

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 305.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),

"SAN TOY."

NEXT WEEK,

"The Blue Moon."

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.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON, LOCAL EXAMINATIONS. CHELTENHAM CENTRE.

The last days of entry for forthcoming examinations at the Cheltenham Centre are: November 15, for M.K. (Theory), December, 1906; November 10, for "Practical," December, 1906.

Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and Twelve in Theory of Music (tenable at Local Centres in the United Kingdom, India, and the Colonies), and a number of National Prizes are annually given.

Local Secretary, Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, from whom the current Syllabus may be obtained. c593

BRYANT & CO., TAILORS.

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

1 Colonnade, &
362 High Street, CHELTENHAM.

c459

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



MR. EDWARD WHISHAW HENLEY,
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,

THE NEW MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE
LUNATIC ASYLUMS

in succession to the late Mr. F. Hurst Craddock, whose chief
assistant he was for twenty-four years.

A Melbourne correspondent reports that the "missing link" has been discovered at Port Darwin, in the Northern Territory of Australia, in the person of an aboriginal woman who has feet like hands.

A writer in "The Motor Cycle" asks: "How is it when wearing goggles it seems to interfere with one's hearing? I thought it was purely fancy on my part, but, happening to mention it to a friend, to my surprise he confirmed it."

ELEPHANTINE CONVERSATION.

[BY FRANK W. HACQUOIRE.]

It was a cold afternoon, so I sat close to the fire in the Whiston's dining-room and talked to Ella Whiston. Ella is nearly eight and we are great friends.

"Now if only I had a proper wishing-cap or a magic jar or something of that sort," I said, "I should wish myself in the hottest part of Africa."

"That wouldn't be at all nice, really," observed Ella, "for suppose you found yourself in a large plain with nobody about but an elephant cropping the trees—a thing they do, the books say, just like gardeners, what would you do?"

"Go up to him and say 'Please, sir, can you tell me the way to Ujiji?'" I hazarded.

"Sir to an elephant! Then what would you say to rhinoceros?" said Ella scornfully.

"I don't know."

"I should say 'My good man' to an elephant, and be careful I said it at the right end. That shows you don't know how to manage animals, you see. Now I daresay you don't know how to thank the elephant when he has told you the road?"

"I certainly don't Ella. How do you do it?"

"You bow very politely and say: 'I remain your humble and obedient servant, my good man.' They say that in father's letters you know, and in Africa you can't be too polite. That is why," she went on hurriedly, "when you see monkeys—I mean free ones—you should always wink. Captain Steynson told me that. He's been in Africa, and he said if ever you meet a lot of monkeys in the forest, be sure to wink. They understand. If you don't they throw what they are eating at you."

"That would be horrid," I said, "especially if it was Irish stew. But tell me some more about Africa, Ella."

I feared Ella discoursing on monkeys; she has a fantastic simian play, a sort of modern drama, wherein certain apes go through all sorts of adventures.

"Well, perhaps you would like to know about the Sahara?" she said graciously. "That is a desert and it was made by the Arabs, so as to have a place for the caravans to go on. The camels, you know, came and stood in a row, and looked said, and said 'We haven't no place to go on,' and then the Arabs came—I saw it all out of the carriage window when mother went that way to see a dressmaker—"

"Went what way?" I interrupted.

"Why, right to the other end of the town. They were making a park, Rogers said, but it's all the same. I was deeply interested. He walked the carriage up and down—oh, lots of times, and I saw it all. The camels kept standing up and saying things, and then the Arabs came and cut down the trees, and pulled up the grass, and put big stones down and put sand on the top, so that the caravans could go, just like perambulators. And then they put bushes here and there and said they were Oases. I got into a fearful mess with Miss Francis, my last governess, for that word. Mr. Jones, father's partner, came upstairs one day last summer, and asked me about places—Miss Francis said I was very interested in places—and he said 'What's an Oasis?' and I said 'Oh just a public-house,' and she was so cross."

"I really did think then that an Oasis was a kind of public-house," she went on seriously, looking up into my face. "The book said something about the Arabs getting refreshment at the Oasis, and when I was out driving I saw all the cyclists and cabs and everybody stopping at the public-houses. Do you know, I dreamt once I was keeper of an Oasis. It was lovely. The animals just sat outside in heaps, very patient, and they put up their fore-paws and gurgled, so gratefully when I gave them the jug—"

"But let us point out the place on the map, my dear child, as Miss Francis used to say. Here is Africa."

She plumped suddenly down on the great furry hearthrug, and began smoothing it out with her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Treglothan, do help me to get this fat grey lion off. He's lying right across the Sahara."

The paws of the great Persian cat were accordingly pulled away, and he was made to understand that his presence was not desired, whereupon he rose and bounded from the room in great disgust, chased by much hand clapping.

"Fluff is a most scandalous cat," observed Ella, spreading herself comfortably on the rug. "Scandalous?" I said thoughtfully; "well, I suppose most cats are a bit that way."

I heard mother talking of scandals the other day, so I said 'Mother, what are scandals?' She thought a little and then she said 'Scandals are just things that happen.' Now Fluff is always happening when the young birds come out."

Having rendered this explanation, she studied the markings of the rug with great attention for a minute or two, and then went on in a sharp businesslike voice, indicating a broad tract of fur with a wave of her hand.

"Now this is the Sahara you see. But I'm tired of staying up there; I'll just go and fetch the spy-glass, and then we can see if there are any wild animals roaming in the forests."

She ran out of the room, and returned laden with the old telescope which had belonged to her grandfather the sea captain. Opening it, she directed it at the rug, and gazed through it very earnestly. I followed her proceedings with interest.

"What do you see, Ella?" I inquired at last, anxiously.

"I see—" She put down the telescope on the table, polished up the object-glass, and then took another look, holding the tube with both hands far down, so as to steady it. "I see—Take your foot away, please."

I took it off the rug instantly.

"Ah, now I can see. Yes . . . Two elephants . . . and a gorilla . . . and a dickey-bird. And the gorilla is reading aloud out of a little book he holds in his left upper hand, and he's saying—"

(The following is the conversation between the two elephants and the gorilla, and the dickey-bird, as overheard by Ella, and set down by me).

Gorilla (reading aloud, very slowly): Tell us what you see, mother, through the kraal-wall.

Mother: I see a blue banana-tree—far away—on the horizon—very far away.

Children: Mother, we are perishing for lack of food.

Mother: I have clasped my hands, little children, and prayed to it to come nearer. Yet it is still there—far away, melancholy, monotonous. It does not move. Ah, why does it not move? (weeps).

Children: Our heads are hard, mother. Let us try and butt down the wall. (They butt down the wall of the kraal, and run off to the blue banana-tree).

Gorilla: There's genius! Here have I lived a gorilla for forty years amid the "wild and picturesque scenery of the Upper Congo," as Baedeker says, and never so much as got a squirt at a blue banana-tree. (Beats on his chest with both upper hands, producing a booming sound).

First Elephant: What does he mean?

Second Elephant: Dinner.

Gorilla (grumpily): These blessed hants do swarm. They're crawling all over my buzzem. (After a pause). This is uncommon hard to read. And blue banana-trees I never did see. (To the elephants). You don't know where I could get a tricycle, do ye? I'm anxious to try one, I am. Move with the times, says I, and the times will move with you.

(The two elephants look at each other with a peculiar smile, their trunks waving gently).

Gorilla: Oh, all right, sleepy old fatheads. I'm off. (Closes book, passes it rapidly from hand to hand till it remains suspended by the right lower hand, swings himself up tree to left, and exit).

First Elephant (sleepily): This mud is very good.

Second Elephant (in the same tone): Yes. Deep and cool and slushy.

First Elephant (languidly curious): How much might your tusks weigh?

Second Elephant: Ninety-eight pounds a-piece.

First Elephant: As much as that? (Closing one eye, and rubbing gently against a tree). Ah, you are ancient, you are!

Second Elephant (with a chuckly grunt): Ay, I am.

First Elephant: And wise. Why, who was it taught us to follow up white men's camps and pull up the bottles they bury to keep cool, and knock off the tops, and refresh ourselves? Why you.

(Second elephant replies by another grunt, and the two continue to sway to and fro for some time in silence, broken by ecstatic grunts at intervals).

The Dickey-bird (suddenly appearing, and in a loud harsh voice). Ella described the dickey-bird to me as about twice as large as a turkey when you've eaten too much): Oh, dear! Here you are in the dark then, quite cool and comfortable. I didn't see you at first. (The elephants are motionless and take no notice). Do you know Mr. Brown is coming this way?

Second Elephant: Damnation!

Ella! I cried.

"Sh!" she said, "it was the elephant."

First Elephant: He has found us again! (They trot off hurriedly, frequently looking over their shoulders).

The Dickey-bird: Well, I shall stay by this pool. (Tucks up its feathers and proceeds to paddle in the swamp).

But look here, Ella, who was Mr. Brown?"

I interposed.

"Aunt Emily's husband," Ella replied promptly. "He went out to Africa. He was so horrid, Aunt Emily had to leave him, and if he was like that to her, I should think he must have been just tiresome to the elephants."

Just then the door was opened a little, and a voice said:—

"Tea-time, Ella!"

"Oh, yes, mother," she cried, scrambling to her feet. "I am so sorry, Mr. Treglothan, but all the animals will have gone home now."

"It's surprising the way these animals go, Ella!" I said, shutting up the telescope.

"Oh, no, they always go at tea-time. I know when I was ill last year I used to lie on the sofa getting well, with my eyes shut, watching the animals moving—such droves of them, and so stupid! And at tea-time they all used to go away, and leave me alone, and it was such a relief. But won't you stay to tea?" she added, escorting me to the door.

"I'm afraid I can't," I replied, taking down my hat; "I must go away—with the other animals."

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.

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 205th prize divided between Mr. Frank H. Keveren, of Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Mr. C. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Chapel and Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church, Cheltenham.

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

G. Townsend.



Young. Mrs. Ballinger. Heaven. Ballinger.

Barrett.

LIBERATED LECKHAMPTONIANS

OUTSIDE KAROO COTTAGES, LECKHAMPTON, ON RETURN OF BALLINGER AND HEAVEN ON OCT. 29, 1906.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I have occasionally alluded to the fact that Gloucestershire has frequently in one way or another had some connection with real or imaginary persons who have achieved celebrity or notoriety in various parts of the world. An instance in the latter category has just come to my knowledge. "Do you know," as the "Rev. Robert Spalding" would say, that his prototype in the very funny comedy of "The Private Secretary" was at one time a Gloucestershire curate? Yes, it is a fact. He is the Rev. William Nicholas Truss, from 1858 to 1859 curate of Holy Trinity, Forest of Dean, and who, after nearly 38 years service as chaplain of Knutsford Gaol, has just retired from that office. Now aged 72 years Mr. Truss, whose appearance is wonderfully fresh and youthful, makes no secret of the fact that Charles Hawtrey, the author of "The Private Secretary," had him in mind when he created the character of the "Rev. Robert Spalding." I have known several jovial prison chaplains—of course, outside the gaol—but I have never come across one of the unsophisticated character of the "Rev. Robert Spalding." And I have heard some Church dignitaries cleverly mimicked, and am aware that an archdeacon, now deceased, was, unknown to himself, selected by an artist as the model for a jovial monk in the trade mark of a local bicycle firm.

The "secrets of the prison house" were startlingly revealed at Gloucester at the end of last week, locks, bolts, and bars having soon fled asunder at the "Government office with a very high wall" in the county town. If they were not stern realities, the circumstances of the daring escape from H.M. Prison of five convicts and of their re-capture, and of the frustrated attempt of five or six others to be in the wild rush for liberty, would have read very like a romance of the "Jack Sheppard" type. The London Press particularly saw in this breaking out of prison very good copy for a dull season. They certainly gave Gloucester a good bold advertisement as being a place where a convict hunt is not unknown. The managers of the Palace Theatre in the Cathedral city were quite equal to the situation, for they put on some films of an escape of American prisoners. It is a remarkable fact that the five Gloucester convicts were all builders' men, and that four of them belonged to London. The moral of the mutiny seems to me to be that, as Gloucester Prison has for some time past been a subsidiary convict establishment, the staff of warders at least must be permanently strengthened, both numerically and physically, and that they must be provided with lethal weapons to use in cases of dire necessity. No economical reasons on the part of the Government must be allowed to weigh against the safety of officials and of the general

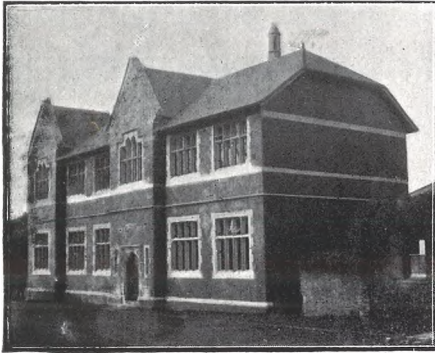
public. I see that one of the provincial papers has given the subjoined "Limerick" over the affair:—

"The convicts who bolted at Glo'ster,
Made off for the Severn and crost her,
Except one named Flynn,
Who quickly gave in,
But each of the rest was a loster."

*

A recent visit to Gloucester Cathedral enables me to state with pleasure that the work of restoration of its exterior is proceeding satisfactorily, the pinnacles of the west end of the nave being quite finished, while the west pinnacle of the south transept, the one only of the two that required attention, is approaching completion. The repair of the nave roof will be taken in hand this winter, and next spring the big job of the tower will be tackled. I am sorry I cannot report that the curious and costly clock erected by his family as a memorial of Canon Bartholomew Price in the north transept is going properly yet. It is quite twenty minutes behind time, and this may be accounted for by the fact that the draught makes the minute hand quiver like a reed. This, together with the jerky movement of the hand every minute, is certainly very funny.

GLEANER.



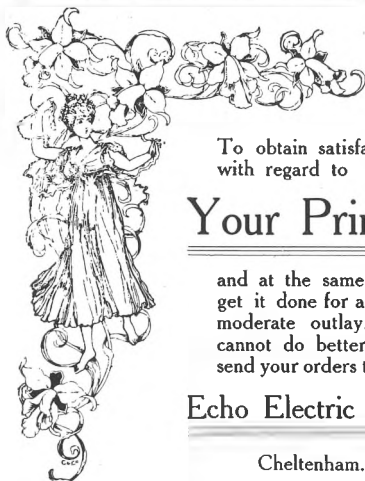
TEWKESBURY'S NEW SCIENCE AND ART BUILDINGS.

Opened October 29, 1906, by the Mayor (Councillor G. M. Rice).



RESIDENCE OF HEADMASTER (Mr. J. E. Priestlay, B.A.) AND SCHOOL, formerly Abbey House School, but now the Grammar School.

At least two fowls to every acre of arable land could be maintained, says a writer in the November number of the "World's Work," without interfering with the cultivation, and at least four fowls per acre of pasture land without reducing one head of other stock.



To obtain satisfaction with regard to - -

Your Printing

and at the same time get it done for a very moderate outlay, you cannot do better than send your orders to the

Echo Electric Press,

Cheltenham.

Artistic Work a speciality.



A CHELTENHAM WEDDING.

AFFLECK—BURGESS.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, CHELTENHAM, OCTOBER 30, 1906.

THE EXTENT OF THE MOTOR MOVEMENT

So rapid has been and is the increase in the production of motor vehicles, and so manifold are the developments of the allied trades, that any figures which could be given would be out of date in a week. If figures based upon the last returns are, says a well-informed writer in "The Autocar," taken, it is well within the mark to put the number of private motor vehicles at 100,000, with the addition of many thousands more of motor 'buses, motor cabs, motor lorries, motor tractors, as well as agricultural and marine motors of all kinds. The total value of these can only be stated very approximately. If the average value of the cars be taken as £200, then these are worth about five million pounds. In the same way motor tri-cars and bicycles would represent one million pounds, while the heavy vehicles, with the addition of the marine class, etc., may be stated as at least worth another three millions.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

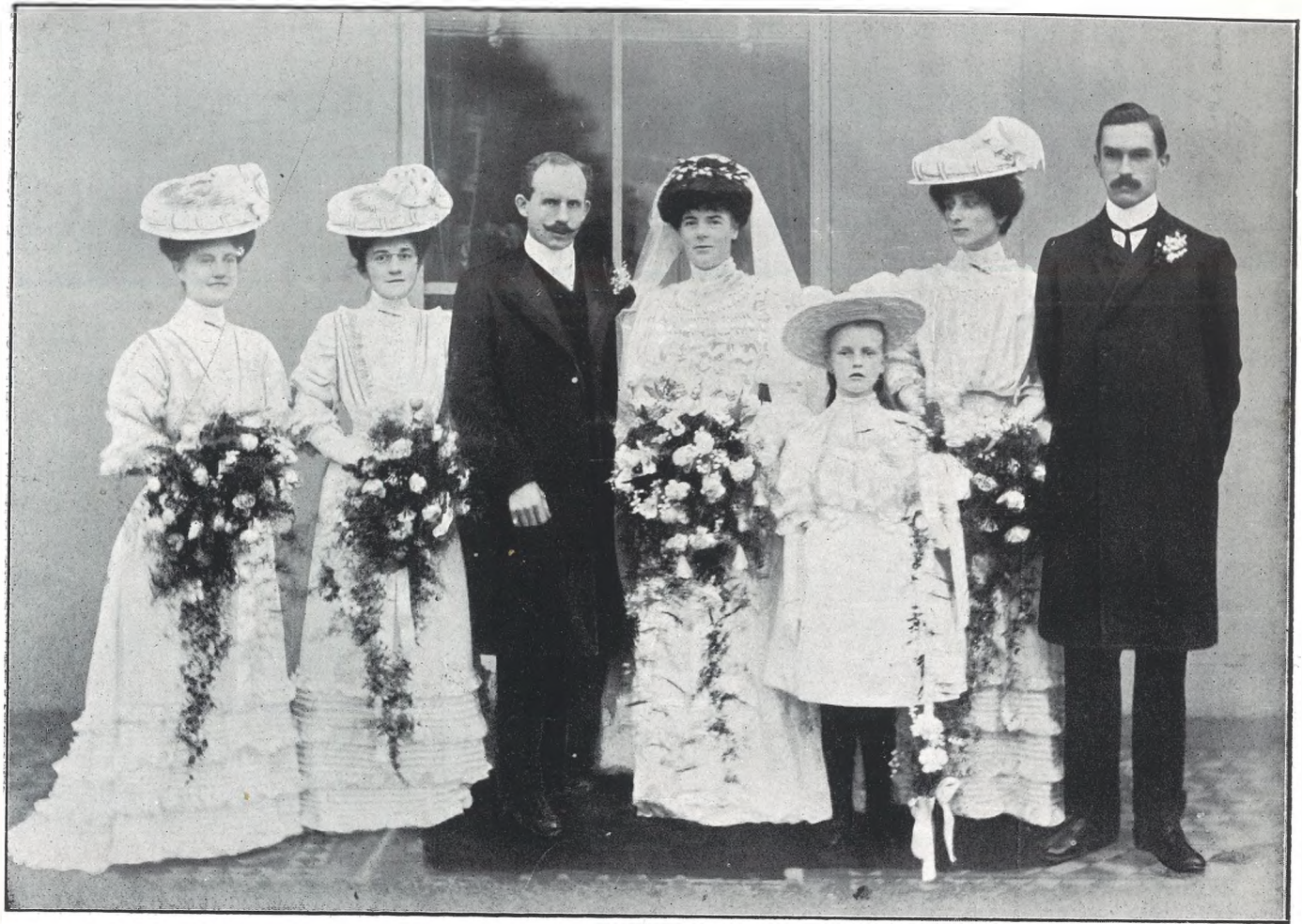
LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library),

CHELTENHAM.

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

Black carrots, an Algerian product, will shortly be on sale in the Paris markets.



**St. Mary's Parish Church,
Charlton Kings.**

Presented to

Rev. THOMAS GODSON

together with a
Writing Table and Books.

by the Members of the Congregation of
the above Church, and others, in testimony
of their warm gratitude for the great and
varied benefits which have been conferred
on the Parish during his ministry of 14 years as
Rector.

The Subscribers avail themselves of this opportunity
of assuring him of their affectionate esteem and regard
and of their best wishes for the future happiness of
himself, Mr. Godson, and family.

William Smith, Chairman.
William Price, Secretary.

October, 20th 1906.

St. Mary's, Charlton Kings.

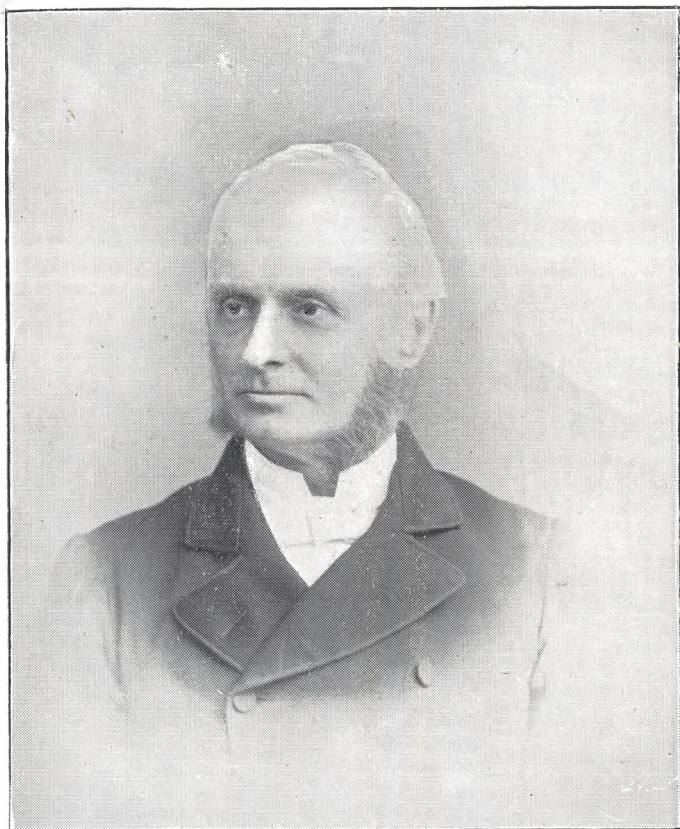
This Address
together with a
Purse containing £25-0-0
was presented to

Mr. R. G. Barnett.

on his leaving Charlton Kings after 5
years faithful and strenuous work as
Lay Reader in the Parish, in token of
appreciation of his services among young
and old.

Signed on behalf of 67 Subscribers.

Oct. 29, 1906.



MR. PHILIP LEWIS, of Campden,
PRESIDENT NORTH COTSWOLD FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.



BRO. D. TURNER,
Past District Chief Ranger of Cheltenham and Gloucester United District Ancient Order of Foresters. Entered the Order in Court Excelsior 5810 Leckhampton in 1878. Is a Past Chief Ranger and Trustee of that Court; a Past President and Trustee of Juvenile Court Excelsior; and a Past Pastor and Trustee of Sanctuary Town of Cheltenham No. 2256 Ancient Order of Shepherds.



Thoroughness.

[By A.S.M. IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

*

Thoroughness consists in doing little things as though they were the greatest things in the world. That the little things of life are of primary importance is a truth not generally understood, and the thought that little things can be neglected, thrown aside, or slurred over, is at the root of that lack of thoroughness which is so common, and which results in imperfect work and unhappy lives.

When one understands that the great things of the world and of life consist of a combination of small things, and that without this aggregation of small things, the great things would be non-existent, then he begins to pay careful attention to those things which he formerly regarded as insignificant. He thus acquires the quality of thoroughness, and becomes a man of usefulness and influence; for the possession or non-possession of this one quality may mean all the difference between a life of peace and power, and one of misery and weakness.

Every employer of labour knows how comparatively rare this quality is—how difficult it is to find men and women who will put thought and energy into their work, and do it completely and satisfactorily. Bad workmanship abounds. Skill and excellence are acquired by few. Thoughtlessness, carelessness, and laziness are such common vices that it should cease to appear strange that, in spite of "social reform," the ranks of the unemployed should continue to swell, for those who scamp their work to-day will, another day, in the hour of deep necessity, look and ask for work in vain.

The law of "the survival of the fittest" is not based on cruelty, it is based on justice; it is one

aspect of that divine equity which everywhere prevails. Vice is "beaten with many stripes"; if it were not so, how could virtue be developed? The thoughtless and lazy cannot take precedence of, or stand equally with, the thoughtful and industrious.

A friend of mine tells me that his father gave all his children the following piece of advice:—

"Whatever your future work may be, put your whole mind upon it and do it thoroughly; you need then have no fear as to your welfare, for there are so many who are careless and negligent that the services of the thorough man are always in demand."

I know those who have for years tried almost in vain to secure competent workmanship in spheres which do not require exceptional skill, but which call chiefly for forethought, energy, and conscientious care. They have discharged one after another for negligence, laziness, incompetence, and persistent breaches of duty—not to mention other vices which have no bearing on this subject—yet the vast army of unemployed continues to cry out against the laws, against society, and against heaven.

The cause of this common lack of thoroughness is not far to seek; it lies in that thirst for pleasure which not only creates a distaste for steady labour, but renders one incapable of doing the best work, and of properly fulfilling one's duty. A short time ago a case came under my observation (one of many such), of a poor woman who was given, at her earnest appeal, a responsible and lucrative position. She had been at her post only a few days when she began to talk of the "pleasure trips" she was going to have now she had come to that place. She was discharged at the end of a month for negligence and incompetence.

As two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time, so the mind that is occupied with pleasure cannot also be concentrated upon the perfect performance of duty. Pleasure has

its own place and time, but its consideration should not be allowed to enter the mind during those hours that should be devoted to duty. Those who, while engaged in their worldly task, are continually dwelling upon anticipated pleasures, cannot do otherwise than bungle through their work, or even neglect it when their pleasures seem to be at stake.

Thoroughness is completeness, perfection; it means doing a thing so well that there is nothing left to be desired; it means doing one's work, if not better than anybody else can do it, at least not worse than the best that others do. It means the exercise of much thought, the putting forth of great energy, the persistent application of the mind to its task, the cultivation of patience, perseverance, and a high sense of duty. An ancient teacher said: "If anything has to be done, let a man do it, let him attack it vigorously"; and another teacher said: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

He who lacks thoroughness in his worldly duties will also lack the same quality in spiritual things. He will not improve his character; will be weak and half-hearted in his religion, and will not accomplish any good and useful end. The man who keeps one eye on worldly pleasure and the other on religion, and who thinks he can have the advantages of both conditions, will not be thorough either in his pleasure-seeking or his religion, but will make a sorry business of both. It is better to be a whole-souled worldling than a half-hearted religionist; better to give the entire mind to a lower thing than half of it to a higher.

It is preferable to be thorough, even if in a bad or selfish direction, rather than inefficient and squeamish in good directions, for thoroughness leads more rapidly to the development of character and the acquisition of wisdom; it accelerates progress and unfoldment; and while it leads the bad to something better, it spurs the good to higher and even higher heights of usefulness and power.



OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.



RIVER HOOGLY AT CALCUTTA, SHOWING HIGH COURT.

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

A PRETTY SCENE IN "THE BLUE MOON,"

WHICH WILL BE PRODUCED AT CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK.



SINGING "THE BURMESE GIRL."

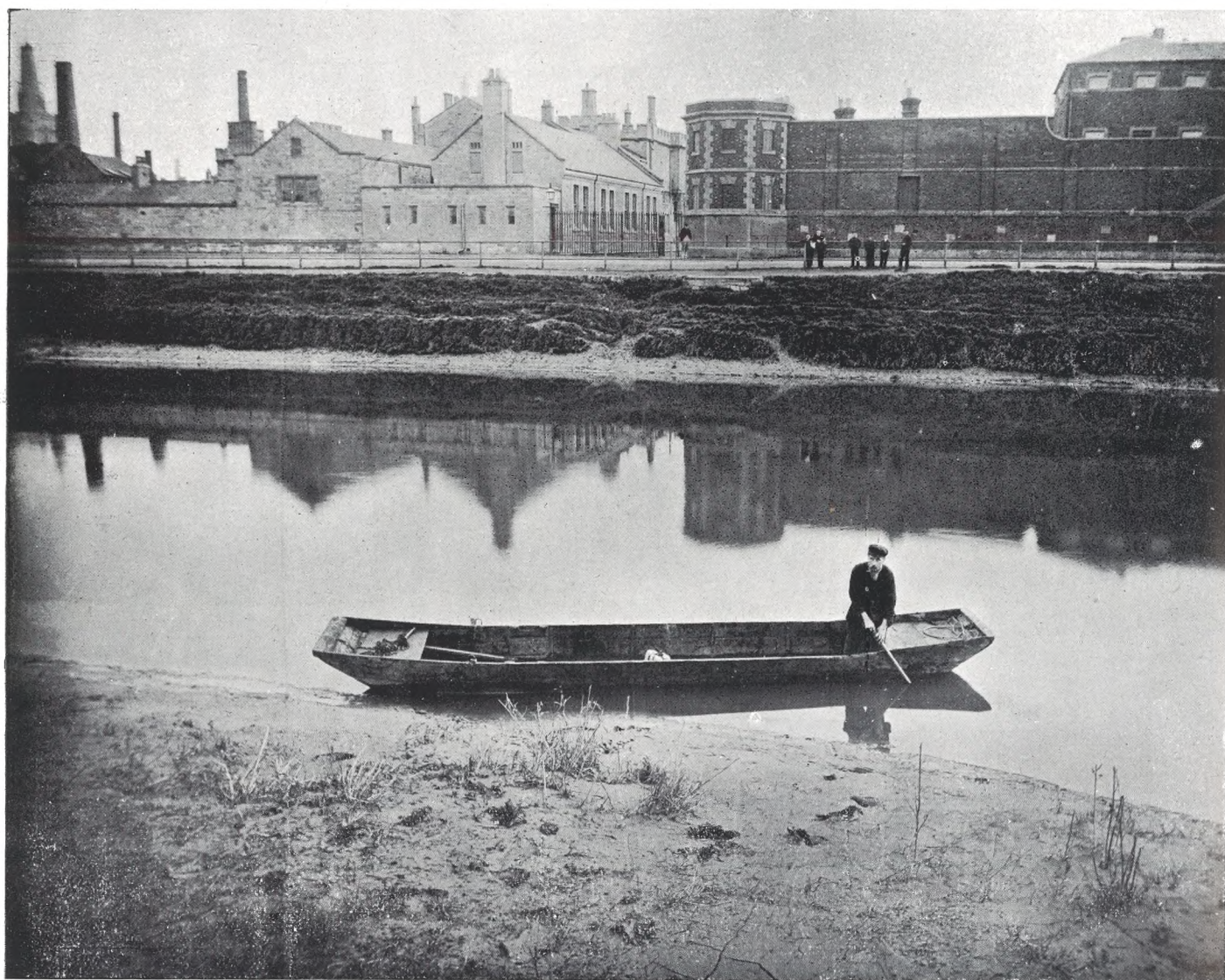


Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester, of whom copies may be had.

ESCAPE OF CONVICTS FROM GLOUCESTER GAOL.

On the night of October 25th five convicts from London broke out of Gloucester Prison and ran to the Severn side, a distance of about a hundred yards. There they commandeered Henry Bubb, a fisherman, and his boat (shown in picture), and made him row them across the river to the Castle Meadow, whereby they escaped for a time.



MR. CHARLES BAILEY, of Cheltenham.
DIED OCT. 30, 1906, AGED 68 YEARS.



MR. HARRY WAGHORNE, NORTH WARD.

♣ CHELTENHAM ♣ MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.



MR. REES JONES, CENTRAL WARD.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 306.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

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

NEXT WEEK,

MR. POPPLE (of Ippleton).

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.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON, LOCAL EXAMINATIONS. CHELTENHAM CENTRE.

The last days of entry for forthcoming examinations at the Cheltenham Centre are: November 15, for M.K. (Theory), December, 1906; November 10, for "Practical," December, 1906.

Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and Twelve in Theory of Music (tenable at Local Centres in the United Kingdom, India, and the Colonies), and a number of National Prizes are annually given.

Local Secretary, MR. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, from whom the current Syllabus may be obtained. c593

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.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE MAYOR OF GLOUCESTER,
MR. SAMUEL AITKEN.

MISS JEMIMA PERKS.

[BY AMY SKENE.]

"I should be very glad of your help, Tommy, but I don't know that I can altogether trust you!"

Tommy Crossland's boyish face wore an aggrieved expression.

"Not trust me! I should like to know what I have done to deserve that!"

"Well—you see, you are such an awful flirt. I will do you the justice to say I don't believe you can help it; it's in your constitution, but I don't want my fifty factory girls disturbed in their minds."

"My dear Mabel, if you were not my sister, I should tremble for your sanity. I suppose I may hand your factory girls tea and cake without turning their heads with excitement. As far as that goes, I expect they could teach me a thing or two in the flirting way."

Mrs. Griffiths relented after some consideration, and said "Well, since I am short of helpers, and you have practically promised to be good, I will allow you to assist. They will be here in an hour."

It was an annual function. Mrs. Griffiths, an attractive young matron, amply provided with this world's goods, was willing to share with the less fortunate than herself. Every summer certain workers in a busy London parish were invited to bring a party of girls from the factories within their district to spend a day in the beautiful old garden of Stonehouse Court. Hitherto Mrs. Griffiths's brother, Sir Thomas Crossland, had never been present at one of these entertainments. As he was an easily-impressed young man, given to impulsive actions, Mrs. Griffiths's fears were not wholly unreasonable, when she remembered the excessive prettiness of some of the girls who enjoyed her hospitality.

Two young ladies, her visitors, now appeared on the scene, and with the announcement that they had desecrated the brakes about half a mile away on the high road, and almost at the same moment a footman appeared with a telegram for his mistress.

"No answer," she said when she had read it, but her face clouded a little, and she turned to Sir Thomas.

"From Knaresborough," she said; "he and Captain Pigott are motoring over from Guildford. They will arrive about four. I did not expect them till dinner-time."

The arrival of the first brake obliged Mrs. Griffiths to go forward and receive her guests, and Tommy turned to Sybil Tracey, and laughingly said:

"Mabel is actually afraid for me to meet these young women! It's an appalling idea to one who realises that I'm positively afraid of them. I wouldn't enter into conversation with one of them for the world."

For an hour or more the party wandered at will, through gardens gay with roses, in and out of the vineries, and into nooks of the pine-woods where they sat and rested in the cool shade. A conjurer displayed his skill for another hour, and then the girls assembled on the lawn for tea. Tommy, who had hitherto left them severely alone, now appeared prepared to make himself useful. The girls sat about on the short dry grass, in groups of various sizes, and Tommy Crossland, Sybil and Violet Tracey, assisted in dispensing tea and cakes. Tommy's behaviour was exemplary; he carefully waited upon the plain girls first, and exchanged no badinage with any.

Presently two members of the party sitting some little distance away, and almost hidden by a group of tall hollyhocks, caught his eye, and he carried plates of cakes and sandwiches to them. His practised eye noted that the one nearest him was fair to look upon. The other sat with face turned away, but there was something distinguished in the poise of her small head under the sailor hat, and the set of the white muslin blouse drawn in to the slender waist by a pale blue ribbon was distinctly faultless.

The fair girl helped herself to cake, and



THRESHING AT GREET.

touched the arm of the other to attract her attention.

As she turned and glanced up at him, Tommy almost emptied the contents of both plates on her lap in his astonishment.

"Good Lord, Beatrice!" he exclaimed, and the fair girl gazed at him in wonder, while the manner of the other became frigid in the extreme.

"Sir, you are making a mistake," she said. "My name is Jemima—Jemima Perks," she added, and but for the icy demeanour he could almost have imagined he detected a tremble of laughter in her voice.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly, "you are very like a friend of mine. Will you have a sandwich, Miss—Miss Perks?" getting the word out with a gulp.

"No, thanks, I would rather have cake," and she helped herself from the other dish.

Although Tommy accepted her explanation, he was far from believing it. There could not be two girls so exactly alike; it was—it must be Beatrice Maultrevor; and yet—what was she doing here among the factory girls? He glanced at her companion; she unmistakably was what she appeared to be, and was pretty in a flashy sort of way; but the other—he looked cautiously around, mindful of his sister's suspicions concerning him, but the hollyhocks shut him off from view, so he sat down, determined to solve the matter.

"Why do so few care for my sandwiches?" he asked grumblingly; "I shall eat them myself, since no one else will; I think them superior to cake."

Jemima Perks did not reply, but the other girl giggled.

"You wouldn't, if you saw as much jam as Mima and me do, would he, Mima? Lor', I can't abide the sight of 'em."

"Your—your employment," suggested Tommy diffidently, "has—reference to jam-making?"

"I'm in Square and Greenleigh's factory these two years."

"And you?" enquired Tommy, looking at Miss Perks.

"Mima's only been—" began her loquacious friend, but she was instantly interrupted.

"I don't see that it can be of the slightest interest to this gentleman, Katie, what I do. Don't let us keep you any longer, sir." There was a distinct command in her tone and manner.

Katie pouted and remonstrated: "You're so high and mighty, Mima; there's no harm in ex-

changing a word or two, I suppose"; but Miss Perks had risen from the grass, and was strolling down a garden path.

Tommy marked the path with the eye of a sportsman, but, addressing the other girl, he said persuasively—

"I say, Miss Katie, is that her real name—Perks, I mean? It is a most remarkable likeness if she is."

"I don't know, I'm sure."

Katie had been snubbed, and she resented the fact that this gentleman appeared to have no eye for opportunities, nor, indeed, for anything except that "stuck-up Mima!"

"She gives herself airs though, at any rate, but she's only been at Square and Greenleigh's about a fortnight—she's not much good there, either."

"What does she—what do you each do there?" Tommy amended, diplomatically.

"We put the fruit into big jars for storing. It's hard work, and awfully hot, too, lading out the boiling stuff. I can't eat a scrap of jam ever."

"Have some more cake! I'll leave you the lot," Tommy said generously. "I shall take back the sandwiches in case they are wanted."

Having craftily put the hollyhocks between himself and the voluble Katie, Tommy loitered like a rabbit down the garden path after Miss Perks. He could not find her, although he hunted everywhere, and at last, angry and hurt, he was about to retrace his steps when a softly-breathed "Tommy" met his ear.

He turned, to find her laughing at him from behind a rhododendron, and dropping the plate with callous indifference he rushed at her and caught her hand.

"Beatrice, I knew it was you. What on earth does it mean?"

"I thought you'd follow me," she said coolly. "Tommy, if you tell, I'll never speak to you again. Promise, promise, that you won't tell anyone that I am here."

"I promise; but, Beatrice, do explain. I saw Lady Maultrevor on Monday, and she told me you had gone to Jersey."

She laughed scornfully. "Oh, of course. Don't you know mamma's inventive powers? I couldn't stand it any longer, so I took matters into my own hands, and I am earning my living. You wouldn't have thought me capable of it, would you, Tommy?"

"But why?" Tommy asked. "I don't see the necessity."



Hut used as Temporary Surgery (Dr. Lansdown in attendance).

Navvies Rest After Dinner.

The "flag" man (Mr. J. Lott, of 2 Gramley-road, St. Mark's), who warns driver of steam navy of approaching trains.

Photos by T. R. Parker, "Harborne," Moorend-street, Cheltenham.

"I daresay not," and she flushed, and went on angrily. "They threw me, my mother positively threw me, at Knaresborough's head—it was dreadful the dead-set she made at him, and when she went so far as to tell Lady Grace—his sister—just when she was arranging a party for Lord Knaresborough on board the 'Sew Mew,' that I was ill, and the doctor had ordered me a long cruise. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I ran away."

"But isn't she uneasy?"
"Oh, no; I send her a post-card once a week, posted in various parts of London, to say I am all right. I shall go back when the 'Sew Mew' is well away from England."

Tommy looked curiously at her.
"I wonder you dislike Knaresborough," he said; "he's an awfully good chap."

She turned upon him angrily.
"Who said I disliked him? Tommy, I think you're stupid. Can't you see if he was not—if he was a brute—I shouldn't care a straw? I could make my opinion of him plain enough, whatever mother might do. It is because—oh! do go away, you will never understand."

Tommy whistled softly under his breath—comprehension was coming to him, and the puff-puff of a motor flying up the drive brought a smile to his pleasant face.

"Well, I must say I think you are foolish," he said, "but I suppose you know best. Are you coming back to the lawn?"

"No, I shall stay here until we go away. It was silly of me to come, but I didn't know Mrs. Griffiths, and I never thought of meeting you here. Tommy, promise you won't tell anybody."

"Oh, you may trust me," said Tommy, as he walked off to join his sister and her guests, whose numbers were increased by the two motorists. After some desultory conversation, Tommy suggested a stroll and a cigarette to one of these, a tall good-looking young man, and they started together down a shady walk which led to the kitchen garden.

"I didn't know this sort of thing was going on, or I wouldn't have come so early," Lord Knaresborough said, with a wave of the hand towards the groups of girls in the distance.

Tommy apparently did not hear, as he was plunging his hands into each pocket in turn, in searching method, and from one he presently drew forth a letter.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I must go back to the house and pop this into the letter-box. It's important, and the post goes so confoundingly early from here. Just walk quietly down by these rhododendrons, Knaresborough; I'll join you in a few moments."

With a comical smile on his boyish features, Tommy saw his orders being followed, then he

stole away in the opposite direction, and mentally patted himself on the back for his clever stroke of diplomacy.

"I'll give him twenty minutes," he thought, looking at his watch. "The shock of suddenly meeting, both being so utterly unprepared, and all that, ought to do the trick."

Meanwhile Lord Knaresborough walked where he was directed, past the rhododendrons, and came plump upon Miss Maultrevor sitting on a rustic seat.

For fully a moment they stared at each other in amazement; he taking in her simple attire, her embarrassment, and thinking her lovelier than ever; she wondering what perverse fate had brought her face to face with the man whom she had taken such trouble to avoid.

Suddenly her wrath blazed out.
"That wretch Tommy!" she exclaimed, "and I thought I could trust him!"

Utterly at sea as to her meaning, only realising that here was an opportunity for clearing up much that had puzzled him. Knaresborough, like a wise man, seized upon it, and before the twenty minutes elapsed which Tommy had determined would suffice, explanations had been made. One thing only Beatrice withheld, and that was the name which she had unaccountably chosen to assume. Not for worlds would she have disclosed the hideous cognomen to her lover.

What Tommy saw when he cautiously peeped round the rhododendrons he never divulged, but it caused a trying and stealthy retreat on his part, and it was not until forty-nine of the girls, with the parish workers in charge, had departed, that he and Knaresborough, with Miss Maultrevor between them, presented themselves to the astonished Mrs. Griffiths.

Fortunately that lady was a woman of quick comprehension, and a few words from Tommy, combined with a previous knowledge of Lady Maultrevor's tactics, helped her to guess at much of what had occurred, and she laughingly joined in the conjectures as to what would happen when the numbers were counted, and there was one missing.

"You must remain here," she said decidedly to Beatrice. "I am delighted to have you."

"I'll take you back to Belgrave-square tomorrow in the motor," Knaresborough began, when Tommy caused a diversion by a burst of laughter.

"It is funny," he gasped. "A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place (I presume you won't wait long, young people) between the Earl of Knaresborough and Miss Jemima Perks."

"Tommy! You traitor!" shrieked Beatrice; but he waved her aside, and went on—

"You told me so yourself, Jemima; you know you did—and, oh! the ingratitude of women! Mabel aspersed my character shamefully, and now you turn upon me and rend me for putting things in the proper light."

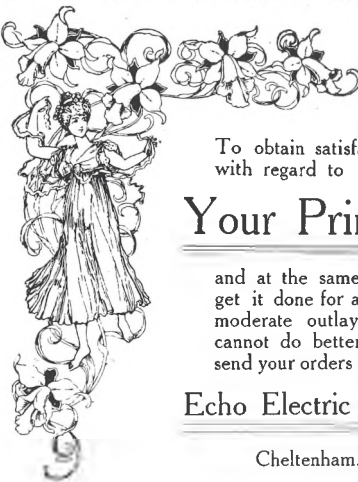
"Tommy, be quiet," Beatrice implored, but the incorrigible youth continued glibly—

"What's in a name? We have the highest authority for saying it doesn't matter! To the unsympathetic world, dear friend, you may be known presently as the Countess of Knaresborough, but I, who know you so well, and feel for you so deeply, I shall always think of you as the beautiful Miss Jemima Perks."

FASHIONS IN FACES.

*

"The period dominated by Lely and Kneller," writes Mr. Laurence Binyon in the "Burlington Magazine," "calls up the vague image of a vast family, in two generations, of persons apparently all related to one another. With the earlier generation (Lely's) the huge wigs of the men, the languishing attitudes and melting glances of the ladies, all dressed in the 'sweet disorder' of what Walpole calls 'a sort of fantastic night-gown,' count for much in the air of sameness. With Kneller's generation, the monotony extends to figure and to feature; all are in the same difficulty as to where to place their hands, all alike seem tired with the effort of appearing to have larger eyes and nobler foreheads than Nature gave them."



To obtain satisfaction with regard to - -

Your Printing

and at the same time get it done for a very moderate outlay, you cannot do better than send your orders to the

Echo Electric Press.

Cheltenham.



THE MAYOR OF TEWKESBURY,
ALDERMAN J. WILLIS.



SERG T. OLIVER ALDRIDGE,
of the 12th (Prince of Wales's Own) Royal
Lancers,
a native of Cheltenham.
Died at Umballa, Punjab, India.

TELEGRAPHY AS A PROFESSION.

To young men of the middle classes telegraphy as a profession offers excellent prospects. The boy of normal mental attainments can find a well-paid post as an operator, while the clever and ambitious student has always before him the promise of responsible and lucrative work. The telegraphist, whatever his grade of employment, follows a skilled occupation which carries with it advantages which place him far above the standard of the average commercial employee. He is outside the stern struggle for work which besets unskilled labour; he holds a commanding position in the business world, a position from which he is not liable to be ousted at the caprice of some movement in the current of trade. It is a pathetic sight to observe the number of educated men who have a knowledge of business routine, of secretarial work, and so on, but who are either not wanted in commerce or, if wanted, receive only a meagre wage. The supply of clerks exceeds the demand, and the ambitious young man of to-day must therefore acquire some special accomplishment if he expects to earn a special wage. The business world needs men of superior intellectual calibre, and pays well for them; and telegraphy, in its ever progressive developments, offers tempting inducements to those who select it as a profession. The fact that a man must become trained in the craft before he is qualified for the profession of telegraphy has deterred many from adopting this livelihood. Other vocations are better advertised, better known, and easier of entry; and it occurs to few young men, puzzled as to a choice of life work, to decide upon telegraphy. To the man, for instance, who adopts wireless telegraphy as his profession, a number of good appointments are open. The great ocean liners are being fitted with wireless apparatus; each vessel has to carry one or two operators. Many hundreds of these appointments will gradually become available. The number of wireless land stations is also increasing. The qualified wireless operator has therefore excellent chances of obtaining appointments.—"Magazine of Commerce."

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

Electricity will serve all and every purpose of lighting, heating, and power, and the electricity will be generated from the coal at the two or three main coal-getting centres. Even at the pit-bank generating stations, smokeless production will be a feature. This is not merely a flight of imagination; already the process of centralising our electricity-making industry is under way. Patent coke-ovens, preserving the so-called by-products of coal, and yielding gas of high power property, large power gas-engines, electrical transmissions of pressures up to 60,000 volts—all these are accomplished facts in the commercial everyday sense, and all are making for the ultimate benefit of the country when the waste and misuse of our greatest natural asset, coal, shall cease, and when life shall be blest with a prosperity and healthiness never before approached.—"Popular Electricity."

HOW MADAME ALBANI GOT HER NAME.

Just after her first concert Albani went to a convent at Sault au Recollet to be educated, and after about four years there her family moved from Canada to the States, and settled in Albany, the capital of New York State. By-the-by, it is generally supposed that Madame Albani took her stage name from the city in which she lived so long. But this is not actually the case, we learn from "The Penny Magazine." When, some years later, the girl was about to make her first appearance in opera in Italy, the impresario Lamperti declared that she must not appear under her own name, especially as it was a French one. "But what am I to call myself?" asked the young singer. Lamperti considered a moment. "There was a great family who lived near here (Messina) called Albani," he said. "The family is now extinct. Use their name." So Albani, name of world-wide fame, has nothing to do with the American city it so strongly resembles.



MR. S. SHARPE,
Joint Sec. Cheltenham Root, Fruit, and Grain
Society.

QUEENIES.

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

Price - 9/6 per 100.

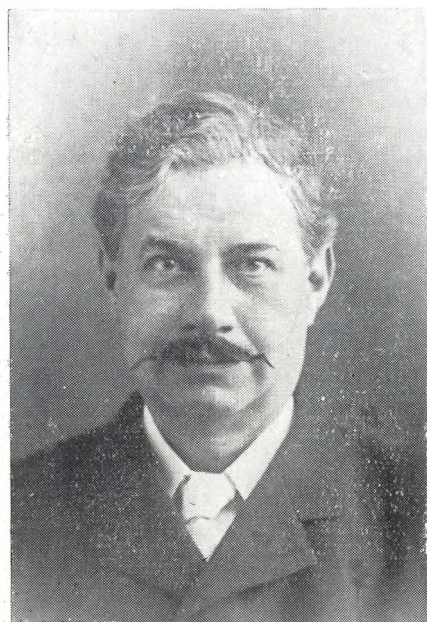
Samples 10 for ONE SHILLING.

FREDK. WRIGHT is the sole agent

On sale at all his branches.



MR. FRANK W. GODFREY, JUN.
(New Member, who headed the poll).



MR. E. W. MOORE
(New Member).

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 206th prize has been awarded to Miss F. Winter, 11 Leicester-terrace, Leckhampton, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. C. Woodhouse at the Church of SS. Philip and James.

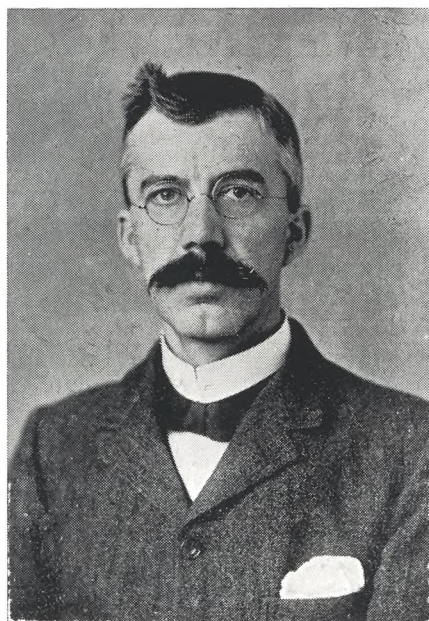
Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

The photographs of Tewkesbury Councillors which appear on this page are by Messrs. Mallett and Sons, of Church-street, Tewkesbury.

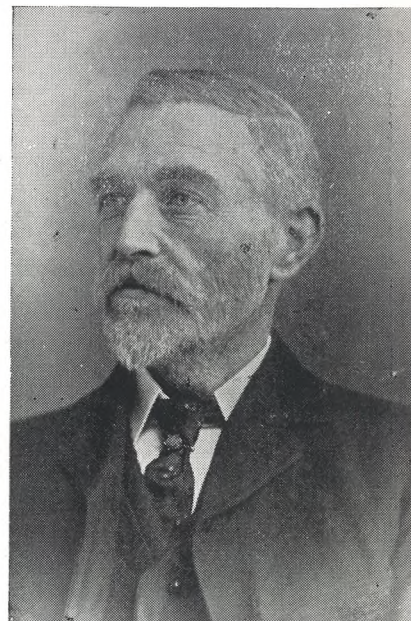


Photo by G. H. Martyn and Sons, Cheltenham.

MISS DOROTHEA BEALE, LL.D.,
PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE
DIED NOVEMBER 9, 1906, AGED 75 YEARS.



MR. L. L. STROUD
(New Member).



MR. W. T. BOUGHTON
(Re-elected Nov. 1, 1906).

COTSWOLD HOUNDS OPENING MEET

AT LILLEYBROOK, CHARLTON KINGS, NOVEMBER 5, 1906.



HUNT SERVANTS WITH DOG PACK.



LADIES RIDING ASTRIDE.



BREAKFAST FOR FOOT FOLLOWERS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The recent municipal elections resulted in "you were," from a party point of view, in Cheltenham and Tewkesbury, but in Gloucester, where there was a fight all along the line, it was a case of "right about" with five out of the nine councillors who sought re-election. Although the contests were, as usual, fought on party lines, I do not myself believe that the fact of the Conservatives having a net gain of two seats was so much due to a change of political opinion as to a revolt of the ratepayers against the ever-increasing burdens laid upon their shoulders and for which the party in power necessarily had to bear the blame. I have heard of one or two curious incidents in connection with the elections. For instance, one citizen foretold the exact number (444) of votes cast for Mr. Lionel Lane, the winning candidate in Kingsholm Ward, and thus won a sweepstakes on the event; while an old electioneering hand told an acquaintance on the eve of the poll that the majority for Mr. Charles Clutterbuck in the East Ward would be very near his number (260) on the register, and it actually turned out to be 252. And one alderman cleared his desk of papers at the last Council meeting. I find that all the three "Blue Boys" who each won a seat at the first attempt have somewhat close connections with Cheltenham—Mr. J. H. Collett as an old Cheltonian and cricket and hockey player, Mr. Basil Vassar Bruton as a nephew of Mr. Vassar-Smith, and Mr. Lionel Lane as a great-nephew of an esteemed Cheltenham lady, and also by reason of his practice as a solicitor.

Gloucester is keeping up its reputation for producing novel and perplexing situations after municipal elections. And yesterday saw how the embarrassing position of affairs in the close relative strength of the two parties, as created by the ballot-boxes on November 1st, was dealt with, either with satisfaction to one political party or with dissatisfaction to the other. At the time of writing there were clear indications of a stormy scene going to happen in the Council Chamber over the filling up of the five aldermanic seats that would become vacant immediately after the election of Mayor and Sheriff. The absorbing question was whether the Liberals would elect an outside Mayor and by the aid of his two votes (one casting) carry their five nominees by a bare majority, and thus retain their numerical supremacy for a further spell of time.

November the First is a welcome date in the calendar of foxhunters, for it is then that the hunting of the "spoilt darling of the 19th Century," as the late Duke of Beaufort once dubbed Master Reynard, annually commences in orthodox style. And the prospects of the chase in this county for the ensuing season are decidedly good in all the essentials. Although record numbers of cubs have been killed in most of the humts, there are plenty and to spare of foxes left for hounds to hunt during the ensuing five or six months. The North Cotswold, under the new Master, Sir John Hume-Campbell, have killed 17½ brace; Lord Bathurst's 22 brace (finishing up badly through several hounds being injured in blindly jumping into a deep railway cutting); and Mr. Herbert Lord is commencing his third season as Master of the Cotswold with 16 brace to their credit in the hardest, yet most successful, season that Charles Travess, the evergreen huntsman, remembers in the course of his very long experience. The best run during the cubbing was on October 23rd, when a fox scored an eight-mile point, from Tewkesbury Park to Dixton Wood, there saving his brush. The services have been lost for a time of Charlie Beacham, the first whip, consequent on injuries received at the outset of a run on October 27th, near Teddington Cross Hands. It goes without saying that Mr. C. McNeill is to be testimonialised on retiring from the Mastership of the North Cotswold, with his portrait in oils by Professor Herkomer. The presentation was postponed from November 1st, owing to the death of Major Malcolm McNeill, who never really recovered from the effects of an accident when out with his brother's pack two seasons ago.

GLEANER.

For Printing of every description
Try the "Echo" Electric Press.

GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH AT GLOUCESTER.

SOUTH AFRICANS v. GLOUCESTERSHIRE, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.



1. Line out by South Africans.
3. Scrum at half-way.
5. Section of crowd. Front row all members of South African team.

2. View of Grand Stand before match.
4. South Africans pressing in Gloucestershire 25.
6. Gloucestershire line out in South African 25.

THE BLOUSE UBIQUITOUS.

Nothing can quite take the place of the lace or net blouse all the year round. Of a morning it is out of place, but from the hour when we "change for luncheon" the lace blouse holds her sway. There is the model of Irish lace, still a favourite fashion, that is half concealed and re-

vealed by its capelet of fine satiny-faced cloth and sweeping short-waisted skirt that forms one accepted type of afternoon gown. There is the adorable net slip, embroidered, spotted, or sprigged, decked with narrow laces of the Valenciennes, Mechlin, Tambour, or Alencon order, with tiny ruchings of satin, pipings of velvet, threadings of bebe ribbon, a delightful possession in which to make a triumphant appearance upon

the shedding of fur coat or driving cloak at matinee or tea party. There is the blouse of embroidered ninon, silk muslin or linen, decorated with work à jour and delicate stitchery; there is the silken shirt of taffetas, Louisine, Shantung—what you will, frilled, pleated, tucked, tailored, and sewn, smart usefulness personified. How can we escape from the thrall of the blouse? Not I, for one!—Mrs Nepean, in "P.T.O."



COMMITTEE AND OFFICIALS OF CHELTENHAM ROOT, FRUIT, AND GRAIN SHOW.



GLOUCESTER NEW MUNICIPAL MEMBERS.

MR. BASIL VASSAR BRUTON, ALINGTON WARD.

MR. HENRY GEORGE FORD, SOUTH END WARD.

Printed and Published as a Gratis Supplement by the Cheltenham Newspaper Company.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 307.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),

MR. POPPLE (of IPPLETON).

NEXT WEEK,

"THE ORCHID."

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.

ROYALTY LIMITED.

A couple of hundred years ago a dozen English judges sat in solemn conclave to decide the question whether the Prince of Wales holds full parental control over his heir. The court decided by a majority of ten that he does not, and in consequence of this ruling, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," the course of life of Prince Edward of Wales must follow the dictates of the Sovereign. It was Queen Victoria who selected his first governess, and it was the princeling's august grandfather who looked out for him the capable tutor who now directs his studies. Prince Edward would not be wearing a bowler hat at the present moment if King Edward had not decided, a few weeks ago, that he might do so.

*

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

Practically without exception, says Mr. S. F. Edge in "The Autocar," the man who succeeds in one business will succeed in any, but it is always advantageous to get into an industry which is moving forward very fast and increasing, because there are more opportunities of advancement, but the bad man will not succeed because an industry is good, whereas the good man will succeed, so far as I can see, whether the industry is good or bad. Good men are, if anything, more necessary in a declining industry even than in an increasing one, and in business what constitutes a good man is the man who can do better than his fellow workmen at whatever job he is doing. The man who always thinks, as so many do, that he is at the wrong job, and if he were at something more important or more difficult he would shine, generally is a failure on everything, but the man who polishes the door knob better than anyone else has done it succeeds at whatever he has to do, up to his limit.



MARBLE BUST OF THE LATE MISS BEALE,

PRESENTED TO HER AND HANDED OVER TO THE COLLEGE
DURING THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION, MAY, 1905.



In Youth and Age.

Miss Dorothea Beale, Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College, 1858-1906.
Died Nov. 9, 1906, Aged 75 Years.



PRINCESS HALL, CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE,
SHOWING BUST OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRESENTATION BUST OF THE LATE
MISS BEALE.

CIGARS. "FLOWER OF CUBA"

BRAND.

This Cigar was awarded
First Prize Gold Medal

Tobacco Exhibition 1905, 1906.

See "Daily Mail" Oct. 24th.

Packed in Boxes of 50
18/6 per 100. Special Quotations
for Quantities.

**FREDK. WRIGHT, CIGAR
MERCHANT,
CHELTENHAM.**

The names of a couple who were married at
Norwich recently were Love and Riches.

A Grays schoolboy who was asked by his teacher
what animal provided the leather for his boots
and shoes promptly replied "Father!"

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 207th prize has been awarded to Mr. Frank
H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for his
report of a sermon by the Rev. C. E. Stone at
Salem Baptist Chapel, Cheltenham.

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

It is officially stated that Canada's surplus for
th last fiscal year is nearly thirteen million
dollars.

"One of the privileges of the other sex is that
they order things for which mere men have the
pleasure of paying, and it is one of the things the
suffragettes don't want to take from us."—Judge
Philbrick, at Yeovil County Court, in dismissing
a wife from a joint action, as she could not be
sued for goods supplied to her husband.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

Although I do not believe in the indispensa-
bility of any person in mundane affairs, I freely
admit that the lamented death of Miss Dorothea
Beale will cause a marked void in the control of
Cheltenham Ladies' College for some time to
come. But the foundations of this great estab-
lishment are firmly laid, thanks mainly to her
hard work and ability, and she, being dead, yet
speaketh. Many of us were looking forward
with pleasurable expectation to seeing her cele-
brate in 1908 her golden wedding with the Col-
lege, but now, alas! her cremation and funeral
have destroyed for ever this hope. The remark-
able rise of the educational undertaking of which
she was principal for forty-eight years will be
gathered at a glance from the figures showing that
whereas the original capital of the institution was
only £2,000, it now owns property valued at up-
wards of £160,000, and the number of pupils has
increased from a hundred to a thousand. Having
read and heard reams of posthumous eulogy
showered upon this great woman, I venture to
say there is no paragraph in these tributes which
so tersely and truly does justice to her as do the
congratulations of the Secretary to the Senatus
of Edinburgh University when presenting her
with the degree of LL.D. in April, 1902. Then
he congratulated that "cultured and intrepid"
lady on having been foremost in the "great
crusade" which had "transformed our girls'
schools from Occidental Zenanas into centres of
healthy activity."

* *

There are not a few people in Gloucester and
its vicinity who would regard with equanimity,
if not with keen satisfaction, the bursting up
beyond repair of the Severn Tunnel, provided it
were not accompanied with loss of life or injury
to persons. The reason of this feeling is that
the "big bore" is the medium of diverting much
Great Western Railway traffic and accompanying
business from the Cathedral city, and the people
naturally would like the good old days to come
back. The accidents that have happened from
time to time to trains in the tunnel, whereby it
has been wholly or partially blocked temporarily,
have necessitated recourse to the Gloucester route
for promptly sending forward current traffic.
The latest instance of this falling back on the
original route was on Thursday and Friday in
last week, when the derailing of the engine of an
excursion train in the "tube" caused thirteen
non-stop express trains and a number of mineral
trains, that would otherwise have gone through
the tunnel, to be sent on via Gloucester. The
G.W.R. Co. have been quite alive to the possi-
bility of something happening to render the
tunnel unavailable for a greater or lesser time,
as they have provided an emergency route,
whereby trains could be worked from the South
Wales Direct Railway at Yate up the Midland
almost to Berkeley-road, then pass over a loop
just made to the Sharpness Branch, and across
the Severn Bridge to the Great Western at
Lydney. In fact, it only requires the connections
to be made to render this route available. But
I imagine that Gloucester would also play an
important part in the working of the traffic if the
tunnel were closed.

* *

A passenger has written a version of the
latest accident, which certainly was an alarming
one to the passengers. He says.—"Several pas-
sengers soon alighted from their carriages in order
to discover the cause of the stoppage. The offi-
cials immediately proceeded to compel them to
return. This was done with the aid of hand-
lamps. The last of these persons had only just
been assured that everything would be all right
shortly, when an express dashed by—the nar-
rowest escape imaginable for some of the pas-
sengers. Three hours passed and still we were
in the same awkward predicament. The at-
mosphere had become very bad, what with the
underground gas, the steam, and the fumes of the
coal from our engine, and the steam from the
passing engines. Eventually, at half-past eight,
a train proceeding to Bristol was pulled up along-
side our cripple, and with considerable difficulty
all the passengers were transferred."

GLEANER.



H.I.M. The Late EMPRESS FREDERICK at Cheltenham Ladies' College, June 29, 1897.
Her Majesty was accompanied by Lord Harris, Count Seckendorf, and Emily Lady Ampthill, whose portraits, together with that of the Late Principal of the College (Miss Beale), appear in this picture.
[We are indebted to Domenico Barnett, Esq., Leckhampton, for permission to reproduce his beautiful picture.]

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL NAVE AND LADY CHAPEL,
Where Funeral Service of Miss Beale was solemnised and where she was buried.



X Spot of Sepulture.



Photo by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.

Earl Bathurst.

**OPENING MEET OF EARL BATHURST'S (V.W.H) HOUNDS
AT BIBURY COURT, NOVEMBER 6, 1906.**



OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

*

**GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA,
THE RESIDENCE OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA.**

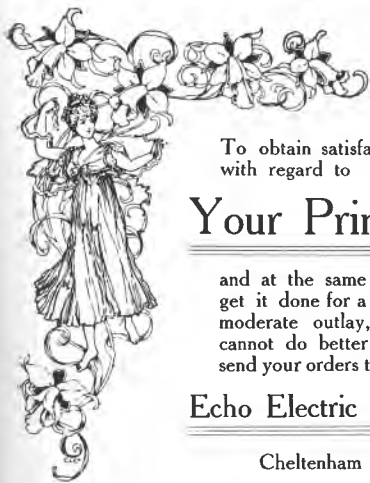
*

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



QUEEN BESS'S COURT ROOM, GLOUCESTER.

This room, in Old St. Nicholas House, occupied by Messrs. G. Merrylees and Co., manufacturers, was wherein Queen Elizabeth held a Court in 1589, and its unique fittings, consisting of a magnificent carved-oak mantel, one of the finest specimens of Early English art extant, and oak-paneled walls, surmounted by a frieze, have recently been sold by Mr. W. Johnston, the landlord, at a big price to a London dealer for removal.



To obtain satisfaction
with regard to - -

Your Printing

and at the same time
get it done for a very
moderate outlay, you
cannot do better than
send your orders to the

Echo Electric Press,

Cheltenham

Artistic Work a speciality.

LABOURER'S LUCKY FIND.

While cleaning out an outhouse at Netherhampton, Wilton, last week, a labourer came across seven old spoons all stuck into the earth. When cleaned these proved to be of silver and gilt in excellent condition, and scarcely tarnished. The spoons are dated 1529, and have been valued at £50 each. This is the second find of antiquarian interest on the Earl of Pembroke's estate this year, the scene of the latest discovery being about two miles distant from the previous one, which consisted of two urns containing Roman coins.

HORRORS OF LONG SEA VOYAGES.

Perhaps one of the most important series of experiments that have ever been conducted upon human beings was the rationing of sailors in the olden days. It was only by a process of careful observations and of extensive experiments that certain organic salts were proved to be essential to health, and even to life. The cause of scurvy was a mystery, and it was not until thousands of lives had been sacrificed and untold misery and suffering had been caused that it was discovered that the juices of fresh fruits, like the lime and the lemon and the orange, did not lose their antiscorbutic powers by being sterilised and bottled. The blood and muscle juices of freshly-killed animals would keep off scurvy; the sap of freshly-gathered green vegetables or the acid juices of fresh sour fruit were equally valuable; but the further discovery of the specific value of sterilised lime-juice was only obtained at great cost. By this dietetic discovery the horrors of long sea voyages have practically been destroyed.—Dr. Josiah Oldfield, in "P.T.O."

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.
FOR

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library).

CHEL TENHAM.

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



A "GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

Mr. Thomas Church, of 7 Sherborne-place, Cheltenham, who was for forty-six years in the employ of Mr. J. A. Smith, livery stable keeper, of Regent-street, and who died Oct. 29, 1906, aged 85 years.

Gold ornaments worth £600,000 have been unearthed beneath a theatre at Puebla, in Mexico.



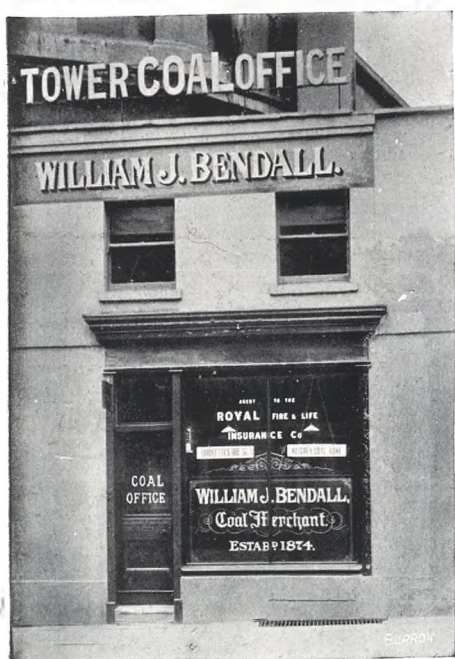
THE TWO PRINCIPALS.

THE LATE MISS BEALE AND THE REV. REGINALD WATERFIELD WATCHING THE LAST SPEECH DAY CRICKET MATCH.



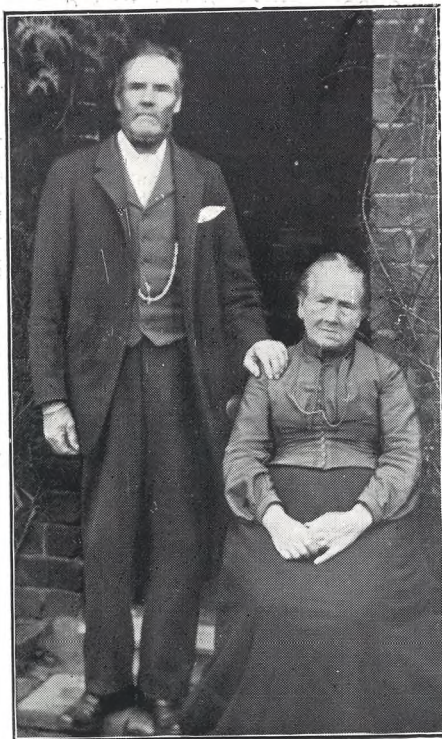
MISS BEALE

CHATTING WITH AN OLD FRIEND ON THE SAME OCCASION.



ILLITERATE VOTERS.

A Parliamentary return issued on Tuesday shows that at the general election 19,758 persons voted as illiterates in England and Wales out of 4,880,073 votes polled. In Scotland there were 2,041 illiterates out of 585,691 votes, and in Ireland 12,510 illiterates out of 135,282 votes. Only twenty-one Irish seats were contested.



GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Hemming, of 1 Somerset-place, Charlton Kings, who were married at the Registrar's Office in Cheltenham, Nov. 17, 1856.



FIFTY YEARS AT A COTSWOLD SCHOOL.

Miss Rachael Moss, for over half-a-century a teacher in Broadwell County Council School, near Stow-on-the-Wold, a position she has just resigned. It was at Broadwell School that Miss Moss received her education.

Order your Coal at **B**ENDALL'S.
It is the most **E**conomical sold.
Bright and clean, cheap and hot.
BENDALL
For good Coals **A**ll the year round.
Give him a trial **L** order at once.
Highest of Value & **L**owest of Prices.

10 MONTPELLIER STREET,
CHELTENHAM.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 308.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906.

❖ ❖ Marriage of the Mayor of Gloucester's Daughter, ❖ ❖

Christ Church, The Spa, November 21st, 1906.



MISS ANNABEL MAY AITKEN.



MR. NORMAN ALFRED MORCOM.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),

"THE ORCHID."

NEXT WEEK, the Original Farce,

"MR. HOPKINSON."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The value of the National Gallery, says "The Penny Magazine," and its pictures, is over a million and a quarter sterling. The National Gallery was founded in 1824 with a collection of 38 pictures; it now contains about 1,200 pictures, which have cost roundly £1,000,000. The Gallery was finished in 1838 at a cost of £100,000. Several alterations and enlargements have since been made, bringing the cost up to about £250,000.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity is essential to creative work. The man who accepts things as he finds them, who is not curious about the great world he lives in, never has anything to say about it. Curiosity is the mainspring of literature, of science, of art, of philosophy—of all intellectual work.—"The Academy."

*

Proposals are on foot for a German window tax.

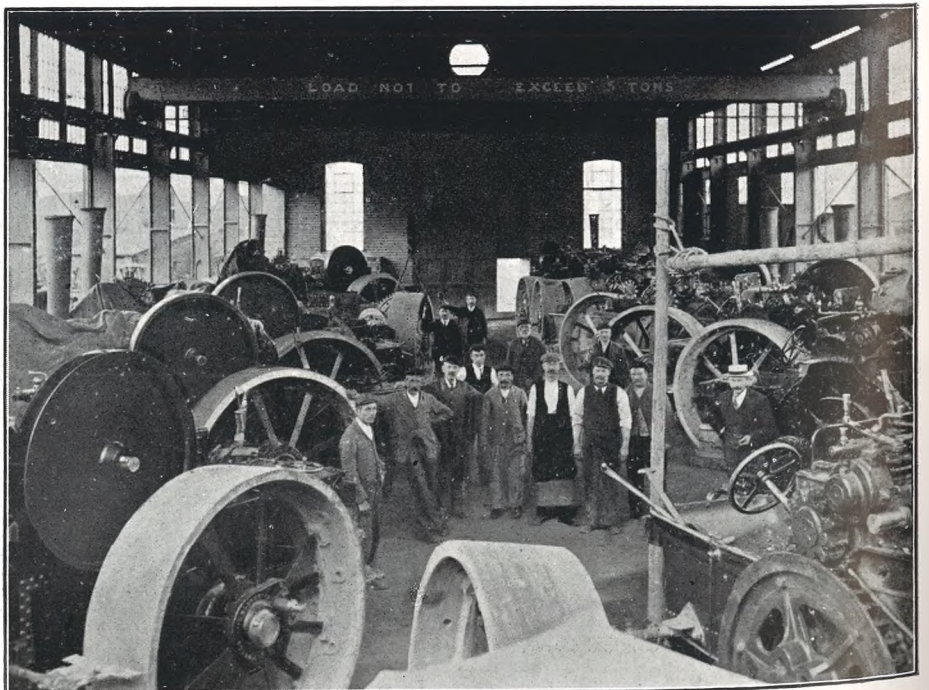
MISS BEALE'S FUNERAL.



CASKET CONTAINING URN WITH REMAINS BEING CARRIED TO HEARSE AT GLOUCESTER STATION.



REV. W. J. LAIT,
NEW PASTOR OF MILTON-UNDER-
WYCHWOOD BAPTIST CHURCH.



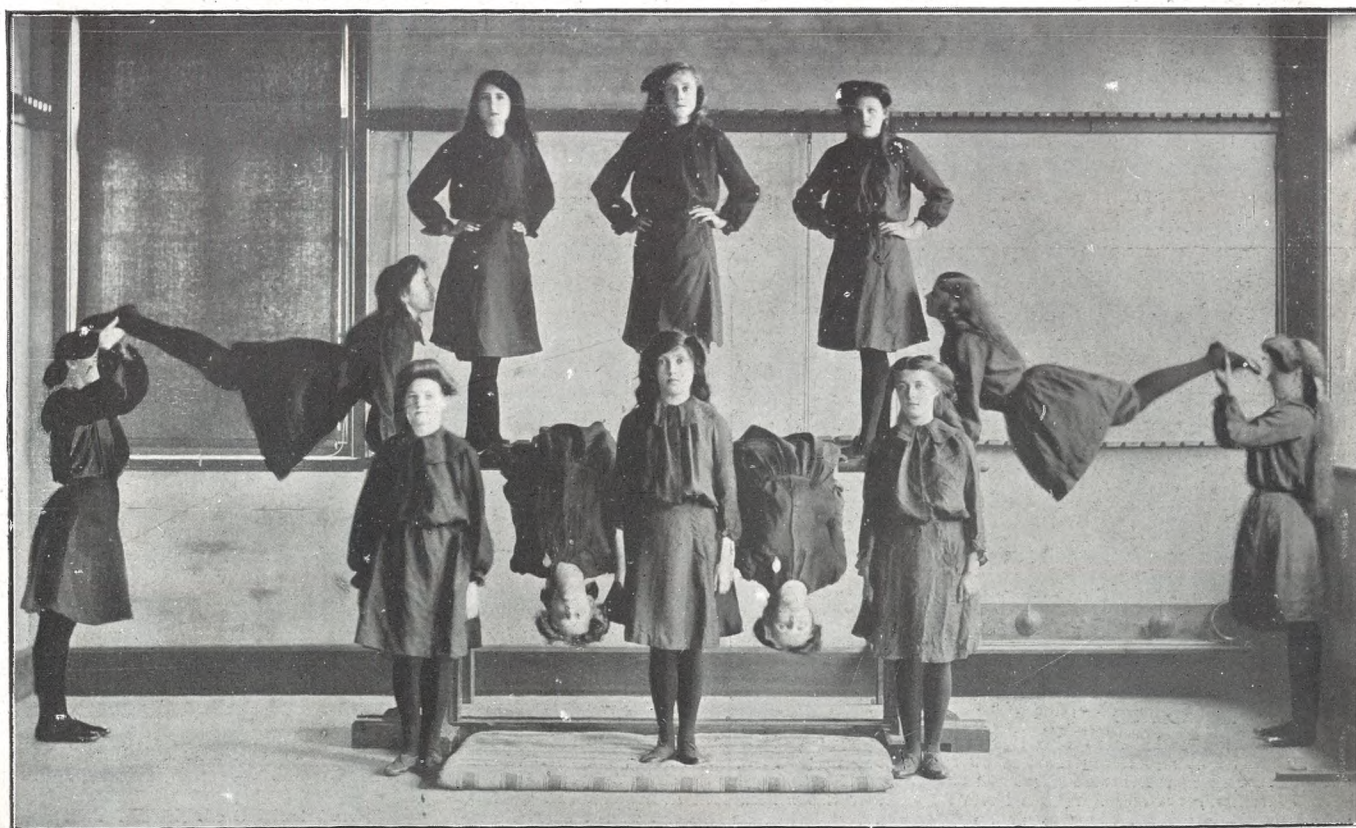
OUR STEAM ROLLED ROADS.

County Steam-roller Shed at Gloucester, with the sixteen county rollers under repair. The men are very proud of their rollers. The picture will give the general public some idea of the amount of care bestowed on the main roads.



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL LADY CHAPEL, WHERE MISS BEALE WAS BURIED.

X Spot of Sepulture.



PYRAMID No. 1 AT NEXT WEDNESDAY'S ATHLETIC DISPLAY AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

The annual athletic display by sixty girls now forms one of the most interesting local engagements, and the students have earned unstinted praise in the Midlands and West for the precision and cleverness of their work. This year the programme includes many new items, whilst the seating has been so arranged that everyone has an uninterrupted view. The Opening Ceremony is at 7.45 p.m. by the Mayoress. Reserved Seats (numbered) 2s., and Unreserved 1s., can be had from Messrs. Westley and Co., Promenade.



PROCESSION LEAVING DECEASED'S HOUSE AT THE COLLEGE.



MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF CHELTENHAM ARRIVE AT CATHEDRAL.



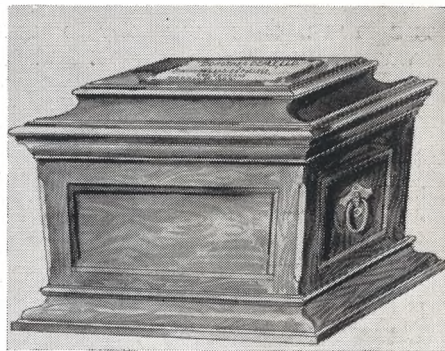
MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF GLOUCESTER ARRIVE AT CATHEDRAL.



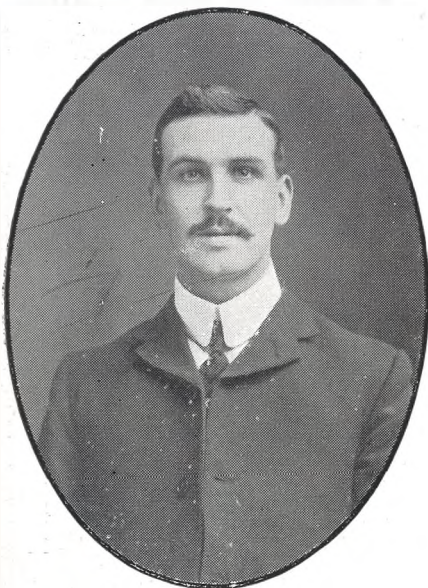
PROCESSION IN ST. GEORGE'S ROAD.



FLOWERS FOR CONVEYANCE TO
GLOUCESTER.
Cross higher than man carrying it.



CASKET CONTAINING REMAINS.



MR. T. B. K. DEAVALL,
SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICER,
TEWKESBURY,

who on Friday last week received the vellum certificate of the Royal Humane Society for rescuing Lee Green from the Severn while he was in imminent danger of drowning on August 26 last. Mr. Deavall was formerly in the Police-office at Cheltenham and a member of the Roseleigh Cricket Club.



RIGHT HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE,
who to-day speaks at Gloucester Shire-hall.

In the course of investigations into the housing question in Hertfordshire it was found that in one house umbrellas had to be held up in bed whenever it rained.

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.



THE TWO PRINCIPALS.

THE LATE MISS BEALE, AND THE REV. REGINALD WATERFIELD WATCHING THE LAST COLLEGE SPORTS.



CHATTING WITH AN OLD FRIEND (REV. C. J. R. COOKE) ON THE SAME OCCASION.



REV. D. F. VIGERS, M.A.,

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS RECTOR OF NOTGROVE.

Died November 18, 1906, in his 90th year.

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 of chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 208th prize has been awarded to Miss Annie Mabson, of 2 Queen's View, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon preached by the Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's Church, Cheltenham, on Sunday evening last.

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

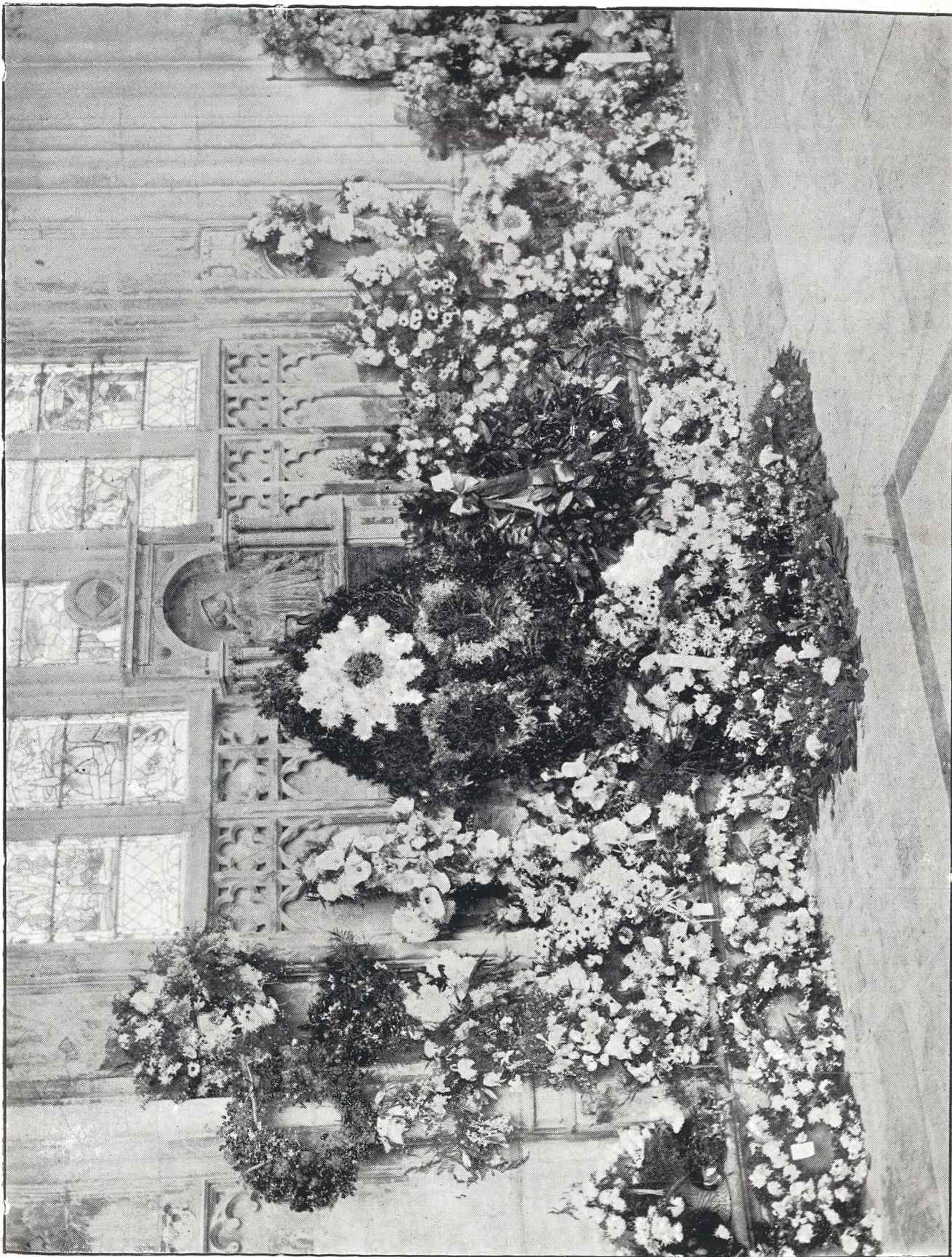


**WINNERS OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ASTOR CUP.
GLOUCESTER CIVIL SERVICE TEAM.**

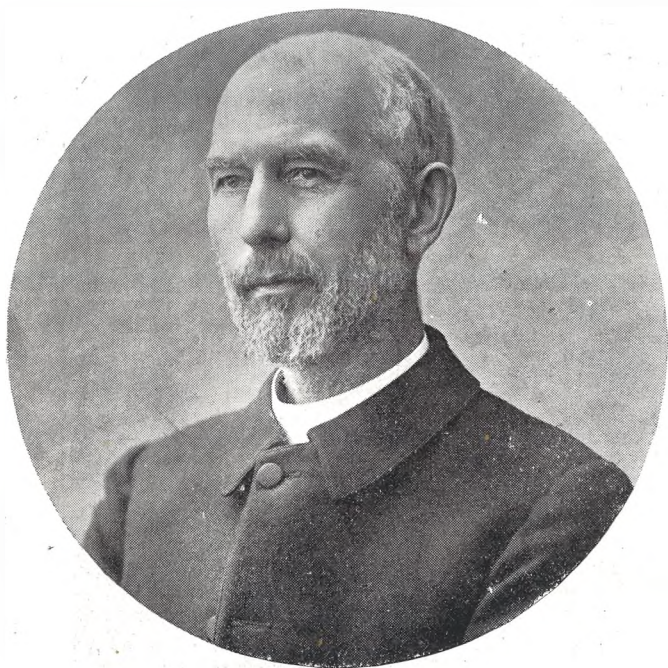
Back row:—L. T. Barnes (hon. secretary), W. H. Godby (president), R. Holmes (hon. treasurer).
Front row:—A. E. Best, G. E. Cook, C. Lodge (captain), S. Woolford, W. T. Camm.

A London clergyman declared at Bristol that his Sunday collection was on some occasions not more than 5½d.

Owing to economical administration, no direct taxation is to be levied in the State of Vermont (U.S.A.) in 1908.



MISS BEALE'S GRAVE IN LADY CHAPEL OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.
Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester, of whom copies may be had.



REV. G. M. SMITH,
WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED HIS SEMI-JUBILEE AS
PASTOR OF THE WHITEFIELD MEMORIAL CHURCH,
GLOUCESTER.



ADDRESS TO REV. G. M. SMITH ON HIS SEMI-JUBILEE.
Illuminated by Mr. A. J. Dolman. Photo by Mr. Neining, Gloucester.

CIGARS. "FLOWER OF CUBA" BRAND.

This Cigar was awarded
First Prize Gold Medal
Tobacco Exhibition 1905, 1906.
See "Daily Mail" Oct. 24th.

Packed in Boxes of 50
18/6 per 100. Special Quotations
for Quantities.
**FRED. WRIGHT, CIGAR
MERCHANT,
CHELTHENHAM.**

TERRORS OF THE CAMERA.

A contemporary—in Liverpool—has been publishing photographs "taken by our own photographer between the hours of ten and twelve in the morning" of "women customers" entering public-houses! Another—in Cardiff—prints photographs of various public and local folk with drawings of "How they will look at ninety." Pleasant studies both these for the subjects.

Dr. Selwyn announces that on the termination of his twentieth year of office, which is now approaching, he will resign his position as headmaster of Uppingham School.

PITCHER & SON

The People's Popular Booters,
Are now offering the finest value in the Trade.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD to buy anything but
the Best. Pitcher's Boots are made from the
Best Materials, by skilled workmen.

They Fit Well, Look Well, and Wear Well!

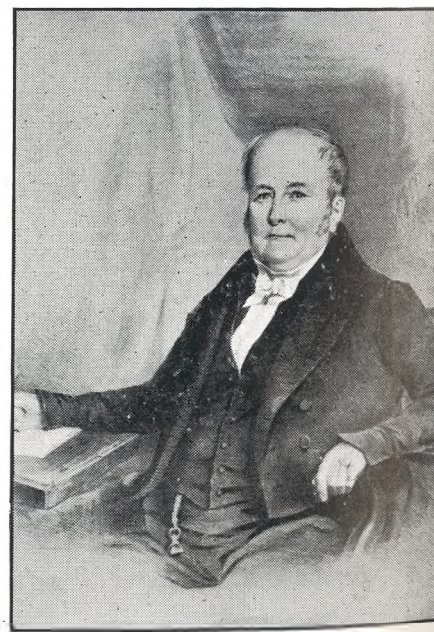
85 WINCHCOMBE STREET, . . CHELTHENHAM.



LAST INTERMENT AT GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.



MRS. ANNE BOX WINTLE.
Died at Keynsham-parade, Cheltenham, Dec. 16,
1867, in her 90th year. She was buried in the
family vault in the graveyard outside the
Cathedral on Dec. 23rd, this being the last
interment there.



REV. HENRY WINTLE (RECTOR OF MATSON).
Died May 1st, 1850, aged 80 years. Mr. and Mrs.
Wintle were grandfather and grandmother of
Mrs. H. Y. J. Taylor, of Linden-road, Gloucester.