

A CHELTENHAM WEDDING.

FORD—KELLEY.

✻ SS. Philip and James Church, Leckhampton, July 31, 1907. ✻



MISS L. BARBARA KELLEY.



MR. CYRIL LLEWELLYN FORD, M.A.

BY SOUVENIR POST CARD.

[BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP.]

*

Elizabeth Benbury—enough like her somewhat apoplectic father to declare hotly that she will not write a letter to Mr. Richard Walton while she is abroad; enough like her somewhat Puritanical mother to feel that she cannot break a vow even when the matter of his dancing twice with the pretty heiress has been proved an accident; enough like her somewhat changeable self to mitigate the severity of her sentence by promising at the very last: "But I'll send you a postal from every place I go."

Postal I. portrays a vari-coloured ship ploughing its way through ultramarine waves, beneath which is scribbled uncertainly:

"I wish I were the heroine of a magazine story. She is the only girl I know who wouldn't be ill with this combined roll, pitch, and ragtime. Your great red roses are sweet."

Kitty, glancing over the card when sent to mail it, is shocked at her sister's omissions, and adds: "And so are your champagne, your books, and your fruit."

II. Bordered with naval flags of Great Britain and the United States:

"A line to let you know I'm on deck and enjoying it. With two rugs, a long coat, and furs, I keep from freezing these June days. Are you managing it in New York with less difficulty? There's an iceberg on the horizon—a wonderful, glittering thing, which Kitty declares looks incomplete, because pictures of icebergs always have a polar bear with his paw on a freshly-killed seal."

III. St. Mungo's Well, in crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, bears small connection to what follows:

"We landed about an hour ago; have only had time for lunch. At that meal the waiter inquired: 'Stilton or Cheddar?' Even his gravity was upset when Kitty answered innocently: 'Some yellow cheese, please.'"

IV. Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond. A sheet of blue water encircled by mountains rose-purple, with bell heather. Only space for date.

V. Stronachlachar. A picture of Ellen's Isle. Date.

Cable from R. G. Walton to Miss Benbury:

"Please choose postals with small pictures. —Walton."

"What a waste of money!" comments Kitty.

"Not at all," explodes the colonel. "I would have cabled to Himalaya to beg an extra word from your mother!"

Betty says nothing, but rumples her father's hair in a way he likes.

VI. Coaching in the Trossachs, coachman in red livery reining in four prancing steeds.

"When I was a little girl I learned from my 'Second Reader':

"The tall pink foxglove bowed its head,
The violet nodded and went to bed . . ."

"When I saw for the first time to-day the graceful pink flower, a baby breeze rippled by and 'bowed its head,' a greeting and a memory."

Extract of seventh page of letter from R. G. Walton to Miss Elizabeth Benbury:

"Your postal made me think of the day we drove to the Arden meadows for golden-rod. And when we reached the fields you said: 'Oh, look at all those gold heads bobbing in the sunshine! I can't choose which to decapitate.' So we came home empty-handed. Do you remember, dearest? Don't pucker your brow at the word—you are, you know, and it behoves me to speak with the

strict accuracy you advocate, sweetheart. If my pen hasn't slipped again! This ink well must be the original one where truth lies buried."

VII. Callander, from the crags.

"The quaintest little Scotch village! I've fallen in love with the clean white cottages, the monkey-puzzle trees, the pansies, the small lads in tartans, the scones and Craigmyleston pudding! Kitty remains magnificently loyal. When I became enthusiastic over a waterfall this afternoon, she declared: 'American falls are slanted better.'"

VIII. The Castle at Edinburgh, built on the rock it fittingly crowns.

"At the castle this morning Kitty called to dad: 'I've found a horse-shoe for luck. It's so small it must have belonged to a Scotch donkey.' 'Maybe it did,' said our guide. 'It coom frae the heel of a soldier's boot, miss.'"

IX. The 'Prentice Pillar, in Roslin Chapel.

"A friend we made on shipboard brought me out here in his motor-car, and we've had a charming morning at this little jewel of a chapel and the castle near-by."

X. Swanson, picture of Robert Louis Stevenson's home, writing crossed.

"We had such difficulty in finding this place. Kitty and I spent an afternoon at the terminus of the car line in this direction, asking all the passers-by—Where is Stevenson's house? They gazed round in a puzzled way, as if they thought he was some friend with whom we were going to take tea. Kitty explained in words of one syllable: 'He's dead, and he wrote books.' The friend of whom I wrote brought me here in his motor to-day."

Extract from first and only page of letter from Mr. Walton:

"You said the summer was to be devoted to Kitty's education, when I asked if I might cross with you and try to contribute to your pleasure. I hope your chance acquaintance, who seems to be nameless, has a reliable chauffeur."

A postal is but a limited medium to sooth ruffled annoyance. Elizabeth deliberates, and sends:

XI. The Douglas Room at Stirling Castle.

"We've gone back to Stirling—delightful dark dungeons, bear-baiting pits, portcullis, beheading block, and all the essentials of a spinal thrill. The ship friend was nameless because I couldn't remember whether he spelled it Johnson or Johnston. He wished to bring me here by motor, but I preferred to come by train—though you know it makes my head ache."

Extract of ninth page of letter from Mr. Walton to Miss Benbury:

"I've loved you more than ever, though that sounds like an absurd exaggeration, since you overlooked my flare of jealousy over Johnson-Johnston. But, with the ocean between us, I am a fool, and jealous of everybody that can look at you when I can't, and of the very sun itself. As for the wind that dares to touch your cheek, I can't trust myself to think of it!"

XII. Melrose Abbey, a section of the interior, which presents a most singular appearance because of Betty's endeavour to outline the columns and not to hide them by her writing. The architecture of the Abbey may be "decorated Gothic," but Betty's hieroglyphics are distinctly "perpendicular."

"Kitty bubbled with quotations from 'The Last Minstrel'; Dad delighted in the spirit which made them carve the homely kale on their columns and prove its beauty. Nothing impressed me so much as a face on the outer wall, no bigger than your fist—a girl's laughing face, the hair wind-blown, the lips parted; statues of prophets, priests, and Kings had alike tumbled into decay, while her youth had defied the centuries."

After spending half an hour in deciphering, Walton cables:

"Disregard pictures; write across.—Walton."

Miss Benbury smiles at his peremptoriness and sends:

XIII. Carlisle Cathedral by moonlight. Cathedral dimly outlined on dark card and closely overwritten with black ink; but the text thereof no man knoweth, for neither love and patience, nor vexation and impatience, could decipher one word!

XIV. Abbotsford. Portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

"I'm so humiliated! Since we've been in Scotland I've seen dozens of places where Scott's characters lived or died or escaped from, and I struggle to turn the conversation to 'Ivanhoe,' because it's the only one I've read. I heard a bright woman describe North Carolina as a place 'where people keep the Ten Commandments and read Scott's novels.' I must spend a winter there."

XV. Chester. Front of God's Providence House.

"It's pouring. Dad and I have comfortably finished a ten o'clock breakfast (whittings fried with their tails in their mouths, like the song in 'Alice'). Kitty donned her waterproof at seven, sped around the wall, ascended the towers, went through the Cathedral, and is now shopping in the quaint two-story street. We are apprehensively awaiting her return."

XVI. Sent from Warwick. A picture of the ruins of Kenilworth, over which Walton chuckles, because it bears only the under-scored line:

"Poor, dear Amy Robsart."

At Stratford-on-Avon Elizabeth passes by the following postals: Shakespeare's house, memorial, desk, bust, portrait, church in which buried, inscription on tomb, room in which born, Anne Hathaway's cottage—by summer, by winter, in colours; etc., etc., and chooses:

XVII. The Harvard House—a subtle flattery any loyal alumnus would appreciate.

"Did you know the house of John Harvard's mother is at Stratford?"

That is all; but Walton finds an underlying significance in the innocent query. "Harvard" has been a contraband subject since the football defeat in the autumn. Her crimson roses nodding defiance to the Yale violets of the Morrell girls, Elizabeth had left the grounds with her pretty head held high, commanding Walton in a fierce little whisper:

"Don't dare look so crestfallen. Look as if you know Harvard will win next year!"

But in the carriage she had cried against his arm, buried her face against that lucky coat sleeve—and because he mistook it for the psychological moment and began to tell her how much he adored her—why, she withdrew into the farthest corner of the seat and conversed all the rest of the way with the frozen sweetness which in friendlier moments they had termed her "peach ice-cream voice." Ever since then the mention of Harvard would cause the roses in Elizabeth's cheeks to deepen as if they recalled their unwonted contact with a masculine coat, and she would proceed to snub Mr. Walton.

So in great elation he urges:

"I have framed the Harvard House, but I yearn to hear you describe it. The plans for my sky-scraper are about done, and I can get off for three weeks towards the last of the month. It occurs to me you will be returning about that time, and I wish to run over, have some days with you in England, and return on the same steamer. If you knew what a wretchedly lonely deserted place the United States is—a barren waste, void, absolutely depopulated—why, I think you would say 'Yes.' Do you?"

This crosses en route with the mail steamer which brings him:

XVIII. London. The Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern.

"He spells it Johnson, no 't.' Kitty and I ran across our ship friend here. He confided that his name was also Samuel, and insisted that we should have ale and toasted cheese with him. He sat where Dr. Johnson

used to do, and played the host with a gracious air of 'Can I not take mine ease in mine own inn?'"

Walton's letter is handed Elizabeth just as she is leaving for a day at Sevenoaks. At the first stationer's she requests a souvenir postal.

"Oh, any of them will do!" is her impatient exclamation when the clerk lifts out a tray full. "I haven't seen anything here yet."

(Afterwards he told it as a typical bit of tourism—buying a postal before one had seen what it represented.)

It is so difficult to tell him on a postal! She writes "Come," but it sounds too bald, and she tears it up and scribbles a line quickly.

XIX. Picture of the oldest oak in England, on estate of Sir Lionel Sackville-West, at Sevenoaks.

"For you to come over here for a week will seem absurd to everybody—but Betty."

Never before had she signed the name by which he had said he called her in his heart—the little name she had declared she "kept for those who loved her best."

Cable from R. G. Walton to Miss Benbury:

"Had reserved state-room, but cancelled on receipt of postal.—Walton."

How can she guess that one corner of the card had been broken off in the mail, taking with it the words "But Betty," and leaving it the coldest and curtest of messages?

"If he didn't see that I told him to come, he is too obtuse to waste regrets on," she tells herself vehemently. She determines to disregard him utterly and for ever; but her tyrannical conscience flaunts her promise to send him a postal from every place.

"Very well. There shall be no more places," she decides.

But she is reckoning without Kitty. Silent submissiveness is not that young woman's speciality.

Miss Kitty Benbury to Mr. R. G. Walton, minus punctuation and plus due postage:

"Suffolk-street, Pall Mall.

"Dear Mr. Walton,—

"I don't know what you are doing, but I know you are ruining my trip if you don't stop it. We had been here a week, and I had seen everything in London worth seeing, though some people say it takes them years, and when I said the time was getting short and I had to go to Canterbury, Ely, York, Durham, Wells, Cambridge, Oxford, Ilfracombe, Clovelly, the Lake District, and a great many other places, father groaned, and said he was never going to enter another cathedral or abbey unless they insisted on burying him in Westminster, and Betty rumbled his hair and said: 'Daddy, suppose we stay here the rest of the time? We're delightfully situated, and London is inexhaustible.' And father said: 'That will be the very thing'; and I said: 'I can't understand how you could ever have commanded a regiment in the war, because you let Betty walk right over you'; and father said: 'Kitty, go to bed,' as if I were a baby. Betty knew it was her fault, because she went out and bought me butterscotch and toffee. Then Betty said if I wanted to go to the cathedrals she would arrange for me to go with Mrs. Adair and Helen, and she did, and I had a lovely time, and I have learned all about all the different kinds of architecture; and as you are one I will be glad to help you any time you are planning a church, for I know exactly how clearstories and triforiums look. I got back to London to-day, and to-morrow father and I are going to Windsor and Stoke Pogis; but Betty won't go. She hasn't been out of London all this week I've been gone, and I never saw her so quiet and her eyes looking like she's trying not to cry. And I know it's something about you, because once when I asked her why she was sending you a postal, when I had seen her direct one to you

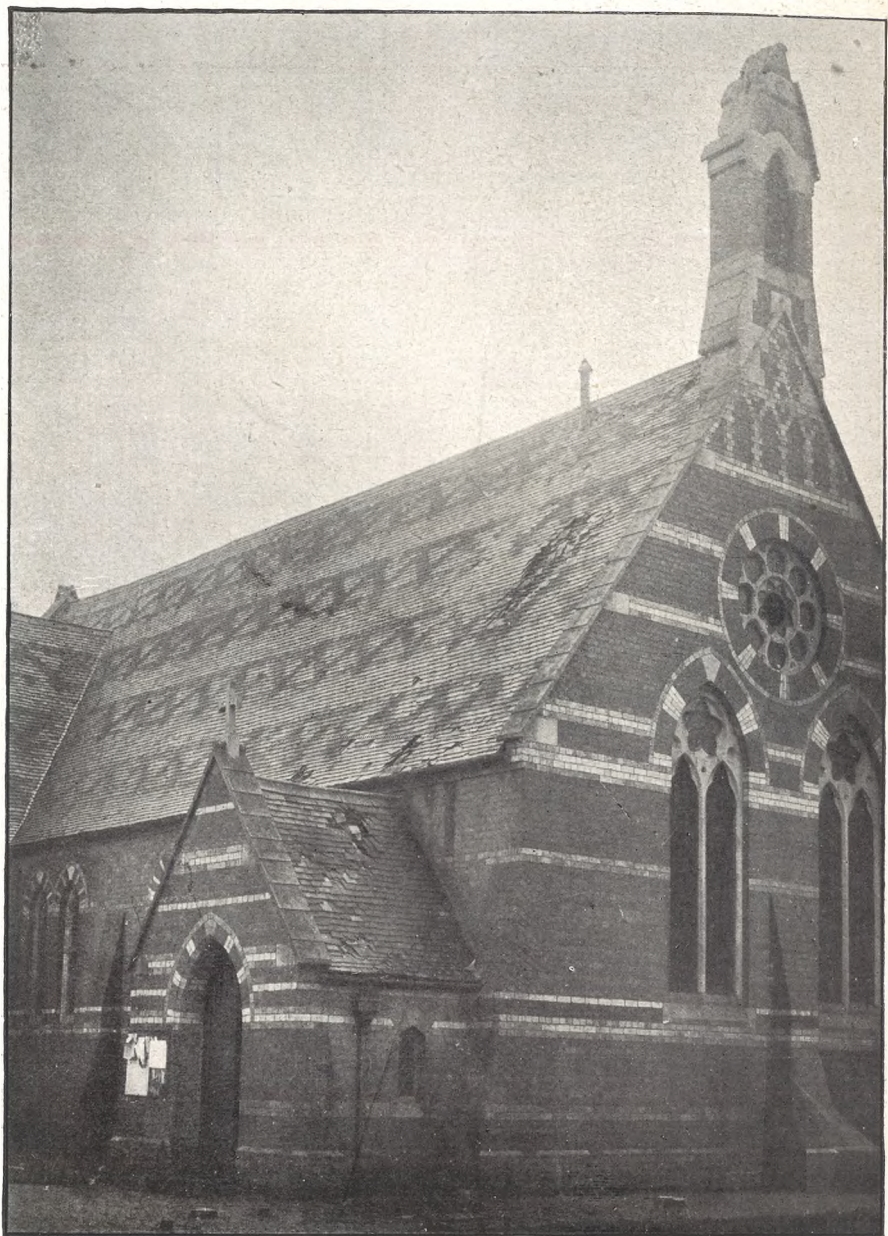


Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester.

ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, GLOUCESTER,

Damaged on the morning of July 22nd. The lightning knocked off a Maltese cross from the belfry, and in its downward course shattered slates on the roof and tiled paving in the porch. The amount of the damage (£73) was paid by the insurance company.

the day before, she said she'd promised to send you one from every place; and I guess you've made her mad, and she won't go to new places because she don't want to send you postals. So please cable her at once that you let her off, because it isn't half so much fun to go to places when Betty doesn't, though she is no help in a historical way; in fact, she is very ignorant. She said she was always glad to go to places where Charles the First or Mary Queen of Scots had been, because she was perfectly sure their heads had been cut off, and most of her other recollections were so hazy. So I can't see that you would be any better off for Betty's postals in your collection, for they have probably been full of historical errors. I wish she had given them to me to look over. Hurry and send your cable, and oblige

"Yours truly,

"KATHARNE SUMMERS BENBURY."

Cable from Mr. Walton to Miss Benbury: "Mistake somewhere. Coming to rectify. Sail to-morrow, Cunard.—Walton."

To Mr. R. G. Walton, care ss. Campagna, Liverpool.

XX. Taken at Ambleside by an itinerant photographer, whose tent bore the placard: "Picture postcards taken and finished while you wait." He had chanced to catch an excellent likeness of Betty—the saucy chin, the mischievous mouth, the childlike eyes, innocent and eager.

The picture is labelled in this fashion: "The most impatient person in England."

But the cabdriver who rushes the young American to the train is of another opinion. And Walton differs with her, too, as oblivious to the fresh clean landscape (which seems to him only so many diminishing miles between himself and Betty) he gazes at the last and dearest of the postals.



A GLOUCESTERSHIRE CADET'S SUCCESS.

MR. FREDERICK VAVASOUR BROOME WITTS,

of Upper Slaughter Manor, Bourton-on-the-Water, who passed first into and out of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and has obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers.



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

WITHINGTON CRICKET TEAM.

Back row:—A. Shaw, R. Keen, J. Miles, Major Richards, E. Best, Ed. Griffin.

Front row:—J. Cummings, D. Bliss, J. Keen, F. Bliss, Ern. Griffin, H. Hayden.

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*Soft, Colored, and White Shirts.
Flannel Trousers. Fancy Top Hose.
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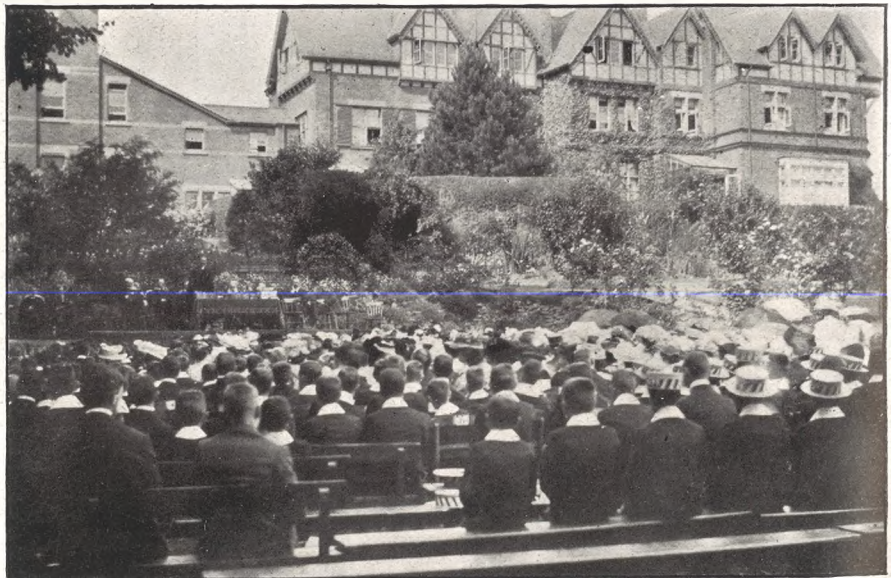


Photo by Heller Nicholls, Cheltenham.

**PRIZE DAY AT DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL,
JULY 16, 1907.**

Established 1825.

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Large Collection of

English Peaches, Nectarine, Melons, Grapes, Straw-
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A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,

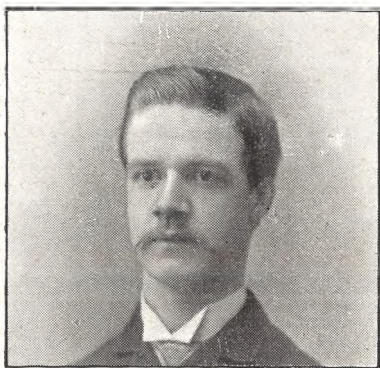
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Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.
"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Price Lists on Application.



MR. FRANK HILL,
23½ years headmaster of the Wesleyan Day School, Cheltenham, now an assistant-master at the new Council Schools.



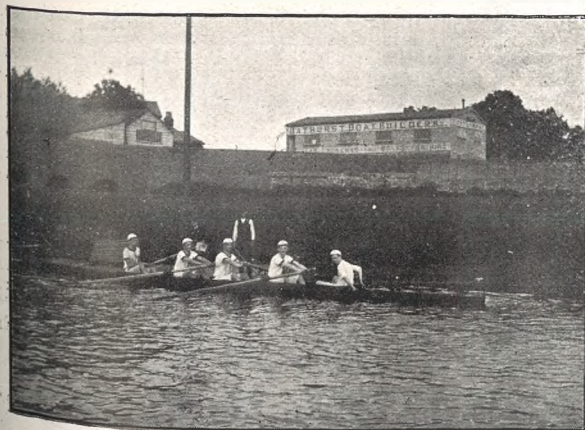
ILLUMINATED ALBUM,
containing address and four hundred names of subscribers, presented to Mr. Frank Hill July 26th, 1907, after 23½ years as headmaster of the Wesleyan Day School, Cheltenham. [The album was the work of E. Winslow Beckingsale, Cheltenham.]



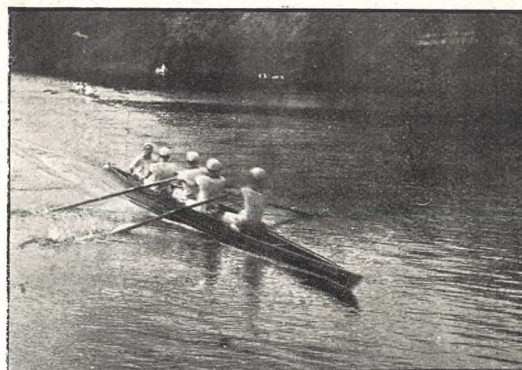
W. H. G. MEIRE, OF HAZELWELL,
who won half-mile swimming race in 12mins. 5secs.



SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE
presented to Mr. Frank Hill by about four hundred scholars (past and present) of Bethesda Day School.



CHELTENHAM
✧ COLLEGE ✧
✧ BOATING ✧
✧ CLUB. ✧



CLASSICAL CREW WINNING.



CLASSICAL CREW,
who beat Military by four lengths on Saturday last—same crew that beat St. Paul's School, London, six weeks ago.



THE FLOODS.



OPPOSITE THE RECTORY.



AT BOURTON.

AT LANSDOWN.

(Taken at 8.20 p.m. on July 22, 1907, four hours after the rain started).



Photos by William R. Brown, Winchcombe.

AT WINCHCOMBE.



Water rushing through doorway of flooded house and garden in Castle-street.

River Isbourne overflowed. House shown in distance was flooded. Photo taken from Water Bridge, near Isbourne House.

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 244th prize has been divided between Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, and Miss F. M. Ramsay, of 11 Pittville-villas, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by the Rector of Cheltenham at St. Matthew's and the Rev. P. Waller at Holy Trinity, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

The wealth of the United States at the beginning of 1907 was £23,600,000,000—as much as that of England and France combined.

"FOSSOTHERAPEUTICS."

If the seeker after salvation lives in a suburb and has a plot of ground available, salvation is easy. He can dig. I wonder that the doctors have never discovered digging. It is on the whole the best of all exercises, the one which exercises most of the body's principal muscles; and I am quite sure that any enterprising specialist would find on examination that the soil turned up has a medicinal quality in its exhalations. Carrying this line of thought a little further, he would prescribe digging cures—one case should go to the clay in Essex, another to spade over the light loam in Surrey. Fossotherapeutic establishments (doctors generally like to show a knowledge of both the classical languages in constructing compound words)—fossotherapeutic establishments, I repeat, would spring up at suitable centres where genteel diggers would be furnished with bath-rooms, with manicure precautions against injury to the hands, and all the host of sub-

sidary appliances. One could guarantee cures with a light heart from the exercise and the regimen. Moreover, digging has an educational value; no one after a few experiences of spade labour, prolonged, say, for a couple of hours, will be quite so pat with denunciations of the idle working man who thinks half-a-crown little enough for eight hours' digging—"The Pursuit of Perspiration" in the "Cornhill Magazine."

"Who was Campbell?" asked an East Ham teacher of his class after a dissertation on the subject of poets and poetry. "Please, sir, him as has his name on the dust vans," answered the sharp boy. The borough engineer is Mr. A. H. Campbell.

At Sotheby's on Saturday a sale of rare books and manuscripts realised £3,981 16s. A thirteenth-century illuminated Psalter brought £700, a first edition of the Florence "Homer" £380, and a Third Folio Shakespeare £300.

Cheltenham's New Council Schools.



GLOUCESTER ROAD.



NAUNTUN PARK.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*
On each of the only two occasions that King Edward paid flying visits to this county since his accession to the Throne his Majesty was saluted with grand salvoes of the heaven's artillery. And what make the circumstances of these visits additionally remarkable are the facts that both occasions fell on a Sunday afternoon, when the King was motoring, and that the two extreme ends of the Cirencester Parliamentary Division were the localities he visited. In the first case it was on July 9, 1905, that his Majesty, spending the week-end with Lord Redesdale

at Batsford, motored for miles along the roads of the North Cotswolds while a thunderstorm raged, though he did not touch its centre. And the other case was on July 21st last, when the King varied a similar visit to the Marquis of Lansdowne at Bowood by motoring over to Westonbirt, the beautiful residence on the South Cotswolds of Major George Holford, his equerry, then being overtaken by a furious tempest of dust, lightning, thunder, and rain, that came on suddenly, making up the worst storm that he is said to have ever been out in. The fact is not generally known that just after the car containing the King and Queen had moved from underneath a tree a thunderbolt dropped,

making a hole in the roadway and tearing a piece of wood off this tree. I trust that his Majesty had not formed a bad opinion of the general weather of Gloucestershire, unalterable, owing to his unique experiences of the climatic conditions during these two visits.

* *

The many Cheltenham friends of the Rev. Leonard A. Lyne, gained by him during his curacy of All Saints' Church, will doubtless share the keen satisfaction that the rev. gentleman's parishioners of St. Mark's, Gloucester, must feel at the success which has crowned the latest of several very acceptable outward and visible signs of his ministry there. That is to have raised within the past three years some £1,041 for the fine organ and fittings which, in the early part of this year, were placed in the church in celebration of its diamond jubilee. Mr. Lyne announces with gratitude that Mr. Harley Butt has wiped off the debt of £28 2s. 10d. with a cheque for that amount, as a second donation. I know that a good number of Cheltonians subscribed generously, and that in addition to assistance in that way Canon Gardner gave special valuable help by drawing up the specification of the organ.

* *

I don't think anyone would seriously contest the dictum that it is not desirable for any church to benefit by funds derived directly from public houses. At all events, I have noted with satisfaction in recent years two or three instances wherein parish officials have, with advantage to the churches and charities concerned, sold at good prices public-houses left for these purposes, and re-invested the cash in Consols. The latest instance is St. Nicholas Parish, Gloucester, which owned the Quart Pot beerhouse and some garden ground adjoining, left over 200 years ago by a pious donor to furnish funds for £2 worth of bread for the poor, 10s. for a sermon by the vicar, and the annual balance for the repair of the church. This property had for years past been let on lease at £30 a year, but now the vicar (the Rev. J. J. Luce, formerly curate of St. John's, Cheltenham), and the churchwardens have, with the consent of the Charity Commissioners, well sold the property for £1,000 to a builder. They anticipate a larger income from this amount as invested in Consols, as they will not have to pay £4 a year, as owners of the Quart Pot, to the license compensation fund.

GLEANER.

* * * *

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, writing in reply to Mr. Pike Pease, M.P., states that the total revenue derived in the last financial year from taxes on food, drink, and tobacco, and licenses for the manufacture or sale of these articles, was £64,839,260.

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PROCKTER'S
CARPET
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For Carpets, Coats, and all
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Chemists, . . CHELTENHAM.

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Photo by Archibald Collett, Bourton-on Water.

BLINGTON FRIENDLY SOCIETY FESTIVITIES,

MONDAY, JULY 29, 1907.

MEMBERS, VILLAGERS, AND SHILTON BRASS BAND ON VILLAGE GREEN.

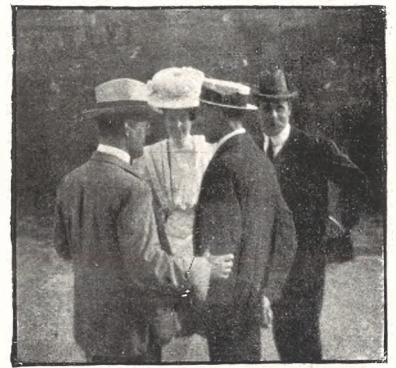


Photo by Miss L. Pike.

LIBERALS AT THE LOWER LODGE,
JULY 13, 1907.

Mr. Sears, M.P., Dr. and Mrs. Davies, and Mr. E. Bick.

AMERICA'S IDEAL.

The ideal of America, which does not mean the achievement of America, but rather the direction in which the best in American life is constantly moving—the ideal of America is expressed best of all, I think, in the words "A man's a man for a' that." America is the biggest experiment towards pure democracy that has ever been tried. Many people point to the evils of American life as a proof that democracy is not a working system for mankind. But many of us who are in this experiment in America believe that the cure for all the ills of democracy lies in more democracy. The troubles which the selfish accumulation of wealth and dishonest dealings in municipal affairs have brought to America are due, not to democracy, but to the people's want of faith, which would lead to a more thorough-going democracy.

A fine case could be made to show how absolutely democracy has failed in the United States. It could be proved upon paper that everything else except character seems to count in America. The dollar is supreme; the boss with nothing but self-assurance and push rules everywhere; the yellow, lying, sensational newspaper is the popular reading; the dishonest speculator is the national hero—so it could be said. But when one has lived among Americans, among the great, busy, earnest people that make up the bulk of the nation, one comes to feel that, in spite of glaring public failures of the true democratic spirit, the real social ideal of the American people is to endeavour to hold each man at his real worth.—"Sunday at Home."

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Change of Programme at Each Performance.

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CANTERBURY LAMB, BEEF, MUTTON, OR VEAL,

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DELIVERIES EVERYWHERE.



MR. CHARLIE ROGERS,
THE CELEBRATED BANJOIST,
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NEXT WEEK.



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AWAY
ON YOUR
HOLIDAY

Home news
is always
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and . .
Glo'stershire
Graphic"

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1½d. ———



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 345.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1907.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

Week commencing Monday, August 12th.

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Matinee Each Day at 3. Admission 1s.

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Photo by Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham.

MAUD'S ELM.

[The photo of Maud Bowen's Elm, Cheltenham's legendary tree, of which this is a copy, was apparently taken when the tree was not very much past its prime.]

THE FOUR KNAVES.

[BY E. ARCHER.]

Good gracious!

The King had asked for the Princess, and the four knaves were seeking in all directions, and no Princess was to be found.

And what was to be done?

When I say the four knaves were seeking in all directions, I mean all directions but the right one.

They were arrant knaves, all three of them. I say all three of them, because the fourth was only half a knave. The other half seemed to know there was something better. He was, as it were, divided exactly in two, and that's very uncomfortable, and almost like having an illness.

They were the Princess's four pages, chosen to take very especial care of her.

One before, one behind, and one on each side, whenever she walked.

One inside the door, one outside the door, and one at each window, whenever she stayed at home.

It must have been a dreadful nuisance!

And it was all on account of a certain wise woman, who had said that the little Princess would grow up strong and beautiful, only to be carried off by four knaves.

This is why the King had given her the four pages, fulfilling the prophecy in the most innocent manner; for in reality they were the four knaves.

The only gleam of light in the whole affair was the opinion of another wise woman—that one knave would be only half a knave, and that if the Princess could by any token find him, she would be saved from the other three.

The knaves knew that the King would offer an enormous ransom for the Princess, so they had carried her off themselves and locked her up in an old disused mill. A tall black mill, with only the shell of it left and only a few slits near the top to let the light in. The gaunt skeleton sails groaned and sighed in the night wind, so that it was supposed to be haunted, and no one ever came near it.

There they meant to keep her till the ransom was big enough to please them.

The Princess sat weeping in the lonely mill, and thinking—thinking—thinking. Not that she ever let the knaves see her weep.

She would rather have died.

She knew that one was only half a knave; but, oh! how was she to find him?

They were all dressed exactly alike—in black and scarlet and gold, with three-cornered gold-laced hats on their heads. They were all dark, with black straight hair cut the same length; they all had fierce black moustaches and little black tufts on their chins, and they were all the same height. Worse than this, they all had the same sickly smile that did not mean anything and the same shifty look in the eyes.

I think the poor little Princess must have died of the terror and loneliness if it had not been for this perpetual riddle that she was always asking herself: "Which is he?"

Moreover, she was a clever little Princess, rather fanciful and fantastic; very good at games, and very bad at tapestry.

It began to amuse her immensely.

"I can find out, and I will find out," she said.

Now, one night the knaves brought her supper as usual, and, as usual, they all bowed very low on entering; but the Princess noticed that one of them did not bow quite so low as the others. He began like the others, and then seemed to think better of it.

It was a very little thing of course, but it set her thinking.

It was now full summer, and the knaves brought the Princess four pink roses, for they kept up a sort of ceremony.

The roses were exactly alike to the eye, but the princess noticed at once that one of them had no thorns on its stem.

They had been cut off.

And the Princess felt sure that the knave who had not bowed so low had given her this rose.

They did not bring roses for some days, and then it all happened again.

Four pink roses, and one without thorns, given her by the same knave who had not bowed so low.

And yet he looked just like the others, and the Princess was afraid to speak.

As for the poor King, he had little by little increased his ransom to the half of his kingdom, and yet the knaves were not satisfied. They pretended that the Princess had been torn from them by a band of robbers, and they were still seeking her night and day.

At Court they were looked upon as four fine trusty fellows, but they were going too far, like so many knaves, and what a mercy it is they did not see it.

It was the beginning of winter now.

The old mill was darker and drearier than ever, and the Princess began to get pale and thin, with black rings under her eyes. The knaves made large fires, and brought plenty of food and wine, but the whole thing was beginning to tell on her.

She was still trying to solve the riddle of "Which is he?" yet every day she felt more and more certain that she knew.

For though the knaves all looked exactly the same, yet one of them always seemed to be quite different.

One cannot explain everything, you know.

It happened one day that this knave came alone, the others being detained at Court.

He brought the supper.

Now the Princess felt that the time had come to speak. It was a terrible risk, of course, but the thing might never happen again. Her hands were icy cold, her face burned, and you could almost see her heart beat, but she made herself look straight into the knave's eyes.

"You are only half a knave," she said.

The knave smiled.

Now a knave can do a great many wonderful things with his face, but he cannot smile. It is a dreadful thing he does when he tries to smile. It would not deceive a baby.

The moment he smiled the Princess knew he was the right man.

"You are only half a knave," she said again.

"I wonder," said the knave.

He had his mouth open, and seemed to be in a brown study.

But the Princess did not stop to argue.

She went right on, talking to the side of him that was not a knave. She took no sort of notice of the other side.

"Why have you done this stupid base thing?" she said. "Is it for ransom or high place? What value could such a ransom be to you, who are a man of honour, and what place could be high to you if you knew yourself to be a knave?"

"What indeed?" said the knave, under his breath.

He looked very strange and pale. His eyes were wide open, and he seemed to be listening to a voice a long way off.

The Princess looked very solemnly at him, and then her face broke into a childlike smile.

"You are not a knave at all," she said, "and you are going to be my friend."

The effect of these words on the knave was quite remarkable. He fell suddenly on the ground and buried his face in the hem of the Princess's robe. He held on to it with both hands, as though he were drowning, and through the stillness of the old mill there went a hoarse sob.

The Princess stood looking at him till great tears came in her eyes and trickled down her frock. Two of them actually fell on his head, and when he got up again the half of him that was a knave was quite gone, and there was a look in his eyes as though he had just been baptised in clean water.

"Stand up and be a man," the Princess had said.

So he stood up and was a man.

"You trust me?" she said.

His face was full of wonder and his voice trembled a little.

"Entirely," said the Princess, who never did things by halves.

Now they began to talk things over, for there was not much time to lose. It would hardly be safe to take the Princess away that night, as the others might return any minute. Neither did the knave like the idea of going at once to the King, for then the three knaves would certainly be hanged, and he could not bear to betray them without giving them a chance to escape.

It was horrible to him!

To his great joy and comfort the Princess understood this.

"It is because you are no longer a knave," she said. "We will find some better way."

Here was a Princess indeed!

At last they decided that the knave, who knew where the key was kept, should come at daybreak and take the Princess to the Palace gates. Then he was to hurry back to the mill, in order that he might leave a warning for the knaves when they brought the Princess's breakfast. At night he was to present himself at the Palace, which would give them time to escape.

And now the knave put more wood on the fire and served supper to the Princess, who sat on a three-legged wooden stool, warming herself, for it had turned very cold. She made the knave find some old sacks and sit by the side of her in the red glow.

And they broke bread together, and he drank wine after her from the same cup.

There was something almost solemn about it.

"Now we are two to three," said the Princess.

How the knave smiled when she said that!

Soon after they heard the footsteps of the others. The knave sprang up and stood before the Princess in a servile attitude.

But he did not do it all well.

The Princess was quite frightened—he looked so different.

However, the knaves fell to bowing and smiling as usual. Each with his hand on the hollow spot where his heart was supposed to be. They never noticed anything but knavery. It is a way knaves have.

In the morning it was a white knave who came to the mill, for it was snowing fast. The poor little Princess was terribly clad for such weather, but he covered her with sacks, picked her up, and ran with her all the way.

How the snow swirled round them in the bitter wind!

But he was so warm. So warm!

He was beginning to look very beautiful.

At the gate he pulled the great bell, knelt hurriedly in the snow, and kissed the Princess's hand.

"To-night," she said, "in my father's Palace. I will thank you to-night."

He stood a little way off, bareheaded, to watch her go in. Then the great gate shut with a hollow clang, and the knave began to run, leaving his hat behind him.

He ran like a boy. He sang, too, at intervals, when the storm would allow it, and laughed.

One would think to look at him that it was a lovely spring morning. He carried the snow on his head like a crown of flowers.

"You are not a knave at all," he kept saying to himself; "you are going to be my friend."

And again, "To-night, to-night!"

And the wind cried "To-night, to-night!"
But the snow said nothing.
That night the Princess sat by her own
hearth wrapped in white samite and ermine.
Her head was on her father's shoulder and
her hand in his, and he stroked her long dark
hair tenderly, while she told him all about
the dreadful mill and the three knaves and
the knave who was only half a knave.

"Soon he will be here," she said. "And
how can we thank him, for he will not touch
the ransom, that I know well."

Then they planned what honours they could
give him, for they were great friends, these
two.

But the knave was lying on the hearth of
the mill, covered with stabs. The hearth
was red indeed, but the fire was out and the
song was ended.

Or was it only just beginning?

AUGUST WEATHER.

* *

Dry August and warm,
Does harvest no harm.

* *

On St. Mary's Day (15th) sunshine,
Brings much and good wine.

* *

So many August fogs, so many winter mists.

* *

None in August should over the land;
In December none over the sea.

* *

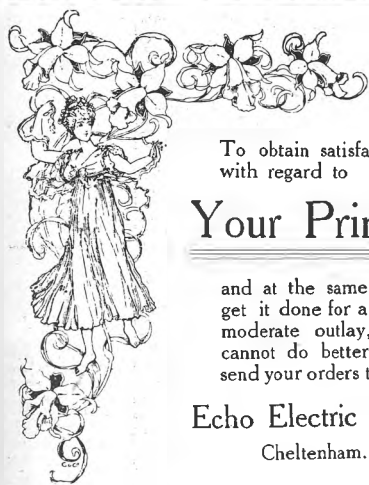
A long harvest leaves little corn.

* *

A good nut year; a good corn year.

* *

Abundance depends on sour milk
(i.e. thunderstorms help the grass).



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Gloucestershire Gossip.

Peaceful Prestbury, the serenity of which
has only been disturbed of late years by such
matters as the advent of Wycliffe preachers
and the warm reception given them, the
differences of opinion over the sewerage
system, and the irruption of floods, had quite
an unexpected sensation provided last
Saturday. This was the ex-communication
by the vicar of the "Loyal Prestbury" Lodge
of Oddfellows because, as their chairman at
the annual dinner, he had been requested to
drop the time-honoured toast of "Church and
King," and give only that of his Majesty.
Regarding this innovation as a revolution in
the customs of the society and as an insult
to the Church, the vicar flatly refused to be
a consenting party, spoke straight at those
members whom he accused of having out-
voted the others on the matter, insisted on
paying for his dinner, and then forthwith
left the club to its own resources. If the
Beehive Inn, in which the Oddfellows were
assembled, had been suddenly transformed
into a hornets' nest their condition could
hardly have been more unpleasant than it
was by reason of the vicar's fulmination.

* *

I agree with the opinion of the substituted
chairman (Mr. Cecil de la Bere), that he did
not see why the Oddfellows could not drink
"The King" without that of "The Church,"
as was often done, and even if it were not
so the vicar need not have lost his temper
and left. We most of us realise that in
mixed assemblies it is out of the question
to propose toasts that have a one-party
significance. I cannot congratulate the vicar
on his tact or on his knowledge of constitu-
tional law. He says, "Everybody knows
that at present the law of this land is com-
posed of two estates of Church and State,
and always has been." Well, I have always
understood that there are three estates of the
realm—the Sovereign, the Lords, and the
Commons. I want no more nor no less,
although I believe it was the late lamented
Lord Beaconsfield who flatteringly laid down
the dictum that there was another and
fourth estate, namely, the Press.

* *

It is a far cry to the summer of 1909, but
the chief representative authorities of this
county found it necessary to thus look ahead
in order to secure the fixture of the show of
the Royal Agricultural Society near Glou-
cester. They are to be congratulated on the
signal success of their united efforts. The
Gloucester Corporation, which took the lead-
ing part in the pourparlers, left no stone
unturned to achieve its object. One of its
brainy members conceived the happy idea of
getting placed before each member of the
Council of the Royal (which had to decide
the city's invitation) an edition de luxe of
the excellent guide to Gloucester issued by
the Traders' Association. That these guides
were appreciated is proved by the fact that
the Council, from Prince Christian down-
wards, carried them away.

* *

One of our county baronets has hit
upon a novel idea for getting two of his
pictures warehoused free while moving
house. I allude to Sir Charles Prevost, who
has written to Gloucester Corporation that
he is anxious to find hanging space for at
least five years for the pictures of George
III. and Queen Emma, which were pre-
sented by that King to his great grandfather,
and he would be glad to loan them to the
Guildhall and pay for insurance. The City
Fathers have referred the matter to a com-
mittee.

GLEANER.

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS.

* *

The book of Nature is open for all to read,
yet few look into it, and fewer try to under-
stand what is written. The sun rises and
sets at different points on the horizon every
day, yet it is believed by the unobservant to
rise in the east and set in the west through-
out the year; the starry heavens may be seen
majestically swinging around a point near
the North Star every fine night, but this
apparent movement has escaped general
notice; the horns of the new or old crescent
moon always point away from the sun, yet
artists and authors continually paint or
describe the moon in impossible positions
at sunrise and sunset; the centre of a rain-
bow is always opposite the sun, and there is
always a regular succession of colours from
red to deep blue, the red being on the out-
side of the arc and the blue inside in the
case of a single rainbow, and in the reverse
order in the additional or secondary bow
sometimes seen, yet the colours are often
wrongly described or depicted, and a halo
seen when facing the sun is mistaken for a
rainbow, which can only be seen when the
observer has his back to the sun. To in-
habitants of the northern hemisphere, un-
familiar with the cause of the seasons, it is
perhaps natural to conclude that the earth
is nearer the sun in summer than in winter,
whereas the earth is three million miles
nearer the sun at the beginning of January
than it is at the beginning of July. There is
a popular impression, particularly among
middle-aged and old people, that the seasons
are not what they used to be; either they are
colder or warmer or wetter or drier than
they were two or three generations ago.
When, however, this belief is confronted by
evidence derived from records given by the
thermometer and rain-gauge, it is found to
have no foundation in fact. The weather
varies in a period of about thirty-four years,
but no permanent increase or decrease of
warmth, of rain, or of snow can be dis-
covered by meteorologists from observations
made during the last 150 or 200 years. The
old-fashioned seasons were really much the
same as those experienced in our own days,
being sometimes of exceptional character,
but in the long run not differing from those
of the present generation.—"Sunday at
Home."

* *

A census taken in Surrey on the night of
May 26 showed that 1,581 persons were sleep-
ing in vans and tents, and out of that number
340 were children of school age, but only 44
of them attended school.

A fine painting by Salvator Rosa, long
lost to the knowledge of the art world, has
been brought to light in the house of a work-
man at Lubeck, who attached no value to his
possession until he had the luck to fall ill,
when his doctor saw the picture and sug-
gested means for determining its value.

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GLOUCESTER ATHLETIC SPORTS, AUGUST 6, 1907.



1. Race for half-mile flat handicap.
2. Some of the Committee and Judges at finishing post: (reading left to right) Messrs. Wilks, Lovesey, Pearce, Wickham, Denham, and Edbrooke.

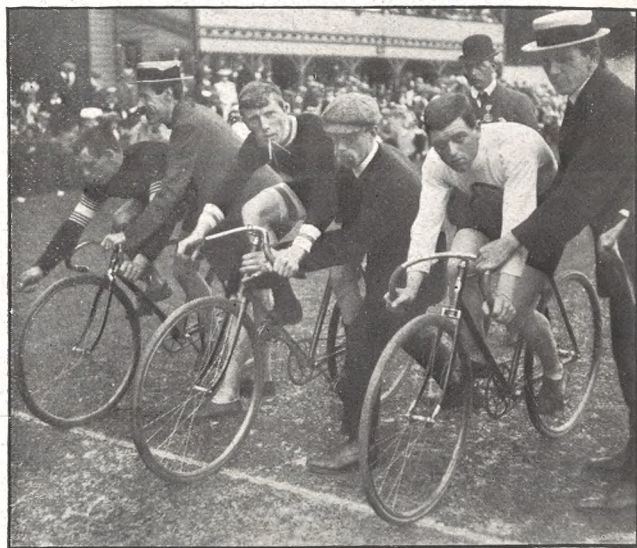
3. Ashby (Coventry) winning half-mile open flat race.
4. More of the Committee: (left to right) Messrs. Weaver, Dancey, Huggins, Robbins, and Roberts.

5. Davis (on extreme left) winning 120 yards open race, Spear (second) on extreme right.

GLOUCESTER ATHLETIC SPORTS, AUG. 6.



H. T. HAYDEN WINNING OPEN MILE FLAT HANDICAP.



START FOR MILE SCRATCH BICYCLE RACE.
Won by E. Payne, Amateur Champion of England (on extreme right).

REFORMS WORTH CONSIDERING.

Mr. Holmes, the police-court missionary, says, to a "Cassell's Saturday Journal" interviewer, that he cannot paint the horrors of a prison existence in too lurid colours. The human wrecks he has endeavoured to rescue are for ever pictured before him. A man in penal servitude spends sixteen hours every week-day in his cell; on Saturday and Sunday twenty hours. Mr. Holmes would give the prisoner, who would be remunerated for excess of labour, plenty of agreeable work. He would have lectures and music in prison; impecunious persons who are fined should, he maintains, have time in which to pay their fines, and not be thrust into gaol for the sake of a few paltry shillings, the inability to muster which causes them to lose their characters and their employment, and there should be improved standards of living as a convict toils through his sentence. He calls for these reforms because, during his twenty-one years as a police-court missionary, he has seen the young and old ruined by our prison system. It must not be imagined that Mr. Holmes is of a namby-pamby disposition. Far from it. He makes it hot for the past-masters of crime whenever he comes in contact with them.

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 245th prize has been divided between Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, Rugby, Alstone-avenue, Cheltenham, and Mr. F. H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for reports of sermons by the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Chapel and the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

THE THING THAT STRUCK HIM MOST.

A private in the regiment who had fought with conspicuous valour in South Africa, obtained, after his return home, a situation in the service of a lady in his native county. One day his mistress was talking to him about his military career, and asked him "In all your experience in South Africa, what was it that struck you most?" After some cogitation he answered "Well, ma'am, the thing that struck me most was the number of bullets that missed me."—"Blackwood's Magazine."

* *

A SQUAW BURIED IN LONDON.

In 1835 a party of the Michigan tribe arrived in London, including the chief, Muk Coonee (the Little Boar). Their object was to negotiate for the sale of certain lands, and it was arranged that they should be presented to King William. But on the appointed day, "Diving Mouse," the squaw of "Little Boar," died in the party's lodgings in Waterloo-road—a pitiful ending enough for a daughter of the wild. When sickness came upon her she refused all medicine, saying that if the Great Spirit intended her to die it would make him angry to fight against his will. She submitted to baptism only for the singularly feminine reason that there would be more ceremony at her funeral. "Little Boar" took a melancholy pleasure in making sumptuous preparations for the funeral. An elaborate shroud was laid over the Indian garments; flowers and laurel pleaves were placed upon her breast; her earrings were laden with ornaments, the dead face was painted red, and over all was flung a magnificent Indian shawl. Thus invested, "Diving Mouse" was carried to St. John's Churchyard in the Waterloo-road, and the chief, with infinite dignity, addressed the persons assembled, concluding with these words: "She who was all my earthly happiness is now under the earth; but the Great Spirit has placed her there, and my bosom is calm. I am not, I never was, a man of tears; but her loss has made me shed many."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

GERMAN DISCIPLINE.

One of the very first impressions one gets of Germany is its extraordinary orderliness. Everything seems to be regulated, down to the smallest detail; and everybody seems to obey what regulations there may be. When you travel in France or in America, you are constantly brought in contact with things which seem to show a want of all discipline—almost of chaos. This is especially the case in America, where tramways—to take an instance—are crowded to excess during certain hours of the day, and where there is not even an attempt to regulate anything or anybody. It is democracy, without master. In Germany, on the other hand, you are never free from the feeling that you are living under something like a military autocracy, and that this autocracy pervades everything and everybody.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

* *

BEAUTIFYING UGLY PLACES.

In most gardens there is some unsightly object of which it is not desirable or even possible to get rid, yet which is out of all keeping with the quiet restful beauty which it is the aim of every true garden lover to maintain. It is not always a simple matter to find just the right kind of veiling growth that is most appropriate. Of this, however, we may be sure, that for whatever ugly place we may wish to hide—be it post or paling, unsightly building or rough bank—there is some green mantle, if we only think it out, exactly adapted to fling over its ugliness. It is a happy coincidence besides that the most beautiful forms of nature—like hop and ivy and honeysuckle, the feathery fern, or the grey-leaved pink clinging to some crumbling wall—are precisely those which come within our everyday reach.—"The Garden."

* *

According to statistics issued at Tokyo, 65 per cent. of the Japanese are teetotalers.

"The grand array of bones reminded us of Ezekiel's vision," stated the paupers of Rotherham in a petition complaining of their soup.



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"CHRONICLE" AND "ECHO" LINOTYPE ROOM.

THE CHELTENHAM NEWSPAPER Co.

[REPRINTED FROM "LINOTYPE NOTES."]

The Cheltenham Newspaper Company, of whose well-equipped Linotype room we give a photograph in this number, enjoy the distinction of being the publishers of the oldest Cheltenham weekly newspaper and also of the oldest Gloucestershire evening newspaper, the latter, indeed, being recognised as a descendant of one of the earliest regular evening publications in the West of England. The weekly newspaper, the "Cheltenham Chronicle," is now within two years of the celebration of its centenary, the first number having been published in May, 1809. Unlike many county newspapers, which are known to have been possessed since their establishment by the descendants of their original founders, the "Chronicle" experienced numerous vicissitudes before it fell into the hands of its present proprietary in 1894. It enjoyed considerable prosperity and influence as a Reform newspaper in the early days; but after the passing of the Reform Act, which gave Cheltenham representation in Parliament, it dropped its Whiggish tone, and a numerous succession of proprietors espoused with rather more ardour than financial success somewhat extreme Conservative principles.

AN UP-TO-DATE EVENING NEWSPAPER.

The founder of the evening paper, the "Gloucestershire Echo," was the late Mr. S. H. Brookes, a well-known West of England journalist, who died early in the present year. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War that gentleman published from the office of his bi-weekly Conservative newspaper, the "Cheltenham Express" (now defunct), evening handsheets as specially important news was received. These handsheets were so much appreciated that he continued to issue them after the war, and ultimately decided on a regular evening publication in orthodox newspaper form. On Tuesday, March 3rd, 1874, he printed the first copy of the "Express Telegram," which was a few years later, without any break in its issue, enlarged and re-named the "Gloucestershire Echo," thus laying the foundation of one of the best known and most influential of provincial evening papers. The first number was a four-page crown-quarto (about eight inches by six inches) with two columns to the page, the whole of the news matter being barely equal to half a column of the present "Echo." It is unnecessary to follow the early vicissitudes of the publication. Suffice

it to say that both it and the "Cheltenham Chronicle" were purchased from their separate proprietors about 1885 by the ill-fated Cheltenham Conservative Newspaper Company, and that after an interlude in the hands of an individual political enthusiast, who met with equal disappointment, they became the property of a small group of working journalists, who were convinced that, run on commercial lines, they could be made a great financial success.

The new régime for the two papers began on April 2nd, 1894. Leaving extreme party politics to the enterprising and increasingly bitter London newspapers, which are so well meeting the needs of partisanship, the aim of the new proprietary was impartially to record in as crisp and as interesting manner as possible the doings and aspirations of the varied interests within an extensive and important district—political, social, educational, religious and secular, whether orthodox or heterodox. The correspondence columns were freely opened for the expression of the whole gamut of individual opinion, provided that no personal bitterness and nothing detrimental to the general high tone of the publications were introduced.

All editorial comment was independent in tone, though generally favourable to modern democratic aspiration in so far as it can be realised on rational progressive lines. Whatever may be thought of these methods, they were speedily justified by commercial prosperity and development. When the papers were taken over, they were produced on the old flat-bed double feeders. In about two years, viz. September, 1896, the pressure of increased circulation was such that a large rotary printing and folding machine and the usual auxiliary stereotyping foundry and other plant were laid down, the papers being simultaneously enlarged. About a year later an additional column was added to each page.

THE LINOTYPE INTRODUCED IN 1899.—HIGH PRAISE FOR A "REMARKABLE MACHINE."

The next important development was the installation of the Linotype. Four of the then latest pattern duplex machines were erected in December, 1899, and in view of the increasing demands for special matter for the weekly newspaper and for the Saturday night late sporting edition of the daily, two others of similar character were added early in the next year. A powerful electric motor was simultaneously put in, and the gas engine power was increased.

Here it may be said that the proprietors of the newspapers named are full of genuine praise for the magnificent work accomplished by the wonderful "Lino," and they attribute no small share of their success in so thoroughly re-establishing their publications to this remarkable machine. This testimony to its merits they give without the slightest solicitation.

In January, 1901, began the issue of a regular illustrated supplement to the weekly newspaper, which was re-christened the "Cheltenham Chronicle and Gloucestershire Graphic." This feature proved to be immediately popular. The artistic character of its half-tone blocks and the excellence of its general get-up won for it "golden opinions," both amongst the general public and the trade. Newspaper readers, both in Cheltenham and the wide district covered by the publications to which we have been referring, much appreciated the advantage of being able to see realistic pictures of events in which they were interested as well as to read about them in the body of their popular weekly journal. On the principle that imitation is "the sincerest form of flattery," the proprietors should feel flattered indeed, as their supplement has since been much imitated both in their own locality and further afield. Since then separate special editions have had to be issued for the Cotswold and Severn Vale districts, as well as for the town, and the "Chronicle" has not only about thrice the circulation of all the other local weekly newspapers combined, but, outside Birmingham, boasts of one of the largest circulations amongst weekly newspapers in the Midlands and the West. In July last year the latest enlargement up to date took place, about a "stick" being added to the length of the column in both the evening and the weekly paper, making the pages the same size as those of the London "Daily Telegraph." At present machinery is on order for facilitating the production of the weekly newspaper, and other developments are in contemplation.

"Suicide while alcoholically insane" was the verdict of a jury at Cleethorpes.

An ivy plant which established itself in a crevice of the tower of St. John the Baptist's Church, Yarborough, Lincolnshire, has caused such damage that £600 will be required to put the tower in repair. The roots undermined the foundations, gradually lifting the stones out of place.

THE INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS.

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



We all recognise, to some extent, that unusual surroundings may produce effects; we speak of certain buildings or landscapes as gloomy or depressing; we understand that there is something saddening and repellant about a prison, something devotional about a church, and so on. Most people never trouble to think why this should be so, or if they do for a moment turn their attention to the matter, they dismiss it as an instance of the association of ideas.

Probably it is that, but it is also much more than that, and if we examine into its rationale we shall find that it operates in many cases where we have never suspected its influence, and that a knowledge of it may be of practical use in everyday life. A study of the finer forces of nature will show us, not only that every living being is radiating a complex set of definite influences upon those about him, but also that this is true to a lesser degree, and in a simpler manner, of inanimate objects also.

No doubt wood and iron and stone have their own respective characteristic radiations, but the point which interests us just now is that they are all capable of absorbing human influence, and then pouring it out again. What is the origin of that feeling of devotion, of reverential awe, which so permeates some of our great cathedrals that even the most hardened Cook's tourist cannot entirely escape it? It is due, not only to the historical associations, not only to the remembrance of the fact that for centuries men have met here for praise and prayer, but very far more to that *fact* itself, and to the conditions which it has produced in the very substance of the fabric.

To understand this, we must first of all remember the circumstances under which those buildings were erected. A modern brick church, run up by contract in the shortest possible time, has indeed but little sanctity about it; but in mediæval days faith was greater and the influence of the outer world less prominent. In very truth, men prayed as they built our great cathedrals, and laid every stone as though it had been an offering upon an altar. When this was the spirit of the work every such stone became a veritable talisman charged with the reverence and devotion of the builder, and capable of radiating those same vibrations upon others, so as to stir in them similar feelings.

The crowds who came afterwards to worship at the shrine not only felt these radiations, but themselves strengthened them in turn by the reaction of their own feelings.

Still more is this true of the interior decorations of the church. Every touch of the brush in the colouring of a triptych, every stroke of the chisel in the sculpture of a statue, was a direct offering to God. Thus the completed work of art was surrounded by an atmosphere of reverence and love, and it distinctly shed these qualities upon the worshippers, even though many of them may have been too ignorant to receive the added stimulus which its artistic excellence would give to those who were able to appreciate it and to perceive all it meant.

The sunlight, streaming through the splendid stained glass of those mediæval windows, brought with it a glory that was not all of the physical plane, for the clever workmen who had built up that marvellous mosaic had done so for the love of God and the glory of His saints, and so each fragment of glass was a talisman also. Remembering always how the power conveyed into the statue or

picture by the fervour of the original artist has been perpetually reinforced through the ages by the devotion of successive generations of worshippers, we come to understand the inner meaning of the great influence which undoubtedly does radiate from such objects as we have regarded as sacred for centuries.

It will be seen that such a devotional effect as is described in connection with a picture or a statue may be entirely apart from its value as a work of art. The bambino at the Ara Coeli at Rome is a supremely inartistic object, yet it has unquestionably considerable power in evoking devotional feeling among the masses that crowd to see it. If it were really a work of art that fact would add but little to its influence over most of them, though of course it would in that case produce an additional and totally different effect upon another class of persons to whom now it does not in the least appeal.

In exactly the same way, the pictures which we hang on the walls of our homes are exercising all the while an unnoticed influence upon us, not only because they keep the expression of certain ideas constantly before our eyes, but also because the artist puts a great deal of himself, of his inmost thought and feeling, into his work, and the effect of all that inheres in the picture and radiates from it just as surely as scent inheres in and radiates from a rose.

There is a hidden side to every picture—the conception which was in the artist's mind and heart. That conception, when he formed it, expressed itself clearly in those finer types of matter which are sometimes called astral and mental, even though he may have succeeded but very partially in expressing his idea on the physical plane.

Every true artist will acknowledge that, however excellent his work may be, it invariably falls short of what he intended and expected. Yet the conception as he thought it out exists really and vividly on the mental plane, and the feeling and emotions which he endeavoured to express exist on the astral plane; and these, which we may call the unseen counterparts of the picture, are always radiating vibrations of their own character whatever they may be, and are, therefore, producing a never-ceasing effect upon those who live within their influence.

Manifestly, therefore, it behoves us to be very careful as to the nature of the objects of art which we gather round us. We must avoid all pictures whose subjects are mean, sordid, or terrible, however accurately or powerfully those subjects may be delineated. It is well also to avoid even those which, though harmless in themselves, are likely to suggest impure thoughts to undeveloped minds, because such thought-forms will hang about the picture and act as a constant and baneful influence. The modern craze for the inane representations of the female face and figure is from this point of view distinctly to be deprecated. So also is that form of artistic realism which seems to see only the darkest side of life, and to recognise nothing as natural unless it be decadent and depraved. The only pictures with which the wise man will surround himself are those which are ennobling, soothing, helpful—those which shed upon him an influence tending ever to happiness and peace.

Mr. W. H. Armstrong (defending at Lambeth a prisoner who had been asked whether he had been previously convicted) observed "If every man's sins were written on his forehead we should all wear our hats very low."

Mr. George Houlden, of Pinchbeck West, Spalding—quite a character amongst Lincolnshire farmers—who has just entered on his eighty-fourth year, has worn a smock on all occasions, including attendance at church, for seventy years.

BANK HOLIDAY FETE AT WINCHCOMBE.



1. Competitors in fancy dress, 2. Fine jump over gorse, 3. H. Andrews (Snowshill) winning quarter-mile hurdle race, 4. First, second, and third prize winners in ladies' fancy dress cyclist competition.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 346.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1907.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

Week commencing Monday, August 19th,
FIRST VISIT OF THE
LLOYD STANFORD CONCERT PARTY.
Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 3.
Evening Performance at 8. 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.

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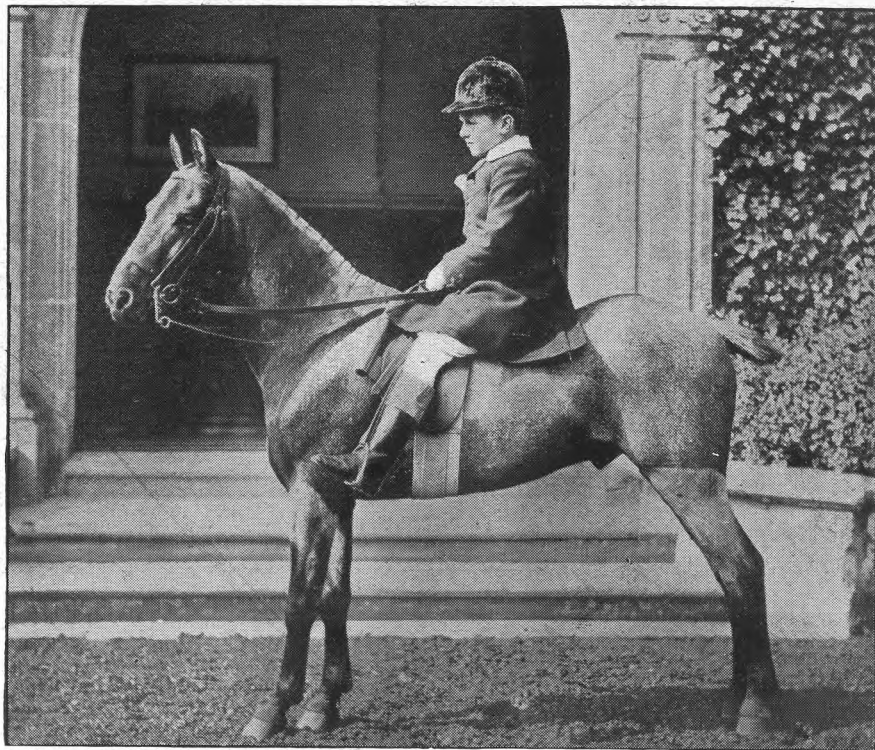
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English Peaches, Nectarine, Melons, Grapes, Straw-
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Cricket and Tennis. Golf and Fishing.
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Shirt Manufacturer,
111 HIGH STREET,
Cheltenham.



MASTER BOB PODMORE,
OF CHARLTON HOUSE, CHARLTON KINGS, THE YOUNGEST MASTER
OF HOUNDS KNOWN,
WHO DIED SUDDENLY ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1907.

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 246th prize has been divided between Mr. W. H. Knee, 4 Naunton-villas, Naunton-lane, Cheltenham and Miss E. M. Robe, Laurel Villa, Charlton Kings, for sermons respectively by the Rev. D. Austin Fisher at Emmanuel Church and Canon Proctor at Leckhampton.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

CURATES' LIVING WAGE.

"For some time past," writes the vicar of Arreton (Isle of Wight), the Rev. W. H. Warrington, in his "Parish Magazine," "I have been endeavouring to obtain the services of a priest for the Wootton district, but up to the present have not succeeded, because I cannot offer a living wage; and can we expect a gentleman to live on £90 or £100 a year? This is far less than the salary of the village schoolmaster, whose education has cost about one-tenth that of the clergyman—perhaps not that in many cases. A large majority of people think they have done their duty if they give the usual 3d. or 1d. on Sunday for church expenses, or 6d. for a very special object. They don't care whether the clergy fare sumptuously every day or live on potatoes and cold pork."

**CHELTENHAM WORKHOUSE CHILDREN'S OUTING
TO WITCOMBE PARK, AUG. 9, 1907.**



MR. AND MRS. HICKS BEACH AND THEIR GUESTS.

Over 10,000 tramps passed through the Carlisle Workhouse casual wards during the past year.

*

A lady, who desired that her name should not be made public, has left £30,000 to charities.

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CHELTENHAM.

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

WHERE WIVES ARE WANTED.

*

A cry for wives comes to England from the French-Canadian settlers in the Canadian North-West Territories. A Roman Catholic clergyman in Alberta is contemplating trying a scheme suggested to him by the disconsolate bachelors of his parish for supplying them with wives. Women, except squaws, are scarce in the Canadian Territories, and there is an absolute absence of young marriageable women of the same race and religion as the struggling settlers who have gone out there from the French parishes of the province of Quebec. The priests are anxious to see them married to wives of their own nationality and faith, so as to encourage the growth in the North-West of a French-speaking and Roman Catholic population. Judging from the wonderful natural increase of the French-Canadian nation in the province of Quebec the supplying of wives and mothers to the North-West settlers is all that is necessary for the early establishment of an equally populous settlement on the Western prairies.—'P.T.O.'

A snake forty inches in length has been killed on the highway at Askett, near Prince's Risborough, Bucks.

*

Lyons v. Daniel was the title of a case called in the Westminster County Court on Tuesday.

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CHELTENHAM WORKHOUSE CHILDREN'S OUTING TO
WITCOMBE PARK, AUGUST 9, 1907.



THE CHILDREN IN THE GROUNDS.



CHILDREN AND FRIENDS WATCHING PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE v. KENT, MONDAY AND TUESDAY, AUGUST 12 AND 13, 1907.



1. Professionals watching play with friends. Front row (left to right): C. Craddock, H. Wrathall, Huggins, and Board. Back row: Mills, Dennett, and Woolley.
2. Well-known sportsmen interested: C. Beacham, W. Woolf, and C. Travess.
3. Kent team leaving field at the close of Gloucester's first innings. Reading left to right: Fielder, Blythe, Fairservice, Seymour, Humphries, and Huish.
4. T. Langdon coming in after making 31 in second innings.
5. G. L. Jessop tells Champain to face the camera.
6. The two umpires—Moss (on left) and Barlow (on right).



THE GENERAL AND ATTENDANT OFFICER, WITH MR. THOMAS KINGSCOTE, M.V.O., WITH WHOM THEY LUNCHEDED AT THE ABBEY.



THE GENERAL OUTSIDE OFFICES OF URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL. MR. W. H. COLE, J.P. READING THE COUNCIL'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

**CHURCH PARADE OF COMBINED FRIENDLY SOCIETIES
AT BIRDLIP, AUGUST 11, 1907.**



PROCESSION COMING DOWN VILLAGE STREET.



PRINCIPAL OFFICIALS WITH BANNERS OUTSIDE GEORGE HOTEL, WHENCE PROCESSION STARTED.



MR. CHARLES CLINTON GLADWIN, who is now visiting his uncle in Elm-street, Cheltenham. He is a member of the New York Athletic Club, and national and metropolitan snow-shoe champion of the United States, Canada, and Sweden. On snow-shoes, on a snow track, he has covered 100 yards in 11 2-5secs. He has also done fine performances as a runner, skater, and swimmer. He once had both legs broken in a firework explosion in New York, where he is now day electrician at the Hotel Astor. He holds the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society of England for life saving off the Goodwin Sands in 1892. He is a Wiltshire man, and spent several years of his life as a ploughboy there.

IMPRISONED DEBTORS.

From a return of County Court Plaints and Sittings in England and Wales for 1906, it appears that 152,759 warrants of commitment were issued and 11,086 debtors imprisoned, besides 387 warrants of commitment from the City of London Court, involving the imprisonment of twenty-eight debtors. It is pointed out, however, that the detailed information as to the debtors who pay and those who actually serve their term is not complete.

According to statistics compiled by an American tobacco merchant 6,500,000 acres of ground are now required to grow the world's tobacco crop.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

A big gun, in the person of Viscount Duncannon, the son and heir of the Earl of Bessborough, has been selected by the executive of the Cheltenham Conservative Association to fight the party battle at the next Parliamentary election. We have had in the past as candidates and members two honourables, one baronet, and one baron, but never before a real live lord, a viscount by courtesy. That baronet, I should mention, was Sir Willoughby Jones, who in 1847 defeated the Hon. Craven Berkeley, and was the first Conservative member for the borough—not Mr. Charles Schreiber in 1865, as the press sponsor of Lord Duncannon erroneously stated.

* *

The choice of the Viscount as the Conservative candidate has enabled Liberals already to gleefully give the *tu quoque* to their opponents that they have chosen a London County Councillor and a "carpet bagger." There is certainly force in the former taunt, but not much, I think, in the latter, for Lord Duncannon is closely connected by family ties with several noble families of the county—the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of St. Germans, Lord Sudeley, and Lord de Mauley. Moreover, the mother of Lord Duncannon was a daughter of Lady Charlotte Guest, whose second husband was the Mr. Schreiber who wrested a Liberal seat from Col. the Hon. Francis Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge. If there be any value in omens, then those for Lord Duncannon are decidedly favourable. I have shown that his mother's stepfather won a seat, and I can add the facts in reference to kinsmen that the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby (a son of the first Baron de Mauley, who, a child of the 3rd Earl of Bessborough, was raised to the peerage) won a Conservative seat in 1852 in the old borough of Cirencester by defeating Lord Villiers, but was in turn ousted by the late Lord Bathurst in 1857, though he defeated Mr. Follett, Q.C., two years later; and that Lord Duncannon's two kinsmen, the Hon. Randal Plunkett, in 1874, and Lord Dunsany, in 1886, both won Liberal seats in the Western Division. I do not for a moment think that Lord Duncannon will, as a prudent politician, rely for success in his probable candidature upon omens or the adventitious aid of aristocratic associations. On the contrary, his lordship will doubtless strenuously act up to the motto of his house—"For the King, the law, and the people."

* *

Having been the first in the press to "blow the news" of Gloucester Cathedral being cabled up to the Electricity Works and to the probable installation of a Kinetic blower for the organ and an experimental trial of electric lighting of the nave, I am glad to be able to report that both these works are coming off at once in view of the Three Choirs Festival. The Kinetic will cost £250, but it will pay for itself in the course of a few years in the saving of £40 a year, the difference between the pay (£60, of four hand-blowers and the charge (£20) for electric power.

* *

The Great Western Railway Co. have tapped a new and paying source of revenue by opening up the Bullo branch, in Dean Forest, with rail-motor trains, no fewer than 8,357 passengers having been carried over it during the first six days. The possibilities of the Honeybourne branch were further demonstrated at Bank Holiday time by six troop trains from Birmingham to South Wales being sent over it. Trade, too, in Winchcombe and district is so good that

the company are going to build at the station stables for three horses for cartage purposes.

* *

A correspondent at Llandudno, to whom I am indebted in the interests of strict accuracy, corrects me by pointing out that the three estates of the realm are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. In an excess of loyalty I had given the King first place, and bracketed the two orders of Lords, forming one House together. Practically, the King is the first estate of his realm, for he has the power to veto the legislation of the two Houses of Parliament.

GLEANER.

CHILD ANECDOTES.

*

A novel feature—in the shape of stories of their own and other people's children—is contributed to "Pearson's Magazine" by its readers. One or two we quote:—

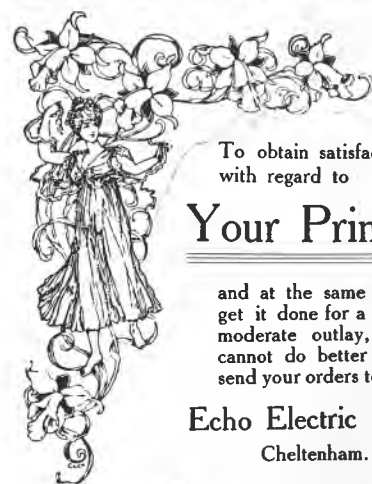
Persuasion.—"One day in the garden the twins, aged two, trotted up to me in great excitement, and dragged me off to the gooseberry bushes, saying: 'Mummy, come! dicky has gone sleepys.' Under the net a blackbird lay dead, they called to it several times, 'Dicky, wake up!' then, after a pause, one said: 'Dicky dear, tea's ready.' I may add that she is a small person who is always eager for her tea."

Imagination.—"Staying in a friend's house I was reading by the window. Her little boy, aged six, sat playing with his soldiers on the floor; he had two large armies drawn up opposite each other, and was talking aloud. The following sentence caught my attention: 'And the armies get nearer and nearer, and now they gets quite near, and now they stops and both bursts out laughing 'cos they've forgotten to bring any powder!'"

Anglo-Indian Hospitality.—"Roger was born in India, and, like most Anglo-Indians, was of a social hospitable nature. One evening, when he was barely two years old, he was sitting on the veranda steps eating a bowlful of bread and milk. A big black crow came hopping up to him, and the small boy immediately made room for it on the steps. 'Beito!' he said sweetly, 'beito!' The crow did not move. So, thinking that perhaps it did not understand Hindustani, he politely repeated his remark in English: 'Sit down! Sit down!'"

* *

A policeman at Yarmouth giving evidence of the condition of a man who denied that he was intoxicated, said that when he was brought to the station he lay down in the dock and inquired if it was his bed.



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**MR. AND MRS. G. F. SPINK,
OF STOW-ON-THE-WOLD,**

who have just resigned the positions of master and mistress of Lower Swell School after a service of thirty-eight and twenty-eight years respectively, and who on Tuesday night last were presented with a purse of fifty guineas, an illuminated address, and a gold-mounted ebony walking-stick, and (to Mrs. Spink) a silver-mounted silk umbrella and a work basket.



**MR. ANTHONY SADLER,
OF BRIMPSFIELD PARK, BRIMPSFIELD,
DIED JULY 27, 1907, AGED 41 YEARS.**



**A NAUNTON WEDDING.
MR. F. G. EYLES AND MISS HANKS,
AUGUST 8, 1907.**

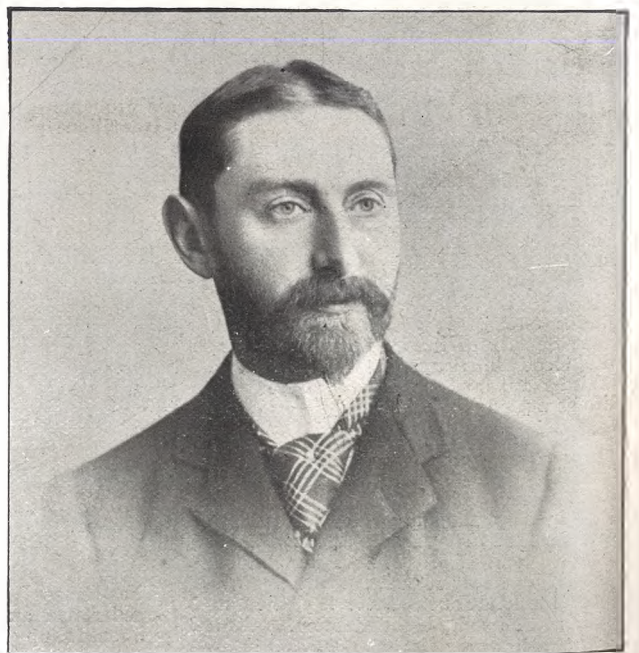
WHEN AWAY ON YOUR HOLIDAY

Home news
is always
welcome.



"The
Cheltenham
Chronicle
and . . .
Glo'stershire
Graphic"

will be sent post
free to any
address for
1½d. ———



**MR. H. T. CARRINGTON, M.A., J.P.,
OF CHELTENHAM.
DIED AUG. 15, 1907, AGED 55 YEARS.**



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

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 347.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1907.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

Week commencing Monday, August 26th,
RETURN VISIT OF THE

COMEDY COONS.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 3.
Evening Performance at 8. Admission 3d.

c6

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,

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

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
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SHIRTS, HOSIERY, COLLARS,

TIES and HANDKERCHIEFS, *

BRACES and STOCKINGS *

for College & School wear.



Photo by G. P. Woodward, Cheltenham.

MRS. SWINBURNE,

OF CORNDEAN HALL, WINCHCOMBE,

DIED TUESDAY, AUG. 20, 1907, AGED 76 YEARS.

Huge shoals of mackerel have appeared in Scarborough Bay during the last few days. Parties fishing from boats have landed from sixty to a couple of hundred fish as the result of a few hours' angling.

A pianoforte tuner while at work on a piano, in a cottage near Epping, found fourteen spade guineas underneath the keyboard. The owner purchased the instrument second-hand some years ago.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

Now that the Cheltenham season of 1906-7 has come to a final close, by the cricket week finish-up, it must be admitted there have not been in it so many visits paid by organised bodies as there were in some of the more immediate previous years. So far as I remember, that of the Arboricultural Society, which recently made its headquarters here, was the largest gathering held. Still, I am glad to say that the entertainments arranged at home were, generally speaking, well up to the standard in quantity and quality.

* *

The cricket sensation of the season was undoubtedly the one that happened just before its finish, in Gilbert Jessop knocking up 73 runs in 35 minutes (50 of these being in 16 minutes) against Hants, and thus making a record in his native town. Never was the glorious uncertainty of cricket more strongly exemplified than in this remarkable feat. It was hits for Jessop and a miss by the crowd, who had departed from the ground sorrowfully in the full belief that the showers of rain that had fallen had made play impossible for the last hour of the Friday. But the umpires decided otherwise, and Jessop got his opportunity, which proved a decidedly favourable one, of which he took full advantage. The faithful few spectators who had remained were amply rewarded. And when the news of the "electric battery" was quickly given to the world in succinct form in the "Echo" stop-press people were fairly amazed, those who had voluntarily gone away empty being especially chagrined. I am told that one major-general who had retired from the field remarked that he would have given a hundred pounds to have seen the sight, while a certain amiable baronet who had wired ordering his carriage to meet him earlier than he had arranged for was quite unable to disguise his disappointment. Two crack rifle shots who happened to be together pertinently observed to me that the hits of the mighty smiter, as all run on in the "Echo," vividly reminded them of target scores. The moral of this famous Jessop incident for the patrons of cricket is never to leave the field until stumps are drawn.

* *

Many people speak of the weather only as it affects cricket or their own personal comfort, and rarely give a thought of its influence on the fruits of the earth. But farmers have had plenty of reason this season to be upset by the catchy rain, which has made haymaking a prolonged and expensive and in many cases an unsatisfactory operation. Even now there are in this county hundreds of acres of grass uncut, and the corn harvest (winter oats leading off) has overlapped haymaking. Generally speaking crops are abundant, and it only requires settled weather to get them safely gathered in. The corn that is badly laid by the storms and wind in not a few places will have to be hand cut, and some farmers tell me it will cost them over a pound an acre to cut and bind the flattened corn, from which rooks and pigeons are now taking heavy toll. Lechlade, on the Cotswolds, is to the fore this year with wheat cutting, August 13th being the opening day. A piece of wheat in a field at the Reddings, between Gloucester and Cheltenham, a spot upon which I invariably keep my eye for an early start, was falling before the sickle on the afternoon of the 17th inst. GLEANER.

THE SEASIDE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*

"The Seaside, 1807-1907," is the subject of an article in "Pearson's Magazine," illustrated with old engravings and modern photographs of many popular seaside resorts. The last century has seen the advent into popularity of the seaboard town. On this point we quote from the article:—

"It was George III. who took the first step towards giving the seaside its right position amongst holiday resorts. In 1789 he suddenly made up his mind to visit the sea; ordered his royal coach, and drove to Weymouth. He liked his first visit so much that he afterwards made it an annual one, and the world of fashion, a trifle scandalised at first, soon came to see that the seaside undoubtedly had its attractions. Weymouth became the most important place on the south coast, a theatre was built, assembly rooms were opened, and, in a word, its fortune was made.

"In an old guide-book to Weymouth are printed the rules which the master of the ceremonies at the assembly rooms asked his guests to observe. Some of them are distinctly quaint. One rule provided that 'gentlemen were not to appear in the rooms either on Tuesday or Friday evenings in boots nor ladies in riding habits.' Another that 'no lady or gentleman would be permitted to dance in coloured gloves'; and the last suggestively requested gentlemen to 'kindly leave their swords at the door.'

"What King George did for Weymouth the Prince Regent did equally well for Brighton by making his summer residence there. Here in 1784 he started building his Marine Palace, a fantastic building, with domes, minarets, and pinnacles. It was not completed till 1827, and was finally purchased by the Brighton Corporation for £53,000. Brighton was originally known as Brighthelmstone, but apparently considered this name too ponderous for a fashionable watering-place, and the contraction, 'Brighton,' came into general use about 1800. About this time fashionable boarding-houses began to spring up in large numbers, and the Brighton Club was founded, its 200 members being mostly peers or M.P.'s.

"Brighton soon became a favourite centre for schools, a distinction it has more than lived up to since. We find that in 1815 it boasted nine academies for young ladies and seven for young gentlemen, these not counting several free schools and one for Jewish children.

"Since that time the seaside has steadily advanced in favour, and quaintly-worded advertisements may be read in the papers of the day inviting seekers after health and pleasure to visit this or that 'abode of Hygeia.' Brighton, the Isle of Wight, Scarborough, Margate, Hastings, and other places began to gain a reputation for a health-giving atmosphere that was happily combined with facilities for the enjoyment of dancing, card-playing, and the other social amenities."

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MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library).

CHELTENHAM.

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

SPORTS FOR WOMEN.

*

AN INTERESTING LECTURE.

A lecture on "The Hygiene of Sport for Women and Girls," prepared by Dr. Doléris (Paris), was delivered at a general meeting of the delegates to the School Hygiene Congress by Dr. Mathieu. In the course of the lecture Dr. Doléris argued that as sports proper were those which increased vitality, strengthened the muscles, and generally did good to body and mind, they could exclude motoring, ballooning, and driving from the consideration of the subject. He said that there was nothing better for women than the muscular development from early childhood. Boys and girls might play the same games, etc., until puberty, and if women were thus trained from childhood they could continue to play games after puberty. Women might engage in violent sports if they had been trained to muscular exercise from infancy, but if they had not been so trained violent sports were likely to prove dangerous. Sports might be divided into two divisions—namely (1) natural, or those which entailed a limited effort, such as walking, climbing, and swimming; and (2) violent, or those which entailed a voluntary effort of activity, such as running, jumping, and rowing. Walking and climbing developed the breathing organs, and did not develop legs and thighs at the expense of other limbs. In this connexion he pointed out that mountain guides were strong in all parts of the body. The bending forward position necessary to climbing was particularly good for women, while swimming was also calculated to be excellent. Running, jumping, and rowing were all good, if women had previously been trained to take exercise, and girls were not likely to overdo themselves in those sports or knock themselves about as much as men and boys. Cycling, he contended, had been much overdone, but it was all right for women if they did not go too fast or race. With reference to gymnastics, he said that they were good for weak and deformed children, but they did not give that fresh air and emulation which was so good in cultivating will-power. Schools which totally neglected sports made a great mistake. Continuing, he remarked that sport had a very good effect in regard to women's clothes, as it tended to make them freer and healthier; more women became tired through tight lacing than by exercise. Dr. Doléris then alluded to the excellent moral effect which games had on the will-power and character and spoke of fencing as being the best sport in this and other connexions, but if it were carried to excess it became dangerous. Woman's brain was as good as man's in structure and everything else, and woman could no longer be left in the background. Her beauty did not suffer from exercise, but it increased, and games had a very valuable effect on her intellect and character (hear, hear).

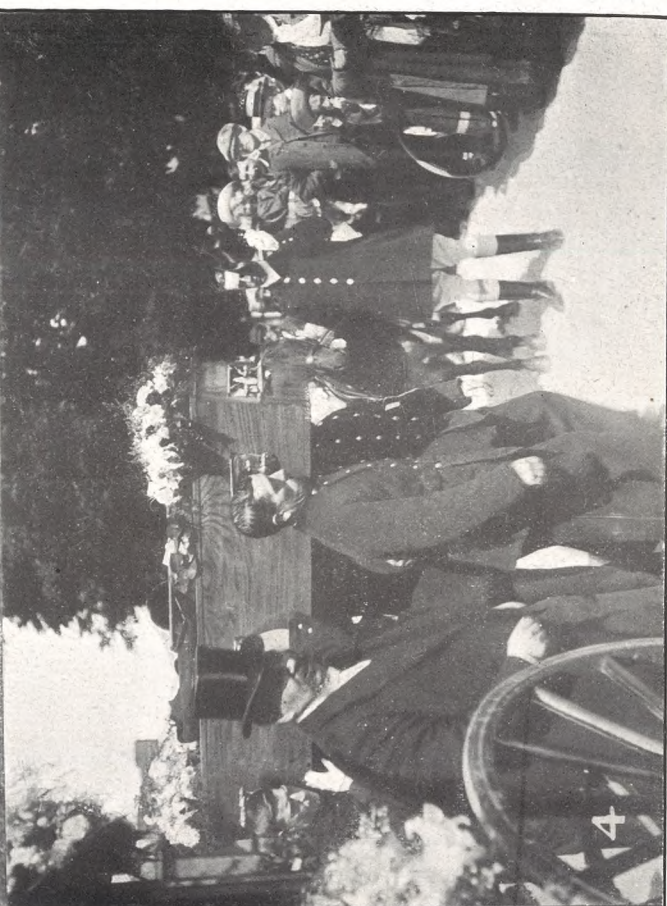
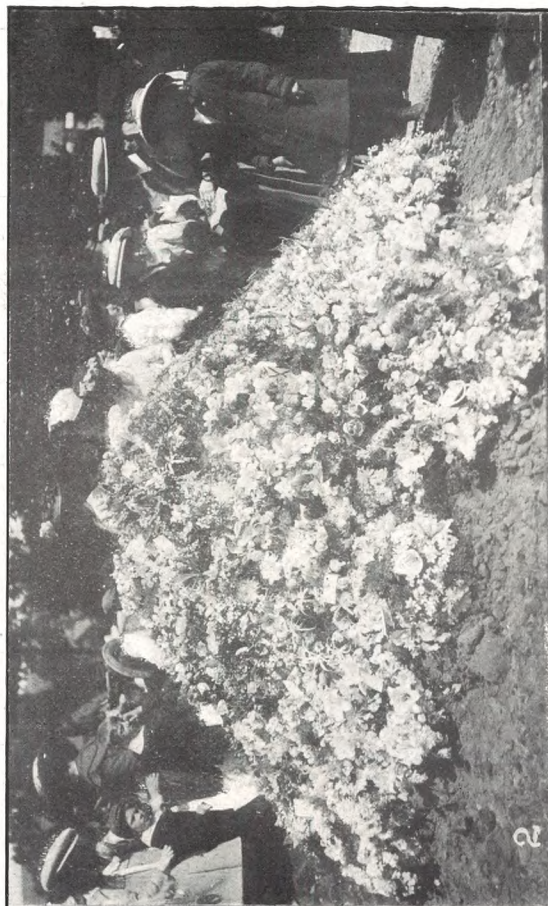
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A SHARK FOR BREAKFAST.

*

Writing from Itchenor near Chichester, a correspondent states that "at East Wittering, a seaside village some nine miles from Chichester, Mr. Rowe, the chief officer of the Coastguard station, last week captured a fine young shark, 4ft. 3in. long, weighing about 10lb. He was fishing for bass from the beach at high tide with lugworm for bait, and handed his catch to some harvesters near by, who promptly cut up their prize, boiled it, and made an excellent breakfast from it. Later in the day, finding two steaks still remained from their feast, I purchased them, and had them for lunch, and can testify to their excellent eating, more resembling young codfish than anything else."

FUNERAL OF MASTER BOB PODMORE, AT CHARLTON KINGS, AUGUST 17, 1907.



1. PROCESSION FROM HOUSE TO CHURCH.

3. DECEASED'S PONY, WHICH, WITH BOOTS REVERSED IN STIRRUPS, FOLLOWED THE BODY.

2. FLOWERS FOR GRAVE.

4. COFFIN BEING TAKEN FROM HEARSE BY FIREMEN. DECEASED'S HUNTING CAP, RIDING CROP, AND JACKET, SHOWN ON LID WERE BURIED WITH HIM.

FUNERAL OF MR. H. T. CARRINGTON, M.A., J.P.,

CHARLTON KINGS, AUG. 19, 1907.



1. PROCESSION FROM WEST DOOR TO GRAVESIDE, PRECEDED BY CROSS-BEARER.

2. GORDON BOYS LINING GRAVE-SIDE.

3. MOURNERS ROUND GRAVE.

4. OLD GORDON BOYS WAITING NEAR GRAVE.

5. VILLAGERS LINING PATH IN CHURCHYARD.

6. MOURNERS LEAVING GRAVE. × Mr. W. CARRINGTON (Brother of Deceased).

ALDSWORTH WESLEYAN CHURCH AND SCHOOLS.

FOUNDATION STONES LAYING CEREMONY,
AUG. 20, 1907.



THOSE STANDING IN FRONT (INCLUDING THE CHILDREN) EACH LAID A STONE.



THE TEA PARTY OUTSIDE MR. T. RICH'S BARN.

CHEDWORTH FLOWER SHOW, AUGUST 15, 1907.



PRESIDENT, SECRETARIES, JUDGES, AND COMMITTEE.



CHEDWORTH BRASS BAND,
which played at Show, also at Hospital Church Parade on Sunday last.



CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK.

Jessop chats with Bacon, the Hampshire skipper, before going in on Friday evening to make an electric innings of 73 not out. Note the empty benches.

Reading left to right.—Mr. Bacon (captain Hampshire), Capt. Hoare (president Hampshire Cricket Club and an old Gloucestershire resident), Mr. Hylton Jessop (reading "Echo"), Mr. G. L. Jessop, and a friend.

A GOOD VIEW OF SATURN.

Saturn is at present an interesting object to possessors of even the smallest telescopes. Its characteristic feature is its ring system, which is really an aggregation of myriads of small satellites shaped into a flat annulus about 10,000 miles wide, but comparatively thin. Usually the flat surface is seen brilliantly illuminated by the sun's rays falling on it, but every fifteen years Saturn comes to such a position in his orbit that the plane of the rings passes through the sun, and then only the thin edge is lit up and visible. Such an epoch happened on July 26 last, and now the sun is illuminating the south side of the ring very obliquely, and observers on the earth, looking also obliquely from the same side, see it as two small spikes on either side of the ball, with, if the conditions are good, a thin line joining them across the planet. After Oct. 4th the earth and sun will be on opposite sides of the annulus, so that we shall be looking at their non-illuminated side, and the rings will have apparently disappeared, or Saturn will have devoured his children—as Galileo said. These changes in the appearance of the Saturnian appendages are being watched by astronomers, and their peculiar position affords an opportunity for examining the details of the surface about the planet's equator which are at other times hidden.

* *

The contract for the reporting and printing of Hansard under the old conditions has been renewed for next session only.

*

Mr. John Burton, of Mount Wise, Falmouth, Cornwall, curio dealer, who had a wide reputation as the owner of "The Old Curiosity Shop" at Falmouth, among his patrons being many Royalties, and who died May 28th, left estate valued at £12,110 gross, with net personalty £9,569. By his will, with codicil, he left to his son Thomas the contents of "The Old Curiosity Shop."



A cheque for £1 written on an oyster shell has been presented and cashed by a bank at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

*

Westminster's medical officer, in his annual return, calculates that the population of the city has decreased since 1901 from 183,071 to 173,905, and that females are in a majority of over 12,500.



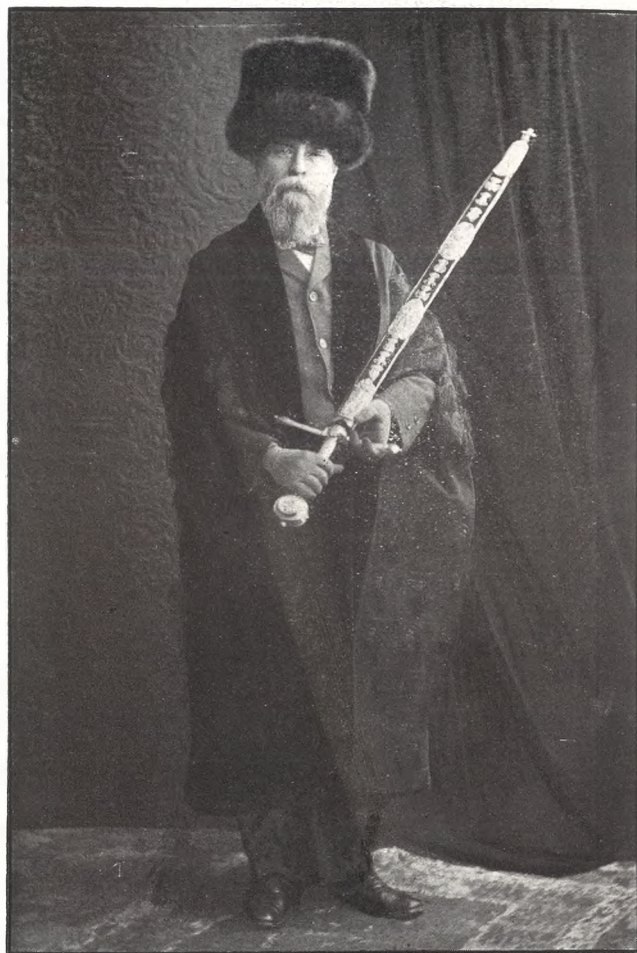
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MR. RALPH HOULDEY,
SWORDBEARER OF THE CITY OF GLOUCESTER.
DIED AUG. 16, 1907, AGED 62 YEARS.

AN EXPOSURE OF MAN.

*

Man rejoices greatly that he is not vain, frivolous, and forward like the members of the opposite sex, forgetful or the fact that the average man spends more time and money in sport and selfish pursuits in a week than the average woman spends in a year. That man may soon be awakened, if not rudely, at least effectively, from his long sleep of contentment and pleasure there are many indications to show. He is being found out, and the longer the day of reckoning is delayed, the stronger will the reaction be.—"London Opinion."

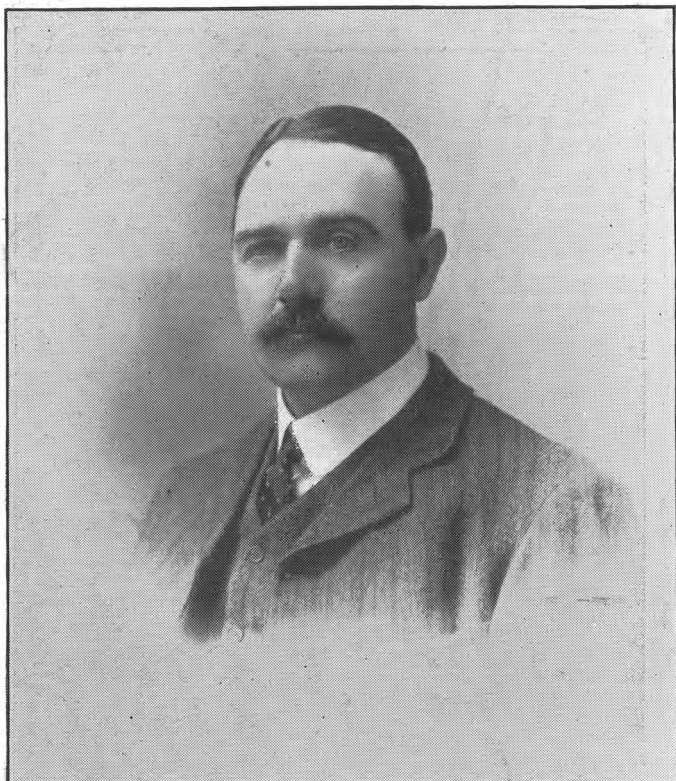
PRIZE COMPETITION.

* *

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 247th prize has been divided between Miss Daisy Carpenter, Pine Villa, Belmont-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, Rugby, Alstone-avenue, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. P. Waller at Holy Trinity Church and Rev. F. D. Tranter at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.



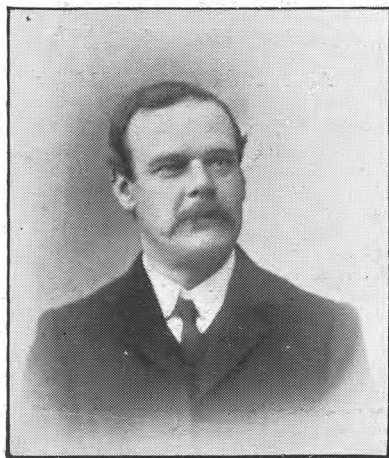
**MR. EDWARD STOCKLEY SINNOTT, M.I.C.E.,
THE NEW COUNTY SURVEYOR.**

He is also second in command of the 2nd Gloucestershire Royal Engineers Volunteers.



**MR. THOMAS JAMES, Junr.,
OF CHELTENHAM,**

DIED AUG. 20, 1907, AGED 35 YEARS.



MR. AND MRS. HEATON,

of Kingstanley, near Stroud, who have been appointed to succeed Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Spink as master and mistress of Lower Swell School, Stow-on-the-Wold.



The following are the names of those figuring in the Chedworth Flower Show group on page 6 of this issue:—Sitting (left to right): C. A. Seates (secretary), G. Uzzell, C. Holyoake, W. Kirby, F. Fry. Standing: F. Tucker, C. Maberley, H. Scotford, J. Peachey, J. Leach, W. Glover. Back row: J. Edwards, A. Ford, Rev. J. Hewetson (president), J. Blackwell, and W. Blackwell.

* *

The Queen has accepted photographs of Mr. and Mrs. George Pearce, of Coppice-hill, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, who have been married sixty-four and a half years, and expressed the hope that they will be happy in their old age.

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

PROCKTER AND FORTH,
Chemists, . . CHELTENHAM.

INSULTING THE PEERAGE.

In 1736 the magistrates of Edinburgh were examined in the British House of Peers about the Porteous Riot. The Duke of Newcastle in the course of the examination asked the Lord Provost of Edinburgh "With what kind of shot were the muskets of the town guard loaded?" and was insulted by the reply

of the Provost "Ou, just sic as ane shoots dukes and fools wi'." The answer created a sensation, and was considered an insult not only to the Duke but to the House of Lords, until his Grace of Argyle explained that "dukes and fools" translated into English, meant "ducks and water fowl."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 348.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1907.

MONTPELLIER GARDENS, CHELTENHAM.

Week commencing Monday, September 2nd.
RETURN VISIT OF THE
ROYAL COMEDY ENTERTAINERS.
Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Saturday, at 3.
Evening Performance at 8. Admission 3d. c6

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SHIRTS, HOSIERY, COLLARS,
TIES and HANDKERCHIEFS, *
BRACES and STOCKINGS * *

for College & School wear.



MR. E. G. WOODWARD,
TALENTED LOCAL MUSICIAN.
DIED AT GLOUCESTER AUG. 27, 1907, AGED 72 YEARS.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS MEMORY.

[BY LESLIE THOMAS.]

The four friends had grown tired of bridge, and were seated round the fire enjoying a last smoke before turning in. It was late—or, rather, early: the dawn was breaking—and to Trenton (who was an artist) the electric light seemed almost garish. They were thoughtful, as men will be at such an hour.

The conversation had turned upon acting as an art; and thence it was but a short step to the name of Thurston Gore, the recognised head of "the profession."

"Yes," observed Raymond, in reply to a remark from Bailey, "Gore is an old friend of mine, as you know. I made his acquaintance some years ago, before he became famous—in a rather peculiar fashion, by the way."

"Is there a yarn?" asked Bailey, curiously. "Yes, there *is* a yarn," assented Raymond, smilingly; "but I'm sure you are all tired—tomorrow, perhaps—"

"No, no; let's have it now," urged Bliss; and the others joined their requests to his. Raymond was a war correspondent, and they knew his yarns were well worth hearing.

"Well," he said, good-humouredly, "I'll try to tell you the tale as it struck me at the time."

They lit their pipes and settled themselves to listen.

"One day, as I entered a tea shop in Ludgate Hill," said Raymond, "the usual hum of conversation and clattering china struck my ears. I looked round to see if I could chance upon an acquaintance. A good many friends of mine used to frequent the place, some of whom are well-known men now, and would not like the fact recalled, and some of whom, I am sorry to say, have completely dropped out of the race, poor fellows, or are still leading the same humdrum lives, week after week, year after year."

"I gave a glance round, but failing to discover a familiar face, I descended to the smoking-room, hoping to have better luck there; but it was just the same—all the occupants were unknown to me. So, taking my seat at a corner table, I ordered my inexpensive meal, and while awaiting its arrival tried to become interested in an evening paper."

"Presently, happening to look up, I caught sight of a new arrival coming slowly down the stairs. I can best describe him by calling him an 'old-young' man, for at first glance I could not tell which epithet to use. He walked with a stoop which suggested age, but his face gave no indication of what his age was. One meets the type frequently in London."

"At the foot of the stairs the man halted, and gazed about him unseeingly, in a manner totally devoid of interest. After some slight hesitation, with a strange halting walk he came across to my table and sat down opposite me. I met his glance as he peered over the bill of fare, and it gave me a shock, for if every misery stamped itself upon a man's face, it was on his!"

"I went on with my tea, but it seemed to me that his features were vaguely familiar. Bussing myself with my paper, I searched my memory to discover where and when I had met him. Then my newspaper fell to the ground, and he picked it up. We got into conversation through an inane remark about the weather on my part, and an answering nod on his. His voice was curiously monotonous—apathetic, one might say."

"Presently, when considering his answer to a question of mine, he raised his soft felt hat and set it further back on his head, with the curious habit many men have, and I saw that a closely-fitted skull-cap covered the top of his head. He must have interpreted my glance, for he topped it with his finger."

"Not much hair," he observed.

"No," I answered, lamely enough; then I added 'Do you find the cap comfortable?'

"I don't notice it," he replied in the same curious voice, which never varied a semitone. 'I've always worn it, you see.'

"Always?" I queried, politely. 'Oh, you mean—'

"I mean always," he said, calmly.

"I regarded him as an amiable lunatic, and kept silence for a while."

"I come here to tea every day," he remarked, after a bit. 'I don't know why, but I do.' His manner was so strange that I almost made up my mind to speak to a convenient constable when I left the place. At that stage of my journalistic career I made it my plan to cultivate the acquaintance of at least one representative of every profession or trade, so when the man told me he was a cabinet-maker I gave him my card, and said I should always be pleased to see him when he cared to call."

"You recollect?" he began, when I hurriedly cut him short.

"Musgrave! Surely you are Musgrave?" I exclaimed, for I had suddenly remembered him. 'You attended the Joiners' School—that big place on the Embankment? You are Musgrave, the head carpentry master there?'

"Musgrave?" he queried, holding his hand to his forehead. 'Musgrave? Then he suddenly sprang to his feet, and a tea-cup fell to the floor with a crash. 'Yes!' he screamed. 'Musgrave—that's my name! Who says it's not?' He glared round him fiercely, and people began to edge nearer the staircase."

"Come, come," I said soothingly, laying a hand upon his shoulder, which seemed to calm him, for he sat down again quietly enough. An attendant came up and requested me to get my friend out of the place. He linked his arm in mine, and I helped him up the stairs. I paid his bill at the desk, and we walked out and up Ludgate Hill together without a word."

"I suppose you fellows are wondering what Thurston Gore has to do with all this? Wait a little, and you'll see."

"Come and rest for a while," I advised; and we entered St. Paul's Churchyard, and sat down on one of the seats there. He was more tranquil now, though evidently labouring under great excitement. I did not speak, but waited for him to break the silence; and when he did so his voice was half choked."

"I am Musgrave," he said, no longer speaking in the monotonous voice I have remarked upon. I nodded encouragingly."

"It's all coming back to me now," he went on. 'I had forgotten, you see. I wonder how Agnes—my wife!—I wonder where she is, and if she ever thinks of me? And my boy—my little boy! Great Heavens!' he cried frantically, 'I must go to them. Where do I live?' and he ended in a helpless wail."

"I gripped his arm—partly in sympathy and partly to prevent him from leaving me. He was silent for some time, while I waited as patiently as I could for him to speak again. At length he began, half to himself."

"Three—number three, it was. The house is opposite a lamp-post.' He knitted his brows, and there was a wild expression in his eyes. I ventured a remark, endeavouring to comfort him. 'Don't you think you had better go home now? You will remember it all to-morrow, perhaps.'

"Home?" he queried. 'Ah, yes, home. Newgate-street, you mean? I work there—and live in. I am known as Jones.'

"Which end of the street?" I asked him. 'Near the Central London Railway?'

"Near the station," he acquiesced. 'What do they call it, the —'

"The Tube," I suggested.

"The Tube!" he cried. 'Yes, and that reminds me—I used to go home on the Tube before—before it happened. Leaving the Tube I took a tram,' he said thoughtfully."

Then, growing excited again, 'Where was it?' he asked me wildly. He was growing very agitated now, as indeed I was myself."

"Kew, Richmond, Brentford, Acton," I repeated slowly."

"Acton!" he ejaculated. 'That is the place—3 Fernleigh-road, Acton. Quick! I must go there now! My wife—' He rose and began to walk quickly away. I followed and caught him up, walking along by his side."

"I wonder if they will be glad to see me," he said; 'they must have thought me dead.'

"By this time I was intensely interested, as you may imagine, and beginning to feel quite proud of myself for having been instrumental in re-uniting this family."

"We took train to Shepherd's Bush, and after that a tram to Acton. On the way he talked freely, and I caught vivid glimpses of his past life."

"My memory is—is coming back to me," he said again, but in a dazed way I thought. 'I shall remember it all by-and-by—up to the foggy day when I started to cross from Northumberland-avenue, to reach the other side of the Square. I did not see the van coming until it was a yard away. I escaped the wheels, I think, but I suppose I must have got a kick from the horse, for I remember a sharp pain in my head; after that, nothing, until a chance word from you brought back the past.'

"I asked if his wife had possessed means to support herself during his absence."

"I don't remember," he said distractedly. 'That is what I am thinking about now. But some relative must surely have helped her—and the boy. He must be quite a big boy now,' he said, with a happy smile."

"I tried to keep the conversation in a cheerful vein, and succeeded fairly well, but I had almost to use force to restrain him from running as we drew near the road. I made him promise to wait at the corner while I went first to carry the news to his wife, for I thought it would never do to break it upon her suddenly."

"I went up the steps and knocked at the door. An untidy servant opened it."

"Is Mrs. Musgrave in?" I asked."

"You mean Mrs. Glint," returned the girl."

"No," I assured her, 'I mean Mrs. Musgrave; M-u-s—'

"Don't live 'ere," she said, and was about to shut the door in my face, when I interposed my foot."

"Wait a moment," I said persuasively, slipping a coin into her hand. 'Have you been here long?' I feared that Musgrave's memory had played him false."

"Month or so, sir," she replied. 'P'raps you mean the lady who was here before, though 'er name wasn't Musgrave. Dark, she was, and she had a baby boy, sir.'

"That's the one!" I cried excitedly."

"Quick—do you know where she is now?" 'The girl had rather an expressionless face, but now it grew solemn. 'In Heaven, sir, I hope,' she said slowly."

"Dead," I whispered hoarsely. 'Not dead?'

"Yessir," she said, as solemnly as before. 'Her an' the baby—both of 'em. I'm sorry, sir. Are you—was you 'er husband, sir?'

"No," I said shortly."

"Oh, a friend of hers—I see," she said pityingly. 'Well, sir, I think I ought to tell you—I did 'ear from the neighbors as how she starved to death—no money, sir, an' no food, and 'er that proud—'

"She gave me a lot more information which no doubt she thought I would like to hear; but I scarcely heard her words, for I was wondering how to tell Musgrave, and how he would bear the blow. I thanked her at last, and walked back slowly to the corner where I had left him. He was still there, standing by the pillar-box, and when he saw me coming he hurried towards me."

"Well," he said. "Well? What news? Shall I go in?"

"Something in my face must have betrayed my secret, for he clutched my arm roughly. "What is it?" he said in a low, tense voice. "Out with it, man!"

"I hesitated, stammering something without meaning. But he seemed to guess the truth.

"Are they—?" he said at last. "I could not trust myself to speak, and only nodded.

"Both?" he insisted; and I nodded again.

"He let my arm go, and buried his face in his hands. I tried to comfort him, but he would have none of it, so I waited in silence until the first shock of his grief should be over. I believe the passers-by regarded us with astonishment, but I took no notice of them.

"Suddenly he turned and addressed me sharply.

"It's your fault!" he said.

"I looked at him in amazement; for his face was transformed.

"Yes, yours!" he repeated, vehemently. "You—reminding me of my old life—curse your interference! I was miserable before, but it was happiness compared to what I am suffering now!"

"Won't you come to the house," I suggested gently, "and see if they know anything more?"

"No," he growled. "It would only make it harder. You—you—!" he began excitedly, and advanced towards me threateningly, one hand concealed behind his back. I half expected to see it suddenly appear clutching a knife. I—well, I am not ashamed to confess it—I retreated.

"Curse you!" he kept repeating. "Curse you!"

"When I turned the corner, however, he did not attempt to follow me. I looked back every now and then, and the last glimpse I had of him he was standing under a street-lamp with arms upraised, and I could hear him cursing me as I hurried away.

"Yes, Bliss, I'm coming to Gore now. Where was I? Ah, yes.

"Well, I was naturally somewhat upset by these soul-stirring events, and I walked rapidly along, unconsciously following the road we had come. It was not until I reached the main road, with its glare of light and confusion of sounds, that the full import of what I had done occurred to me. I was leaving alone in the street a man in a highly nervous condition, who had received a severe shock in the news of the death of his wife and child.

"I hesitated a moment; then I turned and began to retrace my steps, calling myself a coward. When at last I came to the house I could see no sign of Musgrave; he had disappeared. Suddenly it struck me that he might have gone in to the house to satisfy himself of the dreadful truth, so I walked up the steps and lifted the knocker. As I did so I heard a low sort of gurgle behind me, and a voice said—

"There's no need to trouble them further."

"I turned round sharply, and there was Musgrave! A handkerchief was pressed to his face, and he shook with emotion. I was inexpressibly relieved to see him.

"Where—where have you been?" I asked.

"He made no answer at first, but pointed, with a shaking hand, to the garden. Then he removed the handkerchief from his face, and I was shocked to see that it was mirth—mirth!—that overcame him. I thought he had gone mad.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he roared again. I began to feel less fearful, for it was good, honest, true English laughter. At last he stopped, gasping for breath, while I stood mute and astonished.

"Allow me," he said, with his hand in his pocket; "my card!"

"I took the cardboard from him, and read, 'Mr. Thurston Gore.' Then I knew him, and realised the trick that had been played upon me, and some hot words passed between us. However, I cooled down at last, and he passed his arm through mine, and we strolled together along the street.

"It's like this, you see," he explained. "Next week, at the Green Room Theatre, I take the role of a man who—well, just such a part as I have played to-night. It is my first important part, you understand, and I wanted a dress rehearsal."

"I nodded, and he went on—

"I remembered this Acton address, because I knew that somebody had lately died there. My housekeeper told me—his sister, or some relation." "You'll forgive me?" he inquired after a while. I nodded, and we shook hands, and I complimented him upon the excellence of his acting.

"I am very glad of your opinion," he said.

"So that was how I made the acquaintance of Thurston Gore; and when he scored the great success which brought his name prominently before the public, I said to myself that I had had something to do with it."

THE WONDERS OF CENTRAL FRANCE.

Well known as are the North, South, and West of France, it is remarkable how few travellers ever think of visiting the many marvels of the "Massif Central," that lofty district of Central France and its very heart and Acropolis, whence rise the sources of the Loire and Garonne. Where can finer views be obtained than from these mountains, whence the eye looks forth into boundless space, over plains sombre yet grand, lakes edged by oaks or by purple heather, rugged rocks scarred and worn bare by the storms of centuries, the sides of long-extinct volcanoes overgrown with flourishing vines where all was formerly desolation, the very craters filled with chestnuts, reminding one of Val-lambrosa, the shady valleys and rippling streams, the cultivated land overtopped by cliffs and threatening dolomites which open their lips only wide enough to let the roaring torrents pass through? Here for days the explorer may find new and mysterious gorges, rivers rich in unsophisticated trout, streams diving under the earth to reappear elsewhere, rocks, woods, verdure, colouring dear to the artistic eye, every varying effects of light and of shade, where the very barrenness of nature combines to form a strange variety and contrast, a combination of north and south.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

The strenuous life is killing men at such a rate in Chicago that Health Commissioner Evans predicts that the city will become an Adamless Eden. Five men die to every two women.

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Gloucestershire Gossip.

The staff-rides in and around Gloucestershire in the summers of 1905 and 1906, and in which the "brains" of the Army took chief part, were clear indications that this county is considered of great strategical importance by the War Office. Last September a Southland skeleton force endeavoured to reach Bridgnorth, through Gloucester, and capture it before a Welshland force in possession could receive assistance from the Northlanders. In theory they captured Cheltenham and Gloucester, but impregnable fortifications supposed to exist on the banks of the Severn at Tewkesbury saved the situation to the Welshlanders. Now the end of this August has seen mimic battles raging round about the Wilts, Berks, and Oxfordshire borders of Gloucestershire, fought between two sides of cavalry representing Southlanders and Westlanders, and practically for the possession of our county. The veil of secrecy that has enshrouded the movements is not, I think, likely to be lifted yet, certainly not until after the close of greater manoeuvres that are fixed to commence in the first week of this September.

I question if the Earl of Ducie will accept the invitation of the Secretary for War to be president of the county association that is to be formed for Gloucestershire under the Territorial Forces Act, a request which he has received in common with the lords lieutenant of all counties. His lordship is certainly well qualified by reason of his high position and great experience, for he has been honorary colonel of the 2nd Gloucestershire Rifles since their formation in 1859, and was captain of the Yeomen of the Guard from 1859 to 1866. Still, I cannot forget that this noble lord is now in his 81st year, and that at one of the recent meetings of the County Council he excused himself from attendance on the score of his advancing years. He is now the senior lord lieutenant, having held office since 1857. All things considered, I think the chances are against Lord Ducie accepting a new responsibility.

The responsibilities of the county associations cover the whole existence of the present Yeomanry and Volunteer Forces. They are charged with the organisation of the Territorial Force and their administration, including maintenance at all times other than when they are called out for training or actual military service, or when embodied; to look after recruiting, to provide rifle ranges, buildings, magazines, and sites of camps; to facilitate the provision of areas for manoeuvres, to arrange with employers of labour as to holidays for training, to establish or assist cadet battalions and corps and rifle clubs, the provision of local requirements on mobilisation, payment of separation and other allowances to the families of men embodied, registration of horses, and the care of reservists and discharged soldiers.

Of course the constitution of the associations will have an important bearing on the success or otherwise of the Act. One-half of it is to represent all arms and branches of the Territorial Force raised within the county, county and county borough councils are to take part, and co-opted members are to include, "if thought desirable," representatives of the interests of employers and workmen. Fortunately in our county there is a good range of choice among those members of the two councils who have served in the Army or Reserve Forces, and not a few of whom have had large business experience as well. I trust that under the Act Gloucestershire will participate in the military expenditure more largely than it has hitherto done. Decentralisation ought to work to the material advantage of localities.

GLEANER.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate, Gloucester.

MISS DOROTHY BRAINE,

second daughter of Mr. Councillor H. R. J. Braine, of Gloucester. Although only 14 years old, she recently won at Weston-super-Mare the Western Counties' Ladies' 50 Yards Championship for swimming in the record time of 39 seconds.



MAUD'S ELM.

THE LAST OF THE OLD TREE. THE STUMP NOW ONLY REMAINS, PROTECTED BY RAILINGS ERECTED BY CHELTENHAM CORPORATION.

A PRISON FUNERAL.

"I had a prison funeral described to me the other day by an old penal servitude man," writes a representative of "Cassell's Saturday Journal." "This convict belongs to the type we call 'hardened,' but as he pictured the last scene his voice faltered a little, and I could see real sympathy in his eye, the sympathy which you and I and folk who are better than we, and others who are best, are proud of. There is not much feeling expressed within the prison walls, however. When the convict dies he is taken to

the dead-house. Next day there is an inquest, and the day after half a dozen or so of the men with whom he used to slave are commanded to stop work and parade for a funeral party. They are marched to the dead-house, and when one or two more gruff orders have been given they march out again, bearers of the ignominious dead. The corpse is in a coffin, roughly made of elm, oil-pollished, and with a clumsy wooden handle fixed vertically at each end. It is borne on a plain wooden bier, painted black, and through the handles hang two long bands of hemp."

THE HARVEST MONTH.

*

"The Harvest Month" is the title of the nature history of the month of August appearing in the series now being published in "Pearson's Magazine." August, even in this mechanical matter-of-fact age, still gives us some of the pristine charms of harvest.

"The peculiar charm of harvest-time still remains. Old customs are dying out, machinery fast displaces the immemorial sickle and scythe, but every operation of harvesting retains its picturesque qualities. The scenes of harvest-time afford a most wonderful example of that patient perseverance, that enduring physical strength of the English peasantry. In their slow but dogged way the harvesters follow the reaper, pitch the heavy sheaves of corn on to the wagon, build the stacks and thatch them, regardless of the heat and burden of the blazing August days; and here and there about the country one still sees women stooping over the stubble to glean what they may, patiently and willingly doing such work as a tyrant might hesitate to ordain for his slaves. In parts of the country the schoolmasters still wait to break up the schools until satisfied that harvesting has begun. The old-time reason for the custom was that the children might be free to go to work with their mothers in the cornfields.

"The woman reaper was often seen in olden days. The corn sickle she wielded had an edge like a fine saw. With an upward cut she would sever the bunch of cornstalks held in the left hand, leaving standing twelve or eighteen inches of straw. This provided fine cover for partridges in the good old days when birds were walked up.

"Some of us can remember seeing corn reaped with the sickle; and the scythe, even in this age of machinery must be whetted again for its work when rain or wind lays the crops low. The reaper wears always a leathern belt, with a loop behind for his whetstone; and with his brown face, his bare strong arms sweeping and sweeping again, makes a picture of manhood and endurance that hardly has its equal for picturesqueness.

"Like the woman reaper or gleaner, the festival of harvest-home is fast disappearing. A few years ago it was the universal custom for the farmers, at the end of harvesting, to invite all their labourers to a feast in their houses or barns. Then came to pass the ceremony of the harvest-load, when, 'crowned with boughs, the last load quits the field.' Bloomfield, the Suffolk poet, well hit off the ancient equality of the succeeding feast:

"Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around.
For all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom, old and young;
And many a neighbouring yeoman joins the throng,
With artisans that lent their dex'trous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sunbeams play'd.

"In parts of the Eastern counties the custom of 'largess spending' still flourishes—the spending of money collected by the labourers themselves for the purpose of following up the harvest-home with a carousal of their own, at which beer plays the principal part."

* *

IN THREE PARISHES.

The old chapel-of-ease at Tunbridge Wells stands partly in Kent and partly in Sussex, but, more than that, it also stands in three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry (says "Cassell's Saturday Journal") he comes out of the parish of Frant, in Sussex; and if he is going to officiate at the altar he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon, he walks from Frant into the parish of Speldhurst.

THE CROWD IN THE COMMONS.

*

The House of Commons, like all bodies accustomed to meet together, is curiously influenced and quickly affected by the action of its component parts. A French writer, who has been publishing a very interesting book on the psychology of The Crowd, ought to come to the House of Commons for some very extraordinary specimens of that spirit. I have often seen a whole debate collapse because one member did not have the courage to rise and start or continue it; and in the same way I have seen a debate go on for hours because one member said just a few sentences at the proper moment.—"P.T.O."

* *

BREAD IN THE DESERT.

*

The Rev. A. Forder, of Jerusalem, who has been giving his experiences in the North Arabian deserts while taking the Bible to the descendants of Ishmael, gives this picture of the way in which he was taught the value of bread in the desert. "Having water, we were able to have bread instead of dates for supper. This, too, was of a solid nature, a little of it going a long way. This is how it was made. A few of the men would put their meal together, and on a sack one of them would knead it into dough. Meanwhile others were gathering up anything that would burn, and so a good heap of hot ashes would be obtained. On a part of these ashes the dough, in a large flat cake, would be laid, and covered all round and on top with the rest. Fifteen minutes sufficed to bake the bread, and when eaten warm is passable by those having good appetites and better digestions. On the night in question I was taught a lesson I have not forgotten yet. When the bread was divided out I received but a tiny piece, not nearly enough to satisfy me, so, remembering I had in my saddle-bags the remains of what was given me weeks before, I took it out intending to eat it, but it was too musty and hard. Knowing it would cause trouble if I threw it away, I soaked it and gave it to my camel, thinking no one had seen me. Next morning bread was made, but none given to me, and on asking the reason I was told 'the man that feeds the camel on bread in the desert cannot have bread given him to eat,' so I went hungry until evening."—"The Sunday at Home."

* *

The new voters' list at King's Lynn shows that there is now remaining only one free-man of the borough.

TO PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

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REV. G. H. B. GREENING,
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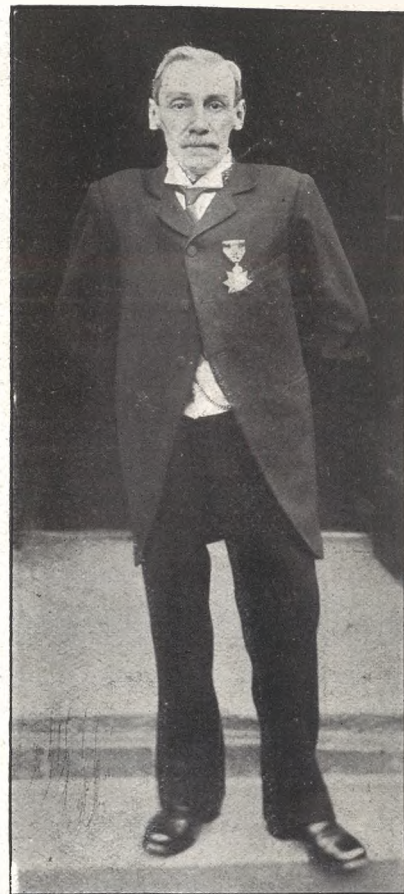
THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

*

We doubt whether there is a Protestant living who would attempt to justify the martyrdom of Servetus. The tragedy of Champel would be impossible to-day, and however bitter may be the controversy arising from that most distressing of all hatreds, the odium theologium, the worsted antagonist need have no fear of instruments of torture, nor of death at the hands of the public executioner. But before priding ourselves on the perfection of our own Christian charity, or condemning those who felt themselves called upon to rid the Church and society of a dangerous heretic, let us pause to consider dispassionately the circumstances of the case. There is a toleration, alas! only too frequent in this age, which arises from indifference to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, or from a feeling of unwillingness or inability to defend the truth from the encroachment of error. It has been said that "when one feels strongly, one is always a little intolerant," and perhaps we owe more than we can ever realise to the intolerance of those who in the days of upheaval and unrest refused to countenance the slightest divergence from what they considered to be the express teaching of Scripture. The age was a strenuous one, the issues at stake were of vital importance, and men of a languid and sentimental temperament, orthodox but easy-going, could never have accomplished the task entrusted to Luther, Calvin, John Knox, and their contemporaries. Thank God there were giants in those days, and with all their faults we honour them for their valiant defence of the faith.—"The Sunday at Home."

* *

From statistics published in the current issue of "The Motor Cycle," there have been no less than 53,877 motor-cycles registered in the United Kingdom—an increase of 8,142 during the twelve months ended midsummer last.



HONOUR FOR AN EX-GLOUCESTER POSTAL OFFICIAL.

Mr. George Wills Eve, late an overseer in the Telegraph Department of the Gloucester Post-office, has been awarded the Imperial Service Medal in recognition of his long and faithful service to the Department. The medal, a very beautiful one, takes the form of a bronze star with a silver centre piece, and is surmounted by a crown bearing the letters "E.R. VII." in enamel, attached to which are crimson and blue ribbons, the inscription being "For faithful service."





CHELTENHAM CENTRAL WARD LIBERAL OUTING,

LOWER LODGE, AUG. 24, 1907.



M.P. AND STAUNCH SUPPORTERS.

Back row (standing): J. Aldridge, W. Evans, Fred Willis, G. Hickman, Coun. Dr. Davies, Walter Prew, James Stephens, J. Fawdrey, James Heath, F. J. Chambers, C. H. Jones, and James Ayres.

Front row (sitting): Coun. W. A. Baker, Mrs. Parsons, J. E. Sears, M.P., Mrs. Prew, W. G. Earengay, LL.D., and Coun. R. Steel.



REV. S. J. COWDY,
MINISTER AT UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
WINCHCOMBE.



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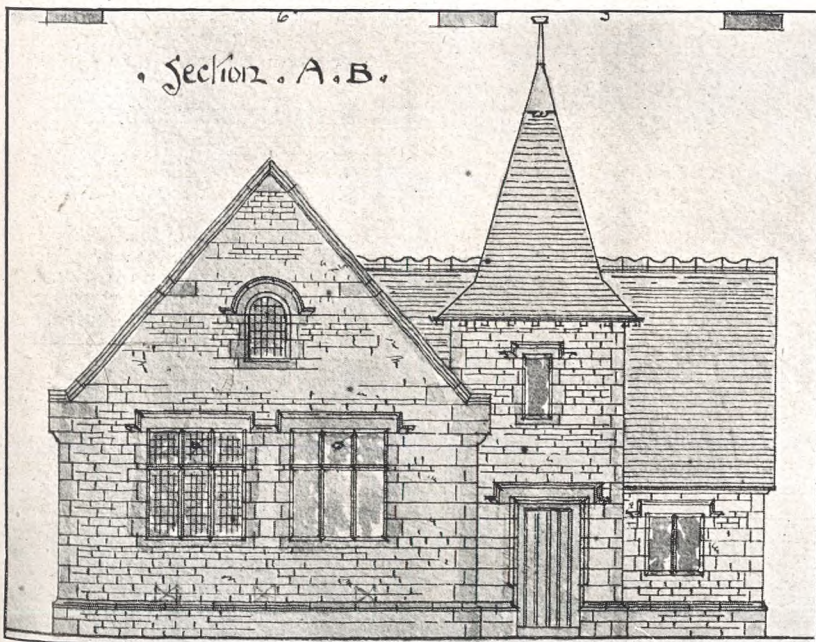


Photo by W Adams, Witney.

ALDSWORTH CHAPEL
(South Elevation).

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 248th prize has been divided between Miss Annie Mabson, 2 Queen's-villas, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. H. C. Leach, 3 Castle-street, Cirencester, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's, Cheltenham, and the Rev. R. Beecham at Cirencester Baptist Church.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

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A DEAL IN HEIFERS.

[BY FRANK DILNOT.]

William and his partner Simon were the blacksmiths of North Hyben. They owned their forge, insulted customers, and maintained a determined and rasping rule over the village. They were unpopular, but they could not be ignored. Stalwart upholders of law and order and the Church, they took a fierce delight in speaking ill of people to their faces, and in speaking well of some of them behind their backs. Squire Brierley they thought much of, but that did not prevent them from telling him of his faults in farming, or criticising the architecture of his new house. Consequently there was no particular cause for remark when Mr. Panyon fell under their disapproval. Mr. Panyon was a superior squire who farmed for recreation and did not make it pay; but the Panyons had held their heads erect in Hyben for generations, and were accorded an hereditary respect.

Now William and Simon had come to the conclusion that Mr. Panyon was living beyond his means, and they not only spoke loudly of it between themselves and to the villagers, but took opportunity of reproving Mr. Panyon in person.

"If," said William, "you was to do away with them there beagles you're keeping, Mr. Panyon, you'd be able to get new harrows and not trouble us with this continual patching up of the old 'uns. 'Pend upon it, sir, I should get rid of they beagles if I was you. You ain't thought any more of because you keeps beagles."

"How dare you speak to me like that?" said Mr. Panyon.

Later in the day William said to his partner.

"This 'ere Panyon is getting a bit overbearing. He was right down rude to me this morning."

"Ah," said taciturn Simon.

"Shan't stand much more of Panyon. Rettie can write out his bill presently."

"A hity-tity lot," said Rettie, the elderly spinster sister of William. "I hear they have's the butcher call there every day, and there's people like we, living very well, ain't had any butcher's meat, what with the pigs and the fowls, for a matter of thirty years, not since our poor father died."

That evening William trudged up to Mr. Panyon's house with the bill. He looked with grim disdain on the flower beds along the drive and the whitened steps leading up to the front door.

Mr. Panyon came out to see his visitor.

"Can you let me have this little account, Farmer Panyon?" said William, handing over the bill.

"Certainly. But it's rather extraordinary, isn't it? Of course, if you're in want of money—"

"We ain't," interrupted William. "We ain't in no want of money. We've got the bit of farm, which is freehold, our own, mind ye. But what with beagles and holding your heads so high, we thinks you're getting a bit too finnickin'. We ain't particular about doing your work at all."

It was in the next week that Simon brought to the forge the story that Mr. Panyon's financial affairs were approaching a crisis, that his creditors were beginning to press him, and that Panyon House, the pride of North Hyben for the last 150 years, was in danger.

"Never heard o' such a thing," said William. "Never thought o' it. Believed he

was as safe as houses. Who told you, Simon?"

Simon gave incontestable proof.

"Well to be sure!" said William.

Within a month the difficulties of Mr. Panyon were common property, and the respect of the village had gone to zero. The labourers forgot to touch their hats, but with their usual contrariness, William and Simon made scathing interruptions in the village gossip. In the attitude of impartial observers they severely blamed Mr. Panyon and at the same time ruthlessly crushed anyone else who happened to criticise him.

"Going to have a sale," said Simon.

"The auctioneers'll be at Panyon House in October."

"Dear, dear! Why, he won't get but next to nothing for them Berkshires and they Jersey heifers."

"Yes, and there's two or three about here as is going in to make money out of it. They've been reckoning for days on this sale."

"He must owe a terrible lot," said William reflectively.

"I don't know," said Simon. "I heard say as a hundred pounds would put him straight again."

"Dear, dear," said William, "and this is what comes o' beagles, and of course it serves him right."

"And then there's that eldest girl of his," said Simon.

"She's much too stuck up for me," growled William.

"May be," said Simon, "may be. But d'y remember how she used to drive that fast trotter, hands up, hat at the back of head, and the colour in her face. She's going to take a place as mother's help, or something of that kind."

"That's a sort of servant, ain't it?"

"I reckon so," said Simon.

"What about Panyon?"

"Trying for a job as farmer's bailiff, 'tis said."

"Bailiff!" said William. "And his old father was a gentleman."

That evening William picked a basket of Jargonelle pears from the famous tree that climbed the side of his cottage, and walked up to Panyon House.

"We was looking at the pears this afternoon," he said to Mr. Panyon, "and we've got more than we knows what to do wi', so I brought you a few. And I wanted to tell ye, Mr. Panyon, as us beant in no hurry for that money."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Panyon.

"I suppose," said William hesitatingly, "you ain't wantin' to sell them Jersey heifers of yours?"

"If I could get a fair price I should be only too pleased to sell them."

"Well, me and Simon, we've had a hankering after Jersey heifers for years. We saw yours, but we were afraid you wouldn't like to part with them. If you was to let me and Simon have the six we'd snap 'em up at once. What would you say to a hundred pounds for the six?"

"That is a good price," said Mr. Panyon.

"It's rather more than I should have asked."

"We'll be glad to get 'em at that," said William. "We'll fetch 'em in the morning. We've always had a hankering after they heifers."

On the following Tuesday William and Simon surreptitiously took the heifers to market at Harton. They afterwards boasted of what a good bargain they had made, and no one in the village but themselves knew that they had lost £33 over the matter.

This action of the crusty but good-hearted old bachelors turned the tide of Mr. Panyon's affairs. Others bought and paid good prices for his stock, and he was not forced to go as farm bailiff, nor his daughter as a mother's help.

WEATHER FORECASTING.

GREAT ADVANCE.

For the first year since weather forecasts were issued in 1879 the Meteorological Office sent out over 90 per cent. correct forecasts last year. Nine out of ten of its daily prophecies of the weather for twenty-four hours ahead were completely or partially justified, says the report issued on Monday.

Its growing success in this direction is shown by the following table of percentages:

	Complete Success.	Partial Success.	Total Successes.
1901	58	26	84
1902	53	35	88
1903	56	30	86
1904	57	31	88
1905	56	32	88
1906	61	30	91

Important help in forecasting the weather is supplied by an arrangement for receiving wireless messages from warships. Observations are also included from Iceland, while a feature of the year has been the experiments in balloons and kites. It is suggested that the meteorologists of the Empire should meet at Ottawa next May.

It is pointed out that of the twenty-four balloons with instruments sent up between July 22 and 27, only a few have been returned to the Weather Office. Farmers who find any while cutting their corn are asked to handle the cylinders containing the records carefully, and to send them to the address on the label, or to 70 Victoria-street, S.W.

STOKING ON FAST ENGINES.

"I'm informed by one of the men who works a train that runs between Nottingham and London without a stop," says Mr. C. J. Wardle, M.P., in "Cassell's Saturday Journal," "that he shifts between four and five tons of coal on the trip. The strain on both the driver and the fireman of an express is extremely severe. The former has not merely to watch the signals; he has to work to a time-table which regulates his speed practically the whole length of the journey. This table tells him the exact time when he should pass the numerous places on his route."

WITH ANCIENT MEANINGS.

Those who know the City of London, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," have probably at times been puzzled by the curious names borne by some of its localities. An antiquary thus explained a few of these: "St. Margaret Pattens" has no reference to footwear. The "pattens" is a corruption of "patines," the plates used for the consecrated bread. "St. Mary Woolnoth" took its name from the wool market which once stood near it, "noth" being the old form of "nigh." "St. Mary Axe," popularly pronounced "Simmery Axe," gained its name from the fact that a house with the sign of an axe once stood in the street. "Crutched Friars" does not, as one might suppose, refer to crippled monks. It merely commemorates the cross worn by an order of friars who were known as "crossed" friars—"crossed" in course of time becoming "crutched." Thread Needle-street was originally Three Needle-street, from a house bearing the sign of the "Three Needles." Bread-street was once the only street where bread was sold, while Friday-street was the resort of fishmongers who provided the Friday diet of our pious ancestors.