

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 335.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1907.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

MONDAY NEXT, June 3rd, AND DURING THE WEEK,

Return visit of Mr. Will C Pepper's
ORIGINAL WHITE COONS.

Change of Programme Daily.

Performances Daily at 3 and 8. Admission 3d.
c6

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MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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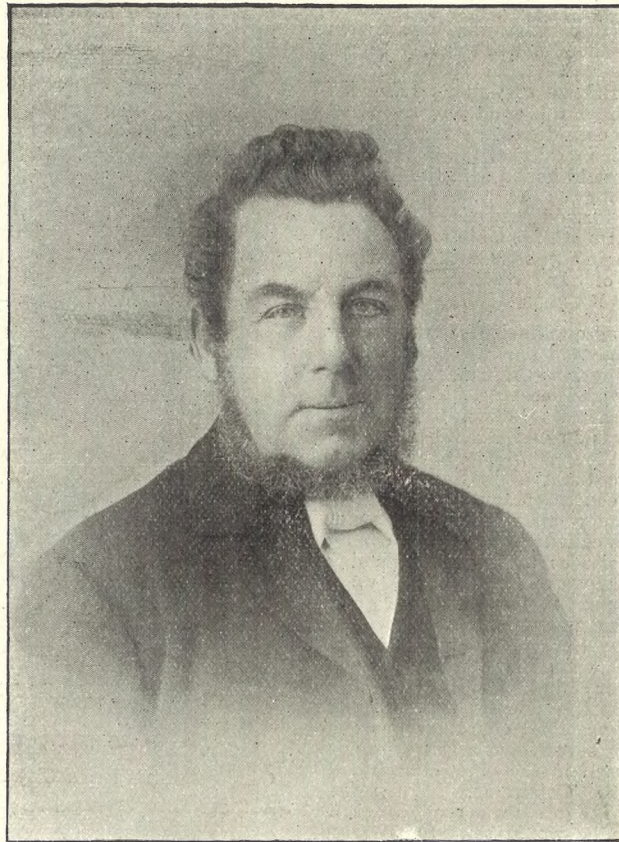
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Guinea Fowls, Black Game, White Grouse, Duck-
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MR. WILLIAM WITCHELL,
OF CHELTENHAM.
DIED MAY 22, 1907, AGED 87 YEARS.

A fine specimen of the opati, a very rare and beautifully coloured fish which lives in the deeper waters of the tropic seas, has just been discovered stranded in about a foot of water at Woolacombe Sands, Devon.

In a report to the Washington Bureau of Manufacturers, Mr. Consul J. E. Dunning, of Milan, states that the Italian consumption of cigarettes in the fiscal year 1905-6 was one-and-a-half billion. Figures filed at Milan show that in 1905, in France, the consumption was more than 2,000,000,000. In Germany, in 1904, 4,000,000,000 cigarettes were consumed.

An interesting find of Roman remains has occurred during excavations on the banks of the River Alde, near Aldeburgh. Some pottery is of the first or second centuries, before Constantine, and of good design and workmanship. A large quantity of edible snail and coarse oyster shells were also found.

According to the world's postal statistics just issued at Berlin, the Germans are the greatest writers of postcards, the number passing through the German post-offices in the year 1905 being 1,299 millions. Great Britain follows with 800 millions, then the United States with 728 millions.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

I was astonished to read in a leading Welsh paper the names of the officers of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry in camp at Piercefield Park. At least three of the surnames of principal ones were unrecognisable, whilst most were spelt incorrectly. Col. Calvert was called "Cabsett," Lieut.-Col. Sandeman "Painden," and Capt. Elwes "Clives"! I would recommend the gentleman who deals with the copy of any country reporter whose writing is bad to verify the names of military officers by the Army List.

* *

Earl Bathurst as a legislator, country gentleman, owner of large estates, colonel of Militia, and master of foxhounds, has his hands pretty full year by year. His able championship of the old constitutional force of the Militia has been very marked in recent years, while he is devoted to his military duties. I therefore think it was no empty compliment to his lordship in his being selected to command a mixed Division of Militia and Volunteer Brigades in a sham fight with the 7th Brigade of Regulars on Salisbury Plain about a week ago. I note the interesting facts that his troops included the Manchester Brigade of Volunteers, which in travelling through this county by train had to pass over a considerable stretch of his lordship's domains, and that the Oxford and Berks Militia were brigaded with the 3rd and 4th Gloucesters for the first time since July, 1876, when they formed part of the 3rd Division of the 5th Army Corps mobilised on Minchinhampton Common under H.S.H. General Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar.

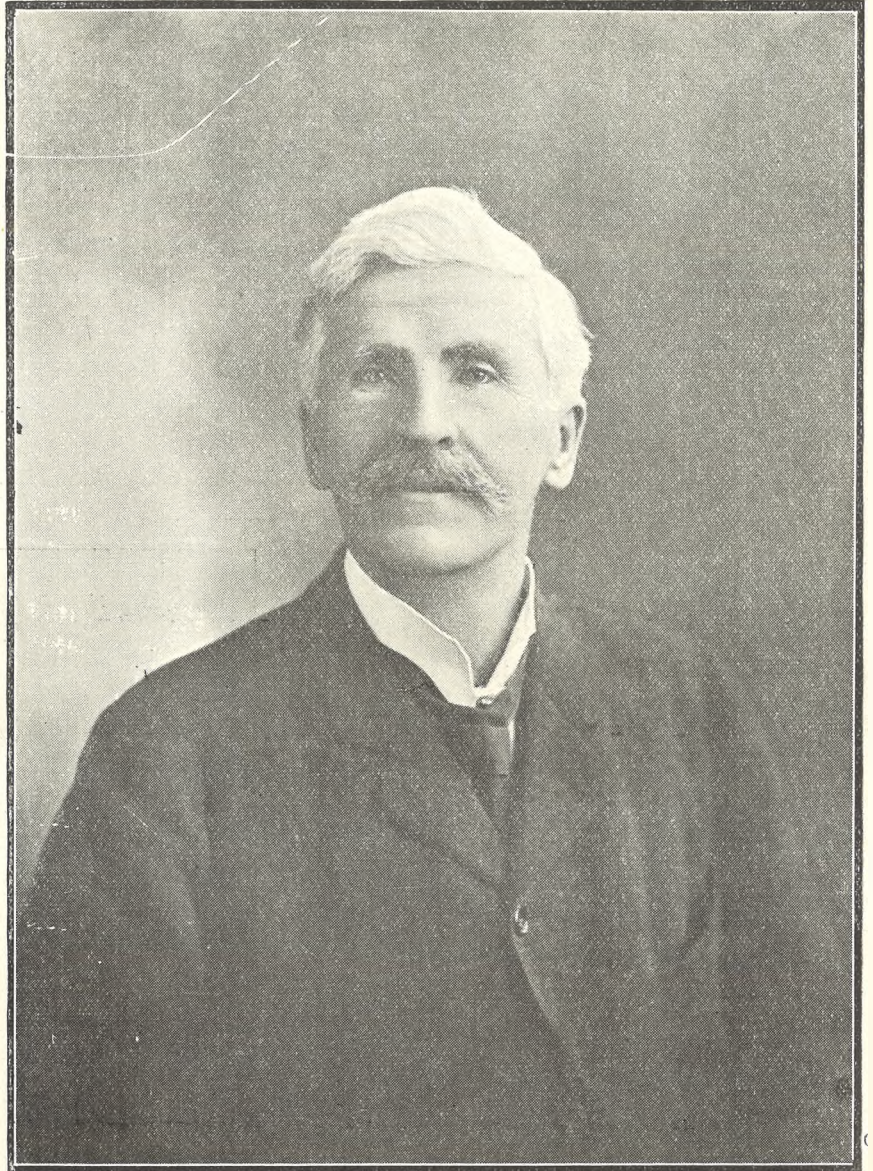
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I wonder if any qualified person will ever undertake the heavy task of writing the lives of the more distinguished alumni of the Cheltenham colleges and schools. The recent death of Sir Benjamin Baker, the eminent engineer, who was an Old Grammarian, has suggested this thought to me. I see that Mr. R. Phillips, the County Surveyor, has furnished to a contemporary some very interesting incidents about Sir Benjamin. The latter was called in by the county authority to advise as to the strengthening of Over and Chepstow Bridges, and when they were in a punt underneath the former bridge the boatman happened to get her broadside on the Severn stream and she nearly capsized, when Sir Benjamin coolly remarked "Never mind, Phillips. I can swim. I was in the Thames this morning at 7.30." His practical character has one proof in the way he selected a grave for his mother and himself in the quiet churchyard of Idbury, on the Cotswolds. When the vicar wrote that the grave was ready bricked and asked when he would send the corpse, Baker forwarded his cheque, adding that the lady was not dead and hoping she would not die for many years!

* *

Trinity Sunday this year at Gloucester Cathedral, like at most other Cathedrals, was marked by a service of ordination. The candidates (five) who received holy orders showed an increase over the numbers of recent years. Bristol had the same number of candidates. The "dim religious light" was so pronounced that the gas had to be turned on. I observed that the ordination of the new curate of Tewkesbury Abbey was witnessed, among others, by his father and mother, Mr. R. H. Amphlett, K.C., of the Oxford Circuit, and Mrs. Amphlett, and by his vicar. The Bishop wore his cope, which he first assumed on Trinity Sunday, 1905, and which is a legal vestment at celebrations. His lordship has not yet taken to a mitre—but a time may come.

GLEANER.



MR. THOMAS WILLIAM HIBBARD, J.P.,
OF BARNWOOD LODGE, NEAR GLOUCESTER,
DIED MAY 27, 1907, AGED 61 YEARS.

Mr. Hibbard was chairman of James Reynolds and Co., Ltd., Albert Flour Mills, Gloucester, and was City Sheriff 1892-3.

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RENOVATOR Cloth
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To lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days;
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.—Sir E. Arnold.

For Printing of every description * * *
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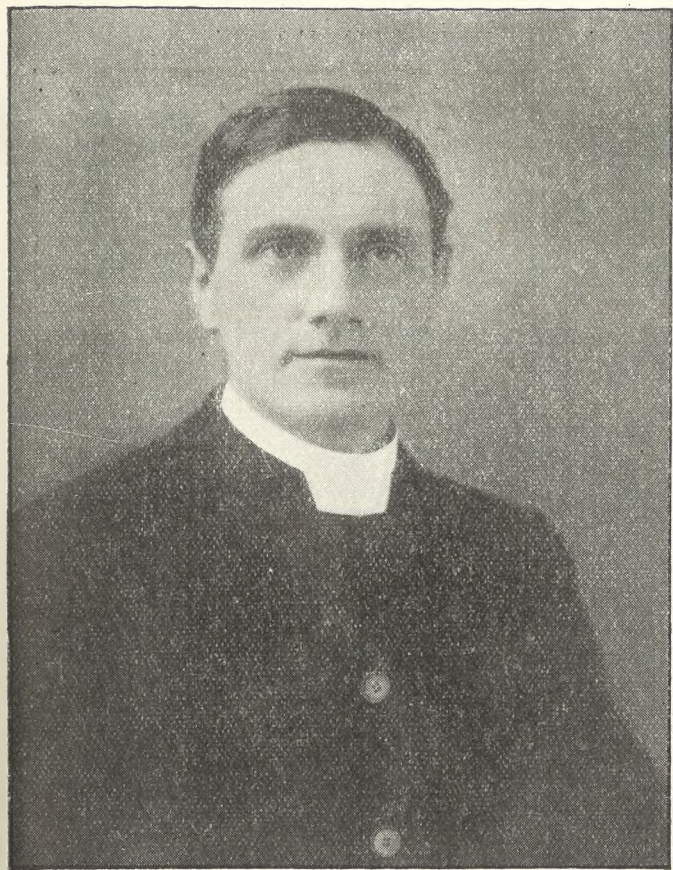
PRIZE COMPETITION.

* *

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 235th prize has been divided between Miss Ida Marshall, 2 York-terrace, Cheltenham, and Mr. Frank H. Keveron, of Skabo Villa, Charlton Kings, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. H. A. Brown at the Parish Church and the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church, Cheltenham.

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



REV. M. E. WELLDON, M.A.,
LATE CURATE OF ST. MARK'S, CHELTENHAM.



PRESENTATION TO MR. WELLDON BY ST. MARK'S
PARISHIONERS AND CONGREGATION.



MRS. WELLDON.



PRESENTATION SILVER HOT WATER JUG TO MRS.
WELLDON BY LATE BIBLE CLASS MEMBERS AND
FRIENDS.



BRISTOL AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT THE ROMAN VILLA, CHEDWORTH,
MAY 28, 1907.
GROUP TAKEN AMIDST ROMAN REMAINS.



BAPTIST CONFERENCE AT FAIRFORD, MAY 28 and 29, 1907.
MINISTERS, DELEGATES, AND FRIENDS.
REV. WILLIAM CUFF IN CENTRE (MARKED ×); THE PRESIDENT SITS NEXT HIM ON HIS LEFT.

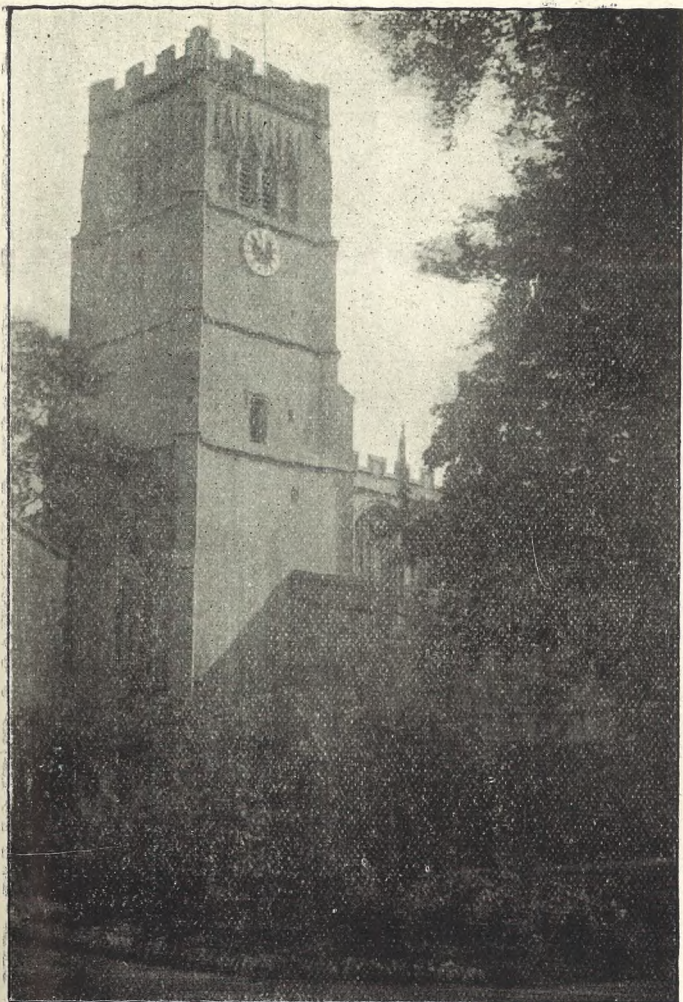
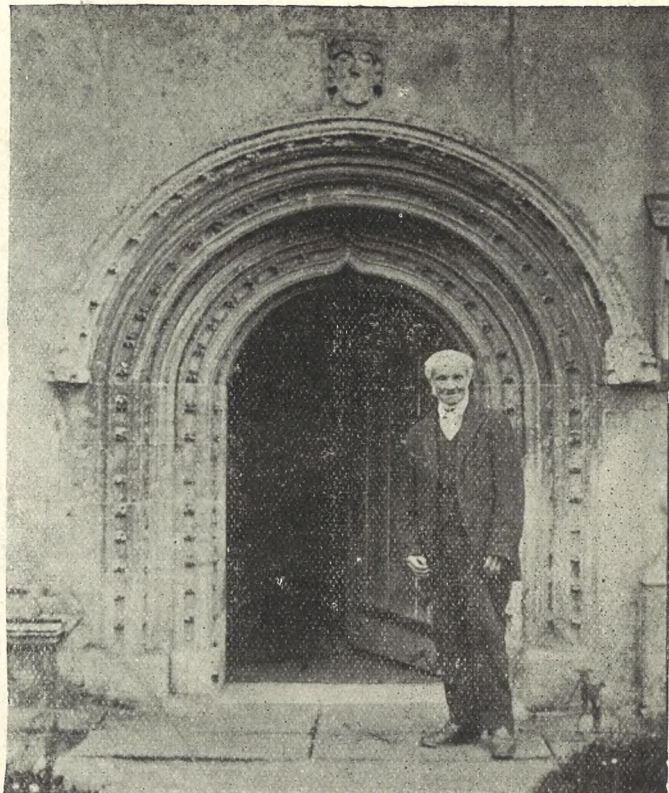


Photo by Barry Burge, Northleach.

**NEW CLOCK IN NORTHLEACH CHURCH TOWER.
STARTED ON WHIT SUNDAY, MAY 19, AT 11 A.M.**

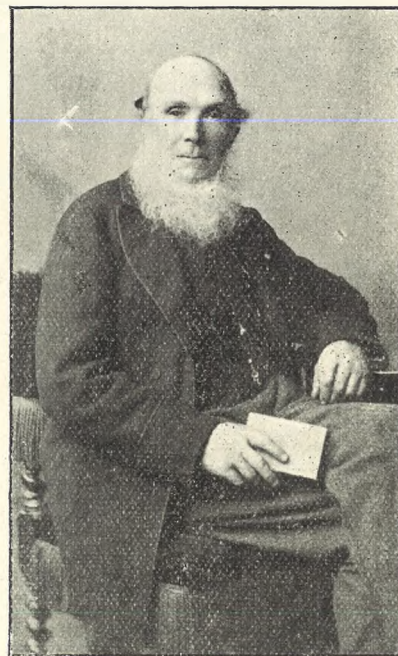


**MR. WILLIAM CROOK,
FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS PARISH CLERK AND SEXTON
OF BADGEWORTH.
DIED MAY 27, 1907, AGED 84 YEARS.**



**BAPTIST CONFERENCE AT FAIRFORD.
LOCAL COMMITTEE.**

REV. W. G. JACKSON, OF FAIRFORD, IN CENTRE, STANDING AT BACK.



OUR OLD INHABITANTS.

Mr. John Smith, of 2 Gloucester-crescent, Cheltenham, who died May 21, 1907, in his 90th year. He was a native of Coberley, and the oldest witness called in the Leckhampton Hill case. Photo taken about twenty years ago.

**"Health! thou chiefest good;
Bestowed by Heaven, but seldom under-
stood."**



STROUD ATHLETIC SPORTS, WHIT TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1907.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>1. Spectators.</p> <p>2. Mr. Marks, of Amberley, winner of free bicycle, with his new machine.</p> <p>3. Another section of crowd. "Soldier" Smith, of Cheltenham, who won both mile and half-mile races, in light suit.</p> | <p>4. Mrs. Hallows, of Stonehouse, reading number of winning ticket (1907). Miss Cull has just turned handle, and Messrs. Curtis and Cull (hon. secs.) are behind.</p> <p>5. Judges, etc. (reading right to left): Messrs. E. Jenner Davies, J.P., C. P. Allen,</p> | <p>M.P., C. A. Apperly, J.P., J. M. Rowell, H. M. Newman, F. Simmonds, N.C.U.</p> <p>6. W. Cull winning footballers' race.</p> <p>7. J. N. Baldwin winning 220 yards race.</p> <p>8. Obstacle race.</p> |
|---|---|---|



EMPIRE DAY IN CHELTENHAM.

A SCENE OF EMPIRE.

BRITANNIA WATCHES THE LONG PROCESSION OF HER CHILDREN.



THE ASSEMBLED SCHOOL CHILDREN.

EMPIRE DAY IN CHELTENHAM.



SCENE AT BENARES : CHILDREN IN COSTUME.



DANCE OF NAUTCH GIRLS.



CHILDREN PERFORMERS IN NORTH AMERICAN SCENE.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 336.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1907.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

WEEK COMMENCING JUNE 10. Nightly at 8. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3.

RETURN VISIT OF MR. WALLIS ARTHUR'S
COMEDY CONCERT COMPANY.
Change of Programme Daily.

ADMISSION 3d.

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

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Australian Wines in Flagons.
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Established 1825.

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and all Choice Fruits; Young Potatoes, Asparagus,
French Beans, Mushrooms, Cucumbers, Tomatoes;
Guinea Fowls, Black Game, White Grouse, Duck-
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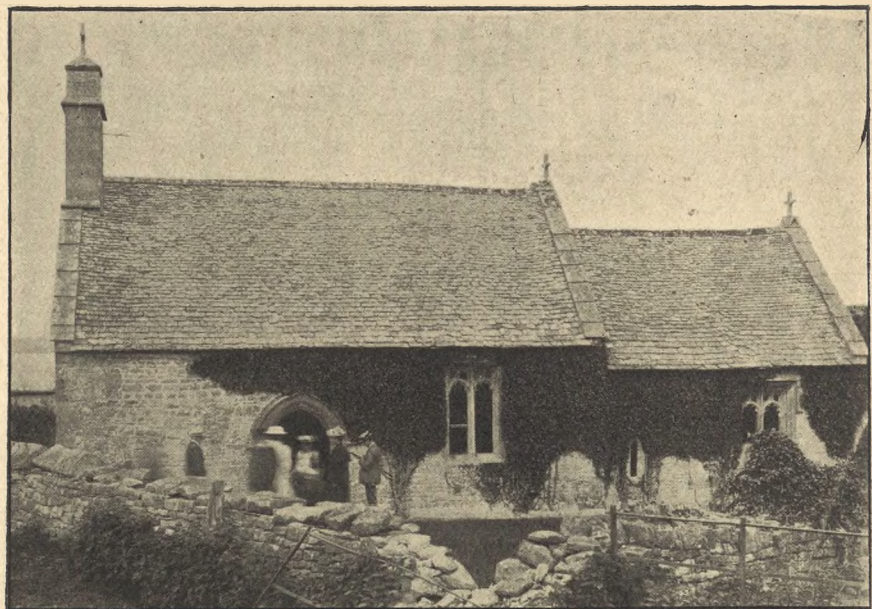
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INTERIOR OF NORTHLEACH PARISH CHURCH.



SHIPTON SOLLARS CHURCH.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGISTS ON THE COTSWOLDS.
TWO OF THE CHURCHES VISITED.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LAST OF THE THREE OLD MEN OF PAINSWICK.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGISTS ON THE COTSWOLDS.

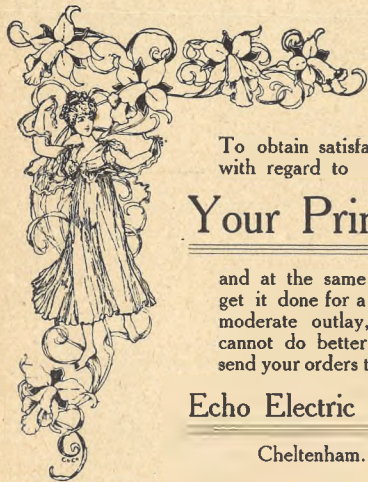
He stood, the last of his ancient line,
The third of the famous "dree,"
Whose "feyather" had spanked the base of
his spine
For "dubbin'" at "Gramp" in a tree.
He was "agein'," himself, and his heart was
sad,
For his Grampy had withered to dust,
And tight to the bones of his dear old Dad
The cuticle clung as a crust.
They were digging a hole that resembled a
grave
In one of the "strits" of the town,
But they vowed that his life they were
working to save,
By laying a new sewer down.
Nay, more, they were bringing him water,
too,
From miles and miles away,
In the hope that the Devil might get his
"dew,"
Tho' the Devil remained to pay.
"We be dreatened," he sighed, "wi' a
Zemmet'ry rate
'Cause we doant die quick anuff,
But yo've got us, now, in the toils ov vate,
An' I veear 'un be mortal tuff."
He turned away in a chastened mood,
But long ere the sun had set
He had planted with ACORNS nine square
rood
And retired to the Pub. for a whet.
When his cronies quizzed as to reason why
He "zolumlie checked their scoffin'"—
"I beyant now quite zhure but what I MAY
die,
Zo I'm growin' the OAK vor my coffin."
PAINSWICK WATCH-DOG.
May 15th, 1907.



THE FAMOUS ROMAN VILLA IN CHEDWORTH WOODS.



WITHINGTON CHURCH.



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with regard to - -
Your Printing

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

Echo Electric Press,

Cheltenham.

* *

Artistic Work a speciality.

OUR ASSIZE SYSTEM.

* *

"I have always advocated the localisation of justice," says Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C., M.P., in "Cassell's Saturday Journal." "Our present Assize system entails an enormous waste of judicial time, and I am strongly in favour of local administration of justice with unlimited jurisdiction in all civil matters, a larger unit than that of the County Court being chosen for this local administration. There should be a system of devolution, the County Court still existing as a small debt court."

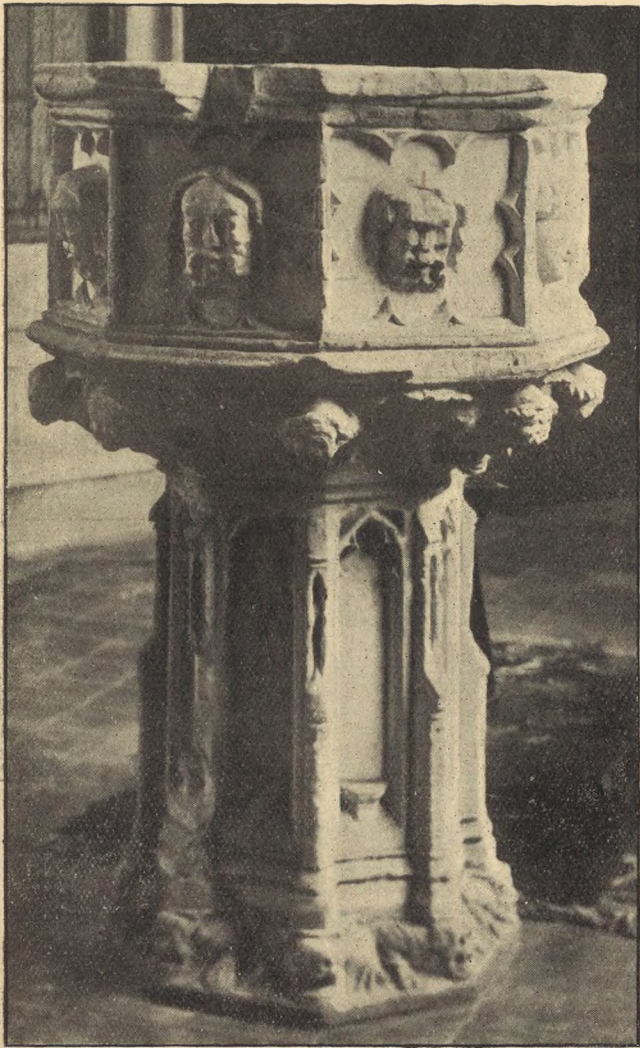
KILLED BY SOAP AND WATER.

Coincidence plays a frequent part in the matter of news. I referred recently to the death of a man in Canada who, though wealthy enough to make a corner in soap, was so resolutely dirty that on several occasions he was washed by the order of a magistrate. Now from France comes the tragic story of a man named Marchant, who was ordered into a hot bath by the Mayor of Verquin. On hearing his doom, Marchant protested bitterly that he had never taken a bath in his life, or washed his face for three years, and he was sure that soap and water would kill him. He was forcibly put into a warm bath, and it did kill him: he died in the water.—"P.T.O."

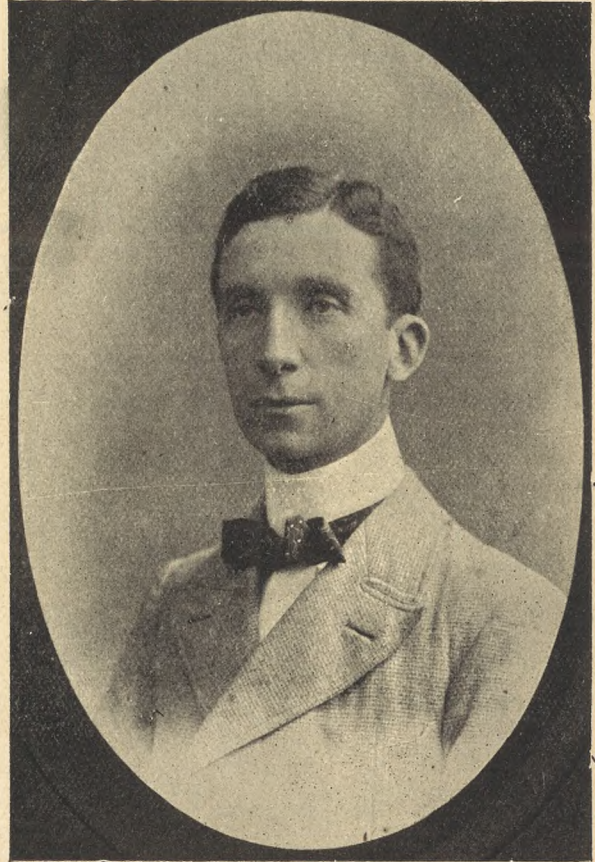
OLDEST OF WHITE RACES.

An explorer in Morocco, we are informed by "Cassell's Saturday Journal," thus describes the Berbers, who, although African, are as white as Europeans, and, moreover, are the oldest white race on record. They are supposed to have come from the South of Europe in ancient days, and although their language and customs are entirely different from ours, and their religion Mohammedan, they are probably closely akin by descent. Blue eyes and fair hair are not at all uncommon amongst the Berbers, and many of them have rosy cheeks and features so like our own, that were they dressed in British fashion they would easily pass as natives of the British Isles.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGISTS
ON THE COTSWOLDS.



ANCIENT FONT IN NORTHLEACH CHURCH.



MR. WALLIS ARTHUR,
WHO IS APPEARING NEXT WEEK AT MONTEPELLIER
GARDENS WITH HIS CONCERT COMPANY.

HOW THE PRIMITIVE METHODISTS
GOT THEIR NAME.

Primitive Methodism was born in the open air. The first camp-meeting was held on Mow Cop, in Staffordshire, on May 31, 1807. Mow Cop, indeed, is the "Mount Carmel of the Primitive Methodist." The original Camp-Meeting Methodists were members of the Methodist Church, but the Methodist Conference of that year declared that such meetings were "highly improper in England, and likely to be productive of considerable mischief," and accordingly "disclaimed all connection with them." Undeterred, the stalwarts persisted. Further camp-meetings were held. The name of their Church is significant of their evangelistic ardour. James Crawfoot, of Delamere Forest, one of the "Forest Methodists," had been engaged by Hugh Bourne for itinerant evangelism. Called to account for preaching for the "Quaker Methodists," he had found a timely and convincing defence in the words of John Wesley. "Fellow-labourers," Wesley had said, "wherever there is an open door, enter in and preach the Gospel: if it be to two or three under a hedge or a tree, preach the Gospel—go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, the maimed, and the halt and the blind, and the servant said: 'Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.'" His apology thus stated, the inspired evangelist exclaimed: "Mr. Chairman! if you have deviated from the old usages, I have not; I still remain a Primitive Methodist." The name, thus singularly announced, was seized by these open-air zealots, and is the honourable appellation of this aggressive Church.—"The Sunday at Home."

THE COLOUR OF SOUND.

General Booth starts his orations on a splendid note of deep orange red, corresponding to A sharp, sinking to C, a deep note. Compare this with war songs written in C. He is a militant speaker. Songs of the ocean and sky are in G, blue. Brilliant experiments on the tone of the voice, showing the effect of sound on flame and the resonant air, will give an idea of what an Adelina Patti or a Sarah Bernhardt is really producing in the air. A harsh raucous voice makes a blind man creep, and gives him the impression of dirty grey green. The blind are conscious of colour by touch. How is this if colour is not particularly a subconscious faculty? The blind also speak of a sympathetic tone as "violet velvet" to their ears. Van der Weyde, in his lectures, demonstrated that the vibrations of the first, third, and fifth notes of the diatonic scale bear the same relation to one another as the colours, red, yellow, and blue. Although it may be tradition, or superstition, there is doubtless an occult secret in the beautiful weird melody sung by the Kashmiris as they sit round in a ring plying their silks and singing a note to each change of colour in their exquisite patterns of the Kashmir shawl.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

BLINDFOLD JUSTICE.

Benjamin Reynolds was whipt for taking that delicious old tool a hedging-bill, not yet (thank heaven) superseded by any steam hedge-clipper. But how could one steal, as Edward Gilbert was alleged to have stolen, two beehives, value eightpence, "from a person unknown?" How could Simon Young, Anne his wife, Thomas Young, and Mary his wife, manage to steal nine shillings and tuppence from a person unknown? Or rather, how could they be convicted of the same? Did they confess when the nine and tuppence had burned a hole in their quadrilateral conscience? Or was the person unknown someone whose name the justices wished to conceal? I was always vainly hoping to meet an assault and battery upon a person unknown. I was much puzzled by the low value set upon sheep and other frequent subjects of theft; "for purposes of larceny" a sheep, which must have been worth on an average 7s. 6d., is often valued at ninepence. The explanation is that you couldn't be hanged for less than a shilling theft, and in the cases cited the justices did not always want you to be hanged. But did they arbitrarily reduce the price of the sheep, or was it the merciful nature of the indictor that fixed its value so low?—"Cornhill Magazine."



CHELTENHAM V. GLOUCESTER CRICKET MATCH,

SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, ON VICTORIA GROUND.



CHELTENHAM :

Top Row :—E. Barnett (umpire), F. M. Norman, E. Browning, Bellamy, F. H. Harris, R. P. Boddington, C. H. Margrett, W. G. G. Eaton (scorer), A. Lamb.
Bottom Row :—C. S. Barnett, A. Barker, V. Barnett (capt.), W. Wood, H. J. Holder.



GLOUCESTER :

Top Row :—H. R. Ford (umpire), C. Bain, Bidmead, Rev. O. E. Hayden, J. A. Luce, L. Renton, F. M. Luce, C. Wiggin (scorer).
Bottom Row :—H. Bain, G. Romans, B. V. Bruton (capt.), W. D. Palmer, F. Fox.



EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATION AT CIRENCESTER.

CROWD OUTSIDE THE ABBEY CHURCH

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

I fear we shall never know the actual fate of Lieuts. Caulfeild and Leake, who, in the presence of the King and Prince Fushimi, went up in the military balloon Thrasher at the Aldershot review on May 28th and have not been heard of since the aerostat was seen disabled in the sea near Bridport, and was afterwards found off Exmouth on the following morning. The circumstances are very similar to those which surrounded the military balloon Saladin, which ascended at Bath on December 10th, 1881. A north-east wind was blowing (as it was when the Thrasher went up), and the Saladin was driven to the south-west coast, and when the three occupants found they were rapidly drifting to the sea they attempted to descend on a cliff at Bridport. But the balloon struck the ground forcibly and Capt. Temple and Mr. Arthur Agg-Gardner were thrown out, the latter sustaining a broken leg in two places and dislocated arm—not broken neck, as a paper has erroneously stated. Mr. Walter Powell, M.P. for Malmesbury, the other occupant of the car, remained in it; and he and the Saladin were never heard of afterwards, the sea having doubtless claimed them, like it has the two gallant and experienced aeronauts who went on the ride to death in the Thrasher.

Lieut. Caulfeild had certainly paid one flying visit to this county. That was last August, when he and Mr. Macaulay travelled in a military balloon from Salisbury Plain to Coaley, where they descended; and then Mr. Caulfeild went on to see his friend Mr. E. Jenner Davies at Stonehouse. And, if I remember rightly, he was the officer in charge of a military balloon that I saw from a train come down in a field outside Gloucester a year or two previously. Although I have seen many balloons ascend, and several refuse to go up because of insufficiency of gas, those that I have seen come to ground are very few. But there are records in recent years of successful military balloon trips into this county, with the wind in the right direction. For instance, Lieuts. Holwell and P. W. L. Broke-Smith, both old Cheltonians, travelled from Salisbury Plain on July 12th, 1904, each in a balloon, and the former descended safely in a field at Southfield and the latter at Southam.

* *

I have from time to time referred to the strategic importance of this county from a military point of view, as evidenced in recent years by the staff-rides conducted in it by such personages of high rank as General Sir John French and General Sir Neville Lytton. A further proof of this has recently been forthcoming by the surveys made by a number of the officers of the Army Cycle

Corps under the heads of the Staff College at Camberley. Several deputy-assistant-adjutant-generals were among the latter, and they favoured Cheltenham with a stay. When the party made rendezvous at Gloucester G.W.R. station on the last day in May and caught the London train they looked very wet and travel-stained and were very reticent about their movements. Whether these visits in recent years of the brains of the Army to our county portend something of permanent benefit to it time alone will tell. And I can only speculate whether they are in connection with the coming autumn manoeuvres in adjacent counties. GLEANER.

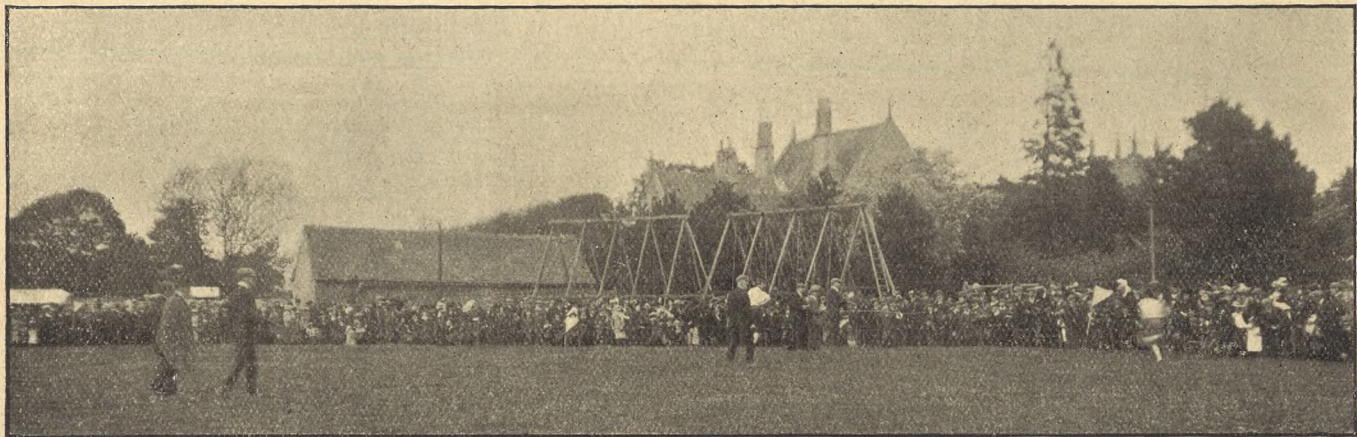
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UNEQUALLED for all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet Work. It preserves and polishes Brown Leather Boots.

Least Labour—Best Results—Use Sparingly. PER 1/- BOTTLE.

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STOW CLUB DAY AND FETE.



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS, AND FINISH OF HALF-MILE HANDICAP.



THE COMMITTEE.



Photos by C. F. Nichols, Stow.

MORETON POST-OFFICE BAND.

Bandmaster G. Mace holding baton in centre of middle row, with Drum-Major J. Webb on his left.

SUGAR BEET EXPERIMENTS.

According to a bulletin issued by the agricultural department of the University College, Reading, trials made of the growth of sugar beet at six centres in Buckinghamshire support the experience in other trials in this country and show that sugar beet as good as any produced in any other part of the world can be grown in many parts of Great Britain, and can be grown as cheaply as on the Continent. The yield of roots varied from about 12½ to 24½ tons per acre, whereas the German average is between 10 and 12 tons on well-managed estates. In a comparative trial of Irish, Scottish, and English potato sets in three varieties made at the college farm, the results gave the advantage in each case to the Irish seed, the Scottish being second, and the English last.

* *

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

The Somersetshire Horners always have a Jack in the family. They trace their descent from the clever Jack of the nursery rhyme. Jack was no myth, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," but a real historical personage. He was steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury, who, having reason to wish to placate Henry VIII., sent that monarch, by Mr. John Horner, a present of a pie, concealed under the crust of which were the title deeds of a dozen manors. Horner, while conveying the dish to its destination, abstracted from it the title deeds of the manor of Wells; and it is this feat which the nursery rhyme commemorates. The corner mentioned was the corner of the wagon, while the "plum" is an allusion to the title deeds. With these Jack founded the house of Horner, and ever since those days one at least of its scions has been named after him.

* *

SURVIVORS OF THE COMMUNE.

Thirty-six years ago last month Paris was in the throes of the Commune, and the eighty-six members of the Provisional Government were sitting in state in the Hotel de Ville. Of that number seventy-six are dead, and of the ten who survive MM. Pascal Grouet and Edouard Vaillant are Senators, Leo Millet is a Deputy, Martellet an official at the manufactory of postage stamps, Pindy lives in Switzerland, Protot is a lawyer, and the oldest of them all, Ostyn, who is now well over seventy, lives in retirement in his little villa at Argenteuil.—"P.T.O."



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

CHARLTON KINGS II.

WINNERS OF DIVISION III. CHELTENHAM LEAGUE.

Back row:—J. Thorne (secretary), W. Dyer, W. Hodgkinson, R. Bond, H. Fry, J. Pearce, T. Dyer, Mr. F. J. Fry (vice-president).

Second row:—P. Bush, J. Drake, R. E. Smith (captain), A. Boroughs, W. Brown.

Sitting on ground:—W. Hart, T. Hudman.

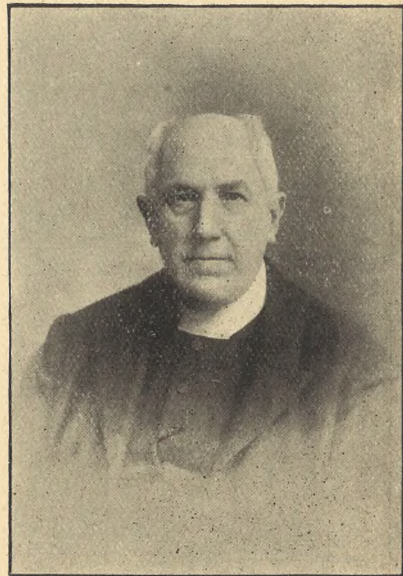
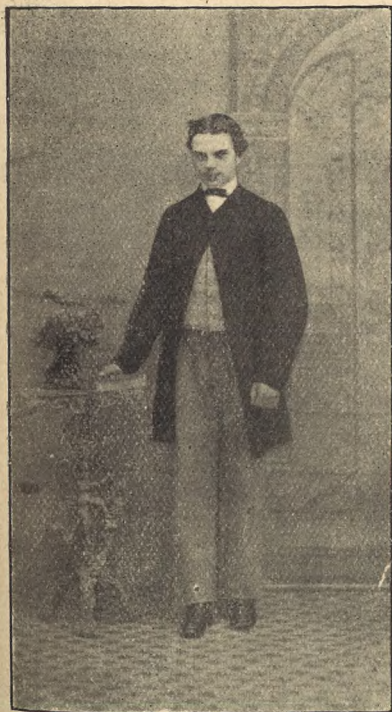
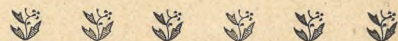


Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

THE REV. GAMALIEL MILNER, M.A.,

Rector of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, since 1894, which living he is giving up to take the vicarage of Stanington, Sheffield.



SIR JOHN KIRK AS A YOUTH.

The knighting of Mr. John Kirk, of Ragged School fame, having aroused public interest, we give a portrait of him when a Sunday School teacher in Ann-street, Camberwell, in 1865-6, when Mr. W. B. Strugnell, of Broad, was superintendent.



BREDON'S NORTON CHURCH.

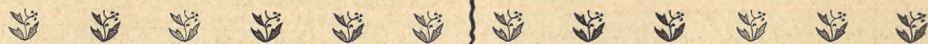
Miss Zula Maud Woodhull, daughter of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin, has presented for use in the church an organ dated 1760 that was formerly in the church at Symonds Yat.



FETCHING FATHER'S BEER.

Is she over 14?

A snapshot taken at Cirencester.



THE CIRENCESTER SENSATION.



PRISONER SMART ON HIS WAY TO GLOUCESTER.
LOOKING FOR A CARRIAGE AT CIRENCESTER G.W.R. STATION.



FROM POLICE-STATION TO RAILWAY STATION.

In Memoriam.

CHARLES DICKENS,

Born February 2nd, 1812, died June 9th, 1870,
aged only 58 years.

Though he died about 37 years ago,
Even now is not forgotten the nation's woe.
Even now the pulse of the whole world quickens
At the mere sound of the name of Charles Dickens.
His stories were the most touching on earth;
Brim full of pathos, yet not without mirth.
To improve the life of his fellow man
Was his life's great scheme and his earnest
plan—
He was truly a good Samaritan.
His works will ever be admired.
They seemed to be almost inspired;
By philanthropy he was fired.
He spent his life in loving labour
Trying to do good to his neighbour;
Upholding right and reason,
Abhorring crime and treason.
His religious principles were very broad;
He earnestly and usefully served the Lord.
He sought to lessen every human need.
Never pausing to ask the sufferer's creed;
The influence of his pen was great indeed.
Rich or poor or great or small
He had sympathy for all.
Was ever thoughtful and kind
To the humblest of mankind.
Possessed of that great rarity,
True broad Christian charity—
The love of all humanity.

Ever ready to espouse any good cause,
Constantly criticising our faulty laws,
His facile pen was powerful, pungent, strong.
And it exposed and righted much that was wrong.
He sought the busiest haunts of men
To depict their trials with his pen.
And while some of life's darkest scenes he illus-
trated,
Faith, hope, and charity he always inculcated,
And proved the truth of the proverb or chord
That the pen is mightier than the sword.
He was a man of keen observation,
Quite a benefactor to his nation,
And his revered and never-to-be-forgotten name
Is indelibly engraved on the world's scroll of fame.
It will not ever be forgotten in all time,
But gratefully remembered in every crime.
But just in the very prime or pride
Of life—overworked—he died.
At an early age he passed away
To the realms of everlasting day.
His Master called—he had to go
And leave his good work here below.
He did not live even to three score;
We could better have spared many more.
But, however much we sorrow still,
We bow in submission to God's will.

A soul like his we may be assured would rise
To the realms of a glorious Paradise;
To eternal rest and peace,
Where all human cares shall cease;
Where it will live in everlasting glory,
While his name on earth will live long in story.
Gloucester, 1907. A.W.B.
Written for and read at the last meeting of
"The Dickens Fellowship," Gloucester.

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 236th prize has been divided between
Mr. C. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, and
Miss F. M. Ramsay, 11 Pittville-villas,
Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by Rev.
W. Fairlie-Clarke at St. John's and Rev. W.
H. G. Rugg at Holy Trinity.
Entries close on Tuesday morning.
sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

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

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 337.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1907.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

WEEK COMMENCING JUNE 17. Nightly at 8. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3.

RETURN VISIT OF MR. JOHN RIDDING'S
CELEBRATED OPERA COMPANY
ADMISSION 3d.

c6

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

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

Established 1825.

W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,
FRUITERS, FLORISTS,
FISHMONGERS. GAME DEALERS.

92, 92a High Street,
16 Montpellier Walk.

Tel. 85.
Tel. 285.

Large Collection of
Fresh-gathered Strawberries, Pineapples, Grapes,
and all Choice Fruits; Young Potatoes, Asparagus,
French Beans, Mushrooms, Cucumbers, Tomatoes;
Guinea Fowls, Black Game, White Grouse, Duck-
lings, Bordeaux Pigeons, and Severn Salmon, at
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham
FOR

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

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



FOUR GENERATIONS OF WHEELERS.

THE LATE MR. F. WHEELER (DIED JUNE 12, 1907), SON (LATE
MR. F. F. WHEELER), GRANDSON (MR. LEONARD WHEELER),
AND GREAT GRANDSON.

IN RAIN AND SHINE.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the man who
will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of
earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

* *
The 237th prize has been divided between
Mr. W. B. Coopey, of Bentham, and Mr.
T. T. Beckerlegge, 2 St. Margaret's-terrace,
Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by Rev.
W. M. Drake at St. Peter's, Bentham, and
Rev. J. Lloyd Davies at Highbury Congrega-
tional Church, Cheltenham.
Entries close on Tuesday morning. The
sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."



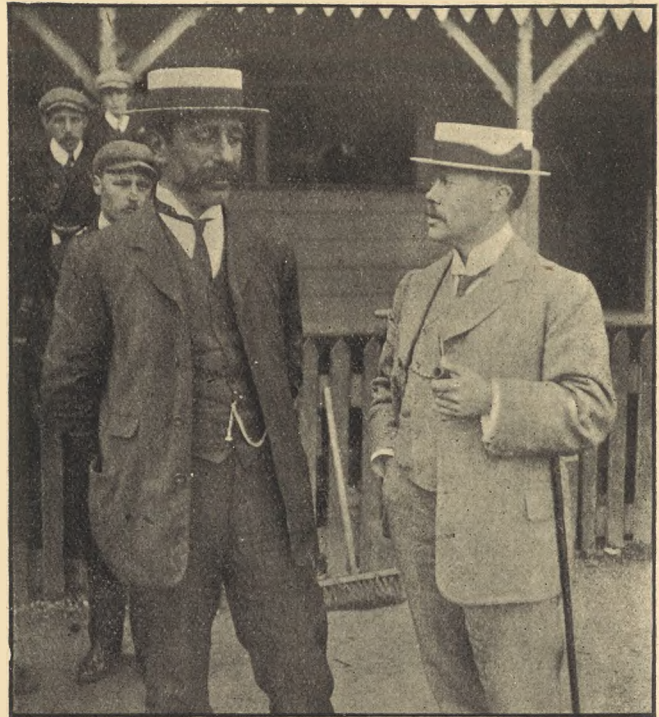
SNAPSHOTS AT GLOUCESTER CRICKET WEEK.



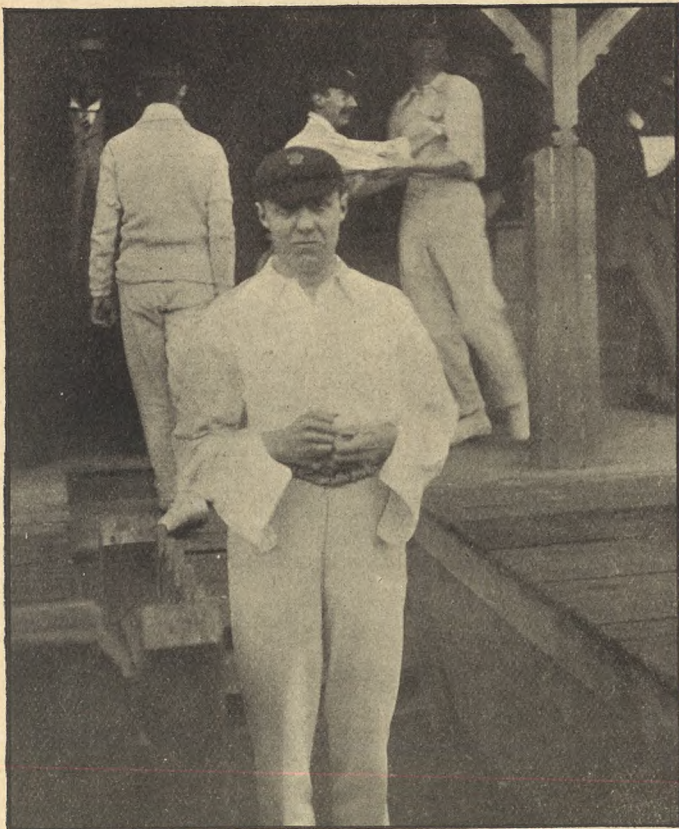
GLOUCESTERSHIRE v. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



CAPT. CHAMPAIN, R. T. H. MACKENZIE, AND M. G. SALTER CHATTING BEFORE MATCH.



MESSRS. FRANK TANDY (LOCAL COUNTY SECRETARY) AND H. WEAVER (HON. SEC. GLOUCESTER CLUB).



MR. E. M. CROSSE (CAPT. NORTHAMPTON TEAM), AN OLD CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOY, MR. C. J. T. POOL BEHIND.



MR. E. BARNETT AND WRATHALL OPEN GLOUCESTERSHIRE'S FIRST INNINGS.

A CHELTENHAM WEDDING.

SWINHOE-NOYES. ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, JUNE 6, 1907.



CAPT. EDMUND ARTHUR SWINHOE.



MISS KATHLEEN BRISTOW NOYES.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

There are now two high public offices vacant in the Forest of Dean. The one is elective and purely honorary as to emoluments, while the other is in the gift of the Crown (which really means the Government for the time being) and has well-defined duties of a not very exacting nature, but with a handsome salary and nice residence attached. The honorary office is that of Verderer, vacant by the death of Mr. Charles Bathurst, of Lydney Park. The Verderers are four in number, and they still hold periodical courts in the old room merged into the new Speech House Hotel. Their official functions, which date back certainly to the days of King Canute, and comprehend the punishment of trespassers of the Forest, of the vert, and of the venison, have been much curtailed since the deer were abolished in 1850, owing to the temptation they offered to poachers and the consequent lawlessness. Still, the office is, by reason of its antiquity, coveted by landowners; and the freeholders of the county have the dispensation of it.

* *

The last contested election of Verderer, with the ruling procedure and very much

of the excitement of a Parliamentary one, took place in January, 1873. There was a public nomination at the Shire-hall, Sir Thomas Crawley-Boevey being proposed in the Conservative and the late Mr. Alfred Goold in the Liberal interest; and open voting was taken at hustings in the same place on several following days, with the result that Sir Thomas polled 1,009 votes and Mr. Goold 440. I have no reason to anticipate a fight for the office this time—in fact there is no candidate yet in the field. The vacant patronage office, held by the late Mr. Philip Baylis, is that of Deputy-Surveyor and Crown Receiver. I hope that the present Government, which is pledged to economy, will see if the duties warrant the continuance of so large a salary to the post. It is a matter of common knowledge that there are in the Civil Service many soft jobs of a similar character which might well be abolished or the incomes very materially reduced as they fall vacant by the death or retirement of the holders.

* *

I believe it will have been a revelation to most people to have been told on official authority that there are in Gloucestershire Diocese no fewer than 124 out of the 308 beneficed clergy whose official income is

under £200 but over £100 a year, while 33 receive less than £100. In fact, not more than 66 have above £300 a year. The salaries paid to a very large number of Civil servants are on a most liberal scale when compared with the stipends of the best paid of the clergy, and, moreover, all these State officials have not the same position to keep up or the parochial demands made upon them such as the clergy have. At all events, I think our sympathetic and eminently practical Bishop, by starting and generously heading a fund of £4,000 a year to secure his beneficed clergy having a minimum of £150 a year, will bring not only comfort to those of the clergy in real necessity, but will still further enhance his reputation as a Diocesan. His lordship has arranged to set aside annually for Church purposes in the Diocese £530 out of his stipend of £4,300, and his noble example has already met with a liberal response by several landowners, chiefly, I notice, on the Cotswold Hills. But the £4,000 is by no means secured, though I hope Churchpeople in the Diocese will take care that it is.

GLEANER.

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



THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ELEVEN

THAT DISMISSED NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AT GLOUCESTER ON JUNE 11, 1907, FOR 12 RUNS, THE LOWEST SCORE EVER RECORDED IN FIRST-CLASS INTER-COUNTY CRICKET.

Standing:—Milward (umpire), Parker, Langdon, Spry, M. G. Salter, Huggins, Wrathall, West (umpire).
Sitting:—Board, Dennett, G. L. Jessop (captain), R. T. H. Mackenzie, E. P. Barnett.



MEMBERS OF CHELTENHAM CENTRE OF "GIRLS' REALM" GUILD IN "AT CROSS PURPOSES" ON JUNE 8, 1907.

SIMPLE ADVICE TO WALKERS.

The man or woman who is going on the tramp will do well to look to the comfort of the boots in which the marches are to be made. Stout-soled, soft-topped laced boots are the best of all; and though they should be perfectly easy fitting, they should not be loose. A loose boot is quite as uncomfortable as one that presses, and I am inclined to think it produces more painful blisters. And, whatever else is left at home, nobody should omit to put a pair of light comfortable slippers into his knapsack—for nobody but a walker knows how welcome they are after a long day's tramp. And quite as important as the boots are the stockings. All-wool, hand-knitted, seamless stockings, which fit well, should be worn.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS.

The extraordinary action of the Lord Chamberlain's department with regard to "The Mikado," deplorable as it is alike from the artistic and the political standpoint, will not be wholly matter for regret if its result is to direct public attention to the absurdities of our whole system of licensing plays. The subject is not one which as a rule comes under the notice of the ordinary man. Nine times out of ten he is probably quite unconscious that the Lord Chamberlain is interfering or has power to interfere with his amusements at the theatre. But the tenth time some piece of more than ordinary stupidity brings home to him the outrageous character of the rules under which our drama is governed, and every time this happens the end of the system is brought a step nearer.—"The Academy."

A mother told the magistrate at Willesden on Monday that she had thrashed her son soundly and treated him, in fact, with every kindness.

A beautiful white diamond, weighing 73½ carats, has been found on the Pniel diggings, near Kimberley, by an American named Lincoln, who sold it for £1,000.



EVESHAM NEW WESLEYAN CHURCH.

The new Wesleyan Church at Evesham was opened by the Mayor (Mr. W. A. Fisher) on the 5th inst.

The church occupies a prominent and commanding position alongside the river at the Evesham end of the bridge, and the schools and minister's house are close by.

The design, by Mr. Fredk. Foster, F.R.I.B.A., of Coventry, is in the Perpendicular Gothic, and the work has been carried out by Messrs. Espley and Co., the cost being £8,750.

The church and schools are faced with 2½ in. red sand-faced bricks, made by the well-known Gloucestershire firm, the Stonehouse Brick and Tile Co., Ltd., of Stonehouse, whose goods are very largely used for this class of work.



GEORGE DENNETT,

one of the finest slow bowlers in England, who dismissed fifteen Northampton batsmen this week for twenty-one runs. Photo taken at Gloucester during the match.



**MR. ERNEST WRIGHT,
A WELL-KNOWN COTSWOLD
SPORTSMAN.**

TO TELL A PERFECT TURQUOISE.

*
"The perfect turquoise should be of a deep sky-blue colour and of conical shape; the flatter the stone the less its value," writes a contributor to the "Windsor." "All over Europe the turquoise of a very light blue shade seems to be generally preferred, but it is not nearly so beautiful to the eye of the expert as that of a deep cerulean (not British sky, but Mediterranean) blue. Besides colour, however, the perfect turquoise must have an unmistakable quality, difficult to describe, which the Persians call Zât (caste). The reader will perhaps faintly comprehend me if I say that the turquoise of good Zât has a dreamy appearance about it, and looks more like a piece of sky than a stone. Zât is to the turquoise what charity, according to St. Paul, is to the Christian, and without it colour and shape are of no avail. The slightest tinge of green in a turquoise renders it practically valueless; yet one sees constantly in the windows of eminent London jewellers absolutely green turquoises magnificently set in diamonds; many of these, no doubt, were originally of good colour, but after a time faded or assumed a green tinge, which could never happen to a really good stone. The fact is, English jewellers know very little about the gem. Sometimes a mere speck on one will develop into a large blur and spoil it; and it should be especially borne in mind by intending purchasers that dampness will often temporarily revive the colour of a faded stone. No one in Meshed would dream of buying a turquoise of any reputed value without keeping it by him for a few days. At Ma'adan, the miners generally brought their turquoises to me at night (when the colour cannot be distinguished), and always in their mouths, disgorge them into their hands, unobserved, as they thought, before entering my tent. These I would never look at, but waited for the men who came in daylight with their turquoises, and pressed me to take them on trial. In short, there is no precious stone so liable to prove deceptive to the purchaser as the turquoise, unless he be skilled in reading it."

ACTOR'S LITTLE WAYS.

*
The continual impersonation of unnatural characters is apt to show in the actor's every manner, which is sometimes a trifle forced; he finds it difficult to forget the foot-lights. He is prepared to be quite affable if he is sure that he is appreciated at his proper worth, although he is sometimes a little fidgety as to what this really is. To a fellow-actor he is always ready to hold out a helping hand, but is inclined to think himself the guest-by-right of the rest of the world.—"London Opinion."

JUNE WEATHER.

* *

A dripping June,
Sets all in tune.

* *

June damp and warm,
Does the farmer no harm.

* *

Calm weather in June,
Sets corn in tune.

* *

If St. Vitus's Day be rainy weather (15th),
It will rain full thirty days together.

* *

Rain on St. John's Day (24th) damage to
nuts.

* *

Cut your thistles before St. John,
You will have two instead of one.
Cut 'em in June, they'll come again soon;
Cut 'em in July, and then they may die;
Cut 'em in August, and die they must.

* *

In hay time, if there is no dew there will be
rain.



NORTHLEACH FROM THE CHURCH TOWER.



A CIRENCESTER SNAPSHOT.



MR. THOMAS GRIFFIN,
LOWER SLAUGHTER, NEAR BOURTON.

Aged 90 years 12th June, 1907.

He is hale and hearty, never having had a day's illness, and worked as a shepherd till he was 80 years of age. He has travelled in a train on two occasions only—once to Cheltenham and once to Swindon. His wife has been dead fifteen years. They had eight children, five of whom are living. He has a brother aged 87 years.



CIRENCESTER PARISH CHURCH BAND OF RINGERS.

Standing at back:—F. J. Lewis, J. J. Jefferies, A. V. Cook.

Middle row:—H. T. Gardner (treasurer), J. Ruddle, F. W. Bond (secretary), H. Lewis, H. C. Bond (leader), S. Hayward, F. Prothero, H. Price, W. G. Cook, C. Eden, J. Hosgood, A. E. Edwards, C. E. Bartlett.

Sitting in front is H. Hughes, the veteran ringer, aged 87 years, who although he now does not take the rope in change ringing, climbs the steps two or three times every Sunday to chime the bells for the services. The last occasion on which he rang in a peal was on December 31st, 1866, in a peal of grandsire triples of 5,040 changes, in three hours and two minutes.

The ringers met to ring a peal at Cirencester Parish Church on the 29th of May, at 6 a.m., under the terms of the will of the late Mrs. Pardo, of The Priory, Cheltenham, "to commemorate the happy restoration of the Monarchy to England." The words quoted are from the original will.

Photo by B. J. Carter, Cirencester.

USE - -

PROCKTER'S
CARPET and
RENOVATOR Cloth
Cleaner.

For Carpets, Coats, and all
Woolen or Silk Materials.
6d. per Tablet (by post 7d.) with full directions.

PROCKTER & FORTH,
Chemists, . . CHELTENHAM.



CLUB DAY AT BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1907.

PROCESSION AFTER CHURCH SERVICE OF MEMBERS OF CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT SOCIETY, HEADED BY CHEDWORTH BRASS BAND.
Photo by A. Collett, Bourton.



This Photograph ❁

represents the New Front at the Branch Establishment of Messrs.

DICKS & SONS, LTD.

**1 Gt. Norwood Street
Cheltenham. . .**

- ❁ ¶ The Alterations, now complete, give increased facilities for business, and residents in that neighbourhood are invited to call and inspect the **NEW STOCK** of **DRAPERY** and **MILLINERY** now being shown.
- ❁ ¶ At this Branch Business D. & S. always keep a first-rate assortment of Goods in **Millinery, Underclothing, and all Drapery Departments.** ¶ The same popular prices rule as at their head establishment, 173 High Street.

SPECIAL SHOW THIS WEEK
at No. 1 Gt. Norwood Street
(SEE WINDOWS), of

Millinery, Fancy Drapery,

and a large stock of the celebrated "SPERO" Sheetings, Calicos, and Long Cloths.

¶ These goods are of a very genuine character, thoroughly well made, and are the best value in the trade at the present time.

DICKS & SONS, LTD.,
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REV. F. HAINSWORTH, B.A.,
OF MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD,
NEW PASTOR OF CIRENCESTER
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



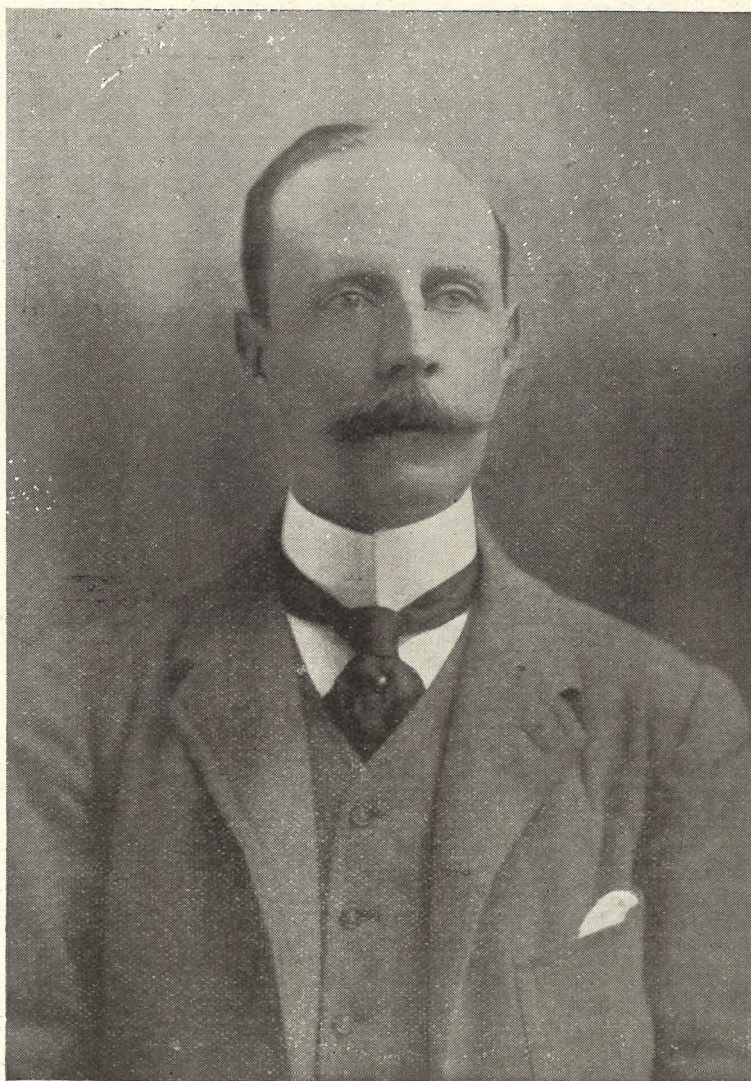
IMPROVEMENT AT TEWKESBURY STATION.
SMITH'S NEW BOOKSTALL.

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

No. 338.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1907.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE RIGHT HON. EARL BATHURST, C.M.G.,
 NEW PRESIDENT OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

WEEK COMMENCING JUNE 24th. Nightly at 8. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3.

Return Visit of the Popular London Entertainers,

THE DAGONETS.

ADMISSION 3d.

c6

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
 WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
 MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
 Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.
 Australian Wines in Flagons.
 "Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
Price Lists on Application.

Established 1825.

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

92, 92a High Street, Tel. 85.
 16 Montpellier Walk. Tel. 285.

Large Collection of
 Fresh-gathered Strawberries, Pineapples, Grapes,
 and all Choice Fruits; Young Potatoes, Asparagus,
 French Beans, Mushrooms, Cucumbers, Tomatoes;
 Guinea Fowls, Black Game, White Grouse, Duck-
 lings, Bordeaux Pigeons, and Severn Salmon, at
 LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

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

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

A JUDGE'S EXPERIENCE.
 "A God-fearing man would owe no man anything," said Judge Willis at the South-

wark County Court on Tuesday. "Men bring calamities on themselves—they seldom come from without."



"SHOO!"

"Sh—oo! Sh—OO!"

Half-a-dozen ducks, startled from a leisurely stroll across the vicar's onion bed, fluttered with outspread wings down the river bank adjoining the garden and flopped into the water.

"Bless 'em" (or words to that effect) exclaimed the vicar in angry tones, turning to William, his man-of-all-work. "The first bed completely ruined, and sown only yesterday. Time and money simply wasted. It is really too bad!"

The vicar was distinctly cross. He took a pride in his onion beds. Neither he nor William, he was fond of saying, were great gardeners. The higher forms of gardening they never attempted, but onions—well, yes, they *could* grow onions. And here was the first bed, about which he and William had had such long and anxious consultations, ruined, and all because a miserable set of ducks had taken it into their brainless heads to leave the river and wander about his garden.

The offending birds swam slowly up the river. "If I knew their owners," growled the vicar wrathfully, flourishing his walking stick and pacing up and down the footpath, "I'd—I'd—yes, I'd prosecute 'em! I am a peaceful man, William, but really this is enough to try the temper of a saint!"

William nodded sympathetically, but doubtfully. "They be Lawyer Thompson's ducks," he said, slowly, "an' he be a rum customer to tackle. It be a risky job prosecutin' the likes of he."

The vicar came to a standstill, and lapsed into thought. Mr. John Thompson, the best-known lawyer for miles around, was an old friend. Could he go to law with an old friend, even for the sake of his precious onion bed? Hardly. Besides, William was quite right. Lawyer Thompson was a clever man, and it would be a difficult matter to entrap him in the meshes of the law. And was it not Horace who said "Happy's that man that shuns litigious law"? No, he wouldn't do it. He would exercise that large spirit of forgiveness so becoming to his cloth, and

"They seeds cost two shillin'," said William, interrupting his master's self-communings, "an' they be no use now."

The vicar mournfully assented. Still, an old friend—. "Ah!" he exclaimed, giving the astonished William a hearty slap on the back, "I have it! The very thing. It will be the talk of the parish to-morrow! Such a joke!"

It was evidently going to be a good joke, for the vicar laughed loud and long. William could not understand this sudden access of gaiety, and he shared the universal dislike of a joke to which there was only one party. "It bain't no joke," he said stolidly. "They seeds cost two shillin', and I were three hours a sowing of 'em."

The vicar's laughter broke out afresh. "Patience, William, patience," said he. "Seeds two shillings, three hours' labour at sixpence per hour"—William was more than ever mystified at this generous estimate of the value of his services—"total three-and-six. In half an hour, William, Lawyer Thompson will have paid me that three-and-six, and"—with a further access of generosity which was as the last straw on the camel's back unto William—"you shall have the one-and-six!"

It was with a light heart and a merry twinkle in his eye that the vicar departed on his errand. "It do seem a good joke," quoth William when he found himself alone, "but Lawyer Thompson be a rum customer to tackle."

Ten minutes later the vicar was closeted with Mr. John Thompson in the latter's private office. It was quite a simple little matter about which he wanted his friend's advice, he explained. Ducks belonging to a neighbour had strayed into his garden and had spoiled an onion bed. The damage was trifling—but a few shillings at most; still, it *was* damage, and it had caused him considerable annoyance. Was he entitled to ask for compensation?

Mr. Thompson assumed a judicial attitude. "In law, I do not think you are," he observed sententiously. "Let me put a case. If a neighbour's cows stray into my field I must prove that my own fences are adequate—such, for instance, as would prevent *my* cows from straying into his field—otherwise I have no legal claim against him."

The vicar smiled weakly. "In that case," he replied, "I am afraid I must put up with the annoyance. My own ducks—supposing I kept any—could get out of my garden quite easily."

"Of course," went on his friend, "putting aside the legal aspect of the question, the average reasonable man might consider there was a moral obligation to make good the damage."

The vicar brightened considerably. "While there is no legal obligation, the average reasonable man—"

"Might consider himself under a moral obligation, certainly. Mind you, as a lawyer, I do not say there is even that. But as a reasonable man I should certainly look at it in that light, especially as you say the damage is trifling."

"Just so, just so," assented the vicar, in great good humour. "Three-and-six would be ample compensation."

"Three-and-six? Oh, I should call it five shillings and—"

"No, no. Three-and-six is really ample. Two shillings for the seeds, one-and-six for the labour."

"And nothing for the annoyance? Think of the annoyance, my dear fellow! Three-and-six! Ridiculous!"

"My conscience—"

"Pooh, pooh, never mind your conscience. Put it in your pocket, along with the extra one-and-six."

Both men laughed. The vicar especially was merry, and the lawyer felt flattered by such evident appreciation of his wit.

"By the way," he said, after a pause, "you have not told me yet who is the owner of the ducks."

The vicar laughed louder than ever. "You!" he rapped out triumphantly. The joke had succeeded! It would be the talk of the parish to-morrow. And William should have his one-and-six!

Mr. Thompson was plainly taken by surprise, and when the vicar playfully insisted upon having the money he began to be a little bit angry. It was a good joke, as a joke, but of course his friend had no legal claim upon him.

"But there is a moral obligation," said the vicar, slyly.

"I am afraid—"

"And as a reasonable man you would certainly look at it in that light!"

"But surely three-and-six—"

"Five shillings. Think of the annoyance, my dear fellow! Three-and-six? Ridiculous!"

The lawyer gave in, but there was a grim little smile on his face as he handed a couple of half-crowns to the exultant cleric.

"There is one little detail you have overlooked," he remarked quietly, as the vicar turned to go.

"Indeed," said the vicar good humouredly, pausing with his hand on the door, "and what may that be, pray?"

"My fee for legal advice—six-and-eight-pence!"

A.K.

MARRIAGE IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS.

* *

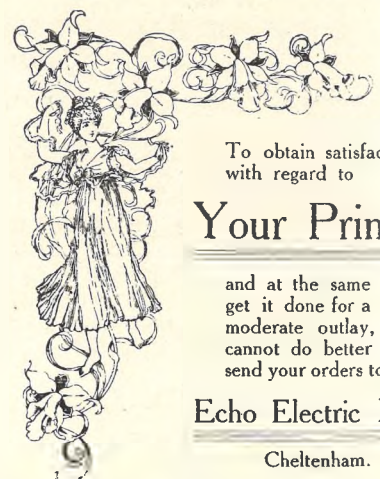
There is undoubtedly a decline in the marriage rate. I think people are beginning to recognise that marriage is a serious business, and it would be a good thing if more of the callow couples who rush into wedlock, leaping without looking, could be made to see it. We still have rash and foolish marriages, in spite of the decline in the aggregate number. It is also instructive to observe the sheep-like behaviour of society in regard to marriage. If a few prominent people in the upper circles elect to get married quietly by license, then there will ensue a regular run on this form of ceremony; if, on the other hand, some notable marriages take place by means of banns, then banns will become the fashion.—The Vicar-General of Doctors' Commons, in "P.T.O."

* * * *

A MONARCH OF CULTURE.

*

With his knowledge of seven languages, of which English is his favourite, the King of Sweden has rendered the greatest services to the literature of his country, and it is certainly due to his translations that Sweden is so well acquainted with the merits of Goethe. And who does not know his "Charles XII."? There is not a schoolboy or girl, in France at least, who has not at some time studied this history. But of all his writings, the "Memoirs" will be the most interesting, although they will not be published till after his death. He has written freely and frankly his opinions, not only about his own affairs of State, but those of Europe, and his judgment is worth consulting. Undoubtedly what he calls "the most bitter stab of his life"—the Norwegian secession—will take an important place. We shall then see how far he considers himself responsible for a grief which even now is gnawing his heart-strings.—"The Bystander."



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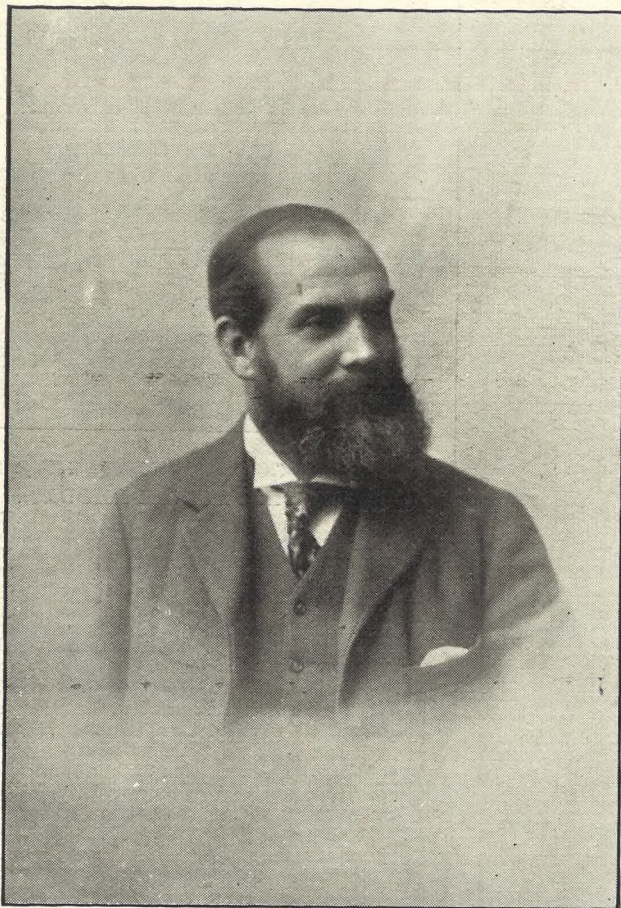
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MR. CHARLES HAYWARD (GLOUCESTER ROAD).

PRIZE COMPETITION.

* *

The 238th prize has been awarded to Miss Annie Mabson, 2 Queen's View, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's Church, Cheltenham.

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

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GARDENING GOOD FOR NERVES.

* *

The work of gardening for women certainly offers exceptional advantages, for it is carried on in the pure open country, under the most healthy conditions, instead of in the closely-confined offices in our towns and cities, where so many women workers are found. At the present time the value of "fresh air" is being more and more demonstrated by those interested in the hygienic aspect of life. For girls in whom lack of occupation has produced "nerves" here is a calling where "nerves" are unknown, where early rising and steady regular and interesting work soon put all such ideas to the rightabout, for in that strenuous life, which strives by the courageous facing of all difficulties to wrest from Mother Earth her glorious and beautiful gifts, such things as "neurotic tendencies" have no place.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

* *

For a pair of finely enamelled egg-shell porcelain lanterns of the Kang-He dynasty, at one time in Dr. Lockhart's collection, the remarkable sum of £1,837 10s. was given at Christie's rooms on Monday.

THE GIBSON GIRLS.

* *

The "show ladies," who are also known as the Gibson Girls, are said in America to bring bad luck to all those who have anything to do with them, and a paper gives a list of those who have come to grief in one way or another. Evelyn Nesbit was the cause of the murder of White and of the recent trial of Harry Thaw; Georgia Cayan went mad; Sylvia Gerrish, the most beautiful of them all, died a month or two ago in a state of utter destitution; May Brooklyn committed suicide; Nan Patterson had to stand her trial for the murder of a man with whom she was connected; Madge Yorke died by the hand of one of her lovers; Chrissie Carlisle drank sulphuric acid; and Julie Johnson, who was the heroine of the supper at which White had her brought to table in a pie, died in poverty and misery.—"P.T.O."

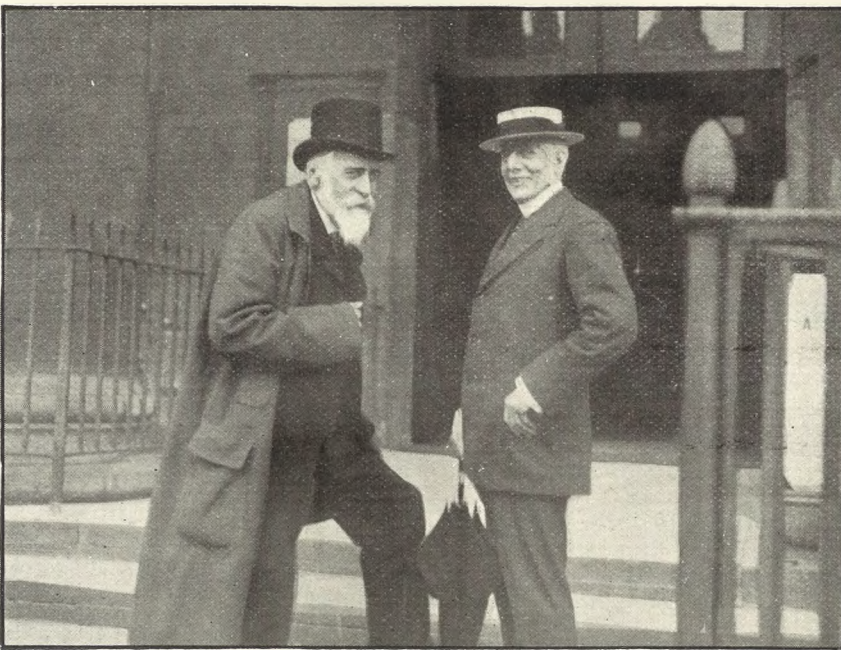
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To correct a printer's error by which the word "person" was substituted for the word "prisoner" in the Criminal Lunatics Act of 1884 and in an Irish Act of 1901, a special Act is now going through Parliament.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ASSIZES, June 18, 1907.



ARRIVAL OF MR. JUSTICE LAWRANCE.



TWO GRAND JURYMEN :
MR. B. ST. JOHN ACKERS AND MR. R. V. VASSAR-SMITH.



THE COUNTY HIGH SHERIFF
(COL. FAIRFAX RHODES).

£60 A LEAF.

RECORD PRICES FOR SOME RARE SHAKESPEAREAN EDITIONS.

In about three hours one Saturday afternoon nearly £14,000 was realised at Sotheby's rooms for a collection of books, the majority of which were of Shakespearean interest.

The sensation of the sale was when a copy of the rare first edition of the foundation play of Shakespeare's "Henry VI., Part II.," a mere pamphlet of thirty-two leaves, realised the sum of £1,910, or nearly £60 a leaf. No Shakespeare quarto has ever realised such a sum before, though one reached £1,725 about two seasons ago.

There were nineteen other genuine and doubtful Shakespeare plays in Saturday's catalogue, which together produced nearly £5,000. Few of them contain more than forty yeaves, and one, consisting of thirty-seven leaves, reached £1,200.

Copies of the first four editions of Shakespeare's plays in folio were also offered, the first making £2,400, the second £140, the third £1,550, and the fourth £80. The sum paid for the third folio constitutes a record, no copy of this edition having reached four figures before. When last under the hammer this same copy reached £545.

Others items of Shakespearean interest were some fifty early plays, which produced a total of over £2,000, one of them, a copy of a comedy called "Common Conditions," of which only one other copy is known, making £255.

HEIGHT OF KINGS AND QUEENS.

Those who have seen our recent royal guests from Denmark standing side by side will have noticed that the Queen is a good deal taller than her husband. Queen Louise is a member of the Swedish Royal Family, and, like all her race, very tall. It is a curious fact that at this time nearly all the Sovereigns of Europe are shorter than their consorts. For example, King Edward is several inches shorter than Queen Alexandra. Czar Nicholas II. looks quite small by the side of the Czarina; the Kaiser is just a trifle shorter than the German Empress, and for that reason always insists that she shall sit down when they are photographed together;

the King of Italy hardly reaches to the shoulder of Queen Helena; Queen Amelia of Portugal is a shade taller than Don Carlos; and Alfonso of Spain is half a head shorter than Queen Victoria Eugenie. In fact, the King of Norway and the Prince of Montenegro are the only two rulers who are very much taller than their wives.—"P.T.O."

* *

At the marriage at St. Sidwell's Church, Exeter, on Saturday, of Miss Hems, the bride was followed to the altar by her large white bulldog, "Bob," which sported wedding favours. Next to the bride "Bob" secured the largest share of attention from the spectators.

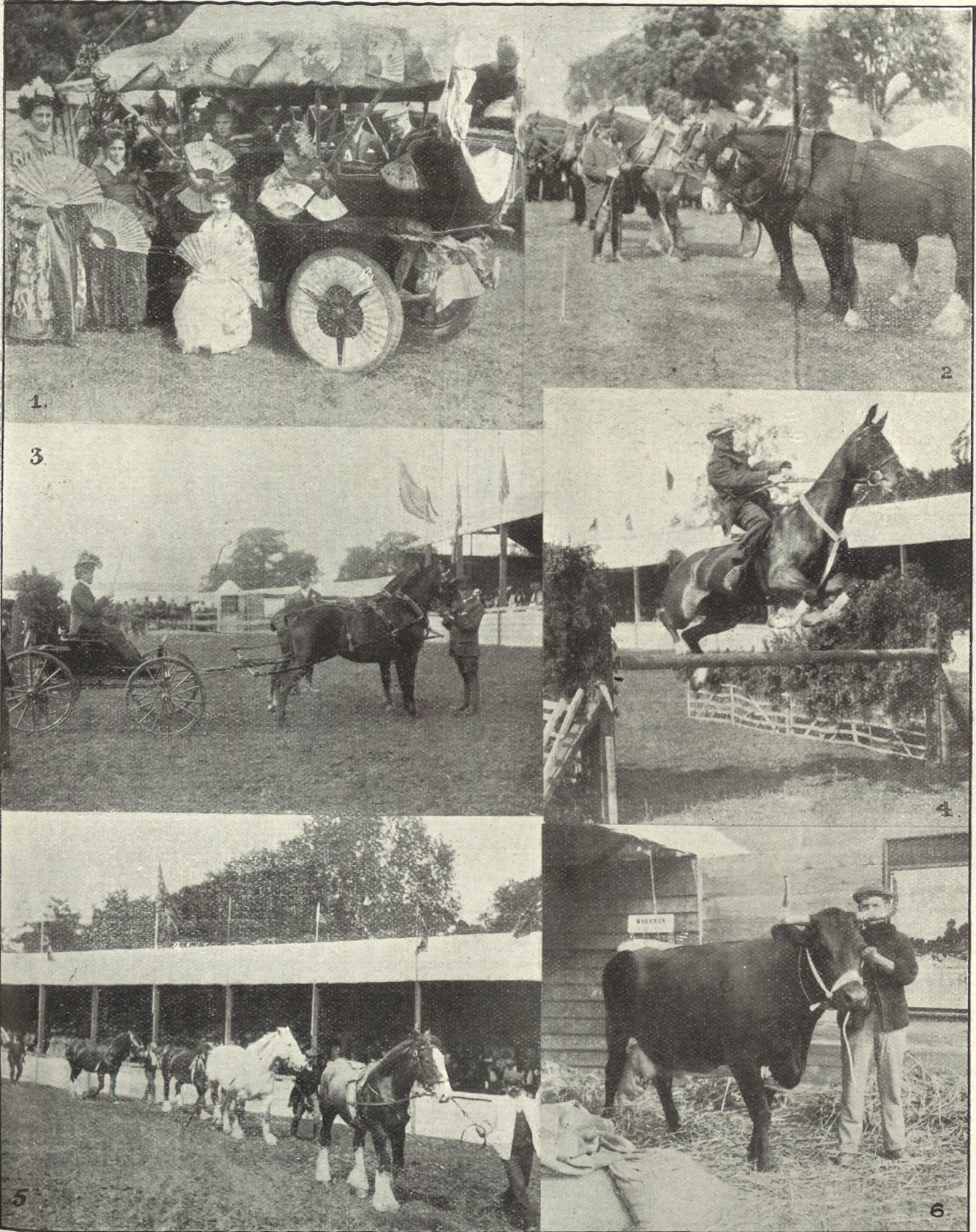
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Gloucestershire Agricultural Show at Stroud, June 19 and 20, 1907.

1. Dr. Steedman's (Stonehouse) car, second prize winner for decorated cars.
2. Judging pairs in G.O. harness.
3. Miss G. Burston's pair double-harness driving horses, winners of first prize.
4. Mr. F. C. Belcher's "Dauntless" clearing the pole. Winner of first prize for jumping.
5. Parade of cart-horses round ring.
6. Duke of Beaufort's Old Gloucester Breed cow, winner of Lord Sherborne's prize.



MR. DAVID DAVIES, OF THE HOME FARM, BODDINGTON, AND MISS F. WALTHAM, OF THE LEIGH, WHO WERE MARRIED AT THE LEIGH CHURCH, JUNE 19, 1907.



MR. BARTHOLOMEW DWYER, Retiring under the age regulations of the Great Western Railway Co., whom he has served for forty-six years—the latter twenty-six as Platform Inspector at Gloucester and Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

It was on June 23rd, 1483, that the Lord Mayor and citizens of London repaired to Crosby Hall and offered the Crown of England to Richard Duke of Gloucester. I recall this fact at the present juncture, when the historic hall is threatened with demolition in order to provide a site for a bank and the County Council is being pressed by antiquarian societies to avert such an act of vandalism, for I wish to mention that Gloucester was in modern days associated with Crosby Hall. In fact it was from that city that Mr. Alexander Gordon, then a clerk in the Gloucestershire Bank, went forth about the year 1868 and, in conjunction with his brother Frederick and his relative, Mr. Thomas Blake, the first M.P. for the Forest Division of Gloucestershire, opened and ran successfully the restored Crosby as a restaurant for many years. Gordon Brothers also founded a number of big hotels. And the late Alexander Gordon did not in his prosperity forget Gloucester, in which as a young man he had spent several years, for, when he was colonel of the 3rd Middlesex

Volunteer Artillery, he presented to the Gloucester City Rifles (in which he had served as a private) a large challenge cup for competition at their annual shoots. I think I have shown that Gloucesterians have some sentimental interest in the preservation of Crosby Hall, although they have not a titular duke now.

* *

The most recent material proof of the enhanced importance of Cheltenham as a railway centre through the construction of the Honeybourne Railway is the opening, on last Sunday, of the yard at Malvern-road West, containing mileage and refuge sidings and a large locomotive shed. The buildings in connection with the island passenger platform are now being pushed forward. I expect that, with the completion of the works in North Warwickshire, the beginning of next year will see the commencement in earnest of the fight between the Great Western and Midland Companies for the traffic between Birmingham and Bristol. It will be a battle of giants, and the travelling public will reap the main benefit. While the Midland will have the advantage of mileage (88½) over the

Western, with its 95 miles of new route, the latter company, having no gradient steeper than 1 in 150 and no curve sharper than half-a-mile radius, is expected to score off the Midland in point of time through its trains having to negotiate the Lickey (2 miles), with the severe gradient of 1 in 37. I think the two companies would be on even terms on the five miles of joint line between Lansdown Junction and Barnwood, already congested with traffic; and I must reiterate my belief that one or the other of them will find it absolutely necessary to lay parallel tracks of its own before very long.

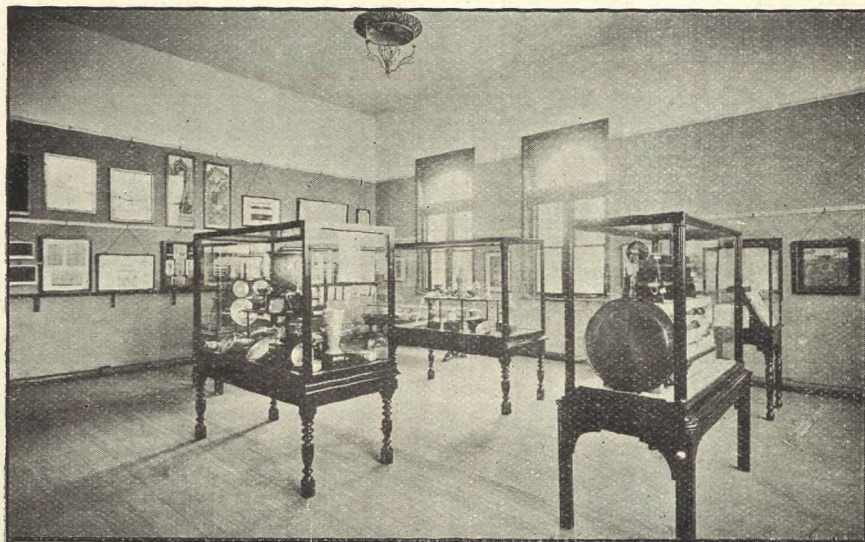
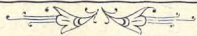
* *

The Mother Church of the Diocese is now directly cabled with the Gloucester Electricity Works, by permission of the Dean and Chapter. I understand that it is only for the Cathedral authorities to give the order and the Grand Old Minster can be speedily and safely wired up from the organ to provide power to a suggested Kinetograph blower for the organ and electric light in substitution for gas. I imagine that the new method of organ blowing will draw some attention.

GLEASNER.

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THE WORLD'S RECORD TRAIN.

*

A journey on the footplate of the engine that pulls the longest non-stop train in the world is vividly described in "Pearson's Magazines." The train in question is the Cornish Riviera Express, run by the Great Western Railway Company from Paddington to Plymouth without a stop:

"It is a singular sensation to gaze out through the spectacle plates and see the track rushing at you with extraordinary velocity, the sleepers seeming to leap up like the arms of a whirling water mill. The vision speedily gets bewildered by the futile efforts to fix objects; a tree, a level crossing, a signal box—let it be what it may, almost as soon as it flashes into view, and before the eye can altogether determine its features it has vanished. Beyond the piled-up coal in the tender the fore bulkhead of the leading coach sways and bobs with rapid spasmodic jerks; beyond this it is impossible to see, for the low-blowing whirl of steam obscures the remainder of the train in a white seething veil. The pulsation of the blast is much too furious to attempt to count, purring forth from the chimney in an unbroken rhythmic bu-r-r-r-r.

"It is a study to watch the face of the driver. With one hand lightly resting upon the handle of the vacuum brake he stands peering ahead, his features concentrated into a set fixity of expression. Occasionally he will press the spring lever of the whistle as we leap through a station, upon whose platform may be seen a porter waving to the passengers who are waiting there to stand back. The fireman works continuously, like an automatic figure, swinging round with his shovel levelled, and poising it for a breath before shooting its contents betwixt the parted fire doors. There is a good deal of clatter within the cab; the screw expansion gear chatters in a harsh metallic fashion, and everything that is capable of the slightest degree of play is very live indeed. Yet it is highly exciting, this tempestuous flight over the ground, and the pulse beats quicker to the sense of exhilaration born of the song of speed that rises from the flanges of the romping wheels.

"Clearing Slough an up train passes us, and the manner in which it screams past, like a wavering streak of pale light, makes one realise the meaning of a collision when travelling at such a rate. We are doing a 'comfortable seventy' now, according to the driver, and one scarcely needs to glance at the fleeting banks to judge that he is not exaggerating. It is in travelling at this speed that the value of a well-laid track is so apparent. A lightly-laid road makes high-speed running all but impossible, the 'hammer-blow' being so violent, and the oscillation so heavy as to render such travelling vigorously uncomfortable. That smooth humming sensation, as of a sleeping top, which is so noticeable after passing the sixty-mile-an-hour limit on most of the great trunk lines, is entirely due to the qualities of the track, and not to the coach-springs as is popularly believed. The Great Western Railway is pre-eminent in this respect since the relaying of its system. The present rails weigh 97½ lbs. to the yard, are in lengths of 44½ ft., and laid on 18 sleepers to the length."

* *

A striking illustration of the superstitious beliefs of Cornish countryfolk may be seen in one of the villages of the Duchy. A death occurred recently in the family of a beekeeper, and he, believing that if he failed to do so his bees would also die, draped each of his five hives with a piece of black crape.

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A BIT OF OLD PAINSWICK.

The photograph here reproduced was taken January 29, 1857, from a window in Rossway House, New-street, Painswick, by Dr. Alfred Gyde, who died August 20, 1858, at the early age of 47 years. Dr. Gyde was in his day an advanced scientist, and a pioneer of photography when it was a branch of applied chemistry and physics. The original is a silver print, 8in. by 7in., and the trifling extent to which it has suffered discolouration is a tribute to the manipulative skill of the operator. The exact position of the camera may be easily located, and it is evident there was snow upon the ground at the time of taking. The photograph is of interest as preserving a record of a bit of old Painswick by one of its famous sons, and particularly as throwing a sidelight on the rate of growth of its remarkable yew trees. Most Painswickians like to cultivate, says a correspondent, two primary illusions: (1) That every child born in the shadow of the yew trees can claim physical immortality as a birthright, and (2) that the yew trees themselves stretch back through time immemorial to the days when Adam was scared out of Paradise by the fear of over-population and caused to plant for himself dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease in the spot now known as Painswick Churchyard. The photograph shows that, in spite of the annual torture to which they are subjected, the trees have grown very fast during the fifty years that have elapsed since Dr. Gyde turned the eye of his camera upon them, and that they owe, therefore, more of their glory to short memories than to honourable years. But in this they are sweetly human, and so gain in one way what they lose in another.

A Memory of a Former Life.

["RECORDATIO" IN "BIBBY'S ANNUAL."]

Behind every living person to-day there is a long line of innumerable lives—not only of their forefathers, but of their very selves—lives past and forgotten, in which they lived and moved, through which they loved and laboured, sinned and sorrowed, laughed and wept, as they love and labour, sin and sorrow, laugh and weep to-day. And this line of lives, linked together with the invisible yet not-to-be-broken thread of deeds, is the "chain of causation" which has brought each individual where he is to-day, has determined his present character and environment.

In other lands, amid other scenes, surrounded by other attractions, all have lived; but over the portals of death and birth are drawn heavy veils, so that few can lift them to penetrate their secret chambers—few indeed of those who open their eyes again upon this old old world where they have lived so many thousand times before, can

retrace the dark labyrinths of forgetfulness, and restore to memory the buried pictures of those hidden lives.

Yet here and there some solitary watcher from the sublime heights of spirituality grasps, after much labour, this "chain of causation" with both hands, and looks down from his silent unmolested height, with unsealed vision, upon the panorama of the past.

Of such a one I here write, one who, having restored to consciousness the memory of some of his past lives, was enabled to prove the accuracy of the remembered circumstances and events of one of those lives, by such a mass of independent evidence, and with the aid of such a train of confirmatory detail as to constitute the remembered life a logical certainty. And now, impressed with the conviction that such testimony as to the reality of re-birth may possibly prove of some value in the present crisis of the world's thought, I here briefly record the facts of the case; but the identity of the man who is the subject of this narration is, for reasons which should be obvious to every reader, withheld.

One balmy morning in July, several years ago, away in a secluded spot in the country,

in the very heart of Nature, and at that early hour when the world of men is still locked in sleep, a man, whom I will call X, sat, as was his usual wont, absorbed in profound meditation on the things of life and eternity. During those silent and protracted meditations one truth after another had been revealed and past lives had been recalled; past thought and deeds; past struggles, with their falls and triumphs; past words and works, incidents and events—the mystic records of bygone lives—had gradually been restored to memory; and the invisible thread which linked the present with the past had been traced with comparative completion.

One life, however, that of a monk and an ecclesiastic in the middle ages, which had frequently been presented to the mind of X in its general outline had, in its train of details, so far eluded his mental grasp; but on the morning in question, and while meditating upon a different subject from that of past lives, a sudden and vivid awakening of the memory illuminated the dark places of consciousness, and threw a clear steady light upon the consecutive details of that particular life.

X suddenly remembered the name he bore as a monk in the middle ages. The name was a singular one, and he had never heard it before. He also remembered the city in which he lived, the position he held under the King, and that he was a writer of religious and philosophical works, together with a train of important events through which he passed in connection with his ecclesiastical office, all of which circumstances and events were entirely new to him, so far as any external knowledge was concerned.

Some little time afterwards X referred to an Encyclopædia, and there found the name of the man whom he remembered himself to have been; also that the city in which he lived and the office he held under the King were exactly as he had remembered. About three months after the morning of the remembrance he again came across the name in connection with some announcements of a publisher, and discovered that a life of the man was still published. He at once purchased a copy of the book, and read therein for the first time the train of circumstances and events through which he remembered to have passed, and which in their main features were exactly as he had remembered them.

To briefly recapitulate—all the circumstances and events which X remembered in connection with this former life were new to him; the name of the man he had never before heard, and consequently all the events connected with his life were, therefore, previously unknown, and the city in which he lived had never been visited by X, yet some months afterwards he came across a published record of the incidents which he had remembered. Thus the accuracy of X's memory of this particular life was confirmed by external independent evidence, namely the evidence of historic facts.

The historic personality whom X remembered to have been, it would not for various reasons be wise to give here, and it must suffice the reader to know that he was an Italian monk.

The wheel of life turns round and round, and men and women come back to earth again and re-visit the scenes of their former activities, taking up the threads of life where they last left them, to continue the weaving of the garments of character and destiny, but, immersed in carnality, they have lost their spiritual memory. Yet not all; a few have lucid intervals of remembrance, and here and there one purged from earthly it—and passions succeeds in lifting the veil.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

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AND
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No. 339.

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Photo by H. J. Comley, Stroud.

GENL. SIR EDWARD STANTON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.,

WHO DIED AT THE LAWN, CAINSCROSS,

JUNE 24, 1907, AGED 80 YEARS.

An Ohio Congressman is preparing a Bill
requiring all motor-cars in America to have
"cow-catchers" affixed to them.

Weighing over a hundredweight, a very
large sunfish has been captured by Dover
fishermen.



A TIMELY RE-ADJUSTMENT.

"Did you see that?" said Mrs. Simpson.

"Bless my soul, what is it?" asked her spouse. His answer was shot out in a jerky explosive kind of way that suggested sudden awaking from surreptitious slumber.

The good man had been out all day in pursuit of bread and butter, and now, while endeavouring to do his duty by the daily paper, sleep had laid violent hands on him. His wife's voice sounded in his ear like the blast of a trumpet.

Mrs. Simpson was so interested in what she was looking at that she did not, as usual, rebuke his somnolent tendencies. "Well, I never!" she went, "the Scotch are the funniest people I ever heard of."

"What's wrong with the Scotch now?" growled Mr. Simpson. He was Scotch himself, and did not like his nationality criticised, even by his English wife.

She suddenly turned round and faced him with an accusing eye.

"Were you not in the habit of telling me, James, that a Scotchman was the noblest type of humanity on the earth?"

He was by this time wide awake. "I think it was you that used to tell me that, my dear," he said, in a provokingly harmless sort of tone. "At all events," he added, "you indicated it by marrying me."

"Do come here and look at this," she interrupted. He came.

"Well," he said, "what in the name of all that's sensible have you to say against that? Can't a young man and woman play golf together without you kicking up a rumpus about it? To be sure, when we were courting it was more the fashion to walk out by the light of the moon with our arms free to take hold of anything conveniently near, instead of lugging along a bundle of clubs; but that, after all, is merely a matter of time, taste, and temperament."

"She actually waved her 'cleek' at his window," cried Mrs. Simpson, refusing to be drawn into sentimental reminiscences.

At the garden gate of the house opposite stood a young lady in smart golfing costume. She had a bag of golf clubs slung on her back and was amusing herself with throwing up and catching a new very white golf ball. At the sound of a step on the gravel walk, she put the ball into her coat pocket, and nodding familiarly to the new-comer, sauntered on in front of him. He looked what he was, a clergyman, and his dress was a compromise between the World and the Church. He quickly caught her up, and they walked off together at a good swinging pace.

Mrs. Simpson shrugged her shoulders, and with disapproval written large over her well-developed face and figure, turned from the window.

"What's the matter, Caroline?" exclaimed her husband. He was perplexed, good man, as well he might be. To his way of thinking, love-making in broad daylight was a trifle insipid. If he had to do it over again, he would still choose a darkish night with a dash of moonlight in it. But, after all, there was nothing scandalous in daylight dalliance; nothing incongruous between love and sunshine; so—"What's the matter, Caroline?" he said sturdily.

"Matter enough for an old-fashioned three-volume novel," she retorted; "if I were clever enough to write it," saying which she resumed what she called "her work," dabbing viciously with her crochet hook. "Do you know," she continued severely, "that he, the Rev. George Shaw, is engaged to a girl somewhere in the South, and that she, Miss Netta

Thompson, is the fiancée of a young man also somewhere in the South?"

Mr. Simpson was an artist, and had an eye for dramatic situations.

"Why don't they come here and have a foursome with the other couple?" he inquired, innocently, a meditative twinkle appearing in his eye.

Very soon after the departure of the Rev. George Shaw and Miss Netta Thompson for the links something happened in Hazlewood-road, which shook that part of it opposite Miss Thompson's house, and Mr. Shaw's lodgings, to its very foundations. The two mansions stood close together, the two little front gardens, separated by an ornamental wooden fence, "grew in beauty side by side." To each garden gate a cab drove up. Out of one of them stepped a young man. Mrs. Simpson was at her window just in time to see his coat-tails disappear within the porch, which differentiated the abode of Mrs. Thompson from that of her neighbours. Mrs. Simpson's eyes were sharp, but they could not see through a stone wall, so she turned her attention to cab number two. From it emerged an elderly lady and a slight, timid-looking girl. They passed up the same gravel path that Mr. Shaw's feet had pressed but a short hour before. There was, in this case, no porch to swallow them up from view, so Mrs. Simpson examined them leisurely, while they waited for the door to be opened.

"James, James," she cried without removing her eyes from the opposite house.

James, who was in his studio overlooking the back green, rushed in in great alarm.

Mrs. Simpson motioned him to take his stand beside her at the window. As he did so, Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Shaw's landlady, opened the door for the two ladies.

Mr. Simpson had an artist's eye for detail as well as for dramatic situations, and he immediately detected that Mrs. Fraser had the back of her cap to the front. This, on the top of being called away from his work at a critical moment, irritated him, and he was on the point of giving audible expression to his ill-humour, when his better half, promptly and soothingly taking the bull by the horns, said—

"You were quite right, James. they have come."

"Who are they?" inquired Mr. Simpson, in a strained voice, the combined forces of contempt and curiosity battling within its tones.

"Why, *his* young lady, and *her* young man, of course. Just as you said," she added, diplomatically. Close observation and long experience had given her a clear insight into the complicated workings of the masculine mind.

"Well, watch the end and tell me of it later on," he said, with a sudden return to his good humour, and a more leisurely return to his studio. "Human nature is an interesting study," he remarked to himself in an explanatory manner, as he resumed his painting. He liked his gossip filtered through a domestic medium. Thus imbibed it ministered to the infirmity of his common humanity, and left unimpaired the dignity of his manhood.

Mrs. Simpson awaited developments at the window. She was not long left in suspense. Mrs. Fraser's door again opened, and the two ladies came to the gate accompanied by Mrs. Fraser, with her cap still reversed. Mrs. Simpson could easily gather, from the good woman's eloquent gestures, that she was directing them to the golf course. As they were about to move away, Mrs. Thompson's gate shut with a loud bang, and a young man came towards them, with long strides and swinging arms. The eyes in the face at the window opened wide, and the owner of them, in her excitement, drew

aside the curtains and peered out. "Preserve us!" she ejaculated, "the old body is sending them off together."

For the young man, accosted by Mrs. Fraser, took off his hat to the ladies, and, after a moment's conversation, walked seawards with them. Mrs. Fraser stood at her gate gazing after the trio until they disappeared round the corner, and then, with an ominous shake of her head, she turned and slowly re-entered the house.

"James," said Mrs. Simpson, appearing at the studio door, "I am going over to borrow Mrs. Fraser's jelly pan; the gooseberries must be done to-night."

"Of course they must be, my dear," and he laboriously executed a solemn wink as his better half turned away. When he heard the front door close, he got up and locked the studio door. This was necessary, for his wife's parting injunction had been to keep an eye on the front door, as it was Bella's night out. He was an artist of some repute, and was in Corrivreckan, for the summer months only, in search of inspiration. Little did he dream of becoming so soon entangled in the meshes of provincial gossip.

Sure that she would find Mrs. Fraser in the kitchen, Mrs. Simpson entered by the back door, to which a side gate led.

"The jeely pan! O' coorse," said Mrs. Fraser. "Ah'll jist gar the lassie gie't a bit scoor, an' she'll run ower wit'."

though she lived in the debatable land betwixt the Saxon and the Gael, her dialect had a strong flavour of the "peat rick." She was old, but her goodman Dugald was older. They had enough to live in a modest kind of way; but Mrs. Fraser liked what she had. Mrs. Fraser was three-parts Gael, and called "a steer about her."

"Ah'm no wan o' yer fine leddies that twists their thooms in the drawin' room; gi'e me a clean kitchen, an' ye can keep yer drawin'-rooms tae yersel'," she was in the habit of saying. So, with the help of a small servant, she kept the kitchen and a lodger. Old Dugald took his daily walk abroad, and snoozed over his Bible and his newspaper in the little room behind the kitchen. The drawing-room had a big round table in the middle of the floor, on which were placed, in picturesque attitudes, gaudily bound books and massive gilt-clasped albums. The dining-room opposite was a comfortably furnished room, and was occupied by Mr. Shaw. It was on the side next the Thompson's house, and his bedroom was above it. Sometimes, in the bright summer mornings, when dressing at the open window, he could hear Netta Thompson humming a gay air. If, as somebody had said, love is the case of propinquity, then was the Rev. George in a parlous situation.

Mrs. Simpson, being English, had at first some difficulty in understanding Mrs. Fraser's picturesque dialect; and Mrs. Fraser had even more in making any sense of what she called Mrs. Simpson's "nippet English." Human nature was strong in them both, however, and a decided similarity of tastes had succeeded in breaking down the barrier of speech between them. "Sit doon an' gie's your crack," said Mrs. Fraser, motioning her visitor to a chair, and cautiously letting herself down on the end of the kitchen fender. "Ah hevna so much to do the day; Maister Shaw's goin' to hev a tea-denner when he comes in from th' goff."

This was the opening that Mrs. Simpson longed for. "I saw Mr. Shaw and Miss Thompson starting for the golf, she remarked; "they looked well pleased with each other."

"They're far too freen'ly," said Mrs. Fraser, shutting her mouth with a snap, and shaking her head; "but ah'm thinkin' th'll soon need tae be an end o't wan way or anither. Did ye no' see a cab at the door wee while since?"

"Now that you mention it, I think I did; and just a minute before that there was another at Mrs. Thompson's gate."

"Wumman, d'ye tell me so?" inquired Mrs. Fraser with heavy excitement. "Was't a lad that was in't?"

"It was a young man," replied Mrs. Simpson.

"A-weel, it meks me weak tae think o't. It'll be *him*," she went on, as if lost in retrospection. "He wuz passin' the gate when the leddies wuz goin' oot. Ah jist asket if he kent where the coorse wuz. He said he did. An' what think ye I did? I sent him off wi' them!"

"Well, and what if you did?" said Mrs. Simpson, adroitly leading up to the facts of the case.

"There'll be trouble before it's ower. Did ye no see that it wuz Maister Shaw's sweetheart an' her auntie? They're goin' tae 'bide for a month at 'The Temp'rance,' tae be near him. Muckle need o't!" she finished off despairingly.

"But what about the young man?" asked Mrs. Simpson tentatively.

"Dud ye no see?" wailed Mrs. Fraser, "that ah've sent *him* an' *her* after *her* an' *him*? He's the lassie Thompson's lad," she explained in deference to Mrs. Simpson's English obtuseness.

"How do you know?" enquired the latter.

"Hoo div ah know? Did ye no say yersel' that he cam' oot o' their gate? Besides," she added conclusively, "ah feel it in ma bones. Weel, a-weel," she went on, "they mun jist ficht it oot theirsels'; but if ah wuz th' lad ah'd hev naething mair t' say t' th' lassie Thompson. As for Maister Shaw, as sure's ah'm here, she'll be a mill-ston' roun' his neck." True to her nationality and up bringing, Mrs. Fraser unconsciously fell into Scriptural phraseology, adapting it to the necessities of the case so deftly as to do away with the need of quotation marks. "It's extr'ord'nar'," she continued in philosophic strain, "hoo innicent the men is in regard tae wimmen? Ah'm sure in ither respects they're no that blate. There's ma own Dougal noo! Duv ye think it wuz for the bittie o' good in me that he took me? No fear o't. It wuz ma twa black een that eggit him on. They were black then. Losh, peety me!" she broke off hurriedly. "Ah wuz thinkin' o' ma hair. The eys disna get grey like th' hair; but they hed a glint then that's no there th' noo. Weel, a-weel, ah hope Maister Shaw'll be p'esairvet from the wiles o' the serpent, for he's no a bad man for a mod'rat' meenist'r. No that ther's much difference noo-a-days a-tween the mod'rat's an' the U.F.'s, as they ca' theirsels'. When I mind o' the meenisters an' the 'men' o' ma youth, it's enough tae mek them turn in their graves."

As her mind soared, with the practised agility of a Northern Scot, to the higher walks of theology, her body was, with many sighs and groans, getting up from the fender. Mrs. Simpson rose to her feet too. The link of human nature that bound her to her Scotch neighbour always snapped when the Scotch Church question was introduced. "The jeeley pan'll be ower in a jiffy," Mrs. Fraser said, descending with a rush from "meenisters" and "men" to "jeely."

With a fervent "Thank you, so much," Mrs. Simpson hurried across the road to her own temporary dwelling.

In the meantime Mr. Shaw's sweetheart, her aunt, and Netta Thompson's young man were making their way to the golf course. It was quite a long walk, and by the time they reached the sea they had become chatty and companionable. In fact it was perhaps the most enjoyable walk they had ever had in any company whatsoever. Grace Johnson found that she could breathe more freely in the atmosphere of Tom Murray's mind

A Kemerton Wedding.



BAYLIS—SMITH.
St. Nicholas Church, June 19, 1907.



MR. G. F. BAYLIS.



MISS E. M. SMITH.

than in that of her prospective lord and master; and Tom Murray's intellect expanded in a way it was not wont to do under the icy impact of Miss Thompson's keen brain. As for the auntie, she belonged to that sparse class which finds its satisfaction in the happiness of others.

When they came within sight of the sea, they stopped with one accord. It was a brilliant day in early June. Scotland had borrowed a small piece of weather from sunny Italy, and added to it a tincture of its own crisp invigorating air. The sky was blue, and little fleecy clouds chased each other over it like sportive lambs. Blue was the sea, too, and tiny wavelets rushed in mad haste over its surface, kissed the land, and, with a long drawn sigh of contented bliss, slipped back again. The gorse was a blaze of yellow, and now and then the drowsy air was startled by the cracking of a bursting seed pod. A lark sprang up from its lowly nest and, spreading its tiny wings, sang in its upward flight as if its little heart would break for very joy.

Turning to the left they followed what in an English watering-place would be called "the front." In Corrivreckan they spoke of it as the "promenade." When they arrived at the club-house, it suddenly occurred to Tom Murray and Grace Johnson that they had each come in search of somebody; the aunt had not forgotten the fact.

"Mr. Shaw does not seem to be here," she said to her niece.

"Well, that is odd," exclaimed Tom. "You are evidently in search of a gentleman, and I am looking for a lady. They may both be at the other end of the course, so we had better go on."

Steering clear of bunkers, flying balls, and putting greens, they walked on, the girl thinking of the missing lady with an absurd feeling of dissatisfaction, and the youth calling down vague and unexpressed anathemas on the head of the lost gentleman. They met couple after couple, but not those they sought. At last the aunt, growing tired, proposed they should sit on one of those circular pagoda-like erections to be found on all self-respecting golf grounds.

"Let us continue to search sitting down," she said sensibly. "If they are playing golf they must pass us."

The seat was high and narrow, and they were proceeding to utter some uncomplimentary truths about it, which they were startled by a voice which came from some person invisible, but close beside them. It was painfully audible, and it said—

"It is you I love, you I want to marry; tell me that I have not found you too late."

Grace Johnson's eyes opened wide, and she seized her aunt's hand and gripped it hard.

A scarcely audible voice, like a faint echo, seemed to pierce the wood against which they leant. Tom Murray heard it.

"As long as one is alive and—and unmarried, there is hope," it said.

"So there is," muttered Tom Murray, and, quietly rising, he signed to his companions to accompany him.

With one consent they set their faces homeward. The situation was tense. He knew the feminine voice, she the masculine; and yet in the nature of things they could not exchange confidences. Tom thrust his hands deep into his pockets and whistled softly. Grace held to her aunt's hand and gazed abstractedly at a soaring lark.

She had a vague desire to soar with it, mingled with a mad impulse to take Tom's arm. There was a good deal of emotion pent up in the breasts of the trio as they silently marched homeward; and in the silence they made vast strides towards intimacy.

It turned out that Tom was putting up at "The Temperance Hotel," too, and by the time they reached its hospitable doors it seemed as if they had known each other all their lives.

Late that night Mrs. Fraser knocked at Mrs. Simpson's back door. She had a kettle in her hand, and she wanted to borrow boiling water. Her own boiler, she explained "wuz oot."

"Thon's all over," she whispered to Mrs. Simpson. "It appears they hed wurd on the coorse; the lassie Thompson cam' home wi' Maister Shaw an' the boots from 'Th' Temp'rance' called at Mistress Thompson's for Maister Murray's bag. The toon'll be ringin' wi' th' morn'."

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had a nice cosy chat that night as they waited—and waited in vain—for the long Northern twilight to deepen into darkness.



CARNIVAL COMMITTEE, MATRON, AND NURSING STAFF OF CIRENCESTER COTTAGE HOSPITAL.
TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL.

Back row:—T. Ellwood, F. H. Tranter, E. Wood, W. P. Paish, H. Gigg, J. C. Webb, H. Whitfield.

Middle row:—E. O. Matthews, E. Lock, S. Strange, J. Crosby, A. Cook, J. Ruddle, A. Mitchell, T. Painter, E. Whiting, G. Smart, E. Moreman, H. Loveday.

Front row:—C. Bowering (house-boy), Miss Bedwell (cook), H. J. Lambert, Nurse Farden, W. Payne (chairman of the committee), Miss Warner (matron), A. Burton (hon. sec.), Nurse Oakey, G. W. Gobey (hon. treas.), A. E. Joynes, Miss Puffitt (housemaid).



CIRENCESTER WOOL SALE, JUNE 26, 1907.



Photo by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.

A COTSWOLD WEDDING.

MR. SYDENHAM PONTING, OF NORTHLEACH, AND MISS LILIAN ORGAN, OF TURKDEAN.
TURKDEAN CHURCH, JUNE 18, 1907

THE ENGLISH LOVE OF FLOWERS.

*

The long series of reprints and new books on gardens and wild flowers still continues to be published, and seems to continue as popular as ever. These books mark a very pleasing characteristic of ours as a people—our love of flowers. English horticulture has always ranked high in that humanising craft, and the record of the acclimatisation of foreign plants has been more carefully kept in this country than perhaps in any other, ever since the printing of the first herbal, Gerarde's, in 1597. . . . The love of wild flowers is no doubt a later development than horticulture, and attention to them was at first confined to the scientific, who regarded them purely for the sake of their properties; but the number of English popular names shows that they were valued by the country people not only as simples, for the names frequently do not refer to their medicinal qualities, but to their forms. The frequency with which posies of old flowers are still seen in cottage windows also seems to show that if a love of them is not indigenous, it has been easily and unconsciously acquired.—
"The Academy."

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Sold several months ago to a gentleman in Northamptonshire twenty-five miles away, a young mare has returned to the stable of her former owner at Cranfield, Bedfordshire.

* * *

A shepherd's van (without wheels) is used as a post-office at the primitive seaside hamlet of Holworth (Dorset), the loneliness of which is immortalised by Mr. Thomas Hardy in his Wessex tale "The Distracted Preacher." Telegrams are dispatched from the coastguard station.

DISINFECTING JAPANESE SOLDIERS.

✱

The Japanese Government is so thorough in all that it does that not one of the 800,000 soldiers who served in Manchuria has been allowed to return home without being carefully disinfected. Every man had to strip and place his uniform and personal effects in a specially-constructed bag. Then he had to plunge into a bath, the water of which was at a temperature of over 120 degrees, and was calculated to kill any microbe lurking in his skin. Meanwhile his clothes were being disinfected by steam, and his weapons by formol. Even the paper money used during the war was not allowed to pass, but every soldier was given the amount he had on him in notes which had never been to Manchuria. The work went on day and night, and each man took an hour and a quarter before he was pronounced fit to go home. Thanks to these precautions, not one of the fevers and diseases which might have been brought back from the seat of war has made its appearance in Japan. It is a lesson in efficiency which we in Europe should not be too proud to lay to heart.—"P.T.O."



➤ POLO MATCH AT PRESTBURY PARK. ➤

CHELTENHAM v. V.W.H. (CIRENCESTER), JUNE 22, 1907.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1. Mrs. Longworth (in light hat), Sir John Hume Campbell (in centre), and Mr. R. C. Longworth (hon. sec. Cheltenham Club).</p> | <p>2. A race for ball.
3. Mr. McLachlan (captain V.W.H. team).</p> | <p>4. Chat after match.
5. Some of Sir J. Hume Campbell's ponies.
6. Mr. Ratcliff, of Southam de la Haye.</p> |
|---|--|---|



Photo by F. R. Willis.

SALEM INSTITUTE CAMERA CLUB AT DEERHURST.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

Many of us in Gloucestershire are personally interested in the unofficial visit to London of King Chulalongkorn of Siam, for we know by sight several of his numerous sons, his Majesty being reputed to have, or to have had, seventy-two "olive branches" by his wives, numbering quite as many. The sons that we know—nice little boys, with olive complexions and Japanese cast of countenances—are under the guardianship of Mr. Colchester-Wemyss, at Westbury Court, and they are frequent and welcome visitors to Gloucester and Cheltenham, where they shop, and at the latter place take riding lessons. The "Graphic" has pictorially recorded at least two visits by the Crown Prince (Somdetch Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh) and a couple of his brothers to this county. These were in the summer of 1902, the one occasion being the opening of the show of the County Agricultural Society at Tewkesbury and the other when they inspected the great works of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co., of which, by the bye, not a few Cheltonians are proprietors. The Crown Prince is an "Admirable Crichton," for I remember that the same summer he took part in amateur theatricals at Westbury Court, his Royal Highness actually performing under his stage name of "Carlton H. Terris," in three plays—"In Honour Bound," "Old Cronies," and "The King's Command." I remarked at the time that after all "The play's the thing to catch the conscience of the King's" (son).

* *

King Chulalongkorn himself is not a stranger to Cheltenham, for I have been shown a photograph, taken some years ago, depicting his Majesty watching a game of lawn tennis being played at Pittville by a side of Cheltonians (still in the flesh). His Majesty is fond of England, and he recognises the value of its education. He is a wise and intelligent monarch, and his love for many English ideas cannot fail to be of great benefit to both countries. His Majesty is also fond of a joke, for on his recent arrival at Victoria Station he playfully pinched the ear of an immaculately dressed Siamese youth, named Vipulya, saying "Well, you scamp, how are you?" and those within ear-shot were compelled to smile. Mr. Vipulya is a son of a prominent subject of the King, and was much gratified at this condescension.

* *

The Gloucestershire Summer Assizes lasted five full days, and but for the fact that thirteen of the twenty-four prisoners in the calendar pleaded guilty and that two out of the five law causes entered for trial "went off," and another one was transferred to Monmouth, the Court would probably have been occupied quite double the time taken. That prolongation would have suited the lawyers engaged and those of the Gloucester folk who make harvest while the Assizes last. A few left of the latter sigh for the good old days when, Gloucester then being the "wash-pot" of the Oxford Circuit, the Assizes used to be spun out for nearly a fortnight, with two judges and a commissioner sitting. I observe that at the recent Assizes briefs were more generally placed than they have been in recent years. Eighteen barristers were briefed, a few for the first time. Mr. Justice Lawrance spent the Sunday on the Cotswolds, staying with his friend the High Sheriff (Col. Fairfax Rhodes) at Brockhampton Park. GLEANER.



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RISSINGTON LADS ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.



Photo by C. F. Nichols, Stow-on-the-Wold.
A COTSWOLD CHARACTER
(WILLIAM ADAMS).

GIFT OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The known activity of the Kaiser is so great that a crop of new rumours spring up around him every day. Amongst the latest is the amusing one that the Sultan has presented the Garden of Olives to the Kaiser as an acknowledgment of his admiration. It is even said that the Emperor's chaplain has gone to Jerusalem to take formal possession of the mount. Such a gift, in its originality, would be worthy of both donor and recipient. It is probably this report which is responsible for the statement that the Emperor thinks of reviving the ancient order of Knights Templars, and that the knights are to come from all nations, being chosen by him for their prominence in philanthropic work.—"P.T.O."

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GOD'S MEANING IN SORROW.

"God meant it unto good."—Genesis 1, 20.
"God meant it unto good." I could not see it,
In that dark time of sorrow long ago;
My eyes were blind with tears of bitter weeping,
My heart was filled with keenest grief and woe.
I had but little faith, my troubled spirit
God's love and wisdom scarcely understood;
But, looking back, I praise His wondrous dealing;
I know it now, "God meant it unto good."

"God meant it unto good." How much it taught
me,
That early sorrow of the years gone by;
Sweet lessons then I learnt as ne'er in sunshine.
The very gloom but brought my Saviour nigh.
I learnt His love and sympathy as never
I hoped to learn in days serene and fair;
I learnt the power to sympathise with others,
To feel for those who had like griefs to bear.

"God meant it unto good." Ah! now I see it,
That very sorrow have I learned to prize;
It came to teach, to strengthen, and enrich me,
No evil, but a blessing in disguise.
Lord, help me now in every present trial
To trust Thee till Thy ways be understood,
And I shall own Thy tenderness and wisdom.
And say, as now, "God meant it unto good."
—ADA GERTRUDE FISHER.

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 239th sermon prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Davey, of Exon, Charlton Kings, and Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton Hill, for reports of sermons by the Rev. W. Fairlie Clarke at St. John's Church and the Rev. Dr. Flecker at St. Matthew's Church, Cheltenham.