

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 322.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1907.



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An Afternoon Call.

[By W. M. LETTS.]

At the moment of adieux our conventional expressions of regret are often deepened by a strangely serious pang at parting from even the least of our friends, and there is genuine earnestness in our wishes for a speedy reunion. For this reason we are often imprudent; we lay up a certain embarrassment for the future, when our feelings shall have cooled and the pang of parting been healed.

This state of mind was a common one with Miss Una Kinshade. It gave her rare charm of manner, for her regret at parting from her friends was very genuine, and her promises to write and invitations to them to visit her or write to her were delightfully effusive.

Jerome Vane thought so as they stood together at her garden gate, lingering over the last words of good-bye. He, himself, spoilt worldling as he was, felt real regret in parting from the pretty, friendly girl. He had just heard all the details of her approaching departure. She was to visit her godmother, an old lady with an impossible name who lived at an impossible place, and there was a chance that he might pay a visit there whilst Miss Kinshade was with her godmother. Such an opening to such an agreeable person ended in an obvious invitation to look her up, and Vane being her equal in enthusiastic friendliness, cordially accepted. In the ordinary course of events these two agreeable people would have forgotten each other by nightfall, but perverse fate had registered their enthusiastic promises and arranged for their fulfilment.

When Una Kinshade had been a month with Mrs. Moriarty at Ballynahinch, Vane arrived at Rathpenny to stay for a fortnight with Colonel O'Shee. He had almost forgotten the existence of Miss Kinshade, until Mrs. O'Shee mentioned her name at lunch. After lunch she came to her guest with a doleful air.

"I have to pay some calls on people who are unmitigatedly dull," she said. "I really can't ask you to accompany me; 'you'd be too bored; besides, they have never seen a real live author and dramatist, and I fear they would subject you to lionization; so what can you do in the meantime?"

Vane looked out of the window over the wild, lovely landscape. Such a scene would have offered many a man the rare delight of solitude, but Vane, town bred as he was, did not delight in loneliness.

"I might go over to Ballynahinch and look up Miss Kinshade," he suggested.

Mrs. O'Shee was obviously relieved.

"Oh, do," she answered brightly. "You'll see that dear old Mrs. Moriarty, who is the one typical Irishwoman I know. As a rule the Irish virtues are conspicuous in England and the stiffness and prudery of the Saxon are common in Ireland, but Mrs. Moriarty is an Irishwoman; genial, delightful. I do hope she'll be in. And Miss Kinshade is a charming girl."

So Vane was glad he was to have the chance of visiting her. Having seen Mrs. O'Shee off the car, he mounted his bicycle and set off for Ballynahinch. He found the sun hot, the wind in his face, and the hills long and tiring. Irish miles have a trick of doubling themselves. Vane was too epicurean to enjoy difficulties, and he was bad-tempered by the time he reached his desti-

nation; but the sight of the old house amongst the trees brought comfort to his heart. He pictured a cool drawing-room, afternoon tea, and pretty Miss Kinshade. He nursed these visions all the way up the ill-kept drive, then, at a sudden turn, he found himself in front of the house.

From the library windows the drive could only be caught glimpses of, so even to a watchful eye Vane's advent might not have been apparent; but Mrs. Moriarty and Una had eyes intent on other things till a moment before he reached the turn of the avenue.

When Miss Kinshade visited her godmother she usually found opportunity to display a fine decorative and reformatory zeal, and came armed with a thousand utilitarian schemes for the management of house and grounds. Her youthful impetuosity ran riot in every corner of the ramshackle old house. She instituted landscape gardening, Japanese decorations, schemes for using up old tins and boxes, Morris embroideries, English methods of housekeeping, French cookery, sweet making, and all the other arts and crafts of the self-confident and rash young person. As for Mrs. Moriarty—she submitted. Bitterly as she rallied against English tyranny and stupidity, she showed the common Irish desire to cultivate English fashions; while abusing the oppressor, she humbly asked enlightenment as to his ways.

At this particular moment the house was convulsed by Miss Kinshade's zeal, and the ladies were dressed accordingly, for we must needs clothe ourselves according to the attitude of our minds. Una still wore a dressing-jacket, and her hair in a pigtail. She found this toilette appropriate to her busy mood. She was standing on a chair gilding a picture frame. Mrs. Moriarty, thankful for an excuse, clung lovingly to her morning garb, a quaint cotton wrapper, not guiltless of tea-stains, whilst her hair was pushed into a bright blue crochet net, such as had been the fashion in her girlhood. Her feet were encased in carpet slippers, and her hands were busy, for she was tidying up her silver cupboard.

Not only did activity reign in the dining-room, but a certain pressure had been brought to bear on Mrs. Magrath, the red-haired general, to turn out the drawing-room, and this she was doing at the moment of Vane's arrival.

It is happened that as Vane turned the corner of the drive Mrs. Moriarty caught sight of him from the window. She waved her hands wildly, and appealed to her goddaughter.

"'Tis a gentleman come to call, Una. What shall we do at all, at all? I know Mrs. Magrath will show him in on the two of us!" And she fluttered about with distressed uncertain movements. Then her saving sense of ingenuity came to the rescue. She caught the girl's arm and pulled her into a small store-closet which opened out of the dining-room, but from which there was no other exit; it was small and dark, and there was scarcely room in it for the two ladies.

"She'll tell him we're out," whispered the elder woman, as she listened cautiously at the crack of the door. But Mrs. Magrath was at that moment assuring Vane that they were in.

She deposited a pail in the hall and met him unabashed. Never had Vane seen such a figure, for Mrs. Magrath had her skirt tucked up above a red petticoat, which displayed shoes seemingly so ancient that string was necessary to keep them together. But above all this her red face shone with cordial welcome. She beamed upon the visitor.

"Step in, yer honour," she exclaimed, in a voice which never knew modulation, "and plaze to march straight ahead to the dining-

room, for I'm after givin' a skirl round in the drawing-room."

She followed Vane to the door and announced him loudly to the empty room.

"I think your mistress is out," said Vane. Mrs. Magrath stumped in after him.

"Now where's herself gone to?" she asked of some invisible power. "'Tis only half a minyit ago I've seen her in the hall. Och! she's the cunnin' one to git away wid herself."

The good woman, unconvinced by her mistress's absence, gave a glance under the table and behind the sofa.

"She'll not have gone far, yer honour," she declared, "for she's only wearin' her old bedgown and net, as' she'd be the quare one to go callin' like that."

These confidences of Mrs. Magrath's were quite audible to the ladies in the cupboard. At the mention of her net and bedgown, Mrs. Moriarty clutched Una's arm. She was panting, for the day was hot and the air heavy with the scent of the store-room.

"Listen to the woman!" she whispered. "And who to goodness is the man?"

Una was trying to stifle her laughter. "He's my very smartest acquaintance," she returned. "Jerome Vane, the Jerome Vane, you know."

They held their breath and listened, for Vane was protesting that he must go, and leaving messages, which, however, Mrs. Magrath waved aside with a gesture of her big red hand.

"Is it go?" she said, "and you afther comin' all this way, an' the mistress on'y tuk off for a minyit or so? Sit ye down, an' be aisy. I'll just be wettin' a taste of tay agin herself or Miss Ooonagh turns up agin. Sit down a bit, yer honour. An' it's hot in the face you are. Miss Ooonagh 'ud have the life o' me if I let you go off wid yourself; she would, sir."

Mrs. Magrath beamed so kindly at Vane, and he was so very conscious that he was tired and hot, that his resolution wavered and he sat down. He hoped that Mrs. Moriarty's Irish hospitality would forgive him. He was really tired, and anxious besides to see the object of his visit.

Mrs. Magrath pushed some papers within his reach and then with a benignant air marched out of the room.

The ladies in the cupboard exchanged terrified glances. They were in a state of siege so ludicrous that Una could scarcely repress her hysterical mirth. Mrs. Moriarty's crimson face had at once a martial and strategic air as she peeped through the keyhole. Her unwelcome visitor, quite unconscious of her observing eye, was inspecting the room, looking carefully at the old silver in which it was so rich. He was a noted connoisseur, and there was appreciation in the very set of his back as his gaze was turned towards the silver cupboard. Mrs. Moriarty observed this with approval, and she felt that she would be glad to make his acquaintance if only this impossible situation could be relieved. She hoped he might go into the garden, but Vane was absorbed in examining her books, and the force of her strong will did not reach him through the cupboard door. Presently Mrs. Magrath came in again.

"Now where's herself got to?" she ejaculated in a somewhat troubled voice. "I've searched every cranny of the house, and there's sorra a sign o' the pair o' them; the mistress is not so thin she'd get into a mousehole, eyther. Did you happin to see the taypot, yer honour?"

Vane declared he had not done so. "Och! the ould villain, where is he?" She looked behind the sola cushions and under the bookshelf. "'Tis the best taypot I want," she said, "for the other one has

the leg off, an' there's come a weeshy hole in the place. 'Twas sittin' on the hot over it was when it happint; but it had no call to do that on me."

Mrs. Moriarty in her retreat listened to this unofficial confession with her mouth open. Reproof was impossible under the circumstances.

"'Tis likely Miss Oonagh has the taypot crammed with somethin' or other; she's got these fine English notions of usin' up the crockery for her bits of things,' explained the delinquent.

After this vague description she began a careful inspection of the room.

At last, with a whoop of triumph, she sprang on a plush covered chair and snatched the teapot from a shelf, where, true to her prediction, it was standing, filled with ferns and flowers, its handle and spout concealed by greenery.

"Ah! my fine gintleman," she addressed it, "the conceit of you will be knocked out when there's tay in your inside." Then suddenly she turned to Vane with a sympathetic smile. "Yourself and Miss Oonagh will be great friends, yer honour?"

Her manner combined cordiality and deference in a rare degree, for at intervals she dropped him a curtsy.

"Er—yes," he answered vaguely, feeling confused by the gleam in his interlocutor's bright eye.

"An' why wouldn't you be?" she asked. "Miss Oonagh is as fine a young lady as any I've ever met, though I've been in a dozen big houses, so I have, an' I never in a plainer girl than Miss Oonagh in one of them."

Una was listening very attentively to this discussion or herself; there was the dramatic excitement of not knowing what Mrs. Magrath might not say; where destiny offered her the strings of two lives to pull, it was very likely she would pull them with more vigour than discretion.

"Plain?" echoed Vane, "But everyone thinks Miss Kinshade unusually well endowed with beauty."

"Sinsible is what I mane, sir. 'Tis surprisin' she's not married by now; you'd think there'd be someone affther her, and her wid the little bit of money, too."

"You must leave her time to pick and choose," Vane suggested.

"Well, it's not pickin' much you are, when you grow old, or my name would not be Magrath," said the bearer of that name with a slight chuckle.

"But Miss Kinshade has scarcely that difficulty yet," he interrupted.

"Well, I fancy she's not quite so young as she looks, yer honour."

Una rustled indignantly in the cupboard, a biscuit tin fell with a crash, but Mrs. Magrath did not heed it. She was giving Vane a brief description of her early and complicated love affairs, which she had concluded in a blaze of glory at the wake of the late lamented Magrath. Then she began looking around her for the cake.

"There's a taste o' cake somewhere," she remarked; "maybe it'll be in the cupboard."

She went to the door and tried it, but it resisted all her efforts to open it, and supposing that her mistress had the key, she departed.

The prisoners in the cupboard, nervous and hot as they were, were determined to protract the siege to any length rather than betray their absurd position. Vane himself was almost on the point of departure, when a pattering of feet was heard in the hall and an urbane little terrier trotted in. With the perfect, if critical, courtesy of doghood he greeted the visitor, bestowing a minute inspection on his boots, but proving his appreciation by a muzzle thrust into Vane's hand.

Vane, with all his assumed cynicism concerning his fellow men, was a devoted lover of dogs. He knew that a dog likes tickling under his forelegs and firm patting on his shoulders; he knew the jokes a dog best appreciates, so he spent some minutes in consolidating his friendship with Mrs. Moriarty's terrier; then the dog began to show signs of restlessness. He sniffed around the room, finally pausing at the cupboard door, where he stood and wagged his tail. He put his nose down and sniffed again; then he turned to Vane with a mute but polite request that the door might be opened.

Vane, always ready to help anyone, more especially a dog, rose by instinct to open the door. He turned the handle at an unguarded moment, when Mrs. Moriarty had let go her hold on the door-knob.

The door flew open and the visitor faced his heated and horrified hostesses. For several seconds in absolute silence they stared at each other. Mrs. Moriarty in her wrapper and net, Miss Kinshade in her dressing-jacket, stood and looked at Vane so neat and so trim, and always so self-poised, but now confused even to the point of blushing. He had nothing to say. Consternation held him in the leash. It seemed as if the spell would never break, as if they must stare at each other till nightfall, but at last Mrs. Moriarty broke it. She came out of the store-closet with an engaging smile, her net rakishly awry.

"Ah, Mr. Vane," she said, with outstretched hand, "I am delighted to see you. Yes, I know you are Mr. Vane; I have heard of you from Una. I'm so glad you have called and so glad that we were in. I hope you have not been waiting long."

Vane rose to his part instantly. He, too, had histrionic power. He protested that Mrs. Magrath and Jerry had looked after him most kindly. He confessed a connoisseur's inspection of the treasures of the room. He greeted the well-nigh hysterical Una with easy pleasure, and pretended to take no heed of her hurried departure from the room.

When the girl, in one of her prettiest summer dresses, came back to the dining-room, Vane and her godmother were deep in an animated, even a brilliant conversation. Vane, indeed, had entirely forgotten the antiquated tea-stained wrapper, the wild hair, the odd blue net; he only observed a charming and witty woman who had shone in the mid-century society of Dublin and London. There was something of the grand seigneur about the man which answered to the grande dame of Mrs. Moriarty. Una listened in astonished silence. She had not been born in the days when conversation was an art.

When Mrs. Magrath brought in tea she evinced, by look and manner, unqualified surprise, but Vane avoided her eye, and Mrs. Moriarty caught it and expressed so much in one glance that her handmaiden went out meekly and silently.

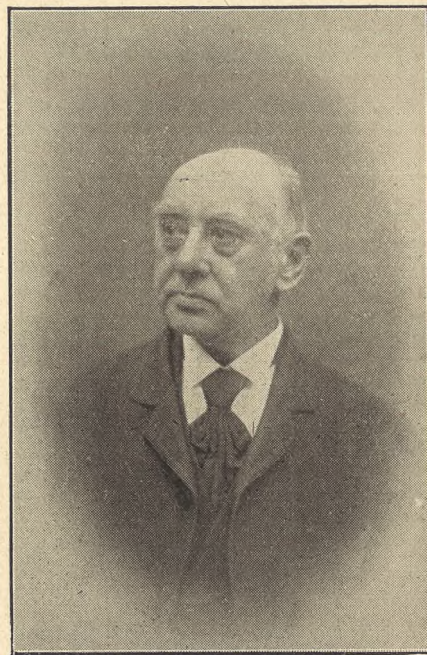
The call was a long one; Vane would have accepted his hostess's invitation to stay to dinner, but his promise to Mrs. O'Shee compelled him to refuse. There was a pretty deference in the way in which he kissed Mrs. Moriarty's hand at departure. By some subtle change it made the old cotton wrapper a royal robe and the queer net a crown, and Mrs. Moriarty had once been a queen of society.

Una accompanied him down the avenue, but Vane still kept up his role in this impromptu act. He would give her no opening for laughter or explanation. He knew the one would be endless and the other impossible.

"Do come over again," said the effusive Miss Kinshade, "but"—this with a new prudence—"just drop us a line before you come."

She went back to the house, and, lying on the sofa, laughed her fill.

"That, my child," said Mrs. Moriarty "was a situation which only skill could save. I have the skill, so I saved it. Now I shall go and speak to Mrs. Magrath."



MR. SAMUEL THROSSELL,
OF NORTHLEACH.

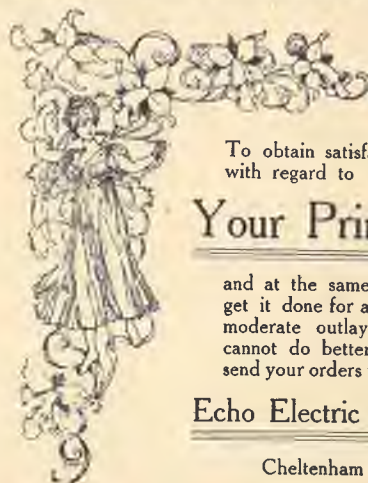
Died February 25, 1907, aged 67 years.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE & GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 222nd prize has been divided between Miss Annie Mabson, 2 Queen's View, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. W. C. Davey, Exon, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons respectively by the Revs. T. H. Cave-Moyle and Edgar Neale.

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



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TWO LATE GLOUCESTER CITIZENS.

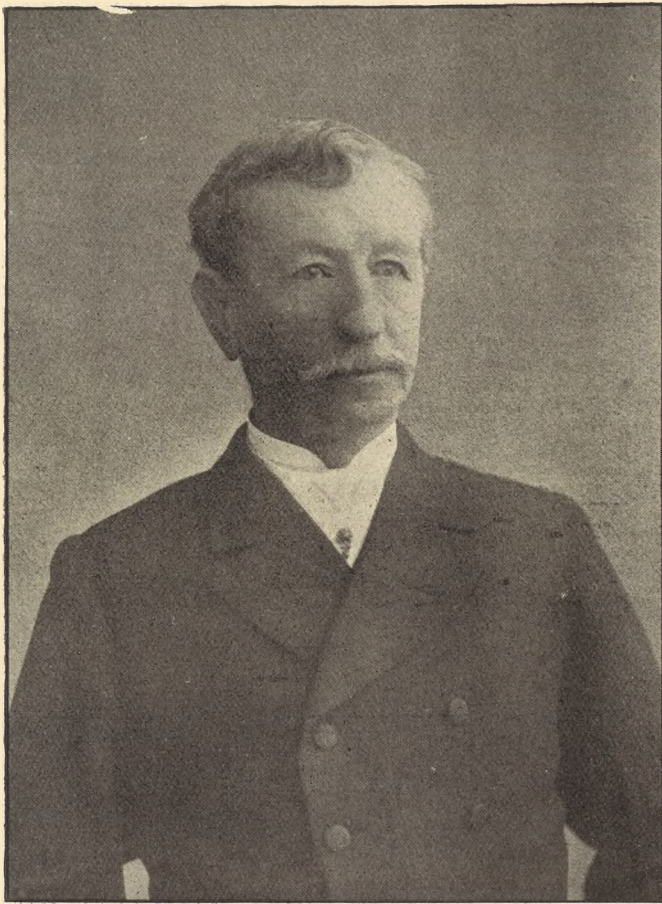
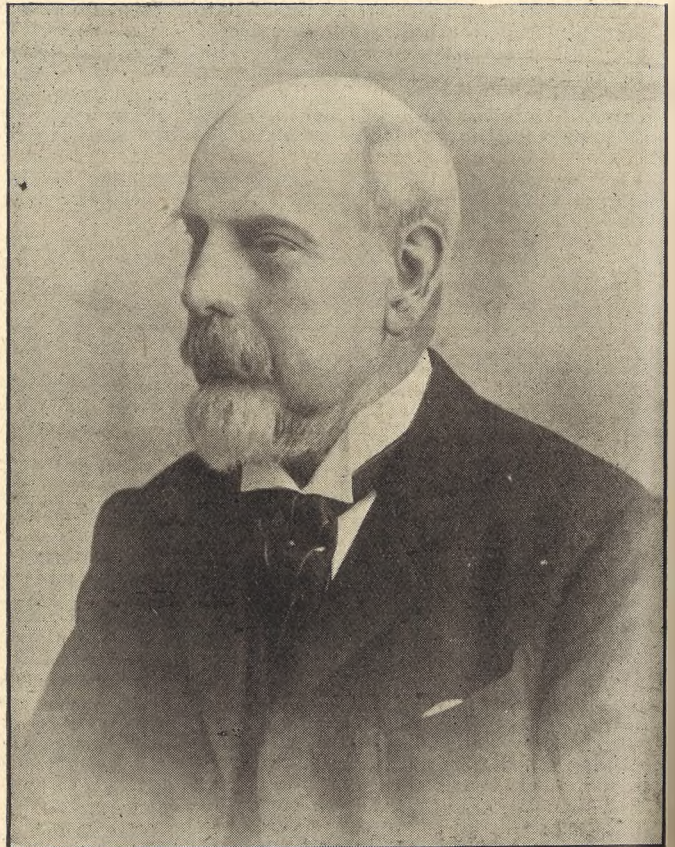


Photo by Messrs. Debenham, Clarence-street, Gloucester.

MR. RICHARD POWELL CHANDLER,

DIED AT 37 CROMWELL-STREET FEB. 24, 1907,
AGED 64 YEARS.

He was the last resident member of the old Gloucester family of Chandler, of Constitution House. He served for five years in the 12th Lancers, and for over twenty in the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Engineer Volunteers.



MR. THOMAS ATKINSON,

DIED AT 35 CROMWELL-STREET FEB. 23, 1907,
AGED 64 YEARS.

A native of Camden Town, he was at the time of death the oldest member of the staff of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., Ltd., having been chief draughtsman and estimator almost from its formation.



THE LATE MR. T. ATKINSON.

*

The funeral of the late Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of Cromwell-street, who was for many years head draughtsman and estimator of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., Ltd., took place at the Cemetery on Wednesday afternoon. The first portion of the service was conducted by the Rev. W. P. Acworth at Christ Church, which place of worship deceased attended. The body, which was contained in a plain oak coffin bearing on a brass plate the inscription: "Thomas Atkinson, died 23rd February, 1907, aged 64 years," was met at the entrance to the church by the Rev. W. P. Acworth and a number of the surpliced choristers, and the opening sentences of the Burial Service were read as the body was carried into the church. The hymn sung was "They whose course on earth is o'er," and as the procession left the church the organist (Mr. R. Groves Morris) played "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The mourners were Mrs. Atkinson (widow), Frederick A. Atkinson (son), Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morris (son-in-law and daughter), Mr. T. E. Atkinson (son), Mr. and Mrs. C.

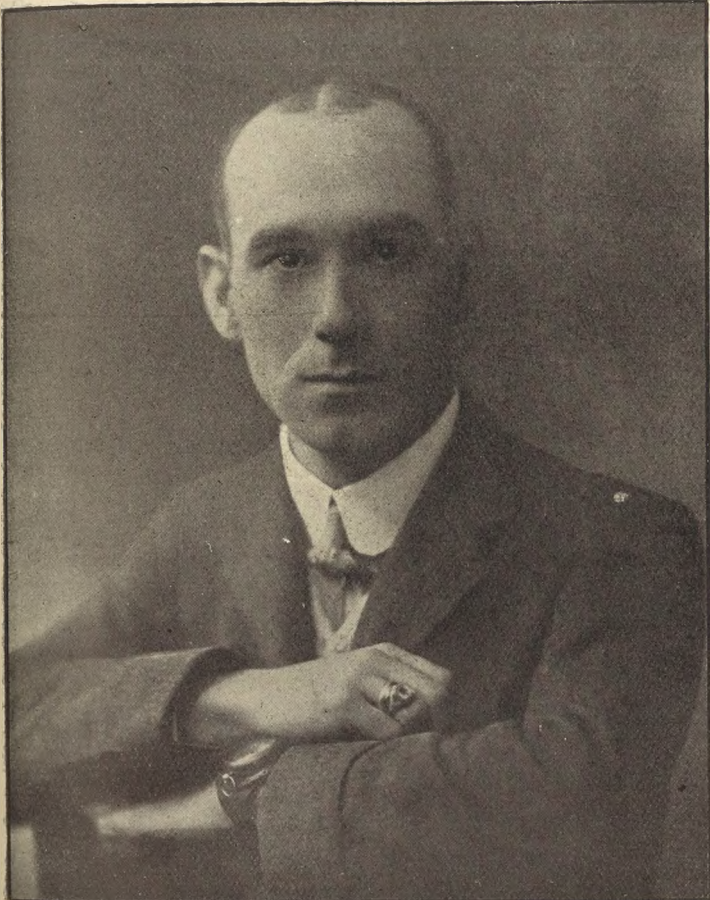
Atkinson (son and daughter-in-law), and Mr. A. E. Atkinson (son). A large congregation had assembled in the church, which included the following members of the staff of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., Ltd.:—Messrs. J. W. Howard (general manager), A. E. Allen (chief assistant), H. T. Simpson (secretary), E. A. Twinning (superintendent of construction department), William A. Walton (electrical engineer), T. Abbott, R. Aston, G. E. Brookes, E. J. Brookes, J. T. Brooks, J. H. Beach, J. H. Dyer, H. Davoll, E. B. Evans, F. Feltham, H. Gingell, H. L. Hanman, F. S. Hollis, S. H. Hall, L. V. Huggins, C. H. Hooper, W. R. Jones, J. Jones, W. Jukes, J. A. Longworthy, A. Lindsay, J. Morris, G. F. Merrett, R. Matthews, E. Oakey, R. Pearson, R. A. Roberts, A. Shelswell, J. C. Tunley, E. Taylor, E. E. Townsend, A. H. Trigg, W. Wells, H. Wells, G. F. Underwood, J. Clutterbuck, and P. Britton (inspector). Others present in the church or at the graveside were Bros. G. Newth, P.P.G.A., R. Houldey, P.P.G.A., D. Fawkes, P.P.G.A., Tom Abbott, P.A., J. Beddoes, P.A., T. Evans, P.A., and C. Matthews, P.A., members of the Ancient

Order of Druids, of which deceased was Past Arch; Messrs. A. Slater (late manager of the Wagon Co.), W. R. Voller, A. J. Cullis, and M. Rowles (representing the Gloucestershire Engineering Society), G. Merrylees, J. T. Wright, W. Dorman, L. Ford, and G. Marsh.

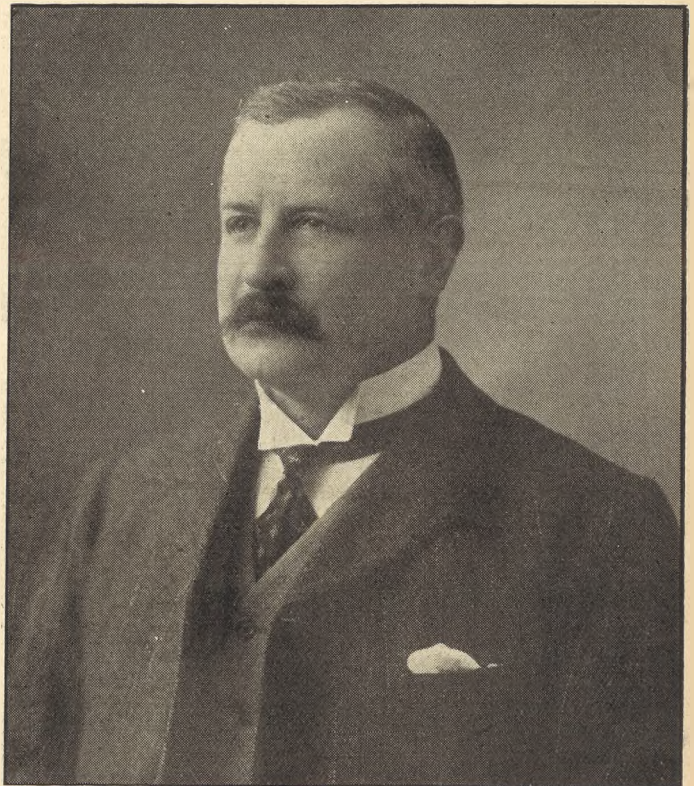
At the conclusion of the service at the Cemetery, the Druids sang the last verse of their closing hymn.

Wreaths were sent by the following: The widow, Tom, Ernest, and Ethel, Kate and Douglas, Cissie and Jack, the nurse, Charlie and Maggie, Annie, May Muriel, Maggie and Arthur, members of the stores department of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., members of the secretarial and prime cost departments, estimating and drawing office staff, manager's department, buyers' and repairs offices, foremen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Gobey, and Mrs. J. T. Wright, Mr. A. Blaxland, and Mrs. Brewer, A. and D. Brown, Kate, Gert, and Syd, E. A. Twinning, and Mrs. Matthews, Henry W. Hunt, and Mrs. Carter and family, Roger Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Warner and family.

* GLOUCESTERSHIRE *
COUNTY COUNCIL CANDIDATES.



MR. J. H. HANSON POWELL
(NORTH WARD OF CHELTENHAM).



MR. W. A. RIXON,
OF TURKDEAN MANOR, NORTHLEACH,

who is contesting the representation of the Andoversford Division on the County Council with Mr. Fairfax Rhodes, the seat having been vacated by the retirement of Mr. W. S. Walker.

In younger days Mr. Rixon was a civil engineer and assistant surveyor in the land department of the G.W.R., and he has had a deal of experience in railway construction and colliery work. He was selected by the late Sir Charles Hulton Gregory as one of the engineers to help in the survey of Ceylon. He has also had some experience of local administration, having sat as first district councillor and guardian for Corfe Castle, Dorset. He has, too, devoted time and talent to art. He was a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, is now a member of the Royal Colonial Society of Artists, is also a member of the Arts Club, London, and has exhibited several pictures at the Royal Academy.

Mr. Rixon married in 1900 Lady Julia M. Bolton, widow of Col. Sir F. J. Bolton, inventor of the flag visual signalling adopted by the army. He is a keen sportsman, and is lord of the manors of Upper and Lower Turkdean, and principal landowner in the parish.

HOW TO KEEP COOL AND WARM.

*
That abundance of clothing is not the best protection against cold and changes in the weather is demonstrated in the case of the neck. It is well known that those who muffle the neck are the very ones that suffer from colds and throat affections; while those who go with the throat nearly or quite bare in all kinds of weather suffer the least. Much of the sensitiveness of the body to changes in outside temperature comes from disordered digestion, or to inward congestion, due to clogged torpid bowels. Simple diet and active exercise, keeping all the vital organs free to perform their functions, will enable one to enjoy the cold of winter and to be fresh and hearty in midsummer's fiercest heat.

* *

Not a single death has occurred for more than a year in the little Devonshire village of Clayhidon, which has a population of 463.

TO PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

Beautifully-finished Photos of Engravings appearing in this Newspaper can be supplied at low prices on application at the Offices in Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.



Photographs specially taken by our own artist, either for reproduction or private purposes.

The first kiss of the youth and maiden—in all the glory of his strength, and in all the glory of her beauty—is the very blossom of life, the inspiration of the poet, and makes the round world laugh with joy. But the kiss of man and wife, in the dusty afternoon of life, when the transport and illusion of life are dead; after long years of disappointment, struggle, and hope, grown tired in the stress and strain of daily living—the kiss of these two, pausing for a moment, and turning to each other in faithful love, while the road stretches out before them, pale and misty, into the silence of the great unknown land, telling, as it does, of vanquished temptation and patient endurance—may well fill heaven itself and the clear-eyed angels with a solemn gladness.

* *

“When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink,” was the quotation on one of the leaves of a “tear-off” calendar presented by a Hertfordshire brewing firm to its customers.



CIRENCESTER DIVISION POLICE FORCE.

Back row:—P.C. Hiron (Kemble), P.C. Greengrass (Tetbury), P.C. Poulton (South Cerney), P.C. Wood (Fairford), P.C. Antell (Cirencester), and P. C. Hands (North Cerney).
 Middle row:—P.C. Cleaveley (South Cerney), P.C. Core (Sapperton), P.C. Baskett (Tetbury), P.C. Bullock (Cirencester), P.C. Aston and P.C. Durant (Lechlade), P.C. Ball, P.C. Hamblin, and P.C. Corbett (Cirencester).
 Front row:—P.S. Smith (Tetbury), P.S. Neville and Supt. Webb (Cirencester), P.S. Jenkins (Fairford), and P.C. Long (Bibury).

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Already this year the cuckoo has appeared—in print. Its call is not only reported at Camborne, Cornwall, in the middle of February, but a Stroud newspaper gives prominence to this paragraph:—"Mr. W. Hyde, of Quar Hill Farm, Thrupp, writes under date February 14th: 'I heard the cuckoo last Monday afternoon. It was in the field just opposite our house. I think it is uncommonly early.' I quite agree with the writer that "it is uncommonly early," although it is not so early as the one stated in print to have been heard at the back of Hempsted Court, near Gloucester, on Feb. 1st, last year. Knowing that unsophisticated people are prone to be deceived by the imitation calls of the harbinger of spring that are rife at this time of the year, I dismiss as apocryphal the reported advents this year, which, I believe, have about as much basis in fact as did the legendary fencing of the fields by Gothamites in order to keep the cuckoo in. April is the unerring month to expect the cuckoo's call. I was able to report that he was heard by a naturalist at Twigworth on the afternoon of last Good Friday, that being four days later than the feathered poacher was seen and heard in the previous year at Hatson.

The question was put in the House of Commons a few days ago as to whether the Archbishop of Canterbury is still a member of the Board of Trade, and the President replied that his Grace is so, and had not missed a single meeting to which he had been summoned, this sally, of course, evoking loud laughter, for it is well known that the Archbishop, among other Privy Councillors, is only a nominal member. This Parliamentary incident reminds me that another Church dignitary, the present Dean of Gloucester, really commenced his life of activity as a clerk in the Board of Trade Office. Dr. Spence-Jones has given this authoritative and highly-interesting statement on the subject to an interviewer:—"On leaving Westminster School my guardian, James Booth, C.B., Principal Secretary of the Board of Trade, got me an appointment with the Board of Trade; and after two years I went in for a competitive examination and was promoted to a third-class clerkship. As the result of the examination, in which I found my knowledge of modern languages and history of special service, I became private secretary to Sir Douglas Galton, the great scientist. Just about this time it fell out that I came under the influence of Alford, the Dean of Canterbury, the famous critic and commentator. His teaching so influenced me that I quitted the Board of Trade, being intensely persuaded that I must take orders."

The two last clocks, both private gifts, placed in Gloucester Cathedral took an unconscionably long time in getting there or in being put in regular working order. The one that Sir Thomas Bazley presented for the tower, and which has boomed out the time at regular intervals since its fixture some ten years ago, had to await the convenience of the manufacturers as to delivery, owing to their pressure of orders. And in regard to the other it is over three years since I first noted the fact that the frame of a strange-looking clock was being fixed on the wall of the north transept as a family memorial to the late Canon Bartholomew Price. My incidental remark, "As to the date when the clock will be added to the frame time alone will tell," has, unfortunately, had ample justification. For after much delay, the clock (which has cost over £800) was installed, but the gilded hands, which moved perceptibly, marked time very erratically, and the latest movement in regard to it is that the electric battery which swings the pendulum, situated in the reliquary, several yards away from the clock, has had to be removed, as it is supposed not to have force enough for its special work. GLEANER.

An upholsterer named Karl Wagner has constructed a violin entirely out of wooden matches.



POLICE SUPT. & SERGTS. OF CIRENCESTER DIVISION.
 Front row:—Supt. Webb (Cirencester), Sergt. Neville (Cirencester).
 Back row:—Sergt. Jenkins (Fairford), Sergt. Smith (Tetbury).

Gloucestershire Churches.



UPPER SLAUGHTER.

Upper Slaughter Church, which is dedicated to St. Peter, is a building containing features of interest in the Norman and Early English styles, and of the later periods. It consists of chancel, nave of three bays, north aisle, north chapel, south porch, and an embattled western tower with pinnacles, containing a clock and five bells. The living has been held by members of the Witts family for 99 years. In the chapel is an altar tomb to the Rev. F. E. Witts, grandfather of the present incumbent (Rev. F. E. Broome Witts, M.A.), who held the living from 1808, and died in 1854. The stained east window was presented in 1882 by the late Rev. E. F. Witts (rector from 1854) and his wife, and in 1899 two memorials were erected to him by his family. The south wall of the chancel retains a double piscina and sedilia, and there are brasses to John Slaughter, who died in 1583; Eleanor, his wife (1597); and Paris, his son (1597). The register dates from 1538. The living, a rectory, is in the gift of and has been held since 1886 by the Rev. F. E. B. Witts, M.A., rural dean of Stow, who is also lord of the manor.



CIRENCESTER THURSDAY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back row (left to right):—A. Stockham, E. C. Peckham, Bryant, W. Groves, W. Lait.
 Second row:—C. Wainwright, H. V. Drew (captain), H. M. Axtens.
 Front row:—Smith, F. V. Symes, W. Poulton.

THE SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop is the herald of the flowers
 Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
 For its beleaguered brethren; suppliantly
 It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
 Of winds and blustering storms; and having won
 A smile of promise from its pitying face,
 Returns to tell the issue of its errand
 To the expectant host.

WESTWOOD.

CHEAPEST GAS IN THE WORLD.

According to "The Gas World," pride of place as the suppliers of the cheapest gas in the world has now been wrested from the Widnes Corporation by the Sheffield Gas Company, who have just announced a reduction of 1d. per thousand cubic feet in the price, making the new scale 1s. 4d., 1s. 2d., and 1s. according to consumption, and 1s. for gas used in gas engines. The Widnes scale is 1s. 1d. and 1s. 3d., with 11d. for gas used for power purposes. It is necessary to appeal to averages to get a proper comparison, and it is found that in 1905 the receipts in Sheffield averaged 1s. 5½d., and in Widnes 1s. 6d. per thousand cubic feet. Including meter and stove rents, the respective averages were 1s. 6.93d. and 1s. 6.73d. It appears, therefore, that the amount to be collected in future from Sheffield consumers, per thousand cubic feet of gas sold, will be about 1d. less than the corresponding amount in Widnes.



SALE OF FURNITURE & EFFECTS AT EVESHAM HOUSE.

During the past few days Evesham House (the residence of Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, ex-M.P. and a Freeman of the Borough) and its contents have been offered for sale by auction.



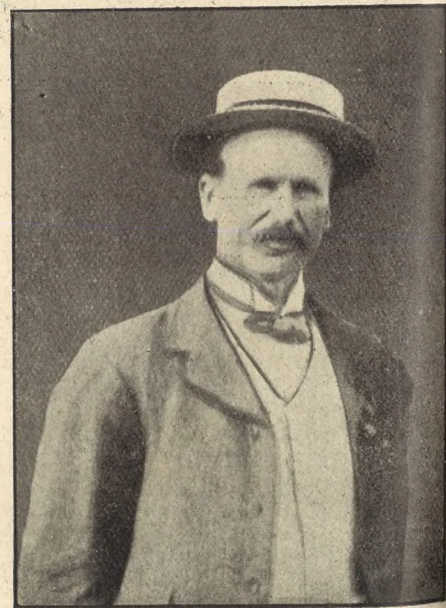
**REGINALD HENRY COATES,
OF CHEDWORTH,**

who was killed during shunting operations at Crumlin High Level Junction (G.W.R.) on Feb. 20, 1907, aged 23 years.



A PRESTBURY PARK VETERAN.

When this fine old oak was recently felled, a young oak was found to have grown from an acorn right up the hollow trunk. The roots of the young tree can be seen in the centre of the old one.



**MR. C. A. WITCHELL,
SOLICITOR, OF CHELTENHAM.**

Died Feb. 27, 1907, aged 44 years.

**LARGEST STONES EVER USED IN
BUILDING.**

*

The walls of the Acropolis at Baalbek are truly called Cyclopean. The famous Trilithon, the largest stones ever used in building, measure respectively 65, 64, and 63 feet in length, each block weighing about 750 tons. How these masses were accurately placed in position 20 feet above the ground is a problem which modern science, with all its

applicances, leaves yet unsolved. Above them are Arab fortifications.

The quarries whence these gigantic materials were obtained are among the most interesting features of Baalbek. Here may still be seen the method of work of the ancient quarrymen, stones, vertically hewn lying ready to the hand of the builder. One of these stones, to which the Arabs give the name Hajar-el-Houbla, measures 69 feet in length and weighs 915 tons. M. de Sauley calculates it would take the united efforts of 40,000 men to put this huge block in motion.

This quarry is now used as a necropolis by the inhabitants of Baalbek. Further on, and not often visited by tourists, is another quarry named Kayal.—"Sunday at Home."

*

Seventy thousand Americans emigrated to Canada in 1906.

For Printing of every description
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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 323

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907.

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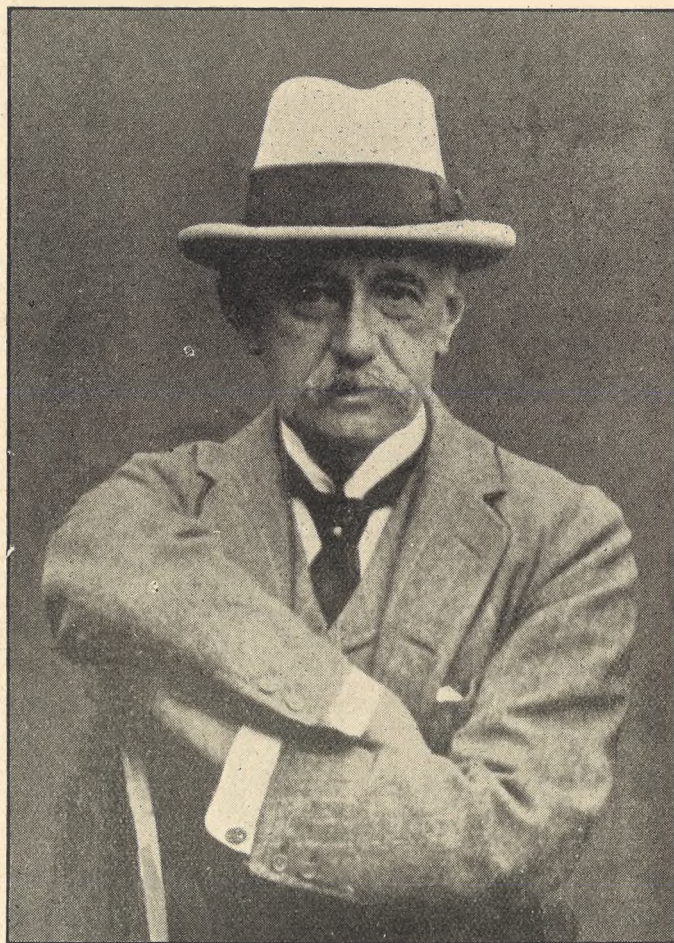
Choice Collection of

Pineapples, Grapes, and all Choice Fruits.
Guinea Fowls, Black Game, White Grouse,
Ducklings, Bordeaux Pigeons, also Severn
Salmon.

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

At Hemycok, Devon, there is a small farm
which carries six votes. Part of the farm
is in the Tiverton Division, part in the
Honiton and part in the Wellington, and
the landlord and tenant, of course, get votes
in each.

Our Portrait Gallery.



MR. FAIRFAX RHODES, J.P., C.C.,
OF BROCKHAMPTON PARK,
HIGH SHERIFF DESIGNATE OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

That best portion of a good man's life, his
little nameless unremembered acts of kind-
ness and of love.—Wordsworth.

Arrangements are being made in Coventry
for holding a "Lady Godiva" procession in
August.

The Use of Suffering.

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

*

Everything that lives passes through suffering. Pain is a universal fact. Why is this so? What is the use of all the suffering in the world? Why is there so much pain and sadness and sorrow associated with life? These are questions which, in seasons of thoughtfulness and sorrow, pass through every mind. Even the most thoughtless are compelled, by their own sufferings, to revert to them at times. The majority, however, do not search out the answer to this question of the world's suffering, and cannot receive it if it is given to them, but regard it as an insoluble mystery. Yet there is an answer, an explanation, for every fact in life; every so-called "evil" has its root in truth; and the fact of suffering not only can be solved by human effort, but must be solved before wisdom and peace can be attained.

Everything in the economy of Nature has its use. No worthless thing can be perpetuated. The perpetuation of suffering from age to age is a proof of its usefulness; it serves a purpose, an end, and that end must be good. What is that end? Is it not the purification and enlightenment of mankind? The adherents of all creeds the world over believe that the object of suffering is the purification of the human heart, but it is a matter of belief, or faith, only; the fact is not understood—is not grasped in its simplicity and truth, for its logical corollary—that one's sufferings are the result of one's own impurity, or sin, is nearly always rejected.

Truly, suffering is a chastening process; it is that element which forcibly purifies the heart that has not yet learned how to consciously purify itself. Now that which is pure cannot be purified; only that which is impure can be purified; suffering is therefore an indication of the presence of impurity; there is something lurking in the heart that is untrue or impure which brings about the suffering. Ignorance and sin, with their innumerable ramifications of self-seeking and wrong-doing, are at the root of suffering, and each suffers for his own sin, never for the sin of another; for the infliction of pain upon the innocent could not justify the guilty, the purging of the pure could not purify the impure.

Rigorous processes of cleansing must be applied to those things which are befouled by impurities, so that sweetness, health, and comfort shall be maintained. Soiled clothing, choked sewers, and grimy rooms are, with the aid of soaps, chemicals, water, and fire, dealt drastically with, for the promotion of sanitation. Uncleanliness is an unnatural, disease-producing condition. Even so, minds that are stained by lusts, envies, hatreds, vanities, or other impurities must be passed through a cleansing process, and the severity of the ordeal is proportionate to the light or heavy nature of the stain which is to be washed away. A little surface dust is easily removed, but a deep ingrained stain of long standing requires the most rigorous measures for its removal.

Holiness is spiritual health; sin is spiritual disease; suffering is at once the remedy for the disease, and the means of restoring health. It is both a cleansing and a healing process.

The use of suffering is therefore to purify the heart; to urge men on to sweeter and cleaner issues, to higher heights of nobility and wisdom; the man who grasps and under-

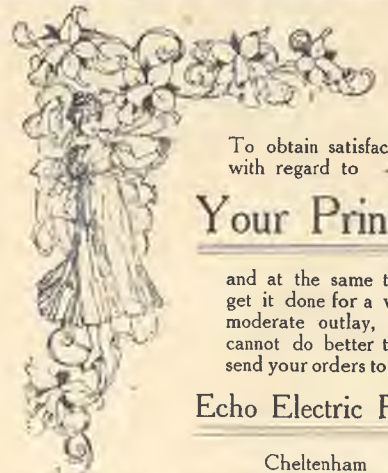


MR. C. H. CROKER-KING
(AS MARCUS SUPERBUS IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"),
WHO WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK AT CHELTENHAM OPERA
HOUSE AS PIET VAN HELLER IN "ANNA OF THE PLAINS."

stands (not merely believes) this simple, yet profound and far-reaching truth will, when the time of grief, anguish, or painful perplexity overtakes him, look within himself with the object of discovering and removing those stains of selfishness and impurity which have made his suffering a necessity, and will so make himself a purer and a wiser being.

The Great Purifier, the Refiner of hearts, evermore works in the Temple of the Universe. In His divine crucible the base substances of error are separated from the pure gold of Truth, and all must pass through that crucible so that, purged by the fires of suffering, they may be made into pure and perfect vessels fit for holy uses.

"I find in the catalogue of the fur department of a well-known costumier's an announcement that is not usually put in exactly that way," writes a correspondent. "It says, 'Customers' own skins dressed and cured.'" It is open to the same sort of misunderstanding as the advertisement which caught our eye the other day in a Manchester paper: "Young woman wants washing and cleaning.—Address, etc."



To obtain satisfaction
with regard to

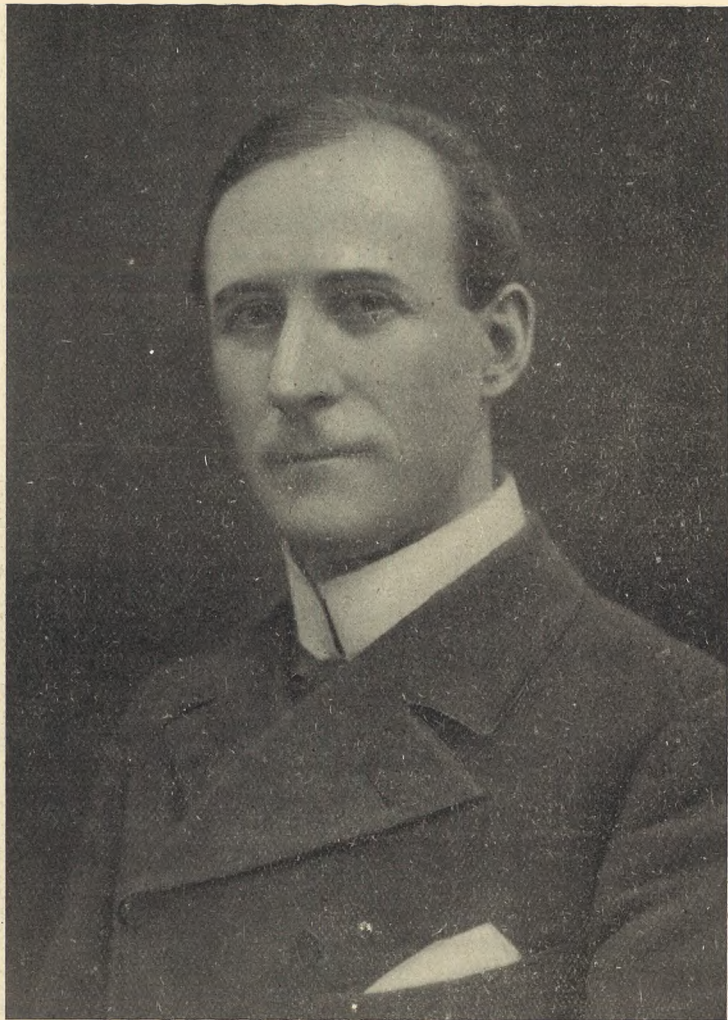
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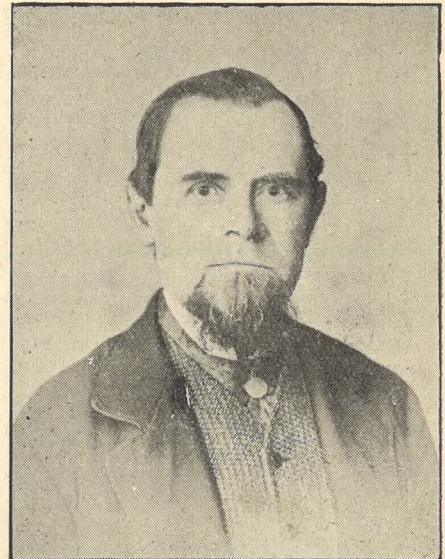
Echo Electric Press,

Cheltenham

Fifty-two million bushels of malt were used last year by brewers in the United Kingdom. £7,700 was paid in license duty and £13,259,228 in beer duty.



MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY,
AUTHOR OF THE PLAY "ANNA OF THE PLAINS," WHICH
WILL BE PRODUCED NEXT WEEK AT CHELTENHAM OPERA
HOUSE, AND WHO WILL APPEAR AS OOM MATTHEW.



MR. RICHARD WILLIAMS,
who died at 5 St. Philip-street, Cheltenham,
on Feb. 24, 1907, in the 71st year of his age.
He was born at Shapwick, Somersetsaire,
and came to Cheltenham fifty-eight years
ago to be apprenticed to the late Mr.
Balcomb, of Bath-road, and had lived in the
neighbourhood ever since. He was one of
the oldest plumbers in the town. He leaves
a widow and four children.

KING EDWARD'S STICKS.

King Edward of England is a diligent collector of walking-sticks, match-boxes, caricatures, and model ships. His collection of canes numbers nearly 2,000, and most of these have remarkable associations. A stick very highly prized by the King is one used by Queen Victoria in her closing years. It is made from a portion of the oak in whose boughs Charles II. concealed himself after his defeat by Cromwell at Worcester.—"Leslie's Weekly."

THE IMPOVERISHMENT OF THE
NORTH SEA.

Experience has shown that the opinion prevalent a generation ago, that the piscatory resources of the sea are inexhaustible, is not well founded. There is not now a single maritime country in Europe in which unrestricted liberty of fishing is permitted, and the tendency everywhere is to increase the stringency of the regulations and to extend them farther from the coast. It is in the North Sea, where trawling has been chiefly developed, that the effects of over-fishing are most marked. Experts have computed that the aggregate fishing-capacity of the modern fleets is approximately equal to 10,000 of the old sailing smack and that the area of the sea-bottom daily swept by their trawl-nets exceeds 1,500 square miles. With such an enormous increase in the means of catching fish, it is not to be wondered at that the old grounds have shown signs of exhaustion. For many years trawlers have complained of a growing scarcity of valuable flat-fishes, which they attribute to the wholesale destruction of the small and immature forms in the neighbourhood of the coast.—"Blackwood's Magazine."



NORTHLEACH PREMIER A.F. TEAM.

Back row: F. W. Gardiner (hon sec.), V. W. B. Wearing, C. Swatton, J. Spencer,
J. Hills, F. Bassett, E. Marshall.
Middle row: Col.-Sergt. Wood, J. Organ, S. W. Sewell, H. Pitt, A. Acock.
Front row: A. S. Waller, F. G. Pether, W. Teall.

There are 113 occupied houses in the Yeovil district with only one bedroom.



SNAPSHOTS IN CIRENCESTER MARKET, March 4th, 1907.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Mr. Hobbs selling calves. | and Mr. Attwater (Cirencester) on extreme left. | 5. The Market vet. (Mr. W. Blunson) talking to Mr. Morris Kingscote, the Market constable (P.C. Antell), and Inspector Shave, of Cirencester I.S.P.C.A. |
| 2. Mr. W. Lane, of Broadfield, the well-known sheep farmer, aged 93 (in top hat), Mr. J. Cadle (Ablington) next to him, | 3. Mr. A. F. Hobbs about to sell. | 6. Mr. Moore (in centre) selling sheep. |



SNAP-SHOTS IN CIRENCESTER MARKET.

1. Cirencester Postmaster, Mr. John Weatherill (in white hat)

2. Mr. C. F. Moore selling sheep.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE & GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 223rd prize has been divided between Miss Annie Mabson, of 2 Queen's View, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, and Mr Frank Keveren, of Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons by the Rev. Canon Alexander and the Rev. C. E. Stone.

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

During the last recorded month the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has dealt with 3,379 cases, affecting the welfare of 9,792 children, and involving 4,502 offenders.

TO PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

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ERNEST JOHN BEST,
ONE OF THE CHELTENHAM SHOPLIFTING NOTORIETIES..



**SERGT.-MAJOR STEPHEN M. HEALEY (Late Royal Engineers),
MASTER OF WINCHCOMBE WORKHOUSE.**

Mr. Healey was born on 20th June, 1852; apprenticed to S. T. and J. Gascoyne, builders, Richmond Hill, Surrey; joined the Surrey Rifles (band) in 1865; joined the Army 1869; private Royal Engineers 1870; became instructor 1872; served in Canada 1872-1876; served in Glasgow 1876-1877; sergeant-instructor 2nd Volunteer Royal Engineers 1878-1888; sergt-instructor Cheltenham Volunteer Royal Engineers 1888-1889; formed Winchcombe Co. 1st G.V.R.E. 1889; discharged on pension Nov. 5th, 1896; appointed master of Winchcombe Workhouse Oct. 2nd, 1897.



CHELTENHAM RUGBY FOOTBALL SCHOOLS LEAGUE.

ALL SAINTS'.

Back row (left to right): A. Trigg, B. Hart, A. Taylor, J. Price.
Second row: F. Sparrow, A. Burrows, H. Challice, S. Hall.
Third row: C. Oliver, A. Caines, R. Smith (captain), G. Green, F. Jackson.
Sitting: S. Smith, L. Challice.

Photo by G. S. Pardington.



THE SONG OF DECAY.

He would indeed be hardened in his mind whose feelings were not touched by the opening of the first snowdrop or daffodil. It is the purest of all sensuous poetry, yet it is curious that, in the garden, decay is more productive of good verses than living and absolute beauty. No one has ever yet written a poem of the highest water after passing to and fro through the noblest and best-ordered garden.—"The Academy."

* *

A CHEAP HOBBY.

This is a good time for collecting water-colour drawings of the Early English school, and a delightful hobby it is. At present the leading dealers, who from time to time decree what is to be the fashion in collecting, are rather leaving water-colour drawings and sketches alone. So that prices are reasonable, even for thin purses, though really fine and finished English water-colours of the period 1760 to 1850 must be paid for in scores of guineas, as a rule. But that need not daunt the collector with scores of shillings only, or even with only scores of pence. Delightful "bits" of water-colour are still to be had for the finding, at prices amazingly low. This is as cheap a hobby as print-collecting.—J. H. Yoxall, M.P., in "London Opinion."

* *

A Liverpool lady has given a new lifeboat, costing £1,000, for service on the South Coast.

THE VILLAGE SHOP.

The town shopkeeper as a rule has one price, which he sticks in his shop window. The village tradesman has two or three, and looks to the wealthy newcomer to recoup him for the losses incurred by giving credit to shiftless and ne'er-do-well labourers. In consequence, the townsman who has taken up his abode in the country usually returns in disgust to the stores at which he was accustomed to deal.—"Country Life."

* *

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Some of the queries and comments made by the children are striking, even if not very suggestive. He was listening to the hymn "When, lo! a storm began to rise," and could not refrain from saying excitedly "And they might have been all tipped out into the sea!" Grandma had done her best to tell the small son of an officer about Goliath. "Thank you, Granny," said the budding Napoleon, "but you haven't told me what regiment Goliath belonged to!" The father was accustomed to read the daily text from a small block calendar, in which, of course, the children took great interest. One morning, however, the boy said excitedly to his small sister: "Hi, Vi! there's something on that calendar this morning that's too awful for words!" It was this: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Bobby was 'cutter when mother quoted Solomon as saying "Spare the rod, spoil the child." "He didn't say that," said Bobby sagely, "till he was growed up!"—"Sunday at Home."

THE LENGTHENING DAY.

BY SIDNEY POULSTON.

Winter, with all his majesty tempestuous,
His blasting whirling storms and rigorousness,
Yields to the mightier kindlier influence of
Spring—
Sov'reign of Light and Joy.

Nature—but yesterday snow-starv'd, murk-
veil'd—
Now shower-fresh'd, sun-kiss'd, thrills with
ecstasy:
Shy flow'rets breathe and vivid landscapes
spread
Before the lengthening day.

Mayhap it will be thus with thee, sad soul!
And with the chilling sorrows which benumb
thee:
The leaden stormful skies may change to
blue,
And barren heaths to bloom.

Ah! yes, the deep-implanted Eden germs,
Which Time and Circumstance have fed with
hind'ring frosts,
Shall surely wake, thrill, burgeon, blossom
In a Lengthening Day.

* *

Immortality will come to such as are fit for
it; and he who would be a great soul in the
future, must be a great soul now.—Emerson.

The meaning of life here on earth might
be defined as consisting in this: To unfold
your self, to work what thing you have the
faculty for.—Carlyle.



GREAT FIRES AT GLOUCESTER.

SCENE IN MESSRS. NICKS AND CO.'S TIMBER YARD AFTER THE FIRST FIRE ON SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1907, SHOWING THE BURNT-OUT MILL AND ENGINE-HOUSE AND THE DEVASTATION CAUSED IN THE YARD.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

It does not seem a year ago—but it is—that the Earl of Ducie, the Lord Lieutenant, presided at the public meeting that he had called in the Chapter House to consider the question of raising funds to restore the tower and roof of the nave of Gloucester Cathedral, which were reported to be in an alarming state of decay. It will be remembered that his lordship headed, with a handsome donation of £500, the subscription list that was then authorised for the purpose. So liberal were the responses to the appeal made that in a few months quite £6,000 was raised towards the required £8,000 which it was estimated the restoration would cost, extending over a period of five years. Good progress has been made in the work in the meantime: the pinnacles on the west end of the nave and on the south transept have been renewed. I am glad to hear authoritatively that the stability of the tower is found not to be badly impaired, as it was feared it was; but a considerable amount of stone renewal will have to be done. The Dean and Chapter, I understand, are now seriously considering the question of installing the electric light throughout the building and of providing a "Kinetic blower" for the organ. The first is estimated to cost £750 and the other £300, and both amounts

seem reasonable for work that is essential. Expert opinion is that the flaring gas jets are not only blackening the stone adjacent, but causing dangerous erosion. Then, the lighting of these jets in the nave is a difficult work, and attended by not a little danger to the lighter, who has to crawl through narrow chambers at a good height and even cross the nave roof. The electric light will, it is confidently said, obviate these undesirable conditions.

* *

By the "pricking" by the King of Mr. Fairfax Rhodes as Sheriff of this county for the year ensuing, the Cotswolds have again been specially honoured, inasmuch as during the six years the present century has run no fewer than five landowners on these hills have been chosen to fill this high and important office. And it is not the first occasion on which an owner of Brockhampton Park has been Sheriff of Gloucestershire, as I remember that Mr. G. C. Colquitt-Craven, a predecessor of Mr. Rhodes there, served the same office.

* *

My readers may not have forgotten that during the latter months of the existence of the late Government I supported the efforts of the local authorities of Cheltenham and Gloucester, in following up general ideas thrown out by their War Secretary, to secure

these places being made military centres. The change of Government, however, upset, for a time at least, the chances of there being established "Horse" at Cheltenham and "Foot" at Gloucester, as I ventured to advocate. But the scheme recently propounded by Mr. Haldane for reorganising the Army fortunately contains provisions which encourage me to hope that Gloucestershire may yet reap material benefit if the county association is set up, as proposed, to do the administrative work, spend the War Office grant, and look after the business of the forces to be stationed in its area. I certainly trust that the local authorities concerned will further the scheme with all the energy and resource they can command.

* *

In these days, when American heiresses are carrying off in the matrimonial market not a few eligible English peers and members of the aristocracy, it is quite refreshing to find that a fair Englander (and Gloucesterienne to wit) has carried the engagement successfully into the country of our friends the enemy and captured as husband in the United States none other than the "Borax King and Oakland Millionaire," as a 'Frisco paper describes him in a graphic and illustrated account of the wedding. The bride had been private secretary to the late wife of the "King."
GLEANER.



— THE —
 — CHELTENHAM —
 — SHOPLIFTING —
 — SENSATION —

 Snap-shots
 taken on
 Thursday, Mar 7.
 at
 Gloucester & Cheltenham.



1. The two male prisoners leaving Gaol at Gloucester at 8.30 a.m.
2. Walking from Midland Station at Cheltenham to tram. Elder male prisoner is hiding his face with his hat to prevent being photographed.
3. Leaving Gloucester Gaol in the morning. The elder Mr. Best is again seen hiding his face.
4. Cheltenham police escort have to wait outside prison till 8.30 to receive their prisoners.
5. The two male prisoners with their escort getting into tram in Cheltenham outside M.R. Station.

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

No. 324

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1907.

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Our Portrait Gallery.



Mr. J. S. GIBBONS, of Boddington Manor.
MASTER OF THE BODDINGTON HARRIERS,

which he established in 1883; High Sheriff of Gloucestershire 1889-90; and
County Councillor for the Ashchurch Division since its formation in 1889,
easily retaining his seat at the only contest (recently) with a big majority.



MEET ON THE VILLAGE GREEN, MARCH 8, 1907.



BIBURY WANDERERS FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back row: Mr. A. Severn (referee), R. Jones (right back), E. Andrews (goal), D. Field (left back).
 Middle row: F. Trinder, B. Andrews, captain (half back), L. White.
 Front row: W. Wotton, J. R. Busby, E. Coles, W. Coles, and T. Bartlett (forwards).

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLDER.

"You are not compelled to repair your house unless you have agreed with your landlord to do so," says "Cassell's Saturday Journal." Neither is he obliged to make any repairs unless he has covenanted to do so. If he wishes, he may allow the place to fall to pieces. Do not leave your tenant's fixtures such as blinds, curtain-poles, stair-rods, and gas-brackets behind you when you vacate the premises. The moment you leave the house they become the property of the landlord.

* *

Let a man *do* his work; the fruit of it is the care of Another than he.—Carlyle.

* *

Emigration from Spain is increasing to an extent hitherto unknown. Every day hundreds of workmen and their families leave the different ports. The newspapers declare that this "pell-mell desertion" is becoming a national peril, and ask the Government to take measures to check the movement.



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SUN-DIAL MOTTOES.

*

To them that mourn the hours are slow,
 But with the joyful swiftly go.

*

Let others talk of storms and showers;
 I'll only count your sunny hours.

*

The sun rides past, Time flies away,
 And hours lost are lost for aye.

*

All are architects of fate,
 Working in these walls of Time.

*

Ah, never doth Time travel faster
 Than when his way lies among flowers.

* *

WHAT THE NATIONS DRINK.

"The British drink more tea than any other European nation," says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," "but our thirst for beer does not equal that of the Germans. As consumers of coffee we are also beaten by our cousins in the United States. As for our demand for wine we are, of course, easily out-distanced by France, the inhabitants of which account for over thirty-four gallons per head, on an average, during the course of every twelve months."

* *

A REMARKABLE FRESCO.

A remarkable fresco has been discovered in an oak-panelled room in what was once the Old Flushing Inn, and probably formerly one of the religious houses (built in the reign of Edward IV.) of the ancient Cinque Ports of Rye. It is sixteen feet long and six feet high, with a frieze fifteen inches in depth. Under the frieze are three panels, the first containing five lines of Early English black lettering the opening of the "Magnificat," the central the second part, and the third the words "Gloria be," the rest being obliterated. These panels are supported by cherubs. The fresco is richly coloured and beautifully designed, the motive being chiefly conventional scrolls and allegorical animals; but there are three imposing oblique scrolls cutting through the groundwork and on each is boldly inscribed "Soli deo Honor."

* *

SHAKESPEARE'S GLOVES.

Among the most valued relics of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the eminent Elizabethan scholar, are a pair of stage gloves reputed—and Doctor H. H. Furness believes it—to have belonged to Shakespeare. The tradition in favour of authenticity is certainly very strong. They were given to Dr. Furness by Fanny Kemble who married and settled down in Philadelphia; she received them from her great-aunt, the famous Mrs. Siddons; Garrick gave them to Mrs. Siddons; and Garrick, who went into the matter very carefully, obtained them from an old man whose grandfather had been a member of Shakespeare's company. Garrick himself was convinced of the truth of the story, and he was not a man to be hoodwinked by any sort of cock-and-bull make-believe. The succession since Garrick is a matter of record. Miss Wynne Matthison, the well-known actress, has been permitted to wear these gloves for a whole five minutes—a privilege very rarely accorded by Dr. Furness, who holds her and her art in the very highest appreciation.—"Dr. Furness and his 'Variorum,'" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

* *

Flying through a plate-glass window at Betchanger, Lord Northbourne's Kent seat, a sparrow hawk scattered the glass to a distance of 18ft. in the servants' hall, and fell dead in the hall.



Photo by Mallett and Sons, Tewkesbury.

Tewkesbury Town First Eleven Association Football Club.

Back row:—E. Alcock, H. White, E. Warren, S. Priestley, A. Walker, H. Charles (hon. secretary and treasurer), T. Crisp, H. White, G. Green, F. Warren.
 Middle row:—D. Moss, D. Priestley, H. Healey, A. Surl (captain), L. Bathurst, T. Bassett, H. H. Bathurst, W. Dean (chairman).
 Front row:—E. Alcock, J. Heath, A. Williams, P. Harding (captain 2nd XI).

No police conviction has been recorded among the 800 inhabitants of Weston, Herts, for over two years.

*

A fish known as a monk or angler, landed by a steam trawler on Friday at Scarborough pier, was found to have swallowed a 2lb. tin of English mustard—picked up probably after a wreck. Recently another fish captured off Scarborough contained a lady's hat.

The Assyrians first introduced the heel for security and comfort in walking.

*

A man who was entitled to vote for only one candidate at the Isle of Wight County Council election voted for both, adding the following explanatory note on the margin of the voting paper:—"I promised to vote for both. Like General Washington I cannot tell a lie."

On the United States railways 9,703 persons were killed and 86,008 injured during 1906.

*

The highest inhabited spot in Great Britain is the mining town of Lead Hills, on the Lowther chain, between the counties of Lanark and Dumfries. It is nearly 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.



TO PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

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Photographs specially taken by our own artist, either for reproduction or private purposes.



GREAT FIRES AT GLOUCESTER.

JOHN WILLIAM AUSTIN, YOUTH ACCUSED OF ARSON, ON HIS WAY TO POLICE-COURT, MARCH 13, 1907. PRISONER IS SEEN IN CENTRE, HANDCUFFED TO DETECTIVE WHYTON. MR. ALLEN ARMITAGE, HIS SOLICITOR, IS ON RIGHT.

A TREASURE SEEKER.

*
One of the most interesting boats now lying in the East India Docks is the Alfred Nobel, which is being fitted out for special service in the Indian Ocean. During the Boer War a vessel with £450,000 in sovereigns—part of the Transvaal war chest—was sunk two miles east of Cape Vidal, off the coast of Zululand. The Alfred Nobel is going to try and find the sunken vessel and the money. The vessel is under the command of Captain C. A. P. Gardiner, R.N.R., who has had great experience in similar expeditions. In all probability a search will be made for other wrecks lying between Cape Town and Beira.

ACTED WITH MACREADY.

*
Miss M. A. Victor, who had a long and distinguished career as an actress, died on Wednesday, after a week's illness, at the age of seventy-six. Miss Victor belonged to an old theatrical family, and in her time played with Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, and Helen Faucit. Her career on the stage may, however, be said to have commenced in earnest with her appearance at the Strand in "The Lady of Lyons," burlesqued by H. J. Byron.

PLATINUM FOUND IN CANADA.

*
Francis Cox and Co., Ltd., Northumberland-avenue, London, have received the following cablegram respecting the first find of platinum in Cobalt, Canada: "Newhouse demonstrates Cobalt ores carry platinum of great value, from five to five hundred ounces to the ton." Newhouse is Mr. Samuel Newhouse, the well-known mining engineer in America.

* *

Emigrants from Ireland numbered 35,344 last year, against 30,676 in 1905.

* *

The 2nd Royal Sussex Regiment, just home from Crete, has brought with it a Cretan ibex, presented to the corps by Prince George of Greece.



GREAT FIRES AT GLOUCESTER.

CROWD OUTSIDE POLICE-STATION ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, WAITING TO SEE PRISONER TAKEN TO POLICE-COURT.



MR. CHARLES BARRETT,
of Greenhills, Pilley, near Cheltenham,
appointed District Chief Ruler of Gloucester-
shire Rechabites March 6, 1907.
Mr. Barrett has had oversight of the Baptist
cause at Pilley for over thirty years, and is
well known for his advocacy of temperance
principles.



SUSAN LADY SHERBORNE,
Second wife of the late Right Hon. James
Henry Legge, 3rd Baron Sherborne.
Died March 7th, 1907, and was interred in
the family Mausoleum at Sherborne House.



MR. TOM MORGAN,
of Prince's Mews, Prince's Street,
Cheltenham.
Died March 8, 1907, aged 20 years.

The parish magazine states that during the
year 1906 there were no baptisms, marriages,
or burials at Garford (Berks).

There are 250,000 persons at present em-
ployed in industries founded by Mr. Thomas
Edison, the inventor.



MR. EDMUND ESSEX TERRETT,

who retired on the ground of ill-health from the Central Ward contest for seats on Cheltenham Board of Guardians.

THE UNCERTAINTY.

[BY ALAN LEWIS.]

*

The rain rattled on the windows and the wind howled dismally outside, yet Darby and Joan sat comfortably side by side before the hearth and heeded it not. It was twilight, and now and then the cosy room was illuminated by the light of the crackling and spluttering wood on the fire. Darby, a venerable kindly old man, with hair white as snow; and Joan, his dear old wife, with a face still beautiful, and silvery locks, bleached with the stress of years, were "pals" in the truest sense of the word.

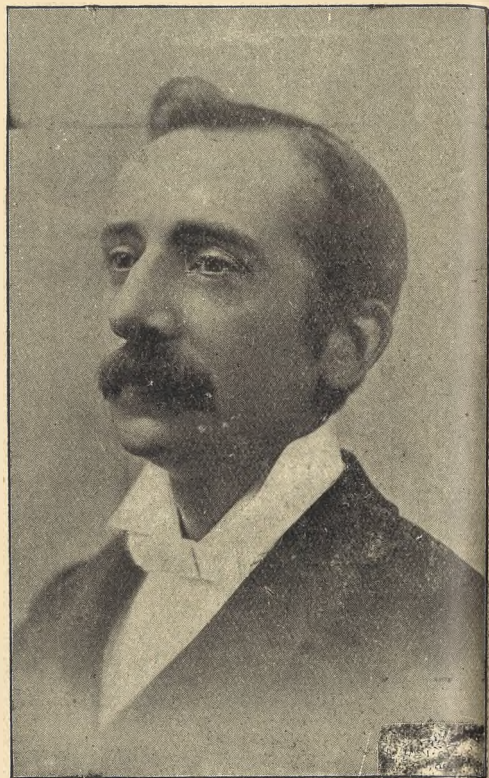
The day of days had almost arrived, and they had talked of nothing else for weeks past—to-morrow was their golden wedding day! Fifty long years they had been man and wife and inseparable companions, and they thanked God for sparing them so long to each other. Twilight deepened into night. Still they crooned, and in their minds they meandered slowly over the past—happy days, sorrowful days, yet now they were peaceful and contented.

They fell to talking of their only son—their idol. Alas, he was unable to come home, as they had hoped, to celebrate their golden wedding. The broad Atlantic divided them, and the thought was a mournful one for the parents as they wondered if they would ever see him more. The old lady at length bestirred herself, and slowly, as with infirmity, set their simple supper. They ate in silence, brought about, as silence often is, by suppressed excitement. Soon after the meal was over, the lovers—for lovers they still were—prepared for bed, both looking forward to the day which they had often thought would never come for them. Theirs was indeed a love of a lifetime. Through troubles and trials it had stood the test of time. Joan lit the candle and they went to bed. For some time they continued to talk, each one wishing to be the first to wake on the morrow. Soon they were wooed by the goddess of sleep, and the night passed.

* * * * *

Silver streaks crept into the sky, for slowly the cold dawn was coming. Joan stirred uneasily then gradually awoke. Quickly her thoughts came back, this was their golden wedding day! She kissed Darby in the hope of waking him; but stay, what was that cold touch on his cheek? "Darby! Darby!" she cried, "this is the day of days!" but Darby still wore the peaceful smile of sleep—he was dead.

Joan, poor old soul, trembling with horror and despair, crept out of bed and began to dress herself. Then she prayed; prayed to God that she must not believe that Darby was gone. Softly and tenderly she caressed poor Darby, but alas it was too true, there was no golden wedding to celebrate. Joan was dazed, as she realised that she was alone and must call in a neighbour to tend all that remained of her loved one. She slowly groped her way to the door and out on to the staircase, but she was feeling faint and ill, and could hardly see the way. As she reached the bottom of the stairs she gave way and fell forward. When she came to she was conscious of great pain, and her only hope now was to get back to her Darby. Slowly and painfully she dragged herself up the staircase, and at last reached the bedside. The poor soul was terribly cold and numb, and fast losing her senses. She was sure Darby would take care of her, and she leant on the bed with her arms round her dead husband.



REV. J. H. VERSEY,

Candidate for the East Ward, Cheltenham Guardians' Election.

Mr. John Morley has presented to Haileybury College, Herts, the original service of communion plate which was made in 1816 for the Hon. East India Company's College, closed in 1858.



MR. GEORGE MARTIN,

PORTER AT CIRENCESTER WORKHOUSE SINCE AUGUST, 1886.

"GONE TO GROUND!"

THE COTSWOLD ON LECKHAMPTON HILL ON MARCH 6, 1907.



HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS.



CHARLIE BEACHAM HOLDING FOX THAT HE HAS JUST DRAWN FROM ROCKS

Photos by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.



REV. WM. FAIRLIE CLARKE, M.A.,

whom the Simeon Trustees have just appointed vicar of St. John's, Cheltenham. He took his degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, ten years ago, and his M.A. degree in 1902. Ordained in 1898 by the Bishop of Newcastle, he was licensed to the curacy of Jesmond, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, which he held for some years before becoming curate of St. Jude's, Southsea.



I was in the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral the other day, and noticed that the tiny grave therein of the late Miss Dorothea Beale still has a boarded top cover, on a level with the floor, which is paved with the tombstones of a number of the dead who were interred in the vaults below during the seventeenth century. I believe we shall hear before long what the permanent memorial is to be that Cheltenham Ladies' College Guild propose to raise to the distinguished late Principal of that gigantic establishment, which, of course, is recognised as her own and best monument. No doubt some memorial will be placed in the mortuary chapel, but I venture to say it will not be a stained-glass window. The probability is that a sculptured effigy or mural tablet to harmonise with the ancient surroundings will be put up to there perpetuate the memory of Cheltenham's greatest schoolmistress.

GLENER.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

History has repeated itself in a measure in regard to our County Council elections. For whereas at the triennial election in 1904 there were seventeen changes in the personnel of that body, at its recent reconstitution there was an identical number of personal changes either through voluntary retirements or the fortune of war at the polling stations. Another remarkable feature of the ten contests that happened is that no fewer than five of the successful candidates have military rank, from major-general to captain, and including three colonels.

There is an even stronger military element on the Council than before, and there will thus be a capital range of choice of eligible and qualified men to serve on and form part of the county associations that are to be formed under Mr. Haldane's Army Reorganisation Scheme to have the administration of the local forces within their respective areas. The recent commissioning by the Lord Lieutenant of four additional deputy-lieutenants will swell the Court of Lieutenancy to about thirty members, and they will form a further qualified reserve to draw upon for the county associations. It is not generally known that the Royal sanction of the commission of a deputy-lieutenant notifies that the King "does not disapprove of

the appointment" of so-and-so. The uniform of one of these functionaries includes a scarlet tunic and white-plumed cocked hat. It is only on rare occasions that it is worn, and the Sheriff, if he be one, invariably wears it at assizes and official functions.

Such good progress has been made with the construction of the Malvern-road station of the Great Western Railway that I am not surprised to hear that the platform will be ready in a few months for the use of passengers by the rail-motor trains that run to and from Cheltenham on the Honeybourne Railway. It was hoped to run a certain number of these trains on to Cheltenham South (Leckhampton), so as to connect with the Great Central expresses, but the difficulty of working them over congested Lansdown Junction has proved insuperable. I notice that the Hatherley loop embankments are being strengthened with the last of the surplus soil from the Malvern-road Station yard, upon which a big locomotive shed, large water tank, and several sidings are rapidly approaching completion, to be followed by the erection thereon of a coal-tip for engines. The strengthening of the loop points, I believe, to more traffic being sent over it, including heavy coal trains from Monmouthshire to Oxford that are at present worked via Hereford and Worcester, on a route which has the disadvantage of several stiff gradients necessitating the assistance of bank engines.

PRIZE COMPETITION

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE & GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 224th prize has been divided between Miss Hilda M. Toms, 30 Promenade, and Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and the Dean of Norwich at Christ Church, Cheltenham.

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



PRESENTATION TO MR. GIBBONS, MASTER OF BODDINGTON HARRIERS, AT HARE AND HOUNDS MEET ON MARCH 12. MR. GIBBONS (IN HUNTING CAP) RECEIVING HUNTING CROP.



BODDINGTON HARRIERS AT HARE AND HOUNDS INN, GLOUCESTER ROAD, MARCH 12, 1907. THE MASTER (MR. J. S. GIBBONS) IN CENTRE.



MR. ALFRED WALLIS, Parish Clerk and Sexton at Didbrook and Hailes for nearly 24 years. Died March 6, 1907, aged 65 years, and was interred in Didbrook Churchyard on March 9.

BISHOP ON 'NEW THEOLOGY.'

*

At St. Phillip's Cathedral, Birmingham, on Wednesday, Dr. Gore gave the first address of a series of three on "The New Theology and the Old Religion." The "New Theology," he said, had arisen out of the break-up of the materialism of 30 or 40 years ago—a materialism which was regarded by scientific men as antiquated. Men who had left the Church under the influence of Darwin had come back under the influence of newer scientific knowledge. Sir Oliver Lodge's Catechism was a remarkable sign of the times, and represented the immensity of the gain secured by the last 30 years of science. The "New Theology" represented an immense approximation towards religion by scientific minds, and so far was a matter for undoubted thankfulness.

**

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE. BISHOP DIGGLE'S OPINIONS.

*

The Bishop of Carlisle, speaking in that city on Tuesday night, expressed himself in favour of opening museums and picture galleries on Sundays, but said he would have people of leisure to act as custodians and guides to the Sabbath visitors to those places. It was the same with Sunday games. Recreation was not a sin—we had enough sins in the world without going about manufacturing artificial sins—but those people who had all the week in which to play golf might well on Sundays go down among the poor and join in their games. It would be a beautiful thing if people met their servants and employees on Sundays. If he were asked whether banqueting on Sunday was right, he would say "It is not right." He was not sure that many banquets on any day of the week were not wholly wrong. If people wanted to give banquets on Sundays, let them give them to their servants and employees. He could see some sense, some religion in that.

When Britons set to work to make snobs of themselves they surpass every other nation in the thoroughness with which they do it.—"The Bystander."

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c844

Imports into France during the first two months of 1907 amounted to £38,536,080, as compared with £36,051,200 in 1906, while exports increased from £30,513,480 to £32,063,240.

*

During a discussion at the Ongar Board of Guardians the Rev. J. Howard said he remembered a clergyman who lived until he was 90 years of age, who never washed, and who yet remained a healthy man.

*

A nominee of one of the Streatham wards seeking re-election to the Wandsworth Board of Guardians is described as a "chimney sweep and author."

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SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907.

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Grouse, Ducklings, Bordeaux Pigeons, and Severn
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**TO PHOTOGRAPH
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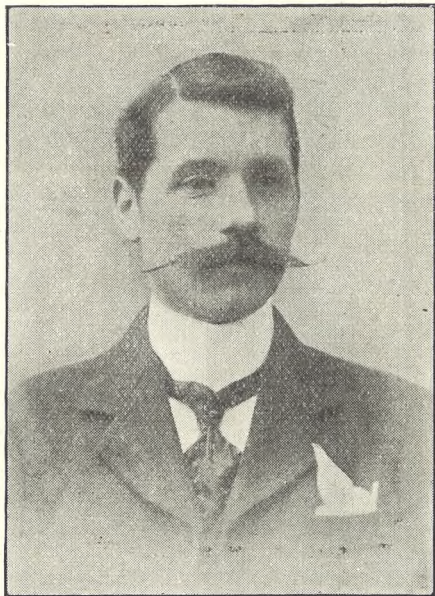
Our Portrait Gallery.



MISS LILIAN MARY FAITHFULL, M.A.,
New Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College,
VICE-PRINCIPAL AND FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

MR. PERKS'S TRAGIC DEATH

WHILE CYCLING ON NORTHLEACH-BOURTON ROAD, MARCH 15, 1907.



THE DECEASED.

THE PASSION.

[By SIDNEY POULSTON.]

Gethsemane! Golgotha! Calvary!
 Are these meaningless words to you and me:
 Glib words of a puerile sentiment,
 Mere pegs for the pious observance of Lent?
 To the Man whose Name the words recall
 They were fraught with the bitterness of gall:
 Scenes in which Love, through agony,
 Met the utmost demands of men's enmity.
 The scourging, the spitting, the nailing were
 naught
 To Him, compared with the racking thought
 That His life of such truth and friendship divine
 Should be crowned with such falsehood, betrayal,
 malign.
 Yet He submitted, enduring the stress
 With perfect transcendent Self-givingness;
 Pleading forgiveness of God for His foes:
 Weeping with pity while curses uprose.
 Wonderful, Merciful Godlike Man!
 Hope for the hopeless in Thee began.
 Malefactor or martyr nigh to despair
 Have found in Thy passion relief from their care.
 Agonised hearts look to Thee and behold
 Meanings which creeds can never unfold.
 Are these meaningless words to you and me—
 Gethsemane! Golgotha! Calvary?

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

An interesting discovery has been made near Prospect Park, Reading. A workman, in digging his pick into the soil, struck against something hard, and on removing the clay he unearthed a quern, or hand mill, which had probably come from the neighbouring Romano-British city of Silchester, which was on the great trade routes. The relic has been deposited in the Reading Museum.



Scene of accident marked; group of people standing at fatal spot. Shows curves on hill which deceased was descending.

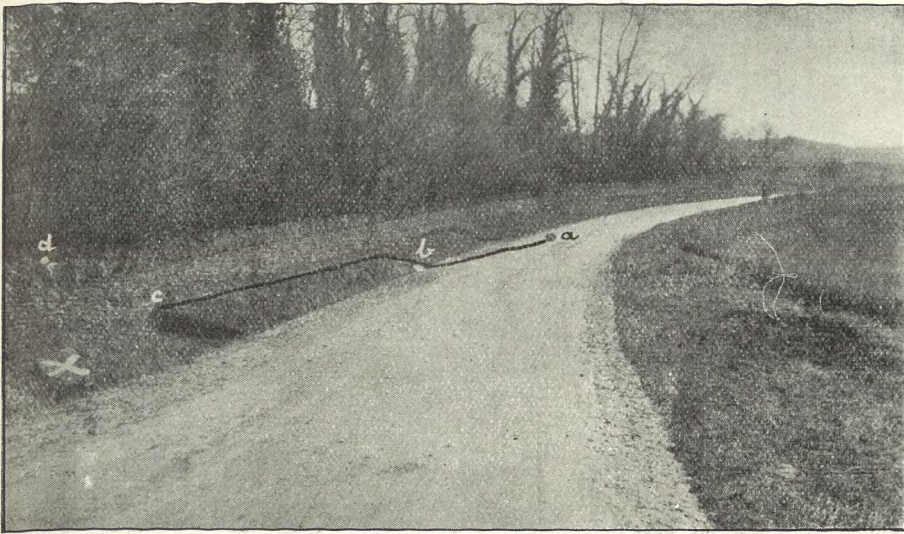


Body found.

Struck wall.

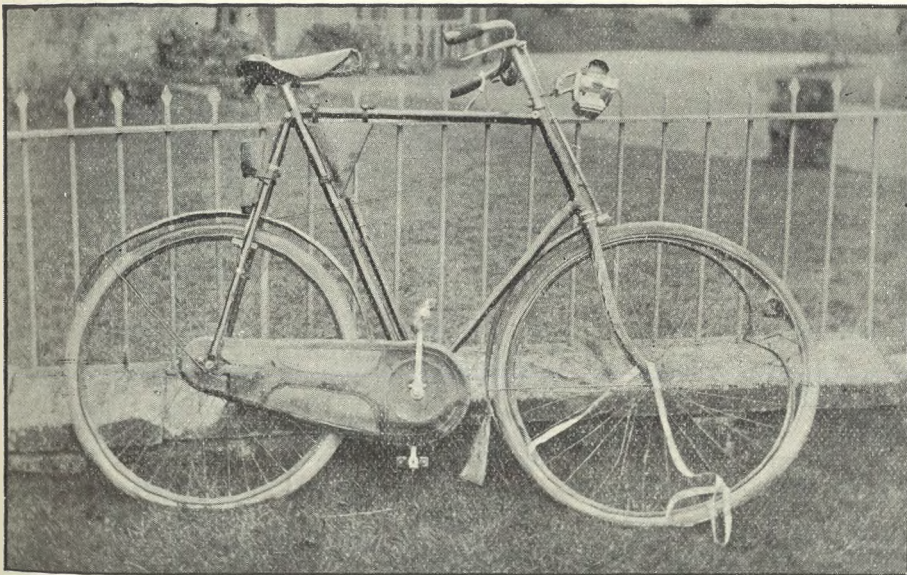
Water gully or gutter which threw deceased.

Photos by A. Collett, Bourton-on-Water.



ANOTHER VIEW.

- a Cycle deviated.
- b Struck bank—twelve yards farther on.
- c Gully (course from b to c 6in. to 12in. from wall).
- d Head struck wall.
- x Body fell face downward. Distance a to x 23yds.



BICYCLE, WITH DAMAGED FRONT WHEEL RIM.

Photos by Barry Burge, Northleach.

A PEER SCULLION

*

In the Court of Louis XIV., to hold the candle at night for the King to get into by, and to help him on with his shirt in the morning, were the two highest honours to which his nobles could aspire. In the Court of Queen Victoria, the office of Chief Scullion to her Majesty was hardly less honourable. Fancy the great philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, being offered, when Lord Ashley, by Peel this imposing post! Lord Ashley, having served in the Wellington Administration, and having been offered by Canning a prominent administrative post, was during the ministerial crisis of 1839 asked by Peel to become Chief Scullion to the Queen! The formation of a Cabinet, Peel explained, was nothing compared with the composition of the Royal Household; while Lord Ashley's connection with the religious societies "marked him out as a proper attendant on a young woman upon whose moral and religious character the welfare of millions of human beings depended." Lord Ashley replied that if Peel really thought he could serve this purpose by becoming the Queen's Chief Scullion, he would accept the office. But the negotiation fell through.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

* *

A remarkable clergyman has just left these shores for missionary work in Persia. Edward Craig Stuart was born eighty years ago; fifty-seven years since he was ordained, and subsequently worked in India for over twenty years; from 1877 to 1893 he was Bishop of Waiapu, in New Zealand; and in 1894 he laid aside the episcopal office and began work as a simple missionary in Persia. To this country, after a brief rest in England, he now returns.

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*

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THE FASCINATING FOX.

*

A fox was seen by two people coming down a pass in the hills. The fox was followed by a rabbit, which came along at a smart pace and seemed impelled by an overpowering curiosity. Fox and rabbit presently disappeared into a patch of covert, and almost immediately the fox was seen to emerge with the unfortunate rabbit dead in its jaws. The whole tableau, which occurred very rapidly, was described as a strangely curious and fascinating one. It was witnessed by persons of unimpeachable veracity, one of them a very careful observer of wild life. In this case it was perfectly evident to the spectators that the fox had in some way fascinated the rabbit and was consciously following out a plan devised for its destruction. As for the rabbit it was clearly incapable of avoiding its doom.—"Country Life."

THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTER OF MATERIALS.

*

Is it not possible that we have been perhaps a little hasty in dividing the visible world into "organic" and "inorganic" forms and materials? Emerson said that in order to draw a tree perfectly a man must first have "been a tree," and Professor Raymond admits that the artistic representation of a man or a tree must recognise the man's or tree's organic life. Is it not equally true that in order to use bronze or marble or oil-paint or any other medium artistically a man must feel in his blood their essential characters? A work of art being not an imitation but a representation of an object, it follows that it must take into account not only the life of the object but the life of the material in which that object is represented.—"The Academy."

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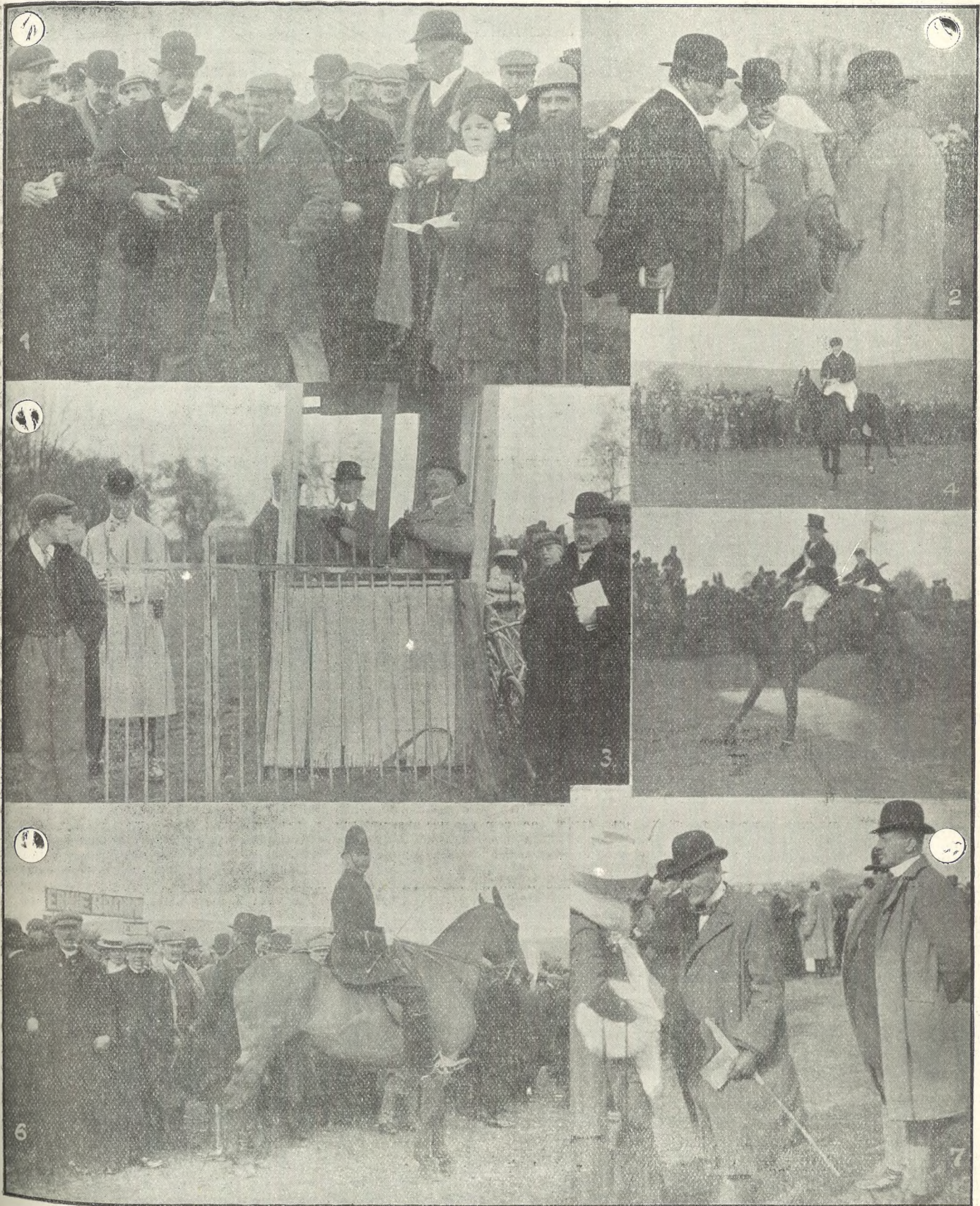
Chemists, . . CHELTENHAM.



FUNERAL OF MR. PERKS AT LECKHAMPTON CHURCHYARD,

MARCH 20, 1907.

1. Coffin arriving at Leckhampton Churchyard. 2. Grave, with spectators awaiting funeral. 5. Bearers with body approaching grave.
3 and 4. Crowd round grave. 6. Rev. P. Nash leading the procession in churchyard.



COTSWOLD HUNT POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES AT KAYTE FARM,

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1907.

1. Country friends looking at horses in the paddock.
2. Mr. H. Lord chatting to C. Travess.
3. The judge's box. Mr. W. J. McLachlan (judge) in centre. Mr. Cecil Lord with glasses. Mr. McLachlan's brother is seen on left in light coat.
4. Potheen canters home an easy winner in United Hunt Steeplechase.
5. Taking water jump in Cotswold Light-Weight Chase.
6. Well-known policeman, who knows his work, keeping crowd back.
7. Mr. Rushout (with flag) starter, and Mr. Frank Burroughs, on whose farm the races were held.



Photo by Mallett and Sons, Church-street, Tewkesbury.

TEWKESBURY HOCKEY CLUB, 1907.

L. E. Guilding, G. L. Potter, J. Willis, P. N. Hands, T. L. Rodway, Rev. F. R. L. Langford-James, C. L. Davey (captain).
A. W. Shorland, J. Butland, W. W. Jackson (acting captain), H. S. Slade, C. N. Hulbert.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

The news of the untimely death of Mr. Robert Perks, which the "Echo" was the first medium to convey to many thousand readers, must have come in the nature of a shock to them, for he was one of the best known men in Cheltenham and district, by reason of his avocation as superintendent of Messrs. Shirer and Haddon's funeral department, in which capacity his gentlemanly bearing and sympathetic manner had gained him general esteem. His sad fate, as the result of a bicycle accident at Northleach, when in the prime of life and best of health and spirits, naturally excited surprise and genuine regret. What a striking exemplification his cutting off is of the words "In the midst of life we are in death!" That was an appropriate and beautiful tribute his fellow members of the Chess Club paid to his memory by sending to his funeral flowers made into the form of a chessboard.

*

I find that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have, with the sanction of the Bishop, given half an acre of land belonging to the See of Gloucester for the very necessary enlargement of the fat churchyard of Barnwood. The many tombstones to be seen in the present "God's acre" are silent testimonies to the ravages of time, and one cannot help being struck by the names of the numerous military men and strangers that figure on the monuments. The explanation of this is that they represent the mental wreckage that

has died at Barnwood House, a large private asylum hard by. It is also an interesting fact that it is a favourite burying place of deceased lawyers of Gloucester. There are also two headstones of somewhat recent dates, the remarkable inscriptions placed upon which have led me to enter them in my "epitaphiana." The one, to a former matron of Gloucester Workhouse, put up by her late husband, the master, states "She was skilled in needlework and a pattern of industry." Then there is a significant blank space following and a tale is to be told of this: the original inscription added "but she had lingua," and these objectionable words were removed by the insertion of a fresh bit of stone by order of the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, as the inscription had been put there without his sanction during the interregnum between the death of the former vicar and his own appointment. I remember Mr. Kennedy (who by-the-bye was the father of Lord Justice Kennedy) telling me that he should have thought a man would have hidden the faults of his wife rather than have emblazoned them on a tombstone. And the second headstone to which I refer is that having "Sacred to the memory" of two "beloved wives" of the man (a patriarch) whose name follows and ending with the text "We love him because he first loved us."

*

The lamented death of Sir Brook Kay, full of years and honour, reminds me that I often wondered why a gentleman of his position, ability, and qualifications was not made a county magistrate. Here was a man who

took an active and very acceptable part in the local public life and philanthropic work, and yet he was passed over, while some who could not hold a candle to him for public service were speedily put in the commission of the peace. And what made it more strange was that the late baronet was a Conservative. I have heard him sworn, too, on the County Grand Jury at Assizes, and that select body is invariably chosen from magistrates.

*

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that Gloucestershire is strongly represented on the Council of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall, the Earl of Ducie being Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Mr. C. A. Cripps, K.C., Attorney-General, and Col. Sir Nigel Kingscote Receiver General. I see by the latest available accounts of the Duchy that the receipts for the year amounted to £139,606. £77,490 was paid to the Prince of Wales, £19,199 was laid out for the benefit of the estate, £2,046 was paid for superannuations, and the expenses of management were £9,716. The capital account at the end of the year was £29,769 in cash and £406,786 in securities.

GLEANER.

**

At the annual meeting of the Australian Pastoral Company, the Chairman said that during the last five years they had spent £20,000 on rabbit extermination. The latest pest was a prickly pear, which was spreading enormously.

True Gain.

[BY MAURICE DOUGLAS, IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

All true gain is gain for all. To many a man this may appear a strange statement, because we are accustomed to think that what one man gains another loses; yet it enshrines a great truth. Elsewhere I have shown that if one party to a transaction is unfairly treated, and therefore loses, there is no true gain for the other.

But a straightforward, honest piece of business is very different from that. A tradesman, let us suppose, buys his goods wholesale, and then, taking care to say of them only what is strictly true, disposes of them by retail by a reasonable profit. Here all parties gain, for the wholesale merchant and the tradesman make their living, while the purchasers are very willing to pay the retail price in order to have the convenience of buying in small quantities. Each person gains what he wishes; no one loses; all are satisfied.

But this is merely a superficial example from the physical plane, whereas it is in the higher realms of thought that we may see most clearly how beautifully this rule works. Suppose that a man gains knowledge. He may impart his gain to a hundred others, yet he himself will have lost nothing. Not only so, but even others, to whom he does not impart it, will gain indirectly from his possession of it. Because he has this added knowledge he is by so much a wiser and more useful man; his words should be the more weighty, his actions the more sagacious, and so others around him will be the better for his learning.

We may go deeper still. Since the man knows more, not only his words and actions but his thoughts will be wiser than before. His thought-forms will be better, the vibrations of his mental body higher and richer; and these must inevitably produce their result upon the mental bodies of others around him. Like all other vibrations in nature, they tend to reproduce themselves, to provoke a similar rate of vibration in anything with which they come into contact. The very same natural law, by the action of which on the physical plane you are able to boil the water for your tea or to toast your bread at the fire, makes it absolutely certain that the good effects of additional wisdom will influence others, even though the possessor speaks never a word.

That is why in all religions so much importance is attached to the company of the good, the wise, the pure. Human qualities are contagious, and it is of the greatest moment that we should be careful to which of them we subject ourselves.

Take another instance. Suppose that you gain the very valuable power of self-control. Perhaps you were formerly a passionate man, and now you have learnt to check the outpouring of force, and to hold it in subjection. Let us see how that affects others about you. On the physical plane it is unquestionably pleasanter for them, but let us consider the effect on their finer vehicles.

When in earlier days you allowed yourself to get into a rage, great waves of strong wrath poured out from you in all directions. No one who saw the illustration of such an outburst as that which was reproduced in this magazine some time ago, will need to be told what disastrous effects such vibrations must have produced upon the astral bodies of those who were so unfortunate as to be near you.

Perhaps one of those men was himself struggling against the same evil habit. If so, the emanations of your fury stirred up similar activity in his astral body, and so you strengthened that evil, you made your brother's task harder, and his burden heavier to bear than it otherwise would have been. And you have no right to do that.

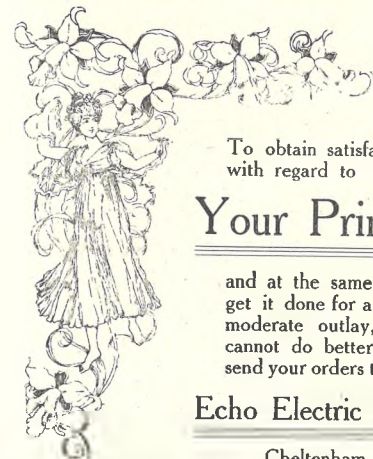
But now that you have gained self-control, all this is most happily changed. Still you radiate vibrations, for that is Nature's law, but now they are no longer the lurid flashes of anger, but the calm measured sweep of the strong waves of love and peace. And these also impinge upon the astral body of your fellow-man, and tend to reproduce themselves; and if he is fighting a battle against passion, their stately rhythm helps him and steadies him. Your force is being exerted on his side instead of against him, and so you lighten his burden, you aid him on his upward path. Is it not true then that in your gain he has gained also?

Men are so inextricably linked together, humanity is so truly a unity amidst all its marvellous diversity, that no one can advance or recede without helping or hindering the progress of others. Wherefore it behoves us to take heed that we are among the helpers and not among the hinderers, and that no living being, whether man or animal, shall ever be the worse for any thought or word or deed of ours.

THE "CHEERYBLE BROTHERS."

It is strange in the history of a great commercial concern that the Grants, Dickens's "Cheeryble" Brothers of Manchester, had the strongest objection to "putting their hands" to any documents. They would sign cheques readily enough—they knew exactly what that meant. On one occasion a member of a shopping firm in Liverpool called upon Daniel in Manchester and told him that they were temporarily pressed for funds. "How much do you need?" asked Daniel. "From £6,000 to £8,000." Daniel forthwith signed a cheque for £10,000. Profusely thanking him, the gentleman proceeded to put into his hands legal securities for the amount. "No! no!" said Daniel. "Take them with you! Take them with you! A thing of honour! A thing of honour! Pay when you can! Pay when you can!" Remonstrance was in vain.

Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., has accepted a commission to execute the statue of the late Sir Henry Irving



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MARCH MANY WEATHERS.

A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

A bushel of March dust is a thing
Worth the ransom of a king.

March dust and May sun
Makes corn white and maids dun.

March rain spoils more than clothes.

A wet March makes a sad harvest.

As it rains in March so it rains in June.

So many mists in March you see,
So many frosts in May will be.

ELEPHANTS AND CROCODILES.

The natives of the Botleti River, Ngami-land, have yet another strange story of the crocodile. These reptiles in the days when elephants abounded in this region and drank in the river, often annoyed the mighty pachyderm. The elephants in revenge would, the natives aver, occasionally take a crocodile out of the river, and lodging it in a tree leave it there to perish miserably. I have only one small piece of evidence in support of this strange legend. A famous African hunter, the late Mr. W. C. Baldwin, while travelling along this very river, did actually see with his own eyes the mummified skeleton of a crocodile perched in the limbs of a low tree. And to him in explanation of so strange a sight the Botleti people repeated this story.—H. A. B. in "Country Life."

Two young hippopotami from East Africa have arrived at the Zoological Gardens.

Canterbury Spring Lamb

FOR THE CHOICEST—

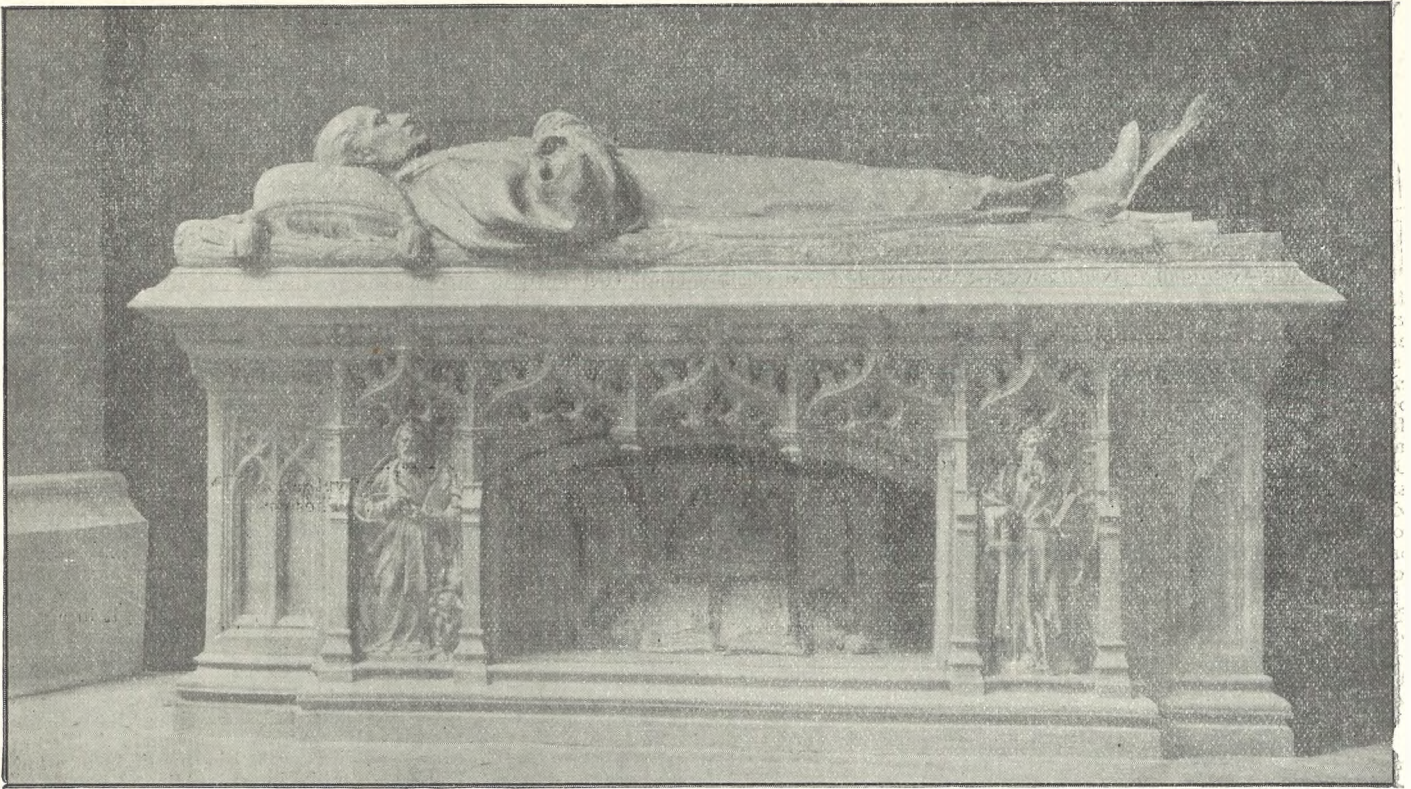
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THE RETURN OF THE ALCHEMIST.

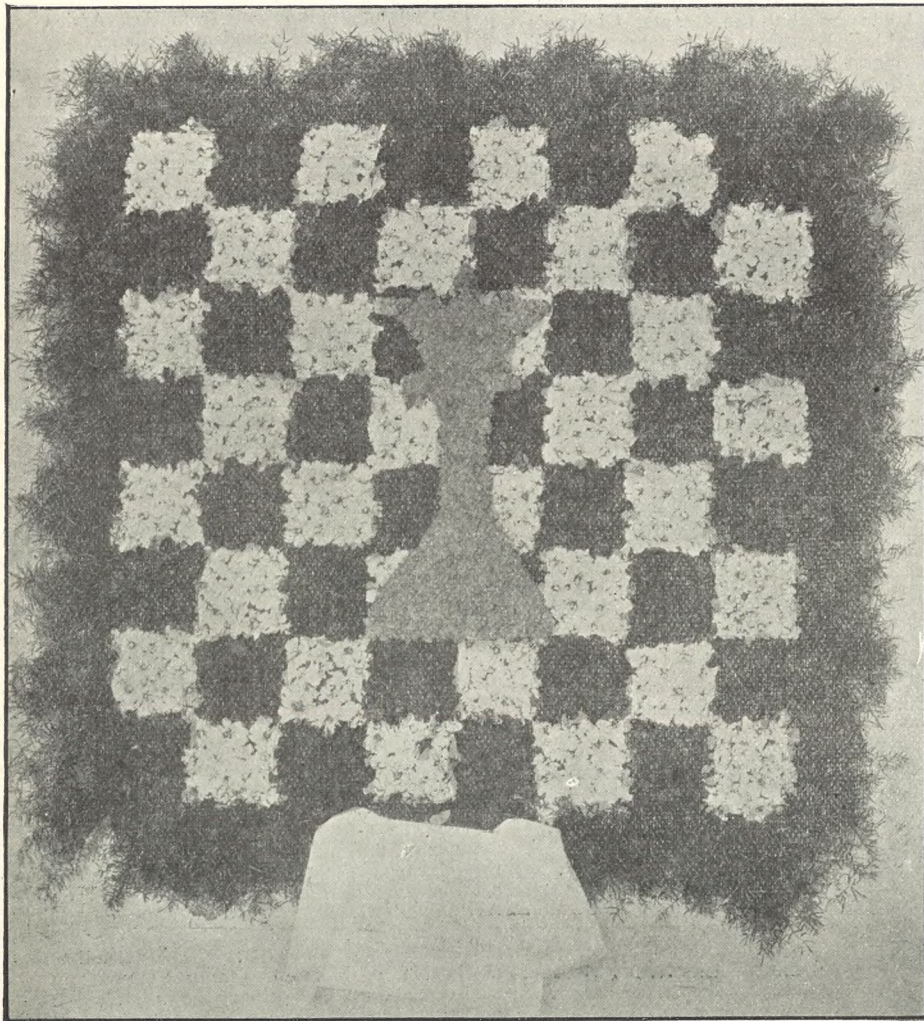
The great work of the twentieth century will be the realisation of the golden visions of the alchemists. But we modern alchemists are going to be far more than gold-seekers. We are going to establish physically what the sages of the East discovered psychically—viz., that one thing is the same as another, for they are all manifestations of the Universal Soul. And this great achievement will be the glory of Europe. In the manner of and with apologies to Paracelsus, the European scientist at the end of the century may well exclaim: "After me, you Avicenna, Galen, Rhasis, Montagnana, Paracelsus, and the others. You after me, not I after you. You of Paris, of Montpelier, of Swabia, of Meissen, and of Vienna, you who come from the banks of the holy Ganges or the fertile valleys of the ancient Euphrates, you, too, from Arabia and the land of the Pharaohs, follow me! It is not for me to follow you."—"T.P.'s Weekly."



BISHOP ELLICOTT CENOTAPH MEMORIAL.

*

Model of the artistic monument which the Bishop Ellicott Memorial Committee have commissioned Mr. William Silver Frith, of Elgin Studio, Trafalgar-square, Chelsea, S.W., to execute and to place in the south ambulatory of Gloucester Cathedral. The recumbent figure of the Bishop rests on a base which has been skilfully treated by the artist to dispel any idea that he remains repose beneath. The two figures carved on it represent St. Mark (the deceased prelate having been born on St. Mark's Day) and St. Paul, whose Epistles were a favourite study of his lordship.



CHELTENHAM CHESS CLUB'S TRIBUTE TO THEIR LIBRARIAN (MR. PERKS)
(Made by Messrs. James Cypher and Sons, Queen's Road Nursery).

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT

No. 326.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1907.

Our Portrait Gallery.



Dr. OLIVER HUMPHREY FOWLER, M.R.C.S.,

WHO RECENTLY RETIRED AFTER FORTY YEARS' PRACTICE
OF HIS PROFESSION IN CIRENCESTER, WHERE HE IS
HIGHLY POPULAR.

Photo by Dennis Moss, Cirencester.

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Grouse, Ducklings, Bordeaux Pigeons, and Severn
Salmon, at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON.
(Inst. 1872). LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.
The last days of entry for forthcoming Exami-
nations at the Cheltenham Centre are as under:
May 22nd for M.K. (Theory), June, 1907.
June 10th for "Practical" July, 1907.
Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and
Twelve in Theory of Music (tenable at Local
Centres in the United Kingdom, India, and the
Colonies), and a number of National Prizes are
annually awarded.
Local Secretary, Mr. J. A. Matthews, 7 Clarence
Square, from whom the current Syllabus may be
obtained. c879

Cheltenham Musical Festival Society.

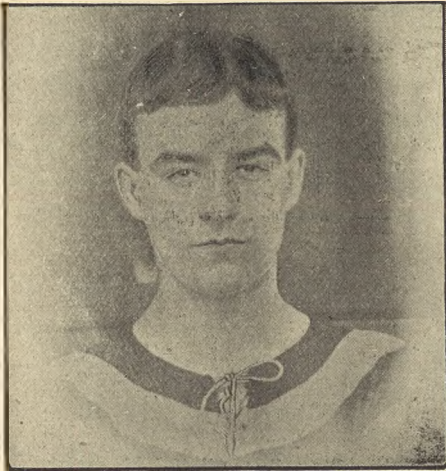
* *

Practice on Tuesday evening next,
April 2nd, of SAMSON, for the Sub-
scription Concert.

J. A. MATTHEWS, Conductor.

c878

THE FUNERAL OF MR. ALFRED COLE.



MR. ALFRED COLE, 18 1/2

of the Queen's Head, Watermoor, Cirencester, who was employed at the M. and S.W.J.R. Works, and whose early death on March 16, 1907, evoked much sympathy.

The Chief of Police at Ghent has decided to admit women as members of the city's police force. Their uniform will be similar to that of the men, their trousers being fuller and the coat skirts longer.

* *

A correspondent in Trinidad states that British cane-sugar has entirely replaced German beet-sugar in the Canadian market.

* *

All great peoples desire to keep the peace, said Mr. Bryce at the Pilgrims' dinner in his honour in New York on Saturday.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

*

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE & GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 226th prize has been divided between Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, and Mr. H. Beck, 4 New-street-terrace, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by Canon Alexander at St. Stephen's Church and Mr. J. E. Willett at the Christadelphian meeting on Sunday.

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

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WORKS BAND HEADING PROCESSION AT ENTRANCE TO CEMETERY.



THE CORTEGE.



SHOPMATES BEARING BODY TO THE BURIAL
(officiating clergyman, Rev. G. M. Williams).

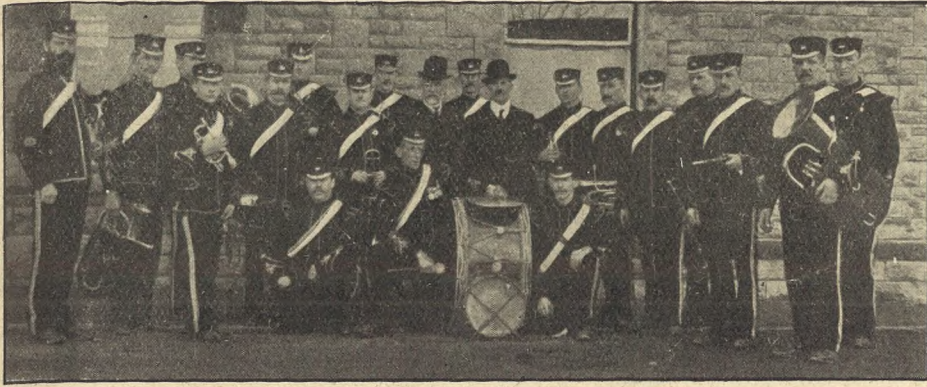
Photos by J. A. Williams, 47 Keynsham-street, Cheltenham.

Information has been received at Ottawa of the finding in the Cobalt District of New Ontario of a silver nugget weighing 276lb. The nugget has been assayed at 12,000 ounces to the ton, but a smaller one, turning the scale at 100lb., contains silver in the proportion of 22,000 ounces to the ton.

The smoky taste of Scotch whisky is due to the use of peat in the manufacture.

Belgium is the first country to make hypnotising an offence against the law of the land.

The earliest recorded instance of swearing on the Bible in judicial proceedings dates as far back as 608.



M. & S.W.J.R. WORKS BAND AT CIRENCESTER.

Back row (left to right).—R. H. Lewis (bandmaster), H. Fletcher (band sergeant), C. Tranter, W. Wrigley, W. Holdman, D. Hale, H. Keen, J. Evans, P. Chivers, C. Hale.
 Second row.—J. Phillips, J. Goulding, S. Stevens, Mr. J. Tyrrell (president), Mr. T. Glass (hon. treasurer), C. Dorling, E. A. Holdman (secretary), T. Beazley.
 Front row.—W. Smith, E. Evans, H. May.



MR. WALTER H. MADGE,
 NEWLY-ELECTED CITY COUNCILLOR FOR THE
 KINGSHOLM WARD OF GLOUCESTER.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The fine weather, with glorious sunshine, that prevailed on Palm Sunday brought the people out in their thousands to continue the good old custom of decking the graves of departed relatives in churchyards and cemeteries with flowers, chiefly yellow "Lent lilies." Daffodils, as these lilies are more generally called, grow wild and in great profusion in the water meadows and woodlands of the big parish of Dymock, in the north-west corner of this county. The picking of them has built up a regular industry, and not a few women and children earn good money in this way. The rate of payment for twelve bunches or handfuls is a halfpenny, and I am credibly informed that a woman and her children can at this work easily earn from £8 to £9 between them during the season, which lasts only about five weeks at Lent time. The farmers have a ready market, chiefly in the North of England, for these daffodils, of which at least a ton a day is despatched from Dymock (G.W.R.) station to various wholesale dealers for their customers.

*

From little Forthampton National School, founded by the late Mr. Joseph Yorke, the squire, several pupils have made their way in the world, and two of them now hold good positions in Gloucester. I have just been reminded by the death of Mr. Walter Brooks, for 44 years organist of St. Martin's Church, Birmingham, that although he was born in London parish in 1832, his earliest education was obtained at the National School of the adjoining parish of Forthampton. Inasmuch as he showed unmistakable signs of musical ability, Mr. Madge, the schoolmaster, brought him to the notice of the Rev. Sir John H. Culme-Seymour, then one of the canons residentiary of Gloucester Cathedral, with the result that Walter was given a choristership in that establishment. Ultimately he became assistant to Mr. John Amott, the Cathedral organist. Walter, I am told, was held up as a pattern to the Forthampton boys, because he never trespassed off the field paths!

*

There are three ecclesiastical livings in Gloucester Diocese which have been vacant for some time, and, curiously enough, the name of each ends with "ley," namely Willersey, Kempley, and Coaley. They are all country benefices with no very large incomes, and I expect that is the reason they are not every clergyman's money.

*

What is going to be the weather this Easter? Holiday folk, of course, naturally wish it to be fine. But agriculturists and gardeners are already crying out for rain, as the land has got very dry and the springs want replenishing. The prevalence of frost during the past winter was accompanied by a deficient rainfall, and keep for stock is short, causing big requisitions on the hayricks. I am glad to find there has been a good drop of healthy lambs in this county, though single lambs has been the feature. It is too soon yet to talk of the green peas.

*

Already the record of last season's kills of the Cotswold Hounds (35 brace) has been exceeded, and there is every prospect of several more brace being added before the season closes, in the middle of April. The pack has given good sport during this month, and there have been two or three runs on the outskirts of Cheltenham and Gloucester. On Friday, the 1st inst, a Chosen fox was run into the nurseries of Wheeler and Co., near the city, and killed; and on Friday, the 22nd., a fox found at Elmbridge Court gave a twisting run of an hour and forty minutes into the city on the north side, and was killed near the King Edward VII. Inn, Longlevens. GLEANER.



THE LATE MAJOR EDMUND HERBERT.

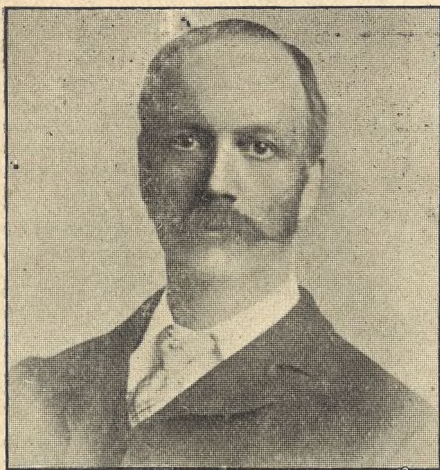
He was buried in Llansantffraed Churchyard—his seat, The Court, being near to the old church, one of the smallest in the kingdom. He was from 1857 to 1894 Chief Constable of Monmouthshire. His second wife was Miss Frances Canning, daughter and co-heiress of the late Mr. Robert Canning, of Hartpury House, near Gloucester.



BOURTON STOCK SALE, MARCH 25, 1907.

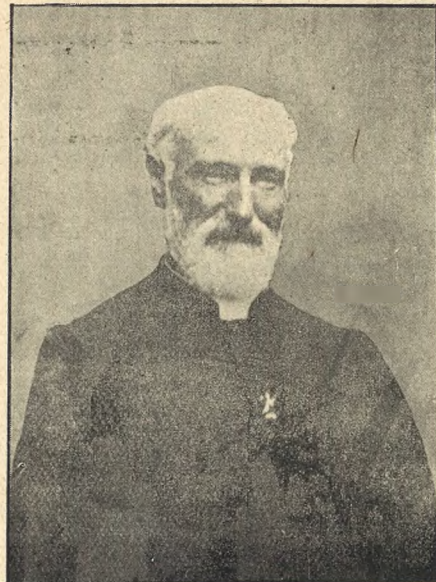


MR. J. W. TAYLER SELLING CATTLE.



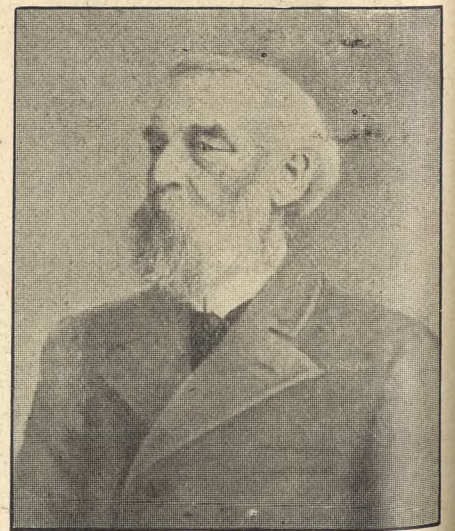
MR. THOMAS TOOMEY,

who headed the poll at the Guardians' Election for the Alington Ward, Gloucester.



REV. J. E. ALCOCK, M.A.,

For forty-seven years Rector of Hawling, Andoversford, R.S.O., Chaplain to the present High Sheriff of Gloucestershire (Mr. Fairfax Rhodes).



MR. MAURICE FREDERIC CARTER,

SOLICITOR, OF NEWNHAM, DIED LADY DAY, AGED 80 YEARS. He held numerous public appointments in the Forest of Dean, and at the time of his death was Coroner for that Division, which office he had filled nearly forty years.

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CHELTENHAM v. GLOUCESTER. A LINE-OUT.



THE CROWD.

At the annual meeting of the members of the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs on Wednesday, it was stated that there were 85,000 stray dogs in Great Britain last year, including no fewer than 24,000 in London.

"It ought to be, I think, a finable offence to give money to beggars in the street; then, perhaps, we should have none," said Mr. Hopkins, the Lambeth magistrate, on Wednesday.

Sir Watkin Wynn on Saturday congratulated the electors of Ruabon (North Wales) on the fact that in this, one of the largest parishes in Britain, no precept for rates had been issued for the last ten years.



The Great Football Match, Cheltenham v. Gloucester, March 23rd, 1907, which ended in a draw.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Forming a scrum. Showing exactly how the Cheltenham forwards packed. | 3. Breaking up a scrum—free kick to Gloucester. | 6. Some of Gloucester team. |
| 2. Scrum at work. | 4. Bennett requires new jersey. | 7. W. N. and G. T. Unwin talking Hayward, Tinson, and Tripp at half-time. |
| | 5. Line out. | |



THOMAS MILES.

*

A ROADSIDE INTERVIEW.

[BY HARRY COX.]

The above is a photograph of a man well known at the Cotswold end of the Stow to Chipping Norton highway—known alike by that gentleman of rambling turn of mind and wandering pair of legs, so well provided for by our poor-law regime, right down from this lofty eminence of independence, through the various grades of society, even to the man who latterly is so often seen and heard upon our roads, the man with goggles and hooter, and the dread of the pedestrian—these men who regularly use this road, and all those represented by the various classes between these extremities, know pretty well the man seated on the wrong side of his donkey-cart here illustrated.

“Thomas” for twenty years has kept in good trim the road from the Unicorn, Stow, to the Oxfordshire boundary on Adlestrop Hill, a length of 4½ miles.

I found him to-day having a bit of “victuals” at a stone “yhuup” he had just finished breaking. He told me he was born at Oddington seventy-nine years ago, and although hale, hearty, and healthy, says he is not so “lissum” as he used to be; on this account he drives to his work and home again per donkey. I snapped him with his wife on their way home one day last summer. Fifty-eight years ago he was married, and his wife has had fourteen children, of whom eleven still live. Three sons have been members of the Gloucestershire Constabulary—two are to-day.

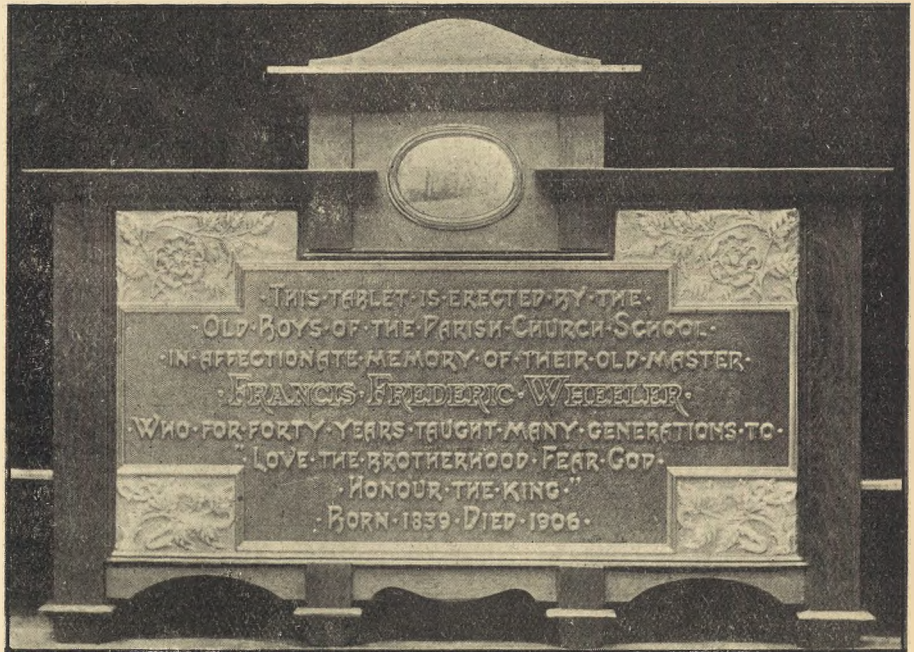
“Thomas” has for thirty-seven years faithfully performed the onerous duties of parish clerk and sexton of his native village of Oddington, only having been absent from Sunday duty three times in that long period. He was christened and married at Oddington old church, now disused. A photograph of interior and exterior of this quaint old church in the woods will appear in next week’s “Graphic.” He has served under four rectors—Rev. W. Wiggin, Rev. S. E. Gretton, Rev. H. B. Heberden, and the recently appointed Rev. T. A. Hodson. The former three he has buried, but hopes that for years to come he may assist the present rector in church and parish.

His eldest son was born while the “Hooshan” war was in progress, and in this same year the West-Midland section of the Great Western Railway system was opened. He will remember that on the day, May 3rd, it snowed heavily. He was at work as plough “bwoy” when Queen Victoria was crowned.

The writer has known “Thomas” for five-and-twenty years; many readers have probably known him as long, many longer, not one though, I expect, can remember anything remarkable about him, no great deed of daring or valour; but he comes before us



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to-day as a typical Cotswold villager, a man who for a long period has laboured and done his duty. Such a one is worthy of our esteem and respect, whether by his circumstances he drives to his work by motor, landau, or donkey-cart; we subscribe ours to Thomas Miles, of Oddington, and wish him happiness for the remaining years of his life and a reward at the end—the reward of the faithful.

A quaint autograph letter of Robert Burns was sold at Sotheby's on Wednesday for the record price of £141. In 1833 the same letter was sold for £2 2s. in Edinburgh.

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