

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

No. 309.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906.

**CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.**

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),

**"MR. HOPKINSON."**

NEXT WEEK, the Two Powerful Plays,

**"SAPHO" and "TRILBY."**

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**

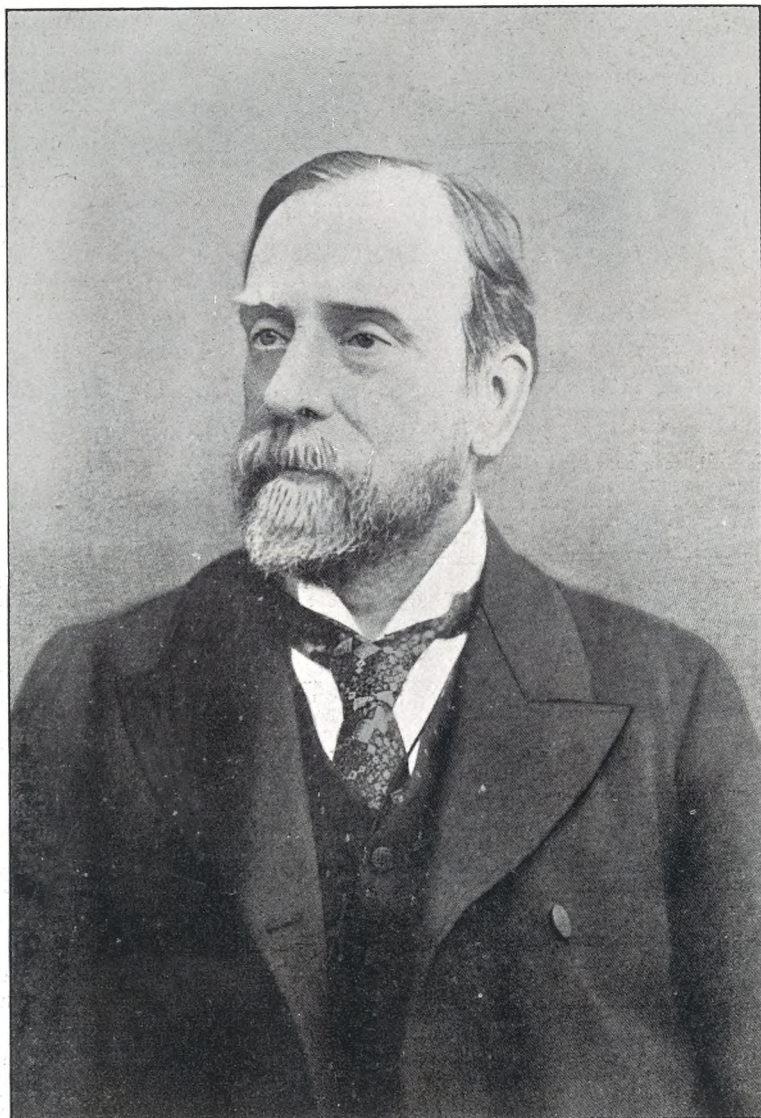
(Near Free Library).

**CHELTENHAM.**

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

WHERE WATER IS SOLD.

Strange as it may seem, says "The Penny Magazine," water has been sold in the streets of Paris for over half a century. In ten different streets in the city there are as many different fountains, where for a penny you may buy twenty-two gallons of water or fill your bucket for a centime, the tenth of a penny. There was a time when these fountains did a brisk business, for in 1860 the income from them was £28,000. In 1882 it had dwindled to about £1,000.



**DR. G. B. FERGUSON,**

OF CHELTENHAM.

DIED NOV. 27, 1906, AGED 63 YEARS.





**NOTGROVE'S OLDEST INHABITANT.**  
MR. WILLIAM BERRY,

whose 90th birthday was June 13th, 1906. He has always resided in Notgrove, as did his parents. His only infirmity is deafness. He is still able to read without the aid of spectacles, has a good appetite, and is fond of gardening, and is frequently seen engaged in this occupation when weather permits. He is also very fond of singing, and in his younger days was a noted banjo and tin whistle player. He is a regular attendant at Notgrove Church, and resides with his granddaughter (Mrs. Hanks), who has been with him all her life.

## HOW TO BECOME A SEER.

[BY RALPH NEVILLE IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

A fish is a denizen of our world, just as a man is; but it is obvious that his conception of that world must be exceedingly imperfect. Confined as he is to his one element, what can he know of the beauties of landscape, of the glory of sunset, of all the far-reaching interests of our varied and complex human life? He lives on a globe of which he knows almost nothing; yet no doubt he is perfectly satisfied, and thinks that what he knows is all that there is to know.

It is not flattering to our self-conceit, yet it is an absolute fact, that the majority of mankind are precisely in the position of the fish. They are living in a world, only one small department of which is within their ken; yet they are quite content with that, and are usually blankly ignorant or fiercely incredulous as to the wider and grander life which surrounds them on every side.

How do we know of this wider life? Not only by religious revelation, but because there are men who have learnt how to see, not indeed the whole of our world, but at least very much more of it than is seen by most of us. These men are called seers, or clairvoyants.

How do they see more than others? By the development of latent faculties—faculties which every one possesses, but which very few as yet know how to use. Readers who refer to the book called "Man Visible and Invisible" will find the explanation that every man has other vehicles of matter, finer than the physical—what St. Paul calls a "spiritual body" as well as a "natural body." Just as through the senses of the physical body we become aware of physical things, so through what may be called the senses of these finer bodies do we become aware of higher things.

The advantages of such sight are manifold. For its possessor most of the problems of life are solved; for him it is not a matter of belief but of knowledge that man survives what is called death, that eternal Justice rules the world, that there is no possibility of final failure for anyone, and that, however deceptive appearances may be, in reality all things are working together for good. The man who is a seer can not only learn much more than others; he can also be much more helpful to his fellows than others.

Since this seership is so desirable, since it lies latent in every one of us, is it possible for us to develop it? Certainly it is possible, if we are willing to take the trouble; but for most men it is no light task, for it needs self-control and self-denial, perseverance and singlemindedness. Other men have done it, so you can do it; but you cannot do it unless you are prepared to throw all your strength into the effort, with an iron determination to succeed.

The motive, too, must be pure and good. The man whose enquiry is prompted merely by curiosity, or by an ignoble desire to obtain advantage or wealth for himself, will do well to take warning in time, and leave any sort of occult training severely alone until mental and moral development are further advanced. For added power and knowledge mean added responsibility, and the higher sight may be a curse instead of a blessing to a man who is not ready for it.

I may tell you at once that there are many ways by which the inner sight may be opened, and that most of them are full of danger, and decidedly to be avoided. It may be done by the use of certain drugs, by self hypnosis, or by mesmerism; but all these methods may bring with them evil results which far outweigh the gain. There is, however, one process which can by no possibility do harm, and that is the way of thought control and meditation. I do not say that the undertaking is easy; on the contrary, it is excessively difficult; but I do say that it can be done by determined effort, and *has* been done.

The man who wishes to attempt this must begin by acquiring control over his mind—a herculean task in itself. He must learn to concentrate himself upon whatever he may be doing, so that it shall be as well done as is possible for him to do it. He must learn to wield his mind as a skilful fencer wields his weapon, turning it at will in this direction or that, and able to hold

it as firmly as he wishes. Try to keep your mind fixed on one definite subject for five minutes; before half the time has passed you will find that wandering thoughts have slipped in unawares, and that the mind has soared far away beyond the limits which you set for it. That means that it is not perfectly under your control, and to remedy this condition of affairs is our first step—by no means an easy one.

Nothing but steady practice will give you this power; but fortunately that practice can be had all day long, in business as well as during hours of leisure. If you are writing a letter keep your mind on that letter, so that it may be written perfectly, clearly, quickly. If you are reading a book, keep your mind on that book, so that you may fully grasp the author's meaning, and gain from it all that he intended you to gain.

In addition to thus practising concentration in the ordinary course of life, it will help you greatly if you set apart a certain time each day for special effort along these lines. Early morning is the most suitable; but, at any rate, it should be at a time when you can be sure of being undisturbed, and it should always be at the same hour, for regularity is of the essence of the prescription. Sit down quietly and get your mind perfectly calm; agitation or worry of any sort is absolutely fatal to success. Then turn the mind upon some subject selected beforehand, and consider it attentively and exhaustively, never allowing your thoughts to stray aside from it in the slightest degree even for a moment. Of course at first they *will* stray; but each time you must drag them back again and start afresh. You will find it best to take concrete subjects at first; it is only after much practice that the more abstract can profitably be considered.

When through long habitude all has become thoroughly familiar to you, when you have attained the power of concentration, and when the mind is well under your control, another step may be taken. Begin now to choose for the subject of your morning meditation the highest ideal that you know. What the ideal is does not matter in the least, for we are dealing now with basic facts and not with outer forms. The Hindu may take Sri Krishna, the Mohammedan Allah, the Parsi Zoroaster, the Buddhist the Lord Buddha, and the Christian the Lord Christ, or if he be a Catholic perhaps the Blessed Virgin or one of the saints. It matters not at all, so long as the contemplation of that ideal arouses within the man all the ardour, devotion, and reverence of which he is capable. Let him contemplate it with ecstasy, till his soul is filled with its glory and its beauty; and then, putting forth all the strength which his long practice of concentration has given him, let him make a determined effort to raise his consciousness to that ideal, to merge himself in it, to become one with it.

He may make that endeavour many times, and yet fail; but if he perseveres, and if his attempt is made in all truth and unselfishness, there will come a time when suddenly he knows that he has succeeded, when the blinding light of the higher life bursts upon him, and he realises that ideal a thousandfold more than ever before. Then he sinks back again into the light of common day; yet that one momentary glimpse can never be forgotten, and even if he goes no further, life will never look the same to him as it did before he saw.

But if he persists in his endeavour, that splendid flash of glory will come to him again and yet again, each time staying with him longer and longer, until at last he will find himself able to raise his consciousness to that higher level whenever he wishes—to observe, to examine and explore that phase of life just as he now does this; and thus he joins the ranks of those who know instead of guessing or vaguely hoping, and become a power for good in the world.

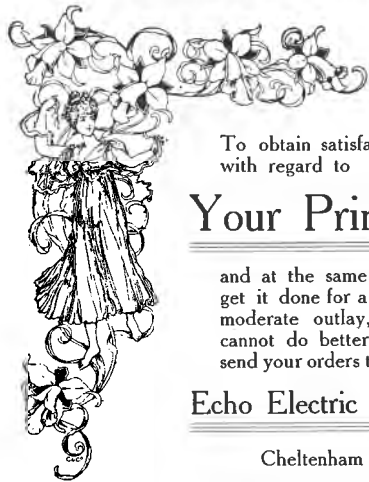
## PITCHER & SON

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, . . . CHELTENHAM.



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.

The landlord of the Angel and Royal Hotel at Grantham yearly has to pay a sum of 40s. for a sermon to be delivered in the parish church against drunkenness, the preacher receiving the mone. This is in accordance with the bequest of one Michael Solomon, made in the year 1706. The two hundredth sermon was delivered on Sunday last.

THE GLOUCESTER GAOL ESCAPE.

CONVICTS' CAPTORS.



P.C. HAZEL, OF LYDNEY, who assisted P.C. Wiltshire in handcuffing the escaped convicts.



INSPECTOR SEABRIGHT, OF LYDNEY, who was one of the search party that tracked the convicts to their hiding place.



P.C. WILTSHIRE, OF YORKLEY, who climbed the rick at Lydney and captured the four convicts.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

\* \*

Last year I wrote that it was many years since I remembered a November like that one in which there were so few statutory notices forthcoming of applications in the ensuing session of Parliament for Acts to authorise the carrying out of public or private projects in Gloucestershire. Well, this November is even worse than the corresponding one last year. In fact, the only notices given are of two Bills—one by the Midland Railway Co. in regard to the making of three new footpaths near Bristol, and the other by the Bristol Corporation in reference to come money and tonnage matters at Avonmouth Docks. It really looks as if there are no districts left in this county for railway engineers to conquer, with a reasonable prospect of profit to promoters, and that corporations and local authorities are prudently crying a halt to ambitious local schemes. Those of us who remember the good old times of Parliamentary schemes of bygone years must think that the present is a very flat and unenterprising age. I am told on the best authority that in the great railway year (1846) one county newspaper had to issue a large supplement alone containing Parliamentary notices affecting Gloucestershire, and that there was a net profit of £200 on these advertisements.

\* \*

Since his appointment to the Great Seal, now just under a year ago, the Lord Chancellor has had some half-dozen livings in the Diocese of Gloucester fall in to his patronage, chiefly by the deaths of the holders, and there are now three of them vacant—Corse, Cold Aston, and Notgrove—and I fancy his lordship will have difficulty in finding suitable clergymen willing to take these not fat livings in agricultural districts. In regard to the former one, I find that a Liverpool clergyman to whom it was offered has with much regret declined the offer, as he considered the opportunities for usefulness would not be sufficient. Besides, the amount of the cost of the dilapidations on the vicarage and the glebe which he would have had to pay would have been large. I have before now alluded to the serious question of dilapidations having been a bar to the acceptance by several clergymen of local livings, because in default of there being sufficient estate of the previous incumbents to cover the cost of putting the dilapidations in order, they would have

become liable for them if they had taken the livings. The fact of the incumbencies of Cold Aston and Notgrove being vacant together is opportune, for now the way is cleared to a continuation of the policy of the grouping of small benefices, which practice has been found to work so well on the Cotswolds, and which, to my mind, is the best practical way of solving a pressing Church difficulty in small rural parishes where the stipend is small and the parsonage large.

\* \*

The death of the second Viscount Hampden removes an estimable nobleman who, when a commoner, was closely connected with this county as a politician. As a Liberal, he, Mr. Brand, fought Stroud borough and division four times, and was successful thrice and unseated on petition once. His introduction to the borough was in the height of the petition and election excitement of the memorable year of 1874. He might have been again returned as a Unionist at the election of 1886, but he sacrificed his political career for a time by magnanimously retiring in favour of the late Mr. George Holloway, his old opponent, but then political ally. He was a very able and polished speaker. The last time I heard him speak in this county, and with great effect, too, was at a mass meeting at the Shire-hall on April 10th, 1893, when he was one of the principal protesters against Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill. The late Duke of Beaufort was then chairman.

GLEANER.

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, CHELTENHAM.

Christmas  
Private Greeting  
Cards.

Splendid Selection  
to choose from at the  
Echo Office.

Artistic Work  
at moderate prices.

Orders for Abroad  
should be placed at once.

One of the features of the closing hours of a recent bazaar at South Norwood was a competition in milk-drinking from babies' bottles.

## THE REASON WHY.

\* \*

[BY KATHLEEN WHITTENBURY GILBERT.]

\* \*

## I.

The station was crowded. The outgoing train had not a vacant seat; distracted femininity flew from door to door, tearing them open, and before even looking to see if the compartment contained an empty place, flying impatiently to the next. There were the usual number of persons to whom it was a necessity that this particular train should not be missed, and who preferred standing in the train to being left lamenting on the platform.

Among those to whom the catching of this train meant much, was a tall brown-eyed girl, who sprang agilely into a full compartment almost as the train started. Closing the door sharply, she opened a book and stood with an expression of determination on her face, which is difficult for a girl when she knows there is a man in the carriage who will not let her stand, for she had recognised the figure of a young man who had given up his seat to her before. She had scarcely read a word before he had risen, and, with a smile, pointed to his vacant place.

She shook her head. "No—really, I—" she began, but she took it, murmuring "Thank you!" and sat down.

At the different stations one by one the other passengers alighted, and these two found themselves alone.

She sat in the corner, her head bent over her book, the vivid colours of the autumn sun turning her brown hair to shades of gold. He sat in the far corner opposite, his eyes riveted upon her.

Unaware of his intent scrutiny, she started in surprise when, suddenly moving almost opposite her, he spoke.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you think it very rude if I asked you to allow me to sketch you? Just now, as you sit there?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him. She had considered him a mere everyday young man, but now she noticed a sensitive dreamy expression in his eyes that stamped him an artist. She was so surprised that she did not speak, and he continued:

"I really won't disturb you, and you don't know what it means to me. You've just hit off something I very much want." He had already whipped out note-book and pencil, and his fingers twitched as though anxious to begin.

She looked at him with a chilly smile. "It is a curious request," she said icily.

"Well, you know, I need not have said anything at all about it. But I did not care to do that which would have seemed like stealing."

There was something in this seemingly shy youth becoming bold that the girl laughed in spite of herself.

"Very well," she said, and dropping her eyes on her book, she apparently gave it her whole attention.

But the words danced before her and the sentences jumbled themselves together, and it was by the greatest exertion of will that she kept her eyes lowered at all. She longed to see what those clever-looking fingers were doing. At last, after what seemed an interminable period, she let herself look along the floor of the carriage as far as his boots; but there was little satisfaction to be gained there, so she looked a little higher, and her eyes became fascinated by the swift strokes of the pencil and the rough sketch on his knee. She grew curious, for there was no picture as a whole to be seen. In one place she saw a sketch of her hands holding a book; in another the folds or drapery of her skirt; in another the general outline of a figure and face. Presently she raised her eyes still higher. Then the pencil paused awhile, and she raised her eyes fully and met his; but only for a second, for his were full of such wonderful light, that, feeling awed and indignant in one, she quickly looked away—awed, because she felt she had caught a glimpse of his soul; indignant, because she thought he had no right to let a stranger see it. She began to collect her various belongings, slightly moving her position.

"Oh—don't!" came in a voice of such heart-breaking appeal, that she looked up again.

"This is my station, I must go," she said, as the train began to slacken speed.

"Oh, no! Not just yet," he cried, with despair



ARTIFICIAL FLOWER DISPLAY AT CHELTENHAM VICTORIA ROOMS.

in his voice. One minute, and it is all the world to me—go, and it is—nothing."

Endeavouring to feel angry, the girl looked at him once more. She would never have thought his face capable of such expression and power. While she looked she hesitated; the train had stopped; she could hear the slamming of doors, the shout of the guard, but she still sat on. He—or she—who hesitates is lost; the whistle shrieked, the train gave a jerk and began to glide away. A flush overspread her face, and she sank back ashamed into her corner. He drew, almost savagely, covering page after page of the note-book. At last, after one long searching look, he lingered over his work, putting a touch here and there, then he closed the book and placed it on the seat beside him. The fire died from his eyes; the strained expression vanished, and in a moment or two there reappeared the face of the open-faced youth. It was not until the next station was reached and he stepped out to assist her that he spoke.

"I shall never forget what you have done for me to-day," he said. "I only beg that you will forgive me."

## II.

When next they met, some months after, they stood side by side before a picture—the picture. It was at a soiree given at a private view of a certain Art Exhibition, and the young artist, from where he stood hungrily watching the different effects his work had on the more or less casual spectators, had suddenly turned his head to the door and seen her come in. She had walked straight to his end of the gallery, and stood motionless before the picture.

He came to her side, and with an apology for speaking to her began:

"I felt you would come this evening."

She turned her face quickly from the picture to him, and gave him a little distant bow.

"We always have tickets sent us for these soirees," she said coolly, turning her eyes back again to the picture; "but," she added truthfully, "I came because I saw a reproduction of this in the catalogue," she nodded towards the picture. She looked round to find her companions, but they had become separated in the crush, or perhaps seeing that she was attended, did not trouble themselves further about her.

"It is curious, but I knew you would come," he repeated.

She shrugged her shoulders carelessly, but did not take her eyes from the picture.

There was the flaming sunset just as she remembered it, with its vivid reds lighting up the face of a girl sitting by a window, a book in her hands. There was a simplicity about the pose and dressing of the picture that might easily cause it to be passed by as an excellent piece of

detail work, unless one looked at the face of the girl, who had raised her eyes, and waited with lips just parted to speak. She seemed to meet the gaze of each person with a wondering, half-haughty expression. There was a mysterious attraction in the beautiful brown eyes, in which lay the fascination of the picture.

"Do you like her?" asked the young artist, eagerly.

"Not as a portrait of myself," the girl answered.

"Oh—why not?"

"You have used too much of the ideal," she answered, "and too little of the real me."

He looked from one to the other critically, then said bluntly:—

"I see what you mean; all the same I don't think so. That is you to me."

She laughed lightly. "It's like a puddle trying to reflect the sunset," she answered. "All the same I feel proud to have helped a little towards it—though I am rather relieved that no one appears to recognise me as the original."

They stood before the picture a few minutes longer, then he said: "There are some miniatures in that little room; will you come and see them?"

She looked round; her family, evidently thinking her safely disposed of, had wandered away, so she figuratively snapped her fingers at Mrs. Grundy, and took his proffered arm.

He pushed forward a chair, and she obediently sat in it.

"I feel I ought to say something about the unusualness of my behaviour that day last year," he said, "only I don't know where to begin."

"Oh, it's all done now," she said hurriedly. "It cannot be helped."

"It was an irresistible impulse," he began. "I had been haunted for days by something that I could not make tangible, although I knew it must one day take form. The moment I saw you with the sun behind you, it flashed upon me what I must do. The mystery, weirdness, is my creation, but it was you who made it possible for me to create it. Any other girl might have sat there, possibly with ten times your beauty, but it was only you who made it possible for me to put it into being. There," he finished abruptly, rising and standing before her, "this is my excuse."

"Oh, I am not angry about it," she answered, "and I think the effect beautiful, and the colouring exquisite, but it is really wonderful to have made that out of me—and I don't quite understand it," she added reflectively. "There is a mystery in the face—something that lifts the picture out of the commonplace—something that will haunt me until I know the meaning. Can you explain it to me?"

"It is inexplicable," he answered quickly; "at least, that is, it is no more explainable than the instinct that made me find in you the





**MR. JAMES PETER,**  
ESTATES AGENT TO LORD  
FITZHARDINGE.

Presented on Wednesday by the Gloucestershire Root, Fruit, and Grain Society with a handsome enlarged photograph of a group of the members taken on the occasion of their field day at Berkeley Castle, as an acknowledgment of his kind reception and entertainment of them on behalf of Lord Fitzhardinge.



**MISS P. M. RANDERSON,**  
of Cheltenham Ladies' College Teaching Staff,  
Died Nov. 12, 1906.

THE FATHER'S PART.

\*

The father who merely provides for his children, but who takes no active part in their training, does not fulfil his obligations to them (says the "Catholic Columbian"). Especially is this true of the boys. A man child needs a man for his guide, teacher, model, friend. If he does not get that helper, in cases in which he could have him, he is wronged of his due. The father who takes no interest in his boys need not wonder if they avoid him. Happy the man whose sons admire him, love to be in his company, proudly imitate his ways, and go to him confidently for sympathy and advice. He is made of good material. His own, those who know him best and see him oftenest, have passed judgment on him and have found him good. His boys will grow up like him. They will follow in his footsteps. They will not depart from the right path. They will be his joy in the days of his strength and his comfort in old age.

\* \*

AN ETERNAL MINOR.

\*

An eternal minor and a domestic prisoner, the Indian woman has not even the choosing of her husband. It often happens, indeed, that she becomes engaged while yet a baby. She can even have the terrible fate of becoming a widow without ever being married; and imagination dare not dwell on what life may mean to an Indian widow. The ceremony of the taly finished, the bride and bridegroom return to their seats. A large white linen cover is wrapped round their knees and an enormous bronze vase of rice is placed before them. All the men present then walk before the newly-married pair, each of us taking some few grains from the vase and throwing three handfuls of rice at their feet. We receive in return another garland of flowers for our neck. Then all the young girls present go in procession three times round the court, followed by the bride and bridegroom, so that the power of the evil eye may be averted. The final ceremonial touch is the three sprinklings with water of all the guests. Later the dancing girls and musicians are introduced. The latter mix English airs with the old music of their country. So the bride begins her new life of slavery to a mingling of the sounds of "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" and the traditional Ragas of her land. May one not see a hope for the breaking up of her bondage in the incongruity?—"T.P.'s Weekly."

\* \*

His travelling propensities having caused the Kaiser's railway bill to make a deep inroad on his Civil List, his Majesty has decided to do most of his journeying henceforth by motor-car.



Steeplejacks at work on St. Mark's Church, Cheltenham, 170ft. high, and substituting copper vane for iron.

A STRANGE PROFESSION.

\*

Did you ever hear of a professional bailer-out? I have met one, says a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal." He is a gentleman with grey hairs and many years, and they call him the "Samaritan." Having more money than he knows what to do with, he decided a long time ago to buy freedom. He is buying it every week.

His market is in the streets of West-end London. Every night, soon after the darkness falls, you can see him strolling round, chatting now and again with the constables. Later he will peep in at a police-station, and the smile he wears when he leaves is as broad almost as his purse.

He was present at a row one night, it seems, when a man with a handle to his name was arrested. He followed him to the lock-up, and "backed" the man's promise to come to court next day. That was the beginning. Now he has imitators galore.

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 209th prize has been divided between Mr. Frank H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, Rugby, Alstone-avenue, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church and Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

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

them for the whole picture—or than the instinct that made me turn and see you the moment you came into the room. I am afraid no words of mine can explain it; if you ever find a meaning in it, I suppose instinct will have told it you."

"It was a liberty to take with my face," she said, laughing confusedly, "putting riddles into my eyes, which generally, I am afraid, speak things all too clearly."

He looked at her suddenly, but she bent over some dainty miniatures in a glass case, and there was a long silence. Presently he, too, leaned over the case, and began to talk of the merits of the various dainty paintings they studied so earnestly.

She listened without understanding a word he spoke, her breath coming rather quickly, and presently he looked up at her with something of the boyish expression once more on his face.

"It is a curious thing," he said musingly, "our being thrown together in this way. I suppose you would scout the idea of affinity of souls, and all that—bosh?"

"Oh, dear, yes," she said quickly, pushing her chair back.

"Yes; but you know there is a power that mutually attracts people; there is no getting over that fact." Then he laughed. "Romance would make quite a long story out of this episode, only, of course, there would be a proper ending. In a book we should be bound to have fallen in love and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, that is just where fiction differs from real life," she replied promptly.

"You don't think then, for instance," he went on solemnly, "that we two—might end in—"

She rose hurriedly, not trusting the expression on the earnest face, nor indeed the somewhat rapid beating of her heart.

"Good gracious, no," she said sternly; "why, we have never even been introduced."

There was a second's pause. Then he held out his arm.

"Will you allow me to take you back to the other room, just while I go and fetch the nearest M.C.?"

Before she realised what he meant to do, he left her, returning a moment later with a flurried looking gentleman with a white badge in his coat, who, after audibly asking both their names, said politely:—

"Miss Dennison—may I present Mr. Richard Orme?" and vanished.



OPENING CEREMONY.

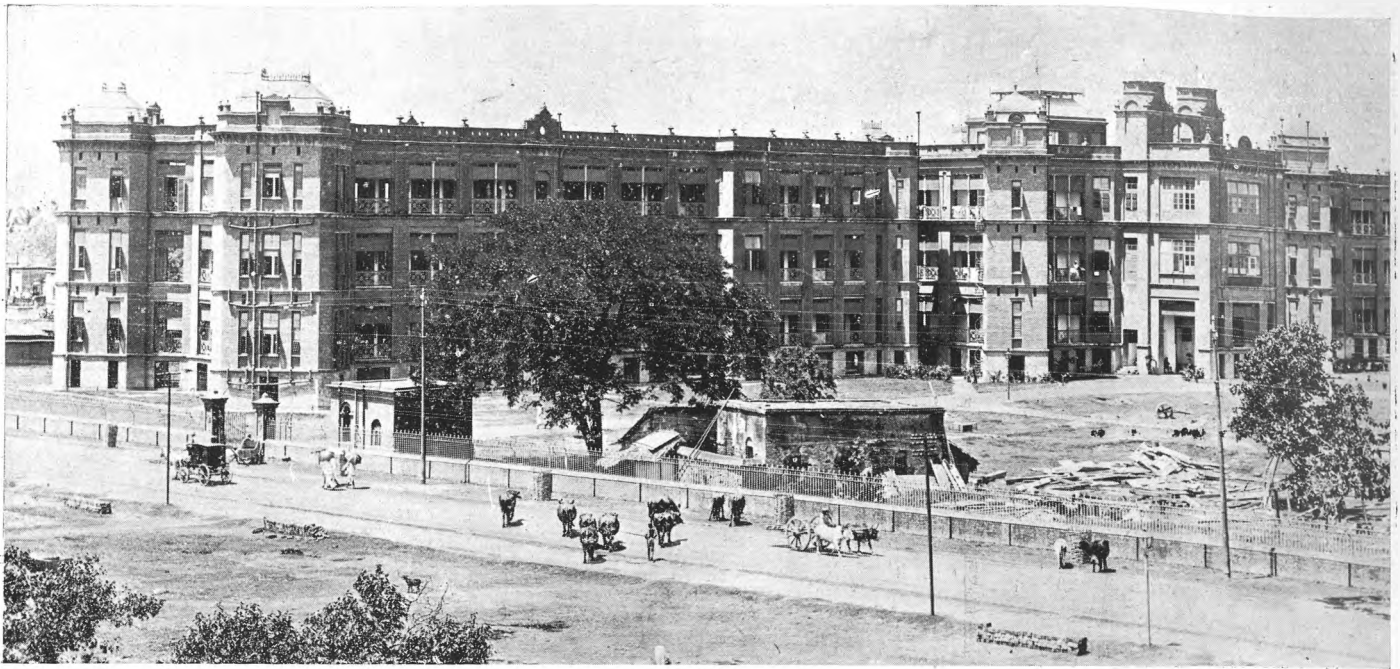
Miss Morgan. Mrs. Petley. Col. Rogers. J. H. Evans. Grant. Ward. Wingfield. Middleton. A. Miles.



OFFICERS AND FANCIERS.

Back: J. Kingscote, W. Mills, Sants.  
 Second row: W. Seymour, W. H. Head, Col. Snead, A. Miles, F. Stranger, N. Long, G. Sparrow, G. Grant.  
 Front row: F. Jefford, L. Darter, H. Cannon, J. H. Evans, —, Head, jun., W. Middleton (Tan Club secretary).





OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

\*  
GENERAL HOSPITAL, CALCUTTA.

\*

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



VIEW OF MESSRS. WAITE & SON'S SHOP,  
. . . 349 High Street, Cheltenham.

Showing East Window . .  
of the old Parish Church's.

(3 Doors below Town Clock).

This Jewellery .  
Business is one  
of the oldest . . .  
established in . . .  
Cheltenham, . . .  
having been . . .  
founded nearly a  
Century ago. . .

Their large and varied  
Stock of RINGS is . .  
QUITE A FEATURE,  
and well worth seeing.





**MR. WILLIAM SHEPHERD AND MRS. ANN SHEPHERD**

Entered Winchcombe Workhouse on August 25th, 1905—the sixty-seventh anniversary of their wedding day. For many years they lived at Ford, in the same house in which a married daughter (Mrs. Mitchell), who is between sixty

and seventy years of age, now resides. The old couple afterwards went to Alderton, where they remained until the above date. Mr. Shepherd is aged 93, and his wife, who has just died, was in her 98th year.



**THE LATE MR. ISAAC NEALE,**  
of 12 New-street, Cheltenham, who rang the first firebell in the town, more than fifty years ago.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TELEGRAPH.

A MARVELLOUS INVENTION.

Professor Korn's marvellous discovery of "phototelegraphy," or the transmission of photographs by electric telegraph, has naturally excited the greatest interest among French scientific men. The young Munich physicist was at one time a pupil of Professor H. Poincare. The latter is enthusiastic over the discovery. He gives a clear explanation of Professor Korn's invention, the principle of which rests on the property possessed by the metalloid selenium of conducting electricity more or less in proportion to the degree to which it is exposed to light. The transmitting apparatus (says the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph") consists essentially of a system of cylinders revolving by clockwork, and unwinding a film on which is printed the photograph to be transmitted, the whole being contained in a dark chamber, which has one small aperture. Through the latter a strong lamp throws a light concentrated by a lens. The rays reach the film as it is unwound, and are stopped or traverse it more or less according to its degree of transparency. When they pass they strike a plate of selenium connected with the electric current. The process is admirably simple. The current sent on the wire varies in strength, according as the selenium receives more or less light. At the other end the current reaches a galvanometer devised by the inventor to allow the rays sent by a lamp to pass through a sheet of thin aluminium on to a sensitive film, which is unrolled by a cylinder revolving with a motion in harmony with that of the transmitting cylinder. Thus each point of the sensitive film is successively exposed to the light in a degree exactly

corresponding to the impression on the original photograph. When the transmission is complete, the receiving film can be at once developed.

Professor Poincare is in doubt only as to one matter of detail. Selenium once exposed to light, and rendered a conductor of electricity, retains its conductivity for some time after the light has been withdrawn. How has Professor Korn overcome this difficulty? There is no doubt that he has mastered the problem, for he has transmitted many photographs over a distance of a thousand miles at the rate of six minutes for each telegraphic picture. Professor Poincare doubts whether the invention will lead yet awhile to visual telegraphy. To enable the eye to see at a distance, the image must be transmitted in one-tenth of a second instead of six minutes. However, an apparatus of 3,600 separate wires carrying as many independent currents at the same moment, if it were possible, or worth while to build such a machine, might, by the same process as that of Professor Korn's invention, transmit instantaneously a photograph such as he has telegraphed in six minutes. The apparent miracle of seeing a picture a thousand miles away is, therefore, now at least conceivable.

\* \*

The Guildford Workhouse is so overcrowded that inmates are being accommodated at night in the chapel of the institution.

Signor Marconi is reported to be at work on a new invention, by which, through the medium of electricity, two typewriters are connected with each other, and the writing of the one is automatically reproduced by the other in any desired place.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

Care of the hands is a most important matter. Exaggeratedly manicured nails, and hands so carefully guarded that they are quite useless, are, of course, ridiculous, and, as a rule, men object to them strongly, especially to nails cut very long and pointed, though few women seem to be aware of this. But there is a medium in all things, and pretty hands, with well tended and scrupulously clean nails, free from rough skin and inequalities, with a charming polish, enhance the attractions of any woman in a marked degree. Nails apt to split and to suffer from the up-growing skin at the base should have a little vaseline or lanolin rubbed in at night, and they will be wonderfully assisted by this simple process. Prevention is better than cure!—"P.T.O."

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

[BY JULIA HARRIS MAY.]

If thou dost ask what is a friend,  
Thus do I answer thee, forsooth,  
A friend's a friend in age or youth,  
A friend continueth to the end.  
A friend consoleth. When thy heart  
Is torn with anguish unexpressed,  
His sympathy but giveth best  
Of friendship's truest, holiest part.  
A friend remembereth. Though the years  
Pass on and on, he loveth still,  
And more and more he loveth, till  
Upon thy grave he droppeth tears.  
A friend excuseth. Human thou,  
He knoweth it, and doth not see  
Thy little faults, or, seeing, he  
Excuseth them. He knoweth how.  
A friend forgiveth. If it be  
Thou speakest words of bitterness,  
Before thy willing lips express  
Their sorrow, he forgiveth thee.  
A friend believeth. Though the rest  
Should doubt thy honour, "Tis not so,"  
True friendship crieth, "for I know,  
And I will make it manifest."  
Hast such a friend? O hold him dear,  
More precious he than gold or gem,  
No earthly crown or diadem  
With perfect friendship can compare.



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

No. 310.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906.

**CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.**

THIS EVENING (7.45),

**"TRILBY."**

NEXT WEEK, Important Engagement,

**ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY**

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.**

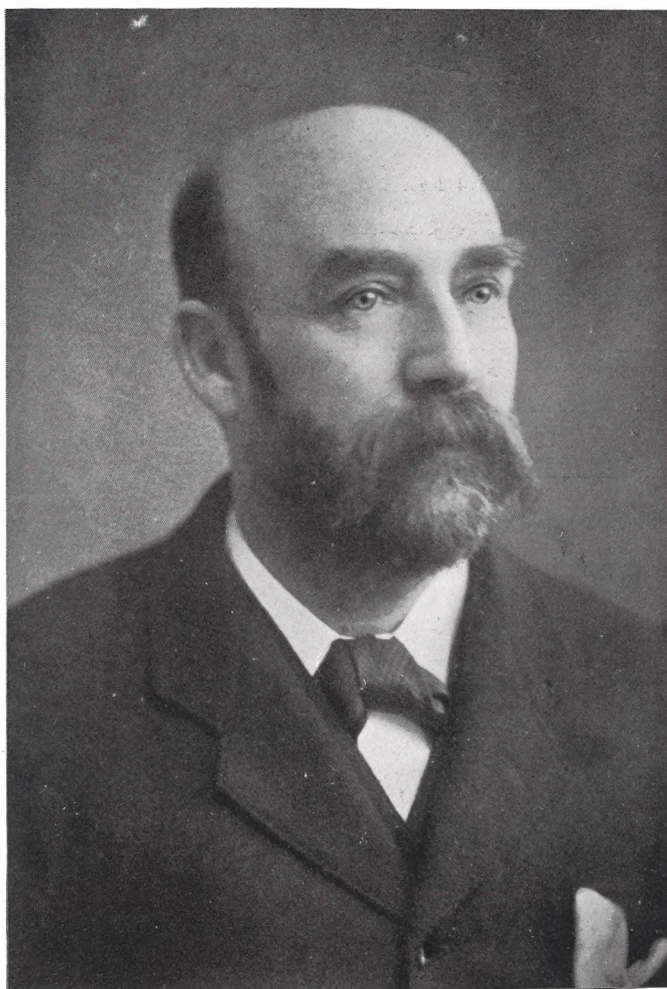
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

**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 210th prize has been divided between Mr. T. T. Beckerlegge, 2 St. Margaret's-terrace, and Miss J. R. Bicknell, 2 St. Margaret's-terrace, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Revs. J. Lloyd Davies at Highbury Congregational Church and Cambay Baptist Church.

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



**MR. F. F. WHEELER.**

FORTY YEARS HEAD MASTER OF DEVONSHIRE-STREET  
SCHOOL, CHELTENHAM.

DIED DECEMBER 7, 1906 AGED 67 YEARS.





**DR. FERGUSON'S FUNERAL IN PRESTBURY CHURCHYARD, DEC. 1, 1906.**  
ARRIVAL OF PROCESSION.

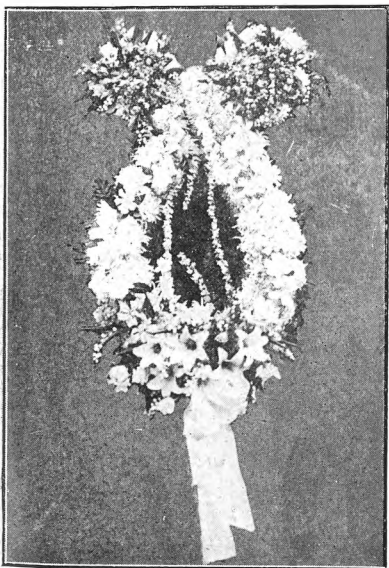


PROCESSION NEARING GRAVE.

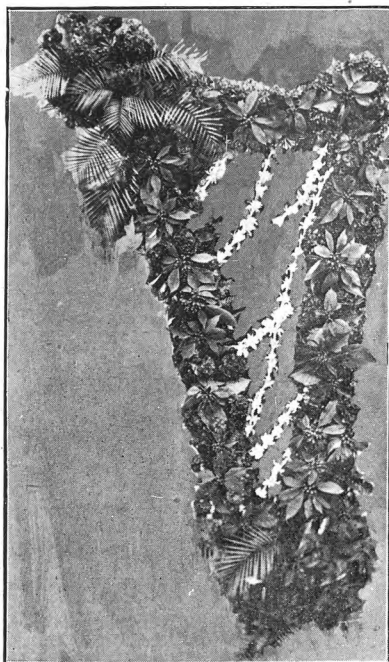




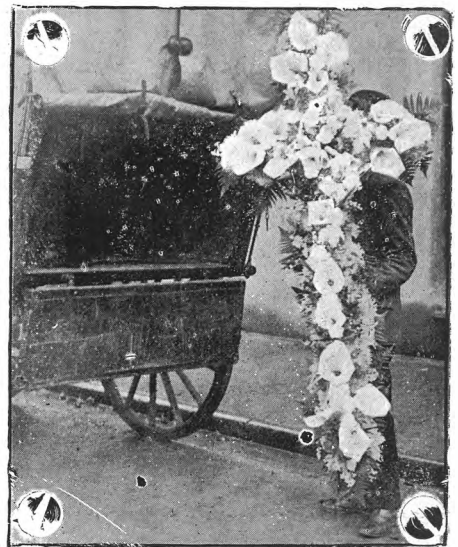
DR. FERGUSON'S GRAVE—A WEALTH OF FLORAL TRIBUTES.



Floral Lyre, composed of gardenias, white roses, lilies, and Parma violets, 4ft. high.



Floral Harp, 6ft. high, from his brother practitioners of the town, for the late Dr. Ferguson's funeral.



Cross, 6ft. high, for the late Miss Beale's funeral, made from flowers sent from the young ladies' homes.

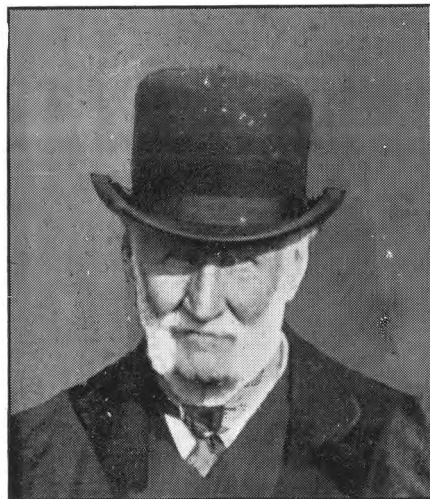


Specimens of recent beautiful Floral Work executed by G. PATES (late Pates & Sharpe), Imperial Nurseries, Cheltenham.

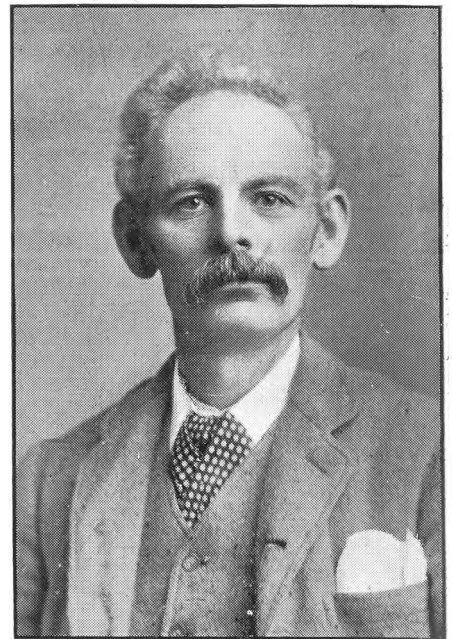
NEW  
COUNTY MAGISTRATES.



SIR WILLIAM TURNER THISELTON-DYER,  
K.C.M.G., C.I.E., F.R.S.,  
The Ferns, Crickley Hill, Witcomb.



MR. JOHN WEBB PROBYN,  
Abbenhall Lodge, Mitcheldean.



MR. THOMAS COGSWELL OVENS,  
The Shrubbery, Cirencester.



THE REV. ALFRED W. FREEMAN, M.A.,  
VICAR-DESIGNATE OF ASTON BLANK AND RECTOR-DESIGNATE OF NOTGROVE,  
WITH MRS. FREEMAN AND THE BABY.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Very rarely indeed has a man of his abilities and intellectual power adorned the British stage. The glories of the Lyceum—the entertainments, the banquets, the receptions, the supper-parties, chronicled by Mr. Stoker with a particularity which would be pathetic were it not monotonous—have long since departed; but the adversity that dogged his later years developed a latent fortitude and resolution of soul which might well have been sapped by a series of prosperity and adulation. Truly, if the successful actor is the petted child of fortune, the goddess balances her favours with cruel blows. Irving was not immune

from the weaknesses and foibles apparently inseparable from the calling of his choice. But, having selected his walk in life, he was the soul of loyalty to his brethren from the greatest to the least. He was never a hanger-on of "society," though some members of "society" were eager to hang on to him; and he would have instinctively revolted from that last meanness which besets the histrionic mind—the trading professionally upon the practice of the domestic virtues in private life. He could wish no higher praise than that, in his own peculiar line, he was a great actor; and it will probably be long before his true niche in our theatre is filled.—"Blackwood's Magazine."

WATERING PLANTS IN WINTER.

\*  
Much injury is sometimes done to delicate plants through their being watered with cold water during the winter. It may be laid down as a safe principle that when water is given to plants it should always be of the same temperature as that of the house in which the plants are growing. During winter, when cold winds and frost prevail, cold water should never be used in a warm greenhouse; it is always best for the water to be warmed three or four degrees above the temperature of the house. The application of water is a matter of importance; the soil in the pots should be kept as nearly as possible at a uniform degree of moisture, that degree being a medium between wetness and drought. To secure this it is wise to examine the plants daily. Bad drainage results in injury to plants when they are over-watered. If the soil be porous and the drainage good, water passes through the pot quickly, and no harm is done; but a soddened soil should always be avoided.—"The Garden."

\* \*  
The Victorian Assembly has passed a Bill rendering persons convicted of disturbing an election or other public meeting liable to a fine or imprisonment.

At Risby, Suffolk, Mrs. Susan Carter has reached her 100th birthday. The old lady remembers her father having been forced by the press-gang upon the Temeraire. He saw five of the Nore mutineers hung at the masthead.

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.





Photo by Barry Burge, Northleach.

**A NORTHLEACH WEDDING.**  
BULLOCK—RUCK.

NORTHLEACH PARISH CHURCH, NOVEMBER 29, 1906.



TRAM OFF THE TRACK IN HIGH-STREET, CHELTENHAM, DECEMBER 1, 1906.

**THE RE-FORWARDING OF LETTERS.**

The free re-forwarding of letters by the Post-office has always seemed to me to be wrong from a commercial point of view. If a letter from London to York costs a penny, I can't understand why another penny should not be paid if the same letter is forwarded to Scarborough. If it just missed you at different places and were re-forwarded to twenty different towns, it would only cost a penny instead of one shilling and eightpence. I am taking this view entirely from the point of Post-office revenue. Personally—especially as I am given to flying about the

country and missing letters—I consider it a most excellent and economical arrangement. In the present day, however, people are so given to sprawling their writing all over the envelope that but little room is left for the new address. Now, why does not someone bring out a new envelope to counteract this disadvantage? It should have a line down the middle from top to bottom. The left-hand space should be devoted to the original address and the right-hand one to subsequent additions. This would be a very simple remedy, and, once adopted, would probably be widely appreciated.—J. Ashby-Sterry, in "The Graphic."

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

\* \*

Foxhunters had good sport during the opening month of the season proper, but in not a few cases of very long runs hounds found themselves beaten by their quarry at the finish. For instance, the Cotswold, on November 27th, were after a fox for two hours and fifty minutes from Loudlow Gorse to Walton Cardiff. Then the Ledbury had two clinking runs, each on a Friday. The first, on November 13th, was from the Volters to Colwall, a point of nine miles, in an hour and forty minutes; and the second, on the 30th, from Corse Grove to Mr. Milne's famous drain at Ashchurch, a point of nine miles, in about two hours, though some old stagers assert that foxes were changed. This was by no means the first time that a Ledbury fox had swam the Severn and found safety in the Cotswold country, but the new Master, Sir William Cooke, has not yet emulated his predecessor, Mr. Carnaby Forster, in boating across and making his horse swim when hounds had followed a fox over the river into Lord Fitzhardinge's country. This reminds me that Lord Bathurst's Hounds had a remarkable experience on November 13th, when their fox got on a roof near Foss Cross, and on descending hounds pounced on him and all rolled together into an adjacent pond, wherein he was quickly killed and drowned, the carcass sinking. Two unfortunate accidents happened this November; one to the Duchess of Beaufort, through her horse over-jumping and turning a somersault whereby her Grace was badly shaken and her face cut; and the other to Mr. Walter Unwin, by a young farmer's horse lashing out and breaking his leg with the kick.

\* \*

A striking exemplification of the mystery of building tenders is in the prices of the competitors for the job of erecting the new block to accommodate about 170 patients at the Second County Asylum. Here the 33 tenders submitted ranged from £18,520 to £27,341! The contract, of course, went to the lowest tenderer, as this firm is a substantial one of good business repute. The mystery of the great disparities in the amounts of the tenders seems heightened by the fact that the first five Gloucester builders who tendered were out of the running entirely. In fact, two of them had the biggest figures of all. I have spoken to several experts in order to elucidate the matter, and asked them why in their opinion "foreign" firms have of late in several big competitive jobs in Gloucester and Cheltenham beaten the firms on the spot out of the field in price. And their reply has been that it is entirely the eternal labour question, that a "foreign" firm finds itself in a more advantageous position than a purely local one in the engagement of men and in securing the fullest measure of their services. Well, if that be so, I think it is imperative that the local working men concerned should see if they cannot help their masters more than they do at present, so as to secure and retain trade in their midst, with the accompanying benefits of the circulation of wages and of accruing profits to the masters. It would be interesting to know how much of the £6,000, which I understand is approximately the amount of wages represented in the Asylum contract, will find its way into the pockets of Gloucester men.

\* \*

The death of Sir Edward Reed only a few days after that of Lord Hampden, an opponent once for the representation of Cardiff, recalls to my memory a remarkable scene, in which he was a chief actor, that I witnessed at Gloucester. It was on Sunday, June 10th, 1877, when Jushie Wooyeno Kagnoria, the Japanese Ambassador, and his suite, in their national costume, broke for a few hours their journey from Paddington to Pembroke Dock, whither they were proceeding with Sir E. (then Mr.) Reed to the launch of the ironclad *Hi Yei*, which he had designed. The crowd at the station was even greater than the one which, some years later, Mr. Gladstone, leaving his railway carriage, addressed.

GLEANER.

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

## THOUGHT-FORMS.

[By "HELIODORE," IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

Many people, in these days, are talking about thought-forms, and a fair number can see them. Carmen Sylvia, the Queen of Roumania, published an article last year in which she wrote that she saw coloured forms when music was played. A London physician has stated that he observes the aura of his patients—the aura being the coloured clouds which surround every person to the eye of the clairvoyant.

Several writers have given information of their own observation of these phenomena, some dealing with the general appearance of the whole aura, and the changes it undergoes under the influence of thoughts and emotions, some recording the more specialised phenomena which go by the general name of thought-forms.

A thought-form is a shape composed of matter finer than the physical, caused by a thought, an emotion, or a desire, which gives to it its colour, its outline, and its length of life as a separate thing. Every person is continually generating these forms; many hang round him, sometimes not leaving the aura, sometimes floating at a short distance from it; many float away into the surrounding atmosphere, and may be seen to be attracted by one person or another near whom they happen to float, and entering his aura affect it in various ways; others dart off like carrier pigeons in a definite direction, and, if followed, will be seen to go straight to some definite person, hover over him, or enter into his aura.

However they may behave, they have this special characteristic, that they are forms of subtle matter, produced by everybody, and affecting everybody. Everyone creates thought-forms which affect his neighbours, and also re-act upon himself; everyone experiences the effect of similar thought-forms created by others.

Examination has shown that the colour of a thought-form depends on the nature of the emotion which it expresses, or which motivated the creative thought. Thus anger gives red thought-forms, devotion blue, love rose-colour, and so on.

Clearness of outline depends on definiteness of thought. Length of existence depends partly on the strength of the generating thought, and partly on whether or not the thought-form meets with others of its own kind, and is sufficiently synchronous with them in its vibrations to coalesce with them. A strong thought-form will sometimes devour feebler thought-forms of the same kind, and grow stronger by assimilating them.

All thought-forms are made out of the aura of their creator; part of the aura, shaped into a thought-form, breaks off from the parent aura, and sets up an independent existence. The constant loss is as constantly supplied by an in-drawal of matter from the surrounding atmosphere, and by the incorporation of captured thought-forms.

Thus, an interchange of materials goes on between the mental and astral bodies of people, just as between their physical bodies; and we are insensibly affected and modified by the thoughts and emotions of the people with whom we live, of the community of which we form part.

Public opinion is made up of innumerable thought-forms, those of a similar kind coalescing and gradually forming a thought-form of increasing power, which over-shadows the community, and makes its influence felt by everybody. It is almost impossible for a man to free himself completely from the influence of such a thought-form, and its powerful vibrations often reduce his own into a sympathetic harmony with themselves.

Towards men of a criminal tendency are drawn thought-forms of a nature congruous with their own special line of will, thought and action. A man of violent passions will attract to himself floating thought-forms generated by others who were feeling passions at the same time; thought-forms of anger will be attracted by him, strong thought-forms from a violently angry person, weak ones from passing traces of vexation and displeasure; all these will nourish and increase his own passions, and in a crime of violence into

which he is hurried by these passions all these thought-forms take part, and all their generators are co-partners in his guilt. The divine justice assigns to each his due share of the fault, and each reaps exactly as he has sown.

"He that hateth his brother is a murderer." The thought of hate has helped to sharpen the steel of the assassin.

Similarly a man of good tendencies may, when circumstances afford the opportunity, become the incarnation of innumerable thoughts of helpfulness and protection, and may perform an act of heroism, unexpected by himself or others, because he has appropriated and assimilated thoughts congruous with his own good nature, and the gate of opportunity has been opened for him by circumstances. Here also divine justice assigns to each thought-creator his due share of merit, and each shall also reap exactly as he has sown.

A difficulty may arise in the minds of many with relation to thought-forms. "How can thought, which is immaterial, take form, which is material?" The word "thought-form" is a conventional term, and is, strictly speaking, inaccurate; it means a thought embodied in a form.

But still the questioner may persist: "How can the immaterial be embodied?" Thought cannot truly be embodied, but every change in thought corresponds with a vibration in matter, and when a certain fragment of matter is made to vibrate in a way which corresponds with a certain state of thought, the vibrating fragment of matter is, for brevity and convenience, called a "thought-form." No harm is done by the conventional name, if people are not led by it into false ideas; without it, a long descriptive sentence would have to be used—a fragment of matter vibrating in a way, etc.

It should also be remembered that the appearance of thought-forms, and the effects produced by them on the clairvoyant, vary to a considerable extent with the idiosyncrasies of the generator and the observer; and the latter, especially, may very much modify the shapes and colours he observes by the thought and emotion influences emanating from himself, and by the fact that he is necessarily observing them through his own aura.

The "personal equation" is apt to be forgotten by many clairvoyants, and yet it exercises a powerful influence upon all. Hence the importance that all such investigations should be checked by various observers.

### FRANK BUCKLAND ON CHAFF.

\*

There is much subtle humour to be found in that famous naturalist's, Frank Buckland's, want of appreciation of his own capacity for wit, which in itself goes to prove that such capacity was far from wanting in this brilliant conversationalist, from whose unpublished journal I quote:—

"These I think are all the same things, wit being at the bottom of them all. Chaff the volleys or smaller shot, repartee the big guns. Now, in my own mind I have the latent seeds of both, natural, I mean, because I do say things in my lectures which I never intended to say, but which are really good. I am, however, fearfully deficient in chaff and repartee. I think I know the reason: it is that the Dean (Dean Buckland, his father) would not allow me ever to read work in which conversation is the main theme. Thus, in Sir Walter Scott's novels there is much conversation, repartee, and chaff. I never read them, nor have I read plays, and for this reason my mind is not quick at repartee or chaff. Vulgar boys in the streets are quick at it because they know only one language, and that is conversation. Now, what does chaff and repartee consist of?"

"(1) In taking hold of the idea then in the mind of those present, but about to evaporate like ether, and giving it a ludicrous aspect.

"(2) In placing by the side of that idea another idea, own brother to it, or else a near relation, ether, and giving it a ludicrous aspect.

"(3) In repartee or chaff it is always well not to strike with any new out-of-the-way thought, but suddenly to seize some thought well known to all."

Following on the above we come to a pathetic little allusion to the lack of humorous appreciation on the part of newspaper reporters.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

### THE ACTOR'S WORLD.

\*

It is a region of stupendous and amazing vanity, a region in which we count the world well lost so that our name be printed in large capital letters. It is a region in which success is anxiously desired, and laboriously pursued, but in which success turns to Dead Sea fruit unless accompanied by an intangible something known as "recognition."

It is a region in which we speak (half pompously and half facetiously) of the King as his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., R. and I. (a reminiscence this, surely, of the gash-lustre), in which we cannot mention the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone without calling him "that great Englishman," and in which, if we have occasion to refer to a self-made man, we immediately ejaculate "all honour to him." It is a region in which any act of ordinary civility is invariably stigmatised as "courteous." It is a region in which we habitually keep late hours long after we are old enough to know better. It is a region in which we take Mr. Caine (the popular novelist) quite seriously, and sympathetically note that when he has finished a novel he is as exhausted as a woman after childbirth.—"Blackwood's Magazine."

## Printing

AS YOU WANT IT  
WHEN YOU WANT IT

"ECHO"  
ELECTRIC PRESS  
Producers of Good Work

### IT PAYS.

In literature the highest and at the same time the most profitable talent is that of sympathetic imagination.—"The Academy."

\*

### FORBIDDEN TO WED.

In Australia and New Zealand, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," where women are scarcer than in the Old Country, the question of how to prevent their business from being turned into a matrimonial agency has become quite a serious problem with the managers of theatrical touring companies. Mr. J. C. Williamson, who controls a dozen dramatic and operatic companies "down under," has sought to grapple with the situation by inserting a clause in all contracts with chorus ladies prohibiting them from marrying until the termination of the contract. "We find and train pretty girls," he says, "and then wealthy men come along and pick them up, thereby upsetting our arrangements."

\*

The profits of the mines on the Rand for the month of October amount to £762,215.

The granite which is being placed on the roads in south-east Essex is imported from Belgium. A slight cheapness in price secured the contract.



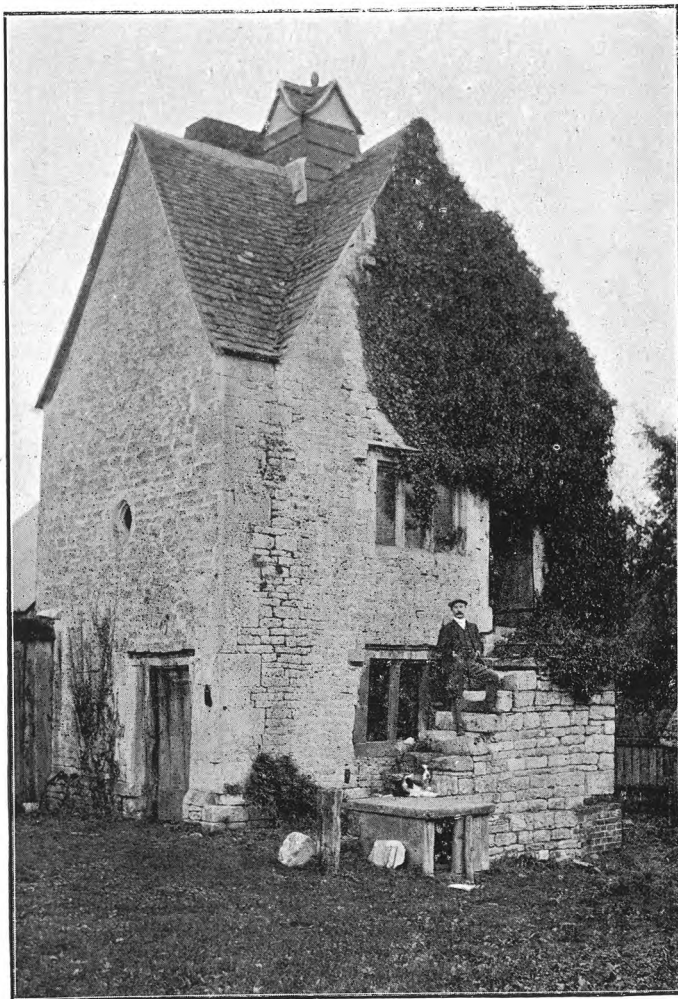


OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

\*

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, CALCUTTA

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



THE OLD COURT LEET HOUSE, GREET, Near WINCHCOMB.

CONCERNING PARTIES.

"I took the trouble to collect opinions from several other fellows before sitting down to write this article," says the "School-Boy" in the "Windsor"; "but as these opinions (on parties) were expressed with deplorable crudeness, and consisted of little more than three words (which were 'piffle,' 'swizzle,' and 'rot'), I consider them hardly worth a passing allusion. Let it suffice to state a fact which you may have gathered already from the foregoing remarks—namely that the ordinary human boy professes not to like parties."

"I say 'professes' with reason and intention, because I have often been in a position to observe that the very boys who are loudest in pronouncing parties pif, swiz, and rot, are those who appear most bent on having a ripping good time when they go to them; also are those who take most particular care of Little Mary, even if they are selfish enough to neglect Ethel, Joyce, Edith, Muriel, and Enid."

"Personally, I look on it as beastly ungrateful and rotten bad form for a boy to turn up his nose at entertainments to which he accepts invitations. He must know, if he has either imagination, observation, or common sense, that the ordinary human grown-up prefers Bridge to conjuring tricks or cinematographs, likes better to dance with other grown-ups than to sit and thump a piano while kids prance, and would rather read a novel or a newspaper than play Hunt-the-Slipper or General Post; therefore he ought to feel some gratitude for the sacrifices made on his behalf, and, if he is too hard-hearted to be capable of feeling it, he ought at least to have the decency to pretend that he does. It is still more reasonable to expect that, when he really enjoys himself, he should not carry on an affectation of being bored."

**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, . . CHELTENHAM.**



# Imperial Nursery,

Bayshill,  
Cheltenham.



PROPRIETOR: **GEORGE PATES**

(Late PATES & SHARPE). Established over 60 Years.

SPECIALITY—

## Best Floral Work of every description.

### SPECIAL SHOW OF CHRISTMAS BASKETS

Commencing Monday Next, December 10th.



### CHRISTMAS TREES from 10ft. to 15ft.

Shop:  
THE IMPERIAL NURSERY,  
Opposite Ladies' College.

Nurseries:  
KINGSTON NURSERY,  
Prestbury Road (on Tram Route).



Palmeries:  
ALBERT ROAD, opposite Pittville  
Crescent.

Telegrams: "Pates, Florist, Cheltenham."  
Telephone 181.



MISS DECIMA MOORE



AND



MR. LIONEL GLENISTER,

who will appear next week at Cheltenham Opera House in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 311

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1906.

## CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45)  
"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY."

DECEMBER 20TH & 21ST,

ANNUAL BENEFIT OF MR. H. O. REDFORD  
(GENERAL MANAGER).

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.*

A Splendid Display of suitable  
GIFTS for the present season.



**Robertson & Co.,**

\* CIGAR AND \*  
CIGARETTE IMPORTERS,

8 Colonnade, Cheltenham.

Agents for "LOEWES"  
CELEBRATED PIPES.

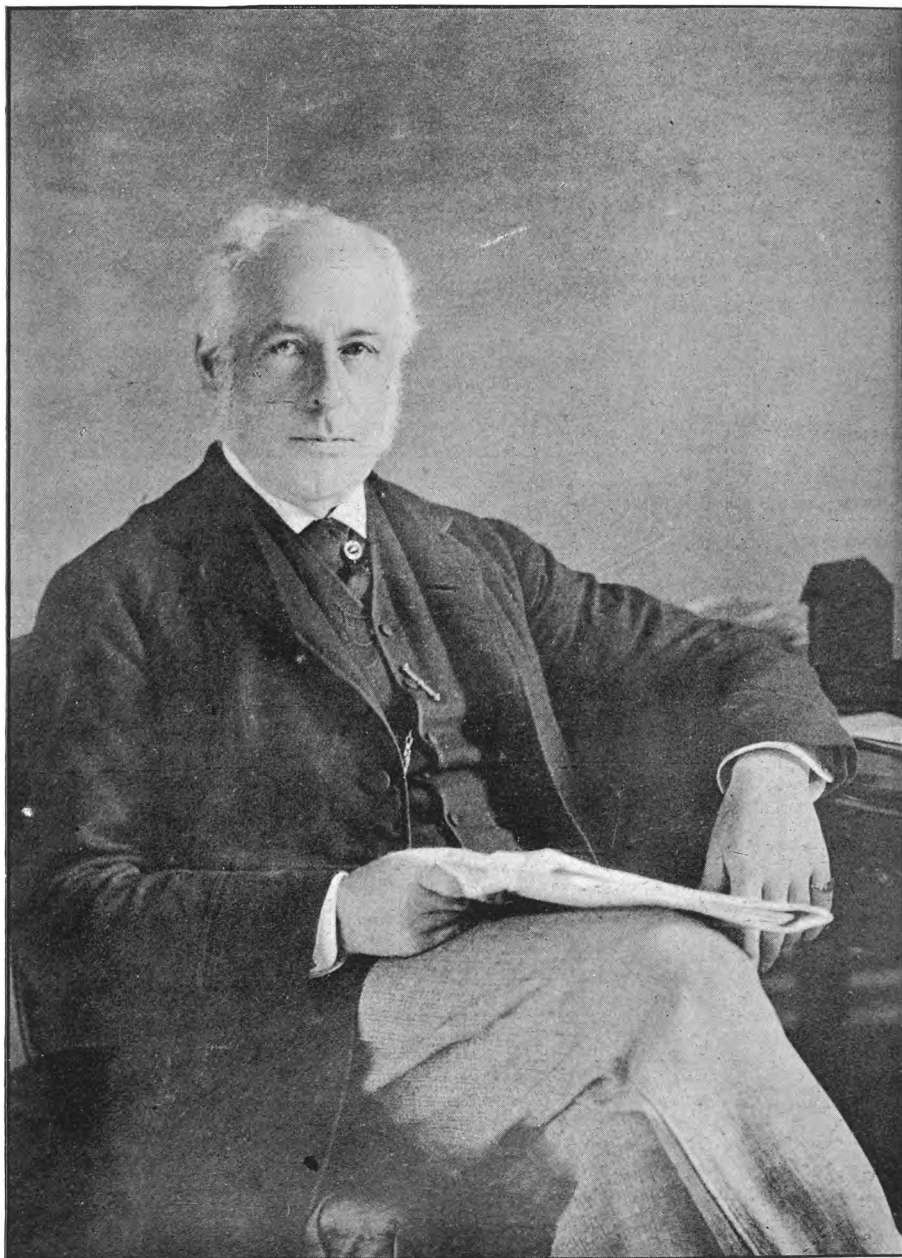


### SPECIALITIES:

\* \*

Edinburgh Mixture.	Savory's Cigarettes.
Carreras Tobaccos.	Notoras do.
John Cotton's do.	Albany do.

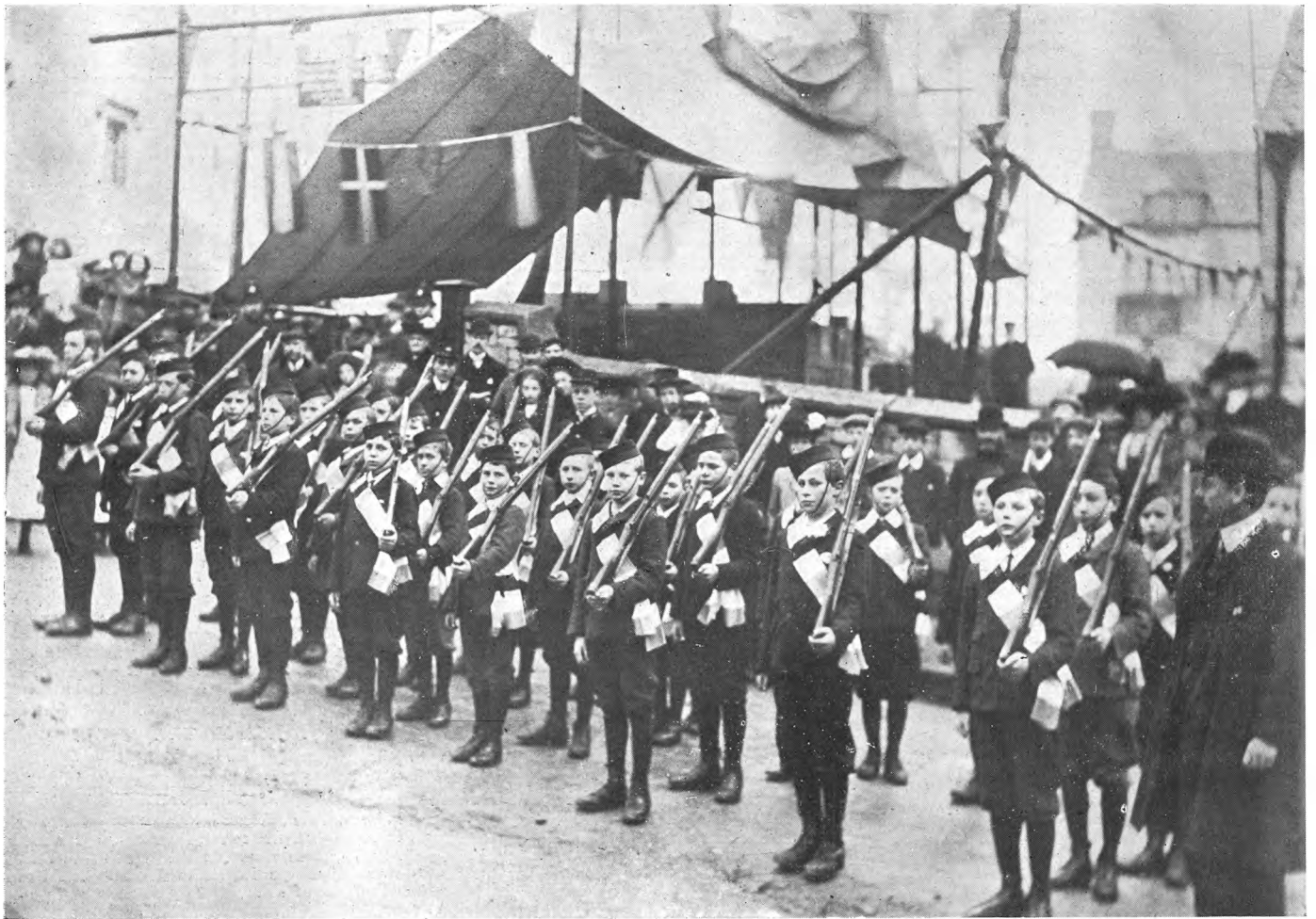
0675



**MR. A. J. STANTON, J.P.,**

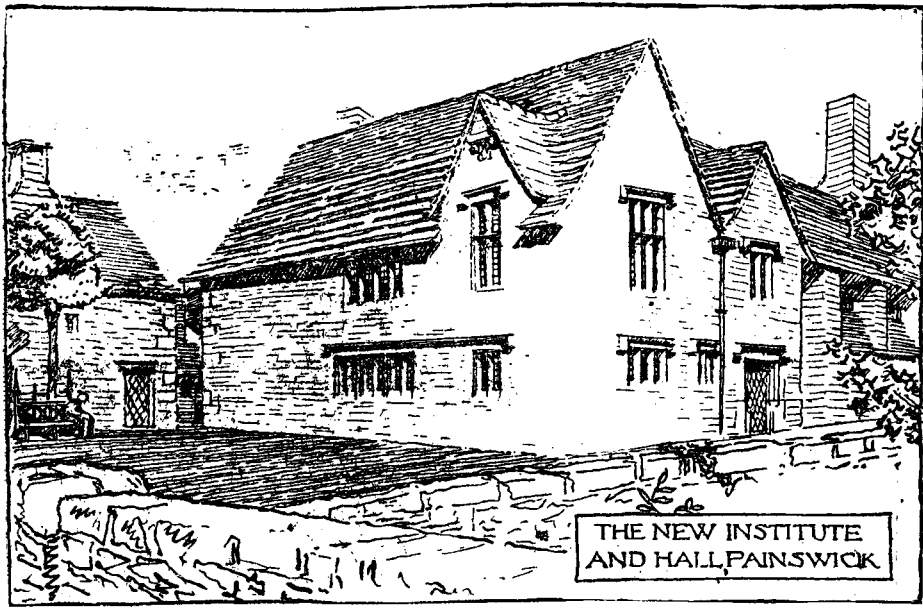
DIED IN CHELTENHAM ON DECEMBER 11, 1906, AGED 81 YEARS.





**MEMORIAL STONE LAYING OF PAINSWICK INSTITUTE AND CONCERT HALL.**

LOCAL GUARD OF HONOUR TO THE DONOR (MRS. WILLIAMS).



THE MEMORIAL STONE.

**THE ART OF MAKING PRESENTS.**

Don't give people pen-wipers who don't wipe their pens, and if a "stylo" is a constant companion, an inkstand will not receive a joyous welcome. Avoid sending golfing Christmas cards to enthusiastic croquet players, hunting cards to ardent motorists, funny dog cards to old maids (and young ones), who take cats seriously! Don't send an invalid a plum pudding or a delicate child a box of very lovely but rich bon-bons. Don't present a teetotaler with some old port or a case of champagne! Don't—and this is a big don't to finish up with—don't force upon a very poor but proud acquaintance an expensive box of flowers, or some such useless extravagance that she will think it her duty to return "in kind."—  
"P.T.O."

**THE DANGERS WORKMEN BRAVE.**

\*  
Take the case of the men and women employed at the Government explosive factory at Waltham Abbey. A man going into that place wearing even his ordinary boots might send hundreds of people into eternity. Every man employed must

turn out his pockets, and submit to be searched by the policeman on duty, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal." There is no entrance to a danger building for anybody, not even to the Government Inspector himself, until he has taken off his boots or put on a specially made pair over his own.



PAINSWICK BAND PARADING THE TOWN.



Photo by A. Collett, Bourton (taken from top of Victoria Hall).

**A BIT OF BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER,  
SHOWING BROADLANDS AND THE WINDRUSH.**

**WOMAN IN PROVERBS.**

If proverbs express the accumulated experience of many generations, it must be confessed that that experience has been unfavourable to women. The proverbs in praise of women are, indeed, very few, and seem never to have become current coin. On the other hand, we have such sayings as "Silence is not the greatest vice of a woman,"

"He that tells his wife news is but newly married," and "He who is tired of a quiet life gets him a wife." Here are others on the same unhappy theme: "He that has a wife has strife," "He that loses his wife and a farthing hath great loss of the farthing," "Women, wind, and fortune soon change," "It is no more sin to see a woman weep than to see a goose go barefoot." Lamar-

tine, however, declared that "There is a woman at the beginning of all great things," which may be taken according to the reader's fancy. Proverbs, however, mainly deal with worldly wisdom, and have little commerce with romance. Wisdom no doubt makes the proverbs, but many of them the truly wise may safely disregard.—"Proverb Lore" in "T.P.'s Weekly."



TREE-PLANTING MANIA.

\* \*

By a mania for tree-planting, which sprang up in Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century, much was done to remedy the arboreal destruction of more stirring times. The subject provides with material a writer in the bright Christmas number of "Amateur Gardening," who recalls that the craze so obsessed some people that the old Laird of Peffermill could think of nothing else when he was dying. "Ay be sticking in a tree—it will grow when ye are sleeping," he said to his son. In 1765 Dr. Walker, minister of Moffat, was appointed Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh University, and the enthusiasm he displayed in forwarding the new movement made him to be known all over Scotland as the "Mad minister of Moffat." Not content with lecturing to his classes, he used to walk or ride to his parish in Annandale, over fifty miles away, for Sunday duties, carrying seedlings of new kinds of trees in his large pockets. But his enthusiasm and example spread, and a laird near him sent to Dr. Rogerson at the Russian Court for rare pines, while General Johnstone planted out his estate after the manner his soldiers had been placed in Flanders. All over Scotland avenues were planted of beech, lime trees, and chestnuts, that up to then had only been planted in gardens. Silver fir, maple, walnut, and laburnum had been introduced and now became fashionable; and plane trees and ash trees, that had only been found near churches, were set out by the roadsides, or in corners of gardens. The elm tree is not found far in the open. It seems to have been planted mostly near houses, as the best Scottish specimens of elm are to be found near where a house is or has been.

\* \*  
LINER AND METEOR.

\* \*

VESSEL NEARLY SUNK BY MASS OF  
MOLTEN METAL.

The narrow escape of a liner from destruction by a meteor is related by Captain Anderson, of the African Prince, one of the vessels of the Prince Line. Writing to his principals, he says:

"We sometimes hear of steamers disappearing during a passage of fine weather, and in the open sea, where there are no navigation dangers. Such losses make us think of boiler explosions and other theories, which might under circumstances of very bad weather cause the loss and total disappearance of a steamer, but our experience on the voyage from New York has brought to my mind that ships which have disappeared were lost by a meteor falling on them.

"On the evening of October 17 I was on the bridge with the second officer, when suddenly the dark night was as light as day, and an immense meteor shot, comparatively slowly at first, because the direction was so very perpendicular to our position, then more rapidly towards the earth.

"Its train of light was an immense broad electric coloured band, gradually turning to orange, and then to the colour of molten metal. When the meteor came into the denser atmosphere close to the earth it appeared, as nearly as it is possible to describe it, like a molten mass of metal being poured out.

"It entered the water with a hissing noise close to the ship, and the consequences, had it struck our ship, would have been total annihilation without doubt, and not a soul left to tell the story, and another mysterious loss of a vessel in every way fitted to undertake the voyage. I am of opinion that some such cause must be attributed to losses so mysterious that neither seamanship, engineering, nor ordinary theory can explain them."

**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, . . CHELTENHAM.**

**Funeral of Mr. F. F. Wheeler at Cheltenham Cemetery,  
December 10, 1906.**



ARRIVAL AT CEMETERY.



TAKING BODY INTO CHAPEL.



REMOVING FLOWERS FROM HEARSE.





A FEW OF DECEASED'S OLD CONFRERES MEET AT THE GRAVESIDE.



MOURNERS LOOKING AT THE FLOWERS.



A LAST LOOK AT THE COFFIN.

## Christmas Private Greeting Cards.

Splendid Selection  
to choose from at the  
**Echo Office.**

Artistic Work  
at moderate prices.

Orders for Abroad  
should be placed at once.

According to a return issued on Tuesday, the total amount of coal exported from the United Kingdom from the date of the duty coming into force on April 19th, 1901, to its expiration, on October 31st last, and liable to the duty, was 223,066,800 tons. The total amount of the duty was £11,125,073.

\* \*

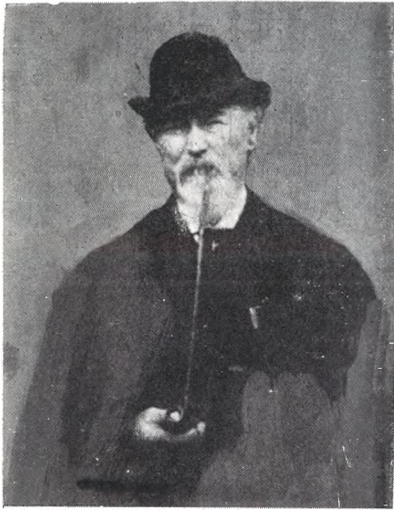
An electrical engineer at Tunbridge Wells has executed a novel order, given by a wealthy gentleman living in the neighbourhood, for the fitting of a doll's house—a Christmas present to one of the customer's children—with a complete installation of electric light. Each of the tiny rooms has a separate light of the smallest possible size.

\* \*

At Lyndhurst, between sunrise and nine o'clock on Tuesday, some thousands of rock pigeons were seen winging their way towards the interior of the New Forest, and old inhabitants see in this a presage of a hard winter. The birds migrate inland from the coast in order to take advantage of the warmth afforded by the undergrowth of the Forest, and also of the fact that the Forest provides them with a supply of acorns and other food.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.  
FOR  
**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**  
FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,  
GO TO  
**MR. SUTTON GARDNER,**  
LAUREL HOUSE  
(Near Free Library),  
**CHELTENHAM.**





MR. WILLIAM CHILD,

Died in Cheltenham December 5, aged 82 years.

A native of Coln St. Denis, he was first in the service of the Great Western Railway Co. Then, in 1853, he emigrated to America, settling in Chattanooga, where in his business as a mechanical engineer and lumberman he amassed a fortune of at least \$80,000, all of which he was destined to lose in the War of Secession, by the defeat of the Southerners, for whom he made arms and ammunition. Since 1881 he was a licensed victualler at Prestbury and Cheltenham.

**ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE "MARSEILLAISE" FOR THE FIRST TIME**

[BY HAROLD W. BROMHEAD IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

The famous Battle Hymn of the French Republic is said to have been composed, words and music, under one inspiration, one night in April, 1792, by a young officer, Rouget de Lisle, stationed at Strasbourg, after dining with the mayor of that city.

A picture shows him in the white heat of enthusiasm, chanting with dramatic gesture to his thrilled and almost affrighted friends, the burning and ferocious words, set to massive and majestically rolling music, which were destined to set his countrymen's hearts aflame, and stir their passions to frenzy.

It was a wise man who said that if he could write a nation's songs, anyone might make its laws. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of the "Marseillaise" upon France since that evening depicted in the picture. Twice during the last century has its fierce revolting spirit been so inconvenient to constituted authority that it has been prohibited in France itself. To-day, however, the revolutionary hymn of 1792 is the official national anthem of that great and friendly nation, and we hear it played often enough in our streets, out of courtesy to visitors from across the Channel, without much thought of the scenes of blood and horror out of which it arose, and which it helped to inspire.

Whether the song originated in the way shown in the picture, and whether Rouget de Lisle really wrote both words and music, are questions that have been much discussed by learned Frenchmen. It seems certain, however, that Rouget had a great deal to do with it, and that at least six of its seven verses were his composition. It is also certain that it owes its success to a splendid moment of inspiration never again vouchsafed to its author, and that it appeared at a psychological moment, and crystallised into expression the current feelings and passions of Frenchmen.

It is curious that the title the author gave it, "The song of the Army of the Rhine," should have been altogether forgotten and ignored, and that the title for ever and irrevocably attached to it should be a mere nickname given by the Parisians from the fact that the revolutionaries

from Marseilles sang it as they marched into Paris.

It is an amusing thing about national anthems that, while everyone is supposed to have them by heart, very few people do know them. Stop half-a-dozen men in the street at random, and the probability is that not one of them would be able to repeat more than the first verse of our own "God save the King." It has been my experience to notice that the average American is in much the same plight. He can rarely go beyond one verse of "America" or the "Star-spangled Banner" at a sudden call. It may be an Anglo-Saxon failing. The French, being a more logical nation than ourselves, in all probability manage these things better, and I do not doubt that every Frenchman knows from beginning to end his great national hymn. But I am confident that very few English people know in the least what the Marseillaise is all about, and I have, therefore, asked the Editor to print three verses of a fine English translation.

Read them, in cold blood, and you cannot fail to feel their thrill. And then try to imagine yourself a half-starved victim of oppression and injustice, burning with revolt and thirsting for vengeance; and it is easy to realise how these terrible lines, infused by genius with fury and hate that scorch like vitriol, and sung in a dramatic air, must have fallen upon the ears of an excitable people like lashes upon a mad lion.

Fortunately we cannot live all the time at white heat. Things settle again, and grow cool, however fearful may have been the storm. Hence there is an obvious incongruity in the cold official employment of that which was written for a moment of stress and passion. "In peace," says Goethe, "patriotism really consists only in this—that everyone sweeps before his own door, mends his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house." I am not going to take upon myself to criticise the French national hymn, but I think it may be pointed out that the kind of song to accompany the door-sweeping of peaceful times would not be the "Marseillaise." That immortal hymn has no intrinsic nationality at all. It is the savage and bitter cry of the "under-dog" wherever he finds himself, and voices, with the snarl of the wild beast, his hatred of government, and of those above him who have what he has not, but would have. Hence, it lends itself to the double use with which we have become familiar; it is the national anthem of a powerful and well-governed country, and, at the same time, the battle hymn of political arabs who have no country or government; whose hand is against every man. As to which programme it really suits best, I will offer no opinion.

To analyse in an unsympathetic spirit such a composition is a mistake I should be sorry to be guilty of. The French people have associations twined about the "Marseillaise" which endear it to them. Criticising national anthems at all is foolish and offensive business, and especially to any Englishman, sensible of the tepid sentiment, the paltry rhyming, and bald prosiness that deface his own. But I should not be faithful if I did not admit that in point of ethics the "Marseillaise" is quite immoral; that it breathes forth nothing but the blind and barren spirit of unquenchable hate, incites to nothing but to destroy, kill, and slay. No one needs to be told that no community can exist, no human intercourse be carried on, upon such foundations as these.

I recognise how human nature conventionalises all things in time, and the "Marseillaise" has become conventionalised. We do not notice what we are saying after many repetitions. For instance, Christian people of the noblest type will sing without a shudder the immoral and vindictive demands of the Psalmist for the punishment of his enemy—"Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow—Let his posterity be cut off, and in the generation following let their name be blotted out." Those who repeat these requests do not mean them; they do not wish anything of the kind; the very suggestion of punishing the innocent offspring of an evil-doer would be revolting to them. But the words are there to sing, so they sing them; and I suspect much the same is the case with the ordinary gentle and kind-hearted French citizen singing the "Marseillaise."

I do not overlook, of course, the fact that the justification for all the killing and slaughter inculcated by the "Marseillaise" is the first duty

of the citizen; defence of one's country. Patriotism is the excuse for all this hatred; and righteous indignation against injustice for this cry for vengeance. Liberty is the sacred object for which the call to arms is made.

These motives are amongst the noblest that can stir the human heart. That it is everlastingly right to resist the invader and the oppressor all are agreed, and none will refuse to sympathise with a people's struggles to be free. But how far enlightened patriotism justifies the implacable and vindictive spirit of the song is another question. Personally I do not believe it does for one moment.

The "Marseillaise" helped to stimulate the French people to acts of cruelty and crime that disgraced a righteous cause, and on that account I deplore its tone.

Only too easily as it is are human passions excited, and the moral course is to try to allay them, not to stir them to madness. The patient was already in a high fever, and Rouget de Lisle's prescription was more like fiery raw brandy than cooling medicine. Truth and right are calm, eternal, quiet things; they cannot be served to any moral issue whatever by vindictiveness or hatred.

The character of truth is so delicate, that Emerson said it ceases to be itself when polemically said. Think of that! Truth is not true when stated dishonestly, or merely to bother and confuse an opponent and snatch an argumentative victory. By how much the less, then, can truth and right share revenge and spite, and the more lurid passions of the human heart? How can the eternal moral laws ever justify this magnificent but diabolical scream of bloodthirsty patriotism?

"THE MARSEILLAISE."

By ROUGET DE LISLE (1760-1836).

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise—  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheath:  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And low our fields and cities blaze;  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave,  
The avenging sword unsheath:  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare  
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)  
To mete and vend the light and air.  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and guard us?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave,  
The avenging sword unsheath:  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

For High-Class

**Provisions & Groceries**

at STORE PRICES, Try

**A. & R. HAWARD,**

PITTVILLE STREET and  
ALBION STREET, CHELTENHAM.

Noted for Breakfast Hams and Bacon.



**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

The stewards of the Gloucester Musical Festival are looking ahead in good time to the next Festival of the Three Choirs, which is to be held in the Cathedral city in September, 1907, and at a general meeting on Saturday last some progress in the arrangements was reported. But it was unsatisfactory to definitely find from the audited accounts of the working of the last festival, held in 1904, that there was a deficiency of £305 4s. 1d. between the receipts and expenditure, this being the largest deficiency since 1889, when it was £244 7s. 9d.; also that the collections at the services had fallen off. Still, the charity accounts showed substantial payments of £434 to each of the Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford charities and £300 to the treasurers of the stewards. While the charity contributions are, with but one exception, smaller than those at the five previous festivals, it is gratifying to note that Gloucester holds by a long way the lead in the total amounts contributed since 1874, her aggregate being £15,721, against Worcester's £11,188 (excluding 1905) and Hereford's £11,000 (leaving out 1906). Championed by Dr. Rayner Batten, the ladies won a victory, after several previous assaults, in being invited to become stewards on conditions to be settled. Gloucester has thus gallantly and wisely fallen into line with her sister cities. It is much to be hoped that the chief argument advanced in favour of the ladies—"not only in increasing the finances, but in broadening the interest in the festivals"—will be justified. I certainly think that, as plate-holders, they would be more likely to extract larger voluntary offerings from the congregations than the sterner sex.

\* \*

I have on previous occasions alluded to the heavy expenditure on the festivals and to the big fees paid to a few of the chief artists, which seemed to be out of all proportion to the scanty allowances to the chorus, who certainly have to work hard for their little money. These remarks I consider are equally applicable to the present position of the festival. And I notice with pleasure that the Mayor of Gloucester, who is not only an accomplished amateur musician but a shrewd commercial man, gave it as his opinion at the meeting of stewards that they paid far too much for professional assistance at the festivals, and that a reduction in that direction would be desirable. We must remember that now-a-days there are no such "stars" of the first magnitude as those of thirty or forty years ago to command the abnormal fees them easily obtained.

\* \*

Within a few days after the death of Miss Dorothea Beale the omniscient "Echo" predicted that the Ladies' College and allied institutions would benefit largely under her will. And so events soon proved, although the amounts (nearly £60,000) will be even larger than anyone had ventured to anticipate, having regard to the big sums which Miss Beale had given to the institution during her lifetime. I have heard some faultfinders cavil at this great lady's testamentary dispositions, because, as they say, with the exception of £100, local charities are practically ignored. I, in common with many others whom I am glad to know, consider that Miss Beale did the right and proper thing in giving back to the great institution whose prosperity she advanced and shared the bulk of her fortune. This will be a sustentation fund for the College, which, with the other big educational establishments, are the mainstays of the trade of Cheltenham.

\* \*

I hope no one will be under the false impression that the £88,081 left by the Rev. H. E. Miles, for forty years rector of Humbley, was got out of the Church. As a matter of fact, he was a man of large private means, which completely dwarfed his stipend (£270), while the rectory was considerably enlarged at his cost. The £1,000 that he willed by no means represents the measure of his liberality or charity. GLEANER.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces, was the preacher at a dinner-hour service at St. Lawrence Jewry on Monday. He described back-sliding as the result of slack-biding, and divided Church people into two classes—gazets and goers.



**Father Christmas**

is busy with the Toys, and may be seen every day at the

**CHRISTMAS BAZAAR AND  
.. GREAT TOY FAIR, ..**

172 to 176 High St., Cheltenham.

**DICKS & SONS, LTD.**

Multitudes of useful and acceptable Presents can be seen in all departments. c676

**FORGOTTEN JUDGES.**

It seems rather an anomaly that while there are statues by the hundred in this country to immortalise statesmen, philanthropists, clerics, inventors, and even merchants of the past, there are very few indeed of eminent legal dignities. There is a Hall of Statuary in the Houses of Parliament lined with the marble effigies of politicians of many generations, and other figures stand in the splendid central hall and in Westminster Hall. Great judges have not served their country less faithfully, or left a deeper mark on its Constitution. Yet they live mostly in literature, in old prints, or in magnificent oil paintings that are private property. The public know next to nothing of their forms and features. In the Royal Courts of Justice there is a magnificent Central Hall, fitted to be the natural home of the statues of lawyers. But it contains only one—that of Lord Russell of Killowen. Many have doubtless forgotten that when the Courts were designed there was in contemplation some such commemoration of the mighty dead. The large panels on either side of the Central Hall were intended to be filled with frescoes illustrating prominent incidents in legal history. But they are still cold and lifeless banks of grey stone.—"P.T.O."

\* \*

A beautiful specimen of the great yellow-shank, an American bird, has been shot at the Scilly Isles.

**TIME FLIES.**

Time flies—his pinions never ceasing  
To beat the vastness of the great unknown;  
Guided by Hand Omnipotent, the orbs  
Roll in mysterious splendour round His Throne.  
Velocity incomprehensible—and yet,  
All ignorant of motion, mortals deem  
The journey long, and most do measure it  
By their own standard of life's fitful dream.  
Old folk, old scenes, old memories, old ideas  
Complete their golden circle and their day—  
Phantoms become; and yet we deem'd when young,  
They formed the bed-rock of our roundelay.  
Alas! not so—change comes with slippered feet—  
Creeps like the dawn of morning—and there'll be  
At evening something missing—some brave bark  
Has lifted anchor and put out to sea.  
Stow-on-the-Wold, Dec. 11, 1906. ANON.

**CANCELLATION OF VISITING CARDS.**

Talking of cards—anyone who could invent some simple plan for cancelling them on presentation would confer a boon on the world at large. No end of confusion, annoyance, and swindling has been caused by the misappropriation of visiting-cards. When one card leaves its proprietor, unless he can put some distinguishing mark on it to show it has been presented, there is no limit to the mischief it may work. A friend of mine used to put his initials in ink on the corner of his card, another used to tear off the corner. Though some protection, neither of these methods is quite satisfactory. If someone could invent a little apparatus to be fitted into the case that would punch a hole out of the card, I fancy this might possibly meet the difficulty.—J. Ashby-Sterry in "The Graphic."

\* \*

It is announced from Port Macon, North Carolina (U.S.A.), that the coast line is sinking and that the breakwater has suddenly disappeared, while there is now 50ft. of water where 3ft. has hitherto been the greatest depth. There has been no shock or earth-slip, but merely a steady settling of the earth.

**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 Quantities for Quantities.

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

**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 211th prize has been divided between Miss M. Turner, 15 Suffolk-square, and Miss Constance Begbie, of Kinsham Villa, Gloucester-road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church and Rev. Mr. McNeil at St. Mark's Church.

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

**Christmas Gifts**

FOR GENTLEMEN.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, 6/-, 7/6, 9/-, 12/-, 18/- per dozen. Boxed in 1/2-dozen for Gifts.  
CASHMERE & SILK MUFFLERS.  
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.  
FANCY WAISTCOATS. . . RUGS.  
SCARFS. COLLARS. BRACES.

**A. BECKINGSALE,**  
111 and 387 HIGH STREET.

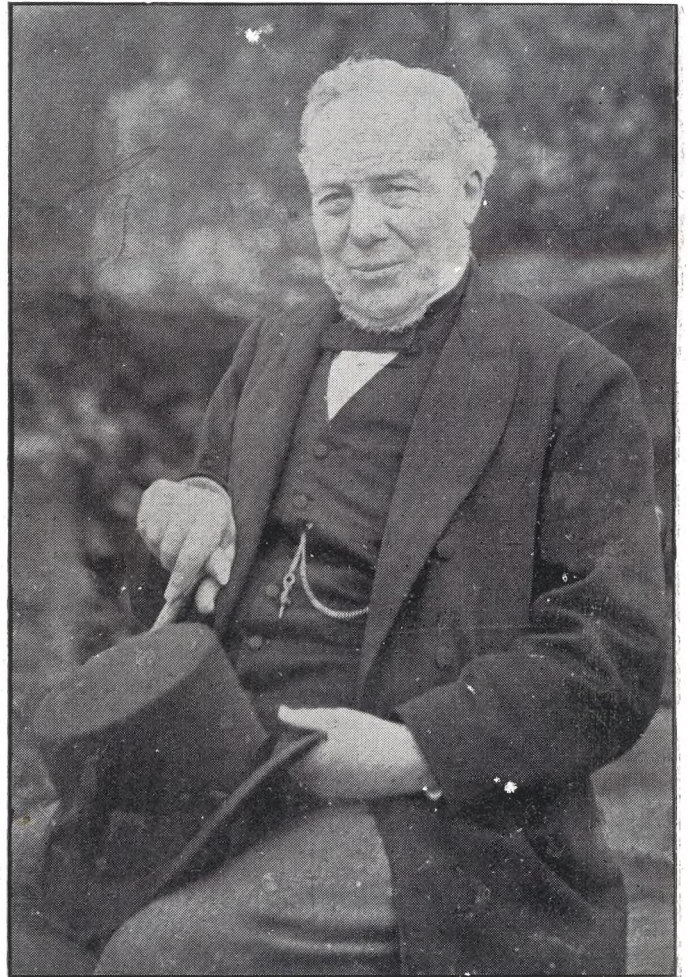
TELEPHONE 406.

c677





**FOUR GENERATIONS OF WHEELERS.**  
THE LATE MR. F. F. WHEELER, HIS FATHER, SON, AND GRANDSON.



**MR. JAMES COX, OF STOW-ON-WOLD,**  
DIED DECEMBER 6, 1906, AGED 93 YEARS.

THE BABY.

\*

"She's a little hindering thing,"  
The mother said;  
"I do not have an hour of peace,  
Till she's in bed.  
She clings unto my hand or gown,  
And follows me  
About the house, from room to room,  
Talks constantly.  
She is a bundle of nerves,  
And wistful ways;  
She does not sleep full sound at nights,  
Scarce any days.  
She does not like to hear the wind,  
The dark she fears;  
And piteously she calls for me  
To wipe her tears.  
She's a little hindering thing,"  
The mother said;  
"But still she is my wine of life,  
My daily bread."  
The children—what a load of care  
Their coming brings;  
But, oh! the grief when God doth stoop  
To give them wings.

\* \*

Writing in the current number of the St. John's (Truro) Parish Magazine, the vicar says: "The string band concert was a great success. This is written four days before it comes off, but it is a safe thing to say."

THE AMERICAN GOOSEBERRY MILDEW.

\* \*

At a meeting of the Council of the National Fruit Growers' Federation on Tuesday, the 11th inst., the above subject formed the principal business. Mr. Salmon, mycologist to the Wye Agricultural College, was present, and reported progress with regard to his enquiries in Worcestershire as to certain outbreaks of the disease in that county. He stated that in a plantation of 20 acres he had found what was undoubtedly a serious development of the mildew, and further he had found another instance in which a nurseryman's stock was affected and that several sales had recently been made from it to growers in different parts of the country.

Mr. Salmon has made a careful and special study of this disease for several years past, and has arrived at the positive conclusion that the disease which has unfortunately appeared in this country is identical with that which has devastated American plantations to such an extent as to render the cultivation of improved European varieties impossible, and has found its way to Ireland and most of the countries in Europe. In the course of his remarks he pointed out that this mildew was extremely destructive, and that the whole gooseberry crop of any country in which it gains a footing will be jeopardized. He admitted that some confusion might arise by its being mistaken for the common mildew often seen on gooseberry bushes, but which is almost harmless, as it only affects the leaves, whilst the malignant American form ruins both branches and fruit, and is, moreover, extremely infectious.

In the face, however, of this weighty opinion

vigorous action to stop the spread and the further introduction of the disease already commenced by the Federation has been paralyzed by the publication of the views of an official authority who, after a cursory inspection, pronounced the disease as indigenous to this country and not at all of a serious nature.

After a long and interesting discussion, the Council unanimously carried the following resolution, and directed that it should be forwarded to the Board of Agriculture and the Scientific Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society: "That it is most desirable that the Board of Agriculture should take immediate steps to promptly submit all evidence obtainable in the matter of the American gooseberry mildew to a small skilled committee for a decision at once as to the danger of the disease spreading, and other important factors in the matter."

The estate of the late Mr. Seddon has been certified for probate at £14,297.

\* \*

A sea captain named Wenlock has been elected Mayor of Brightlingsea, Essex, the ceremony taking place in the church belfry according to immemorial custom.

\* \*

At Sotheby's auction-rooms on Saturday a two days' sale of silver and copper coins of the late Mr. Richard A. Hoblyn was brought to a close. A William and Mary pattern halfpenny in copper sold for £13. An Oliver Cromwell farthing in copper, £8 10s. Pattern farthing in pewter, of Charles II., £10. Blondeau's pattern half-crown, 1651, £6 5s.



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

No. 312.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

**CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.**

On Boxing Day, Dec. 26, at 2 and 6.30, Mr. Peter Davey will produce the Cheltenham Pantomime—

**GOODY TWO SHOES.**

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.*

**Robertson and Co.,**

\* CIGAR AND \*  
 CIGARETTE IMPORTERS,

8 Colonnade, Cheltenham.

A Splendid Display of suitable  
**GIFTS** for the present season.



Agents for "LOEWES"  
**CELEBRATED PIPES.**



**SPECIALITIES :**

\* \*

Edinburgh Mixture.	Savory's Cigarettes.
Carreras Tobacco.	Notaras do.
John Cotton's do.	Albany do.

c675

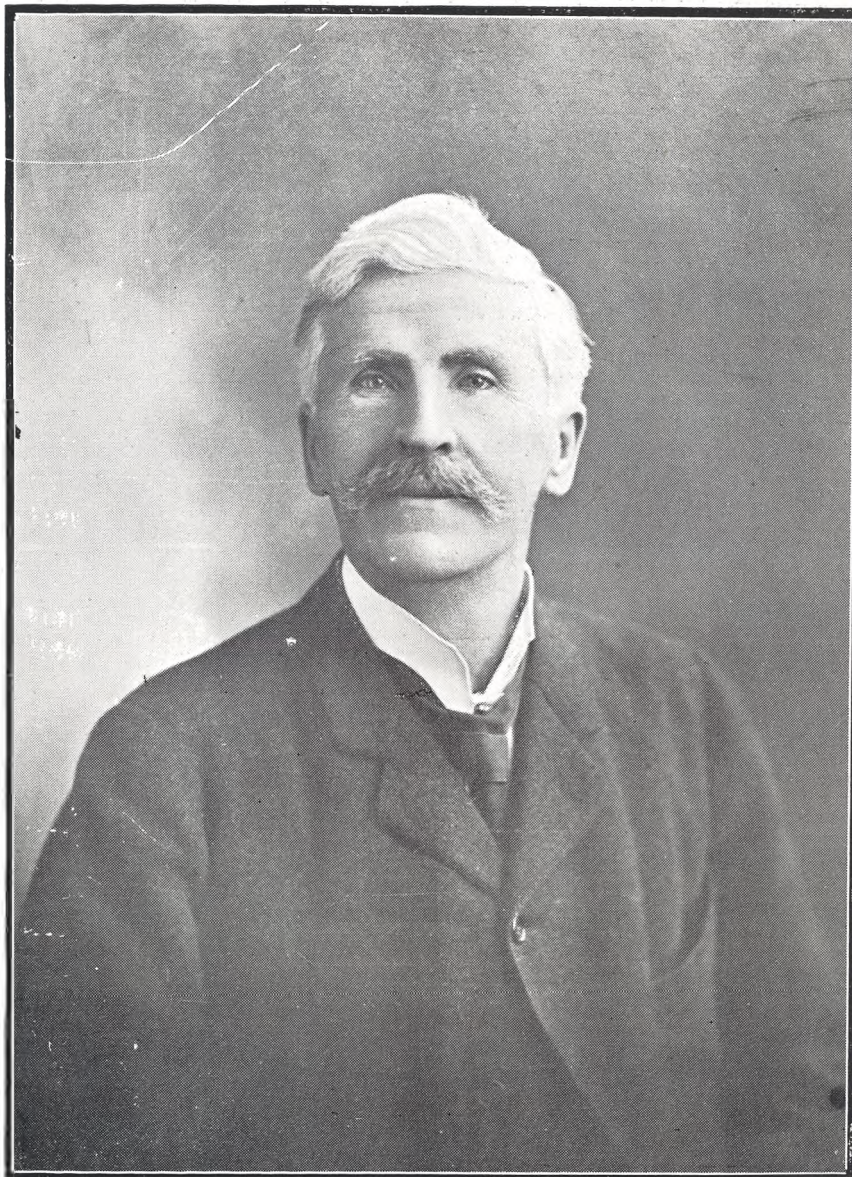


Photo by Paul Coe, Gloucester.

**MR. THOMAS WILLIAM HIBBARD,**  
 OF BARNWOOD LODGE, NEAR GLOUCESTER,

a newly-appointed magistrate for Gloucestershire. Mr. Hibbard, who is chairman of James Reynolds and Co., Ltd., Albert Flour Mills, was Sheriff of Gloucester 1892-3; president of the British and Irish Millers' Association 1892; president of the Gloucester Incorporated Chamber of Commerce; and first chairman of Barnwood Parish Council.



## TO THE AID OF LOU.

[By S. R. ASHBY.]

\*

That night, when my hosts had retired, I came out on the verandah to spend a few quiet moments there before following their example. After the weary round of sociability, it was a relief to be alone and sit in an easy chair with feet cocked up on a post, enjoying the balminess of a summer night on the south coast of Devonshire. The tree-tops, looming up dark against a clear, twinkling sky, heaved lazily in the soft breeze, and their leaves faintly rustled. The breeze, a fresh breath from the near-by Channel, carried the fragrance of dewy woods mingled with sweet whiffs from the roses on the lawn. The only sounds were those coming from the unrest of the trees, or an occasional croak of a frog, or twitter of a sleepy bird—until, suddenly, I became aware of rapid hoof-beats out in the night. I awoke from my musing with a start.

The hoof-beats came nearer, nearer, in a measure of a smart gallop. A vague disquietude stirred in me—whether from the incongruity of the sound with the peace I had been absorbing, or from a real premonition, I do not know. But when I saw the black form of horse and rider turn into the driveway I stood up and waited, with quickened breath.

In a trice they were before me. The horse almost reached the verandah steps before he was pulled up short. His rider was a woman, hatless and with flowing hair, whom I recognised quickly in spite of this unusual dishevelment and the obscurity.

"Lou!" I exclaimed.  
"Walt, is that you?" she questioned eagerly.  
"Oh, Walt, I'm so glad I found you."  
I was filled with wonderment. Still, I did not fail to note that confiding and appealing "Walt," so different from the "Mr. Ames" that I had again become when last we parted.

"What is it?" I asked, stepping from the verandah to her side and searching her face. In her features, shadowy and white in the starlight, I read agitation—yes, fear. Both hands were clutched upon the bridle-rein and trembling.

"I'm in trouble," she said. "I want your help. Saddle a horse quick and come with me. And hurry—if—if you care for me at all."  
"I will come, Lou—anywhere," I replied, and ran back to the stable.

I worked quickly in bringing out my nag and saddling him, yet while I was doing so many thoughts had time to course through my brain. I thought of how I had left her after that unfortunate talk about Brooke. Such a talk as it was! She granted, charmingly, that in general I had the right to interfere in such matters; but, as to her being seen with Brooke so often, circumstances, she claimed, were such that she could not avoid it. When I begged for an explanation she replied that she could explain nothing till later. Then, when I came right to the point and asked if she were in love with him, she appeared much distressed, yet would make no more definite denial than to remark that she did not care for him in the way she cared for me. This was small satisfaction, and no doubt I became rude, for soon she was addressing me with a cold "Mr. Ames." The upshot of the matter was that she forced my ring upon me and I went away, feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of creation.

Before I was ready, much of this went through my mind, along with excited speculations as to the cause of her present trouble; and I gloried in the fact that she had ignored our differences in her hour of need, looking trustfully to me for aid. And I felt all the best that was in me rise up in response to this appeal from the woman I loved.

When I rode around to the front of the house I found her pacing the turf with her horse in lead, and I jumped from my saddle to assist her in re-mounting.

"You are very kind to me, Walt," she said. "Now let's hurry."

I supported her foot in my two palms as she sprang lightly to the horse's back, and then I put

the reins in her hands; but feeling the soft touch of her fingers. 'I must have a whole hand, and I would not let it go. For she looked so beautiful, this girl of the night, when she smiled down at me over the one long luxuriant braid of hair on her breast, endowed as she was with some witchery of the starlight and with the unaffected grace of her own womanliness. I pressed a fervent kiss upon the hand I held; but she drew it back quickly, and with a little sobbing cry leaned over to me, putting an arm around my neck and kissing me on the lips.

"I was afraid you would not come back to me," she said, with a weak attempt at a laugh, as she straightened up. Then, urging her horse, she dashed away from me white somehow I scrambled into my own saddle and raced in pursuit.

I soon overtook her, and side by side our horses galloped swiftly onward. Down the lonely pale road we sped toward the Channel, three miles away.

On either hand were the dark woods; above was the sparkling blue firmament. We made no effort to speak, for the motion was too rapid. And I, at least, was not in a humour for words, though my mood accorded well with the wildness of our ride. It seemed almost as if the plunging legs beneath me must be feeling my own exhilaration. It was music to my ears to hear the whirr of the breeze, the sharp clip of hoofs, and the creaking of saddles. But every light fancy was dissipated when I glanced at Lou's face. She seemed on the verge of terror, and peered fearfully among the trees, now to right and now to left. Anon she gazed straight ahead. I woke up to realise again that something serious was on foot. With a twinge of deep shame that I could be so absorbed in my own joy, a great uneasiness for her came upon me. Surely no trifling danger or trouble could agitate her thus. What was the meaning of this strange night ride? I spoke to her, raising my voice above the clatter of the horses: "Lou, what is this trouble of yours?"

She gave me a quick startled look, and shook her head.

"No, I can't tell you now," she called back.  
"I would gladly . . . if I dared. . . . You must have faith in me . . . and—and wait . . . and perhaps go through with a good deal without question. Won't you?"

"Yes, yes, sweetheart—gladly," I replied.  
Yet I was puzzled. For here was a queer situation. Why this mystery? What could be the nature of the trouble that she could not confide in me, her best friend? I recalled at once that other time when she could not tell me what I had asked. There must be some strange hidden things in her life. I wondered, and could not hush my discontent. But, determined to trust her this time, I was ready for anything that she might require of me. Nothing more was said until we had left the wooded country far behind, and had almost reached the shore of the Channel. Then she spoke:

"If you are questioned, Walt, you must tell nothing until I give the cue."

More mystery. And now what had we to do with that dark expanse of sea spreading out before us and rolling its booming surf on the shore? The sea itself seemed full of mystery, and in its shifting, foam-topped waves I found no answer to my question. Its plainest message was peace, and, as I rode in the starlight with my sweetheart by my side and gazed over the waters, man-made dangers seemed incongruous to such a place; nothing seemed natural but peace and love. Still, Lou's uneasiness came to me like a contagion. She brought her horse to a stop, asking:

"What time is it—can you see?"

"Yes; it's a quarter-past twelve."

"So late?" she cried. "Then we have only three-quarters of an hour! This way."

We turned to the left, going a quarter of a mile to the shore of an inlet, whose waters were quieter than the sea outside and ample enough to admit large craft. Not till we had almost reached the water's edge did we draw rein.

Then I had a shock. From behind a ridge not far away a dark figure sprang up and rushed toward us.

"Run!" I shouted to Lou, and jerked my horse around. She followed, but with strange lack of haste, just barely keeping away from her shouting pursuers. I had to pull back to keep even

with her. Fearful of impending harm, I fell behind and lashed her horse with my bridle-reins. He dashed forward, but—

"Halt, or we fire!" they shouted.

A shot rang out—another, another.

In an agony of fear that she would reel from her saddle, shot, I caught the bridle of her horse and jerked him to a halt.

"My God, Lou! Are you hurt?" I gasped.

"No. But you?"

"All right."

Then, as I sank back in my saddle with measureless relief, four men caught our bridles. We had no choice but submission. A man spoke up:

"Well, the game is no go, you see. I suppose you'll come along without any trouble."

"I'll tell you more about that," I replied, "when I know what you want."

"Oh, look here, now," said the fellow, "your playing innocent won't work. Might as well drop it."

Then Lou asked in an unsteady voice:

"Who do you want?"

"Why, Miss, we want this embezzler here—Brooke's the name he goes by now, I believe. We spotted him a few days ago, and got wind that he was planning to skip the country to-night. Heard his friends were going to ship him off on some craft. You're Miss Bentley, his—his—well, the young lady they say he's been waiting on, isn't that so?" He laughed rudely.

"Yes," Lou answered, "I am the lady."

"Then I guess we're right. You'll acknowledge that this man is your—your intended, won't you?" Another laugh.

I was dumfounded. So this was the cue that I was to follow! I, who had so trusted her. It was all very plain. I was to be arrested that Brooke might escape.

Mechanically, at the bidding of our captors, I dismounted. Lou did likewise, and a man went off with our horses. We were marched along the shore of the inlet to where an open boat was hid in a clump of bushes. A lantern was produced and lit, and the man who had it mounted a low elevation, waving his light several times, while he gazed seaward. Then the boat was slid down into the water, and in a moment we were being rowed slowly toward the open sea.

Lou and I sat together on the stern seat; but I could not say a word, and she too, remained silent, with drooping head. I say her head was drooping, though I hardly looked at her; for I was steeling myself against pity, and I feared for my righteous indignation, if I should see her face. I could not justly lay it against her that she loved this other man, nor even would I have grudged helping her in this trouble, if she had told me. But to think that she would trick me! That little embrace at the beginning of our ride, that had so touched me with its tender impulsiveness, now almost made me shudder, when I thought of what had prompted it.

As I sat there in the boat, sick at heart, and wondered if I heard sobs, a glance ahead revealed to me a black shape entering the inlet, a little steamer puffing up a grey curl of smoke. Our oarsmen were plainly expecting this new arrival, for they rowed straight toward it, and in a few seconds we bumped the tug's side. A rope-ladder was put down to us, by the aid of which we climbed over the rail. At once the prow was turned about, and we steamed out into the Channel, bound so they said, for Plymouth. How little I had thought, while sitting on the verandah of my friends' house less than two hours before, that in so short a time I should be sailing through the night on sea, a prisoner of the law.

Two stuffy little dens, the best cabins on board, were turned over to Lou and me, and since I was not likely to escape while at sea, I was spared both locks and jailors. Slinking off into my retreat, I turned down the lamp and, without undressing, threw myself on the bunk, glad to have a solitary corner where I could think it over. The boat heaved and plunged, heaved and plunged, in sickening regularity; it trembled ceaselessly from the thumping of the engines; the air was damp and musty; and the ship lamp, as it swayed, changed dingy light to melancholy shadow in monotonous flicker—and I was miserable.

But I heard a knock. Sitting up, I called "Come in," and the door into the next apartment opened. Lou stood clinging in the doorway. The thick dusky braid was still hanging over her breast, and contrasted strikingly with

the smooth paleness of her cheek and forehead. The lustrous dark eyes that she turned upon me were thoughtful and eloquent with feeling.

"I thought you wouldn't go to bed to-night," she said, smiling faintly, "and I want to say a few things to you. No doubt you were thinking of me when I knocked, and I am afraid your thoughts were unkind."

"Perhaps so," I said quietly. "I am not an adept at being kind to order. Won't you be seated?"

She flushed painfully at my rude stab, but remained standing, and continued in a strained voice:

"Walt, you can't accuse me of that. But I do not blame you. Let me explain."

"Never mind; I understand. It is simply that you are in love with the embezzler."

"Yes; but he is not an embezzler—he is entirely innocent, though the evidence is so strong that they would send him to prison for ten years at least. By this time he must have escaped, for his friends on their yacht promised to sail into the inlet for him at one o'clock, and we carried off the officers at half-past twelve. In the morning you, too, will be released, as you are well known in Plymouth."

"Yes, but why would you not tell me on the road?"

"Because, if you had known the errand, you could be punished as the accomplice of a man believed to be a criminal."

This revelation silenced me for a moment. Then I continued:

"Why would you never tell me anything about him?"

"I was afraid of saying something that would give him away. Brooke is not his real name."

Then, burying my face in my hands, I cried out despairingly:

"But why, girl, do you love him?"

"Because he is my brother."

With that she came to me, and laughing joyously at my dazed beatitude, she said:

"And I love you too, sir—more than all the world."



BRITISH AND AMERICAN BUSINESS METHODS.

\*

The Englishman's attitude towards business has its good and bad sides, says Professor Ashley in an interview in "Cassell's Saturday Journal." His business is not such an integral part of his life as the American's business is. The American is in business for all he is worth. It is the one occupation that he is fond of. This attitude has some advantages—it fosters keenness—but it must be frankly confessed that it has some disadvantages. The American man of business is worn out in middle life. America is full of middle-aged dyspeptics. These individuals haven't a notion what to do away from their offices. They can't golf, they can't garden—they have none of the recreations that an Englishman has. Large numbers of them, as no doubt you have noticed yourself, devote their leisure to following their wives round the European picture galleries.

\* \*

Lord Selborne, at Bloemfontein on Monday, cut the first sod of the new railway from Bloemfontein to Kimberley.

**W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,**  
FRUITERERS, . . . . FLORISTS,  
FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS,

92, 92a High Street,  
16 Montpelier Walk.



Choice Collection of

Pineapples, Grapes, and all Choice Fruits.  
Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Ducks, and Game  
. . . of all kinds for . . .

**XMAS SALE** at lowest possible prices.

EAST AND WEST.

LIEUT.-COL. (HONORARY) C. J. BURROW SAYING "GOOD-BYE" TO THE LLAMA (BISHOP) WHO CAME FROM THIBET TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO THE VICEROY IN KASHMIR, NORTH INDIA.

Mr. C. J. Burrow, who is a brother of Mr. E. J. Burrow, of Pittville Gates, has been for nearly twenty years State Bandmaster in charge of the military bands of H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir. During the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India he was decorated with the Cross of the Victorian Order by the Prince at Srinagar.

OUR FEATHERED VISITORS.

\*

Mr. Eagle Clarke has been making investigations into the migratory movements of birds at Fair Isle during the autumns of 1905-6. The passages of some ninety species were observed, and specimens of a number of rare birds were obtained, thus showing that we have by no means exhausted our knowledge of British birds, and further, that these shores are annually visited by more species than is generally suspected.—"Country Life."

\*

The members of the Mendelsham Sparrow Club have destroyed 7,666 sparrows and 4,240 eggs this season. They have decided to give a special prize next season for the largest number of eggs and young sparrows produce.

\* For High-Class \*

**Provisions & Groceries**

at STORE PRICES, Try

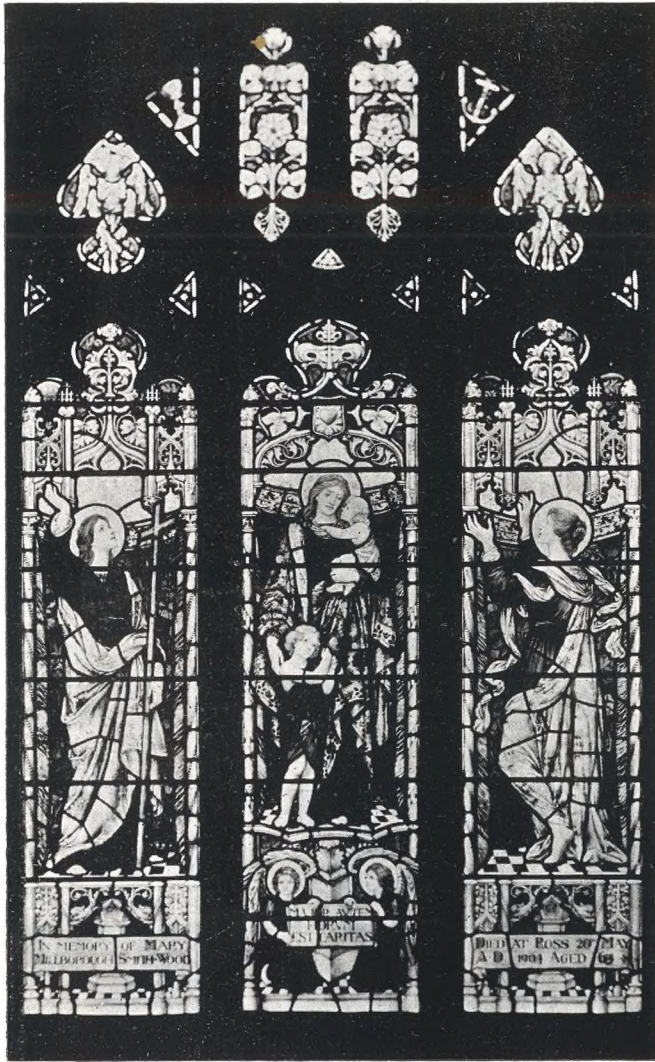
**A. & R. HAWARD,**

PITTVILLE STREET and  
ALBION STREET, CHELTENHAM.

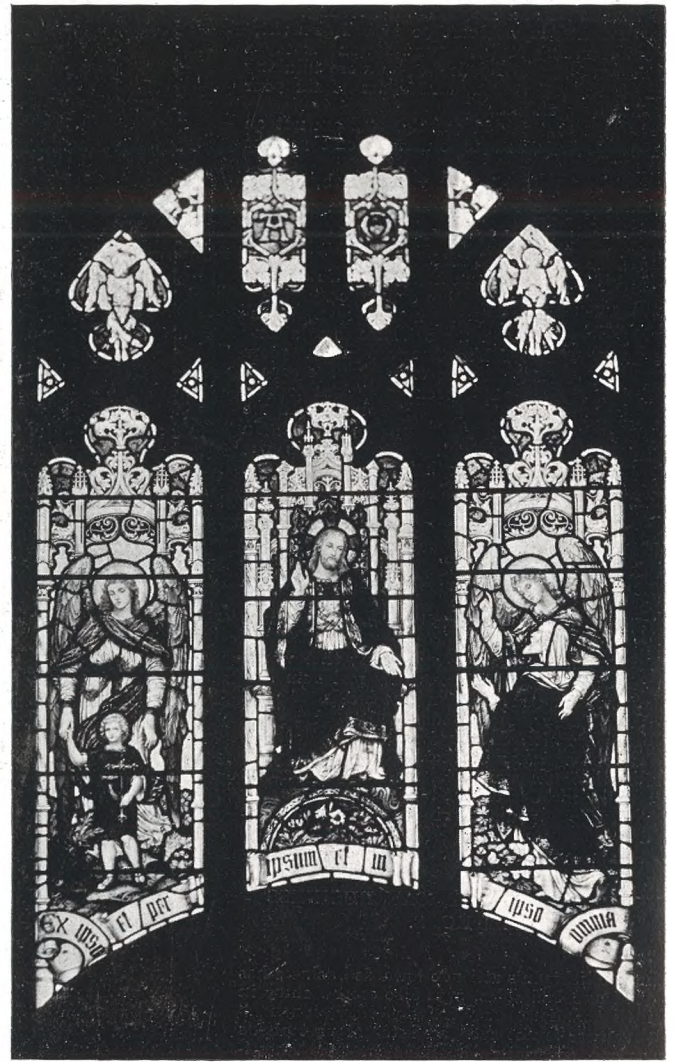
Noted for Breakfast Hams and Bacon.



Dedication of Windows in Winchcombe Parish Church, December 17th, 1906.



THE SMITH-WOOD MEMORIAL.



THE BROCKLEHURST GIFT.



WINCHCOMBE CHURCH INTERIOR.

## 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, . . CHELTENHAM.**

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

**MR. SUTTON GARDNER,**

**LAUREL HOUSE**

(Near Free Library).

**CHELTENHAM.**

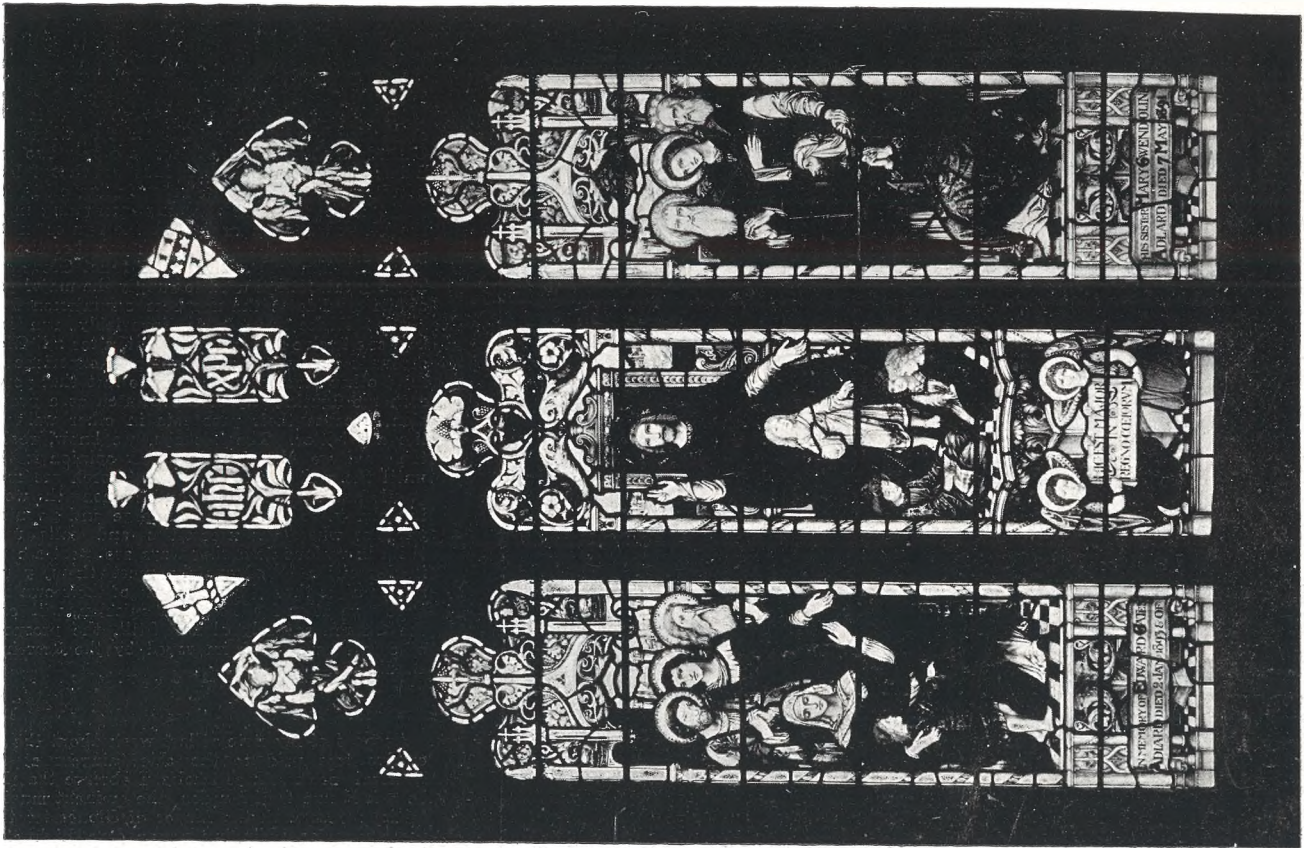
HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.





**The Young Baritone. — Mr. Arthur Harry Wynn,**

whose portrait appears above, is a young Paiswickian who has been a student at the Royal College of Music for some three years. Last year he succeeded in winning the Royal College Scholarship for singing, and has recently met with unqualified success in the annual operatic performance given by the students, as the following extract from "The Referee" shows: "The College was happy in finding a young artist so particularly fitted in voice, style, and appearance as Mr. Arthur H. Wynn to embody the hot-headed patriot Skains, and his resemblance to Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the creator of the part, was remarkable, and commended much in his favour; but Mr. Wynn may be judged on his own merits, and these are so unimpaired that a bright future may be pronounced for the young baritone."



THE ADLARD MEMORIAL.



ROUND ABOUT OLD GLOUCESTER.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



Photos by G. A. Powell, Cheltenham.

\*

An event fixed for to-morrow is an ordination by Bishop Gibson in Gloucester Cathedral. The fact that there are only two candidates for holy orders reminds me that I have previously referred to the grave falling off in late years in the numbers of young men going in for the Church as compared with the figures in the latter part of last century. I remember that at the ordinations when the now defunct Gloucester Theological College used to supply the major part of the candidates the numbers commissioned by Bishop Ellicott used to invariably run into between twelve and twenty. But, after all, Gloucester is only sharing the common experience of most other dioceses in the grave fact that young men are fighting shy of the Church as a profession, because their prospects in other walks of life are better. The Bishops, we know, realise the gravity of the situation. My opinion is that until the vast revenues of the Church are more evenly and equitably distributed among the working clergy, so that those in large and populous parishes where the necessities and calls upon them in various deserving ways are great are put in a position to adequately meet them, young men, unless they possess means of their own and have a vocation for the sacred mission, will leave the Church severely alone. Still, the prospects of curates are much improved by the dearth of candidates.

\* \*

Apropos of my note of last week about the excessive fees paid to the chief singers at the Festivals of the Three Choirs, I observe that Mr. Joseph Bennett, of London, the eminent musical critic, agrees with the Mayor of Gloucester that the professional singing power of a high class in the present day is a good way below the standard which ruled in the middle decades of last century, yet many members of the second group are receiving higher fees than did their predecessors. This anomaly the Mayor would remove, but Mr. Bennett considers it a counsel of perfection, because some years ago the festivals combined against the artists and were beaten. The artists may have had the key of the position then, but I question if they have it now.

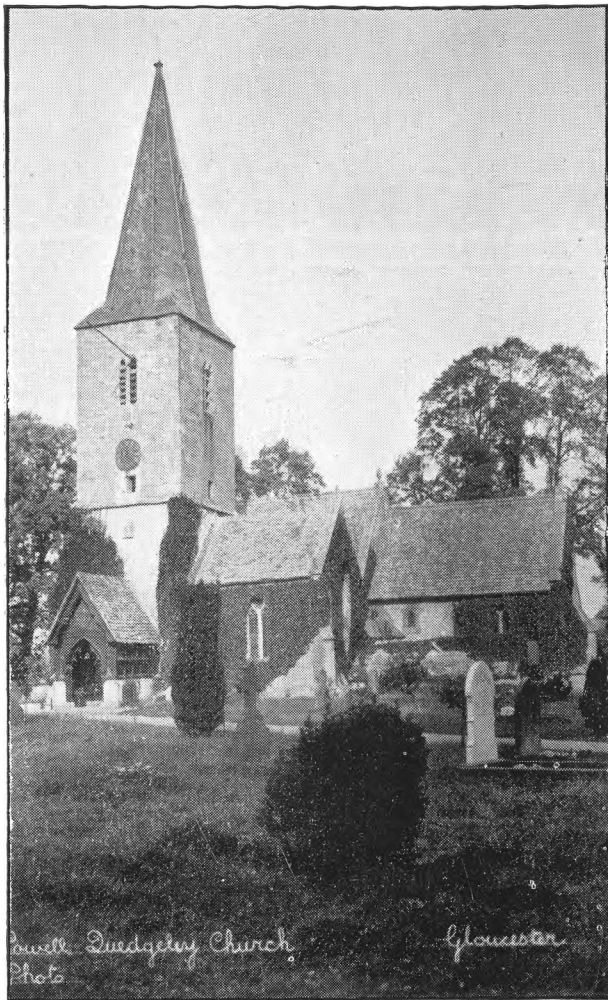
\* \*

During the past two years in which the contractors to the Great Western Railway Co. have been engaged in the construction of the Honeybourne Railway through Cheltenham they have necessarily much altered the appearance of the district extending from the Hunting Butts to Queen's-road. The final contracts for making the Malvern-road Station and yard and the locomotive shed are well on the way to completion. Indeed, the mighty steam navy which has dug up the bulk of the 60,000 cubic yards of earth for removal from the site will soon be sent away to fresh diggings. During the three months the machine has been delving it has filled with "muck" four trains that have daily been run to Honeybourne and there tipped to form a loop line. I find that the Great Western locomotives at Cheltenham have to be supplied from Gloucester with water, which is trained over in two iron tanks, each containing 3,000 gallons, and which make two journeys a day.

\* \*

I hear the Midland Railway Co. are making their arrangements for a much improved service of trains between Bristol and Birmingham in view of the keen competition that the Great Western will start when the Honeybourne route to the Midlands is in full working order. Thus the public will benefit, and I hope both companies will reap the due reward of their enterprise. The Midland have on hand an appeal against the Assessment Committee of the Gloucester Union in putting up the value of their one mile and 40 yards of railway in Churchdown from £2,460 to £3,690. I fancy this 50 per cent. increase will require a lot of justification. A true story has just reached me: A young woman asked a Midland official what time the next train went to Tewkesbury, and on being told "the mail at 8.30," she innocently remarked, "Oh! I suppose that is for men only." GLEANER.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE CHURCHES.



“THE CHURCH PLATE OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.”

The Rev. J. T. Evans, rector of Stow-on-the-Wold, author of “The Church Plate of Pembrokeshire,” has now produced under the auspices of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society a volume entitled “The Church Plate of Gloucestershire,” which will prove a valuable addition to the Standard Works relating to this county.

The detailed account of the Sacramental Vessels in the 367 ecclesiastical parishes of the county, which are arranged in alphabetical order, is preceded by an Introduction of 24 pages.

Besides Extracts from the Chantry Certificates by the Commissioners of 2 Edward VI. (1548), and from the Returns of Church Goods in 6 and 7 Edward VI. (1552-3), there is also a Chronological List of all the Church Plate in Gloucestershire, an Index of Armorial, and a very copious General Index. Forty pieces of plate are well illustrated. The famous Candlestick once in the possession of St. Peter's Abbey, Gloucester, and dating from A.D. 1102-13. is shown in the Frontispiece.

“After many vicissitudes,” writes Mr. Evans, “during a period of eight centuries, it now rests safely in the custody of the authorities of the South Kensington Museum.” Amongst the other pieces illustrated appear the Fairford Maizer-Bowl (1480-90), the Clifford Chambers Chalice and Paten made in 1494, the restored Preston-on-Stour Chalice (1490-1510), the Paten at Cold Ashton (1490-1520), and the famous Boleyn Cup at Cirencester, the value of which has been estimated at £5,000.

Of Edwardian and Marian plate there is no specimen in the county. Mr. Evans notifies eighty Elizabethan Chalice, 63 Paten-covers, and four Flagons.

The earliest Chalice is found at Avening 1562, the latest at Hatherop 1599. The deaneries possessing most Elizabethan silver are those of Campden and Cirencester. Those possessing the least are South Forest, Bisley, and Stonehouse.

Two Services of Pewter are accounted for, viz. Sudeley and Longborough. Mr. Evans concludes his Introduction with what will no doubt prove somewhat of a shock to many of our rather advanced Churchmen.

“A careful perusal of the Chronological List will show how numerous are the parishes which sold or exchanged ancient plate for new during the last century, for, humiliating as it may be to have to confess it, yet the fact remains that a wave of spoliation commenced with the Oxford Movement, when all post-Reformation plate came to be considered uneclesiastical. Nothing would serve but the mediæval shape, and so Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline vessels, worth much more than their weight in gold, had to go—often for the current value of silver metal, and tawdry sham Gothic vessels were procured in their stead.

“The fact that these old vessels were consecrated went for nothing, and no faculty was dreamt of.

“In Little Compton, to take but one instance, we find the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester about 1869 assisting the spoilers.

“Another form of spoliation was the selling of the plate for the repairing of churches. There are instances of churchwardens and incumbents actually disposing of the Altar gifts of benefactors who, be it remembered, had built and endowed their churches for them. Not content with having the site, fabric, and all spiritual privileges (for nothing) they could not even spare the few silver vessels which the same generous benefactors had presented for Altar Service.”

Here is a word of caution for the churchwardens of Gloucestershire, which they will do well to mark, learn, and inwardly digest. “In conclusion,” writes Mr. Evans, “I can but repeat

what I have said in a former volume: No person, be he priest, patron, churchwarden, or squire, has any legal or moral right to appropriate or in any way to alienate these vessels from the parish churches to which they belong, without a faculty.

“Those who collect Church plate are in most cases nothing less than receivers of stolen goods, and it is a pity they cannot be dealt with as such.

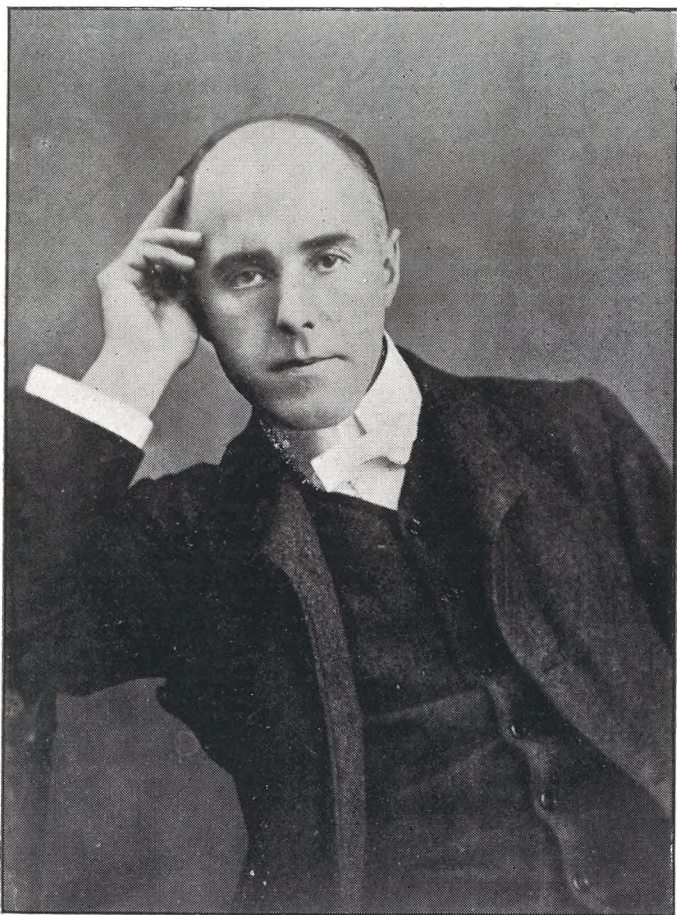
“The churchwardens are the custodians of the Church plate. ‘The moveable goods of the Church,’ says Phillimore, ‘are by the common law, vested in the churchwardens as a quasi-corporation (for the benefit of the parishioners at large), whose continuity is preserved, notwithstanding the annual change in the persons constituting it. I take it, that if the Altar vessels are sold (without a faculty), stolen, or destroyed, any parishioner may, with the approval of the Bishop, take an action against the churchwardens and compel them to restore or replace the plate with vessels of like value. There are not a few churchwardens in Gloucestershire to whom this would mean financial ruin.’”

Mr. Evans gives the total weight of silver now belonging to the Church in this county as about 20,200 ounces; never before has the quantity of Church silver been estimated in any English county.

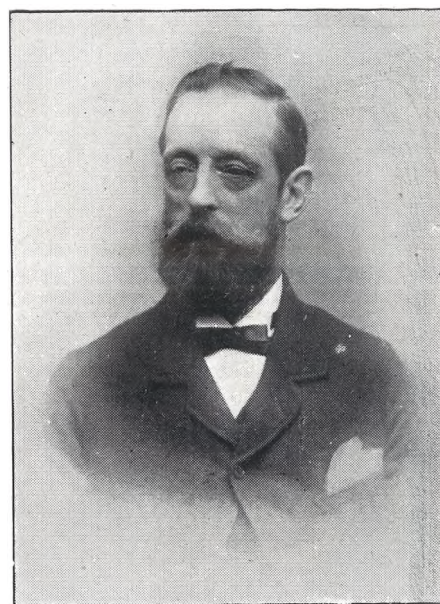
The book is full of historical information, and the amount of detail dealt with must have entailed very careful and very arduous labour. We cannot do better than repeat the criticism made by the “English Historical Review” regarding Mr. Evans's Pembrokeshire volume: “A good introduction, a good index.” In fine, “The Church Plate of Gloucestershire” is a very good piece of literary work.

For Printing of every description  
Try the “Echo” Electric Press.





**REV. J. T. EVANS, RECTOR OF STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.**  
 Editor for the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society of "The Church Plate of Gloucestershire," and author of "The Church Plate of Pembrokeshire."



**MR. HENRY COOPER.**  
 A CRIMEAN VETERAN,  
 who died at Over, near Gloucester, October 15, 1906, aged 74 years.  
 Deceased served with his brother, the late Mr. James Cooper, in the 1st Royal Dragoons through the Crimean War. One of his engagements was in the charge of the Heavy Brigade of Cavalry to relieve the Light Brigade after the memorable charge at Balaclava.

**PRIZE COMPETITION.**

The 212th prize has been awarded to Miss Ida Marshall, 2 York-terrace, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Hind at the Parish Church, Cheltenham.

**Christmas Gifts**

✿ FOR GENTLEMEN. ✿

- LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, 6/-, 7/6, 9/-, 12/-, 18/- per dozen. Boxed in 1/2-dozens for Gifts.
- CASHMERE & SILK MUFLERS.
- SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
- FANCY WAISTCOATS. . . RUGS.
- SCARFS. COLLARS. BRACES.

**A. BECKINGSALE,**

111 and 387 HIGH STREET.  
 TELEPHONE 406. c677

**CIGARS.**

**"FLOWER OF CUBA"**

BRAND.

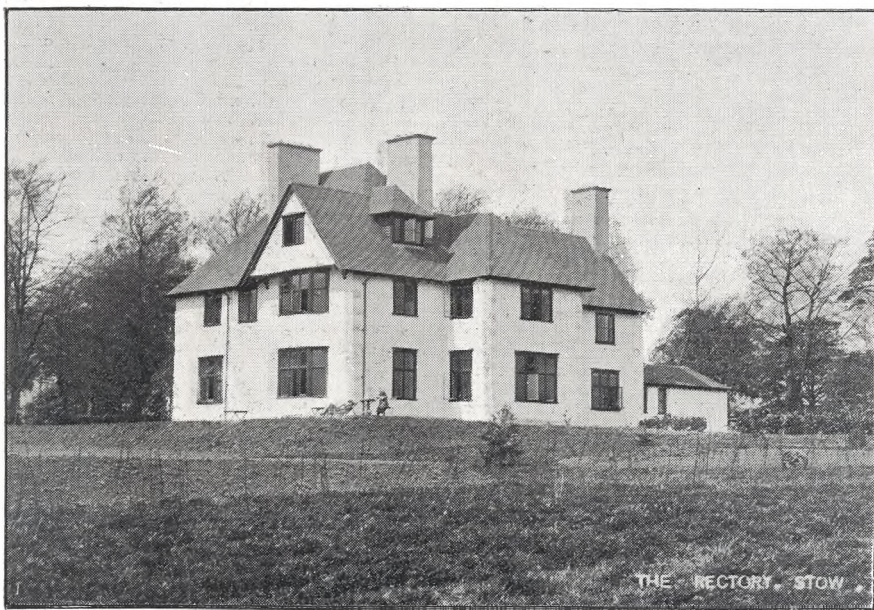
This Cigar was awarded  
**First Prize Gold Medal**

Tobacco Exhibition 1905, 1906.

See "Daily Mail" Oct. 24th.

Packed in Boxes of 50  
**13/6 per 100.** Special Quotations for Quantities.

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



THE RECTORY, STOW

Architects, Messrs. Healing and Overbury, Cheltenham.

**THE BOTTLE EXCHANGE.**

\* \*

To minimise the loss from missing bottles is the main object of a curious institution in South-wark, the "Bottle Exchange," which is a kind of clearing house for the trade and a branch of an

association of mineral water manufacturers. The Exchange, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," which dealt with over 100,000 dozen bottles last year, collecting them from many sources, and returning them to their owners, recovers for manufacturers between £6,000 and £7,000 worth of property per annum.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No 313.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY,

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

Nightly until Jan. 5, at 7.30, Matinees Dec. 29,  
Jan. 1, 3, and 5, at 2, the Cheltenham Pantomime,

**"GOODY TWO SHOES."**

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.*

### 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 213th prize has been awarded to Mr. Percy J. Piggott, of 9 Windsor-street, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

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

### THE TRADITION OF THE GOODWIN SANDS.

\*

Tradition has it that what is now the Goodwin Sands was once the smiling island known as Lomea. Earl Godwine was its owner in Saxon time, and the land then pastured flocks of sheep. It was low ground, protected by sea walls, but the pasture was some of the best in England. After Godwine's death the island passed to the abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury. The foolish abbot used the stones intended for the sea wall to build a steeple for Tenderden Church. This gave the sea its chance (says "The Penny Magazine"), and a great storm broke down the walls, and the sea swallowed the fair island and converted it into a huge quicksand. In the past eight centuries the Goodwins have swallowed thousands of ships, tens of thousands of lives, and millions of pounds worth of treasure.



**COLONEL BRINDLEY,**

A WELL-KNOWN CHELTENHAM SPORTSMAN, AND A GREAT SUPPORTER OF  
GLOUCESTERSHIRE CRICKET AND FOOTBALL.



**THE SIMPLE LIFE AND HEALTH.**

[BY THOMAS POLE IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

\*

There are many so-called "cures" in the world, but when a man has passed middle age he becomes wary in regard to the advice of doctors, as well as quacks, knowing that, to put it paradoxically, prevention is the only cure.

After a long and strenuous city life has led to nervous exhaustion, I realised that rest in the country was the first remedy, and hearing of Herr Hecht's little settlement in the South of France, where sun and air baths were suitably provided, I decided to stay there and soon found myself at Saunier, amidst the lower hills of Var.

This place is excellently situated for the purpose, lying a few miles from the sea, in an elevated valley, and affording lovely views of wooded heights and mountains to the North and East, as well as the delectable Mediterranean in the South, whilst the mistral wind which often blows from the Maure range may be truly regarded as a brisk friend to health.

The fashionable towns in the Riviera are, at first sight, very attractive. The blue miniature bays which shine like jewels against the brown rocks of coast rising against them, are indeed charming places to visit, if only it did not become obvious so soon that where there is much light there is much shade; for closer acquaintance with these gay centres of human life, reveals the fact that the human tide which frets these shores in search of health and pleasure has its squalid side.

At any rate, the gay promenades, with their votaries of pleasure, and attendant birds of prey, soon begin to pall upon the nature lover, and we were glad to get away.

Hither have come others like-minded, and our visitors include Germans, Russians, and English. Herr Hecht has now four houses. The place consists of about 25 acres, including a pine wood and three open enclosures for sun and air baths, the latter being the special feature of the "cure."

We liked the simplicity and freedom, and surrounded as we were by good air and plenty of it, and with beautiful natural scenery, we soon discovered new objects of interest, and new avenues of thought were opened out to us. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the physical body should be recuperated.

We are aware that sickness is the result largely of wrong mental conditions, and that the essential thing is to avoid those states of mind which tend to materialise in the form of disease; at the same time, it is something to have rest, and to be surrounded by healthy conditions.

The scenery around the place is very interesting; the hills mostly covered with firs; the early blossoming almond, and later leafing mulberry also abound, and it is a delight to the eye when the fresh green of the fig breaks the soft monotony of the olive.

In fact, one of the charms of the place is the interesting subtropical trees which one comes across in a day's walk.

Nearer the sea the terraced slopes bear oranges, lemons, and other citrus fruit, and here and there stately date-palms arrest attention.

To an English eye it was pleasant to note that the chestnut and plane trees found a home in these regions, also the eucalyptus, here a fine tree whose elegant stem detaches from itself the outer bark as it mounts upwards, a hint to us, as I thought, to unflinchingly discard the outworn, when of no further use to personal growth. Groups of eucalyptus are sometimes planted near country houses to scare the mosquito, or to absorb miasma, and rosemary by isolated cottages to attract bees. Wild roses abound, and the cultivated kinds bloom freely twice in the season. What a contrast is presented by the aloe, or, to be correct, agave, which even in this climate bides its usual time, incontinently to exhaust itself at last in prodigious inflorescence!

The gay procession of wild flowers through the months of spring affords a daily pleasure by their interesting variety and brilliancy. Many of them mimic, with intenser hue, the sea and sky. Each spot owns some charm of colour, form, or scent, and low down in some patches of coarse

pasture the delicate narcissus, like a gracious presence in uncomely places, sheds itself. The fugitive hours pass, and the purple deepens in the hills, but as the day draws in the recurrent marvel of the Southern night is again disclosed.

Once more we wander about the lower hills, where the common scrub consists of Alpine rose, prickly broom, and the tall white heather. There are several kinds of heath, and it is supposed that the shrub spread to these parts from the submerged "Atlantis," of which the Azores are an apparent relic. Myrtle, arbutus, and other fragrant bushes serve to brighten the walks, and on some of the more open spots where firs are thin, the forest floor is strewn with sweet thyme and lavender.

On the hillside or around the valley we encounter a flock of sheep of a different breed to those known to us, but the herbage here is poor.

Occasional solitude amidst natural scenery, or retirement with a comrade from artificial conditions of life, tends to restore integrity to the mind. Personal troubles are petty in the woods, and evaporate amongst the pines.

In the rush of life, a pause for thought is always healthful, and even to the strong and vigorous is a useful change; but when the mind exchanges for the curtained chambers of conventional thought, the open heavens and natural scenery, we commune once more with nature, and this tends to restore alike the mind and body to pristine vigour.

Disease, however, generally stays about a man until he has fully learnt its lesson, and then it passes away; but the gain to be obtained from such places as this lies mainly in the fact that the mind has new material to work upon, and is very liable to be directed under such conditions into health-giving channels.

The valetudinarian who believes that his disease lies in his body, and has nothing to do with his mental life, wanders from cure to cure in the hope that the conditions of health may thus be restored; but the wise man is he who looks for the cause in his own habits and mental condition, and seeks to put himself into harmony with nature on the higher planes.

The necessaries of a healthy life, such as fresh air, sunlight, good water, and simple diet, are not difficult to obtain, and happily most people can command these at home if they wish to do so; but to learn to control our passions, to live in harmony with our higher nature, this requires effort and discipline, and one of the results is good health. It is significant in this connection that the words holy and healthy have the same origin.

**FAMOUS PEER.**

\*

**'THE SPOTTIEST, SHABBIEST KIND OF OLD GENTLEMAN.'**

\*

It is one of the privileges of being great that one can afford to have samples of bygone repasts on one's waistcoat, writes Mrs. John Lane in an article on "The Tyranny of Clothes," in the January "Fortnightly."

The Englishman, she says, is not only the apotheosis of the perfectly dressed, but he can reach a degree of shabbiness which is phenomenal. Not the poor and obscure, but the rich and usually the great. Who has not seen the Great shabby and spotty to a degree?

"Before I had learnt by experience, I remember being introduced to the shabbiest, spottiest kind of old gentleman in Regent-street, who was shuffling along in company of an aged, greeny-brown umbrella. He looked as if a shilling charitably bestowed would have been a godsend. I took a hasty inventory of his spots, his dragged necktie, his frayed wristbands, his down-trodden boots, and felt rather superior.

"It was, therefore, with a start that I heard a very famous name indeed, and found myself shaking the limp hand of a very eminent nobleman. He saw that I was deeply impressed, but distinguished though he was, he could not guess the real reason. I watched him shuffle down Regent-street, the threadbare seams of his coat boastfully outlining his bent back, and it struck me that he looked modestly triumphant as he climbed the 'bus that passes the palace in which he lives.

"If ever a man was tyrannised over by a mean umbrella, a threadbare coat, and frayed trousers—the kind that hitch up behind—that was the man."

**MILLIONAIRE MAD**

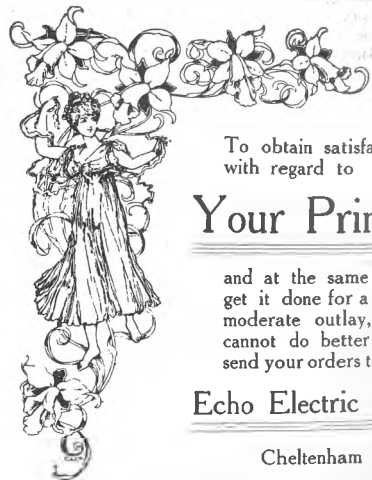
The English at the moment are millionaire mad; they see a Croesus at every turn! A stranger arrives at a provincial town and makes a few purchases; the report spreads like lightning that he is enormously rich, and the whole neighbourhood struggles to obtain possession of him! It is worse in the West End of London. So long as his antecedents are entire untraceable, the commonest adventurer here can establish himself for a while as a millionaire. It is everybody's object in the West End to obtain possession of an inordinately rich friend, so any scamp who assumes to be wealthy is at once seized upon, and his captors not only spread far and wide the report that he is a millionaire, but resolutely refuse to be convinced that he is not! He protests that he is by no means so rich as they describe him to be; that is proof positive to them that he is even more wealthy than they supposed. He is frugal in his habits, and permits them to pay for him whenever they are together. The tradesmen complain that he ignores their accounts. "That show clearly he is a millionaire," triumphantly explain his supporters! He advises the latter to invest their money in some concern in which he is interested, and they lose it. "None but a millionaire would do such a thing," they maintain and are more confident than ever that he is rolling in wealth!—"Marmaduke" in "The Graphic"

\* \*

**THE CURSE OF PRESENTS.**

\*

Our forbears and sires held it to be an insult to be offered a present by any but intimate friends. To-day, in some institutions present-giving has degenerated into an organised system of extortion, or has become a dangerous absurdity. Good fellowship and liberality towards one's friends and intimate colleagues at Christmas time are one thing, but a system for collecting money from employees for gifts to their employers and superior officers, including an intimation of the amount expected from each, is quite another. The first may be admirable and even helpful. The second may become a tyranny, and should be regarded as a degradation by each recipient of any such gifts. We are glad to notice that only one of the matrons who has written on the subject is in favour of systematic present-giving in institutions. But, as the exception, "Sister Ellen," only favours gifts to the matron, she seems to us to put herself out of court. The practically unanimous view, then, appears to be that it is each matron's part to tell her nurses as a body that she does not consider the custom a good one, and that it is her wish that official presents should cease to be given. We hope that every matron may have the courage to take this course, for then Christmas-tide throughout the institutions of the country is calculated to prove in fact a season of peace and goodwill. Under the existing system of present-giving in some institutions it must be exactly the reverse.—"The Hospital."



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

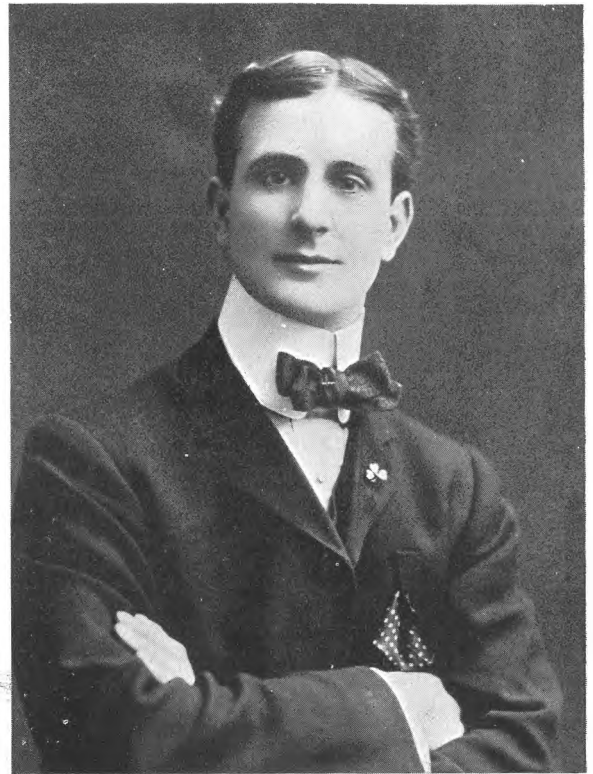
Artistic Work a speciality.



THE CHELTENHAM PANTOMIME, "GOODY TWO SHOES."



MISS ERNESTINE DESBOROUGH  
AS THE PRINCIPAL BOY.



MR. TOM E. SINCLAIR  
AS "DAME DURDEN."



UNCIVILISED WOMAN!

\*

Perhaps the present unrest on woman's part in regard to matters intellectual may be the first faint dawning of civilisation in her; she may be taking her first tottering steps on the wide pathway of Reason. If so, she ought to be thankful to the friends who call out "Halt." Man, in his advanced state of civilisation, is (I quote Mr. Watson) "admittedly of a more brutal cast than woman. He has more primitive and stronger instinct"; while uncivilised woman's "strength of feeling has produced in her some of the greatest qualities known to human experience." I do not know that, on the whole, woman would not be the loser were she admitted to the full state of civilisation. She would lose the qualities of love, generosity, self-sacrifice, which are admittedly hers now, though "she acts like an automaton answering to a pressed button." Hers would be a doubtful gain to be changed into a dial register which moved with regular and unflinching rhythm to the cold mechanism of reason. It seems hard to believe that the destruction of all immediate impulse from the emotions is the last word in civilisation; nor is the picture projected forth a very pleasing one—an age in which the heart has ceased to work in man, when the brain alone will predominate in all enterprise and in all execution. Where will be its painters, its musicians, its poets? Has reason ever produced a work which emanates the feeling which constitutes Art? One would like to know how much all the great works of the world owe to answering immediately to an impulse of the emotions.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

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

NO "LONDON" BRIDGE.

\*

"It is a fact that London Bridge was originally named Trafalgar Bridge," says "The Penny Magazine." "And how it came to be called London Bridge no one knows, for Trafalgar Bridge was the name chosen for it to commemorate the famous victory. If you want to prove this you will find inscribed on each side of the central arch the name Trafalgar Bridge, a fact I believe most Londoners are unaware of."

\* \*

ONE FOOT ON THE RUG.

\*

It is curious, too, to observe how soon the newest and most iconoclastic member falls into the ways of the House of Commons. Mr. John Ward, the stalwart ex-navy who represents Stoke, always sits on the front bench below the gangway, on the Opposition side of the House. Now, if you look at the House of Commons you will see that while most of the floor is covered with cocoanut fibre, there is on either side an ordinary rug extending some feet out on the floor. If Mr. Ward rises to address the House you will observe that while he extends one leg right on to the cocoanut fibre, he is careful to keep the other within the rug. If he did not do so he would be immediately called to order from all parts of the House, and suddenly and shamefacedly you would see him drag in one of his two feet and place it in the safe asylum of the rug. This seems absurd enough; but, again, there is supposed to be behind it a tradition and a reason. In the old days the Knights of the Shire came to the House of Commons with their sword by their side; and you can see that if they were not kept asunder by this rule with regard to the rug on either side of the House, they might well get near enough to each other on the floor to draw their swords and have a duel with steel instead of with tongues.—"P. T. O."

OUR MOST VALUABLE BOOK.

\*

The nation's most valuable book, the Codex Alexandrinus, is worth nearly a thousand pounds a page. It got its name, says "The Penny Magazine," from the city of Alexandria, from which it was originally brought, 'way back in the seventh century. It is really the manuscript of the Gospels as they existed centuries ago, and is very different from the Bible as we know it now. There are only two books in existence which are more valuable, and one of these was found in a dust-heap at an Asiatic monastery, and taken to St. Petersburg. It is worth a million in hard cash.

\* \*

At a marriage in Kentucky the father of the bridegroom gave the bride a peck of assorted United States coins, weighing over 75lb., which he had saved from the date of his son's birth on purpose to give to his future daughter-in-law.

**W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,**  
FRUITERERS, . . . . FLORISTS,  
FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS,

92, 92a High Street,  
16 Montpellier Walk.



Choice Collection of  
Pineapples, Grapes, and all Choice Fruits.  
Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Ducks, and Game  
. . . of all kinds for . . .  
**XMAS SALE** at lowest possible prices.





LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND NEW BANK AT GLOUCESTER CROSS.

NOT WANTED.  
 "London will not want clerks for the next million years," says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," in an article, "Men London Wants," "because the clerkships are the average Londoner's Pro-mised Land. That little baby who cried himself into existence just now, he will be a clerk very likely, and his little baby's son and grandson;

and farther down the line of ages than it is good to look. Yet, to-morrow, when the young man is informed that his application is satisfactory, he will throw his cap into the air, and dance with delight. Look at him next month. His face will be haggard; he will be out of work. Why on earth did he say in his letter that he was 'original, with good ideas'?"



MR. J. B. MCGUIRE,  
 MANAGER OF GLOUCESTER BRANCH OF LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK.

FLINTS AND LEASES.

In many cases "flint picking," except as regards the larger stones, is provided against by special clauses in the leases of the flinty farms. The stones have, it is true, a value for building purposes, but the reason for insisting that they should not be removed from the land is to be

found in the fact that they are invaluable in retaining the moisture in the dry soils in which they are most abundant. It is but seldom that flint stones can be turned over without traces of moisture being noticeable on their under surfaces. Such at least is the explanation of "no removal of flints" clauses in the leases given by a large landowner in Buckinghamshire—"Country Life."





PREMISES THAT STOOD ON SITE OF NEW GLOUCESTER BANK. City Sweet Shop in Westgate-street, Hargreaves' (chemist's) shop at corner of Westgate and Northgate streets, and Long's (fishmonger's) shop in Northgate-street.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

\*

Orphan hours, the year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep!  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep.  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So White Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;  
Solemn hours! wait aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways  
The tree-sprung cradle of a child,  
So the breath of these rude days  
Rocks the year—be calm and mild,  
Thumbing hours, she will arise  
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave:  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—but, O ye hours,  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

In blindly following the fashion people are apt to forget that what is one person's adornment becomes another's disfigurement. A straight, slim young fellow of two-and-twenty looks well in a white evening waistcoat, but when Uncle Bulger dons a similar garment he appears like Daniel Lambert, and we roar with laughter. Again, one man may look well clean-shaven, but the more another's face is covered with hair, the more passable he will become. I could say something about female dress—but I refrain, for I know the quantity of closely underscored letters it would bring me. But I am persuaded that my newly devised profession of a Costume Expert would not only prove very lucrative, but would reduce considerably the noble army of guys that at present pervades England.—J. Ashby-Sterry in "The Graphic."



CHELTENHAM PANTOMIME COMPANY IN "GOODY TWO SHOES."



# 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, . . CHELTENHAM.**

## POSTAL PROBLEMS.

\*

The problem is to settle whether our system of postal service is capable of being used as one of the great means to hasten rural revival and promote rural prosperity. Everybody is agreed that we must make it possible for the farmer, gardener, and labourer to enjoy satisfactory living in the country if we are to stop the depopulation of our rural districts. Railways concentrate their energies in serving the towns and great seaports. Canals are neglected and decaying. Trams, motors, tubes, telegraphs, telephones—all tend to further increase the profitableness of occupations followed in great cities. The farmer and market gardener are being left with comparatively fewer advantages of communication every year. Can the Post-office be relied upon to help him?—Agricultural Economist and Horticultural Review."

# New Year Gifts

FOR GENTLEMEN.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, 6/-. 7/6, 9/-. 12/-. 18/- per dozen. Boxed in 1/2-dozens for Gifts.

CASHMERE & SILK MUFFLERS.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

FANCY WAISTCOATS. . . . RUGS.

SCARFS. COLLARS. BRACES.

## A. BECKINGSALE,

111 and 387 HIGH STREET.

TELEPHONE 406.

C677

## IN DEFENCE OF THE HOBBY.

\*

From one point of view it is easy to laugh at such hobbies as those of collecting postcards, stamps, or even butterflies. But if such a pastime takes the mind away from the task that has been occupying it all the day, it must be a wholesome corrective of an evil influence. For there can be no denying that monotony and uniformity are prominent dangers of the age. Every observer must have been struck by the fact that working men to a great extent inhabit houses of exactly the same pattern, rise at the same time in the morning and cease work at the same time at night, travel by the same omnibuses, tramcars, or railways, and in every way tend to resemble one another in a grey monotony of existence. A hobby is the natural relief to this.—"Country Life."

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR

## ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

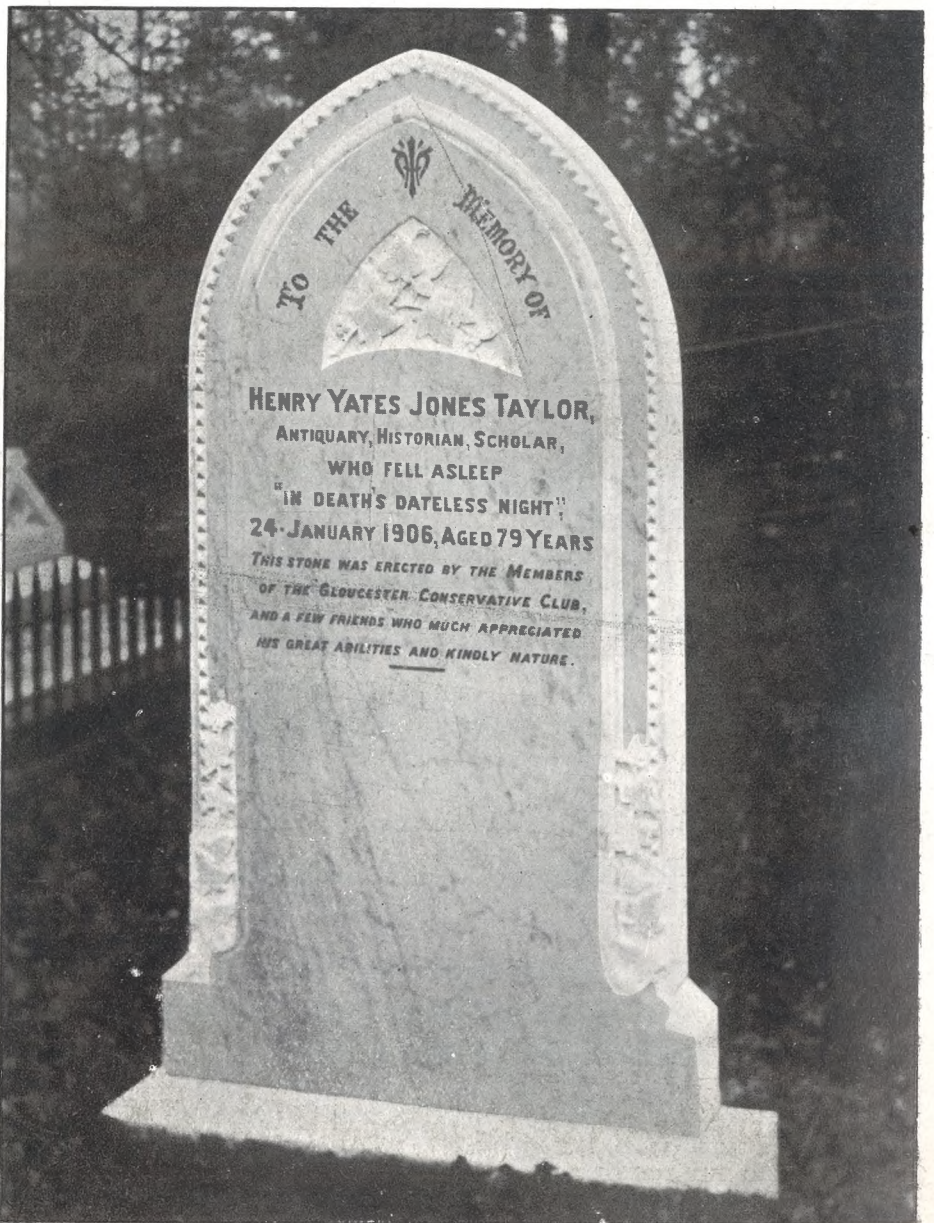
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library).

CHELTENHAM.

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



"H. Y. J. T." MEMORIAL IN BROCKWORTH CHURCHYARD.



Photo by Harold Stokes, Cheltenham.

### Y.M.C.A. WEDNESDAY A.F.C.

Standing.—Mr. Garrett, J. Phillips, H. T. Stokes, C. Averiss, R. Grant, Mr. Lodge, E. Bath, F. W. Pleydell, F. Giles, Mr. Jefferies.  
Sitting.—H. Broom, A. Vizard, G. Fisher, E. James, T. King.  
Sitting on Ground.—H. A. Leak, A. Young.



GLOUCESTERSHIRE CHURCHES.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



BROCKWORTH



\*

The "Chronicle" of this week gives the annual compiled list, unofficially of course, of the wills of persons more or less connected with Gloucestershire that have been proved during the year just ending. I have not yet had time to compute, as I generally do, the totals of the amounts under the various headings. A cursory inspection, however, shows me that there are fewer large estates appearing in the list than in some recent years. I hope next week to be able to give a little detail, from the materials I have collected, of the sums that deceased testators left for charitable or religious or benevolent purposes during the current twelvemonth. As it is, I am happy to say that there is a very marked increase over the number of those who left similar bequests during several previous corresponding periods. There is certainly a continuance of the commendable practice of masters and mistresses giving their servants' names a corner in their wills. Long and good and faithful services deserve recognition in these days when employees too often perform their duties perfunctorily and are eager to seek change of situations. I was very pleased to read the account of the honour done last week by the members of a Cheshire county family settled in Gloucestershire to an old and faithful female retainer, who, having died in her mistress's service, was given sepulchre in the family vault at Oxenton.

\* \*

I saw that the "Graphic" recently gave an illustration of "Queen Bess's Court-Room" in St. Nicholas House, Gloucester, the fittings of which, consisting of carved oak mantelpiece and wainscot panelling of same wood, were sold to a London dealer for removal. I find that the price paid for these fittings and the somewhat similar ones in another room was actually £750, which seems out of all proportion to the price obtained for the house itself, shorn of the fittings, and a freehold one, which has lately changed hands at £800. But, then, experts know there is money in old carved oak furniture and fittings, especially if they have a history. And so it is with old china. And in this connection I have heard of a slice of luck that has recently come to a well-known clergyman, formerly of this diocese, who had in his possession a figure in Dresden china, which had been in his family for many years. Acting on the advice of a friend and expert, the parson sent it up for sale at a London auction-room, placing the reserve price of £200 on it. Imagine his surprise and delight when he was apprised that the figure was sold for the splendid figure of a thousand guineas. And his wonder did not cease when he subsequently heard that the purchaser had been offered 1,200 guineas for his bargain, but refused to part with it under 1,500.

\* \*

If St. Nicholas House, referred to above, had stood on Gloucester Cross, a few hundred yards higher up the street than it does now, its value, on the same basis that property at this centre of the city has ruled of late years, would have been nearer £8,000 than £800. The site on which the handsome new offices of the London City and Midland Bank stands (illustrated, as I understand, in this week's "Graphic"), must have run this go-ahead-company into at least £10,000 in the cost to them of the three freehold shops that were pulled down, and of compensation to a leaseholder and a tenant for disturbance. The Cross, literally speaking, has of late years been paved with gold by reason of the phenomenal prices at which shops there have been sold. The era of improvement in public buildings that Mr. Vassar-Smith initiated during his Mayoralty has now been heartily joined in by all the banks. GLEANER.

A PROOF OF KNOWLEDGE.

\*

The commonest faults of parents arise from ignorance or innocence. If the ignorance is self-satisfied, the matter is hopeless, as in the case of the good lady who said: "What! me not know how to bring up children? Why, I've buried ten!"—"The Academy."





**GOLDEN WEDDING COUPLE.**

Mr. and Mrs. Mustoe, of Marle Hill-road, Cheltenham, celebrated their golden wedding on Christmas Day. They were married at St. Paul's, Cheltenham, on December 25th, 1856, by the Rev. John W. Lacey. Mr. Mustoe was for upwards of fifteen years in the employ of Cheltenham Water Works Company, having charge of the pumping station in Keynsham-road, which position he resigned upon being appointed engineer at Cheltenham College Baths. This post he held for twenty-one years, resigning in April, 1901.

**SPIRIT VERSUS BODY.**

The battle between body and spirit has shown itself in the cases of some of our greatest in literature. Sir Walter Scott, referring to Dryden, speaks of "that sinking spirit which follows violent mental exercise," and one may instance Beckford, who is said to have written "Vathek" at a single sitting, which lasted three days and two nights, and cost him a serious illness. An interesting example of the same thing, severe mental effort reacting on the system, is related in regard to Wordsworth. When he was engaged on his "White Doe of Rylstone," he happened to receive a wound in the foot, and he noticed that while he was hard at work the state of the wound grew worse, though a corresponding improvement took place during cessation of labour. It is pathetic to read of the gallant fight which the owner of Abbotsford made in his longing to discharge his tremendous liabilities to the Ballan-

tyne creditors. "He would frequently pause and look around him, like a man mocked by shadows. Then he bestirred himself with a great effort, rallied his forces, and the style again flowed clear and bright." Balzac shortened his life through his furious bursts of labour. Locked up in his attic, clad in a shabby dressing-gown, stimulating his flagging brain by potations of coffee, he wrote for hours on end, and his proof-sheets (on which, as a fact, the great part of his books were written) bear witness to his terrific pace. Contrast with him Buffon. He would leisurely clothe himself in festive raiment, choose out a fine brocaded coat and laced ruffles, and then sit down, and, sitting in a high-backed chair, would sedately pen his well-turned phrases. Regard Harry Fielding "with inked ruffles and wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the 'Covent Garden Journal,' while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage."—"The Husk of Body," in "T.P.'s Weekly."

**THE GOOD OLD DAYS.**

The facts are, then, that although on paper the judicial year consists of only 214 days, no judge ever sits on that number. Roughly, each judge lays aside his wig and gown for four months out of the twelve. In distant days he enjoyed even longer repose. When Henry VIII. reigned there was a sheer break of fourteen weeks for the long vacation, in addition to the ordinary intervals between terms. The legislative reason for that prolonged closing of the doors of justice was the calls of harvest time upon a population that was much more rustic then than now, and the undesirability of keeping people massed together in the metropolis at such a "contagious" period in the year. But that was not the maximum of rest ever given to our judges. At the beginning of last century the courts were closed for five months on end. Possibly there were then men who, like Sir Henry Fowler now, raised their voices against such a prolonged refusal to the litigant of facilities for obtaining justice.—"Judges' Holidays," in "P.T.O."

**THE FAITHFUL STEWARD.**

"He was a cautious man," said the landlady to Carmichael afterwards, "and keptit himself to himself; he never said where he was going or what he was doing, but he was out nearly every night on some work of his own and I knew it was always gude work. There were times when young laddies would come to see him here, and he would have long confabs with them, and puir respectable women, mostly widows, and I noticed that if they came cast down, they aye went awa' comforted. That cupboard," said the landlady, "was little better than a grocer's shop, for he had it filled with pounds o' tea and sugar, and such like; aye, he would have cornflour and things like arrowroot for sick folk—I'm no saying he hadna peppermint drops. Everything was arranged on the shelves as neat as you like, and afore he went out I've seen him slip a packet o' this or a packet o' that into his coat-ta' pocket. But mind ye, he didna like you to see him taking thing: cot o' his store, and I daurna make ony remark. Mr. Sim was peculiar in some of his ways, but I'm expectin' there's mony a hard-working woman and mony a struggling laddie has blessed his name. What he did was done in secret, and he would be clean ashamed if he knew how it had come to the light of day."—Ian Maclaren in "The Sunday at Home."

**WHO WAS THE GREATEST?**

An enterprising Parisian contemporary, the "Petit Parisien," has taken a plebiscite in France to find out who, in the estimation of Frenchmen, was the greatest man in the nineteenth century, and of nine others who came nearest to him. The plebiscite has been going on for over a month, and the interest shown in the question is proved by the fact that something like 15,000,000 votes have been cast. The results were given out on Saturday, and Pasteur easily headed the list, polling over 100,000 votes more than his immediate competitor, Victor Hugo. The votes were 1,388,425 for Louis Pasteur, 1,227,103 for Victor Hugo, 1,155,672 for Gambetta, and 1,118,034 for Napoleon. The six following ones were Thiers, Lazare, Carnot, Curie, Dumas pere, Dr. Roux, and Permentier. After these came Ampere, De Brazza, Zola, Lamartine, Arago, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt. As she has created many a male part, and is about to create another, namely Mephistopheles, it is no wonder that she is included among the great men. One of the most surprising features of the plebiscite is the proof that Frenchmen have given up idolising Napoleon. The Petit Caporal holds only the fourth position, and with difficulty held his own against Thiers. What a change has come over France!

Mr. T. E. Naylor, the new general secretary of the London Society of Compositors, says that the trade unionist of the future will be expected to possess character as a citizen and efficiency as a craftsman.