

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 301.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45).

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

NEXT WEEK,

"THE EARL & THE GIRL."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,

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

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
 Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.
 Australian Wines in Flagons.
 "Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
Price Lists on Application.

BRYANT & CO.,
 TAILORS.

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

1 Colonnade, CHELTENHAM.
 362 High Street,

c459

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR
ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
 FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,
 GO TO
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
 LAUREL HOUSE
 (Near Free Library),
 CHELTENHAM.

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

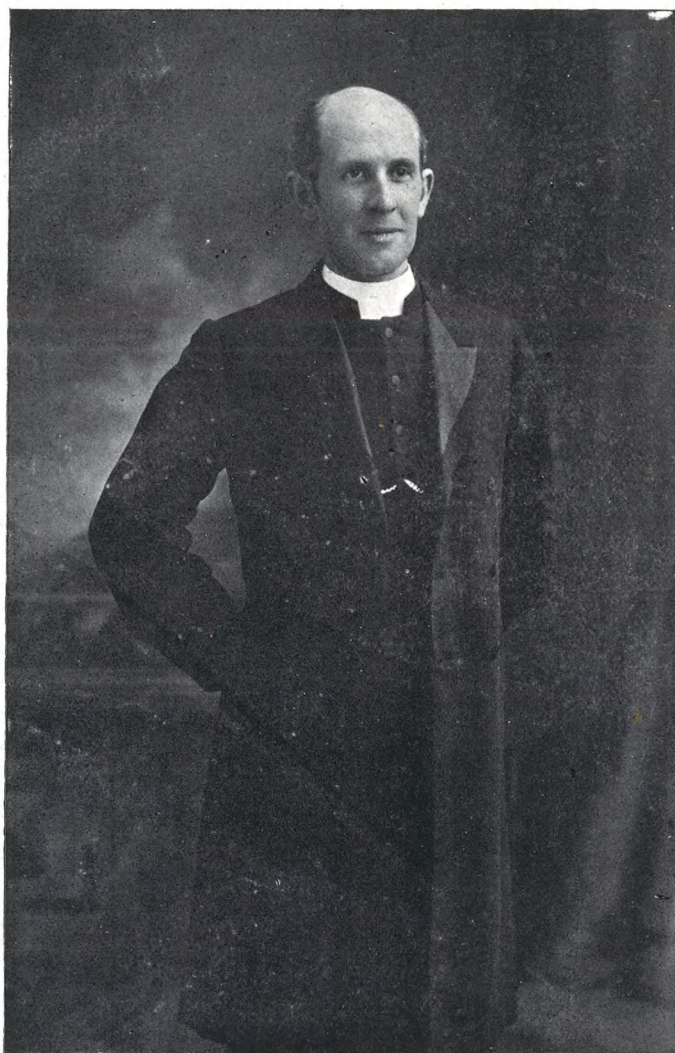


Photo by Paul Coe, Cheltenham.

COUNCILLOR GEORGE BENICE,

OF CHELTENHAM,

DIED SEPTEMBER 29, 1906, AGED 58 YEARS.



MINISTERIAL FAREWELL AT CIRENCESTER.

REV. J. F. BROWN

AND

MRS. BROWN,

WHO ARE LEAVING FOR BOSTON, LINCS., AND WHO HAVE THIS WEEK BEEN THE RECIPIENTS OF GRATIFYING PRESENTATIONS FROM THEIR CIRENCESTER FRIENDS.



CIRENCESTER CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL.

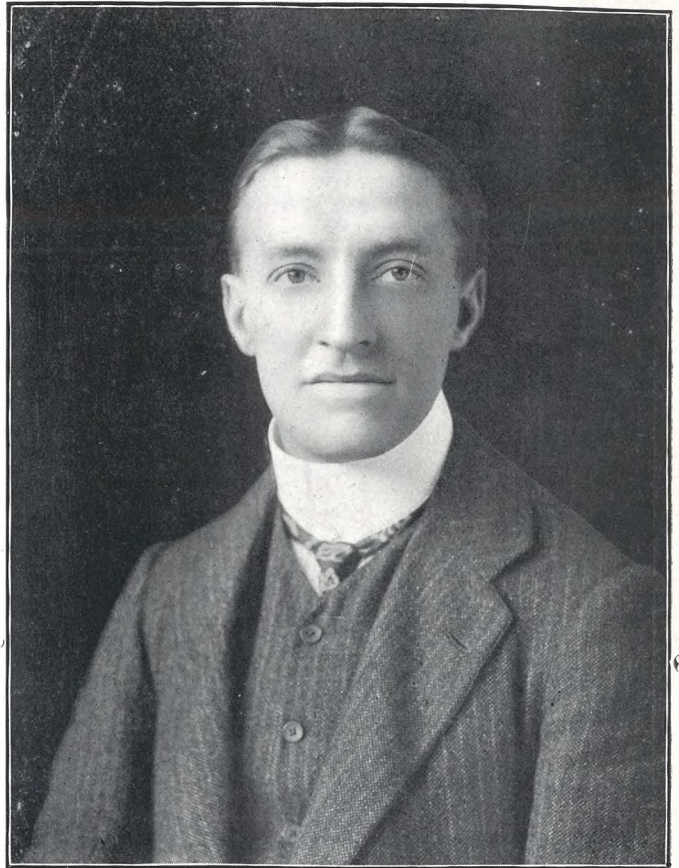


MR. CHARLES SWATTON,
newly-appointed Secretary of Loyal Sherborne
Lodge of Oddfellows (I.O.O.F.)

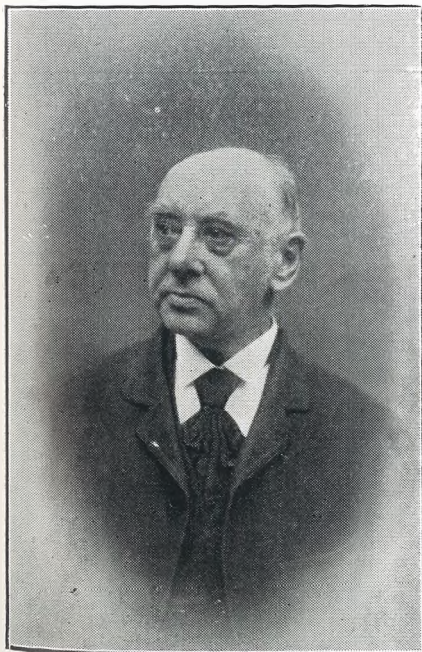


Photo by Heary J Comley, Stroud.

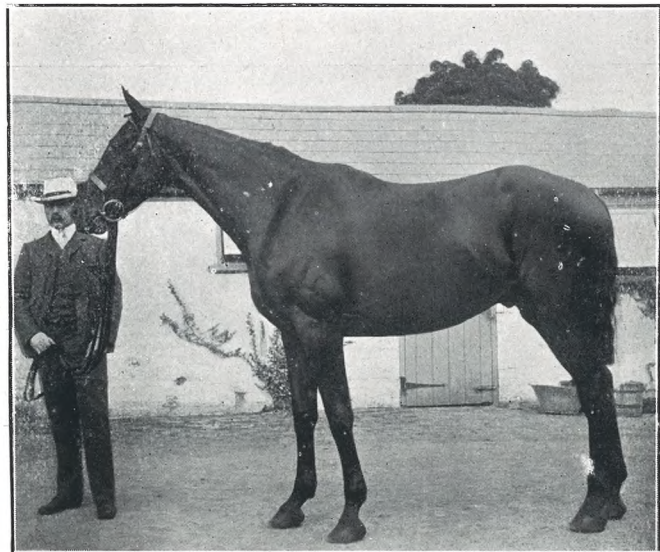
MR. KENNARD KEMPELL,
APPOINTED POSTMASTER OF STROUD IN 1895,
and who retired from that position on Saturday last after forty-three
years in the public service.



MR. WILLIAM CROMWELL,
who takes the part of "Jim Cheese" in "The Earl and the Girl," the
musical comedy which will be given at Cheltenham Opera House
next week.



BRO. S. THROSSELL, P.P.G.M.,
for over forty years connected with Sherborne
(Northleach) Lodge of Oddfellows (I.O.O.F.),
and for thirty years secretary—a position he
has just resigned.



MORETON-IN-MARSH HORSE SHOW, OCTOBER 2, 1906.
"TOP-GALLANT," chestnut gelding, 1st in heavy-weight hunters, with
his owner (Mr. Gilbert McLlquham).

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The 201st sermon prize has been awarded to
Miss Prichard, 7 Lansdown-parade, for her report
of a sermon by the Rev. J. R. Rowland at St.
Stephen's Church, Cheltenham.

In recognition of his purchase of Nelson relics
for £4,000, which he presented to the municipal
museum. Councillor Woollan was unanimously
selected by the Tunbridge Wells Corporation on
Wednesday as Mayor for 1907.



GLOUCESTER LIBERAL LADIES.

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESS AND SILVER TEA SERVICE TO MRS. RUSSELL REA, WIFE OF THE CITY MEMBER,
AT LIBERAL CLUB, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906.

ARRIVAL OF MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL REA AT CLUB.



THE COMMITTEE.

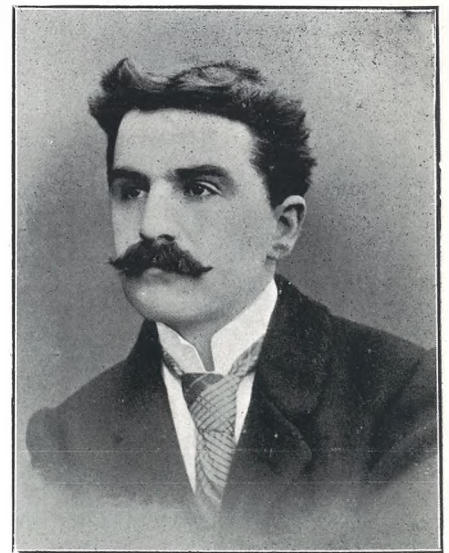


MRS. RUSSELL REA RETURNING THANKS FOR PRESENTATION.

(MR. RUSSELL REA, M.P. FOR GLOUCESTER, AND HIS SON, MR. ALEC REA, ARE SEATED TOGETHER IN THE FOREGROUND).



DEER KILLED ON ESTATE OF MR. T. J. LONGWORTH, MOORWOOD HOUSE, NORTH CERNEY, NEAR CIRENCESTER.



MR. A. W. DRURY,
SECRETARY MORETON SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY.

Nearly 70,000 persons bound to or from the Continent passed through Dover during August.

The Rev. G. N. Herbert, preaching at St. John de Sepulchre Church, at Norwich, on Sunday, produced an iron chain in the pulpit during his sermon, and then proceeded to show that the strength of a chain was the strength of its weakest link, by snapping one.

Within the past five years 13,500 acres of marshland have been reclaimed from the sea in Holstein, Germany, and 900 people have settled upon it.

A pleased temperance enthusiast has discovered that a walk may be taken through fourteen parishes consecutively from Norwich without meeting a single tavern.

Tom Sawyer, a pioneer steamboat engineer, and the original of Mark Twain's hero in the book called after him, was buried on Monday, says a telegram from San Francisco. He was 79 years of age.



A WITHINGTON WEDDING.

MR. DOUGLAS CHEATER AND MISS IDA JACKSON, WITHINGTON CHURCH, OCTOBER 2, 1906.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH PARENTS AND BRIDESMAIDS.
BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. WEDDING PARTY AND GUESTS.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 6, 1906.
PLOWING AND WALLING COMPETITIONS AT HAWLING,
OCTOBER 3, 1906.



COMPETITORS AT WORK—GENERAL VIEW.



A HALT FOR LUNCHEON.



COMPETITORS IN DRY-WALLING CONTEST.



AN OLD HAND IN DRY-WALLING COMPETITION.



CHELTENHAM LADIES' AUTUMN GOLF MEETING,

CLEEVE HILL, SEPTEMBER 25, 26, 27, 1906.

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS.

QUEENIES.

A Small Cigar of British Manufacture.
Entirely Imported Leaf.
Every Smoker should try them!

Price - 96 per 100.

Samples 10 for ONE SHILLING.

FRED^K WRIGHT is the sole agent

On sale at all his branches.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

Now like an angel with his white wings furled
He sleeps—so beautiful, so young, so pure!
Touch not his spirit, visions of the world—
A little space, and he shall feel thy lure
And rise and follow with resistless feet!
Stir not his dreamless slumber. Flushed and
sweet,
Lo, in my arms he lies.
He knows me near.
But when he wakes, a wonder and a fear
Live for a moment in his crystal eyes,
As of an alien here.

A very fine specimen of the pelican has made its quarters on Whitstable flats during the past few days. The bird stands about 7ft. high, and is pure white, with an enormous yellow bill and pouch.

**1
3**



**We spend about ONE THIRD
—of our time IN BED!—**

Think this over and see if it is not worth while to visit **DICKS & SONS, Ltd., 173 High Street, Cheltenham**, and buy a really comfortable Bedstead and Mattress, so that you may get the best out of your night's sleep.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

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NEXT WEEK,

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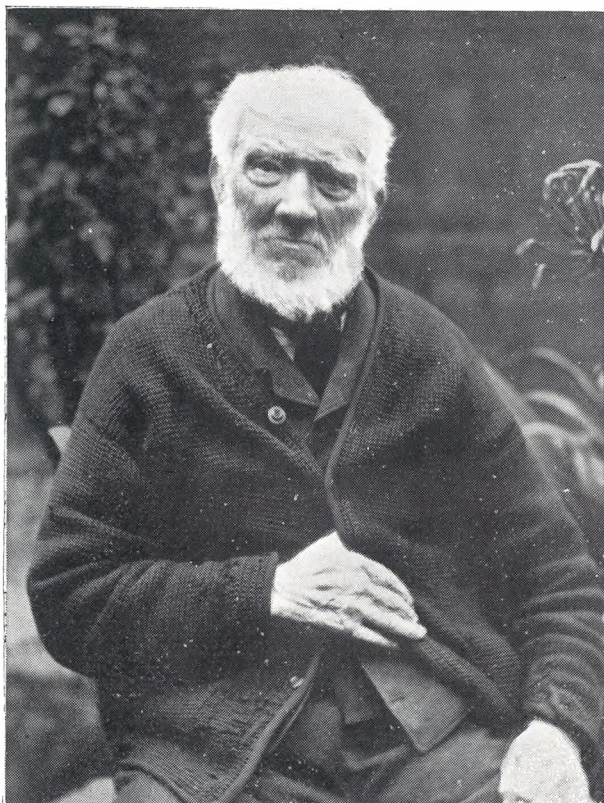
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

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 202nd sermon prize has been divided between Mr. C. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. H. C. Leach, 3 Castle-street, Cirencester, for reports respectively of sermons by the Bishop of Gloucester at St. John's Church, Cheltenham, and Rev. H. J. Wicks at Coxwell-street Baptist Chapel, Cirencester.

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



THE OLDEST ODDFELLOW IN CHELTENHAM.

Mr. Joseph Nash, of 24 Bloomsbury-street, Cheltenham, joined the "Loyal Hope" Lodge of Oddfellows, Gloucester, in 1840, and is still a member of the Order. For over sixty years he lived in the same house at Staverton, and was the village postman till he was over eighty years of age. He was born at Longford, near Gloucester, in 1817, is in good health and able to get about, and in full possession of all his faculties.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE LORDS.

Earl Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, replying to the toast of the Board at a luncheon given by the Corporation of Edinburgh to the Scottish Chambers of Agriculture on Wednesday, expressed his perfect agreement with Lord Lansdowne that we could never have a virile population if men were driven from the country into the towns. Referring to the House of Lords, he said no doubt it was a revising Chamber, but its duty was not to emasculate or to destroy. He commended to the House of Lords the wise advice of Lord Lansdowne when they came to deal with the measures of the Liberal Government. He hoped the present Government would not come to an end without doing something to get the people back to the land, two or three where there was at present only one.

TRADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Lord Welby, presiding over an ordinary meeting of the Standard Bank of South Africa, held in London on Tuesday, said that South Africa had not as yet recovered from the long period of depression which followed the war, but on the whole the prospect was improving. The half year, like its predecessor, had been one of trial and difficulty for South African trade. The rebellion in Natal had been a disquieting element, but we might fairly hope that this disturbance was at an end. The bank's general managers in South Africa, while noting the depression and its causes, reported some facts of a more permanently reassuring nature. The output of gold and diamonds showed marked improvement, and the situation of the farming industries was greatly improving.

FUNERAL OF COUNCILLOR BENCE,

WESLEY CHURCH, ST. GEORGE'S-STREET, CHELTENHAM, OCTOBER 4, 1906.



1. Crowd outside Wesleyan Church.
2. Mayor and Mace-bearer.

3. Town Councillors entering church.
4. Employees taking coffin into church.

5. Procession of Corporation and Officials entering church.
6. Crowd watching funeral.

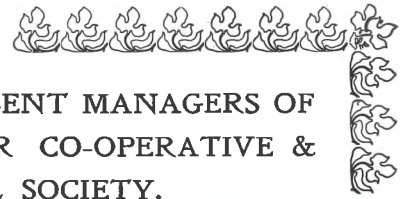


SERVICE IN CHURCHYARD.

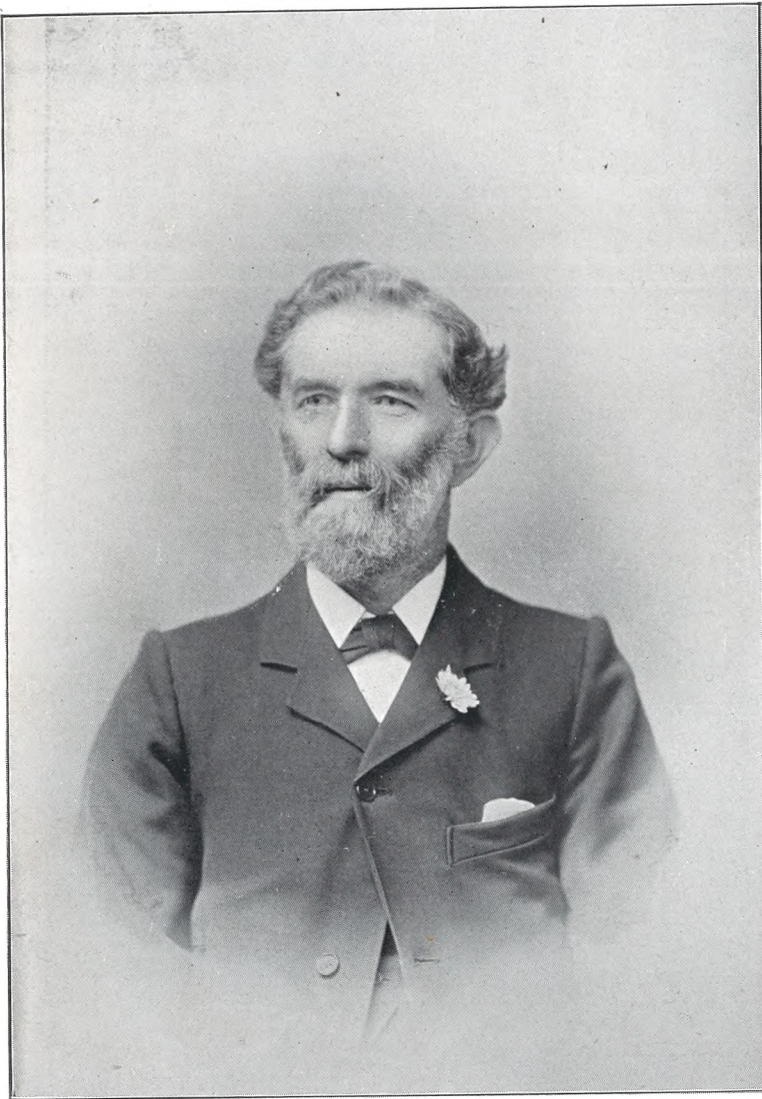


MOURNERS AND CROWD LEAVING CHURCHYARD
AFTER FUNERAL.

LOWERING COFFIN.
FAMILY MOURNERS IN FOREGROUND.



PAST AND PRESENT MANAGERS OF
GLOUCESTER CO-OPERATIVE &
INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.



MR. J. T. LAIDLER.



MR. J. T. JACKSON.

TWO INQUESTS ON ONE BODY.

In connection with the recent inquests on the body of a man (or woman) supposed to have been drowned off the coast of Sussex two months ago there are several interesting points. Firstly, the body, which was so decomposed that the sex could not be determined, came ashore in two portions—the one, consisting of head and part of trunk, at Pevensy; the other, with included the remaining part of trunk and legs, near Eastbourne. They were discovered on unfrequented parts of the beach on different days.

By the curious constitution of the borough of Hastings (which has several out-liberties, including some near the Thames) the part of the beach at Pevensy happens to be in that borough, several miles distant, and so from that borough the jury were empanelled. All they could do was to return a verdict of "Found dead," because it was not even certain that death took place from drowning.

The same formalities were gone through at Eastbourne. It is very seldom that two inquests are held on parts of the same body, and that those parts are separately interred. The question arises as to how the death will be entered in the Registrar-General's returns.

* *

An unusual capture has been made at Stokes Bay, Gosport, of a young seal, three feet in length. It was found in shallow water under the railway pier and was captured alive.



MR. JACK CRICHTON,

who will next week play Chambuddy Ram, the Baboo lawyer, in "The Cingalee," at the Opera House, Cheltenham.



STALLS PAINTED IN IMITATION OF ABEL FLETCHER'S HOUSE AT TEWKESBURY.



EXTERIOR OF RODBOROUGH TABERNACLE.



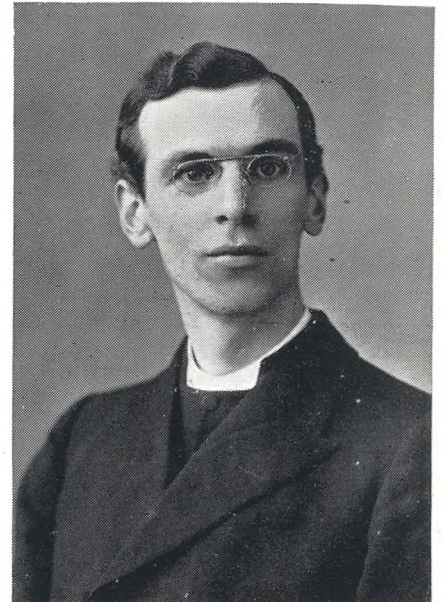
INTERIOR.

"JOHN HALIFAX" BAZAAR

AT STROUD SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS, OCT.
10, 11, 12, 1906, IN BEHALF OF ROD-
BOROUGH TABERNACLE.

* *

[Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman," was written while the novelist was staying at Rose Cottage, Amberley.]



Photos by H. J. Comley, County Studio, Stroud.

REV. W. J. SHERGOLD, B.A.,
PASTOR OF RODBOROUGH TABERNACLE.

LORDS AND THE EDUCATION BILL.

*

Lord Amthill has given notice to move an amendment in Committee of the House of Lords to Clause VIII. of the Education Bill, providing that no teacher shall be required to give religious instruction against his own wish, but the local education authority shall have due regard to the proper provision of religious instruction in accordance with the wishes of the parents in the appointment and grading of teachers. Lord Amthill is a Liberal Unionist.

Other amendments standing in his lordship's name provide for the omission of Clause III, which affords special religious facilities in transferred voluntary schools, and of Clause IV., better known as the "four-fifths" clause. By an amendment to Clause I., however, his lordship proposes to make provision for religious instruction in all schools on at least three days in each week, in accordance with the religious persuasion of the parents of the children.

* *

WHY AN M.P. WITHDREW.

*

Mr. Donald Smeaton, M.P., who was reported in the "Times" to have withdrawn from the deputation which was to present a British memorial to members of the late Russian Duma, states that his reasons for withdrawing are as follow:—(1) Because, in his opinion, the deputation would retard instead of accelerating the achievement of constitutional liberty; (2) because it would strengthen the reaction, rendering extremely difficult the adjustment of outstanding questions of foreign policy; and (3) because the whole situation is critical and the present is a time for wary walking.

*

When a girl begins to call a fellow by his first name it generally indicates that she has designs on his last.—"Standard," Montreal.

FUNERAL OF COUNCILLOR BENCE.



MEMBERS OF TOWN COUNCIL AND OTHER MOURNERS IN CHURCHYARD

Roman bricks, flints, and pottery, two coins, and the foundations of a Roman wall have been discovered by the rector of Welwyn, Hertfordshire, while making a tennis lawn in his grounds.

*

The only monument to Capt. Cook in New Zealand was unveiled on Monday in the presence of a large gathering of both races, at Poverty Bay, the spot where the discoverer first landed.

QUEENIES.

A Small Cigar of British Manufacture.
Entirely Imported Leaf.
Every Smoker should try them!

Price - 9/6 per 100.

Samples 10 for ONE SHILLING.

FRED^K WRIGHT is the sole agent

On sale at all his branches.

THE LATEST MALE FASHION.

*

Have you heard the very latest? (asks "The Bystander"). Perhaps not, though, as the decree simply rules amidst a smart exclusive circle up North. It has to do with knickerbocker stockings, worn by the stern sex. These are now built with perpendicularly striped tops, and, according to the colour of the stripe, there is worn a garter that finishes on the outside of the leg in hanging ribbon loops and ends. Obviously, the idea has been gathered from the correct Highland dress, and—well, in appearance it is rather silly and effeminate. But there it is, and here is my faithful chronicling of the fact of its existence.

* *

Mr. James Knapp, born and bred in Shrivenham, Berks, has died there at the age of eighty-five years. He joined the village church choir at seven, and remained in it until three weeks ago, and was thus a chorister for seventy-eight years. He rang the church bells for seventy-two years.

*

The other day where some building was going on in Northampton a man asked for a job. The foreman told him there was no vacancy, but he might call in a couple of days, because, he explained, "We've got a man here who hasn't come, and if he doesn't turn up to-morrow we shall send him home."

BABY.

*

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What make your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.
How did they all come to be just you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

A cynical politician said in a speech about forty years ago that life would be tolerable but for its amusements. He did not particularise, but his general condemnation would not have obtained him many votes if he had fought an election on that ticket. Englishmen may take their pleasures sadly, but they will not for a moment stand being deprived of them such as they are, some very good and others of doubtful quality. It is wonderful how tenaciously they hold to their pleasure fairs, like those that are happening at this time of the year in Gloucester, Cheltenham, Cirencester, Tewkesbury, and several smaller towns in this county. The quality of the amusements provided at these places in recent years has, I am glad to observe, very considerably improved, science in several of its branches having been brought into requisition in the vehicles to amuse the people. Who would have thought a few years ago that electricity and animated photography would have been brought into service.

Two years ago I wrote in reference to the removal of Barton Pleasure Fair from Barton-street, which narrow thoroughfare it had outgrown, to Oxleaze, a site provided by the Gloucester Corporation, that the venture had "caught on wonderfully in the favour of the masses." Well, the second and third holdings there have much strengthened this catching on. In fact the transfer to Oxleaze has given the fair a new lease of life, for already the Barton-street carnival seems to those who knew it well but a poor and feeble gathering as compared with the rejuvenated fair. An expert authority on the subject, the Rev. Thomas Horne, the hon. chaplain to the Showmen's and Van-Dwellers' Protection Association, who pardonably prides himself on the fact that he is the son of a showman and was born in a van at Nottingham Goose Fair, and has raised himself to be a Church of England clergyman, last Sunday told a public assembly, which included the Mayor and Sheriff of the city, that the Oxleaze fair was a glorious one, and stood in the front rank of the fairs of the United Kingdom. I find that the bioscope exhibitions, menageries, motor-car and horse roundabouts, helter-skelter lighthouse, big traction engines, vans, miniature railways, Japanese "wheely-whirley," and all and sundry exhibitions on Oxleaze represented a capital value of quite £50,000, and that at least 400 men and women were employed there earning an honest living. So the £ s. d. aspect is of the utmost importance. With Gloucester's satisfactory fair experience before them, I hope Cheltenham Town Council will forthwith consider the necessity of removing the pleasure fair from the congested Cattle Market to the "Rec" or Naunton Park, not only with the view of keeping Cheltonians and the money they have to spend in the town at fair times, but of attracting outsiders to a carnival on the lines and dimensions of the one in the Cathedral city.

I find that the plaster pug dogs and stag's heads that one sees in Cheltenham shop windows or being hawked about from door to door are modelled by some half-a-dozen industrious and intelligent Italians at a house not far from the Midland Station at Gloucester. They have been located there for several months, and they will move to another town when they find they have exhausted this district.

Those who have to compulsorily attend the services in the chapel of H.M. Prison at Gloucester when they are "doing time" are not the only persons who require a bit of coaching at times from the chaplain in the singing of hymns, as an "Echo" reporter has elicited from one of the released Leckhampton stalwarts was his experience. For I hear that at the recent first meeting of the Cheltenham Branch of the Women's Social and Political Union, when the suffragette ideal was defined, several labour hymns were sung and the fair gathering went wrong entirely in endeavouring to sing one of the impossible tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." The effect was very funny. GLEANER.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

SARAH GRAND'S VIEWS.

The other evening, at the Bishopsgate Institute, Madame Sarah Grand delivered an address on "The Art of Happiness."

Madame Grand said if we examined the matter closely we should find that the chances of happiness far outweighed the chances of misery. The strongest bent of our nature was to pursue happiness and avoid pain. The great pleasures of life might be rare, but there was a variety of minor pleasures which in the aggregate made for happiness. For instance, it was not a pleasant thing to rise early on a cold morning, but we all knew the effect it had on the early riser by the airs of superiority he gave himself (laughter). Happiness depended very much on the state of mind. There was no royal road to happiness. All had the choice to be so; the knowledge of the right of choice was a pleasant thing, and therefore those who chose to be miserable by the mere fact of their choice made miserableness their delight (hear, hear, and laughter). Happiness was to be found in the simpler and less expensive modes of life. The quiet entertainments of the poor were happier than the magnificent entertainments of the rich, whose indifference and insolence to their guests were only equalled by the chronic state of irritation of their guests towards them. In smart society, as it was called, to distinguish it from good society, there was no such thing as noblesse oblige. The sensations which made for happiness were all sensations which, in their perfect form, made for the well-being of the body and soul. One of the great bars to our happiness was the stupid craze to be thought better off than we were. One of the saddest features of the civilisation of to-day was the waste of energy among women, and that all tended against happiness. Happiness had many enemies bent on its destruction, and those who would be happy would find it essential to cultivate regular habits in work and play. There were many unhappy women—unhappy because they suffered from want of purpose in life. Some looked forward to marriage, in the hope that that would cure them, but when once they were married the old malady recurred. There was an elusive something for which they sought. Some thought if they had the suffrage that would cure them (laughter). To-day haste had become a mania, and what did we accomplish by it? Little that was worth doing. And what was the end of it? Old age, disease, and death. We were all of us acting on some suggestion or other, and for the most part acting involuntarily. We were making misery for ourselves every time we denied the possibility of happiness, and when we said life was not worth living we were taking the surest step to make it so. Instead of anticipating the miseries of life, we should bring ourselves to ignore them. Happiness was a lovely flower, and it could only be brought to perfection by careful cultivation (loud applause).

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Try the "Echo" Electric Press.



We spend about ONE THIRD
—of our time IN BED!!—

Think this over and see if it is not worth while to visit DICKS & SONS, Ltd., 173 High Street, Cheltenham, and buy a really comfortable Bedstead and Mattress, so that you may get the best out of your night's sleep.

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1 Colonnade, * CHELTENHAM.
362 High Street,

c459

MOTHERHOOD.

[H. LEFROY YORKE IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

It is an axiom that healthy children can only be born from healthy mothers. On the physical side this subject has lately received much attention. Public interest has been directed to the extreme importance of the physical conditions of motherhood. Legislators are now agreed that it is the duty of the State to protect the health of unborn children by insisting that those who have assumed the responsibility of motherhood shall not sap their strength and enfeeble the life of their offspring by toiling in workshops and factories almost up to the day of their child's birth. To feed and educate children without considering the conditions under which they come into the world is short-sighted folly.

How much weakness, vice, and misery would be spared if mothers would only give a little heed to the simple laws of health before their children are launched upon a life of struggle!

But it is not only the physical condition of the mother that affects her child, but also her mental and moral state. If she entertains angry, or jealous, or depressing thoughts, these are impressed upon the unborn life. So also are pure and gracious thoughts. It is related that the mother of Charles Kingsley, during the months that preceded the child's birth, was careful to store her mind with noble and healthful ideas, dwelling upon the beauty of the world around, and cherishing all peaceful thoughts.

It is generally assumed that the chief duty of a mother is to train her children, to give them rules of conduct, and to correct them when they go astray.

In reality, her supreme duty is with herself, to train her own thought and character, that from her life there may flow into her child, both before and after its birth, a pure and refining spirit.

Maxims and precepts count for little in determining the future of children. That which tells is the influence under which they are brought up. The atmosphere of the home is everything, and this is created by the mother. It proceeds not from what she says, but from what she is, and results directly from the radiation of her inmost life and thought.

In this atmosphere the child lives and moves and has its being, and through every moment of its existence is absorbing it into its life.

It is not the things that we acquire consciously, but those that enter into us unconsciously, which permanently rule us. Children learn the language of their parents without knowing it, and catch their tone and accents unawares. If parental speech is faulty, how difficult, in spite of grammar and teachers, wholly to correct it.

That which is called heredity is often nothing but the entering into our sub-conscious life of the tone and spirit of our environment.

It is this fact that raises motherhood to its supreme importance. At the time when the young life is most actively drinking in all silent influences, it is she who creates the atmosphere that surrounds it. Upon the purity of her spirit depends the nobleness of her child.

But if her thoughts are vain and insincere and selfish, these also bring forth after their kind, and re-appear to punish her in her children.



AN OLD CHELTENHAM WHEELER—
H. STEPHENS.

In sending us photo, of which above is a reproduction, Gunner F. Kewley, of Plymouth, says Stephens has met with great success as a cycle rider in Army and Navy sports in Plymouth and Devonport—in fact, he has won all the cycle events in service sports in Plymouth district. He has won a five-mile open, a one-mile open, and a three-mile open, and rode fourth in the championship of Army and Navy at the Crystal Palace last July.

£1,000,000 FOR AGED POOR.

* *

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT BY MR.
THOMAS HOLMES.

*

Addressing a public meeting at Enfield, Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known London Police-court missionary, announced that, by the kindness of a philanthropist whose name he was not at liberty to divulge, he was negotiating for fourteen acres at Tottenham whereon to erect homes—a kind of almshouse—for broken-down poor women who had been employed in matchbox-making and other like arduous forms of toil. It was hoped that eventually there would be a small garden city for the benefit of these poor folk. The generous principal in this effort was prepared, if this scheme proved successful, to find a million of money for like objects.

* *

Recently the famous Hawkstone collection of birds, which was an heirloom of the Hill family, was purchased by Mr. Beville Stanier, of Peplow Hall, Shropshire. That gentleman stated on Wednesday to a meeting of the Shropshire Natural History Society at Shrewsbury, that he had sold one of the stuffed specimens of the great auk for 400 guineas. This is believed to be the largest price ever paid for a stuffed bird.

Containing £60 in gold, a bag has been lost by Mrs. Read, of Redhill, and it is believed that when she disposed recently of a quantity of rags to a rag-and-bone merchant the bag was in the rubbish.

Alderman George Curtis, who is eighty-three, and an ardent Liberal, has consented to accept the Mayoralty of Poole for the ensuing year.

STALLS AT
TRADES
EXHIBITION
AT CHELTENHAM
WINTER GARDEN.



OBTAINING HER FATHER'S CONSENT.

* *

"Diplomacy, my boy, diplomacy," laughed the young man in response to a question from a friend who had received one of the cards.

"Her father isn't such a bad old chap if you know how to handle him. I will admit that getting his consent to our marriage caused the girl and I no end of concern, but I went at it in the right way and won out.

"Her father is a man who likes to have his own way, which, as a matter of fact, is bound to be different from that of anyone else. Knowing this, I called upon him at his office to get his consent, but I was wise enough not to ask it in a direct way.

"I suppose you know," I began, as the old man sat on his chair and glared at me, "that I have paid a good deal of attention to your daughter. Much to my regret, it has gone much further than I wish it had. Your daughter has assured me that I alone can make her happy, and I am afraid she speaks the truth. I will be candid with you, sir, and say that at one time I thought I loved her, but I have found one whom

I love more, and I have called upon you, sir, for assistance in breaking off an attachment that I have found unbearable."

"What's that?" shouted the old man, sitting bolt upright on his chair.

"Your assistance, sir," I continued "I know that you have been opposed to my marrying your daughter, and I thought that you would be willing to assist me in breaking the unfortunate attachment that your daughter bears for me."

"Never!" roared the old man. "You miserable scoundrel! What do you mean by playing with my daughter's heart and then casting it lightly aside? By heavens, you will marry her, or I will know the reason why! At once, sir, at once!"

"Well there is no use repeating all the old man said, for he kept it up until he ran out of breath, and had succeeded in frightening me into agreeing to marry the girl.

"The old man is all right if you know how to handle him. I have served notice on him that I don't want him to make a vulgar display by placing a cheque among the wedding presents, and if there isn't a good fat cheque there I'll lose my guess."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 303.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),
"THE CINGALEE."

NEXT WEEK,

"**VERONIQUE.**"

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

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

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.
Australian Wines in Flagons.
"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
Price Lists on Application.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library).

CHELTENHAM.

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

HOW MANY A MAN!

* *

How many a man of those I see around
Has cherished fair ideals in his youth,
And heard the spirit's call, and stood spellbound
Before the shrine of Beauty or of Truth,
And lived to see his fair ideals fade,
And feel a numbness creep upon his soul,
And sadly know himself no longer swayed
By rigorous Truth or Beauty's sweet control!
For some, alas! life's thread is almost spun;
Few, few, and poor, the fibres that remain;
But yet, while life lasts, something may be done
To make the heavenly vision not in vain;
Yet, even yet, some triumph may be won,
Yea, loss itself be turned to precious gain.



CHURCHYARD CONSECRATION AT WHITTINGTON
BY THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER,
OCTOBER 15, 1906.

On Monday the oldest officer in his Majesty's Army, General Robert Napier Raikes, completed his ninety-third year. He was in active service through the Gwalior Campaign at Punnar in 1843, through the Burmes War of 1851, and during the Mutiny. In 1871 he returned home with the rank of major-general after forty-one years in India, and is now living with his family at Eastbourne.

* *

Mr. Frederick C. Selous, the famous hunter, landed at Plymouth on Monday, and proceeded to London, having returned from a two months' hunting tour in the Yukon district, where he visited a country that is quite uninhabited. Mr. Selous states that there is distinct evidence of gold around the district. In the Klondyke neighbourhood Bonanza Creek has been sold to an

American firm, who are spending millions of dollars in its development, and who intend diverting the course of a river, so as to increase the water supply there and enable hydraulic power to be established.

* *

"The slightest fall is generally fatal to dogs of this breed," said counsel for Mrs. Sweet, who claimed £25 from Mrs. Giddy in the Bloomsbury County Court because Mrs. Giddy's daughter allowed the plaintiff's toy Pomeranian to fall out of her arms, with the result, it was alleged, that the dog had a fit and died. After listening to Mrs. Sweet's account of the death of "poor, poor, dear little Queenie," Judge Bacon exclaimed: "Is the court to be troubled with cases of this description." Judgment was for the defendant.

CHELTENHAM EAST WARD BYE-ELECTION CANDIDATES.



MR. JAMES STEWART.



MR. W. H. HORSLEY.

OUR FUTURE HOPE.

We do not believe that the great mass or working men, either in town or in the country, will ever again settle tranquilly in small holdings, but in a huge population like ours there must always be a remnant who prefer the field to the street, and in this precious remnant may reside the elements of ultimate salvation.—“The Academy.”

BRYANT & CO.,
TAILORS.

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

1 Colonnade, CHELTENHAM.
362 High Street, c459

QUEENIES.

A Small Cigar of British Manufacture.
Entirely Imported Leaf.
Every Smoker should try them!

Price - 9/6 per 100.

Samples 10 for ONE SHILLING.

FREDK. WRIGHT is the sole agent

On sale at all his branches.

THE MAN WHO PAID FOR BALMORAL.

The sojourn of King Edward at Balmoral reminds me of that eccentric personality, John Camden Neild, whose magnificent bequest to Queen Victoria supplied the funds out of which the Prince Consort built the present castle. Neild deserves a place among the great misers, and was as remarkable a man as any of them. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. At the age of thirty-four his father's death placed him in possession of a fortune of £250,000, and from that moment he became a confirmed miser. He lived at No. 5 Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, and I dare say there are many old residents in that district who remember the little paunchy old man in blue swallow-tailed coat, with gilt buttons, brown trousers worn to rags, shoes patched and down at heel, shockingly bad broad-brimmed hat, and green cotton umbrella, who used to glean crusts and bits of coal from the gutters. His big house was so meanly furnished that it did not even boast of a bed. Two old hags, who did his stoves, and a black cat were his sole companions. When he visited his large estates in the Midlands, which he did frequently, he generally walked, unless he could get a lift for nothing, and he was not even above taking a gratuitous seat on a dung cart. Sometimes he was compelled by the weather to take a seat on the stage-coach. And there he would sit outside, shivering and dripping—for he never wore a great coat—an object of commiseration to his fellow passengers, who would sometimes, out of sheer pity, offer him a glass of brandy and water, an offer which he never refused, little dreaming that they were entertaining a Croesus unawares.—“T.P.O.”

However attached to your business, do not allow the commercial sense to deaden, but rather to quicken, the moral, artistic, and all wholesome sentiments.

Learn to show a thorough interest in a customer or any person approaching you; try to look at the matter from his standpoint as well as your own.

The misuse of time will engulf thee in much misfortune. Therefore use him deftly, kindly, and well.

Let every effort be towards the idea of permanence; do things to last; make the casual customer a permanent one through satisfaction.

WHERE BOOKS SELL BEST.

“The intellectual enterprise of Birmingham and Manchester,” says the “Burlington Magazine,” “has long been familiar to those who have had much to do with the publishing of standard books. So far as the sale of good books is concerned, Birmingham and Manchester are as prominent among the cities of England as Glasgow and Edinburgh are in Scotland. Other places have good booksellers, but nowhere outside London is the demand so general and so appreciative. In this respect, so a publisher informs us, Birmingham and Lancashire form the strongest possible contrast to Yorkshire, where the readers of good literature seem to be absurdly few in proportion to the population.”

KAISER'S “MAXIMS.”

Whether at manoeuvres or at shooting parties, the Kaiser is never without his “maxims,” and it is said that every morning he “fires” them at himself. Thus, on the wall of his bedroom, at his shooting-box at Rominten, where he is at present staying, the Imperial eye falls on the following maxims in large letters:—

- Be strong in grief.
- Never wish for what you cannot get.
- Find good in everything; in men and nature, find joy.
- Take the day just as it offers itself to you; take men just as they are.
- An hour of joy sufficeth to make us forget a thousand hours of bitterness.
- A mistrustful man does wrong to his fellow men, thus he wrongs himself.
- The world is so large and man is so small that it is not possible for a man to be the centre of the world.—“P.T.O.”

OLDEST WOMAN IN LONDON.

There is at present living in the St. Pancras Union Infirmary in Gray's Inn-road a venerable lady, Mrs. Sarah Lamb, who has just celebrated her 104th birthday, and is believed to be the oldest subject of the King living in the metropolis. Seen on Wednesday, she was found comfortably tucked-up in bed in No. 6 Ward, along with about fifty other old ladies, several of whom are getting on towards ninety years of age. Although very infirm, Mrs. Lamb is still in the full possession of all her faculties, and talks with great freedom and an evident relish of her long experience of the world.

She was born at Ramsgate, and when a little girl was brought to London, where she has resided ever since. Her most cherished recollections are that she has seen five Sovereigns who have reigned in this country. As a child she remembers being told by her parents to curtsey to George III. as he passed through the metropolis. Subsequently she had numerous opportunities of seeing George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, each of which occasions she recalls clearly. “When the present King came to the throne,” she said, “I was in the St. Pancras Workhouse, and not free to go where I liked, but I felt that I must see him as I had seen all the others, and so I got them to take me to Buckingham Palace in a cab, and I saw the King as he came out.”

Mrs. Lamb married a pianoforte-maker who worked for a London firm, and sometimes for himself, and their married life, extending over about fifty years, was, she said, very happy. They had several children, but they all died, and her husband passing away about thirty-five years ago, she was left practically alone in the world.

For a time she was able to make ends meet, but at last she was obliged to ask the assistance of the St. Pancras Guardians, and entered the house about 1896. Two years ago, owing to the infirmities of age, she was removed to the infirmary, and for the past twelve months has not left her bed. Though she cannot now see to read without the aid of glasses, her appetite is remarkably good. “There is not a soul belonging to me now alive,” she declared; “I am quite alone in the world, and very happy. God bless everybody, and I only hope that they may be as happy in this world as I have been.”



Photo by H. W. Watson, Cheltenham.

MR. F. HURST CRADDOCK, M.A., M.R.C.S.,
 MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE
 ASYLUMS, 1882 TO 1906.
 DIED OCTOBER 14, 1906, AGED 55 YEARS.



AN OLD CHELTENHAM RAILWAY SERVANT,
MR. GEORGE HENRY WARD.

Mr. George Henry Ward, of 8 Great Western-terrace, Cheltenham, was for many years employed at the Cheltenham station of the Great Western Railway Co. He passed the Board of Directors at Paddington in November, 1852, worked at Paddington and at Bristol for a short time, and came to Cheltenham in January, 1853, where he has remained ever since. His total length of service was 42 years and 9 months, and he served under all the Cheltenham G.W.R. stationmasters except the first (Mr. Smythe), viz. Messrs. Lucas, Gardner, Lailey, Price, Willis, Cook, and Thomas. While at the station he on about a dozen occasions rendered valuable assistance to the police in the arrest of pickpockets, and also helped the late Supt. Day, who was then a sergeant, in the prosecution of a coiner. Perhaps his most important service to the criminal law, however, was the evidence he gave at the Old Bailey in 1861 at the trial of the Rev. James Roe, a Gloucester curate, who was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for forging his uncle's will. After leaving the railway service Mr. Ward was at the Plough Hotel cab and 'bus office for eight years, first under the late Mr. Wintle and afterwards under Mr. Addis, the present yard manager, but ultimately a severe illness compelled him to relinquish work. He is now 74 years old, and fairly well and active. He is in receipt of a small pension from the railway provident fund.



COLOUR-SERGEANT CARROLL,
 OF CHELTENHAM.
 DIED OCTOBER 15, 1906.



Special to our Readers.

The greater number of the Photographs that appear in the "Chronicle & Graphic" are taken by our Artist, and copies of them may be obtained at any time upon application at the Offices in Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.

THE RETURNED LETTER OFFICE.

*

There is one side of the Post-office which the public seldom hears about—that is the Returned Letter Office—says "The Penny Magazine," and it will be news to most people to learn that last year no fewer than twenty-seven million undelivered packets were dealt with. These found their way to the Returned Letter Office for many reasons. Some are insufficiently addressed, and a large portion bear no address at all. Altogether these letters contained nearly £17,000 in cash and bank notes and over £600,000 in cheques, bills, money, and postal orders.



CHELTENHAM CORPORATION FIRE BRIGADE.

A short time since we briefly noticed the existence of a new fire station in Cheltenham. The brigade being now in occupation, we are able to more fully describe not only the new buildings, but the older parts, also the equipment, as well as the personnel of the brigade.

The new building, a handsome structure, was designed in the Borough Surveyor's (Mr. J. S. Pickering's) department of the Corporation, and cost £500. It consists of a red-brick front elevation, faced with buff terra cotta, having a gable centrepiece bearing the words "Fire Station, 1906," in red terra cotta, for which a handsome lamp with ruby lettered panels is being made. Two main entrances are provided, each fitted with four-fold glass doors. A similar entrance leads to the engine-cleaning yard, which also has a separate exit to the front. The main engine-room is of lofty proportions, 38ft. long by 26ft. wide, well lighted by large windows on each side, while the inside walls are of red brick, with buff and Broseley facings. The roof is of stained and varnished timber, carried on light steel trusses, and the floor granolithic faced. The whole is splendidly lit throughout by electricity, for which the contractor (Mr. F. H. Bastin) is responsible, while the building work reflects credit upon our local firm, Messrs. Collins and Godfrey.

The older part of the building consists of the station officer's residence, whilst on the first floor, approached by wide stairs, is a spacious guard-room, fitted with suitable wardrobes for men's uniforms and equipment, chairs, tables, etc.

From the guard-room, on a fire call, the men descend to the ground floor by sliding down a pole, as is usual in all up-to-date stations. On the ground floor is provided the heating appara-

tus, and arrangement for drying hose, also the electrical instruments used for calling up horses and men.

It may be here stated that each member of the brigade is now connected either by telephone or electric call-bell (although the alarm bell is still retained for use if required in the day, when the firemen are likely to be away from home at work). As a consequence the general public now very rarely hears of a fire call.

Very few provincial towns of the size of Cheltenham are now so well equipped with modern fire extinguishing apparatus.

To begin with, and with thanks to the generosity and forethought of that estimable lady resident whose honoured name it bears, is one of Merryweather's 360 gal. steam fire engines, the very latest pattern, in splendid order, fitted complete with all accessories, and carrying 300 yards of fire hose, which before its second birthday had been most effectively used at no less than thirteen fires, all more or less serious. For this are provided horses, complete sets of harness, etc. Next in order is a splendid first-aid hose cart (No. 1), fitted complete with chemical extinguisher and accessories, carrying a hundred yards of fire hose. This also bears the name of its donor. For the majority of local outbreaks this cart only is necessary, owing to the excellent town water pressure. Hose-cart No. 2 is a heavier machine, but nevertheless equally well fitted, carries a "Tozer" hand fire engine, accessories, scaling ladders, ambulance stretcher, and 150 yards of fire hose. There are also several hundred yards of spare fire hose. One 65ft. Merryweather telescopic fire escape. This will reach the roof of the highest residences in the district. One 30ft. Merryweather's telescopic ladder cart for smaller buildings, fitted with stand pipes,

jumping sheets, fire hose, and accessories.

The machines described are all of the very latest type, absolutely up to date. To which much be added one 6in. manual fire engine, eighty years old, yet in thorough working order, kept for use should the steamer be under repair.

The personnel, a retained fire brigade, consists of twenty-three men all told, a sturdy set of fellows, well clothed and equipped, including two honorary officers. All are members of the National Fire Brigade Union, viz. the chief officer, Capt. J. Such, engineer, King-street Works, who served for many years in the brigade as a fireman, and has been chief twelve years; Capt. Mouat-Biggs, hon. brigade surgeon; Rev. D. Sargent, M.A., chaplain; Lieuts. A. Mathews and H. Harris, hon. secretary; Sub-Lieuts. J. Such and J. Cossens; Chief Engineer T. James; Assistant Engineer E. Hall; Station Officer John James; twelve firemen, and one horse driver, forming two complete brigades or sections, one of which is always ready for duty outside the borough.

No less than seven of the above are wearing medals for long service and good conduct, and six others are entitled. In this year's competitions for hose-cart drill this brigade was only beaten by 2-5sec. by the leading competing brigade in all England.

The drills are compulsory, twenty-six per annum, exclusive of specials, every other Saturday.

The military band of the West Midland district, also the fully equipped pioneers of the N.F.B.U., are attached to the brigade. The bandmaster is Mr. Harry Such, third son of the chief officer.

Former chief officers of the brigade have been the late Alderman G. Parsonage (ex-Mayor of the borough and father of Councillor E. H.



THE NEW FIRE STATION IN ST. JAMES' SQUARE.

Parsonage), appointed about 1850, the late Mr. William Smith, builder, 1860; and Councillor W. A. Baker, who was appointed in 1881, and succeeded by Mr. Such in 1894.

While the question of control is exercising the mind of local governing bodies, a few words as to the brigade's finances will not be out of place. Each time the steam fire-engine is used outside the borough a fee of five guineas is charged and paid into the borough funds. A proposal has been mooted, however, for placing the brigade under the control of the county police, in which event all the expenses of the brigade would be paid by Cheltenham ratepayers, whereas under existing conditions the insurance companies pay all out-of-pocket expenses. Others advocate the retention of the brigade within the borough; but were this plan adopted, where would the firemen get practical experience, seeing that we get a fire in Cheltenham hardly once a year, to say nothing of such a scheme being contrary to the wishes of the donor of the steamer?

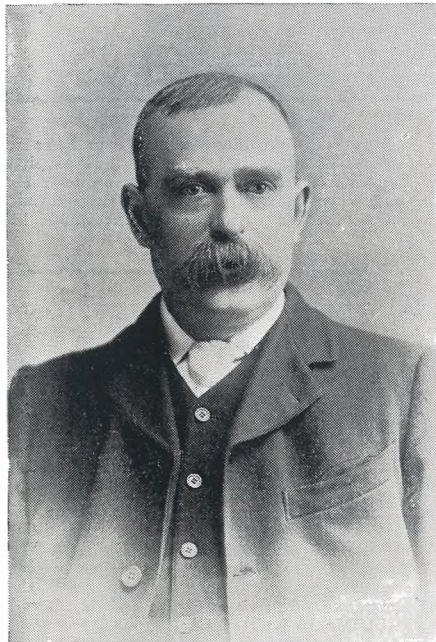
We ought not, of course, to forget that outside governing bodies should contribute towards the upkeep of the brigade.

The total cost of the brigade in salaries is now only £102 per annum. How many permanent police firemen would this sum maintain? And would a suit of uniform, boots, etc., last them ten years, as now?

Experience with other towns shows that £1,000 per annum may be taken as the cost of a brigade of ten officers and men only if found by the police.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding on Monday, the Rev. W. F. T. Hamilton, vicar of Cromer, laid the foundation of a new church at Woking, which he is presenting to his old parish at a cost of some thousands of pounds, in memory of his late wife.

GLOUCESTER MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.



MR. F. J. RUST, BARTON WARD.



MR. LIONEL LANE, KINGSHOLM WARD.



CHELTENHAM AIR RIFLE LEAGUE.
SILVER CHAMPION CUP,
PRESENTED, TOGETHER WITH MEDALS FOR WINNING
TEAM, BY MR. CHARLES DICKINS.
ON VIEW AT HIS HEAD DEPOT, 96 HIGH STREET.



CHELTENHAM WAR MEMORIAL.

THE ACCEPTED DESIGN.
TO BE ERECTED IN PROMENADE.

Modelled by Messrs. R. L. Boulton and Sons,
Sculptors, Cheltenham.

Now on view in Mr. A. Whitcombe's window in
the Promenade.



THE SHOPGIRL AND THE "BEAUTY DOCTOR."

It is not generally known (says the "World and His Wife") that the "beauty doctor," skilled in smoothing out crow's-feet and wrinkles from the feminine countenance, has begun to discover a demand for her services of a new kind. For centuries her occupation has been carried on among rich and idle women, who desire, from motives of simple vanity, to put off the approach of age.

But now, in this commercial age, the motive of vanity gives place to business considerations; and female employees—such as shopgirls, milliners, dressmakers, and those in other situations—try to retain as much as possible a bright look of youth.

In some times the "beauty doctor" has accommodated herself to this new clientele, and has made a suitable reduction in her charges; but more often the female employees in a particular business house will club together as much as they can afford to enable one of their number to take lessons in the art of facial rejuvenation, and she will afterwards instruct her companions.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the thought of these poor women thus helping one another to look young, from no coquettish desire to preserve their good looks, but simply under the grim pressure of otherwise inevitable loss of employment.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

* *

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 203rd sermon prize has been divided between Mr. Arthur L. Drinkwater, 4 Clare-place, Bath-road, and Miss M. S. Corke, Wilsford Lodge, St. Mark's, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. D. Austin Fisher at Emmanuel Church and Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Mark's, all of Cheltenham.

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

WATER BALLAD.

*

"Come hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er
This stream so brightly flowing
To yonder woodland shore.
But vain were my endeavour
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, for ever,
I'd have thee by my side.

"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek my father-land."
"Say, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand?"
"A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide;
Row on, row on, for ever,
I'd have thee by my side."

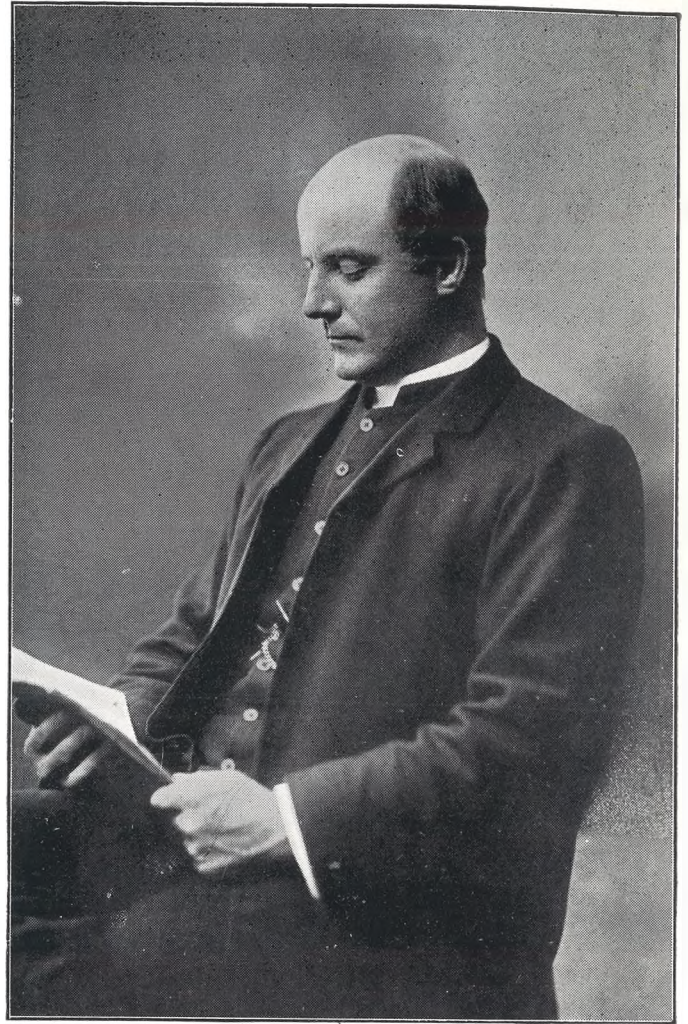
The happy bridal over,
The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
The boat became her home.
And still they sang together,
As steering o'er the tide:
"Row on through wind and weather
For ever by my side."

—COLERIDGE.



Photo by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

REV. ARTHUR JACKSON,
ST. JOSEPH'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, TEWKESBURY.



REV. CHARLES O. BARTLETT, M.A.,

COLLATED TO THE VICARAGE OF MINSTERWORTH BY
THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

Formerly curate of West Monkton, Somerset, and of Emmanuel,
Weston-super-Mare; Rector of Willersey, Gloucestershire, 1891-1903.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Sir Augustus Frederick Godson, M.P. for Kidderminster from 1886 to 1906, was well and favourably known in this county as a politician, barrister, Freemason, and genial private gentleman. He paid the ladies of Gloucestershire the highest possible compliment by marrying one of their number—Miss Jane Boughton, daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Boughton, junr., who was elected Mayor of Gloucester in 1860 and 1861, and he and the late Mr. R. Tew Smith and Mr. Wm. Nicks were the original founders of that gigantic undertaking, the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., Ltd. A curious story concerning his knighthood—conferred in 1898—is told. The letter from the Premier, Lord Salisbury, offering the honour was received during his absence from home, and, being mislaid, was not included among the correspondence awaiting him on his return. When it was finally discovered there was only just time to write an acknowledgment. A few hours longer, and Mr. Godson would probably have missed the title and innocently incurred the stigma of discourtesy.

* *

The Tewkesbury Division Conservative Association having steadfastly stood by Sir John Dorington ever since he was willing to represent them in Parliament, did honour to him after his volun-

tary retirement by entertaining him to dinner and presenting him with an elegant address of thanks on Thursday night. Sir John has been in the political arena so long that his effacement as an active politician is no ordinary event. He fought six elections for Stroud borough, commencing as far back as 1867, and won twice; one (unsuccessful) in the Cirencester Division, and one in the Tewkesbury Division (in 1892), with three unopposed returns in that constituency. Even Mr. Agg-Gardner and Lord St. Aldwyn (as Sir M. Hicks Beach), two of the oldest campaigners of the county, cannot equal his record in elections—no fewer than eleven. It is not a little singular that, whereas at his first contest, in 1867, Sir John polled 508 votes against 580 given to Mr. Henry Winterbotham, in 1892 he increased his poll practically ten-fold (5,028, when he defeated Mr. Godfrey Samuelson in the Tewkesbury Division, the only division of the county that has remained true to Conservatism.

* *

I am among those who think that Sir John Dorington has been slighted by his party at headquarters, despite the fact that he had a baronetcy first and afterwards a Privy Councillorship conferred upon him. He certainly had superior claims and qualifications for a peerage (which in his case would only have been a life one) than some of the mushroom men who were ennobled in recent years. But, then, we know there is little

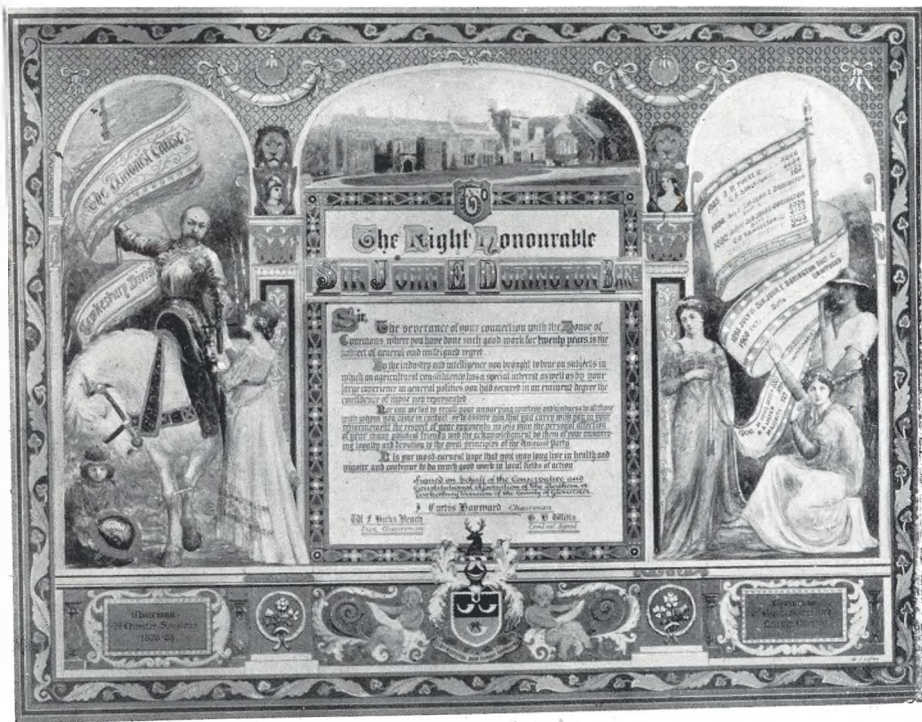
gratitude in politics. Sir John, by-the-bye, is an object-lesson in having solved the old age pension problem, for, as an original and three-share member of the Stroud Conservative Benefit Society, he, when he had to retire from it on reaching 65 years of age, elected, as a matter of principle, to take his pension of 7s. 3d. per week.

* *

The lamented death of Mr. F. Hurst Craddock, the able medical superintendent of the Gloucestershire Lunatic Asylums, reminds me that his predecessor, Mr. Ebenezer Toller, in the office is still alive, and has drawn a pension of £500 a year from the county funds for nearly 24 years, the total amount representing £12,000. I well remember the remarkable circumstances under which the amount was settled. In 1882 the Asylum Visitors granted Mr. Toller an annuity of £550 on his retirement, after 19 years' service, but several Boards of Guardians and Highway Boards memorialised the Court of Quarter Sessions not to confirm this, and urged that £350 would be sufficient. Among the most active of the memorialists were the late Sir Wm. Guise and Mrs. McIlquham. The Court compromised the matter by making the annuity £500.

GLEANER.

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THE DORINGTON PRESENTATION ADDRESS,
GLOUCESTER, OCTOBER 18, 1906.

The Right Hon. Sir John Dorington was entertained at dinner at Gloucester on Thursday by his political friends in recognition of his Parliamentary services, and was presented with an illuminated address cleverly designed and artistically executed by Mr. Walter J. Lifton, of Gloucester.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

[By W. G. YARCOTT.]

Potty banged his hand down on the little pile of magazines with a force that made every piece of crockery in the shelter shake.

"I want ter know," he announced, "wot's agoin' to be done about it—and perticlerly wot's agoin' to be done to this scribblin' blatherskite Yarcott wot come 'ere as a pal, and then went and wrote about it in a bloomin' book."

"Ear, 'ear," said Ginger Bates.

"Ah!" said Bill Jones.

Pinch said nothing, but his face went even a deeper colour, and his eyes positively bulged out with indignation as his thoughts rested on one or two items that might have been suppressed by any writer with a sense of decency greater than his passion for detail.

"Look 'ere," said Tom, the attendant. "I've bin dragged into this by the blighter; some of 'is remarks about my coffee wuz simply brutal; so p'raps yer'll let me 'ave a say. Wot I sugges' is this—make a bloomin' meetin' 'ere, an' now; let ol' Pinch be chairman, and 'ave the matter cleared up."

It was an idea that appealed to them with great effect, and the proposal was carried.

Pinch, with a wonderfully conceived sense of dignity, rose.

"Mates," said he, "I ain't never 'ad such an honour as this, not before. Yer do me proud. As chairman o' this 'ere meetin', lemme run over the course fer yer. It wuz on Saturday mornin' I picked 'im up at Ludgate 'ill, and druv' 'im ter Charin' Cross. 'E gimme eighteenpence, an' 'e looks at me an' 'e ses, ses 'e, 'You're old Pinch, ain't yer?"

"'Yus,' I ses, an' 'ad a good look at 'im. I'd never clapped my peepers on 'im afore.

"'Ow's Potty?' ses 'e, 'an' Ginger, an' Bill Jones?"

"Look 'ere,' ses I, 'wot's yer little game? Yer don't work no changes on me, yer know."

"'An' the man wot makes the bad corfee?' ses 'e. That's you, Tom."

Tom gulped down a protest.

"'You think yo're very smart,' ses I. 'What d'yer know about me an' Potty an' Ginger Bates?"

"'Ow's the missis?' ses 'e, grinnin' like a tom cat?"

"'I'll punch yer on the nose,' ses I, 'if yer don't look out.'

"'It's all right,' ses 'e, an' tol' me we wuz all in these 'ere magazines."

He pointed a contemptuous finger at the inoffensive "Idlers."

"'Wery good,' he went on. "We buy 'em, an' wot do we find? 'E a bin an' gone an' libelled us some'thin' fearful!"

"'Ear, 'ear," said the attentive and admiring audience.

Pinch cleared his throat.

"Give us a drink o' coffee, Tom. Thankee."

He sipped doubtfully.

"'E wuz right about one thing, this writer chap. Yore coffee is simply rotten, Tom."

Tom sighed. Custom had rendered him comparatively oblivious to complaint.

The old man continued, with renewed vigour.

"Wot do we find, I say? Why, 'e makes us all bloomin' liars. 'E ses my face is purple, 'cause I 'appen to 'ave a 'ealthy colour. Because I ain't so young as I was, 'e ses I waddle. Some o' the stories I told while 'e wuz 'ere, which are as true as true, 'e prints as if they wuz all lies. 'E makes out as I'm old, when I'm still young enough to 'soc' 'im in the eye next time I sees 'im. An' now, I put it ter you: wot's to be done?"

"'Yus, but that ain't 'alf," said Potty. "'E makes out that I'm a gormandiser, jus' becuz I've got a appetite wot 'e'd give quids ter 'ave. Wot if I did eat a poun' an' a 'alf o' steak once when 'e wuz 'ere, that don't mean ter say that I allus 'ave it—I wish I could."

"The question is," said Ginger, "wot's agoin' ter be done about it? Yer know my young

Jimmy, the seven year one. Well, 'e's at school, an' they teaches 'im somethin' they call 'istory. Lot o' rot, I call it. All about the birth'days o' kings an' queens, wot's dead ages ago. Well, 'e ses 'istory makes out that in them times people used to get anyone wot offended 'em, an' rope 'em up to four wallopin' big cart 'orses, an' start 'em pullin' four ways at once. The results wuz very satisfactory, I believe."

"I've 'eard about that," said Bill Jones, thoughtfully. "They call 'em the good ol' times, an' I reckon they wuz too. Rather!"

"Wot's the good?" said Potty. "We ain't got no cart 'osses."

"We've got cabs," rejoined Ginger, with a shudder, producing malevolence in his voice.

There was silence for a short time. Four minds focussing rays upon a conception of a victim and a great vengeance charged the atmosphere with wonderful potentialities. Everybody present felt that the next instant would produce some brilliant idea; there was a feeling of tension, best described as "almost, but not quite," not uncommon.

Potty broke the silence.

"Let's 'ave some'thin' easier," said he, and they came out of their dreams.

"A couple o' good bull-dogs ought to answer the purpose pretty well," suggested Bill Jones, and their eyes turned towards him.

"Nice big savage bull-dogs," he added persuasively, "'alf starved."

"Bull-dogs!" said old Pinch, clearing his throat. "Well, d'yer know, that reminds me of a time when I once got nearly killed by a bull."

He paused, awaiting an invitation to proceed. His pals evinced no interest, and he stared fixedly at Tom.

"'Ow wuz that?" politely inquired that gentleman, unable to withstand the challenge.

"Why, it wuz when I wuz a youngster," said the old man. "I wuz down in the country, stayin' with my Aunt Susan. Wery nice woman. She married the under-gardener at the Dook's down there. Well, I wuz about fifteen year old, an' a bit thin fer my age, I s'pose; an' one day I went out awalkin', an' presently I sees some apples on a few trees in the middle of a field, so I ses 'ullo, an' 'opped over the fence. They wuz first-rate apples. I ate as many as I could, an' filled my pockets. Well, I clum down the tree I wuz on, backwards. See? An' when I looks roun' there wuz a terrific big black bull ten yards away staring at me, an' breathin' smoke an' fire. 'E 'ad the longest, sharpest lookin' 'orns I ever seed on a bull, afore or since. 'E put 'is 'ead down an' come at me, where I wuz standin', parrerlysed w' fright, an' the nex' thing I knowed I wuz squeezed up between 'is fore'ead an' the tree, an' 'is 'orns wuz stuck right bang through the tree one each side of me."

He paused. They were staring at him wildly now. He puffed at his pipe, and ordered two hard-boiled eggs.

"P'raps," said Potty, sepulchrally, "you'll tell us 'ow it is you ain't still stuck there?"

"Oh!" said the old man, mildly surprised. "I just climbed up over 'is 'ead an' back, an' went 'ome."

"Look 'ere," said Bill Jones, "I'd be one o' the last ter go back on a pal, an' I don't approve a bit o' wot this Yarcott's done, but when 'e ses yo're the bigges' liar 'e ever met, Pinch, I'm sayin' 'e's about right."

Potty nodded a vigorous assent. Ginger Bates opened his mouth.

"'Tain't often I ses much," he remarked. "An' I do think this writer bloke needn't 'ave bin so free an' easy with 'is Ginger here an' Ginger there, but I reckon 'e's got ol' Pinch down to a 'air."

"Only thing I've got agin' 'im is 'is remarks about my coffee," said Tom. "Other ways I guess 'e ain't far out in wot 'e ses."

Pinch had subsided into an inert figure of gaping incredulity. Potty again voiced his sentiments.

"Lyn' is a bad 'abit, a 'abit that everybody ought to put a stop to, an' I reckon the bes' thing we can do is ter pass a vote o' thanks ter Mr. Yarcott fer 'is verry kind services in showin' ol' Pinch up as wot 'e is, an' lettin' the public know wot 'orrible lies 'is pals 'as ter listen to."

"I second that," said Ginger.

"An' I," said Bill Jones, "carry it unanimously."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 304

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1906.

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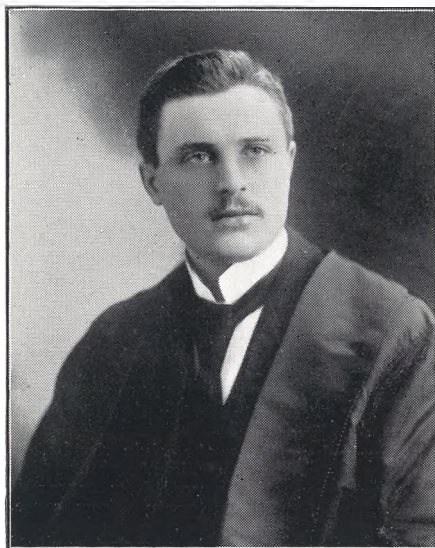
Addressing a mass meeting of working men at Lewes on Wednesday, in connection with the Chichester Diocesan Conference, the Bishop of Chichester appealed to them to try and understand their parsons better. Of course there were parsons and parsons, but instead of sizing them all up as men who were thinking mostly about tithes and Easter offerings, let working men get to know them better, and they would find that they were good fellows at heart. There were two things that working men disliked. One was "flapdoodle," which was stuff for feeding fools, and the other was being praised above their merits. They know their own weaknesses, and they would much rather have a helping hand held out to them.

* *

A lock of Napoleon's hair was sold on Wednesday in London at £2 12s. 6d. A similar relic of Wellington, with two autograph letters, realised only nineteen shillings.

*

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., some time ago was notified that his name had been added to the Commission of the Peace for the Borough of West Ham. He, however, did not with the other nominees take the oath, and now it has been intimated by the Lord Chancellor that at Mr. Thorne's request his name has been removed from the list of magistrates.



MR. GEORGE PACKER, of Gloucester,
Died October 24, 1906.

Signora Agnello, a wealthy lady of Palermo, was found murdered in her bed on Monday. There were fourteen dagger wounds in her body.

During a thrilling episode in the drama "Under the Russian Flag," being presented at the Prince's Theatre, Portsmouth, the subdued excitement of the audience was turned to hearty laughter by an untoward incident. The hero's father at a critical point in the drama called for a pen in order to sign a will disinheriting his son, when a girl's shrill voice from the gallery advised "Don't you sign it, mister!"

At the Isle of Wight County Court on Wednesday, Judge Gye awarded the widow of George Bull, millwright and stone dresser, £216 under the Workmen's Compensation Act, for loss of her husband, who, after being laid up some time through a fall whilst at work at Medina Cement Works, near Cowes, died as the result of pneumonia and phlebitis, which supervened on account of the man's debilitated condition.

*

When Elizabeth Hilton, of Kennington, was sentenced at Lambeth on Wednesday to three months' hard labour for neglecting her young children, she screamed loudly, and called out, "Don't let me go from my children. Oh, my children!" She had to be forcibly removed from court, and the children, who cried and screamed upon witnessing their mother's distress, had to be carried out of the building.

From a tower which is being added to All Saints' Church, Exmouth, an Exeter mason named Symes (56) on Tuesday fell to the ground, a distance of 35ft. He died whilst being taken to hospital.

*

A boy named Cecil Maynard was overwhelmed by a sandslip in a heap in which he was digging on Monday at Carn Bren mine, near Redruth, and suffocated.

*

A record catch of herrings was brought into Yarmouth on Tuesday by the steam drifter Six, of the Smith Dock Trust fleet, which had a haul of 250 crans, or a quarter of a million herrings.

*

The President of the Board of Trade has appointed a committee to make enquiries and to report with reference to the participation of this country in great international exhibitions.

*

John Richard Fishwick, of St. Helens, was told that one of his lungs was affected, and was advised to spend the winter at a consumptive sanatorium. On the following morning he was found dead in a stable with his throat cut.

*

John Parsons, employed at a Cardiff timber yard, was killed on Tuesday, and another workman named John Lewis injured, by the displacement of a stack of timber. One of the balks of timber projected, and a passing locomotive caught it, bringing down tons of the wood upon the men.

*

A Stoughton youth named Denis Blanchard ate a hearty dinner of mushroom pie, and in the evening made a good meal of cold pork. The next morning he complained of feeling ill, and expired. A jury on Tuesday found that death was due to syncope, brought on by acute distension of the stomach.

*

While the Rev. J. Webster was preaching at the Wesleyan Church, Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent, two bullocks entered the building, and created the greatest consternation among the worshippers. The animals made their way upstairs to the gallery, and the service was suspended while the chapel keeper and members of the congregation ejected the strange intruders.

*

Mr. Joseph Lyons, the well-known caterer, has published details of a scheme for establishing winter gardens and music-halls in London and the provinces. The gardens are to be free to the public, and the entertainments will be of the most refined character. Mr. Lyons is at the head of the combination which is to launch the scheme.

CAUSE AND EFFECT IN HUMAN CONDUCT.

[BY JAMES ALLEN, IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

It is an axiom with the scientists that every effect is related to a cause. Apply this to the realm of human conduct, and there is revealed the principle of *justice*.

Every scientist knows (and now all men believe) that perfect harmony prevails throughout every portion of the physical universe, from the speck of dust to the greatest sun. Everywhere there is exquisite adjustment. In the sidereal universe, with its millions of suns rolling majestically through space and carrying with them their respective systems of revolving planets, its vast nebulae, its seas of meteors, and its vast army of comets travelling through illimitable space with inconceivable velocity, perfect order prevails; and again, in the natural world, with its multitudinous aspects of life, and its infinite variety of forms, there are the clearly defined limits of specific laws, through the operation of which all confusion is avoided, and unity and harmony eternally obtain. If this universal harmony could be arbitrarily broken, even in one small particular, the universe would cease to be; they could be no cosmos, but only universal chaos. Nor can it be possible in such a universe of law, for there to exist any personal power which is above, outside, and superior to, such law in the sense that it can defy it, or set it aside; for whatsoever beings exist, whether they be men or gods, they exist by virtue of such law; and the highest, best, and wisest among all beings would manifest his greater wisdom by his more complete obedience to that law which is wiser than wisdom, and than which nothing more perfect could be devised.

All things, whether visible or invisible, are subservient to, and fall within the scope of, this infinite and eternal law of *causation*. As all things seen obey it, so all things unseen—the thoughts and deeds of men, whether secret or open—cannot escape it.

"Do right, it recompenseth, do one wrong, The equal retribution must be made."

Perfect justice upholds the universe; perfect justice regulates human life and conduct. All the varying conditions of life, as they obtain in the world to-day, are the result of this law reacting on human conduct. Man can (and does) choose what causes he shall set in operation, but he cannot change the nature of effects; he can decide what thoughts he shall think, and what deeds he shall do, but he has no power over the *results* of those thoughts and deeds, these are regulated by the over-ruling law.

Man has all power to act, but his power ends with the act committed. The result of the act cannot be altered, annulled, or escaped; it is irrevocable. Evil thoughts and deeds produce conditions of suffering; good thoughts and deeds determine conditions of blessedness. Thus man's power is limited to, and his blessedness or misery is determined by, *his own conduct*. To know this truth, renders life simple, plain, and unmistakable; all the crooked paths are straightened out, the heights of wisdom are revealed, and the open door to salvation from evil and suffering is perceived and entered.

Life may be likened to a sum in arithmetic. It is bewilderingly difficult and complex to the pupil who has not yet grasped the key to its correct solution, but once this is perceived and laid hold of, it becomes as astonishingly simple as it was formerly profoundly perplexing. Some idea of this relative simplicity and complexity of life may be grasped by fully recognising and realising the fact that, while there are scores and perhaps hundreds of ways in which a sum may be done wrong, *there is only one way by which it can be done right*, and that when that right way is found the pupil *knows it to be the right*; his perplexity vanishes, and he knows that he has mastered the problem.

It is true that the pupil, while doing his sum incorrectly, may (and frequently does) *think* he has done it correctly, but he is not sure; his perplexity is still there, and if he is an earnest and apt pupil he will recognise his own error when it is pointed out by the teacher. So in life, men may think they are living rightly while they are continuing, through ignorance, to live wrongly; but the presence of doubt, perplexity, and unhappiness are sure indications that the right way has not yet been found.

There are foolish and careless pupils who would like to pass a sum as correct before they have acquired a true knowledge of figures, but the eye and skill of the teacher quickly detect and expose the fallacy. So in life there can be no falsifying of results; the eye of the Great Law reveals and exposes. Twice five will make ten to all eternity, and no amount of ignorance, stupidity, or delusion can bring the result up to eleven.

If one looks superficially at a piece of cloth, he sees it is a piece of cloth, but if he goes further and inquires into its manufacture, and examines it closely and attentively, he sees that it is composed of a combination of individual threads, and that while all the threads are interdependent, each thread pursues its own way throughout, never becoming confused with its sister thread. It is this entire absence of confusion between the particular threads which constitutes the finished work *a piece of cloth*; any inharmonious commingling of the threads would result in a bundle of *waste* or a useless *rag*.

Life is like a piece of cloth, and the threads of which it is composed are individual lives. The threads, while being interdependent, are not confounded one with the other. Each follows its own course. Each individual suffers and enjoys the consequences of his own deeds, and not of the deeds of another. The course of each is simple and definite; the whole forming a complicated, yet harmonious, combination of sequences. There are action and reaction, deed and consequence, cause and effect, and the counterbalancing reaction, consequence, and effect is always in exact ratio with the initiatory impulse.

A durable and satisfactory piece of cloth cannot be made from shoddy material, and the threads of selfish thoughts and bad deeds will not produce a useful and beautiful life—a life that will wear well, and bear close inspection. Each man makes or mars his own life; it is not made or marred by his neighbour, or by anything external to himself. Each thought he thinks, each deed he does, is another thread—shoddy or genuine—woven into the garment of his life; and as he makes the garment so he must wear it. He is not responsible for his neighbour's deeds; he is not the custodian of his neighbour's actions; he is responsible only for his own deeds; he is the custodian of his own actions.

The "problem of evil" subsists in a man's own evil deeds, and it is solved when those deeds are purified. Says Rosseau:—

"Man, seek no longer the origin of evil: thou thyself art its origin."

Effect can never be divorced from cause; it can never be of a different nature from cause. Emerson says:—

"Justice is not postponed; a perfect equity adjusts the balance in all parts of life."

And there is a profound sense in which cause and effect are simultaneous, and form one perfect whole. Thus, upon the instant that a man thinks, say a cruel thought, or does a cruel deed, that same instant he has *injured his own mind*; he is not the same man he was the previous instant; he is a little viler and a little more unhappy; and a number of such successive thoughts and deeds would produce a cruel and wretched man. The same thing applies to the contrary—the thinking of a kind thought, or doing a kind deed; an immediate nobility and happiness attend it; the man is better than he was before, and a number of such deeds would produce a great and blissful soul.

Thus individual human conduct determines, by the irreparable law of cause and effect, individual merit or demerit, individual greatness or meanness, individual happiness or wretchedness. What a man thinks, that he does; what he does, that he is. If he is perplexed, unhappy, restless, or wretched, let him look to himself, for there and nowhere else is the source of all his trouble.

The Canadian Parliament, having passed a law making punishable the circulation of false representations as to the opportunities for employment in Canada, is appealing to the Colonial Office to introduce a short Bill making punishable in this country false representations to intending emigrants.

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DECAY OF THE GENTLE VOICE.

The decay of the gentle voice in England is an inevitable consequence of a number of circumstances which now exist. The enormous increase of noise has forced men and women alike to raise their voice considerably. The actor and actress on the stage have far larger audiences than had their predecessors; so has the singer, and the politician of to-day addresses far larger crowds than did most of those who came before him. In ordinary social life there are probably five people in a room to every two there were fifty years ago. These altered conditions have compelled ordinary persons in every direction to speak louder than was the custom formerly. Moreover, we herd together now as we never did before, and where there are crowds it is absolutely necessary to raise the voice. At a fashionable restaurant in London, for instance, there will generally be a hundred or two people together at dinner—and a band playing most of the time! A gentle voice of the kind which was common amongst us in the not far distant past would be useless in such conditions.—"The Graphic."

The London and North-Western Railway engineers have just completed at Crewe North Junction the largest signal box in the world. There are 268 levers, all actuated by electricity.

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The Proprietors of the "CHELTEMHAM 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 204th prize is divided between Miss Shephard, 56 Worcester-street, and Mr. Will T. Spenser, 40 New-street, for reports of sermons by the Rev. H. S. Payme at St. Mark's, Kingsholm, and Rev. A. T. S. James at Southgate Congregational Church, all of Gloucester.
Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

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OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

*

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CALCUTTA FROM MONUMENT.

Sergt. A. P. Daniels, 32nd Battery R.F.A., Kirkee, India, whose home is at Churchdown, has sent us several beautiful photographs.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

Cheltenham has recently obtained a free and unsolicited advertisement in the London Press that she would rather have been without. Anxious as some official townsmen have been to boom the mineral waters through the medium of the London Press and chief papers of the provinces, they would naturally let the apocryphal epitaph "Here lie I and my three daughters, all through drinking Cheltenham water," like sleeping dogs, lie. And this having been resurrected by Dr. Yorke-Davies in an article comparing English with Continental spas, Mr. H. Wilkins, the zealous people's warden of the Parish Church, promptly wrote to the paper containing the article, stating there is no such epitaph in any burial ground here, and defying anyone to prove there ever was. Mr. Wilkins, I believe, is on safe ground, for epitaphs of this sort have to be accepted in faith. As Mrs. Malaprop would say, there is "a nice derangement of epitaphs." However, we know this for certain: that in the Parish Churchyard there are extant several remarkable epitaphs, such as "Here lies John Higgs, a famous man for killing pigs; for killing pigs was his delight, both morning, afternoon, and night," etc.; and "My sledge and hammer lies declined, my bellows pipe have lost its wind," etc.; and "Beneath this stone and silent tree lies Youthful John, aged twenty-three," etc. I trust Dr. Yorke-Davies's hope to see Cheltenham take the place of Marienbad will speedily be realised.

* *

The death of Mr. James Stanton reminds me that his family name used to be one to conjure with politically in the old "scattering" borough of Stroud, as it was called. Mr. W. H. Stanton, his father, who succeeded Lord John Russell, sat for the borough in the Whig interest from 1841 to 1852. A nephew (Walter) and two sons (Alfred and James) of this gentleman were prominent actors in the great election drama played within the thirteen months between January, 1874, and February, 1875. The two former (Liberals) were both successful at the poll, though Mr. Walter Stanton and his colleague, Mr. S. S. Dickinson, were unseated for illegal practices by agents; while Mr. James Stanton (Conservative) was defeated at a bye-election. They were stirring times

in those days, for in the period referred to there were five contested elections and three election enquiries on petition. Sir John (then Mr.) Dorington fought three of these fights, and though he won twice, he had the rank bad luck of being unable to take his seat through the dissolution of Parliament on one occasion and of losing his seat for illegal practices by agents on the other. The whirligig of time has brought its changes in the case of Mr. Walter Stanton, for in recent years he has acted with the Conservatives, chiefly over tariff reform. It is interesting to state that there have been for years six Stantons on the commission of the peace for Gloucestershire—the highest number of any one family in the county.

* *

The re-appearance of Mr. Reginald Yorke in the political arena—at the banquet to Sir J. Dorington—inclines me to be reminiscent, as he was in his speech. It was refreshing to hear Mr. Yorke, for he always was an able and polished speaker with a most pleasant voice. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that Mr. Yorke first sat for the old borough of Tewkesbury from 1864 to 1868, he actually being in Parliament a few months before Sir M. E. Hicks Beach. What I more particularly wish to point out is that but for the matter of one vote Mr. Yorke would have filled the position of County Chairman, and probably have kept Sir John Dorington out of it, certainly for a time—until he had resigned. It arose in this way: In 1874, at the time of the Stroud election excitement, Mr. S. S. Dickinson was proposed for the County Chairmanship, then vacant by the death of Mr. Curtis Hayward, and the Duke of Beaufort, who had intended proposing Mr. Yorke, was unable to be present through gout; therefore his vote was lost, and Mr. Dickinson was elected by 60 votes, Mr. Yorke having 59. Mr. Dorington was appointed without opposition after Mr. Dickinson's death, in 1878.

GLEANER.

Carlyle once said: "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

*

Men of small minds are slow to see in any man more than they are capable of seeing in themselves.

Special to our Readers.

The greater number of the Photographs that appear in the "Chronicle & Graphic" are taken by our Artist, and copies of them may be obtained at any time upon application at the Offices in Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.

The old astronomical clock in the first and second quadrangles at Hampton Court Palace, which has gone continuously for very many years without stopping, has suddenly ceased to keep time. It stopped at six minutes to eleven a few mornings ago, through the slipping of a pin in the mechanism, and is now being thoroughly overhauled. The circumstance is of interest, as there is a tradition at the Palace that the clock had not stopped from an accidental cause for over a century.

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MR. WILLIAM COLWELL,
BARTON WARD.



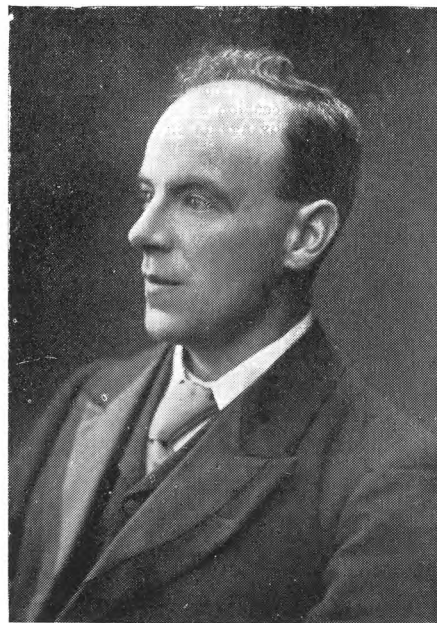
DR. J. R. BIBBY,
LOWER BARTON WARD.



MR. THOS. BARNES, WEST WARD.



MR. W. P. SCOON, EAST WARD.



DR. T. B. DAKIN, LOWER BARTON WARD.



MR. E. PATES,
Municipal Candidate for Cheltenham East Ward.

Chester Town Council on Wednesday adopted by a large majority a scheme for building twenty-eight cottages under the Housing of the Working Classes Act at a cost of £4,800. The Housing Committee recommended the houses to be let at low rents, leaving a small deficiency to be charged upon the rates. In 1903 there was a memorable battle over the Corporation's proposal to build twelve cottages as an experiment. The late Town Clerk declined to conduct the case at the Local Government Board inquiry, and the Duke of Westminster, among others, opposed the scheme. The loan was, however, sanctioned and the cottages were built.

The Coventry City Council are to erect new municipal buildings, the cost of the undertaking being £30,000.

The Marquess of Ripon, Lord Privy Seal, on Wednesday received many congratulations on the completion of his 79th year. As Viscount Goderich, the present leader of the House of Lords sat in the House of Commons from 1852 until 1859. He has been a member of the Upper House for the past forty-seven years, and has been Secretary of State for War, India, the Colonies, Lord President of the Council, and First Lord of the Admiralty. He was Viceroy of India from 1880 to 1884.

Subject only to a life annuity of £52, an annual charge of £10, and instructions as to keeping in order the monuments on two graves, the late Mr. William Davison Barnett, of Radnor House, 26 Peckham-road, S.E., a member of the Court of the Painter Stainers' Company, who died on the 26th of August last, aged 73 years, left the residue of his property, amounting to not less than £40,000, to be administered by the Painter Stainers' Company for charitable purposes, but in the event of the said company declining to keep the monuments on the graves in order this large sum is to revert to the National Debt Commissioners, presumably to be applied to the reduction of the National Debt.



MR. R. STEEL,
Municipal Candidate for Cheltenham Central
Ward.



GLOUCESTER ROAD COUNCIL SCHOOL.

MEMORIAL STONE LAYING BY THE MAYOR OF CHELTHENHAM
(ALD. SKILLICORNE), OCTOBER 23, 1906.

On Wednesday morning the steam trawler Edward Robson landed at Scarborough one of the biggest sharks that has been seen at that port. It measured over 7ft., and had been caught in the steamer's trawl net. It was afterwards exhibited on a cart in the street.

*

To Trooper Arthur Sparks, of the 16th Lancers, a memorial has been unveiled at Colchester, Sparks having died last July from sunstroke, sustained while he was attending in Canterbury Cathedral the unveiling of a memorial to his comrades who fell in the South African War.

The crux of the publishers' complaints against the "Times" Book Club seems to be that the B.C. has been used as an AD.

*

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor-laws, in succession to the O'Connor Don, who died recently.

*

Having just celebrated her 102nd birthday, Mrs. Mary Hertzell was "At Home" to a few friends in the West Ham Workhouse on Saturday.



MR. ARTHUR CARTWRIGHT,
who will appear as "Capt. Bobby Preston" in
next week's performance of "San Toy" at
Cheltenham Opera House.

Another interesting septuagenarian grown old in the service of the law has just retired at Wisbech, where a benevolent lady has just presented the police-court with a celluloid-covered copy of the New Testament, which will be washed after each sitting of the court. The Testament superseded has an entry on its first page, showing that it was first used at Wisbech Police-court in 1836. It had been in continuous use for swearing witnesses ever since.

*

No single family can have received more decorations for lifeboat service than the Hayletts, of Caister. To James Haylett, sen., a former coxswain, the gold medal was awarded; to his son, James Haylett, drowned from the Beauchamp, two silver medals; and now two grandsons, John Haylett, coxswain, and Walter Haylett, have won a similar honour for bravery in assisting to save the crew of the Russian barque Anna Precht, which was wrecked on the Barber Sands.



ALADDIN'S CAP.

[BY HAROLD BLACK.]

Tom Ford was in desperately low water. Many days earlier he had broken into his last half-sovereign, and only by the most careful economy had he managed, together with the few shillings he had earned at odd jobs, to make it last until the present.

It was cruel, therefore, that Dame Fortune should have taken this opportunity to add another calamity to the long list of those which already weighed him down. But such was the case. His cap had been blown from his head as he crossed a railway bridge, and the wind had carried it to the rails at the moment a locomotive was passing.

Ford had long since ceased to be particular, and the cap was shabby in the extreme before the wind took possession of it, but there is a vast difference between wearing a cap which is shabby and no cap at all. Ford smiled ruefully as he pulled his three shillings out of his pocket and gazed at them. For the time being there was only one thought in his mind: how much would be left after he had purchased a cap, for although one can go about the streets wearing very little clothing, some sort of covering for the head is essential if the police are to be avoided.

It was true that in his room was an old straw hat; but that was reserved for fine days in order that its life might be prolonged beyond the span usually allotted to straw hats. It was one of the few remaining links between the past and the present, and was his second most valued possession. The first was a photograph which he carried in his waistcoat pocket above his heart—the photograph of a girl to whom he had once been engaged.

A cheap-looking shop attracted his attention, and he went in, holding one of the shillings in his hand.

"My cap has been blown away," he said. "I want another." Then he smiled, and added "Shape, pattern, and colour unimportant, but it must be cheap."

The shopkeeper took down a cap and held it out for his inspection.

"How would this do?" he asked. "Price 6½d., and worth double."

Ford demurred, not at the price, but at the statement that the cap was worth double. Ultimately he decided that he couldn't do better than offer 5½d., and after some haggling he passed out wearing the cap. It was of distinctive pattern, and in colour atrociously distinctive also; but, as has been stated, Ford had ceased to be particular. In any case the atmosphere of London soon works wonders in toning down crudities of colour.

A fancy flitted through his head as he came out of the shop that perhaps this brilliant piece of headgear would bring him luck; but he did not dwell on that possibility to any extent. Hope found no resting-place in his heart. It had died, not gamely, but by slow degrees. When, some months earlier, he had been suddenly dismissed from a position of responsibility, owing to the duplicity of a friend, the brother of the girl in the photograph, he had battled against the fate that opposed him, but now he was beginning to find it easier to drift down the stream than to swim against it.

For once in a way, however, his luck was decidedly good. Immediately after purchasing the cap he got a job which brought him in one shilling and sixpence, and on his way home at night he found half-a-crown.

"It is only the great financiers who can double their fortunes in a single day," he reflected grimly as he entered his garret. "Therefore, I take it, I am a great financier." He certainly had all the air of a millionaire as he lit a cigarette and inhaled tobacco smoke for the first time in ten days.

"The doubling process is a splendid one," he proceeded, half aloud. "Let me see. To-morrow I should make eight shillings; the day after, sixteen shillings; then one pound twelve; three pounds four; six pounds eight; twelve pounds sixteen; twenty-five pounds twelve." He stopped

and puffed hard at his cigarette as he made a mental calculation. "In another week I should be making over three thousand pounds a day."

He heaved a deep sigh, and fancy gave place to the hard fact that he had doubled his slender fortune to-day, and as likely as not would not make another penny for days to come.

He laughed harshly, and plunged his hands into the side pockets of his jacket. What a fool I—

The bitter remark was never finished, for his right hand had come in contact with something which had not been in his pocket earlier in the day. At first he thought it might be his packet of fags (five a penny), but that was lying on the table at which he sat. Besides, this thing was too large.

He pulled it out, and gave a violent start as his eyes fell on a purse. "What the dickens!" he exclaimed.

Opening the purse, his astonishment increased to such an extent that speech was impossible. He could only gasp. It was a large purse with many divisions, each of which was full, and while there were some silver coins, the majority were gold.

A mist blurred Ford's sight, and he laid the purse down on the table. Hallucinations of any kind were objectionable because of the awakening which was bound to follow; but in his present plight it was terrible that his brain should have played him this trick which enabled him to feel the coins.

He sat a long time gazing straight in front of him; then he stretched out his hand boldly and took up the purse, expecting that his fingers would meet and grasp nothing. But the solidity of the purse and the coins was undoubted, and gradually the truth beat itself into his brain that the purse was real, and that in fact, he was in possession, if not owner, of £42 4s. 10½d.

For half a minute he felt elated. At the end of that short space of time he was viewing the money dispassionately, and wondering what was to be done with it. It did occur to him that he ought to go to the nearest police-station; but that course, however correct from a moral point of view, had its objections. He would be asked to explain how the purse came into his possession, and he could imagine the smile with which the officials would receive his story, that he knew nothing about it until he found it in his pocket. He wanted to do what was right, but in the circumstances he could not bring himself to see that an explanation to the police authorities was compatible with sound judgment.

In the end he put the purse and its contents below one of the boards of the floor, which did duty as a strong room, and went to bed.

He was out early the next morning, feeling queer as he reflected that he was a trustee in the peculiar position of not knowing his "cestui que trust." In the windows where newspapers are displayed, he scanned the advertisements of things lost, but to no purpose. Apparently, no one had thought fit to advertise their loss—if loss it was. As to that he was beginning to entertain doubts. Perhaps some philanthropic person had slipped the purse into his pocket, and— But that was a dangerous train of thought to pursue. There was mystery about the affair; but one thing was plain—the money did not belong to him, and as that was the case he would not touch a penny of it.

His garret did not boast a lock, but with the aid of one of the few pieces of furniture in the room he managed to "sport his oak" that night. This precaution was unnecessary, as no one ever disturbed him, but it gave him a sense of security from interruption, and he wanted to devote the whole of his brain power towards unravelling the mystery of the purse.

The more he thought about it, the more extraordinary did it appear. Purses did not drop from the skies, yet if that was not the explanation, he was quite unable to account for the one in his possession.

"My pocket was as empty when I went out as it is now," he said, placing his hand on the outside of the pocket from which he had extracted the purse.

As he did so, a cold shiver passed down his back, and he glanced nervously round the room as though some strange sound had reached his ears. It was not his sense of hearing, however, that had startled him, but his sense of touch. His pocket was not empty.

Plunging his hand into the pocket, he whipped out another purse.

He laughed shortly, though not with amusement. This was bad. The first purse was a matter of mystery; but there was no mystery about the second. It meant insanity, nothing more and nothing less.

By-and-by he apostrophised himself.

"Ford, my dear boy, you've lived the strenuous life for some time past, and this is the result. What was it we used to say at College? "Mens sana in corpore sano." Well, that doesn't apply to me. My body is sound enough, but my brain has turned."

He emptied the contents of the second purse on the table, and carefully counted the gold and silver pieces.

"£68 3s. 2d.," he muttered. "I haven't quite mastered the doubling process, but I'm doing very well."

Then suddenly a sob rose in his throat, and he leaned forward and rested his head on the table among the coins which lay there.

Why he should have broken down in this manner he could not have said, but he felt better after the outburst.

If he were mad, then in due course some one would see to it that he was removed to an asylum. So what was the use of worrying?

The morning following the discovery of the second purse, Ford awoke to find the sun shining brilliantly. He sprang out of bed and dressed quickly, his depression of the previous evening gone. Same or insane, this was a glorious day, and his straw hat would get an airing.

He spent the day outside, and returned at night, weary, but in good spirits. He had made ninepence, and three-quarters of a shillings honestly made was greater in his eyes than any number of pounds which dropped into his pocket from heaven knew where.

This time he was determined not to be taken by surprise. He felt every one of his pockets, and when he realised that he had not been made a receptacle for hidden treasure, a fervent "Thank God!" passed his lips.

Each night after that he made a search immediately after arriving at his room, and as time after time he failed to discover anything that did not belong to him, he began to wonder whether the two purses were not part of a dream. The only thing that prevented him from accepting this theory was that in his "safe" there was in hard cash the sum of £110 8s. 0½d. The coins were too tangible to be of such stuff as dreams are made of.

The fine weather was pleasant while it lasted, but Ford's experience of life as he then lived it, was that in wet weather there were greater chances of picking up a few coppers. He was glad, therefore, when the skies again became grey and the wind moaned with the sob of approaching rain.

When once the rain started, it came down in torrents. Ford got the full force of it, and returned to his "chamber," as he sometimes styled it, soaked to the skin, but richer by 1s. 10d. than he had been in the morning.

He took off his cap, squeezed the water out of it, and flung it into a corner. It was still brilliant, but not as offensively so as when he had purchased it. It even gave promise of becoming quite a respectable cap before many weeks were over.

He was in the act of removing his jacket, when he recollected that he omitted his daily treasure hunt. With a laugh at what he believed was folly, he tried his pockets again, and a groan escaped him, as for the third time his fingers closed round an article which did not belong to him.

It was a purse, of course. He knew that before he looked at it. It couldn't be anything else than a purse. If someone dropped half a brick into his pocket, it would be a purse when he took it out.

It was a purse, but the corroboration of his belief escaped unnoticed owing to his mind being occupied with a discovery which he had made. Purse No. 3 was the image of purse No. 2; and, now that he came to think of it, the two first purses had been identical in shape and colour. They differed only in contents, and doubtless No. 3 would be distinguished in the same manner.

After he had counted its contents (a few pence under £25) he sat down to think the matter over once more. This series of events was, on the face of it, a phase of madness; and if the mad-

ness was not characterised by method, it was, at all events, noteworthy in respect of its sameness. He had once bought a purse for the girl in the photograph, and on that occasion he had been at his wits' end to know which of the countless varieties to select. Unless, therefore, there was some connection between the purses which had now come into his possession, it was impossible to account for the fact that they were identical. Coincidence covers a multitude of surprising things, but it has its limits.

For the better consideration of the matter, Ford presently produced the other purses, and, having emptied out their contents, proceeded to compare them carefully. He began with No. 1, and having, as he thought, examined it thoroughly, was laying it aside, when he noticed a small pocket for stamps which hitherto he had not observed. Peering closely into this, he saw a piece of thin cardboard, which he drew out. On it was written in a neat hand, "From No. 2," and in the corner was stamped a small red star.

This discovery was encouraging, even although it tended to increase the mystery.

An examination of each of the other purses resulted in a similar discovery. On the card taken out of purse No. 2 was written "From No. 8," and on the last card "From No. 5." A red star adorned one corner of each of these cards also.

"The plot thickens," muttered Ford. "Let me see. Is it only on wet days that people bank with me? The first consignment of gold came on a wet day, and the third also, but—" He shook his head in dismissal of that idea, for the day on which he had received the second instalment of unearned increment had been dry, but dull.

Three days passed and purses poured in steadily. Each night Ford pulled a fat purse out of one or other of his pockets, and added it to the store beneath his flooring. And in each purse there was a piece of cardboard marked with a red star and bearing the announcement that it came from a certain number.

The following night he was returning home at a late hour, when, on coming to a lonely part of the road, he was overtaken by a small body of men. They had been behind him for some time, but he had not thought they were following him. Even now he would not have been sure had not one of the men seized him roughly by the arm. He shook himself free and walked on quickly until he was under the light of a street lamp. Then he turned and faced them.

"Four to one," he commented with a grim smile. Then he gave a violent start—not because of any fear that he had, but because he recognised on the head of each of the four a cap identical in colour and pattern with the one he himself wore.

The men advanced threateningly.

"Where's the swag?" demanded one.

Ford shrugged his shoulders.

"The swag?" he returned. "I'm afraid I don't understand. Perhaps you will kindly explain what you mean."

The man who had spoken uttered an oath.

"By —! You needn't expect to get the better of us with any of your pretended ignorance. I—"

He took a step nearer, and Ford deemed that the moment for action had come. With all the skill of a trained boxer, his arm shot out, and in a moment the odds against him were reduced by one. That they were still too heavy, however, soon became evident. He got his back against a wall, and fought manfully for some minutes. But the strain told. He felt himself weakening. Six months earlier it might have been different, but a life of deprivation had reduced his strength.

The end soon came. He got a nasty blow on the jaw which made him stagger, and, before he could recover himself, something swished through the air and caught him on the side of the head.

As he fell he heard a loud whistle, and the sound of running footsteps. Then came silence.

When he regained consciousness he gathered from the appearance of a man who sat near that he was in a police-station.

"Look here," he said, and the man came over to his side; "you needn't say anything just now," he remarked. "There's time enough for explanations."

Ford smiled.

"You're quite wrong, Inspector," he said.

"There's no time like the present. I want to know whether you got any of them?"

The inspector nodded.

"One and yourself make two.

"No, it doesn't," cried Ford. "Numerically, of course, you're quite right. One plus one has made two from time immemorial. But not in the sense in which you used the addition just now."

The inspector shook his head, and was beginning to be puzzled. At the back of his mind there was the dawning of a consciousness that this man was probably not of the same persuasion as the other capture.

"There's one thing," he continued. "You're a coward to join in with a number of others against one man. Your mark was too much for the lot of you, though, for he got off."

Ford began to chuckle, but stopped suddenly with a look of pain.

"I didn't join in with them," he said quietly. "I was the one man—and I didn't get off, as my presence here witnesses. I should have managed the lot in the old days, sandbag and all, but it's different now." He ended with a sigh.

The inspector looked incredulous.

"You're a cool hand!" he cried. "Do you mean to tell me that you lay claim to having been assaulted?"

Ford fixed his eyes on him.

"Yes," he said, and the quietly uttered monosyllable carried conviction with it.

The inspector became grave.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Thomas Ford, of—just Thomas Ford."

The inspector produced a sheet of paper from his pocket, and studied it for a moment.

"That isn't the name you're known by here," he said, holding up the paper. "Perhaps you have another?"

Ford sat up.

"What do you mean by 'here'?" he asked.

"The list of the members of the Red Star League. It was got in the pockets of the other one we caught."

"Oh!" cried Ford. "The Red Star League! I fancy that's what I'm anxious to know about. Possibly you can help me. What is the Red Star League?"

The inspector smiled grimly.

"We'll be asking you that question presently."

"I believe I've got some of their property at home," Ford said thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself, and the inspector pricked up his ears. "About £500 all told." He addressed his companion. "Don't you think you should send round for it? It isn't mine, you know—except to the extent of the nine points of the law for which possession counts."

The inspector's mystery increased.

"If you're not innocent, you're possessed of superb cheek," he said.

Ford waved his hand deprecatingly.

"My dear sir, why will you persist in misunderstanding me? I am innocent. If I wasn't I wouldn't be here—which would have been a pity in one sense, as I should have been deprived of the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

The inspector was on the point of saying something when the door opened, and a number of constables came in, each firmly gripping a man in a cap of vivid hues and conspicuous design.

"You've got them?" asked the inspector at the same time that a cry of astonishment broke from Ford.

"Some of them," replied one of the constables.

"Raided the place, and copped nine."

The nine were all in the room in the course of a few seconds, and were placed up against the wall. Ford regarded each one in turn curiously.

"This is an experience," he reflected. "I suppose—" He sprang to his feet as his eye fell on one of the men, the last of the row.

"Herbert Thorne!" he cried.

The man addressed started, recognised the speaker, and flushed crimson.

"Tom Ford!" he said. "My God!"

It was evident to one and all that a strange thing had happened, and every eye was turned on the two men who stood facing each other in silence, breathing heavily with suppressed feeling.

Ford, after a moment's hesitation, held out his hand, but drew it back as the other made no responsive movement.

"It's a relief to see you," he said in a strangely quiet voice. "I'm very much in the dark, and if you can explain why I'm here I shall be more than obliged."

Thorne shook his head in a sullen manner.

"I never heard of you being a member of—"

He recollected suddenly where he was, and his mouth shut with a snap, to the relief of his companions, who were glancing threateningly at him.

At this point the inspector deemed it advisable to exercise his authority, and after certain preliminaries had been gone through the new comers were conducted to the cells. Ford, however, was allowed to stay behind.

He was burning to put one or two questions to the inspector, but that worthy also left the room, saying he would be back shortly.

It was more than half an hour before he returned, and Ford noticed at once that in the interval his manner had undergone a considerable change.

"I've been having a talk with your friend Thorne," he said in a not unkind tone, "and I think the best thing you can do is to tell me your story from the beginning."

Ford did so, speaking with a simple straightforwardness which impressed his listener, who nodded frequently.

When he had finished the inspector nodded again.

"Mr. Ford," he said—and the prefix brought a flush to the young man's cheeks—"I believe what you've told me. And now in return I'll tell you something about the Red Star League. It is nothing but a society of thieves, the better class of thieves. There is safety in numbers, you know, and the society was formed for the purpose of coming under the proverb. The members did not all actually commit theft, as some of them were admitted simply to assist in conveying the stolen funds to headquarters, where everything was pooled. An actual thief might be afraid to go about with the proceeds of his crime on him—being possibly known to the police—so all he had to do was to keep his eyes open until he saw another of the fraternity, into whose pocket he would slip the purse in which he had placed the money. The latter, of course, was expected to go to headquarters as speedily as possible."

Ford nodded.

"This is very interesting," he said, "but where do I come in?"

His companion laughed.

"There is only one inexplicable feature of the case, and that is a paraphrase of an old catch: 'Where did you get that cap?' It seems that the members of this club were bound to wear a distinctive head-dress, so that their fellow-members might recognise them easily, and one of their number who is in that line undertook to manufacture caps which were at once distinctive and unlikely to be imitated. Your cap is one of them. Thorne cannot understand how you managed to get it, as, to prevent complications, only as many as were required were made. However, having got one, no matter how, you became to all practical purposes a member of the League—so long as you wore it."

"And the purses?" inquired Ford.

"They are specially manufactured in the same way as the caps were. Each actively thieving member was supplied with one, and he generally kept it until it was full. To provide for the good hauls which seem to have rewarded your efforts of these pests, the purses were made specially capacious."

"There's no doubt about their capacity," said Ford. "So that is all. Well, it's a much more simple matter than I thought. By the way, you are going to send to my room for the funds banked with me?"

The inspector regarded him curiously.

"Perhaps you'll bring them along yourself."

"You mean that I'm free?" he asked.

"You will be to-morrow, or rather to-day, for it's morning now. We wouldn't be justified in detaining you. I promised Thorne, however—I mean," he corrected himself in confusion, "there isn't any use in your going out till later."

Ford had not observed the inspector's confusion. He had had an exciting adventure, and its effects were now showing. He felt exhausted, and wanted nothing so much as to be left alone. As the inspector seemed to have nothing further to say, he put up his feet on a chair, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

Then the inspector, with a kindly glance at his worn but refined features, wrote a letter, which he despatched by a constable who was to make it his business to see it delivered without delay.

When Ford awoke he did not at first remember

where he was. The events of the previous evening came back to him with a rush, however, and he rose to his feet.

"You slept well?" inquired the inspector.
 "Thank you, yes," replied Ford. For the moment he had forgotten his circumstances. "I'm awfully much obliged to you," he added gratefully.

The inspector glanced anxiously at the door. "You're in a hurry," he said. "I—"
 The sound of a feminine voice cut him short, and he gave a sigh of relief. Ford also heard the voice, and his face grew white.

"God!" he murmured below his breath.
 The door opened, and a vision of beauty appeared.

"Tom!"
 "Ethel!"
 The man held back, but the girl came forward quickly, eagerly.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she said, and there was so much tenderness in her voice that the inspector had to clear his throat. "I've found you at last."

Ford said nothing. The power of speech had left him for the time. He could only stare at the woman he loved.

"Why did you not come back?" she asked, seizing his hands and gazing into his face. "We—I've searched for you ever since—"

"Do you know?" Ford asked hoarsely, suddenly finding his voice. "Did Herbert—?"

"He confessed," she said sadly. Then she added, "And your post has been kept vacant for you."

Ford gazed blankly at her. He was dazed, and ideas reached his brain slowly. Suddenly, however, he saw everything clearly, and a cry which was half a sob broke from him as his arms went round her.

"My darling, my darling!" he whispered, "is the night really past?"

Her reply was of a private character, and was meant for his ears alone. Inspector Jones, who had been waiting uncomfortably for an opportunity to escape, overheard her, and could stand it no longer. He made a rush for the door, but Ford caught sight of him and called him back.

"I think I owe you something, inspector, for things turning out as they have done."

"You owe nothing to me, sir," replied the inspector. "It was Mr. Thorne."

Miss Thorne started.
 "What about him?" she asked quickly. "We haven't heard anything about him since—since—"
 Her lip trembled. "I got your note this morning, inspector," she added.

Ford turned to comfort her, but the inspector was first.

"He—he isn't here now, miss. The fact is, he—er—escaped in the night. If he were to get a fresh start in another country he'd do."

Ford tried to meet the inspector's eye, but the latter never looked at him.

"Perhaps, miss, it would be best for you to take Mr. Ford away now. It's time for me to go."

They were going out when Ford suddenly ran back into the room.

"My cap!" he cried. "I was going away without it."

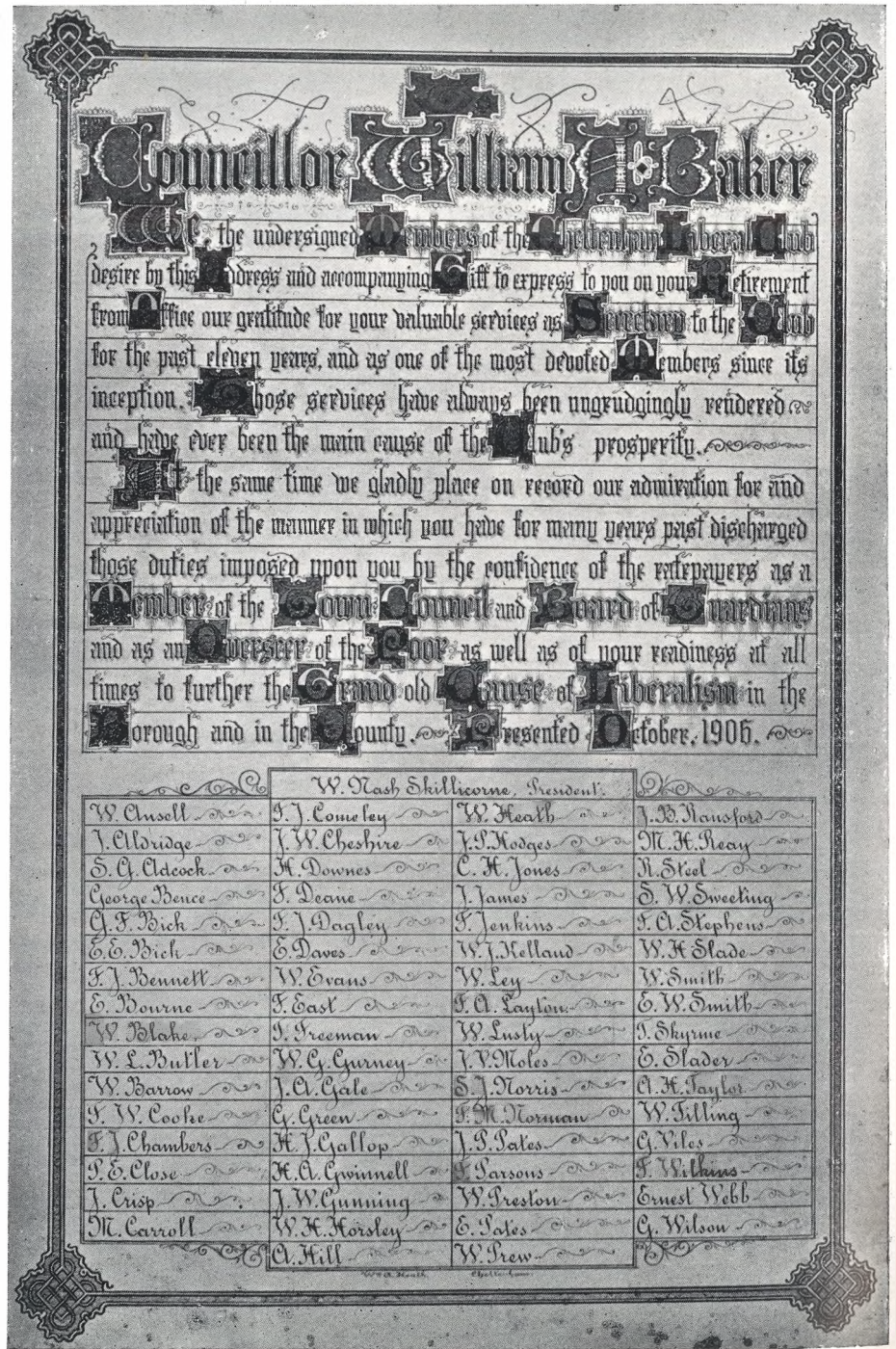
"It wouldn't have been much of a loss if you had," remarked Ethel critically, when he found it and placed it on his head.

Ford took off the cap, and looked at it with a glance of affection.

"You don't understand," he said softly. "This is Aladdin's cap. But for it, I might never have seen you again."

An old lady who has just died at Wisbech at the age of eighty-four, wrote her own obituary notice on the day before her death, and also made a list of all the friends to whom she wished memorial cards to be sent.

Under the will of Mr. William Brinsley, Birmingham benefits by £20,000. Messrs. Edward Cadbury, George Cadbury, junr., and Henry T. Cadbury have presented the city with thirty-four acres of land, including the top of the Beacon Hill.



Illuminated address presented to Councillor Baker, of Cheltenham, together with a purse of gold, in recognition of his services to the Liberal Club and cause. October 25, 1906.

God made man
 Frail as a bubble;
 God made love,
 Love made trouble.
 God made the vine;
 Was it a sin
 That man made wine
 To drown trouble in?

A mushroom measuring 4 1/2 in. round, 1 1/2 in. across, and weighing 2 lb. 7 1/2 oz., was gathered at Eastwood, near Southend, on Tuesday.

The Council of Melbourne University has passed a resolution in favour of university students being compelled to undergo military training.

Mr. J. Gribble, who has just died at Newton Abbot, was for 44 years a member of the parish of St. Paul's Church choir.

Mr. Carnegie's gift of £1,500 for the erection of a free library on his usual conditions has been readily accepted by the inhabitants of Llan-drindod Wells.