNEST W. FEAR.

P.S.—Early Closing Day, Saturday, 2 o'clock.



GEORGE STEPHENSON,
INVENTOR OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

This is a reproduction of a statuette of the world-famous inventor, George Stephenson. The statuette was purchased by Mr. E. E. Simmonds, of Manchester-street, Cheltenham, at the sale of the effects of the late Mrs. Weallens, whose husband was a partner of George Stephenson.



MISS STELLA ROBINSON AS HAT-SHE P-SET.
(ACTS I. AND II.)



Photo by W. R. Weaver, Cirencester.

CHESTERTON MUSEUM & READING ROOM, CIRENCESTER.

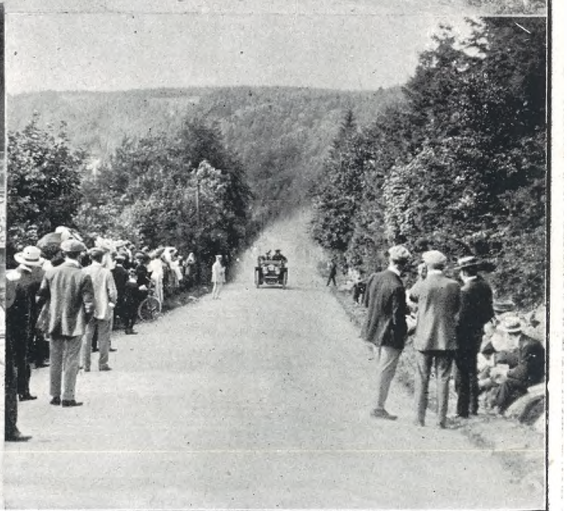
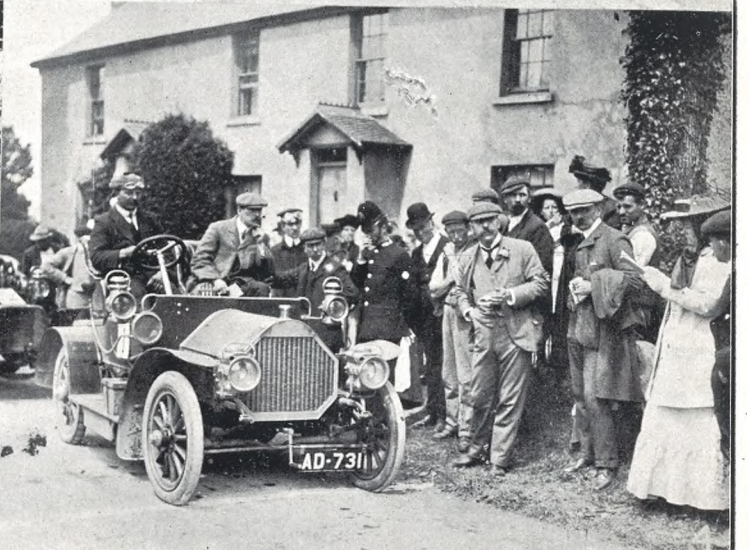
This museum and reading-room, with caretaker's apartments attached, was built a few years ago by H.H. the Rajah of Sarawak (Sir Charles Brooke), who spends most hunting seasons at his place, Chesterton House, Cirencester. The museum is full of curios that his Highness has brought from Sarawak, and the reading-room possesses a splendid library of fiction and books of reference. The Rajah generously places it at the disposal of the public. His Highness has converted the adjoining grounds into pleasure gardens, with tennis and croquet courts. This also will shortly be open to the public.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SPEECH DAY.

The Bishop of London (Dr. Winnington-Ingram), who distributed the prizes. Capt Nott-Bower on his left.





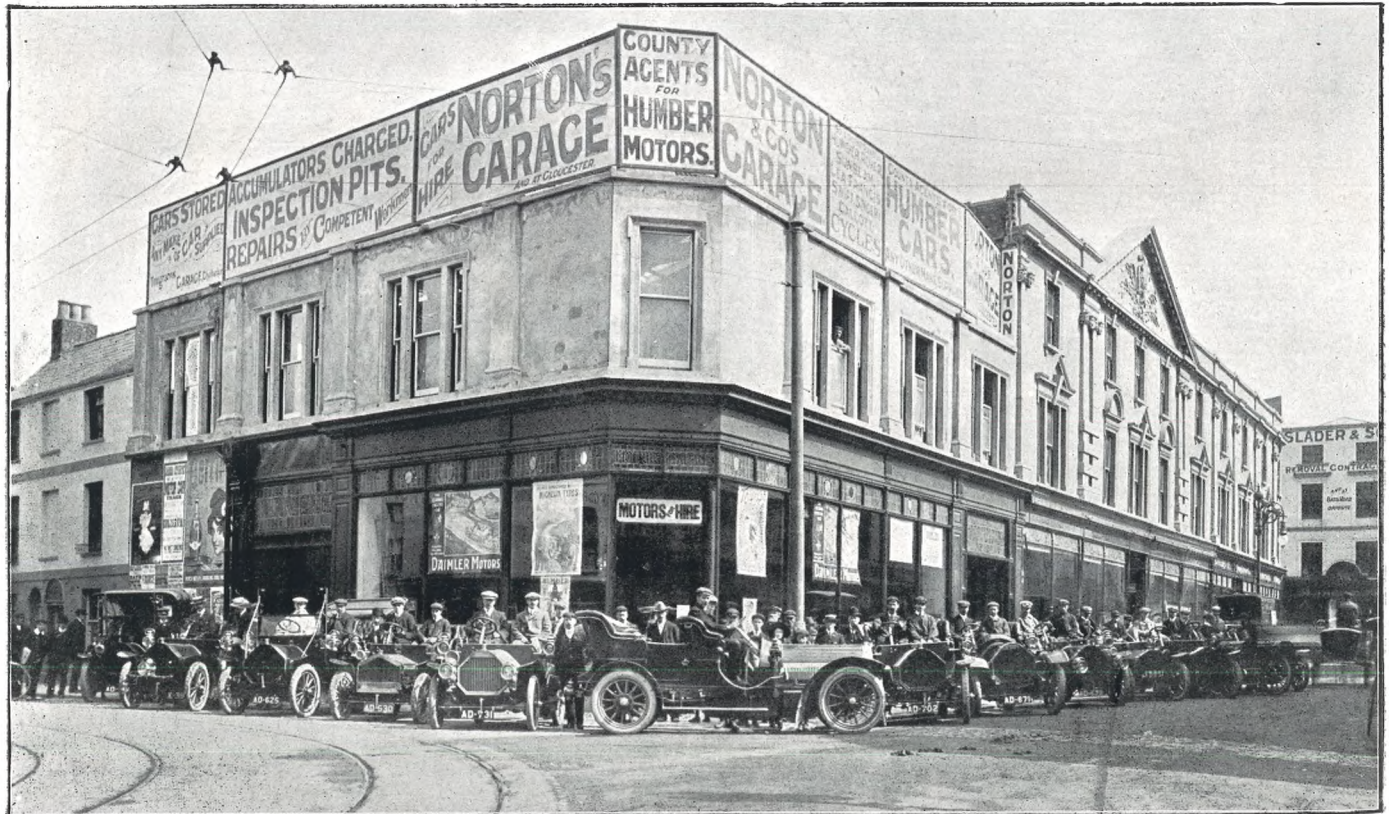
BIRDLIP MOTOR CLIMB, JUNE 30, 1906.

1. Officials at finishing post. Mr. Wheelwright, official timekeeper (sitting), Mr. H. D. Bryan, secretary (in straw hat).
2. A victim of the races: an unfortunate goose.
3. Starting cars at bottom of hill.
4. Winner of Class A.
5. Car in Class B finishing at top of hill.
6. Big car ascending hill.

H. G. NORTON & CO.'s New Ironmongery Department.



Also Motor and Cycle Depot and Works . . . Finest in the Midlands!



CHELTENHAM and Gloucester.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 289.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1906.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

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

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,
The Popular London Entertainers,

MR. JOHN RIDDING'S OPERA CO.
NIGHTLY AT 8.

Matinees—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 3.

TO OBTAIN

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TELEPHONE 0819.

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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.

BRYANT & Co.,
TAILORS,
FOR ———,
BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,
RAINFOOF COATS,
AND
COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

1 Colonnade, { CHELTENHAM.
362 High Street }

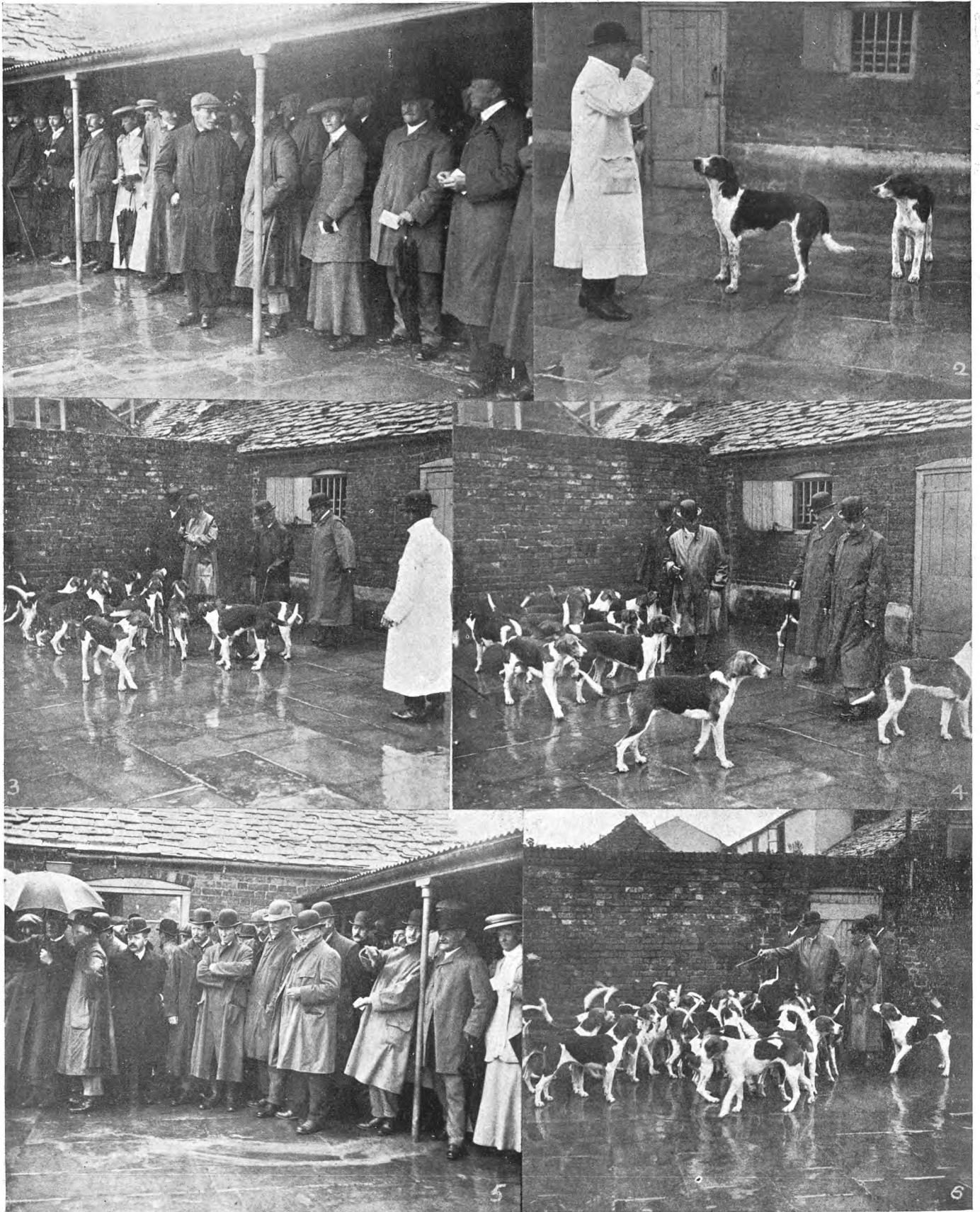


Photo by B. Carter. Dyer-street, Cirencester.

CIRENCESTER CARNIVAL IN AID OF COTTAGE HOSPITAL, JULY 5, 1906.



"CHAMBERLAIN DAY" AUDIENCE AT HILLFIELD HOUSE, GLOUCESTER.



COTSWOLD HUNT PUPPY SHOW, JUNE 28, 1906.

1. Spectators sheltering from rain.
2. Best dog and best bitch, with Beecham.

3. Judging dogs.
4. Judging bitches.

5. More spectators.
6. A look at the old hounds.



Photo by E. E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE STAFF.

A. BECKINGSALE,
387 High Street.
Plough Hotel Buildings.

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For Holiday or Business Wear.

Two & Three Garment Suits from 1 Guinea.

A Large Variety of Patterns, which
can also be made to Order.

FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

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MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
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HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

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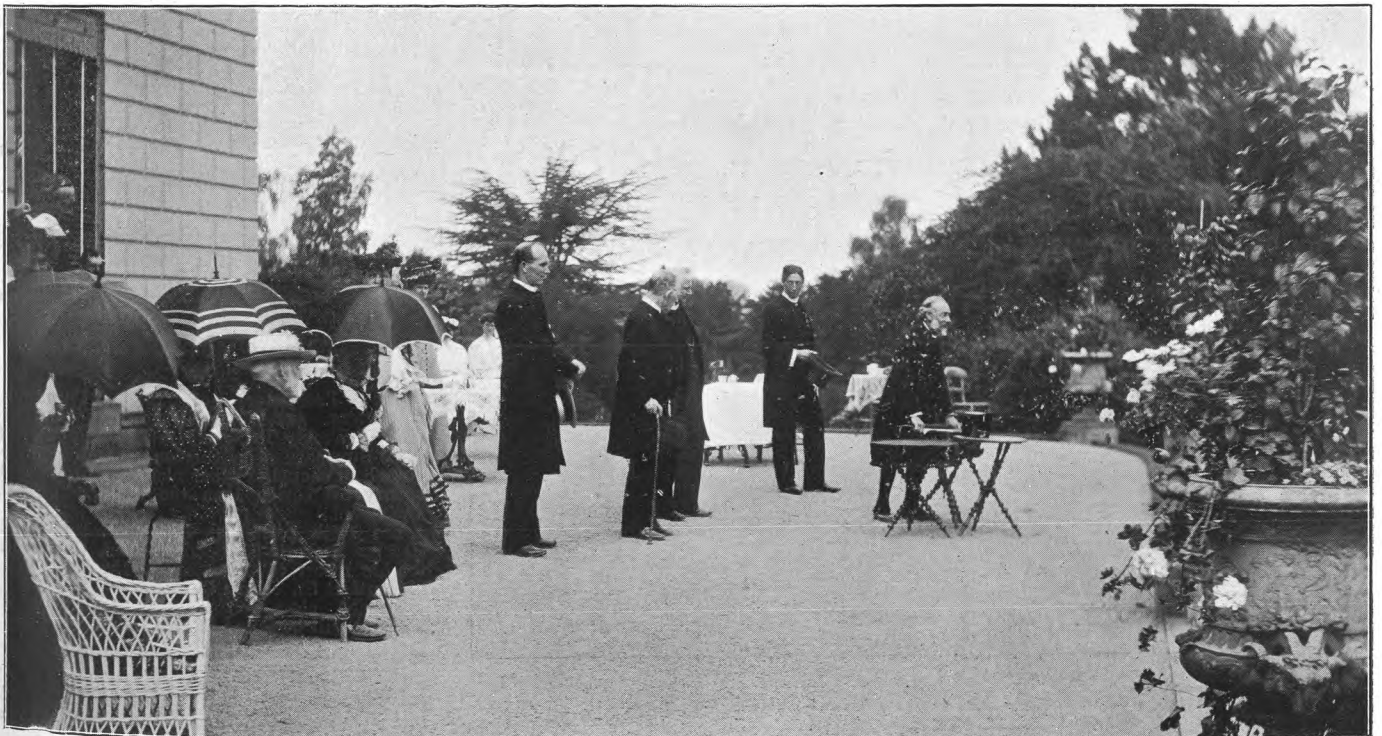
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GERMAN POLISH.**

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Brown Leather Boots.

Least Labour—Best Results—Use Sparingly.

PER 1/- BOTTLE.

PROCKTER AND FORTH,
CHEMISTS,
CHELTENHAM.



ST. LUKE'S BAZAAR AT THIRLESTAIN HALL, CHELTENHAM, JULY 5, 1906.
OPENED BY THE DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.



Designed and executed by Mr. Walter J. Lifton, Gloucester.
 Photographed by Mr. Neiminger, Queen-street, Gloucester.

CHARTERED FREEMEN'S ADDRESS.

CATHEDRAL AND ST. MARY DE LODGE CHURCH FROM FREEMEN'S MEADOWS,
 AT TOP.
 OLD PORT OF GLOUCESTER, WITH CASTLE, AT FOOT.

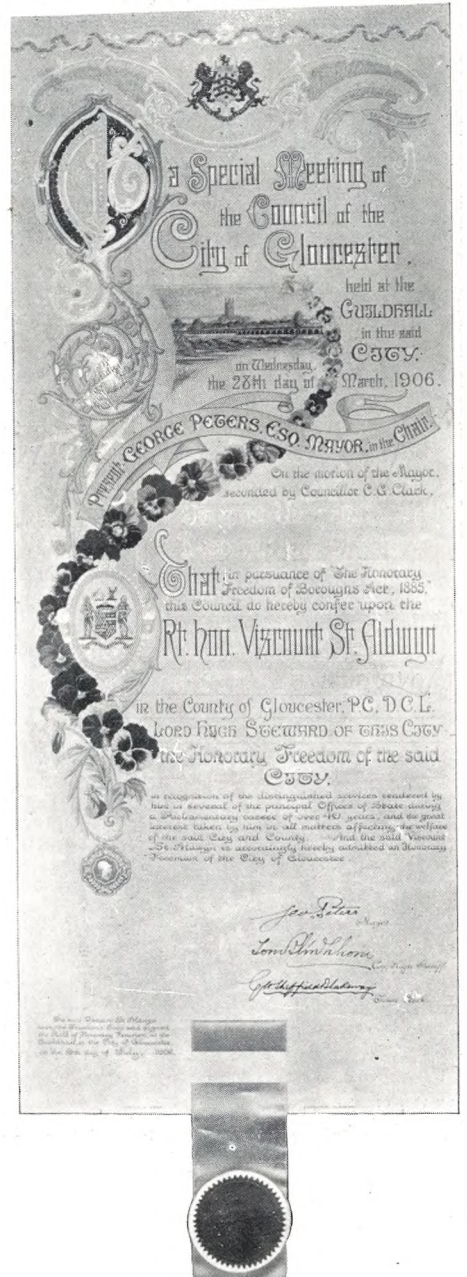


Photo by Mr. G. Sheffield Blakeway, Town Clerk.
CORPORATION CERTIFICATE OF FREEDOM.
 SHOWING CATHEDRAL, WITH RAILWAY VIADUCT AND RIVER



CHAMBERLAIN CELEBRATION AT GLOUCESTER
 (THE PLATFORM).

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

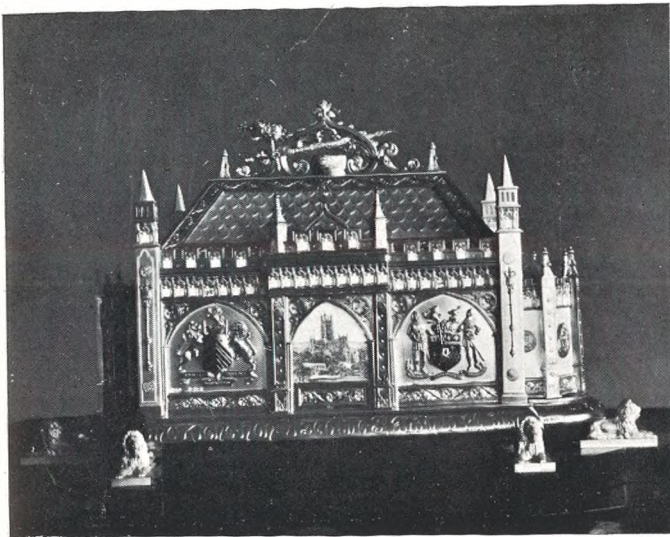
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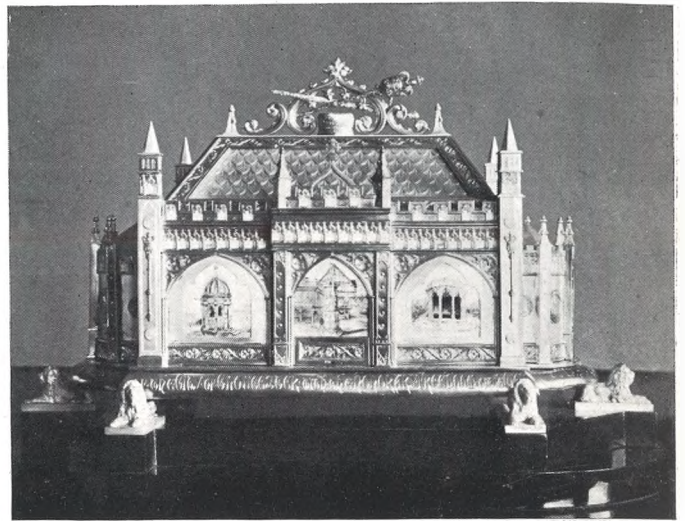
The 189th prize has been awarded to Mr. Charles Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church.

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

In his annual report on the health of the city for 1905, the Medical Officer of Health for Birmingham states that the death-rate was the lowest on record—viz. 16.1 per 1,000.



OBVERSE SIDE OF SILVER CASKET, WEIGHING 140OZS., CONTAINING CERTIFICATE OF FREEDOM.



REVERSE OF CASKET.



Photo by Mrs. Turner, Shipton Oliffe Manor.

SHIPTON OLIFFE FORESTERS' CHURCH PARADE, JULY 8, 1906.

CIRENCESTER AND THE CIVIL WAR.

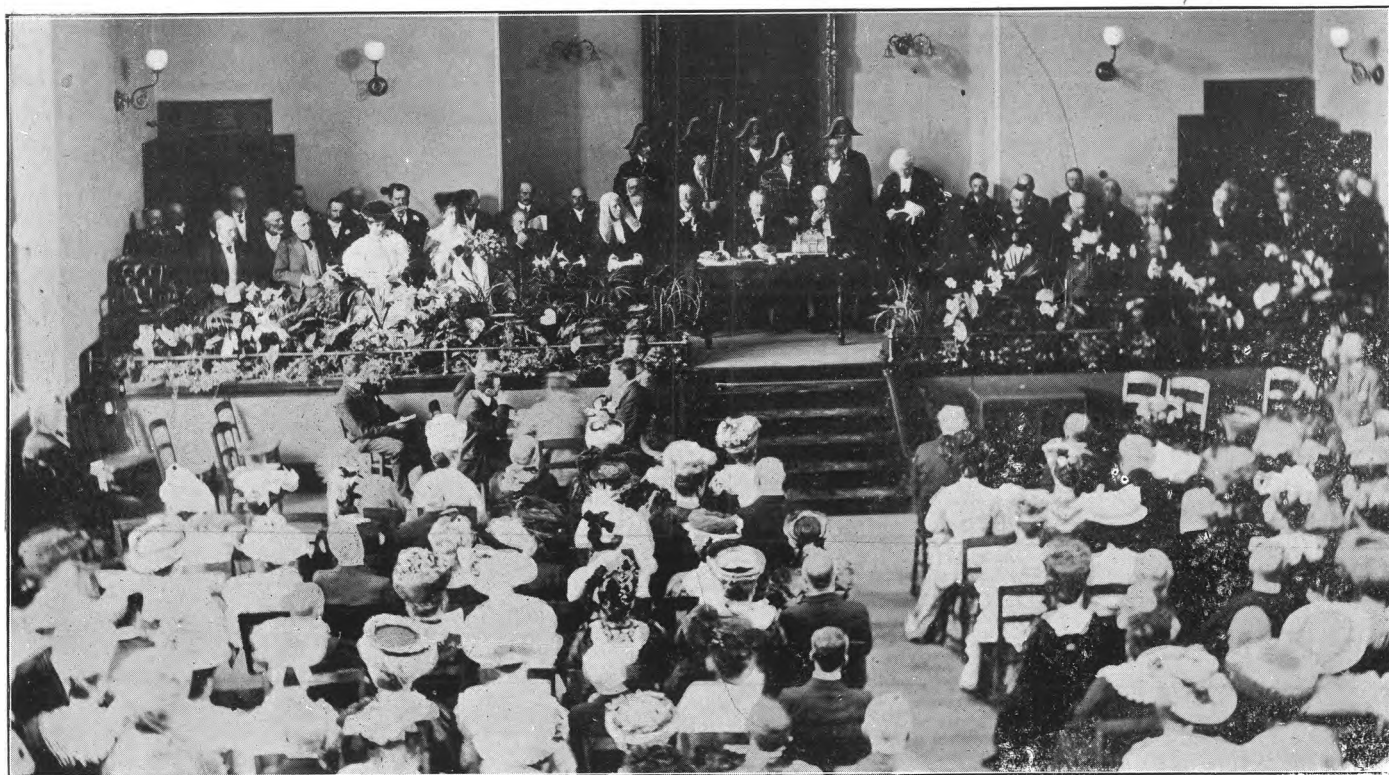
EXTRACT FROM A 1642 DOCUMENT.

A particular relation of the action before Cyrencester (or Cyceter) in Gloucestershire. Taken in on Candlemas Day, 1642, by part of His Majestie's Army under the conduct of his Highnesse Prince Rupert. Written by an eyewitness. Printed in the yeare 1642.

So God dispos'd it that on Saturday, January 1. 1642, Prince Rupert's Highnesse, with a fair part of H.M.'s army, began his march from Oxford. Of horse he led along five regiments, besides his own troop of Life-guards; the rest being footmen and dragoons. Four small drakes or field-pieces were drawn along for securing the

march. His Highnesse by easy marches passed along by Sudely Castle, belonging to Lord Chandois. This had been possessed on the Saturday before by some part of the Rebels of Cyrencester. Upon Thursday morning, Feb. 2nd, came in more dragoons with another Regiment of Horse, as also two demi-cannons for battery, shooting 18 pound bullet, and a mortar-piece to shoot Granadoes. All these at the Rendezvous short for Cyrencester were presented unto the Prince. Hereupon, His Highnesses riding before to take view of the nearer part of the towne, left Lieut.-Col. Lunsford with his Dragoons to attack it on that north quarter (Gloucester-street). His seconds was my Lord of Carnarvon's Regiment of Horse; and within 150 paces of the Spittle-gate did Mounsier la Roche plant his

mortar-piece. The Prince, after some shots of cannon made at him, now returning to his troopes, and Prayers now ended throughout all the Regiments, led on beyond the Towne, arranging his battaglions in the Barton field at the west end of Cyrencester. Upon which, before we fall on 'tis necessary to describe the Posts and works in sight, that were to be first fallen upon. 'Tis a towne of many streets; and 2,000 communicants, and, as seems, by that party esteemed the very key of Gloucestershire on that quarter: so that much of their rest being set upon it, they had used all industry for the fortifying it; which also for a village (!) was very strong in its natural scituation. 'Tis more than half encompassed by water, a great part with a high wall; the rest by strong works secured.—(Abridged).



VISCOUNT ST. ALDWYN A FREEMAN OF GLOUCESTER.

THE CEREMONY AT THE GUILDHALL ON JULY 9, 1906.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

CELEBRATION AT HILLFIELD HOUSE, GLOUCESTER, JULY 7, 1906.



COMING OF AGE CELEBRATION AT CHARLTON.
GARDEN PARTY AT THE WITHYHOLT, JUNE 30, 1906.

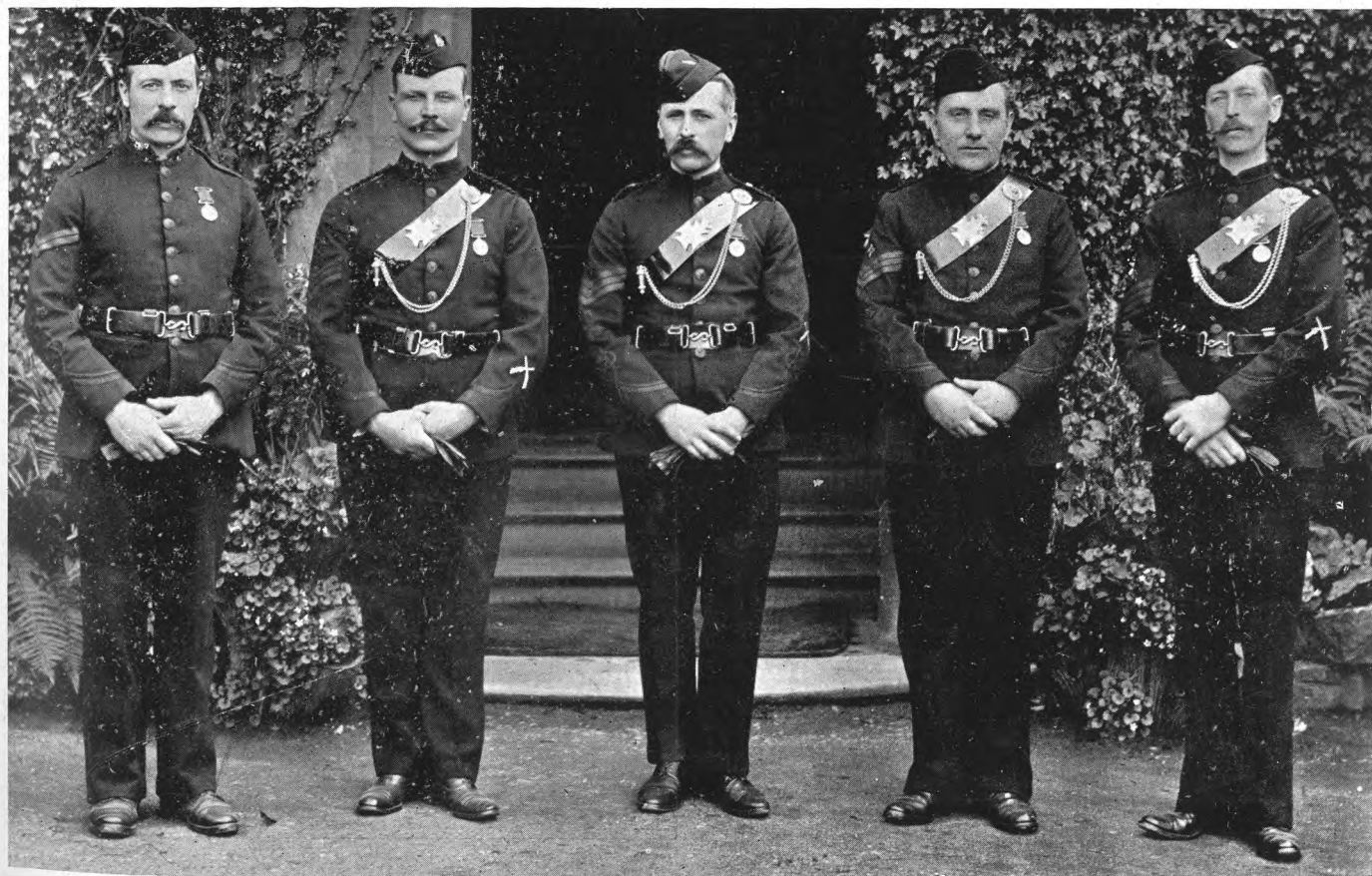


Photo by F. E. Organ, 22 Church-street, Tewkesbury.

TEWKESBURY LONG-SERVICE VOLUNTEERS (2nd V.B.G.R.)
PRESENTED WITH LONG-SERVICE MEDALS ON JUNE 30, 1906.

Corpl. Heath

Sergt. Gough.

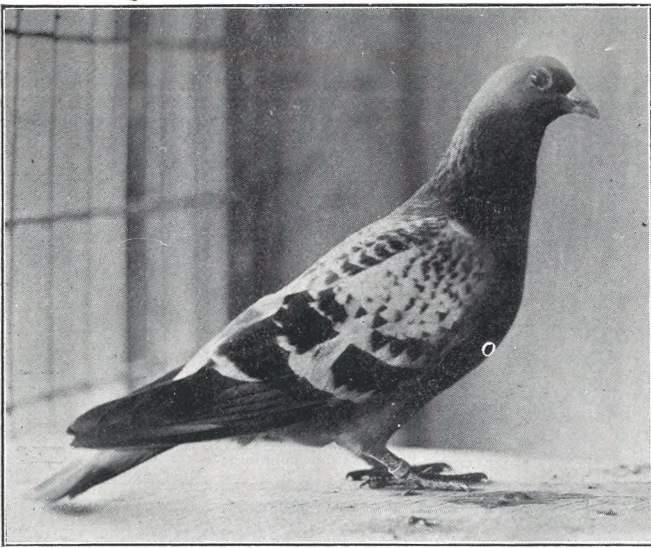
Sergt. Hayward.

Sergt. Hawley.

Col.-Sergt. Pearton.

THE NATIONAL FLYING CLUB, 1906.

The National, or the Pigeon Fanciers' Derby, will long be remembered in Cheltenham amongst the fancy as one of the most interesting events of the year; and no matter what part of the country you may visit, the ambition of every fancier, from his Majesty the King, who entered five birds, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who entered four birds, downwards, is to take a prize in the National. The steady increase of the entries and prize money year by year must be gratifying to the Committee of Management. Total entries last year 2,277, amount of prize money £357 10s., pools £369; this year 2,830 entries, prize money £408 10s., total pools £561 17s. 6d., total prize money £969 17s. 6d., in addition to the King's prize. Cheltenham F.C. have to be congratulated upon sending 32 birds to compete, as well as arranging for a pool, which Mr. Baring Bingham wins. The total Cheltenham contingent numbered 66 birds. Mr. Bingham had the honour of timing in the first bird in Cheltenham at 5.12, with Mr. A. H. Sindrey next at 6.6, followed by Mr. Thorne, of Charlton Kings, at 6.7, Mr. J. Moore fourth at 6.20, Mr. Ryder fifth at 6.35, Mr. Sindrey's second bird at 7.9, Mr. Pearce, Charlton Kings, two birds at 7.5 and 7.6, and O. Macey at 7.15. It speaks volumes for the quality of the Cheltenham birds that out of 2,830 birds competing and only 126 timed in on the day, Cheltenham timed in ten of the number.



MR. BINGHAM'S BLUE CHEQUER COCK.

First arrival in Cheltenham and twelfth in the National was his blue chequer cock R.P.F., 1904, 8330. No account as a youngster. In 1905 he flew with the Central Counties all stages to Rennes; this year he flew with the Central Counties, Bournemouth, and Granville, and was 18.h (531 birds) from Nantes with great Southern Combine, also 1st Central Counties, 1st Cotswold Flying Club, 1st Cheltenham F.C., and 2nd Gloucester United. Is a most consistent bird, and has worked splendidly for Mr. Bingham, and wins in all pools, both open and section series of the National. He was bred by owner. Sire from J. W. Logan and J. J. Barrett, cock ex Logan-Moore, hen (Red Prince, Iron Duchess, Big Mealy). Dam 1115; sire bred by J. W. Logan; dam, b.c. hen, 1901-99, bred by Mr. A. P. Taft from his 474 ex 476, pure Thorogoods; 474, from Higham's Champion 907, bred by Thorogood, brother to his 4th Avranches, 1st Nantes, and La Rochelle hen. Sire, 267, winner of 6th Avranches, 2nd La Rochelle, 520 miles, son of his famous 26A, the dam of five La Rochelle birds.



MR. MOORE'S "BIRTHDAY."

First arrival in the National, timed at 6.25 p.m., was his blue chequer hen Birthday, R.P.Z., 5152, 1905. As a youngster flew all stages Weymouth twice, and was one of his nomination birds, which was timed 9th in the Worcester and District Federation, and helped to win best average velocity in Young Birds' Race in C.F.C. 1905. As a yearling in 1906 flew all stages Weymouth, 5th Guernsey, 2nd Rennes C.F.C., and 64th in National from Marennes, 425 miles. Bred by owner from a hen presented to him by Mr. Russell, of Pontyclun, Glamorgan, dam of which won 1st Worcester, 1 251 velocity, 1st Andover, 1st Ventnor. Blood, Stanhope and Barker. Sire, red cock I.M. 3, 1903, bred by Mr. Attwood, and flew all stages Weymouth, and was lost in the Guernsey smash of 1905. His sire, bred by Mr. Attwood, and flew 1902 Derby, Chesterfield, and Leeds; 1903 Leeds, Ripon, and Newcastle.



MR. A. H. SINDREY'S "RELIANCE."

52nd National winner, and second bird timed in in Cheltenham, 6-8 p.m. same day, was his red chequer cock Reliance. Rung R.P.T.1903, 3740. Bred by owner. Performances:—1903: Weymouth, Guernsey. 1904: Weymouth, Guernsey, St. Malo. 1905: Weymouth, Guernsey, Marennes. 1906: Won 1st and special, 200 mile class at Cheltenham Flying Club Show—judge, Mr. W. Gainer; Weymouth, Guernsey, Rennes, Marennes. Sire 1081, bred 1901; trained to Weymouth 1902. all stages to St. Malo, 1903 all stages to St. Malo, lost at Nantes. Dam 1082, nest mate to 1081; 1901 Weymouth, 1902 all stages to St. Malo, since kept for stock.



MR. RYDER'S "PRETTY POLLY."

First bid from Marennes in the National is Pretty Polly, blue chequer hen, rung NU03, 358,—1903: Flown Weymouth twice, 3rd S.C.F.C. 1904: 5th Weymouth S.C.F.C., 5th Guernsey S.C.F.C., 7th St. Malo S.C.F.C. 1905: 3rd Guernsey S.C.F.C. and Granville Smash in Worcester and District Federation, homing fourth day. 1906: 3rd Weymouth S.C.F.C., 2nd Granville S.C.F.C., 73rd National. She has also taken five first prizes and special and four seconds and three thirds in show pen.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 290.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1906.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

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

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,

THE VAGABONDS.

NIGHTLY AT 8.

Matinees—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 3.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY COMPANY
FOR

FINEST
DEVONSHIRE **1/2** per lb.
BUTTER FRESH DAILY.

TO BE OBTAINED AT

2 Promenade and 5 Suffolk Parade,
CHELTENHAM.

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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362 High Street } CHELTENHAM.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



REV. A. B. MACFARLANE, M.A.,
NEW VICAR OF COLN ST. ALDWYN.

FOLLOW THE MAN FROM COOK'S.



When, in the year 1841, Mr. Thomas Cook superintended the running of the first excursion train between Leicester and Loughborough, no one could have imagined for a moment that it would ever be possible to walk into an office, take a batch of tickets, and then be whirled off to any part of the world with no mental trouble at all on the part of the traveller. Yet this is what now happens dozens, nay, hundreds of times every day in the course of the business at "Cook's."

"The Story of Cook's," in the "Penny Magazine," tells us that at the head office alone over 400 officials are always ready to settle every detail of a tour or journey for the would-be traveller. Here he can make arrangements to beat the time record for the journey round the world just as easily as he can fix up a trip to Brighton and back; indeed, the record referred to is at present held by the late Mr. George Griffiths, who accomplished the task by placing himself unreservedly in the hands of "The Tourist's Friend."

A HORRID EXCEPTION.



A witness was produced, a village patriarch far advanced in his eighties, erect, vigorous, clear-headed, who replied to all questions with promptitude and decision. Before he left the box the judge complimented him upon his state of preservation, and asked by what ordering of his life it had been maintained. Nothing loth, the witness replied that he was a teetotalter and a vegetarian, and described his daily existence in some detail; and the judge, deeply impressed, recommended all who heard him to follow in his footsteps. The witness was succeeded by his own elder brother, equally alert and well-preserved, to whom the judge said: "No doubt you, too, like your brother, whom we have just heard, have preserved your health and vigour by the strictest temperance?" The reply was brief and to the purpose: "I han't been to bed sober vor fifty year, my lord."—"Cornhill Magazine."



ST. LUKE'S BAZAAR AT THIRLESTAIN HALL, JULY 5, 1906.
GENERAL VIEW OF STALLS.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTHENHAM 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 190th prize has been divided between Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, and Mr. H. C. Leach, 3 Castle-street, Cirencester, for their reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. T. Keane at Emmanuel Church, Cheltenham, and the Rev. H. J. Wicks at Coxwell-street Baptist Church, Cirencester.

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

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Two & Three Garment Suits from 1 Guinea.

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can also be made to Order.

FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH.



MRS. MACKNIGHT-CRAWFURD'S GIPSY ENCAMPMENT AT ST. LUKE'S BAZAAR.



OUR OLD INHABITANTS.

Mrs. Maria Coates, widow, was born in Cheltenham on July 12, 1809, and is the last surviving child of William Gregory, of Chargrove and Shurdington. She enjoys excellent health, all her faculties are good, she reads the "Echo" aloud every evening, sometimes without her glasses (having only lately taken to them), and her memory is good. She has of course lived in five reigns, and remembers many things that happened in the reigns of the last two Georges. She is a sister of the late Charles and William Gregory, surgeons, and resides with her niece at 2 Westall-villas, Cheltenham. She comes of a long-living family; her aunt, Mrs. Lloyd, of Marsh-lane, lived to be 101, and her aunt Holliday, of Shurdington, to be 95 years old.



MR. ERNEST F. PRICE, B.A.,
NEW HEADMASTER OF SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL,
GLOUCESTER,
Where he was Form-Master 1886-93. Lately Headmaster of Jarrow-on-Tyne Higher Grade Secondary School.

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,
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MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
LAUREL HOUSE
(Near Free Library),
CHELTENHAM.
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

The Blackburn Corporation on Tuesday opened new baths, erected at a cost of £10,000, mainly for the elementary school children.

*
"Dogs must not bark while trotting along the sea front," is an order issued by the council of Hunstanton, Norfolk. The council has instructed the beach officer to make the dogs conform to the rule.

*
The "Petit Parisien," in endeavouring to prove that life in Paris conduces to longevity, says there are 10,509 octogenarians and 670 nonagenarians in the city, as well as six people who are more than 102 years old.

CANADA'S CLIMATE.

It is odd to remember how comparatively short a period has elapsed since the average British emigrant sedulously shunned Canada in the belief that the winter climate would kill off himself and his family like flies. He has learnt better since the Dominion presented those ancient terrors to his mind, and not only he, but tens of thousands of Americans have crossed the frontier during the last two or three years, unappalled by "Our Lady of the Snows." But the greater the invasion, the greater waxed the Canadian demand for agricultural labour during harvest. Fancy wages are willingly paid to really good men capable of toiling indefatigably from sunrise to sunset, or even longer. Early to bed and early to rise must be the accepted routine, while none but those endowed with muscles hardened by years of farming labour can stand the strain on health and strength with more or less suffering. But the dreaded cold is not in the least responsible for that, as harvest is over before "Our Lady" mounts her icy throne. It is the fierce summer heat that chiefly tries the emigrated Briton, and makes him disposed to pour anathema on those who caused him to regard British North America as always a very cold land. Winter is also trying to the imported labourer, but in a wholly different way. Employment erst so bountiful, shrinks away lamentably, and unless the farm hand has made a constant practice of putting by a portion of the high wages he received during summer, he will stand no small risk of starving in a land of plenty. Happily, Canadian farmers are kindly folks, and can be depended on to invent odd jobs, here and there, for the rescue of the deserving unemployed.—
"The Graphic."

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

THE TEACHING OF WELSH.

*
Welsh is now a subject of instruction in all the schools of Anglesey, Carnarvonshire, Denbighshire, Glamorganshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire, Monmouthshire, and Montgomeryshire, and preparations are being made to introduce it in September into the schools of Breconshire, Cardiganshire, and Carmarthenshire.

* * *
A sixpence of the reign of Charles I. was found in the stomach of a bullock killed recently by a Yarmouth butcher.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE v. CLIFTON COLLEGE.

PLAYED AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE JULY 14, 1906, AND WON BY THE HOME TEAM BY AN INNINGS.

THE POOR MAN'S MAGISTRATE.

Mr. Plowden, magistrate of Marlborough-street Court, well deserves the title bestowed upon him by a writer in "The Penny Magazine," viz. "The Poor Man's Magistrate." He was born in India, at Meerut, in October, 1844, his father, the late Trevor J. Chichele Plowden, being a civil servant, and it was at first intended that young Plowden should follow in his footsteps.

As is usual with the children of Anglo-Indians, young Plowden was sent home at an early age, to be educated and to spend his early years and grow up away from the enervating atmosphere of Hindes.

Thus it came about that, at the age of five, young Plowden found himself in the house of a Yorkshire vicar, where he found quite a family of other little Anglo-Indians.

It was here that Plowden first tasted terror, for that rector was one of the now happily extinct school who believed utterly and literally in the Biblical philosopher's dictum as to "sparing the rod and spoiling the child." Before he was six he had received his first caning, and he himself has stated: "It was so sharp and vigorous, and for a fault, if it was a fault, so trivial, that the memory stands out fresh and clear as the first vivid experience of my life. I have only to close my eyes in thought, and I feel again the awful swish of the stroke which filled me with terror at the time and gave me a dread of physical pain which has accompanied me through life."

A NOTABLE TITIAN.

In the dining-room of the town house of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, there is, according to "The Quiver," a very notable Titian. It is that famous, curious work of his which, showing a man's head on the centre of the canvas full-face, has on either side of it two other faces which are somewhat averted, and are said to represent the Emperor Charles V., Pope Junius II., and the Duke of Ferrara; whilst directly underneath are the heads of three animals—a lion, a wolf, and a dog—emblematic of the characters of the three men. A curious painting this, and one meaning more than the ordinary observer will be ever able to read into it. There are many valuable pictures in this dining-room, and on the wall to the left of the fire-place hangs a fine Tintoretto—a large canvas depicting a procession at Venice and the entry of the Doge.



MEN AS CHAPERONS.

For one reason and another many men are chaperoning their daughters this season in town, and one of the most notable of them—indeed, who for many years has never neglected his duties in this line to his many charmingly pretty daughters—present at Lady Dartmouth's ball last week was his Grace of Richmond and Gordon. The Duke, when he does go to a ball, is one of those considerate chaperons, of whom, among men, there

appear to be so few, who never take their charges away on the plea of the lateness of the hour or some other excuse because they happen to be bored themselves. Lord Alington is another of the men chaperons, for though Lady Alington occasionally goes to a ball with her handsome daughter, Miss Diana Sturt, yet reasons of health, and more, reasons of mourning, have prevented her from going out. Lord Alington, in consequence, has generally taken her place, and may be ranked among the very best and most considerate of "men" chaperons.—"P.T.O."



A NERVOUS MOMENT IN THE KING'S LIFE.

During his visit to Canada in 1859, King Edward and his party found themselves on the prairie, miles from human habitation. The Prince, as he was then, proposed a smoke, to which all agreed; but it was found that the whole party had only one match between them. On the successful ignition of that match depended the pleasure of the whole suite. Lots were drawn to decide on whom should fall the responsible duty of striking it. The lot, we are told in "The Penny Magazine," fell to the Prince. Sheltered from the wind by his companions, he successfully accomplished the feat, but afterwards declared that it was the most exciting and nervous moment of his life.



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

STATE SCENE AT GLOUCESTER ASSIZES.

MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE LEAVING THE JUDGES' LODGINGS ON JULY 3, 1906, TO TRY THE LECKHAMPTON MEN. THE COUNTY HIGH SHERIFF (MR. H. FANE GLADWIN) AND HIS CHAPLAIN (REV. L. E. W. THOROTON) PRECEDE HIS LORDSHIP. THE CITY SHERIFF (ALD. T. BLINKHORN) STANDS WITH HIS MACE-BEARERS AT THE GATE.

BRITISH HOLIDAYS.

Has any one ever noticed that with the fifty-two Saturday half-holidays and the four Bank holidays which are an essentially English custom, the workers of this country have, over and above the holidays (Sundays, etc.) common to all Christian countries, thirty days' play? In other words, they have a whole month's rest more than their brethren in other countries. Multiply that by the number of working men and clerks, and just see what a loss it must be to the country. The answer to that is that the British workman does more work in a given time than any other. It is a flattering unctious to lay upon the national soul. Whether it is true or not is quite another story. In any case, if life is supposed to be dull in England (vide London papers), it is certainly not due to an excess of work and no play.—"Cornhill Magazine."

* *

AN AMUSEMENT TAX.

Some years ago I used to amuse myself on the eve of the Budget by making suggestions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer with regard to equitable taxation, and naming various articles that might be subject to impost. It is needless to say the Chancellor of the Exchequer took not the slightest notice of my propositions, so, after a time, I found my diversion fall rather flat. I can, however, remember, there was one suggestion I made which I thought would bring in a considerable addition to the revenue. That was to have every ticket to a place of amusement bear a stamp according to its value. My idea was to confine the tax to the bookable places, and leave the pit and gallery free. As I said before, this notion did not seem to commend itself to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I was rather pleased the other day to see it had been adopted by the municipality of Berlin, where they propose to carry out the system even more thoroughly at all theatres, concerts, and music-halls, beginning with a charge of a halfpenny on a shilling ticket, and so on in proportion to the price of admission. This tax, which is computed will bring in £60,000 a year, is said to be unpopular. But, after all, it is taxing a luxury rather than a necessity, which is step in the right direction.—J. Ashby-Sterry in "The Graphic."

* *

BUSINESS FINES.

The system of fines which prevails in so many large factories and business establishments throughout the country constitutes a real grievance with the employees concerned (says the writer of an article entitled "What Becomes of Business Fines?" in "Cassell's Saturday Journal.") Fines are often imposed for the most trivial of offences, and are deducted from the amount due to the victim when pay day comes round.

Take the case of a well-known provincial emporium which finds employment for upwards of 200 persons of both sexes. The list of offences which are punishable by the imposition of a fine is a most formidable one, comprising no fewer than 28 different "crimes," with punishments ranging from "late in the morning, 1s.," to "failing to effect sale, 2s. 6d." The whole of the money thus deducted from the assistants' salaries, and it is no small amount, goes to swell the banking account of the proprietors.

In pleasant contrast to this is a somewhat similar establishment in a neighbouring town. Not only is the list of offences considerable shorter and the amount of the fines lighter, but all the money thus accumulated is devoted to a purpose of which the assistants cordially approve. Physical culture for their assistants is encouraged by the firm, and an athletic club, with sections devoted to various sports and pastimes, is a highly flourishing institution. An athletic meeting for employees only is held every year, and the "fine money" purchases a handsome set of prizes for the winning competitors—among whom are many ladies, for they are well catered for.

An excellent system is that adopted by one firm, who, twice a year, before the August and Christmas holidays, divide the total amount among all the employees, those who have been in the employ of the house for a less period than six months receiving a share in proportion to the time they have been employed. It would be less popular with the workpeople, but it would doubtless be a better plan if the money was divided immediately after the holidays.



BETHESDA CLASS OF YOUNG LEAGUERS' UNION.
OUTING AT LIDDINGTON LAKE, JULY 7, 1906.

CIRENCESTER AND THE CIVIL WAR.

*

TOKEN COINAGE OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

*

A CHAPTER OF FORGOTTEN LORE.

Money circulates freely to-day, because an ample supply is continually produced at the Mint. It was not always so, and at various periods of history corporations, tradesmen, and others in self-defence were obliged through the scarcity of "small change" to issue tokens of various descriptions. The ancient city of Gloucester, as well as Cheltenham and other places in Gloucestershire, has participated in these issues. In early days, besides the Sovereign, who maintained numerous Royal Mints, prelates and others exercised the privileged of coining money, down to the reign of Henry VIII., when private mints were abolished. The Royal Mints also became gradually reduced in number, and were at last consolidated into one establishment. Halfpenny and farthing tokens in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were made of lead, tin, latten, and even of leather.

It is related in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1757 that from and during the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles II. the tradesmen and victuallers in general coined small money or tokens for the convenience of trade, and tradesmen kept sorting boxes for the purpose of keeping apart the money of the respective coiners. In 1672 Charles II. struck a sufficient quantity of halfpence and farthings, and ordained that makers, vendors, or users of any kind of pence, halfpence, farthings, or other pieces of brass or copper brass metal were to be punished severely. Tokens of the period then became obsolete. The coinage of the country was grossly neglected from 1775 to 1797, tokens again became a necessity, and were manufactured in wholesale quantities, under various circumstances and with a variety of effects. These coins obtained general currency, and were recognised tenders in trade. In 1788 Cheltenham farthings appeared in varieties, and towards the end of the same century some very fine tokens were issued for Gloucester—penny and halfpenny; and there was also a Badminton halfpenny. The Gloucester and Berkeley Canal halfpenny was payable at Gloucester. Half-pennies were struck in connection with the making and opening of the Thames and Severn Canal tunnel at Sapperton, and used probably for the payment in part of the wages of the workmen. The junction was completed in 1789, and gave rise (according to Wood's old "Cheltenham Guide") to the following allegorical letter:—

"Friday, Nov. 20, 1789.

"Sir.—Yesterday a marriage took place between Madame Sabrina, a lady of Cambrian extraction, and mistress of a very extensive property in Montgomeryshire (where she was born) and the counties of Salop, Stafford, Worcester, and

Gloucester and Mr. Thames, commonly called 'Father Thames,' a native of Gloucestershire, now a merchant trading from London to all the known parts of the world. The ceremony took place at Lechlade, by special license, in the presence of hundreds of admiring spectators, with myself, who signed as witnesses; from whence the happy pair went to breakfast at Oxford, dine at London, and consummate at Gravesend, where the venerable Neptune, his whole train of inferior deities and nymphs with his wife Venus and her train, and to fling the stocking—an union which presages much happy consequences and a numerous offspring. I mention the lady's name, as the tendre came from her, after many struggles with her modesty and Cambrian aversion to a Saxon spouse.

"A TRAVELLER."

The cost of the tunnel exceeded a quarter of a million sterling.

Twopenny pieces and penny pieces, issued in 1797 (Georget III.), went largely into the melting pot upon it becoming known that they were worth one-third more as copper. The coinage was grossly neglected, and in 1811 tokens not only supplemented but almost took the place of the coin of the realm. In this year the Cheltenham shilling, issued by William Bastin, made its appearance, and at the same time pennies were issued by John Bastin and Co., and also by John Bishop and Co., tailors. There was a Cheltenham shilling by Messrs. J. and S. Griffiths, who appear to have had premises here and at 2 River-street, Bath. With the exception of the latter-named, the Cheltenham tokens gave a view of the Old Well-walk—now one of the departed glories of the borough—with the spire of St. Mary's closing the line of perspective. A Gloucester tradesman, J. Whalley, was ambitious enough to coin half-crowns; and there were various shillings issued for the same city; county pieces, and others by Saunders and Butt, chandlers, "to facilitate trade," James Whalley, and Morgan. A penny token was issued, undated, at the same period, by the Sedbury Iron Works.

Eventually the use of tokens was again prohibited, and ordinary coinage, supplied more adequately, rendered them obsolete. Few specimens of the local token money are met with to-day. The writer, however, has one of the "Well Walk" shillings and several of Bishop's pennies, which are very interesting, especially when in a fine state of preservation. J. G. E. A.

Automatic boot-polishing machines are the latest attraction in Berlin streets.

*

A telegram to the Secretary of State for India says that 417,000 persons are now receiving relief owing to their destitute condition

*

On the ground of expense, the French Post-office has decided to abandon the scheme of delivering letters by motor-car in outlying country districts.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

"You shall swear that you shall be a true liegeman, and true faith and truth bear unto our Sovereign Lord the King's Majesty, his heirs and lawful successors, and to your power shall aid and assist the Mayor, Sheriff, and Council of this City of Gloucester for the time being, and to them shall be obedient for and concerning such things as they, or any of them, shall lawfully and reasonably will and command you to do. You shall well and truly observe, perform, fulfil, and keep all such orders and rules as are, and shall be, made and established by the Council of this city, for the good government thereof, in all things to you appertaining. You shall also give, yield, and be contributory to and with the Corporation of this city so far forth as you ought, or shall be chargeable to do. And you shall not, by colour of your freedom, bear out, or cover under you any foreign person or stranger, or their goods and chattels: but according to the best of your skill, wit, cunning, and power, you shall uphold and maintain all the liberties, franchises, good customs, orders, and usages of this city and Corporation. So help you God."

* * *

The above is the text of the comprehensive oath that was administered to Viscount St. Aldwyn on his being admitted the first honorary freeman of Gloucester for a period of at least seventy years. This quaint oath is similar in spirit, though not in actual letter, to the one that the Earl of Coventry took on January 27th, 1902, when made an honorary freeman of Tewkesbury. Thus these two Lord High Stewards are in the proper position of "he who would rule freemen should himself be free." I observe that Lord St. Aldwyn, whose Free Trade principles are well known, playfully alluded to the paragraph in the oath which prescribed that he should not "by colour of your freedom bear out or cover under you any foreign person or stranger, or their goods and chattels," remarking that he thought he detected in these words something of the battle between Protection and Free Trade. But he added: "I don't know what their precise interpretation may be. I should turn, rather, to your City Member to suggest it, because I am in such hearty sympathy with his fiscal opinions. But I am quite sure that if the phrase dates from when strangers were rather looked upon as persons to be kept outside than to be hospitably entertained in the good old city—well, neither I nor you, your City Member, nor any freeman of Gloucester, would ever allow anything, even in the name of Free Trade, to induce us to do anything which would be injurious to the industries or the commerce of this fine old city."

* * *

The selection of Mr. William Silver Frith by the Bishop Ellicott Memorial Committee to sculpture the recumbent effigy of his lordship for place in the Cathedral was made on the merits of his submitted design, and is, as I ventured to predict a fortnight ago it would be, peculiarly appropriate by reason of his early intimate connection with Gloucester. There was an invited competition, and I have no doubt but that Mr. Pomeroy, A.R.A., and Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A., who were two of the three competitors left in for final choice, would be among the first to congratulate their old modelling master upon his success against them. No freeman could place Mr. Frith in the category of "my foreign person or stranger." I understand that the design of the bracket of the effigy is left open for revision, and that this point, together with the selection of the site of the monument, will be settled by the Dean and Chapter in consultation with Mr. Frith in the course of the next few days.

* * *

It is not a far cry to the next foxhunting season. The recent speeches at the luncheons which are such acceptable adjuncts to the puppy judging of the various hunts in this county are decidedly optimistic as to sport. That good veteran sportsman Mr. Henry Baker; I read, stated at Lord Fitzhardinge's luncheon that a lot of litters of pups were reported in the Berkeley country, but he believed, generally speaking, the numbers were

small, seven in one case, but in the most two and threes. As regards the Cotswold country, I happen to know of one litter of five cubs on Chosen Hill, and I hope that they, as well as others that I hear are about there, will be afoot and serve hounds to regain for the hill its reputation for sport that is at present under a cloud, when Mr. Herbert Lord's pack draws the coverts from time to time during the approaching season. The puppies that were walked round about Chosen Hill, and which took most of the prizes at the recent judging, will have a chance of distinguishing themselves with their local knowledge.

GLEANER.

SPIRITUALISTIC MATTERS.

*

"I have been in touch with spiritualism," says Mr. Sinnett, the famous authority on spirit phenomena, "since I was a young man." To a "Cassell's Saturday Journal" interviewer he has said: "Here let me say that people make a huge mistake in supposing the frauds of mediums are frequent. The truth is that the happenings that are set down by the unthinking as frauds are caused by the mediums getting into touch with a low class of disembodied persons who are mischievous and endowed with a disposition to play practical jokes. This is the explanation of half of the so-called impostures."

* *

THE DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND.

*

A most remarkable thing during the last twenty years has been the discovery of England by the French. In 1884 the French papers were represented in London by three or four correspondents; the other day at a public ceremony I counted more than ten resident and half a dozen special French correspondents. If with the increase of correspondents and "special wires," the French in general and the Parisians in particular do not get better acquainted with English men and things, we must despair of the power of the Press! It is curious, by the way, to see the ignorance of English things that still prevail in France. Not so many years ago a young Frenchman, belonging to a good family, was sent to this country just after leaving school and passing his baccalaureat. He came to see me on his arrival and called again some little time after. "It is a strange thing," he said to me, "I have been in London a fortnight and I have not yet seen a lord." "Not seen a lord!" I said. "What do you mean?" "Well," he went on, "I thought that when a lord passed in a London street the police stopped the traffic to make way for him!"—"Cornhill Magazine."

* *

BRITISH ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES.

*

The world to-day is indebted to Great Britain for its electrical industries, says "The Electrical Magazine." But for the foresight and research of a British scientist the dawn of an electrical age might have been long delayed and the progress of industry checked at the very outset. Since the days of Gilbert, Davy, and Faraday, many very remarkable electrical achievements have staggered humanity; but to these men the honour is due for those great discoveries which made possible later the wider applications of their genius, and which now seem so extraordinary. The electrical industry of Great Britain has come in for its fair share of adverse criticism during the past few years, and it seems to us that the majority of the attacks made upon it have been both unreasonable and unjust. We refer particularly to that class of criticism which is purely destructive and serves no good purpose. Considering that the electrical industry was born in this country, and that the bulk of our knowledge regarding it is based upon the early investigations and experiments of British scientists, there is occasion rather for unstinted praise of, than thoughtless railing against, the present exploits of British electrical engineers. Outside the ranks of the profession, electrical men are apt to be regarded as pedantic, not to say indifferent to the progress of the art with which they are identified, and this is the outcome of spreading broadcast opinions which are not even half-truths, but frequently mis-statements of the real facts. If the electrical engineer is indifferent, it is to the scurrilous attacks made upon him by sensation-mongers and seekers after cheap notoriety.

HOW ENGINES PICK UP WATER.

*

An interesting article is contributed to the July number of "Pearson's Magazine" by Mr. C. H. Jones, describing how engines pick up water when travelling at full speed, thereby effecting an immense saving in time by the abolition of the frequent stops that would otherwise be necessary.

Mr. Jones writes: "The keen competition for traffic between railway companies nowadays makes it imperative that not a minute shall be wasted on any journey. Hence it is that trains are run at far higher speeds and for longer distances without stopping than was formerly the case.

"Locomotives working fast passenger trains consume from twenty-five to fifty gallons of water every mile they run, the quantity varying with the weight of the train, the state of the weather, and other conditions. Hence a train used to be frequently stopped at a station for the engine to quench its thirst at a water column when, from a traffic point of view, such a stop was unnecessary. But since the introduction of water troughs on the great railways, engines can pick up from one to two thousand gallons of water in about fifteen seconds when running at full speed. To accomplish this, open troughs, about a quarter of a mile long, are laid between the rails, and the tender of each engine fitted with a hinged scoop, which can be lowered so that its nose dips under and skims the surface of the water in the trough as the train travels over it, the speed forcing the water to rush up the inclined scoop into the tank of the tender.

"To pick up water is a simple operation, but, even to the engineman, it is an exciting incident on the journey.

"As the train rushes along, both driver and fireman are on the alert to locate the position of the troughs. This is an easy matter in daylight, but in the dark it is more difficult; they have then to be guided by some landmark, such as an overbridge, or by sound as when the train rumbles over an iron bridge. While the driver, with his hand on the regulator, looks out ahead, the fireman watches for the trough, and the instant that the tender is over it, he, with a quick turn of the handle of a screw, lowers the scoop and notes the rapid rise of the water in the tender as indicated by a gauge. He must be prompt in reversing the screw just before the tender is full, otherwise the water will spout out in great volume through the overflow pipes and flood the train. A little practice, however, overcomes the difficulty, and a skilled fireman can judge to a nicety when his tank is full.

"Water troughs are usually put down fifty or seventy miles apart. The distance is regulated by the water capacity of the tenders in use on the line and the possibility of obtaining water at a suitable place. A tender ordinarily carries about 3,000 gallons of water, but in the absence of "picking up" apparatus on some railways, where heavy trains have to travel long distances without a stop, it has been found necessary to increase the capacity of the tenders to 4,000 or even 4,500 gallons."

RAPID WEALTH AND EARLY DEATH.

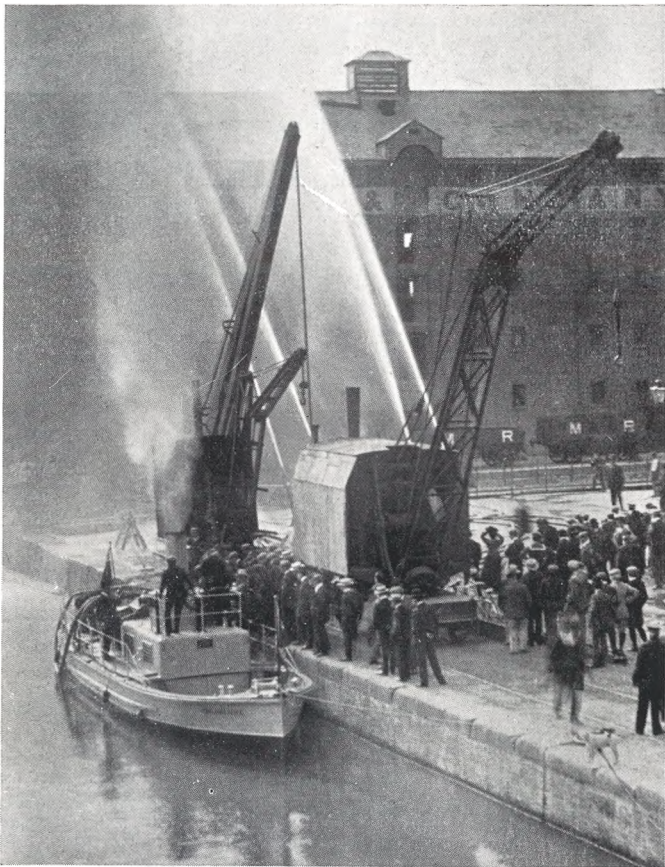
*

The high average of the age attained by men who have acquired large fortunes slowly has for many years past been noteworthy. The average of age of persons leaving estates valued at more than £150,000 each has usually been from 71 to 73 years, and the number of those exceeding 80 years has been remarkable. On the other hand, the possessors of quickly acquired wealth have in some prominent cases died early.

Thus Mr. Barnett Barnato, who died in 1897, leaving £960,000, was only forty-six years of age, and his nephew, Mr. Woolf Joel, who died in the following year, and whose estate was valued at £1,226,000, was thirty-four. Mr. Herbert Davies, a director of mining companies, who died in 1899, aged forty-three years, left £734,000. Col. North, who left £463,000, was fifty-four years. Mr. Cecil Rhodes was forty-eight, and Mr. Charles Ansell, of the Stock Exchange, who left £345,000, was forty-six.

* *

A lady recently complained that while standing on the cliffs at Hunstanton the wind nearly "participated her over the prejudice!"



GLOUCESTER FIRE FLOAT, "SALAMANDER."

CHRISTENED JULY 12, 1906.

PUMPING WATER RIGHT OVER WAREHOUSE ROOF.



SOUTHAM DRINKING TROUGH.

OPENED JULY 10, 1906.



MR. HAROLD MONTAGUE,

the well-known Entertainer, who is appearing at Montpellier next week with "The Vagabonds."

THE ENTENTE ANTICIPATED.

The mention of a boat race recalls to my mind an amusing, almost grotesque, incident which happened in 1890. The exhibition at Earl's Court was, that year, a French one, and early in the year some of the French exhibitors came to settle matters, and were entertained by the Earl's Court directors. Whilst they were in London the boat race took place, and arrangements were made to take them up the river in a special steamer to enable them to witness this interesting event. They were delighted, of course. By mere chance our steamer was the first to return to Westminster, and on the way back, as we passed under the bridges, some of the English guests, in reply to inquiries from the crowd, shouted the name of the winning boat, "Oxford!" and the crowd cheered, as it can cheer on a boat race day. It was then noticed that one of the French gentlemen looked very distressed and held his handkerchief to his eyes. Believing he was ill some of the party went up to him, inquiring and offering assistance. He needed none, and explained the cause of his emotion: "Ah!" he said, pointing to the Tricolour which our steamer flew out of compliment to the French guests, "it moves me to tears to see how they cheer the French flag!" No one on board had the courage to undeceive my patriotic countryman, who, to this day, no doubt, believes that the crowd assembled on the bridges on boat race day, 1890, cheered the Tricolour, and thus proclaimed the entente cordiale so far back as sixteen years ago.—"Cornhill Magazine."



A singular instance of naming a child comes from the village of Burgh, near Ormesby, where a boy was christened Martin White Fell, the names of the Liberal and Conservative candidates at Yarmouth.

A Bill compelling employers to grant employees one day's rest a week passed the French Chamber on Tuesday by 575 votes to one.

* *

Each day should find us doing things better than previously. Acquire the habit of promptness in every matter, large or small, which is left to your care.

* *

The annual report of the Birmingham Free Libraries Committee states that during the year the total issue of books was 1,485,796, a daily average of 4,683.

Southwark has the unique distinction of possessing a Mayor and Mayoress who have won the Dunmow fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Devereaux having passed through the ordeal for the coveted bacon in 1900.

* *

The amount of wood which is used every year for the manufacture of pencils is almost incredible. Nearly 4,000 acres of cedar trees are cut down annually for the purpose alone, and of these 2,000 acres are in Florida. In Bavaria alone there are some forty pencil factories.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 291.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

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

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK, THE GAJETIES.

NIGHTLY AT 8.

Matinees—Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday,
at 3.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY COMPANY FOR

FINEST
DEVONSHIRE **1/2** per lb.
BUTTER FRESH DAILY.

TO BE OBTAINED AT

2 Promenade and 5 Suffolk Parade,
CHELTENHAM.

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.

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 1905 prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Davey, Exon, Ryeworth-road, Charlton Kings, and Miss A. Mabson, 2 Queen's-view, Swindon-road North, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church and Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's Church.

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



HILLFIELD HOUSE, WOTTON, GLOUCESTER,
WHERE "CHAMBERLAIN DAY" WAS LOCALLY CELEBRATED.

PAUPERISM IN AMERICA.

* *

Although the number of paupers is increasing in the United States, a report just issued by the Census Bureau states that the increase has not kept pace with the growth of population. During 1904 there were in the almshouses 163,176 persons, of whom 111,817 were males. In 1880 the ratio of the almshouse paupers to the population was 132 to every 100,000 persons. It decreased to 117 in 1890 and to 101 in 1903. The report says the chief distinction between the two sexes seems to be that women are permanently in almshouses, while men, to a large extent are only "boarders" in the cold months.

In discussing the relation between immigration and pauperism, the report declares: "There is no reason to believe that many immigrants drift into almshouses soon after their arrival in the United States, for only 2 per cent. of the foreign-born persons in almshouses had been in this country less than five years."

Of the paupers 48 per cent. had been labourers and servants, 10 per cent. had been engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries, and 24 per cent. had been employed in agriculture, transportation, and other outdoor pursuits. More than three-fourths of the female paupers had been servants.

CATCHING THE GORILLA.

* *

The gorilla is not only untameably savage, but his powers of hearing are amazing. In an article in "The Penny Magazine" entitled "How Wild Beasts are Trapped," we are told much concerning this monster's nature. You never catch him unprepared. He knows no fear, and his strength is beyond belief. A six-foot gorilla has been known to seize a rifle, and with his bare hands twist the barrel into a cork-screw as easily as you or I could twist a paper spill. He has, too, fearful teeth. The gorilla never waits to be attacked. He comes straight for the intruder into his domain. His roar is terrible, and he drums on his breast as he rushes upright upon his foe. Then is the time to shoot straight. A miss is death. The only way to capture a gorilla is to shoot the parents and catch their young. Even these very seldom survive to reach Europe.

* *

Spring-sown oats have been cut at Barnstaple and Crediton, in Devonshire. The corn harvest in the west will be early.

* *

The Great Northern Telegraph Company, Ltd., announces that Iceland and the Faeroe Islands will be telegraphically connected with this country by the end of August.

A COTTAGE IN THE AIR.

[By E. C. GIDLEY.]

* * *

"Aren't you rather—building castles in the air?"

"Castles? It's only a small cottage I'm wanting; but it seems one of the most difficult things to find on the face of the earth!" Aileen Trevelyan broke in hurriedly.

Her companion smiled. Life had been rather dull at the Nauheim boarding-house until she had put in an appearance there with her mother, who was to undergo the cure for the heart.

Anthony Dugdale had never been considered a "lady's-man"; once in the years gone by, he had held all women sacred for love of one, but when she threw him over for a man with a title, and a rent-roll fifty times larger than his, Dugdale went to the opposite extreme, and assumed, even if he did not feel, the utmost indifference to their presence.

Two days ago Mrs. Trevelyan appeared upon the scene, bringing her third daughter with her, and from the moment he saw her, Dugdale took a fancy to her in a lazy kind of way. The girl was decidedly interesting; and her views on life were distinctly refreshing; so he cultivated her acquaintance, and her mother being somewhat of an invalid, his opportunities were legion, and he made the most of them.

The rest of the people staying in the house had gone to the Kursaal, so it happened that Dugdale and his companion had the garden to themselves! She looked decidedly pretty in her white gown, as she reclined in a low chair.

Dugdale looked at her—simply, yet perfectly gowned, and thought of "the cottage." The two too seemed incongruous!

"You see—I write," she went on, clasping her hands in her lap, and looking up at him with a childish air of pride. "And with three sisters and two brothers and a mother in the same house, one's time is never one's own. I am disturbed at all hours; there are a hundred and one things which I am picked out to do, though someone else could do them equally well; then, in the midst of a most exciting chapter, someone downstairs begins to play the piano, or sing, and—well, one's ideas can't flow properly to the accompaniment of a piano!"

He looked duly sympathetic. "It's dreadful to contemplate—" he began.

"Now you're laughing at me!" Aileen said reproachfully. "But it does seem hard. Other girls I know, who don't want their time and the house to themselves, marry and go away from home, and—"

"Why don't you marry, and go away from home, and have a house to yourself?" he inquired, with a smile.

"Because no one has asked me, sir!" she answered naively. "At least, no one whom I could put up with—for a lifetime!"

She shrugged her white shoulders expressively, and an idea came to Anthony. Why should he not solve the problem for her? If she would marry him, he could buy the cottage she so much desired, where she would be at peace to write. What he had to offer her was friendship—a calm paternal affection, with which he would shelter and give her what she liked; and she could accept him for what he was—a friend in need!

Dugdale rose and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"I will marry you!" he said steadily. "I don't pretend to love you madly, because—well, it's an old story now, and a long one—but in the years gone by, when I was young and foolish, I loved in that way—and one cannot do it twice in a lifetime, however long. So you know me for what I am, and if you care to take me on those terms, I will give you a cottage all to yourself, wherever you like. You shall have everything you want—everything—"

"Except love?" broke in the girl quietly. "As I have my stories I shall be able to do without that. If it can be managed—yes, I will marry you, and have a cottage of my own, my very own!"

There were the sounds of laughter and voices in the road outside; the rest of the party were returning from the Terrasse. Dugdale had just time to press her slim cold hand, and whisper that he would ask her mother's consent on the morrow, when the garden gate opened, and Aileen, slipping in amongst them, was soon lost in the little crowd.

Mrs. Trevelyan was too ill next day for Dugdale to be admitted to her presence, so he had to content himself with a few minutes' conversation with Aileen, and extracted a promise from her to go to the Kurhaus dance in the evening, because he had a good deal to settle with her.

Dugdale stipulated for an early marriage, saying they had nothing to wait for, and Mrs. Trevelyan, when at length she granted him an interview, was graciousness itself. She had four daughters, all marriageable, and it seemed a kindly act on the part of Providence that Nauheim should provide a rich husband for one of them! So the widow smiled on her prospective son-in-law and daughter, and went so far as to acquiesce in the arrangements for the marriage as soon as they got back to England.

The wedding took place at the parish church of the bride's home very quietly, owing, the papers said, to the recent illness and delicate health of the bride's mother, and Anthony carried his bride off immediately for their curiously arranged honeymoon!

London being reached, they got into a slow train which put them down at Frowleigh, a sweet little village by the sea, where Aileen's cottage in the air was to take practical shape. She exclaimed with delight when she caught sight of it—a pretty little Swedish erection, built on a high piece of ground overlooking the brilliantly blue bay.

"How lovely!" she cried enthusiastically. "I can never thank you enough. What a glorious view over the sea! I shall feel inspired here."

He looked at her as she stood in the square bay window with the sunlight falling on her bright uncovered head—she had flung her pretty travelling hat on the table—and gowned in a soft pink frock, she was a charming vision of youth and beauty. How strange it seemed! Four months ago, he had not thought of being married; and now here he was, with this beautiful woman, who bore his name, and yet was as distant from him as the north pole!

"I am glad you like it," he said quietly. "I thought you would, somehow—"

"Which shows that we have some tastes in common," she answered spontaneously. "Do you know, I am afraid," looking at his solemn face and taking a step towards him—"I am afraid I've got the best of the bargain."

His heart gave a throb. His heart! He laughed and shook himself. That was dead long ago.

"I don't know so much about that," he said banteringly. "I am going to leave you here in peace to write that three-volume novel, as I promised; but if you shirk your duty, I may turn up and make you pay the penalty—"

"The penalty? What's that?" she asked, her sweet face paling.

He breathed a little hard. "I might make you come and—live with me!" he said unsteadily. "The law could compel you to, you know, Aileen—my wife!" He paused a moment on the word. Then he drew himself up and laughed again. "Come, come, don't look so frightened. It isn't complimentary! I'm only joking. See, I am even now going to bid you good-bye!"

He took his hat from a chair, and held out his hand.

"I think we may shake hands," he said; "there was no clause to the contrary in the compact, was there? Good-bye—Mrs. Dugdale!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Dugdale!" she answered, leaving her hand for a moment in his big palm, and lowering her eyes; "I am ever so much obliged to you."

He turned away without another word, and she watched his big figure swing rapidly down the little drive. She was emancipated at last. Her cottage was no longer in the air, but a veritable fact. And it was deliciously pretty and comfortable. How he had thought of everything—from the wallpapers to the carpet—everything of the choicest description that money could buy, and everything was hers.

A sudden gust of wind swept round the house; the late October sun sank beneath a bank of clouds. Aileen shivered a little as she took her hat from the table. How lonely it was—and cold. Yet she had everything she had once wished for; while he—her husband, what had he gained? Echo answered—What!

Mrs. Trevelyan looked across the table at her eldest daughter, and fingered a letter in the interim of sipping her tea and breaking the shell of her egg

"I can't make it out," she said querulously. "Aileen is always making excuses for her husband not being at Frowleigh; but a man oughtn't to have had particular business to attend to on his wedding day. That was six months ago, and he isn't back from America yet. Ridiculous! It's my belief—he wasn't in love with her at all!"

"But then, mamma, why should he have married her?" put in Dora.

"Why? That's just what I want to know!" returned the indignant mother. "To marry a girl and neglect her is—well, unpardonable."

"Why don't you go and see for yourself?" suggested Dora brilliantly.

"Because your sister, since her marriage, seems not to desire my company," returned Mrs. Trevelyan, having recourse to her hankerchief. "When I suggest going down to Frowleigh to see her, she just puts me off!"

A sob finished the explanation, and Dora unsympathetically shrugged her shoulders.

"I expect Aileen knows her own mind best," she said. "Go down without warning, mamma, and take her by surprise; she can't refuse to have you in the house when once you're there!"

Thus it came to pass that Mrs. Trevelyan appeared at Frowleigh one afternoon in early spring, when the birds were singing their songs in the hedges, and all the country was looking bright and fresh and beautiful with the promise of summer to come.

She was shown into the pretty drawing-room by the trim maid, and a little later her daughter entered slowly.

"Mamma!" she cried, and then stood still. "You never said you were coming."

"I thought I had better not," returned the elder woman, subjecting the young wife to a careful scrutiny. "But I wanted to see how you were getting on, and if—Anthony had come home."

A little flush stained the creamy whiteness of the girl's fair cheeks. She caught hold of the back of a chair to steady herself.

"No," she answered quickly, though her heart was beating. "Anthony has not come back. Mamma, you had better learn the truth—he does not intend to come back."

"He has deserted you!" cried Mrs. Trevelyan, aghast. "Oh! Aileen, that a daughter of mine should have come to this!"

"It is what we agreed upon from the first, mamma," returned the young wife, a little wearily. "You see, I—I—wanted to write, and I never had any quiet at home, and you wouldn't let me take a cottage and go and live by myself; so; at Nauheim, when I was talking one evening to Mr.—to Anthony—he offered to solve the difficulty by letting me take his name, and occupy his cottage! So it's all quite right and fair. And I'm very happy."

"You look it," the elder woman remarked sagaciously. "You are positively thin, Aileen; what has come to you?"

Aileen's pretty violet eyes shone. "I have had my first book accepted by the publishers," she said, clasping her hands together. "So you see I've not been at all idle. You will hear of it soon—it is called 'The Wayfarers.'"

"I am very glad of your success of course," put in Mrs. Trevelyan with a sigh, "but I must say it would be more natural if your husband lived with you and you gave up writing nonsense, which in my humble opinion you should leave to real authors. I suppose you can put me up for the night at any rate, if not for longer!"

And Aileen, glad to escape, went off to see that a room was got ready for her mother's reception.

But Mrs. Trevelyan was not content with one night; she liked the pretty cottage so much that she begged to be allowed to stay on; and she spent a week, lecturing and crooning by turns over the girl whose marriage was incomprehensible to her matter-of-fact mind.

At length, however, seeing that she could not persuade Aileen to alter the error of her ways, she took her departure, and quiet reigned once more at the cottage in Frowleigh.

Aileen was very restless after she had left; although her mother's presence had interrupted her writing, she had been more glad of her company than she had thought possible, and found it difficult to settle down to work again in the old groove. Mrs. Trevelyan—had she but known it—had sown the seeds of unrest in her pretty daughter's heart. After all, Anthony was her own husband—he might at least take a friendly interest in her, and come and see her now and again. Well, at any rate she had written her book—he could not make her pay the penalty

of living with him. Would it be such an awful penalty to have him at her side, through the long sweet summer days that were coming? It was dreary work living alone, really; she had always thought that she would like it, but she had undervalued the uses of companionship! She put up her hands and covered her face. Then she pulled herself together sharply, covered up her typewriter, and picking up a big hat, made her way out towards the beach, calling to her dog to follow. Perhaps a breath of fresh air would blow away the cobwebs.

She sat idly down on the grassy cliff which sloped towards the sea, and resting her chin in the palms of her hands, gave herself up to thought.

Her eyes were turned seawards, or she would sooner have become aware of a stranger's presence. As it was, she did not see him, until a shadow stood between her and the sunlight.

Then she looked up, and the colour flooded her soft cheeks.

"You!" she said, letting her eyes fall. "So you have come home at last?"

"Home!" he echoed half derisively. She coloured again, and bit her lip. "I meant—you have come back from America!"

He assented, as he slipped down on the grass at her side, while she took furtive glances at him out of the corner of her eye. Yes; he was not much altered; his face was a little browner, but just as handsome; his mouth had the same old lines of determination about it; he was as big as ever.

He turned round suddenly without any warning, and caught her in the act.

"Well?" he asked banteringly, "I've come back to ask if you've written that book yet?"

"That book!" she echoed wonderingly. She had forgotten everything save that he was by her side—everything except that the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the waves lapped lazily on the shore at their feet; that nature rejoiced in the coming of summer, and that her heart for some unaccountable reason—just for the coming of this one man—had suddenly grown light, and rejoiced too.

"Don't you remember?" he said, and he leant towards her half tenderly. How pretty she was, and how childlike. She still wore pink, as when he had left her on their wedding day—eight months before. He thought it would be a pleasant task to awaken the soul behind those deep violet eyes, to bring the soft sweet colour to her pretty cheeks. "If you didn't write your book, I was to make you come and live with me. Aileen—have you forgotten?"

Into the tones of his voice there crept a thrill of passion that would not be kept out of it. He boldly took one of her hands in his own.

She drew it away. After all he meant nothing—this man, surely, after neglecting her so long. A sea-gull circled in the air above them, and flapped its wings with a mournful cry.

"I remember," she answered slowly; "I have written my book."

Dugdale drew a deep breath. "Do you know—I had half hoped you hadn't!" he said steadily.

"Why?" The question was drawn from her almost against her will.

He turned, and springing up, stood towering above her.

"You ask me why," he cried; "I will tell you. Aileen, when I saw you first at Nauheim, I thought that love was past and dead in my heart; that I could never feel anything for another woman but an indifferent friendship. All these months I have been arguing with myself, but to no purpose. I married you, not loving you, but pitying you and hoping to help you to emancipate yourself. I see now I was mad to tempt the fates. My heart has but one image—you; my brain repeats one name—yours; my whole being longs for—my wife! Now you know why I wish that your book, of all others, had never been written!"

There was no beating about the bush with a man in this mood. Aileen's hands, locked together, trembled; her heart beat so fast that she thought he must hear it. What good thing had come to her? Did she no longer care about fame—literary success?

Was this what her emancipation had brought forth?

"Forgive me," he went on, as she remained silent before the flood-gates of his passionate confession. "Forgive me, and forget this. I have

made you miserable now, but to-morrow you will be happy again, and laugh and smile with your old content, for I am going away again."

"Going away?" Her voice startled herself.

Dugdale slipped on one knee, and placing his hand under her chin compelled her violet eyes to meet his own.

"You don't—want—me—to go?" he asked breathlessly. "Aileen, be careful! Don't say more than you mean, darling. But if you say 'don't go,' I shall stay on for ever and ever, or rather I shall carry you off to my castle in Scotland, and we will have a proper honeymoon all the summer long. Don't keep me in suspense, dear! Is it possible that you have missed me—that you have grown to care for me? Speak, beloved, let us have no more misunderstandings."

Gradually she loosened her hands, and with a sudden swift movement she slipped them round his neck.

"Stay—Anthony," she said, with a little sound between laughter and tears; "stay always."

And Anthony was more content!

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale periodically re-visit Frowleigh, where they have what they call—a cottage in the air!

DO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE TELEPHONE APPRECIATE A CHEERFUL VOICE?

* *

Subscribers are too apt to become irritable and impatient at any hitch in the good service they consider should always be theirs (heedless of the fact that even the wheels of a telephone exchange cannot always run smoothly), and a reply given in a voice which to their critical ears sounds harsh and dull will often tend to irritate them still further, and call forth denunciations against the hapless operator—to whom very probably no blame attaches.

On the other hand, a sprightly cheerful voice, giving a lucid explanation of any trouble that arises, will have in many cases quite the opposite effect and will make the subscriber feel satisfied that his calls are in efficient hands and will be attended to as promptly and carefully as possible.

It is to be feared, nevertheless, that there are subscribers who do not appreciate the merits of a pleasant voice, however evident these may be, and who are unmoved by the most charming and seductive voice that ever sought to gain an answer to the oft-repeated question "Number, please." Whether it be the croak of a frog, or the trill of a nightingale, the drone of a bagpipe, or the music of a lute—all is one to them.

What they want is prompt attention, and plenty of it, with neither let nor hindrance, error nor delay. Give them this, and never mind about the quality of the voice, whether it be cheerful or sad, mirthful or morose, provided only that the voice is there. It always has been, and ever will be, impossible to entirely please these unseen terrors of the telephone, who receive far more courtesy and consideration from the operators than many whose invariably good humour and pleasantness should be fully and freely reciprocated, and who do undoubtedly appreciate a cheerful and cordial voice at the exchange end.

Mannerisms of voice and speech should be carefully avoided. Among the many who come and go may be noticed various peculiarities of voice; there are those who adopt a certain sing-song intonation, far from pleasant to listen to either by subscribers or other operators working near. Then, again, there is the voice which sounds peevish and discontented, as if the owner found life hardly worth living, if one may judge by the way in which she invariably speaks.

Sometimes a subscriber is unreasonable in his demands, and impatient because his request for an undue share of attention is not complied with. If in such a case the operator, instead of replying in the same strain, were to adopt a gentle tone, all might be well, and much irritation and unpleasantness might frequently be avoided.—By a "Telephone Operator" in "National Telephone Journal."

* *

In the town of Klingenberg, in Germany, taxes are unknown, and this year £10 was paid to every citizen from the profits of the municipal brick-works.

THE THREEPENNY TELEGRAM.

Directly any reform is suggested, certain people become suspicious and begin to quote statistics or the statement of some alleged wisacre to show, or endeavour to show, that the would-be reformer is wrong. For instance, when forty years ago the abolition of the paper duties was advocated, pessimists began to declare that a cheap Press would mean a "daily propaganda of anarchy, blasphemy, bad spelling, and general immorality." But these things have not come to pass. On the contrary, the exact opposite has been the result. Again, when the penny postage was first proposed, conservative people prophesied the immediate downfall of the British Empire. "It is sure to lead us into bankruptcy!" they said in effect; but up to the present we haven't been served with a writ. And from what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said when he made his recent Budget speech, it seems that we are not in imminent danger in this respect, for he told us that the postage returns were up, and he said this was due to some extent to the growth of the passion for picture postcards—which fact cannot be used as an argument in favour of returning to the old high postal rates. So in a like manner—alas! for the compositing of Englishmen—will the plea for cheaper telegrams be met with arguments equally futile. But enterprising folk see clearly that if the threepenny rate were introduced much better use would be made of this service. There is not the slightest doubt but that four or five times the number of telegrams would be sent if the charge were just half what it now is. The general public would use this system of communication much more frequently they would not hesitate to spend an extra twopence on a message, whereas an extra fivepence is a great consideration to the majority—and busy business men would send urgent trade inquiries by wire if they were able to do so more cheaply, but at present they are debarred from doing this owing to the great expense which would thereby be incurred.—"Magazine of Commerce."

* *

HUMAN HOLOCAUSTS.

The great surgeon, Sir James Paget, told me that he thought sensitiveness to pain differed extremely in different individuals and in different ages. He did not believe any devotee to-day could endure the boot, the rack, or the stake, in part because our nerves are much more sensitive, and in part because our faith is considerably less intense. Let us hope this theory of the comparative insensibility to pain of our ancestors is true. During the first eighty years of the seventeenth century the number of witches burnt annually was five hundred. During the Commonwealth the persecution slackened; yet Zachary Grey, the editor of an edition of "Hudibras," says in a note that he himself perused a list of three thousand witches who were executed in the time of the Long Parliament. About the beginning of the seventeenth century a Mrs. Dyer was charged with witchcraft because Queen Elizabeth had a toothache. King James was present in person at the trial by torture of two hundred witches, who were finally burnt, for raising the storm which prevented his bride's crossing to Scotland; while in 1598 he had over six hundred old women burnt alive.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

* *

FAILURES TO AMERICANISE ENGLAND.

America has during the last few years made attempt after attempt to take the old country under her wing, but her failure has been uniform. The Tobacco Trust, which was to force us to smoke only American weeds, ignobly collapsed; the shipping combine, which sought to Americanise our Transatlantic transit trade, fell clattering to the ground. In a lesser degree, too, failed also an American attempt to introduce the "Quick lunch"—and with it the American digestion—as a result of which we now eat more slowly than ever. American attempts to "hustle" our newspapers into Transatlantic methods of news-getting have now been abandoned, even by those who used to favour them most, and our Press (even our halfpenny Press) is reverting to the stolidity of the middle of the last century. As to the American "language," it has made no headway whatever, and the well of English remains delightfully undrained.—"The Bystander."

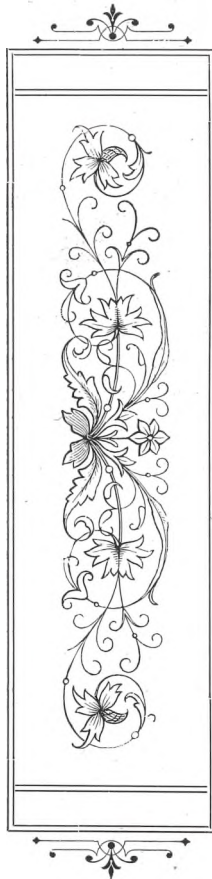
ALL SAINTS' TEMPERANCE GUILD OUTING

AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND BIDFORD.

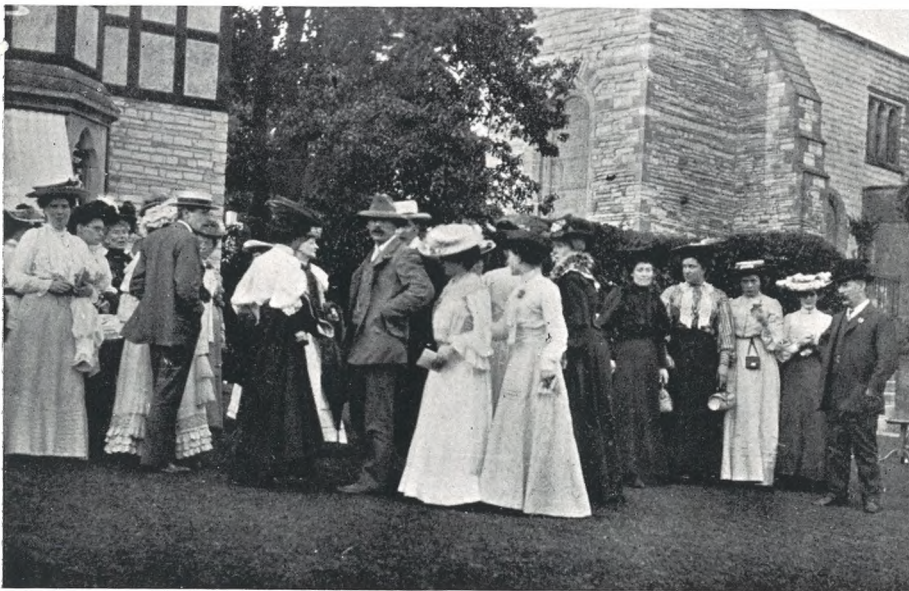


Photos by R. H. Martyn.

CANON GARDNER WITH THE BOYS.



INVOLUNTARY BATH IN AVON:
A QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST.



HAVING A LOOK ROUND.

MOTOR GOGGLES AND HEADACHE.

* *

I have heard a good many complaints of headache caused by the wearing of goggles, that necessary item of one's motoring costume, and, as far as I am concerned, the fault is discovered and remedied, and my experience may be useful to others. I used to wear ordinary concave glasses until one day a short-sighted friend tried them on and discovered they were stronger than his own used for defective sight. I found this was the case, and to make goggles such as mine was an expensive matter, and that it was almost impossible to sell the article at a prohibitive price. The cure for this is never to buy a pair with anything but flat glasses. In this case, however common the glass is, the magnifying power is nil, but in cheaply-made concave glasses careful manufacture is an impossibility. I have motored into London for some five or six years, and this year, for the first time, I noticed that, in the absence of a wind-shield, goggles are more of a necessity in the Metropolis than in the country. I attribute this largely to motor-buses, whose tyres seem to pull up small particles of the road, especially wood-pavement.—"The Graphic."



CRICKET TEAMS—LADIES v. GENTLEMEN.



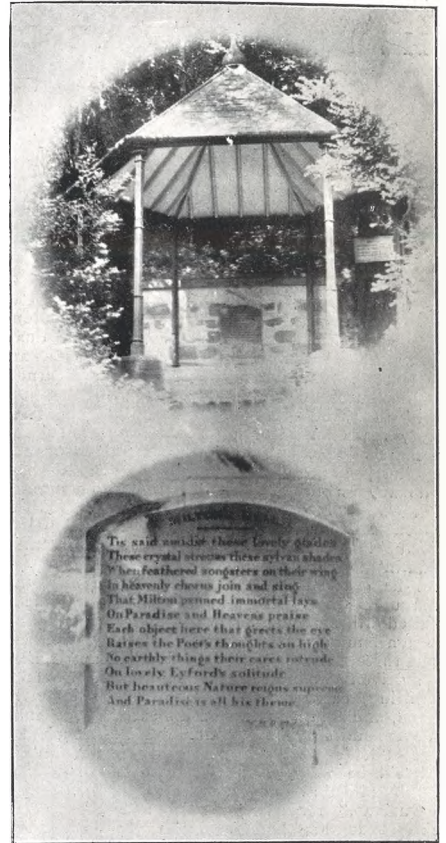
REST.

ETIQUETTE IN SPAIN.

Apropos of the curious survival of etiquette, Spain is the only country in Europe now where any trace of it remains. The ceremony was observed for the last time in France, when hapless Marie Antoinette, travelling from Vienna to be married to the Dauphin, when barely fifteen, was received on the frontier with great State, and in the gorgeously furnished tent set apart for her use, immediately divested herself of every shred of clothing made in her native country, and was robbed by the hands of her newly-appointed maids of honour in those brought for her from Paris. In the new Queen of Spain's case, though, it is the fact that the only Englishwoman about her since the departure of Princess Henry of Battenberg is a maid, or, as designated at Courts, a dresser. But within a month's time she will probably be greeting her English relatives again, because she and the King hope to visit the home of her girlhood on their yachting cruise some time in August.—"P.T.O."

A GREAT CARICATURIST.

It was illustrating the Christmas numbers of "Truth" from 1879 to 1895 which first induced Mr. F. C. Gould to exclusively turn his attention to the political world. In his early days he used photographs of the people he was caricaturing to draw from, in marked contrast with his present habit, which is to draw direct from life. As his work, however, is no longer general, but practically all political, he is constantly to be seen in the House of Commons studying the members at first hand, and it is in his drawings that any change in the appearance of the leading politicians can first be noticed by the public. It was he, for example, says "The Penny Magazine," who showed Mr. Balfour getting stout and developing a more marked likeness to his late uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, as it is he who has shown the growing change which time has wrought in Mr. Chamberlain.



MILTON'S WELL.

This historic well is situate in the grounds of Eyford Park, near Bourton-on-the-Water, and is of much interest to visitors. The above lines were written by W. H. C. Plowden for Mrs. Somerset D'Arcy Irvine, by whom the well was restored and embellished in 1866. They are inscribed on a tablet at the well.

THE "ARMY THAT NEVER WAS LISTED."

The Salvation Army, indeed, is rich in men whose life story sounds like a chapter of romance no less striking than that of Booth-Tucker. There are few, if any, organisations which are more crowded with strong and remarkable leaders than is this Peace Army of to-day. In Switzerland the commander of the forces is a Swedish professor; in Germany, a one-time West End clergyman is in charge; Sweden has a flourishing branch under the direction of a Reading baker's boy, who is to-day a guest at the Court of the King; Canada's leader was a shoemaker's apprentice in Kettering; while in Australia, where the Salvation Army social work is recognised and subsidised substantially by the Commonwealth, a Tyneside convert, who was a drunkard before he was in his teens, and who has for a wife a German lady of education and refinement, is considered worthy of the friendship of Premiers and Governor-Generals.—"P.T.O."

* *

Herstmonceux Castle, one of the finest existing mediæval castles in England, is in the market. It was erected in 1440 by Sir Roger de Fienes, an Agincourt warrior, and remains fairly intact. In the days of its glory its windows equalled in number the days of the year, "and its 52 chimneys pointing to the skies intimated that so many sabbaths completed the annual revolution."

* *

While the Rev. John T. Vine was preaching at Southend-on-Sea on Sunday last a horse walked through the vestry and into the aisle. It was driven out, and walked round the back and came in again at the other vestry door.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PINCH.

[By W. G. YARCOTT.]

A sharp shower had cleansed the dust-laden air, and old Pinch breathed in the mildness of the summer's night with the zest of an epicure in atmosphere. "It's good," he said, as he turned sharply into the square. "The night's the time fer me. Twenty years an' more I've druv by night, an' I still ses as it's good. None o' your 'ot stuffy stink o' wood an' tar an' dust, an' the crowds o' nervous ol' gents an' 'buses, an' the bobby's 'and like a turnpike at every corner, an' the 'ouses an' shops an' offices full o' people tryin' to swindle one another. Jus' the nigh empty roads an' streets, an' the rap, rap o' the ol' mare's 'ools, an' the 'undreds an' thousands o' yeller lights, an' most people too busy sleepin' to do any swindlin'. Yus! Gimme the night."

He walked into place in the rank, and eyed the two other cabs there critically. "The ol' pair," he chuckled. "Potty an' Ginger Bates. Like bloomin' twins, them two."

As he entered the shelter, Potty was holding forth upon the penalty that seemed to have assailed all his clients that evening, instancing one gentleman who, according to Potty, weighed about three hundred pounds. He had apparently been driven two miles less forty yards, proffered a shilling, carefully listened to Potty's expostulations, and finally produced his card. "An' may I never smile again," concluded the much injured, "if 'e wasn't a perishin' lawyer, an' 'e said 'e'd be wery pleased to take my case if I thought of suin' 'im. 'Ow are yer, Pinch?"

"Curious," remarked Pinch, nodding to indicate that his bodily health was excellent. "Fat folk ain't often like that. Amiable an' 'armless I've usually found 'em. There waz a man I knew once, as nice a man as ever wuz, only fat as—as—fat; used to reckon 'is own weight in 'undredweights, 'stead of in stones like ordinary people. Nice a man as ever wuz, too. I used to drive 'im frequent from Charin' Cross to Ludgate Circus, an' 'e allus gimme 'alf-a-dollar. Well, I wuz sayin' 'e wuz the fattest man I ever seed. It's a fac' wot I'm tellin' yer now, but I've seen 'im stop sudden arter walkin' slowly along, an' the mere exertion of stoppin' sudden 'as made 'im sweat till 'e looked as if 'e'd been out in the rain. All the hosses in London kebs knew 'im, an' if they piped 'im 'all the keb they wuz drawin' they'd bolt like blazes. I wuz about the only one 'oo could manage 'im, 'cause, yer see, the 'oss I waz drivin' then wuz wall-eyed on the near side, an' by slippin' round the back o' the keb an' gettin' in from the road, the 'oss never knew 'e'd been done till 'e started pullin', an', o' course, 'e couldn't bolt then, 'cause the ol' man wuz too 'eavy."

It's rum 'ow some fares wot looks quite 'opeless from the financial point o' view turns out good eggs; an' it's just like that the other way about, too," remarked Ginger. "I picked up a man wot looked a cert. for a bob extry. Fine-lookin', well-dressed chap, 'e was, an' I reckoned that extry bob as good as in my pocket. But, lor! 'e jumps out an' 'ands me a bob for a two-mile trot as calm an' nice, never turnin' a 'air. I looked at the shillin', an' I looked at 'im, an' I ses to 'im, 'Call yerself a gentleman?' ses I; an' 'e smiles sarcastic an' ses, 'Haw, I am usually considered to possess the hinstinks of a gentleman—haw.' So I ses, 'Haw, well, you may 'ave the bloomin' hinstinks, but you hain't got the bloomin' 'abits, and the hinstinks ain't worth tuppence 'longside o' the 'abits,' ses I, an' I tell yer 'e didn't look quite so satisfied with 'isself."

A faint jingling of bells floated through the air as Ginger concluded, and a few moments later Bill Jones entered.

"Wot oh, Pinch! 'Ow are yer?" said he. "Aven't seen yer fer ten days, wuz lookin' everywhere fer yer yesterday; looked in all the likely places I could think of, an' drew blank every time."

"Oh," said Pinch, mildly, but with a trace of suspicion in his tone. "An' wot might you call all the likely places?"

"Why," replied Bill, "I went into all the pubs round your way, an' asked sev'ral p'hcemen if they'd taken you up, but you hadn't been seen nowhere."

"A man," retorted Pinch with some heat, "a man wot wants to get drunk, an' goes into all the pubs 'e can find on the excuse o' lookin' fer me, is a man in the wery fust rank of liars."

"Ush!" said Tom, with mild dignity. "Ush, gents! This ain't the 'Ouse o' Commons."

A general laugh greeted this caustic allusion to an almost forgotten episode, and peace reigned. Bill demanded coffee, drank, and threw his head back with a laugh.

"One o' the rummiest goes I was ever in, it wuz," he said, apologetically and explanatorily. "T'other night—'aven't seen yer since—t'other night wuz trottin' empty through Russell-square 'bout twelve o'clock, an' spots an ol' cove clingin' to a lamp-post. Drew up, o' course. Lor! 'e was squiffy. Got 'is 'at over 'is eyes, wuz 'oldin' the lamp-post both 'ands, an' wuz cryin' as if 'is 'eart wuz broke. I got down an' shook 'im. 'Keb, sir?' I ses. 'E looked at me, dazed-like. 'I've been an' forgotten it,' 'e ses; 'I don't know wot I shall do.' 'Come on, sir,' ses I. 'Get inside an' lemme drive yer 'ome.' 'Ome!' ses 'e. 'Ome, I darsen't go 'ome. Look at this!' and 'e 'eld out a 'andkerchief to me. It 'ad got a big knot tied in one corner. I looks at it, an' 'e starts sobbin' an' sighin' again. 'Well, wot about it?' ses I. 'See that knot?' ses 'e. 'Yus,' ses I. 'My wife put that there,' ses 'e, 'to remind me to get 'er somethin', an' I've forgotten wot it wuz.' O' course, I busted out larfin', an' 'e looks at me. 'You don't know my wife,' 'e ses, dryin' 'is eyes. 'You don't know 'er. I wish I wuz dead.' Then 'e started off again. I think 'e must 'ave been drinkin' gin all night. Presently 'e sobered up."

'Cabby,' ses 'e, 'ye're the only fren' I've got. I'll 'ire yer keb fer the night, an' go to sleep in it. Well, I got 'im in the keb, but 'e wouldn't tell me where 'e lived. Sed I didn't know 'is wife. I druv to ol' Pringle's pub, 'ad a dog's-nose myself, an' made 'im swaller one o' Pringle's Particulars, with a dash o' red pepper. It nearly paralysed 'im, but it woke 'im up, an' I got 'is address. I druv 'im 'ome, an' 'e got out, took 'is boots off on the kerb, gave me 'is card, tellin' me to call nex' day, sed I wuz 'is only fren', an' crept up the steps into 'is 'ouse."

"Nex' day but one I calls there. 'E wuz as 'appy as a sandboy, gave me a quid an' a whisky-soda, an' 'is blessin'. 'Fore I come away, I felt curious, so I ses, 'Scuse the liberty, sir, but wot might it 'ave been that you forgot?' 'Ush,' ses 'e; 'not a word! Twuz two o' the club fellers did it, knowin' my ways, an' 'e flung 'is fat ol' self back in 'is armchair, an' laughed, an' laughed, an' laughed, for so long, I thought I'd clear out before 'e busted, an' there I left 'im, laughin' like that. I could 'ear 'im till I got outside the front door. Lor! 'e wuz a rum 'un."

Framed in the doorway, the face of a loafer peered in with blinking vision. "Oose Number One?" he demanded. "Fare waitin'."

That's me," responded Potty, snatching up his hat and buttoning his coat. "Pinch, where wuz yer really yesterday, when Bill couldn't find yer?"

The old man spoke, and his tones were tones of dignified sorrow.

"I s'pose it'll all come out," he said; "so I might as well tell yer. While Bill Jones wuz takin' all that unnecessary trouble, I wuz bein' 'ad. Me, sixty year old last Christmas, wuz 'ad, done brown."

Incredulous amusement blending with concern on the faces of the others bore gratifying testimony to the esteem in which Pinch's pawkiness was held. Potty's fingers ceased fumbling with his buttons, and he gazed at the old man dazedly. The loafer's eyes peeped in again. "Toff wants to know if yo're asleep or only drunk," he announced.

"Comin'! Comin'!" said Potty. "Pinch, don't tell 'em. Fer goodness sake don't tell 'em till we're all together again."

A beam of importance shone in the old man's eye.

"Wery good," said he; "I won't. It'll wait." "Zackly!" said Potty. "And I can't. Good-night, mates."

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People are said to die of gout, or of heart-disease, or of kidney disease, or of liver disease, or of a complication of these maladies; but what they really die of, when they die prematurely, is usually degeneration of tissue consequent upon superfluous food and upon superfluous wine, or upon the daily recurring overtaxation of the vital organs by which the processes of nutrition are conducted or controlled. Sometimes we find the premature death ascribed to pneumonia, or to influenza, or to accident; and we may generally read between the lines of the announcement that the powers of vital resistance had previously been reduced below their proper standard. What is the meaning of the annual exodus of rich people to foreign watering-places and "cures" except that good cookery and fine wines have tempted them to the daily over-indulgence of undisciplined appetites, and that they seek, in comparative or complete abstinence, and in violent medication, what is at best a temporary relief from discomfort, and a temporary renewal of their power to do violence to the distates of nature and of commonsense? "Nature," Sir Andrew Clark used to say, "never forgets and seldom forgives." — "Cornhill Magazine."

TOLSTOY ON TOMMY ATKINS.

Tolstoy, as everyone knows, fought valiantly against us in the Crimea, and had here also a narrow escape from death. In a letter to his brother, Sergius, he gives his impressions, and amongst them this of the enemy:—"Well, how can I tell you all that I saw at Sebastopol, and where I went and what I did, and what the French and English say—the wounded prisoners—and whether they suffer, and suffer much, and what heroes our foes are, especially the English. . . . You should see the French and English prisoners (especially the English): each one is better than the last—I mean morally and physically. They are a splendid people. The Cossacks say that even they feel pity in sabring them, and by their side you should see any one of our riflemen—small, lousy, and shrivelled up in a way."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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THE QUEEN'S PARTNERS.

*

At their private balls at Marlborough House, and also at the State balls at the Palace, Lord Hinchinbrooke and his brothers, Sir Victor and Mr. Oliver Montagu, with perhaps two or three others in the Royal entourage, had the honour of being the only men who valed with our then Princess of Wales. Since the attack of rheumatic fever soon after her marriage, Queen Alexandra has suffered from a stiff knee joint. Though with the lapse of years this has, to all intents and purposes, disappeared, yet for many months after the illness the Princess was unable to walk without the use of a stick, and for many years, when able to dance again, it was only with the most perfect dancers, and with those already acquainted with her *trois-temps* step, that she could dance at all. Even with a stiff knee, when dancing with these chosen partners, the Princess was always noted for being, among women, as perfect and graceful a dancer as was the then Prince of Wales. She was always as devoted to valseing as was her husband, noted throughout European Courts as being the best dancer of his day. It is only since the King and Queen came to the Throne that they have entirely given up taking part in any but square dances. Queen Alexandra, until a few years ago, used, as a rule, to dance every single round dance at every Palace ball and seemed to enjoy them keenly.—"P.T.O."



HINTS ON SEA-SICKNESS.

*

Dr. C. H. R. Dabbs, writing in "Fry's Magazine," gives the following useful hints on sea-sickness.

"Always remember that you may have deserved to be sick by previous unwisdom; and, judgments being consequences, the sickness may have its advantages in the near future.

"Always, if you contemplate a sea-voyage, study your diet for a week or so beforehand, and spare your stomach all you can.

"Always take your last 'good meal' before you go on board (about four hours before), and when you get on board, lie down, head low, and head to stern of vessel.

"Always consider this, that if your stomach is full of food, that food will have to be 'recalled,' in all probability. It is only when the food has been 'wasted' that you may reasonably hope to combat further sickness. I mean a full stomach must get empty as a preliminary in those addicted to sea-sickness. And that is why I say take your meal a good many hours anterior to 'starting bell.' Go on board with a comparatively empty stomach, and then you may escape. I say 'may,' because there are some people who never will escape, and never can. I believe that Nelson was always sea-sick when starting on a fresh voyage. Sea-legs are different to a sea-stomach!

"Always prefer to suck ice rather than drink quantities of iced-water. I am sure that all fluids in any quantity, or any fluid in any quantity, may really induce sea-sickness.

"Always in listening to remedies adopted by others extend to such legends courtesy rather than imitation. I say so because the remedies are legion. And when a disease or affliction has a great many remedies you may be reasonably sure that, in a large percentage of cases, the disease is stronger than the remedies. I say this because I once, when prone and very miserable, had recommended to me cayenne pepper on toast, beer, brandy, champagne, and a raw egg with Worcester sauce. Each inquisitor round my berth swore by his own remedy. I was just well enough to remain polite, and happened to say I was a doctor. Then they all gave me up. No one likes to attend a doctor.

"(I always treat myself like this: I start, say, for Jersey, at midnight. I dine at 7.30. Directly I go on board I lie down; head to stern. If the primary hint of upheaval occurs I sing out for the beneficent steward, and ask for ice. I also treat myself to a musard leaf on the pit of my stomach. If I get worse I bear it; if I get better I sleep. There are remedies and even 'cures,' I hear. There are none if the game once starts.)"

WHAT WE EAT.

*

Just consider the enormous amount of foreign meat consumed in Britain to-day. In a recent year 11 million carcasses were brought to England, 400,000 quarters of beef, and one million packages of sundries. Altogether 100 vessels are engaged, so says "The Penny Magazine," in bringing Colonial meat to these shores. Among other things, they bring from Australia nine million rabbits every year. Imagine 2,500 miles of rabbits, and you have some idea of the vast quantities which come into the London docks in a single year



OF LIKE CLAY WITH OURSELVES.

*

The popular view regards the man of genius as something so far removed from our common humanity as to be no longer subject to the laws which govern ordinary mortals. The opinion that the man of genius is a man of the same clay as ourselves, subject to the same infirmities and rising above them only by the possession of superior intellect and more profound insight, is too vulgar and commonplace to attract the vote of the majority. Nevertheless in England at least we are bound to take it seriously, for it was held and clearly enunciated by the great head and founder of our English school, Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Professor C. J. Holmes, in "The Academy."



CANADA AND FREE TRADE.

*

Mr. Chamberlain was for a long time—indeed, till quite recently—not a Protectionist, but an Imperialist. A protective tariff could only be excused as a retaliatory weapon or as a means of drawing the nations of the Empire together. As far as regards retaliation, this was very much where Sir John Macdonald was when he preached Protection. He was a Free Trader, but we must have with the United States either reciprocity of trade or reciprocity of tariffs. Protection was in any case only applicable to the creation of infant industries, and would afterwards be removed. Mr. Chamberlain's acceptance on any terms of the principle of Protection has, however, drawn about him so many interested adulterators that he has lost his head, and at last came out flat-footed as a Protectionist out and out, not for infant industries only, but for the most mature, and as a glorifier of the exclusionist policies by which the nations are seeking to shut out British goods. He says that there are still people in Canada that call themselves Free Traders, "but not one who would really put into logical application the old doctrines of free trade." If he means by this that conditions have grown up under high protection that no one would think it wise by the sudden withdrawal of spoon-feeding to upset, he is practically right. That is, though many might think such a measure good for the country, no statesman could hope to be sustained in it. That only shows what shackles we have forged for ourselves and what shackles Mr. Chamberlain wants to forge for Great Britain. If he means that no one in Canada thinks we should return to Free Trade as fast as we can, he is greatly mistaken. The United States and Canada are so abundantly productive that they are able to tax enormously their natural products in order to subsidise unprofitable ones. They are at present, owing to this natural wealth, so wonderfully prosperous that there is little agitation for a change. Great Britain, having no such natural wealth, would collapse very soon if she adopted a like policy after putting her working classes through courses of horse-flesh and offal, as Germany is doing now. Our own belief is that, far from being worse off industrially, had we stuck to Free Trade, we should have had a far greater industrial development and should have been in the impregnable position which Great Britain is in to-day, with the advantage over Britain of greater resources in raw material, in food-stuffs, and in power. We should have by now been manufacturing, not for a few millions, but for the world.—"Montreal Daily Witness."

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A BIRD MIMIC.

*

No other bird that I know is able to imitate so perfectly the notes of other birds as the song-thrush, or mavis, as he is usually called in Scotland. The mavis of the deer forest, in which the golden eagle nests, will imitate the latter's note to perfection, so much so that I have often been deceived into thinking the real eagle was in the vicinity. Then, again, in the land of the curlew, golden plover, and redshank, the thrush repeats all their notes, excelling in the clear vibrating whistle of the curlew. By the river, where the common tern and ring-plover have their summer home, the thrush imitates them perfectly, but utters the ring-plover's whistle louder than the plover itself. The woodcock is another bird he imitates perfectly, but, strangest of all, we have one in the grounds who repeats again and again the cackle of a hen which has just laid an egg! —Seton P. Gordon, in "Country Life."



SLEEP.

*

One word to the slothful. If a woman sleep longer than the repose of consciousness and tissue repair require, there will not be strength, but general enfeeblement. The brain will become enfeebled, the muscular tone of the digestive passage weak. Hence the heaviness and dullness of those who often pass ten hours in bed. For all women eight hours are ample, and six enough. —"A Lady Doctor" in "P.T.O."



COLD STORAGE CURE.

*

The very latest thing in cures for hay fever is "cold-storage." It comes, as one might almost have guessed, from across the Atlantic. A gentleman who was a great victim to hay fever, happened one summer to spend two hours in the refrigerating hold of a steamer. This cured him, and he had no further attacks that summer. Thereoforward, whenever an attack threatened, he beat a hasty retreat to a cold storage chamber, and was cured. The idea, says the "Hospital," is simple and pretty, but still in its infancy and awaiting judgment. It is quite likely to be as successful as other cures, with the single exception of a sea voyage. This our contemporary has never known to fail.

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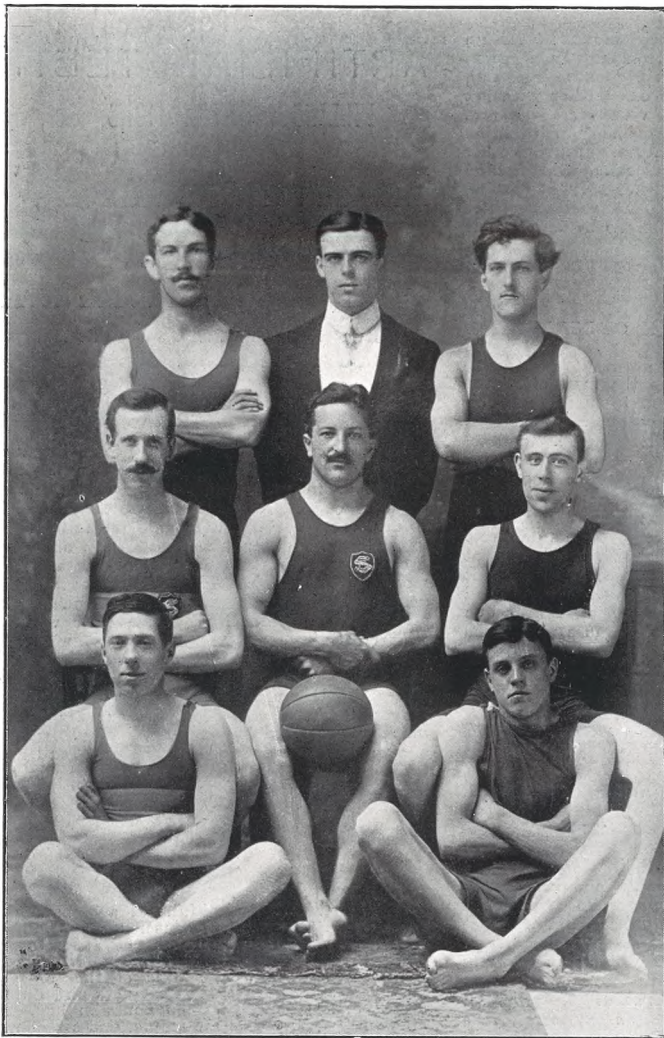
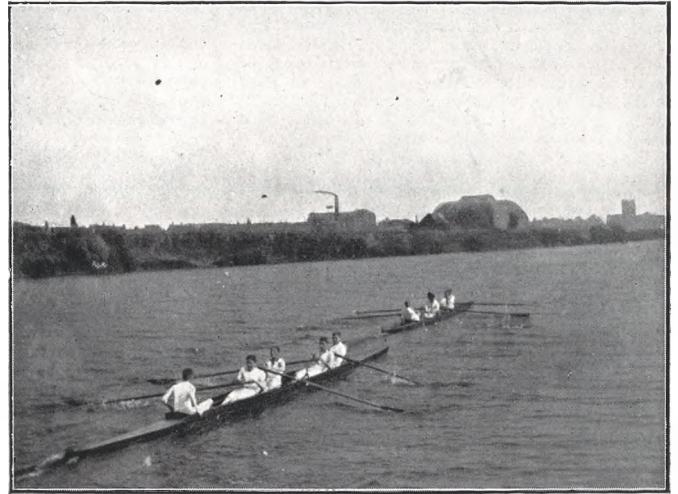


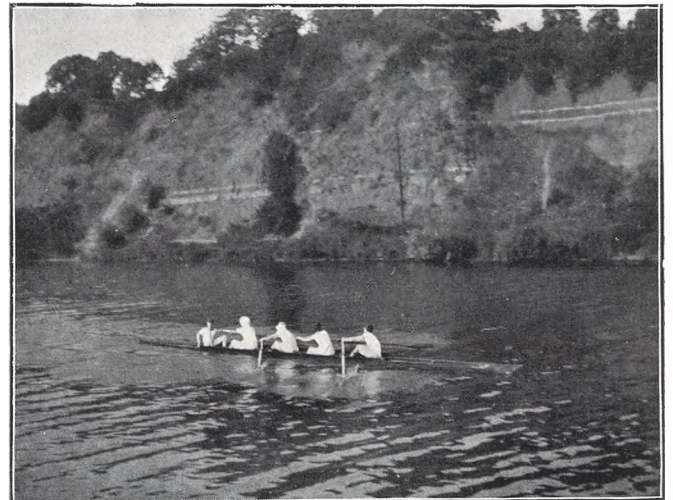
Photo by Adèle Stone, Stroud.

STROUD POLO TEAM.

E. Browning, L. Chew (hon. sec.), F. Browning,
S. Cresswell, D. Browning (captain), G. Parker,
H. Ball, W. Moore.



DAY BOYS BUMPING HAZELWELL SECOND BOAT
(Tewkesbury Abbey may be seen in the distance).



HAZELWELL FIRST HOUSE BOAT
(head of river last year).

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

An unexpected incident that occurred during one of the excursions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society on the occasion of their recent annual meeting recalls to a few memories two celebrated Assize cases at Gloucester over fifty years ago. The incident was that when the party visited Ashton Court, near Bristol, they had pointed out to them as an object of peculiar interest in a reception-room, with Lady Smyth as an amused spectator, the pigtail worn by Tom Provis, the imposter who had impudently claimed the Smyth baronetcy and estates. On August 8th, in the year 1853, the Provis civil action came on for trial at the Gloucestershire Assizes, and the huge imposture was speedily pricked—so different to the Tichborne case—for on the second day the tables were turned on Provis, and he was charged and committed for trial on the charges of perjury and forgery. His own trial came off on April 6th in the following year, also at Gloucester, when he was convicted of forgery and perjury and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. An old journalistic friend of mine, now deceased for some years, who specially reported both the trials, told me that Provis was a man of considerable ability, and that as he left the dock on receiving his sentence, he, being

within reach, handed my friend his brief, with which he had been conducting his defence, hurriedly remarking that he daresay it would enable him to make an extra good report of the case. Strange it is that after the lapse of so many years a party of Gloucestershire should unexpectedly see the Provis pigtail at Ashton Court, which the wearer had failed to secure.

* *

Complaint and suggestion books placed in clubs and public institutions are, like many visitors' books at hotels, often made the vehicles for recording the "irresponsible chatter of hair-brained frivolity" and for poking fun at or playing practical jokes at the expense of people. I remember that considerable sensation was caused some years ago, when in the published list of visitors staying at a certain German spa hotel, there appeared the name of a well-known society Queen's Counsel, who had married a lady of title, with the addition "toady and tuft-hunter." Of course someone who had a grudge against the Queen's counsel had appended this, and the conductor of the German newspaper thought it was some title of distinction; just as another fell into the trap laid by the waggish litterateur, who, seeing the names of several Grand Dukes and Duchesses inscribed in the visitors' book at, I believe, a Homburg hotel, boldly registered himself, after his proper Christian and surname, as "Elector of Middlesex."

The joke of course lay in the fact that he was a Parliamentary elector of that county, and that it fell on fertile ground in Germany, where "Elector" are looked upon with awe.

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The suggestion book which is ostentatiously placed on one of the tables at the Central Spa, Cheltenham, with heavy inkstand and pens and clean blotting-pad ready to hand, is no exception to the ordinary rule with books of this kind, especially considering the short time it has been in use. For instance, one of the Torquay bowlers made bold enough to put in black and white a suggestion that was out of place. Then I take it that such recorded recommendations as the provision of a clock, of a thermometer, and the taking of the temperature at certain times, of a band to play between the hours of 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., of the testing of the specific gravities of the waters at least two or three times a week, and of some tasteless disinfectant in which to wash the glasses, together with the prohibition of smoking and dogs in the Spa, will duly receive the attention of the Mineral Waters Committee. Some of the recommendations of course are impracticable at present. But I certainly think that dogs, however well-behaved they may be, should not be permitted to curl up on the lounges alongside their owners.

GLEANER.