

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

No. 353. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1907.

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 Flagon.
 "Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
Price Lists on Application.

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

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

"CUTICOLA"

A FOOD FOR THE SKIN.
 Summer or Winter Use.

Prevents chapped hands, and removes
 sunburn, freckles, etc.
 EXCELLENT FOR USE AFTER SHAVING.
 IN BOTTLES, 6d. EACH.

A. C. SAXBY, CHEMIST &
 OPTICIAN,
 397 High Street, Cheltenham.

c359



Viscount Duncannon, Conservative Candidate for Cheltenham.



GOLDEN WEDDING.

MR. AND MRS. C. MILES, OF 3 SHORT STREET, LECKHAMPTON,
CHELTENHAM.
MARRIED AT ELKSTONE CHURCH, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.



P.C. PARSLOE, of Northleach,
who has been promoted to sergeant, and
who is to succeed to the charge of Stow-on-
the-Wold Police Station and district in
succession to P.S. Simpson, who has been
superannuated. P.C. Parsloe has been
stationed at Northleach since 1896, previous
to which he was stationed at Tetbury and
Charlton Kings.



MR. W. J. GARDNER,
Town Councillor and Newspaper Proprietor,
of Tewkesbury.
Died October 1, 1907, aged 55 years.

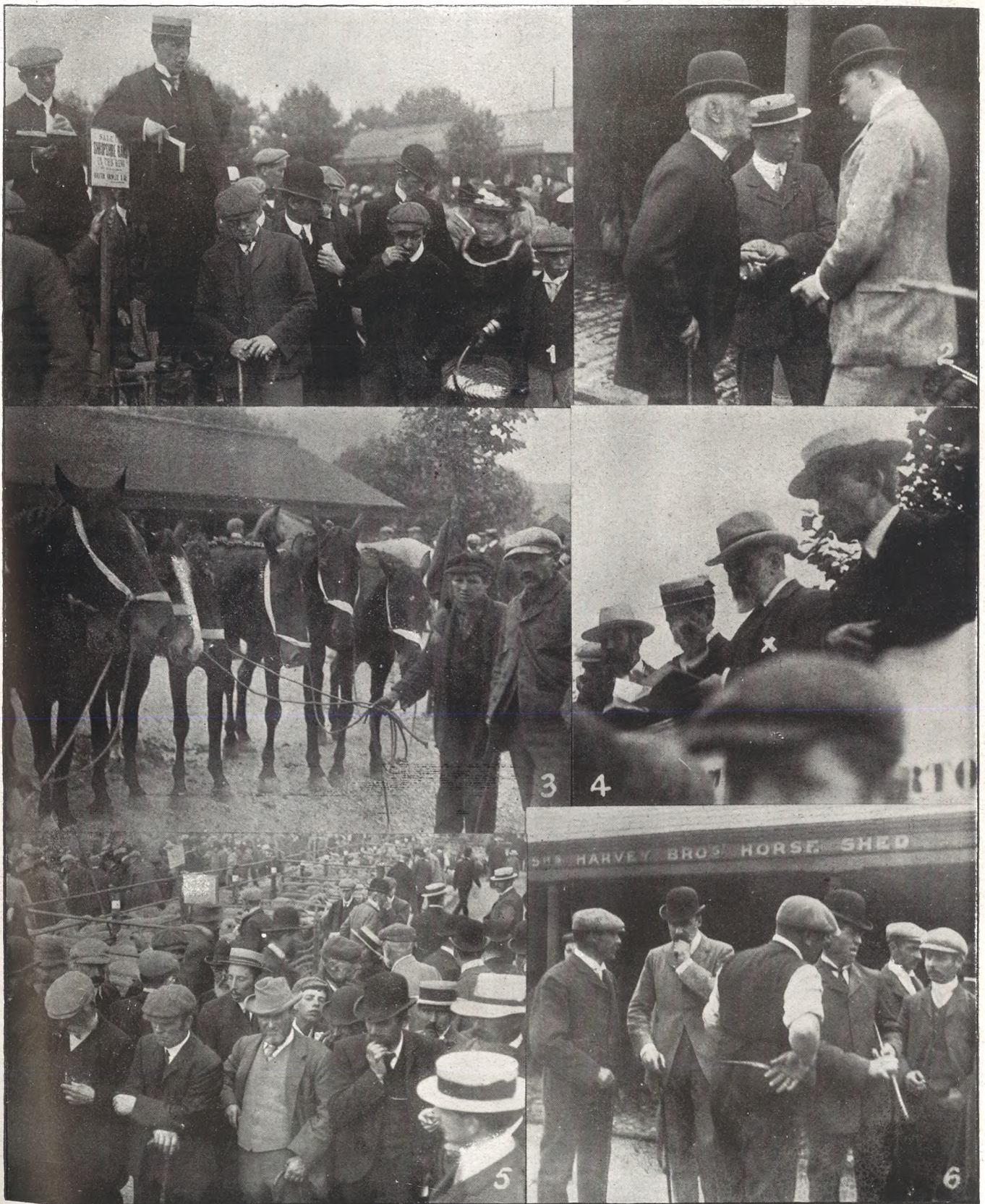


MR. GEORGE ALTON HORLICK,
eldest son of Mrs. Sarah Horlick, of
Winchcombe.
Died Sept. 24, 1907.

Printing
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
AT MODERATE PRICES.
"Echo" Office, . . Cheltenham.

GLOUCESTER BARTON FAIR, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28th.

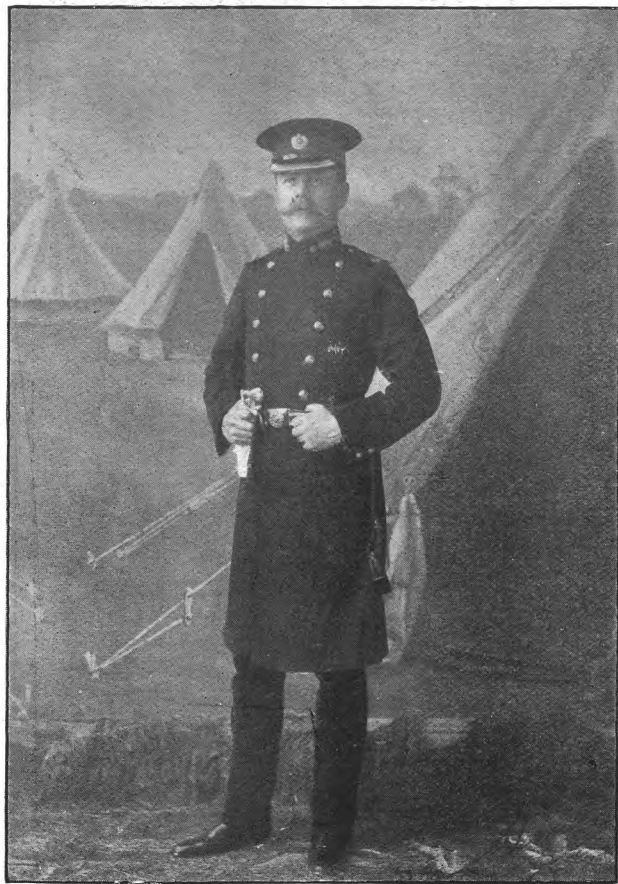
SNAPS IN THE MARKET.



1. Mr. Bruton, jun., selling Shropshire rams.
2. Capt. Darell (Adjutant Gloucestershire Yeomanry) chatting to friends.

3. String of Irish horses for sale.
4. Mr. H. W. Bruton (X) selling rams.
5. Buying ram lambs. Crowded state of the market can be seen.

6. Irish horse dealer, in shirt sleeves, persuading local farmers to buy one of his horses.



MAJOR JAMES ORGAN, late R.E.

A DISTINGUISHED GLOUCESTRIAN.

The following are the outlines of the service of Major James Organ (a native of Gloucester), just gazetted on retired pay out of the Royal Engineers, in which scientific corps he had passed through the ranks to a majority:—

Joined the Gloucester City Rifles as a bugler in 1864.

Enlisted in the Royal South Gloucester Militia in March, 1866, and served during the five following trainings.

Enlisted at Westminster on 13th September, 1870, in the Royal Engineers. After passing through recruits' course of drill, and military engineering, was appointed lance-corporal and transferred to the 4th Co., the first to be detailed for training in torpedo work, as it was then termed, and since designated submarine mining. Served at home and abroad (the foreign stations being Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Bermuda, West Indies) until appointed warrant officer in 1885, and ordered to the Singapore Straits Settlements as regimental-sergt.-major of the Malay Battalion on its formation.

Gazetted lieutenant in the Coast Battalion, R.E., on 8th February, 1888, and ordered to Leith, N.B. Assisted Major Grant Ogilvie, O.C. Forth Division R.E. Volunteers as adjutant on his raising that corps for the defence of the Forth. Commanded the Forth Section of the Coast Battalion, and had charge of the vessels, apparatus, and stores connected with the Forth defences.

Promoted captain 1st April, 1894; major 13th January, 1903.

Retired on reaching the age limit on 17th September, 1907.

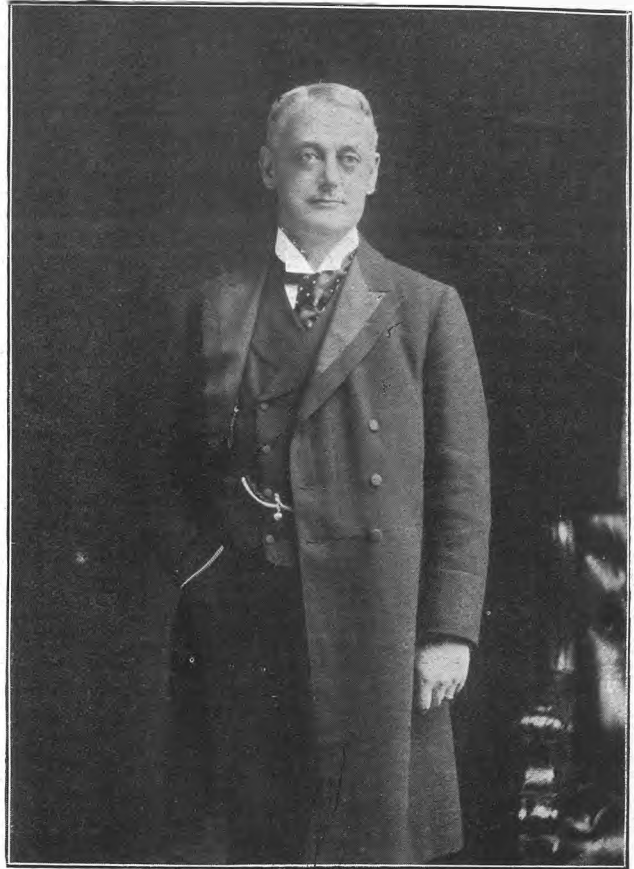
Summary of service:—Volunteers 2 years, Militia 4½ years, Royal Engineers 37 years; total 43½ years.



Photo by W. E. Wilkins, Stow-on-the-Wold.

OPENING SHOOT OF STOW RIFLE CLUB, SEASON 1907-8.

MR. HILL (HON. SEC.) ON LEFT, MR. J. H. HEWITT, J.P. (PRESIDENT AND LORD OF THE MANOR) IN CENTRE (IN WHITE ALPINE), MR. W. COX HOWMAN (HON. TREASURER) ON RIGHT. MAJOR FRANCIS IN BACK ROW IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE SQUIRE.



MISS LAURA BICK,
OF STAVERTON,
WHO GAINED THE ADA LEWIS SCHOLARSHIP FOR
SINGING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MR. GEORGE CLARKE, the well-known International Athlete,
who is conducting a United Mission in the Victoria Rooms,
Cheltenham, from October 6th to 20th.

OCTOBER.

Spring has sped by with fairy feet,
Summer has passed with treasures sweet;
Nature is chanting her evensong now,
And earth is wearing with placid brow
The golden crown of the year.

Brightly, bravely, the dying leaves shine;
They have kept their best till last, like the
wine
At the Heaven-blest feast of Galilee;
Soon they will fly from the parent tree,
And sink on Earth's bosom brown.

Peace is settling o'er everything,
Such as ne'er visits the jocund Spring,
Nor regal Summer with rich delight;
Peace as of warrior returned from the fight,
Peace as of evening and home

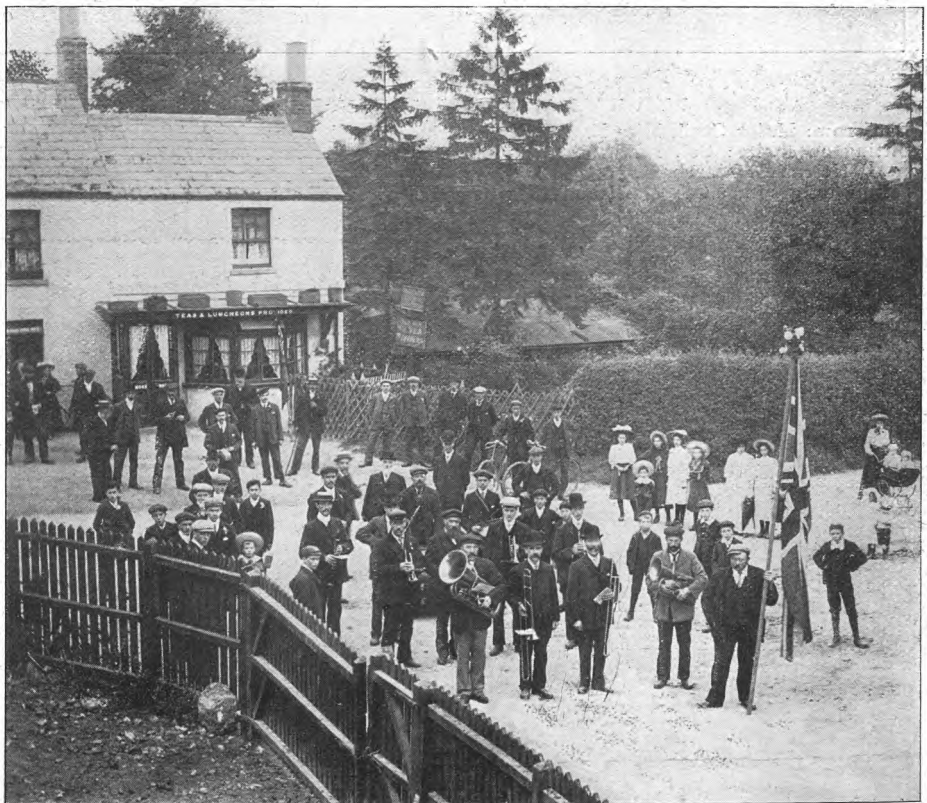
Softly the grey mist gathers and steals
O'er the long ridges of newly-ploughed fields,
With a warm gleam of sunshine the hill-top
is bathed,
The valley is lying in quietness swathed.
The wild birds are seeking their rest.

O, golden October! your glories must fade,
Your brightness must pass into Winter's cold
shade.
But, in passing, you tell of the Father above,
Who crowneth the year with His bounteous
love,
And giveth His blessing of Peace.

Charlton Kings. E. M. HANCOCK.

* *

In consequence of the increased cost of
the materials of manufacture, pianoforte
makers have been obliged to raise their
prices by at least 5 per cent.



ANNUAL CHURCH PARADE ON SEPT. 29 OF CHURCHDOWN BRANCH
OF GLOUCESTER CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Photo by G. H. R. Tombs, Churchdown.



The late Mrs. Le Marchant, of Little Rissington, and family.

Back row: Major Cecil, Miss Emma, Mr. J. G., Miss Florence, Miss Alice, Major Lewin, Miss Dora, and Capt. E. L. Le Marchant.
 Sitting on chairs: Col. Edward (killed in India), Mrs. Le Marchant (died Sept. 25, 1907), Miss F., Rev. R., Miss Ethel, and Miss Helena Le Marchant.
 Sitting on ground: Col. Basil and Miss Beatrice Le Marchant.

A Leicester ram sold for £42 at a sheep sale at Robson's cattle market, Belfast, on Saturday.

Statistics regarding the victims of revolutionary outbreaks in Russia from February, 1905, to June last, show that the sufferers numbered no fewer than 44,020, of whom 21,000 were killed.

Established 1825.

W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,

FRUITERERS. FLORISTS.
 FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS.

92, 92a High Street, Tel. 85.
 16 Montpellier Walk. Tel. 288.

Large Selection of
 Choicest Fruits and Vegetables always in stock.
 Grouse, Capons, Large Country Ducks.
 Fish from the best Fisheries on the coast.

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 253rd weekly sermon prize has been awarded to Mr. F. H. Keveren, of Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for his summary of sermon preached by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church, Cheltenham, on Sunday last.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

The splendid carriage constructed by the French President Felix Faure for the reception of the Czar Nicholas II., which cost £1,000, and was for some time in the museum of coaches at Versailles, has been sold by auction for £34 10s.

The Sultan of Turkey's sixty-fifth birthday was celebrated in Constantinople on Tuesday.

*

Costing £1,700,000 when complete, the new Russian battleship Emperor Paul I., 17,600 tons, was launched at St Petersburg on Saturday.

HOSIERY

FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER WEAR.

* *

Natural Wool Vests and Pants from 2/11.
 Scotch Lambswool and Australian Wool Hosiery in good variety.—
 Rubbed Wool Half Hose from 9d. to 2/6 pair

A. BECKINGSALE,

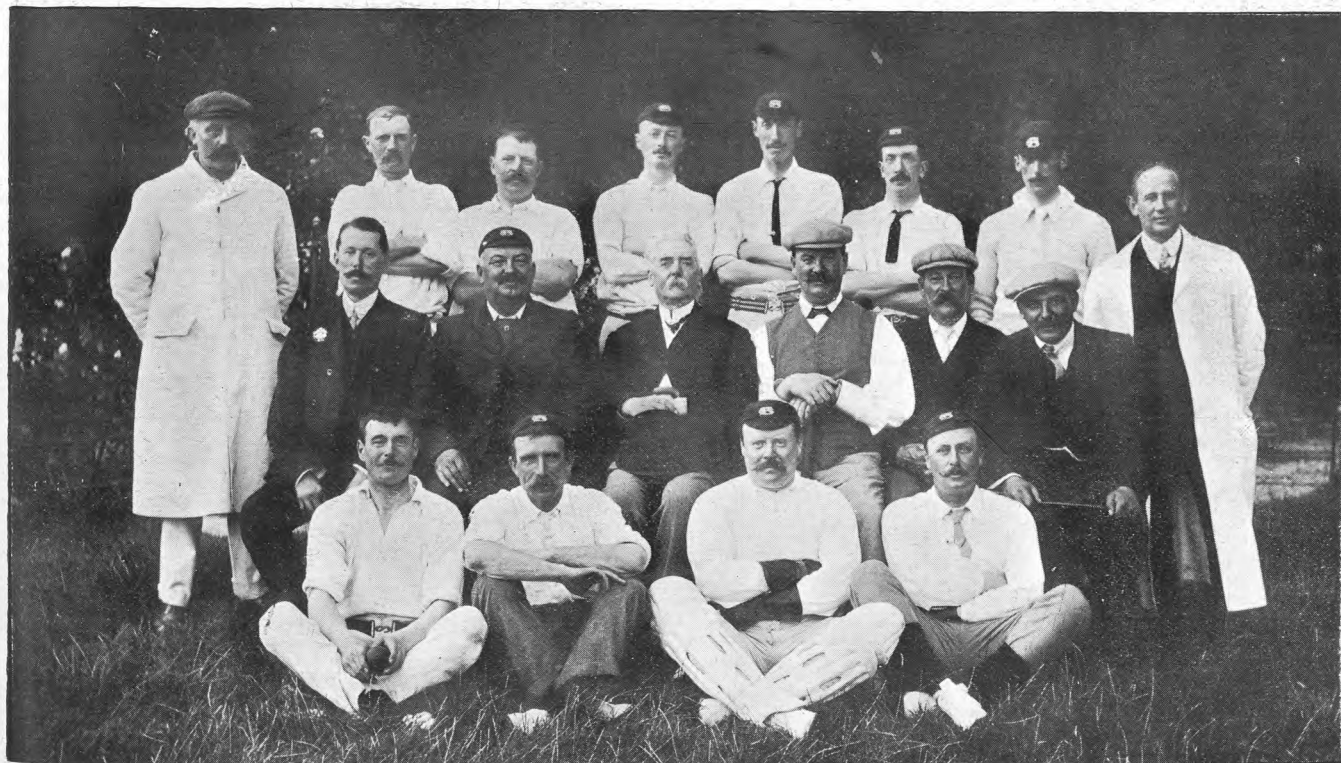
111 HIGH STREET,
 CHELTENHAM
 Telephone 406.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 5, 1907.
 Police Cricket Match, September 24th, 1907, in Earl Bathurst's Park, Cirencester.



CIRENCESTER TEAM AND FRIENDS.

Back row (left to right):—Mr. G. Smith, P.C. Corbett, P.C. Cove, Mr. A. Trowbridge, P.C. Antell, P.C. Ball.
 Second row (standing):—P.C. Gardner (London City Police), Mr. J. Habgood, Mr. E. J. Viner, P.C. Hayward, Mr. W. Hart, P.C. Hands, P.C. Aston, Mr. E. Morton, P.C. Long, Mr. H. J. Smith, —.
 Third row (sitting):—P.C. McKnight, Sergt. Neville, Supt. Webb, Mr. T. Matthews, P.C. Townsend, Sergt. Smith, Mr. E. Thomas.
 Bottom row:—Mr. J. Spencer, P.C. Hiron, Mr. W. G. Sparks, Sergt. Jenkins, P.C. Neale, Mr. E. G. Guest.



SWINDON TEAM AND FRIENDS.

Back row (left to right):—Mr. G. Smith (umpire), Sergt. Eeles, Sergt. Davis, P.C. Molden, P.C. Ludlow, P.C. Gurd, Det.-Sergt. Brooks, Mr. Eddie Thomas (umpire).
 Middle row:—Mr. Chalkley, Inspector Rich, Mr. T. Matthews, Supt. Robinson D.C.C., Sergt. Allsopp, P.C. Crouch.
 Bottom row:—P.C. Gray, P.C. Underwood, P.C. Webb, P.C. Pearce.



MORETON HORSE SHOW, OCT. 1, 1907.

- | | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. Sergt. Durham, Rev. A. W. F. Norton (Blockley), Supt. Jones (Chipping Campden), —.</p> | <p>2. Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale (Sezincote), in their motor, watching the jumping.</p> <p>3. Watching judging of horses.</p> <p>4. Mr. G. F. Moore, of Bourton (in check cap), talking to two friends.</p> | <p>5. Hon. Mr. Mitford, Lord Redesdale's son (in light coat), watching jumping.</p> <p>6. Mr. E. E. Leigh (Broadwell) and Rev. H. J. Kelsall (Evenlode).</p> |
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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
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No. 354. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1907.

TOWN HALL, CHELTENHAM.

Messrs. Baring Bros. announce

5 POPULAR LECTURES.

MONDAY, October 21—RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S., on "Wild Nature's Ways." Illustrated.

MONDAY, October 28—ARTHUR R. HINKS, M.A., on "The Inhabitants of Mars." Illustrated.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—MRS. BARNARDO, on "The Story of My Husband's Life." Illustrated.

MONDAY, Nov. 11—The Right Hon. THE EARL OF LYTTON, on "Leaders of Men."

MONDAY, Nov. 25—MAJOR B. F. S. BADEN-POWELL, on "Balloons and Flying Machines." Illustrated.

Doors open 7.30 p.m. Commence at 8 p.m.
Reserved and Numbered Course Ticket 6s.,
Single Ticket 2s.; Second Seats 1s., Third 6d.
Special arrangements for schools. Plan, Tickets,
and Illustrated Prospectus at Westley's Library,
Promenade. c441

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
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MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
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LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library).

CHELTENHAM

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



Major ARTHUR PATRICK BATEMAN-CHAMPAIN,
3RD GOORKHA RIFLES.

Died in India, Oct. 7, 1907, aged 40 years.

FLIRTING WITH DEATH.

Many indeed are the ways in which women flirt with death. Considering their numerous methods of courting self-destruction, it is amazing that the race continues. Just now it is the deadly décolleté gown.—
"Chicago Record Herald."

* * * * *

CURIOUS MOTOR-BICYCLE.

A curious motor-bicycle has recently been placed on the market. It is intended as a conveyance for a man standing erect on footboards attached to the lower part of the frame. Consequently no seat is provided. The wheels are very tiny, and the engine is of 2½ h.p.—"Motor Cycle."

FLANNEL SHIRTS

A large stock of Mixed and All Wool Shirts.

* *

Flannelette from 2/6, Unshrinkable from 3/6,

All Wool from 5/6. Also in Boys' Sizes.

Merino, Natural Wool, and Lambswool Hosiery.

* *

A. BECKINGSALE,

Hosier and Shirt Maker,

111 HIGH STREET,

Telephone 406.

CHELTENHAM

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

No Lord Chancellor but Lord Loreburn, I should say, had the patronage of so large a proportion of those of the livings in Gloucester Diocese in his gift fall in so rapidly as happened in his lordship's term of office. The present holder of the Great Seal (which, bye-the-bye, he had the unique experience of putting in commission during his recent visit to Canada) has scarcely been in office two years, yet no fewer than eight out of the twenty-two benefices and three Cathedral canonries that he has in his disposition have fallen vacant. Among others that he has had to appoint to are two of three Gloucester rectories, and he certainly has sent excellent men there. Most of the vacancies occurred in remote country parishes, wherein the difficulties of finding suitable clergymen to take the charges were by no means light. It is certainly a remarkable fact in connection with benefices not in the gift of the Lord Chancellor that became vacant during the last seven years those of Churchdown, Badgeworth, Down Hatherley, Norton, Sandhurst, Corse, and Hasfield, seven parishes all adjacent one to another, should be among the number.

*

Colonel Wavell, who exhibited a series of lantern slides illustrative of the siege of Delhi at a recent entertainment in Gloucester to veterans of the Indian Mutiny, incidentally told a very good personal tale. He said that when he returned temporarily to the place at which his regiment (which had mutinied) had been stationed, he heard that the billiard marker at the officers' mess had been wringing his hands and denouncing the mutineers, who, as he thought, "had so cruelly murdered such a nice boy." "But," added the colonel, amidst laughter, "I had my own ideas as to his reason for being so concerned. I owed him what amounted in English money to about 30s., for a new billiard cue which he had got for me, and for which I had not paid him."

*

The paragraph in the "Echo" recording the fact that an Army recruit, when being recently attested before the Cheltenham magistrates in petty sessions assembled, had sworn that he would serve the King without favour or "infection," reminds me that lapses of this sort are by no means confined to men of humble rank. For instance, I once heard a gentleman when qualifying as a magistrate at Gloucester Court of Quarter Sessions swear that he would bear true "allegation" (instead of allegiance) to Queen Victoria and her heirs and successors. And it was in this very court that a crier new to the office called for silence while her Majesty's Royal Proclamation against vice and "immortality" was being read. It was remarked at the time, as an excuse for him, that he being also a verger at the Cathedral, had immortality, and not "immortality" uppermost in his mind. GLEANER.



VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, HON. MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, M.P.,
MRS. W. F. HICKS BEACH, AND MISS HICKS BEACH (SISTER OF
THE HON. MICHAEL).

TAKEN AT WITCOMBE PARK, OCT. 3, 1907.

DUEL STORIES.

*

The duel as a method of settling disputes has gone out of fashionable favour, but there is still a wonderful fascination about duels and duelling. Under the title of the "Duel in Art," an article appears in "Pearson's Magazine," illustrated with many famous duel pictures and full of stories and anecdotes of historic duels.

France is to-day the only civilised country where duelling prevails to any extent.

"Among the most frequent combatants there to-day are journalists, who, by the very nature of their calling, when it is not practised anonymously, lay themselves open to be called out for offending the susceptibilities of some too susceptible member of society.

"One duellist who was challenged in this way, accepted the challenge, and, in accordance with the recognised code, declared that as he had the choice of weapons, he would select neither swords nor pistols, but twenty loaves of bread, which he kept as souvenirs of the Paris siege. These his antagonist and himself were to eat against each other, and, as he remarked, 'one of us is sure to die.' Knowing by experience what siege bread was, the other declined, and so they shook hands.

"When Curran, the famous Irish barrister who rose to such eminence, met Egan on the field of honour to decide a quarrel with pistols,

the latter took exception to the inequality of their personal appearance. 'I might as well fire at a razor's edge,' he said, referring to his adversary's slightness of physique, while he himself offered 'as good a mark as a turf stack.' Without a moment's hesitation, Curran declared that he had no desire to take an undue advantage of his opponent, and he was willing to let his side view be chalked out on Mr. Egan's body, and any shot that hit outside the mark should not count.

"Among other noted duels was one between General Putnam and a young officer. Not wishing to hurt the young man's feelings, the General, as the challenged party, proposed that each should sit upon a powder keg with an equal length of fuse in the bung-hole. They took their seats, and at the same moment their seconds lighted the fuses and moved off to a safe distance. The General watched the flames advance with the utmost composure. So, at first, did his opponent, but he began to get more and more uneasy as the flames approached, and when the fuse was almost at the bung-hole he jumped off the keg and rushed to the other end of the room, while the General cried:

"Hold on, my boy, it isn't powder, it's only onion-seed."

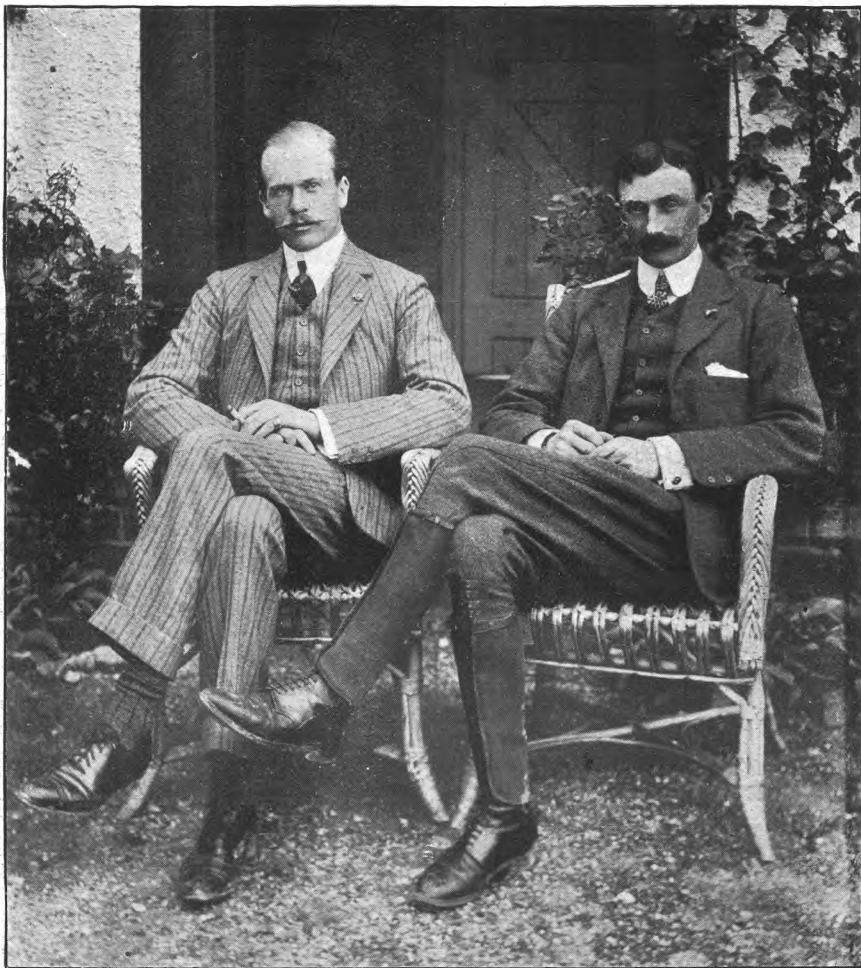
* *

A fox has killed fifty-nine fowls in Pointon Fen, Lincolnshire, in two nights.

Printing 

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AT MODERATE PRICES.

"Echo" Office, . . . Cheltenham.



VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE FOR CHELTENHAM, AND THE HON. MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, M.P. FOR THE TEWKESBURY DIVISION.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

* *

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The 254th prize has been awarded to Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, "Rugby," Alstone-avenue, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet.

THE FIRST APOSTLE OF SIMPLE LIFE.

Amon-Ra and the gods of Egypt were for the most part but deified mortals, endued with monstrous though limited power, and still having around them traditions of exaggerated human deeds. Others had their origin in natural phenomena—the wind, the Nile, the sky, and so on. All were terrific, revengeful, and able to be moved by human emotions. But Akhnaton's god was the intangible and yet ever-present Father of mankind, made manifest in sunshine. The youthful High Priest called upon his followers to search for their god not in the confusion of battle or behind the smoke of human sacrifices, but amidst the flowers and trees, amidst the wild duck and the fishes. He preached an enlightened nature-study: he was perhaps the first apostle of the Simple Life. He strove to break down conventional religion, and ceaselessly urged his people to worship in Truth, simply, without an excess of ceremonial. While the elder gods had been manifest in natural convulsions and in the more awful incidents of life, Akhnaton's kindly god could be seen in the chick which broke out of its egg, in the wind which filled the sails of the ships, in the fish which leapt from the water. Aton was the joy which caused the young sheep "to dance upon their feet" and the birds to "flutter in their marshes." He was the god of the simple pleasures of life, and Truth was the watchword of his followers.—"Blackwood's Magazine."

THE VILLAGE INN.

I am a pretty considerable walker and driver about the country—especially in its most unfrequented parts—and it is always a wonder to me that our village inns are not better organised. Of course, there are notable exceptions, which I bear in kindly remembrance, and the hotels in the towns are satisfactory enough; but the tavern of the hamlet is not usually to be commended. As a general rule you can get nothing for luncheon except eggs and bacon, and not often these; and the accommodation, should you wish to stay the night, is of the most limited description. How different it is in France! I once drove across the most unfrequented parts of Brittany. My pilgrimage began at St. Malo, and I wended my way hither and thither, and eventually arrived at Quimper. In the course of my trip I visited many out-of-the-way villages, some that you would not find marked on an ordinary map, and at every one I found a good, clean, well-ordered dejeuner, an excellent dinner and a hearty welcome from mine host. Of course the accommodation was sometimes rather rough. I can recall at this moment a merry evening and an excellent dinner in a spacious, picturesque kitchen, in company with the jovial cure of the village and a couple of amusing commis-voyageurs. This kind of thing would be absolutely impossible at any village inn in England.—J. Ashby-Sterry in "The Graphic."

* *

THE SHOPGIRL'S "MUST."

"There is really no excuse for anyone to be badly dressed to-day." The exclamation came from a friend who never is badly dressed, principally because of that best of good reasons—she has money enough to buy what she likes. True, money without taste would not save her from dowdiness or unbecomingness where her dress is concerned; but to-day, more than ever before, taste as well as clothes may to a great extent be purchased. Indeed, unless a woman with money has a pigheaded determination to make a guy of herself, it is difficult for her to dress altogether tastelessly. Dressmakers have become so artistic, so anxious to do the best for every customer; they give up so much time and study to form, to colour, and to design, that leaving oneself in their hands can never be otherwise than safe. I have recently been looking over some of the best of the West End ateliers, and the models were all of such simple elegance and such complete harmony that I could not help wondering how so many women still managed to be so outrageously and so unbecomingly dressed. There are two principal reasons, I find—the determined obstinacy to wear anything fancied which besets some women, as I have mentioned above, and the multiplicity of large establishments with ready-made gowns which must be sold, no matter how or to whom. In this latter reason most danger lies, for it besets the poor woman quite as much as the rich.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

Established 1825.

W. Hall & Sons, Ltd.,

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FISHMONGERS, GAME DEALERS.

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16 Montpellier Walk. Tel. 288.

Large Selection of
Choicest Fruits and Vegetables always in stock.
Grouse, Capons, Large Country Ducks.
Fish from the best Fisheries on the coast.

"CUTICOLA"

A FOOD FOR THE SKIN.
Summer or Winter Use.

Prevents chapped hands, and removes
sunburn, freckles, etc.

EXCELLENT FOR USE AFTER SHAVING.
IN BOTTLES, 6d. EACH.

A. C. SAXBY, CHEMIST & OPTICIAN,
397 High Street, Cheltenham.



MRS. COX,
OF THE ELMS, STOW-ON-THE-WOLD,
widow of Mr. James Cox, manager of Capital and Counties Bank,
Stow, for many years.
DIED OCT. 3, 1907, AGED 82 YEARS.

PINCH, POTTY & CO. DISCUSS LIFE.

[BY W. G. YARCOTT.]



Potty's appetite had become delicate, and in dyspeptic mood he sadly rejoiced over the fact that he would probably soon be quitting this harsh and wicked world.

"It's rotten!" said he, firmly. "The world's rotten. It fair makes me ill. Only yesterday a chap worked off a bad tanner on me; mean, dishonest rascal, and I can't get rid of it any'ow. I've tried to pass it five times."

Potty was grandly oblivious to the one-sidedness of his indictment.

"Life ain't worth livin'," he concluded gloomily.

"Hah!" exclaimed Ginger Bates. "An' 'oose fault is it? Why, the nob; the upper ten; the smart set, as they calls theirselves. I've been readin' about 'em in the papers. Lot o' useless 'umbugs wot ought to be made break stones for a livin'."

"Eggstrodinary thing to me," said Old Pinch, "them people! They make me think of an ol' cow I remember seein' once in the country. There wuz swarms an' swarms o' flies buzzin' round an' tryin' to worry 'er.

She didn't take a bit o' notice. 'Let 'em play,' I s'pose she thought; 'they're enjoyin' theirselves, an' they don't 'urt me.' But when a great fly stung 'er, bless yer 'eart, she flicked 'er ol' tail round, an' there wuz vacancy where that fly 'ad been. That's 'ow the world looks on the smart set. Just like a lot o' buzzin' flies. If they get too saucy, down'll come the ol' tail, an' there'll be nothin' left."

Tom, whose brow was sorrow laden, banged down a cup he had been wiping, and remarked with vicious emphasis—

"Woman! That's wot it is. Woman! She's the cause of all this wickedness. An' why? Because she likes it by nature, an' thinks a man wot's wicked is better'n pluckier'n a man wot ain't. An' man, silly 'e is, starts wickedness jus' to please 'er—an' likes the taste, an' goes on to please 'isself."

Pinch chuckled.

"I'd be the last to say a word against woman where any of 'em might over'ear," said he; "but it's suttinly a fac' that she's more artful an' wicked than man is—speshully artful."

"It's wonderful," said Bill Jones, "ow a woman can turn a chap inside out till 'e don't know whether 'e's 'isself or a chap wot used to be 'im. I knew a man wot got soft over a girl, an' it seemed to raise all women in 'is estimation. 'E used to practise rasin' 'is 'at as 'e went along the street so as to be able to do it proper when 'e met 'er—an' that wuz awkward sometimes; 'e once got a black eye through it.

"'E wuz goin' along one Saturday afternoon, when 'e sees a big woman come rushin' out of a pub with a little man runnin' after an' threatenin' 'er. Ev'ry now an' then 'e'd catch up an' give 'er a dig with 'is fist, an' then she'd 'urry an' get just out o' reach again. Quite a lot o' people looked on, but nobody interfered, so 'Arris, bein' in the state 'e wuz, thought it wuz a shame, an' chipped in. 'E 'opped along after 'em, an' tripped the little man over on 'is back. But, bless yer, the woman turned round, an' gave 'Arris such a prime slosh in the eye that it knocked 'im down.

"Then she picks up the little man an' marches off with 'im, an' some kind frien' explains to 'Arris that the only way the big woman could get 'er 'usband 'ome on pay-days wuz to go to the pub 'e stopped at, an' aggrawate 'im till 'e rushed at 'er, an' she'd run away an' keep just in front of 'im all the way till they got 'ome."

"Ah!" said Tom, sardonically, "an' I s'pose 'Arris thought 'e wuz a 'ard-done-by 'ero. It's downright silly goin' out o' yer way to be a 'ero. If the opportunity comes along in the ord'nary way o' business, why, take the chance to be a 'ero an' 'ave done with it; but to go out o' yer way for it is simply no game at all. Some people like it, I know. It's a sort o' mania with 'em. An' they're gettin' commoner an' commoner. They'll soon be advertisin' fer jobs. You've only got to go to a theatre to see 'ow silly it is. Look at the 'ero of almost any play. Look wot 'e 'as to go through jus' because 'e's the 'ero. Fights, prisons, murder charges, an' worry o' all kinds—an' in the end wot does 'e get for it all? Gets married. An' the people wot don't know think 'e's bein' rewarded for bein' a 'ero, when as a matter o' fac' 'e's bein' punished for bein' a fool.

"Woman," he continued, "is nat'rally wicked. An' she can't leave man alone. An' the wuss she makes 'im the more she likes 'im. She got man slung out o' Paradise, an' now, s'elp my goodness, she spends most of 'er time in tryin' to stop 'im goin' to 'eaven."

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that Tom's sudden misogyny was directly due to a quarrel with his fiancée.

"P'raps you're right, Tom," said Old Pinch, thoughtfully. "P'raps you're right. But in regard to the last bit, there's a lot o' people knockin' about wot wouldn't mind not goin' to 'eaven so much if they wuz sure about not going to 'ell."

While they were speakin', Mr. Nutts had entered silently and sat down, responding only with nods to the winks that welcomed him. He had heard Tom's diatribe and Pinch's beautifully condensed presentment of a certain not uncommon mental position. His professional instinct protested against the role of listener. He sighed.

"Heigho!" said he, "hope for the best. 'Hope eprings eternal,' as the divine W. S. observed, and even the latter place may have redeeming features. Truly has the poet remarked that the devil himself is not so black as he is painted. I am reminded, sirs, of a kind of parable once told to me by a certain Hamlet to whom I played first digger. You will excuse my technical terms, gentlemen.

"He was a gad man by nature, sirs; a pessimist by preference, and he told me of a man who died hundreds of years ago, and duly passed to the accepted place of torment. In a few score years he was promoted for good behaviour, and became an imp of the fifth degree, and assistant torturer. Gradually he rose to quite a high position. About the end of the nineteenth century nostalgia seized him. He sought out the chief, and asked for a holiday. He wanted to go back to dear old mother earth and 'ave a rest. The chief scoffed, but when the imp threatened to form a Union and introduce a six-hours' day, he thought better of it, and the imp took human shape again and returned to earth.

"Gentlemen, he remained here for three weeks, and then one morning a downcast, broken-spirited imp, with eyes haunted by fright, slunk back again and applied to the chief for his old job. And, although he could only go back as a novice, and had to pass through all the stages of torment he had previously endured, believe me, sirs, he was glad to accept the offer rather than remain here."

Bill broke the ensuing silence with an inquiry, and the countenance of Mr. Nutts beamed.

"Well," said he, "since you insist, I believe I could do with a couple of those excellent hard-boiled eggs."

FISH THAT LIVE OUT OF WATER.

*

Two odd facts which one would not be likely to credit if they had not been often proved concern a fish known locally as the bajella and the octopus. The first, for a fish, exhibits an astonishing originality of which the Genoese seem proud. It has the habit of leaving the water and lying on the rocks some inches above its level—not by accident, as so often happens with other fishes, but on purpose. After a certain time it returns to its own element. The octopus, however, is supposed occasionally to surpass this feat, since it leaves the water in search of prey! I have never seen either of these eccentricities of sea-life, but that both occur is certain. The octopus can live a long time without apparent discomfort out of water, and is able to climb with its tentacles, so that the erratic behaviour above described is not as startling as it at first appears.—"Blackwood's Magazine."

* *

THE BUSINESS OF PUBLICITY.

*

The bigger houses in the United States employ a publicity specialist, and even in the smaller houses one member of the firm or head of a department has certain duties relegated to him in this connection which bring him in touch all the time with the most up-to-date methods of generating business for his house. In England too much is taken for granted by manufacturers. They have their travellers out, they attend 'Change, they bring out a new catalogue or price-list, or send out some circulars as the fit takes them or as they think there is occasion, they have a few advertisements in certain trade papers, and so on; but they do not put that intelligent interest into their publicity work which is essential.—"Electrical Magazine."

* *

A FAMOUS DICKENS HOTEL.

*

The famous Bull Hotel at Rochester, which has been immortalised by Dickens, has just changed hands. It was at this hostelry that the Pickwick party "put up" on their drive from London to the country. It was here that Jingle insulted Dr. Slammer, where Tracey Tupman danced with the widow Badger; where Jingle, too, "applied himself with great interest to the port wine and dessert" while the guests were arriving at the famous hall; and where in bedroom No. 17 Charles Dickens himself stayed on several occasions. In 1836 Princess Victoria spent a night at the Bull owing to a storm which had arisen while she and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, were out driving.



LOCAL WEDDING.

GREENING—WHITE.

ST. LUKE'S, BURDETT-ROAD,
LONDON, OCT. 8, 1907.



REV. G. H. B. GREENING, M.A.
(Vicar of Turkdean).



MISS A. M. M. WHITE.



THE SURGEON AND THE INSANE.

A MARVELLOUS CURE.

"Can insanity be cured by surgical operation?" was the question asked by Dr. Bernard Hollander in an address delivered to the members of the British Phrenological Society. Dr. Hollander, who a few months ago published in the medical journals details of a successful cure of mental derangement by trepanning, first traced the history of the care and treatment of the insane in Great Britain, and explained the advantages of individual attention and healthy mental stimulus instead of the massing of many hundreds of patients in big asylums. Milder cases frequently get well when removed from the association of other insane. When the derangement is serious, the lecturer pointed out, the damage to the brain does not always involve the entire organ, but—at all events in the early stages—is limited in extent and often amenable to surgical treatment. As regards the localisation of mental disease Nature herself has furnished us with the most valuable lessons; for it has been found according to the particular area of the brain which has been injured so will be the symptoms. Thus Dr. Hollander showed that fifty cases of injury of a particular locality of the brain were followed by serious mental depression and melancholia; one-half of these cases were subsequently operated upon, when they regained their normal mental condition. Blows and falls on another region were followed by violent and homicidal mania, on another region by kleptomania and when the source of irritation was removed the excited faculty was restored to normal activity. Surgeon and lunacy expert should work together; therein lay the guarantee for the success of the operation. In conclusion, Dr. Hollander described the case of a boy, age sixteen, who was a liar, thief, and bully, and, notwithstanding his youth, a terror to his family, but who, after the removal of a strip of bone from his skull, was restored to perfect morality. This boy had to be constantly watched to keep him from destroying things, from thrashing his fellow pupils, or throwing stones at someone. He told falsehoods and had a tendency to steal; he had no sense of decency and grew more dangerous the older he got, until his deeds brought him before the police-court. Dr. Hollander proposed the removal of a strip of bone from the centre line of his head, and this was carried out. An incision was made from the top of the head vertically down to each ear, when the tissues above the right ear revealed the signs of an old injury. After several trepannings had been made, the bone was cut away on the right side, when the membranes of the brain showed signs of old hæmorrhage. After being treated antiseptically the wound was closed and healed successfully. The patient got gradually better and behaved properly, did not disturb anybody, showed no inclination for breakage and destruction, but, on the contrary, tried to make himself generally useful. He insulted no one, but spoke politely, using proper words, no indecent ones, and was grateful for the care shown to him. Thus not only did he lose his bad propensities, but he showed higher moral feelings.

ACTOR'S DIFFICULTY IN SAVING.

* *

An actor finds it more difficult to save money than any other man living. I do not think the most successful and popular actor could ever save enough money to retire comfortably at sixty unless he has been fortunate in his investments, and before sixty his earning power is bound to have declined considerably.—Gorge Grossmith, junr., in "London Opinion."



Meeting of Delegates of Cirencester District A.O.F. at Northleach, Oct. 2, 1907.

Back Row.—Bro. T. Wyatt, P.D.C.R., Bro. E. G. Whiting, D. Auditor, Bro. E. W. Hyde, Bro. A. Saunders, P.C.R., Bro. F. W. Caldicott, P.C.R., Bro. E. Page, P.C.R.
 Second Row.—Bro. C. H. James, P.D.C.R., Bro. H. C. Earle, P.C.R. (Assistant Sec. Northleach Court), Bro. A. F. Joynes, P.C.R., Bro. W. Lea, P.D.C.R., Bro. Rogers, P.D.C.R., Bro. H. Perrior, P.C.R., Bro. R. Ruddle, P.D.C.R., Bro. W. Baylis, P.D.C.R. (Coachman).
 Front Row.—Bro. M. G. Randall, D.S.C.R., Bro. J. Soule, D.C.R., Bro. J. Moorman (Secretary Northleach Court), Bro. S. Moore (District Secretary), Bro. A. Long, P.D.C.R. (District Treasurer), Bro. J. Jackson, P.D.C.R.



TEMPLE GUITING CHURCH.

JAPAN'S LOVE FOR LITTLE THINGS.

Of many well-marked features characteristic of Japan as a nation, none is more noteworthy than her love for tiny things. It is not that her people fail in the appreciation of what is great and imposing. Rather is it that they possess a national bias for the dainty and the diminutive. Little things seem to fascinate them; and littleness, in their eyes, has become a standard of artistic merit. This tendency is nowhere more marked than in Japanese horticulture. To our Western minds, the ideal garden consists in a vast pleasure with lawn and lakes and mile-long avenues. But the Jap designs a garden, perfect in every detail, whose total area is less than that of an English dining-table. Moreover, when completed, it is no mere window-box—a thing of the moment made to outlast a few summer days—but a carefully executed work of art, a daily delight and a joy for ever. Under the watchful care of its owner, it will grow and thrive for an indefinite period, and pass as an heirloom from one generation to another. It was doubtless this love of diminutive gardens which led to the exclusively Japanese practice of producing and rearing dwarf trees. It is, of course, quite easy for any gardener to stunt a tree, simply by cutting and starving it. But such a process merely results in an ugly deformity, and the dwarf trees of Japan are not stunted in this sense of the word. Their trunks and branches show every sign of aged old age; their roots appear above ground in tortuous curves. They are, in fact, actual living pictures of forest trees.—"Windsor Magazine."

WILD-FLOWER HUNTING.



MR. W. A. RIXON, J.P., OF TURKDEAN MANOR, AND THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, who was staying with him for the induction of the Rev. G. H. B. Greening to the living of Turkdean, Oct. 2, 1907.



TURKDEAN MANOR, the residence of Mr. W. A. Rixon and Lady Julia Bolton (a beautiful old Cotswold house, which Mr. Rixon has greatly improved and beautified).

The botanist in England cannot hope for exciting adventures, but it is far otherwise with those who seek out new fields for their activities. Mrs. Henshaw, well known as an authority on the flora of the Canadian Rockies, contributes a most interesting article to "Pearson's Magazine," in which she gives a full account of her many discoveries and her adventures in making them. She writes:

"Many adventures fall to the lot of those who hunt for mountain wild flowers, since the search leads them along the ledges of the precipices, across shale slopes, where at every step the stones go hurtling down the hillside, and where, amid all manner of almost inaccessible haunts, the finest specimens flourish, guarded by the only inhabitants of those alpine regions, the bear, mountain sheep, and goat, and such small fry as marmots, porcupines, and picas.

"One day, when following with almost painful caution along a ledge scarcely a foot wide, which jutted out from the face of a precipitous cliff, creeping on my hands and knees in order to avoid a sudden vertigo, and looking always straight ahead of me at my goal, a splendid clump of some rare species of anemone, I suddenly saw appear round the angle of the bluff not thirty feet away, a beautiful Rocky Mountain goat. For an instant we both halted, probably paralysed by an equal surprise, and then like a flash he was gone. For some time, how long I cannot tell, I lay prostrate on the narrow shelf of rock, my eyes fast shut and my fingers clasped convulsively round some projecting stones; for at the sudden appearance and subsequent flight of the goat, a full realisation swept over me of what must inevitably have happened had the animal charged at me in that precarious place.

"Presently, calmed by the wonderful silence of those vast solemn mountains, I regained courage and once more crawled on towards the anemones. Very lovely they proved to be, great white cups mottled with malachite about the base, and threaded with slender purple veins, their thick stems drawing moisture from a moss-patch, where the ledge widened and held a deposit of thin soil.

"Having secured my prize and stowed it safely away in the tin case strapped on my back, I paused to consider the best mode of return. To go back was out of the question, for I could not turn on the ledge without standing upright, a feat I dared not attempt after my recent alarm, so the only alternative was to creep on to the angle round which the goat had vanished, and see if the way lay clear thence to a safe route home. And it did, fortunately for me, across a long slope covered with boulders and so back through a belt of stunted pines to the more kindly rocks below.

"Having once more regained my feet I was able tranquilly to review the adventure, and to this day an overwhelming regret possesses me that I carried no camera that day, for neither before nor since have I ever been within such close range of a Rocky Mountain goat. They are alert and timid animals, with a remarkably keen scent, and at the approach of a human being are usually off like the wind up crags totally inaccessible to their hunters."

* *

Two stags had a fight in Richmond Park on Saturday, and one was killed. Fights are not uncommon, but it is a long time since one had a fatal result.

* *

Near Grantham, at the entrance to an orchard: "Notice.—Pray go through the gate if you wish to take this fruit."

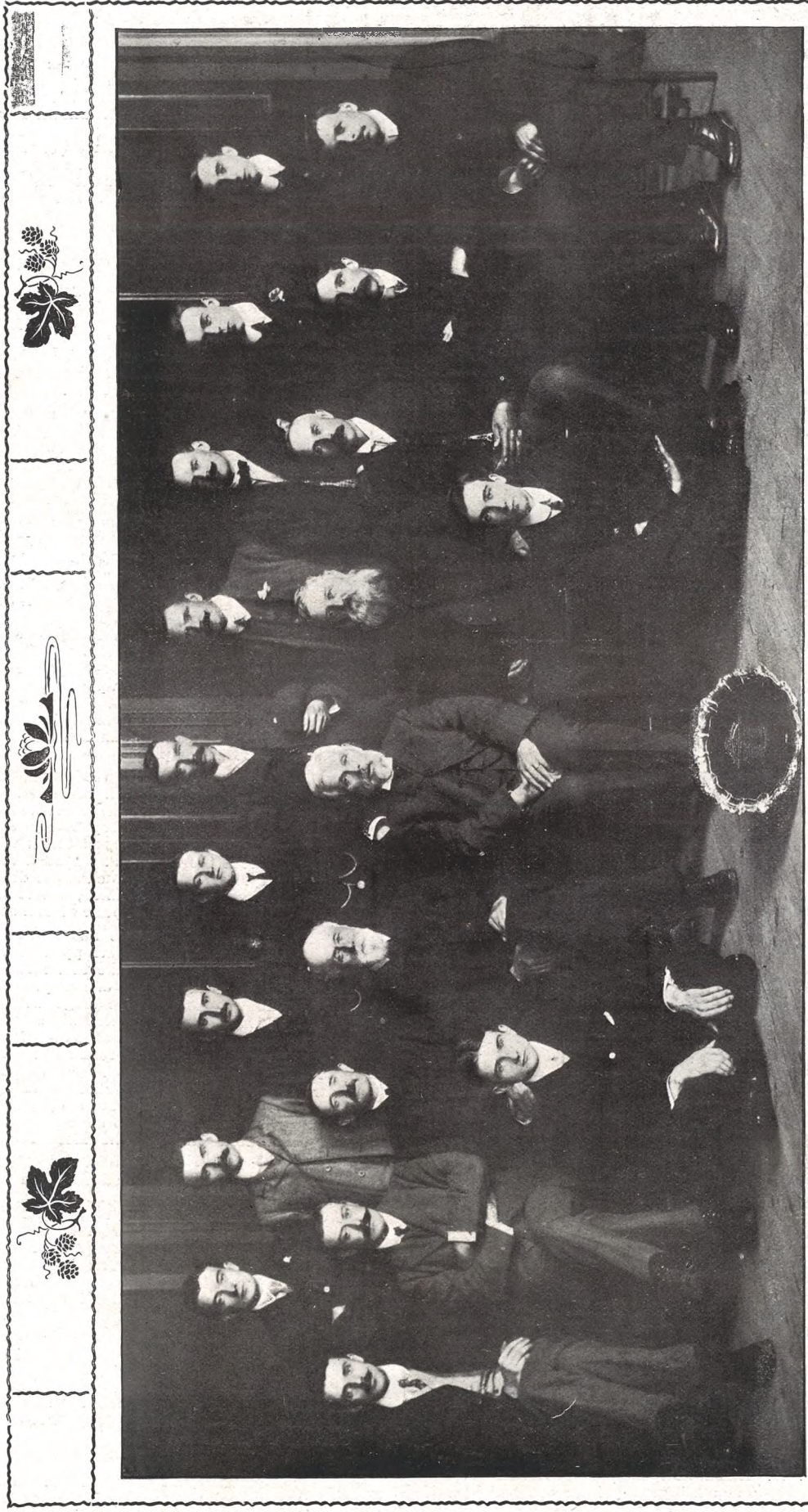


Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester.

PRESENTATION TO RETIRING COUNTY SURVEYOR.

MR. ROBERT PHILLIPS, FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS COUNTY SURVEYOR, WAS PRESENTED ON HIS RETIREMENT WITH A SILVER SALVER BY THE DISTRICT SURVEYORS AND HIS OFFICE STAFF.

Back row:—A. Dunn (Office staff), A. G. Large (Office staff), D. H. Butt (Office staff), J. Winskill (Cheltenham and Gloucester District), B. Horne (Sodbury), J. E. Roberts (late pupil), J. J. Goode (Cirencester), E. Jones (Office staff), F. Munford (Office staff).

Front row:—W. Leah (Office staff), F. W. Snape (Office staff), W. Davies (Newent), O. Viveash (Northleach and Stow), R. Phillips (late County Surveyor), J. Bayliss (Winchcombe and Campden), C. A. Ractliff (Stroud and Wheatenhurst), R. H. A. Clarke (Office staff), S. J. Bennett (Thornbury).

Sitting in front:—F. Williams (Office staff) and H. Dunn (Office staff).

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 355.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1907.

TOWN HALL, CHELTENHAM.

Messrs. Baring Bros. announce
5 POPULAR LECTURES.

MONDAY, October 21—RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S., on "Wild Nature's Ways." Illustrated.

MONDAY, October 28—ARTHUR R. HINKS, M.A., on "The Inhabitants of Mars." Illustrated.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—MRS. BARNARDO, on "The Story of My Husband's Life." Illustrated.

MONDAY, Nov. 11—The Right Hon. THE EARL OF LYTTON, on "Leaders of Men."

MONDAY, Nov. 25—MAJOR B. F. S. BADEN-POWELL, on "Balloons and Flying Machines." Illustrated.

Doors open 7.30 p.m. Commence at 8 p.m.
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WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Oct. 23rd, at 3
(CYCLE "FLORA'S HOLIDAY" (H. Lane
Wilson) and MISCELLANEOUS).

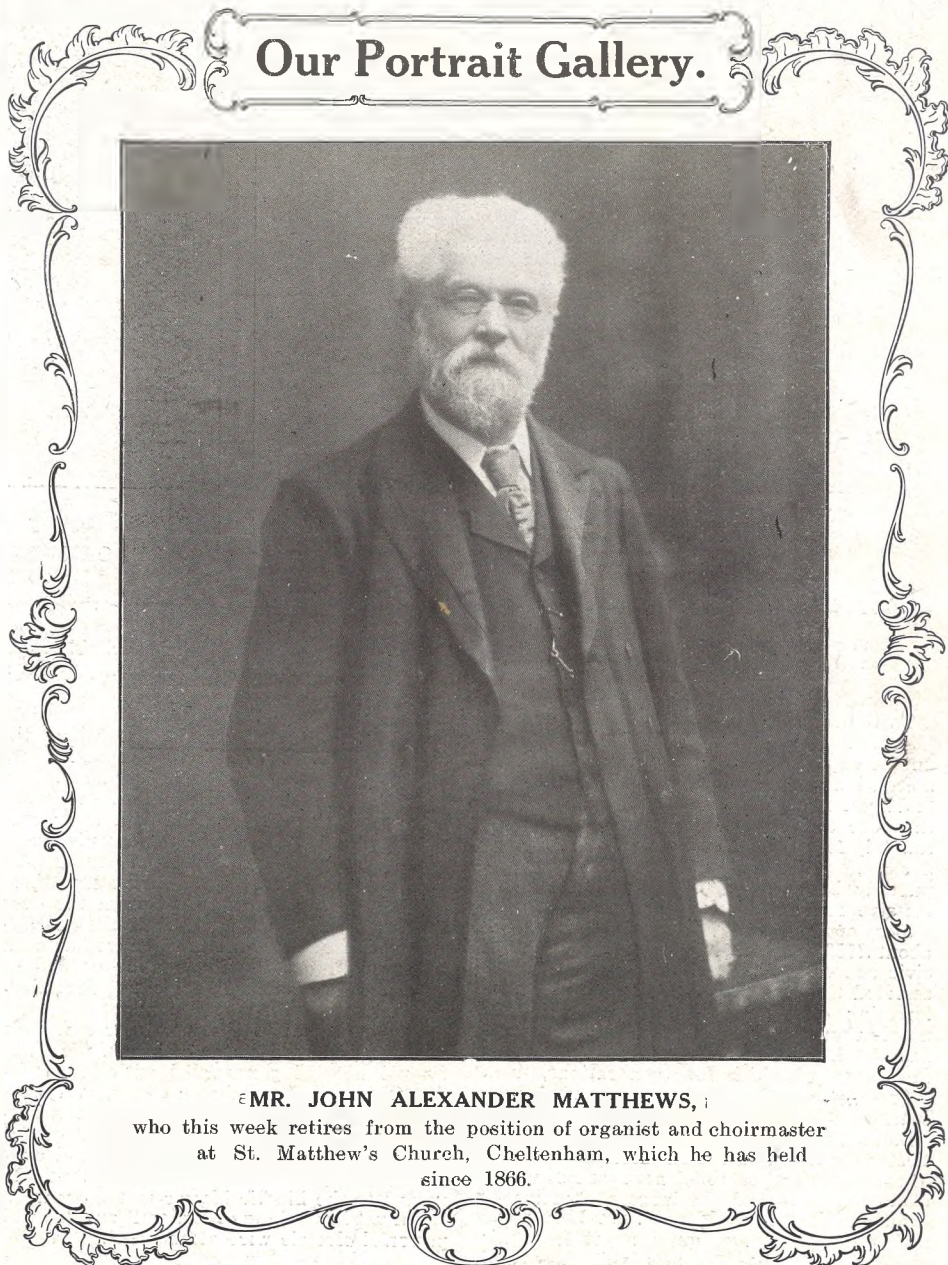
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N.B.—Cheap Railway Return Tickets. See bills.

WHY WOMEN OUT-TALK MEN.

A voice-specialist, according to a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal," claims to have discovered why women talk more than men. According to his dictum men do not talk so much simply because they cannot. It is largely a question of the size of the larynx or talking apparatus. In order to talk one must supply air at a considerable pressure



Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. JOHN ALEXANDER MATTHEWS,

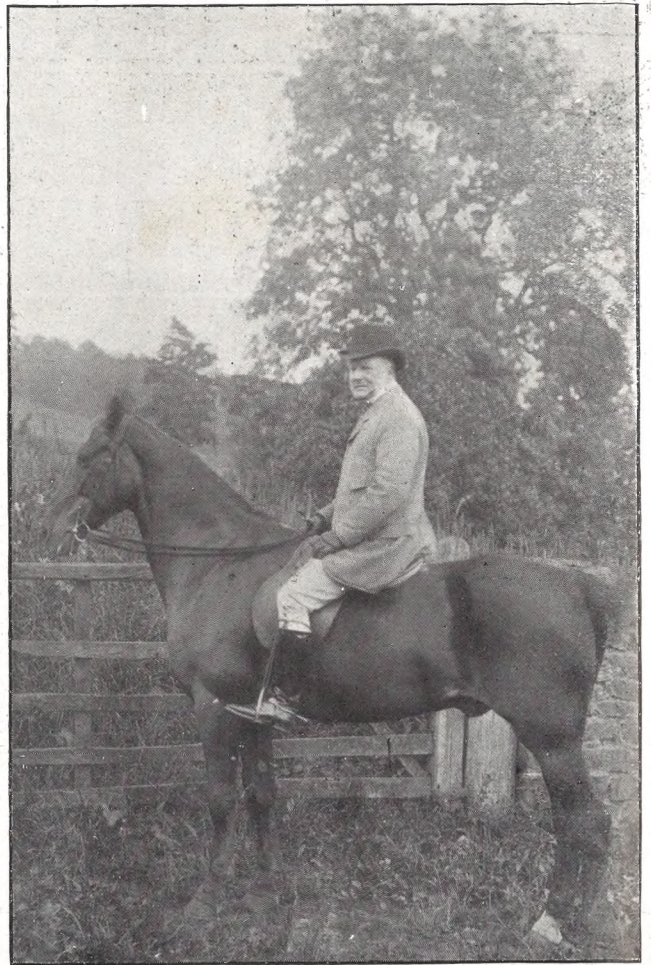
who this week retires from the position of organist and choirmaster at St. Matthew's Church, Cheltenham, which he has held since 1866.

to the vocal chords. Man having a larger throat consumes far more energy, and is consequently sooner exhausted. The scientist illustrated his contention by reference to a recent famous trial, where the principal wit-

ness—a lady—after several days in the witness-box, retained her voice unimpaired, while the counsel-trained speakers—several times had to stop and rest through hoarseness and voice exhaustion.



REV. E. F. EALES,
RECTOR OF NAUNTON.



CAPT. JOHN HENRY DIGHTON, J.P.,
OF OAK HOUSE, NEWLAND, NEAR COLEFORD.
DIED OCT. 13, 1907, AGED 83 YEARS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

To the Mayor and Mayoress of Gloucester (Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Aitken) has fallen the unique experience of having had a daughter married and the offspring of the marriage (a daughter) christened in the old city during the year of their office, which is, unfortunately for the citizens, rapidly drawing to a close. And the fact that the baby was publicly baptised in the Cathedral, at the massive red granite font presented by Mr. Gibbs, of Tynesfield, in 1878, at a cost of about £750, constitutes another record in the civic annals. Further, it can be safely asserted that never before this extremely interesting occasion had there, during the nearly thousand years that the historic fane has stood, been a christening celebrated in the edifice at which four generations, from a great-grandfather downwards, were present, as was the case last Saturday. The custom under which christenings are practically restricted to the children of members of the Cathedral establishment (one of whom alone has furnished the large proportion of eight candidates) could not have been more fittingly broken, for, quite apart from his civic position, the Mayor's voluntary and able services in connection with Church and Festival music have extended over a great many years, while Mrs. Norman Morcom (his daughter whose child was christened) is the youngest female who ever sang a solo in the grand old minster, she having when only

thirteen years old sung with remarkable taste and skill "The Cross of Calvary" at a musical recital.

*

Time is beyond recollection when the Cathedral interior was so clean and sweet as it is at present. This is because it has had its triennial cleaning, done more thoroughly this autumn, through the workmen having had the use of a telescopic stage, which enabled them to brush at greater heights than before. And I have seen them with a bellows blowing dust from the eyes and heads of effigies. Some of the gas discolouration of the stone in the nave has been brushed off, but it will soon be as bad as ever if the electric light is not installed. As there is nothing settled about the form of the memorial to the late Miss Dorothea Beale (a proposed statue of her in the Lady Chapel not being regarded with favour by the Chapter), I venture to suggest that a fitting and most useful monument to a lady who threw so much light upon girls' education would be an installation of the electric illuminant. It would certainly be seen. In regard to the kinetic blower to the organ, it is not yet in working order, as it awaits more powerful electric wire attachment.

*

The death of Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, removes one who at least played a prominent part in several election petitions in this county, for he was a counsel at Stroud in 1874; one of the judges

who dismissed the attack on the seat of the Baron de Ferrieres in 1880; and who, with Justice Vaughan Williams, found there was an equality of votes at the election for the Cirencester Division in October, 1892, and therefore voided it. He presided, too, at one of the two assizes removed from Gloucester to Cheltenham in 1896. If space permitted I could tell some good tales of him. But the very best is that when a certain County Sheriff invited him to spend Sunday at his park and bring Lady — (mentioning by a strange lapse the name of the wife of another judge), and received the sarcastic reply, "I will see if that can be arranged, Mr. Sheriff."

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Photo by Pitcher and Son, Gloucester.

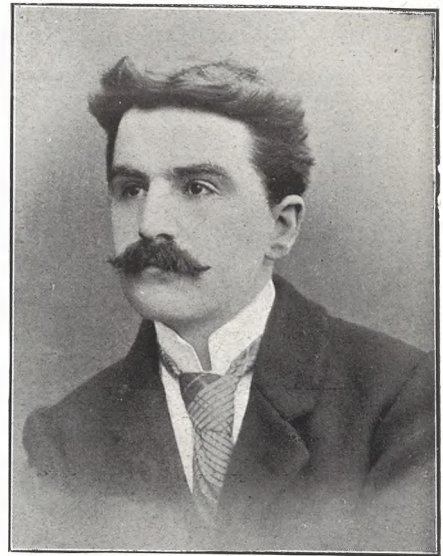
**GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL CHRISTENING, OCT. 12, 1907,
FOUR GENERATIONS PRESENT.**

Great-grandfather (Mr. Joseph West, of Gloucester, in his 91st year), grandmother (Mrs. S. Aitken, Mayoress of Gloucester), the mother (Mrs. Norman A. Morcom, of Cairo), and her child (Enid Mary, born August 28, an anniversary of the wedding of the Mayor and Mayoress).

A MORETON WEDDING.

DRURY—GRAY.

St. David's Church, Moreton-in-Marsh,
Oct. 16, 1907.



MR. A. W. DRURY.



MISS IDA GERTRUDE GRAY.

In connection with the L.C.C. scheme of indicating houses in London which have been the residences of distinguished individuals, a memorial tablet has been erected on No. 31 Golden-square, where John Hunter resided at one time.

THE LARGEST PARISH CHURCH.

* *

A correspondent of the "Layman" disputes the claim of St. Nicholas's, Yarmouth, to be the largest parish church in England. The palm, he says, must go to its great rival, the noble Church of St. Michael, Coventry. This church of the city of "the three tall spires" is 293 feet long by 127 feet wide, in comparison to the 230 feet by 108 feet of St. Nicholas, besides which the total height of the tower, with its spire, is 303 feet. As a compensation, however, the Parish Church of Yarmouth can boast of possessing the largest pulpit in England—one in which you can walk up and down. There is a good story to the effect that Canon Venables, the late able and somewhat eccentric vicar, in the course of a sermon upon St. Luke xv., 8-9, lighted a candle, and placing it on the floor of the pulpit, proceeded to sweep, as well as diligently search, till he found the missing coin of silver, which he straightway held up to the congregation for the purpose of their mutual rejoicing.

For Cambridge matriculation it is estimated that there will be between 1,060 and 1,070 entries, constituting a record. Last year's number of 1,021 was considered wonderful.

The South Devon Farmers' Association is advocating the amendment of the jury list so as to secure the services of "practical, intelligent men," who would be paid their expenses when summoned to assizes or quarter sessions.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

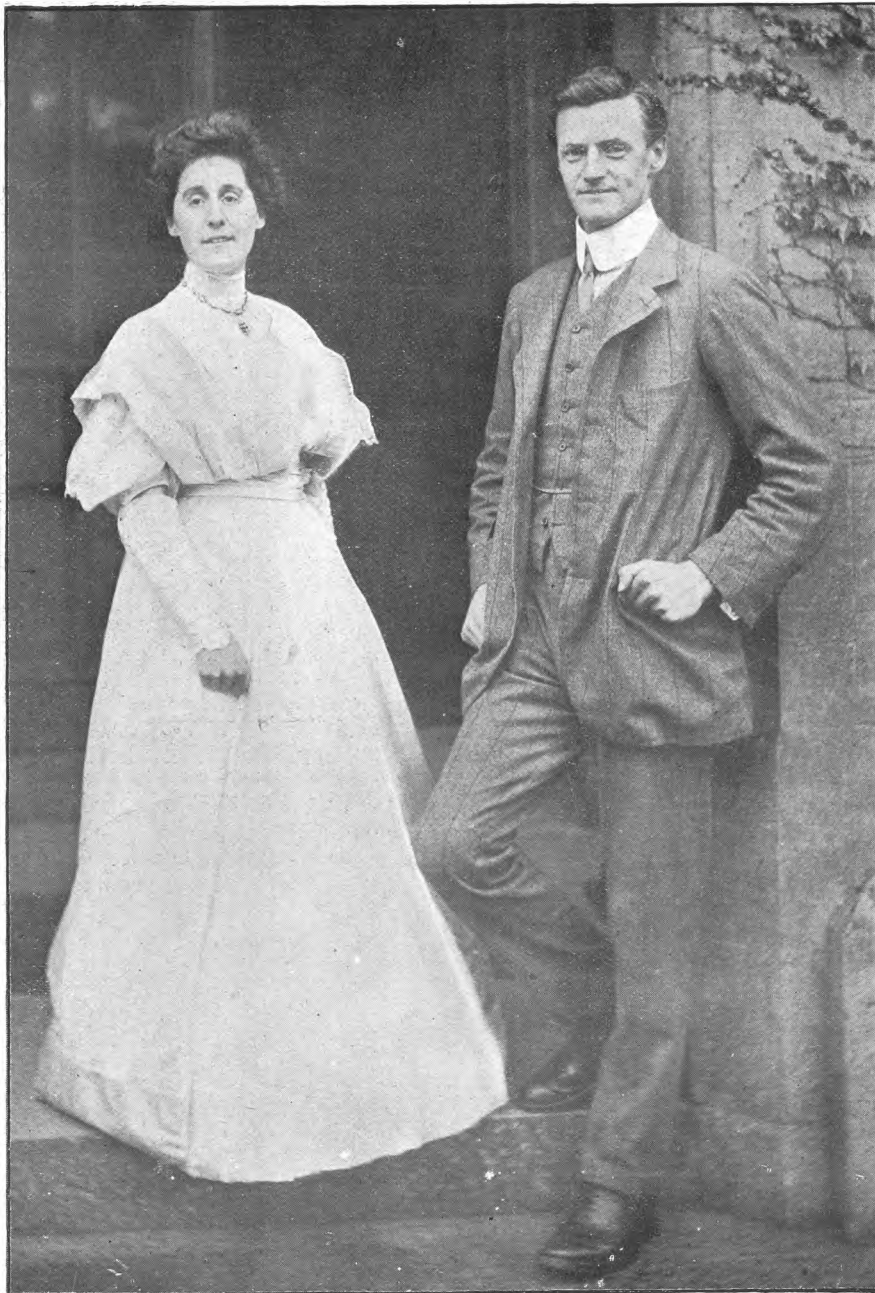
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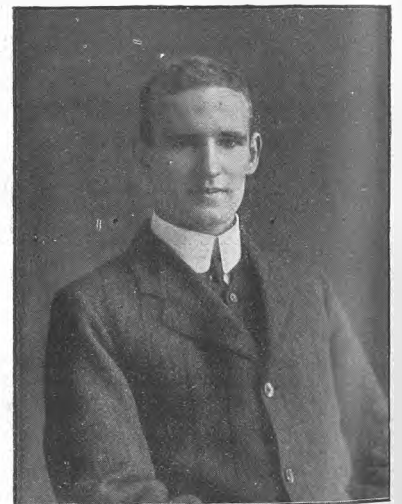
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MR. A. W. CLIFFORD,
OF CHESTAL, DURSLEY,
CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR THE STROUD DIVISION,
AND MRS. CLIFFORD.



MR. B. M. EYRES-MONSELL
(late Lieutenant R.N.),
of Dumbleton Hall, near Evesham,
Conservative Candidate for South
Worcestershire.



MR. R. E. PRIESTLEY,
a son of the Headmaster of Tewkesbury
Grammar School, and has been appointed
geologist to the South Pole Expedition under
Lieut. Shackleton.
Photo by F. E. Organ, Tewkesbury.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,

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THE EVERYDAY WOMAN.

* *

About the everyday woman there can be no mistake; she stands outside of all 'isms and 'ologies; she thinks of the day as it is, of people as they are, of her surroundings as they are; the great aim of her life is to live through every day with all the quiet, the comfort, and the dignity that she can. Tomorrow for her is always to come and yesterday is as if it had never been. Without visions or without regrets, she is the emblem of practicality, of orderliness, of—I must say it—the middle-class home. She keeps both head and heart in place, and she is a power in the land.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

A child was recently baptised at St. George's, South Norwood, with the Christian names of Angel Snowdrop.

A giant crop of sloes has been gathered from the hedgerows among the Chiltern Hills, many of them being as large as damsons. This is the first season for several years that the fruit has attained perfection.

The 1,561 prisoners in Chelmsford Gaol earned £2,709 during the last twelve months. Their maintenance cost £2,405 during the same period.

Bills are exhibited at Rollesby, Norfolk, announcing a concert to be given in aid of a fund to purchase new "cossacks" for the church choir.

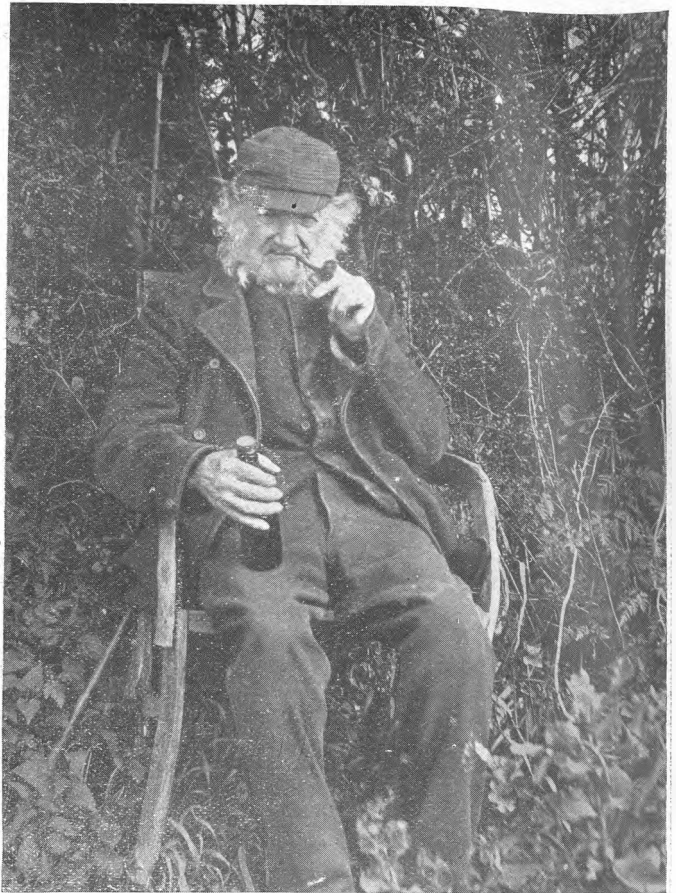
* AN ALSTON WEDDING. *

* *

MR. FRANK DAY, OF TEDDINGTON, TO MISS ALICE
OLDAKER, OF ALSTON.
MARRIED AT ST. MARGARET'S, OCT. 7, 1907.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



DEATH OF WINCHCOMBE'S OLDEST INHABITANT.

Mr. G. Woodward, who has just died at Winchcombe, aged 92 years, was born at Stanton, Glos., on January 3, 1815. He was a bootmaker by trade, and carried on business in Stanton for many years. He removed thence to Winchcombe, and worked at his trade till over eighty years of age. He was married at the age of nineteen, and he and his wife lived together sixty-five years, and had a family of twelve children.



THE WEDDING PARTY.

PERSONS WHO SHOULD EMIGRATE.

*

All sheriffs' officers; all income-tax gatherers; all punsters and conundrum-makers; all wall-flowers at evening parties; all widows, as being a dangerous class of the community; all linen-draper, who are always coming out with "an alarming failure," or alluring customers into their shops to be the victims of a "large sacrifice"; all quack doctors and advertising professors, no matter whether in the hair-cutting, or corn-cutting, or saltatory, or tonorial, or mesmeric, or electro-biological, or any other empirical line; all persons who propose toasts, and sentiments, and healths at convivial parties; all persons who give imitations of actors; all persons who take you aside to tell you "a funny thing they heard yesterday"; all match-making ladies, for their officiousness in making matches would be of the greatest value in America and the Indies; all young men who smoke before the age of fifteen, and young ladies who wear ringlets after they are thirty; all cabmen and omnibus conductors; all fast young ladies who drive dogcarts and row, and smoke, and play the cornet, etc.; all old ladies who keep more than two dogs, or the same number of cats; all mothers-in-law, without a single exception; all, etc., etc., etc.



**FOOTBALL MATCH, CHELTENHAM v. LONDON WELSH,
at West Ham, October 12th, 1907.**



1. Cheltenham team, committee, and supporters at West Ham leaving the touring car which had taken them to the principal spots of interest in London.

2. Lord Duncannon, with Mr. W. Sawyer and other well-known supporters, at the match.

3. Three well-known Welsh internationals—Wallace Watts (of Newport), A. F. Harding (who played), and Dr. Pryce Jenkins.

YOUNGEST COTSWOLD ORGANISTS.



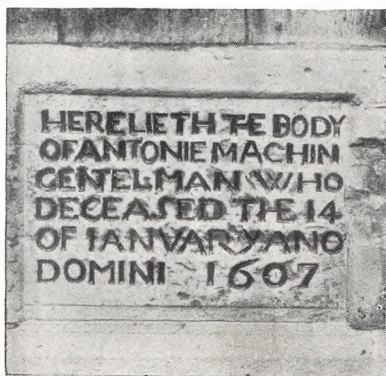
MR. WILLIAM EDWIN MILES,
DIED OCT. 4, 1907, AGED 59 YEARS,
and was buried in his native village of
Bredon's Norton on Oct. 9. He was organist
at the parish church for forty years, and a
bellringer from a boy.



MISS ANNIE M. WEALE,
organist of Bledington Church since 1904,
when she was 14 years old; deputy organist
of same church when twelve years of age (in
1902); continued as deputy for two years until
she became organist. She was a pupil of
Mdle. Anden and Mdle. Vallet, resident
music teachers at The Elms, Stow-on-the-
Wold, of which school Miss Blizard, A.C.P.,
is principal. She is good at theory and
pianoforte playing, but her favourite
instrument is the organ.



MISS ADELAIDE BURY HOPE,
organist of Westcote Church, near Chipping
Norton, since January, 1906, being then
about 14½ years of age. Always quick at
music, especially pianoforte playing, she had
only four quarters' teaching—first at a
private school and lately of Mr. E. West,
formerly organist at Moreton-in-Marsh
Parish Church.



CHELTENHAM'S OLDEST TOMBSTONE

*
This memorial stone, with its original
quaint lettering, is fixed in the exterior wall
of St. Mary's Parish Church, Cheltenham,
and is considered the oldest tombstone in
Cheltenham. Another by the side of it
records the death of Antonie Machin's
daughter Anne seven years later. The stones
had badly perished, and have been recently
restored by Mr. C. James, of Chester-walk.

TERRIERS.

Terrier was the name given to any hardy
active little dog that would face a badger or
a fox in its earth, or sometimes a cat in a
corner, the last-named being by no means
the least formidable antagonist of the three.
There was no exclusiveness in the breeding
of a terrier, and he was crossed with the bull-
dog to give him courage, with the beagle to
improve his nose, and in later days with the
greyhound to give him speed. This crossing
was limited only by the necessities of his
work, for the terrier needed to be compar-
atively small, since a dog over sixteen pounds
is too large and below twelve pounds too
small to be of use for going to ground. I
know of course that weight has more to do
with make and muscular development than
with size, yet nevertheless these weights give
a rough method of estimating the limits of
serviceable size for the working terrier.—
"Blackwood's Magazine."



TEMPLE GUITING VICARAGE.

"CUTICOLA"

A FOOD FOR THE SKIN.

Summer or Winter Use.

Prevents chapped hands, and removes
sunburn, freckles, etc.

EXCELLENT FOR USE AFTER SHAVING.

IN BOTTLES, 6d. EACH.

A. C. SAXBY, CHEMIST &
OPTICIAN,
397 High Street, Cheltenham.

c359

PRIZE COMPETITION

* *

The 255th prize has been awarded to Miss
M. S. Corke, Wilsford Lodge, St. Mark's,
Cheltenham, for a report of sermon by the
Rev. P. A. Nash at St. Mark's, Cheltenham.
The sermons will be found in the main
sheet.

FLANNEL SHIRTS

A large stock of Mixed and All Wool Shirts.

* *

Flannelette from 2/6, Unshrinkable from 3/6,

All Wool from 5/6. Also in Boys' Sizes.

Merino, Natural Wool, and Lambswool Hosiery.

* *

A. BECKINGSALE,

Hosier and Shirt Maker,

111 HIGH STREET,

Telephone 406.

CHELTENHAM



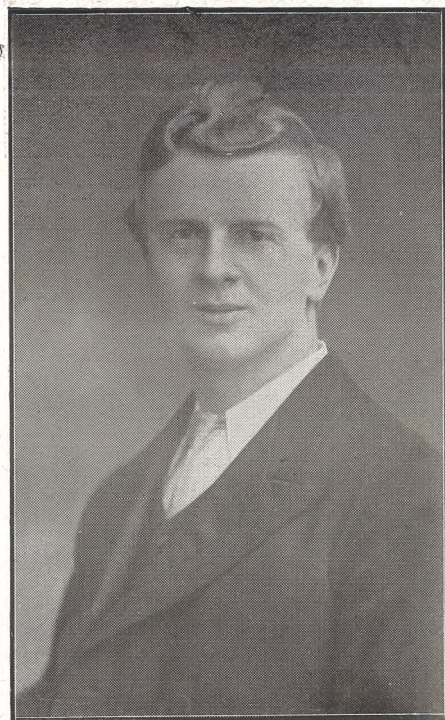
CHESTAL, DURSLEY,
THE RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. CLIFFORD.



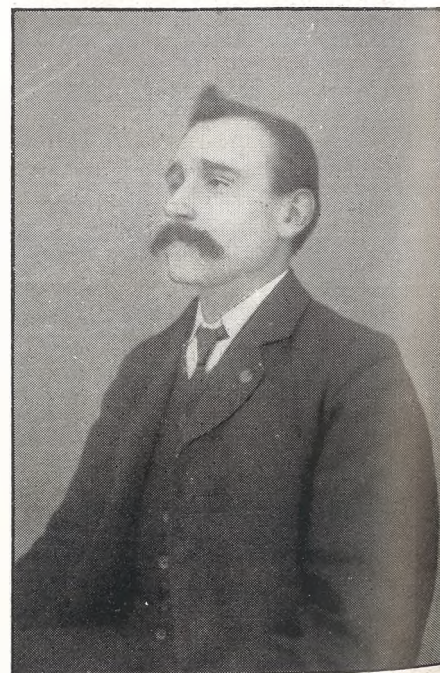
CHAIRING A COLONEL.

This photo depicts the finale of a remarkable scene that took place at the end of the training of the 4th Battalion Gloucester Regiment. Earl Bathurst (the Colonel) had in the morning on parade announced that he intended to resign before the next training, and wished them "Good-bye." Later in the morning he visited the Sergeants' Mess, and presented that institution with a massive silver bowl in commemoration of his period of command, which extended over ten years. During the speech-making the band and every man of the regiment turned out, and as soon as the Earl emerged from the tent he was hoisted in a chair, and amidst the strains of the band and the cheers of the men was carried shoulder high through the camp to the Officers' Mess. The photo shows the Earl (in blue) saying a few words of thanks after being let out of the chair, while on his right is Regt.-Sergt.-Major Adkins. The proceedings were quite a surprise, and pleased the Colonel, as the demonstration was quite on the spur of the moment and not prearranged in any way, showing how popular a commanding officer he had been.

North Cotswold
Christian Endeavour Union.



REV. E. J. TONGUE, B.D.,
STOW-ON-THE-WOLD,
who on Wednesday was elected President of
the North Cotswold C.E. Union.



REV. W. J. LAIT,
MILTON-UNDER-WYCHWOOD,
newly-appointed Vice-President of North
Cotswold C.E. Union.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
 AND
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

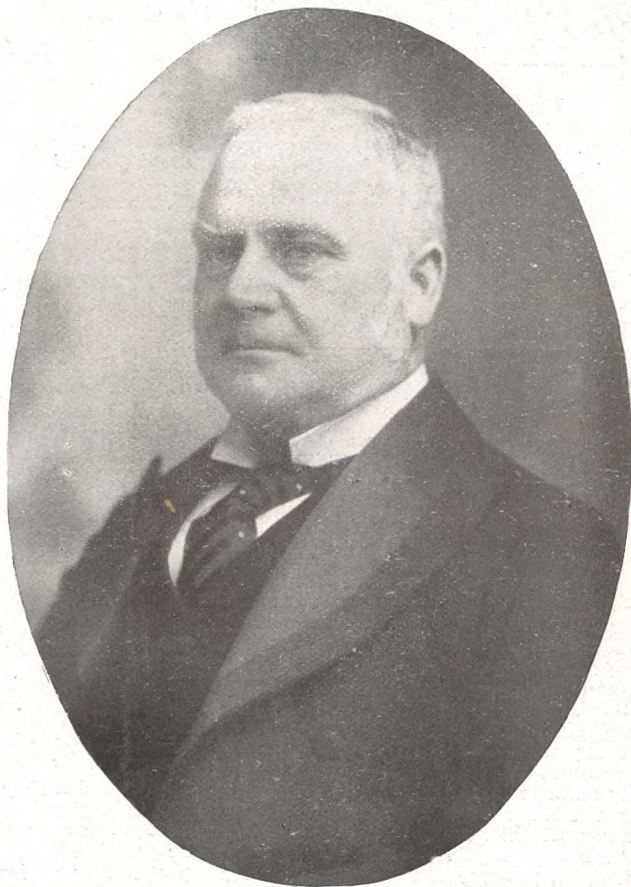
No. 356.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1907.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S ENGAGEMENT.



MISS VIOLET HICKS BEACH.



LORD LOREBURN.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, London.

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 Flagon.
 "Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
 Price Lists on Application.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.
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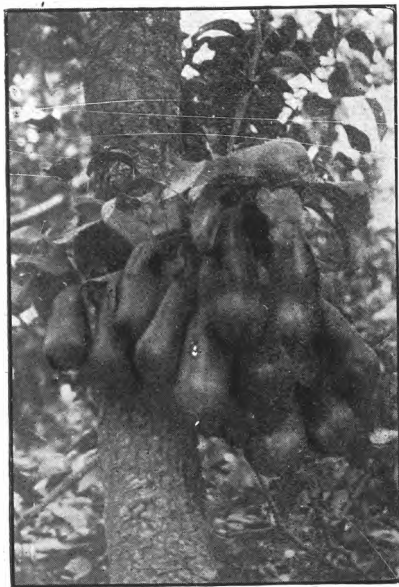
Tel. 85.

16 Montpellier Walk.

Tel. 288.

Large Selection of

Choicest Fruits and Vegetables always in stock.
 Grouse, Capons, Large Country Ducks.
 Fish from the best Fisheries on the coast.



A PICKING OF PEARS.

This cluster of fruit is of a freakish character. When photographed, the pears, thirty-one in number, were growing on a small twig branching out of the trunk of a Bon Chretien pear tree belonging to Mr. W. Clarke, of Shurdington. The peculiar part of it, however, is that the pears themselves are not Bon Chretiens, but are produced by the old stock, the Bon Chretien being grafted above. The pears had scarcely space in which to grow.

AN ADOPTED COUSIN.

[By J. M. JACOBS.]

It was Mentone who told me this story; his own life would make a more fascinating one—but that's another. Suffice it to say, that of all men I know, he's the crankiest, the hottest tempered, the most generous. Perhaps, too, the tallest—he stands six feet one—and certainly the richest, as he owns two-thirds of the shares in the great Mentone Line, of which he is managing director. His brusqueness, almost savage at times in the presence of conventional hypocrites, hardly tends to endear him the more to the many friends his wealth has attracted. And when you see these shrug their shoulders or nod their heads significantly at the mention of his name, you may know they are hinting at his nocturnal slum-wanderings in default of a better handle of queerness to seize upon. But would there were such methods in all madness, say I.

One afternoon last summer I was driving with him to the docks, when I was to be favoured with the first look at his latest liner. He had sunk into one of his fits of abstraction, so I had ample time to grow tired of that dreary wilderness of warehouses known as the Commercial-road. All the more gratefully, therefore, did I welcome the view of a spacious building, newer and brighter than the rest. By force of contrast, its glazed red brick facade and lofty three-dialled clock tower shone forth resplendent as a veritable triumph of architecture. As our hansom passed, I could see that it was only a factory after all, and that its owners were E. Mentone and Sons, tin and copper smiths.

Mechanically I turned to my companion, who followed my eye, and smiled.

"Relative of yours?" I asked jestingly.

"Well, not exactly," he replied with a curious expression; "sort of cousin—by marriage."

The last two words were jerked out with something like a chuckle that tempted me to pursue the matter further.

"You mean he married your cousin?"

"I mean nothing of the kind; the man adopted me as cousin on his own account. Oh, you needn't look so mystified, and he laughed so heartily that I couldn't help joining in. "Next time you come round I'll tell you all about it."

A week later, as I was enjoying one of his delightful cigars, I reminded him of his promise. Nothing loth, he stroked his grizzled beard awhile as if to refresh his memory, and then went straight for the point as usual.

"Whenever I handle a certain monthly cheque for freights," he began, "my mind goes back to a scene in my Whitechapel wanderings of fifteen years ago. It pictures a tiny attic—a man groaning upon a bed, a woman sewing feverishly, hungry children squalling on the floor. I don't care to dwell upon it even now.

"Next time I came the aspect was rather less dismal. The invalid was sitting up, and showed his gratitude by pouring forth his whole autobiography in his native tongue. He hailed from Posen—you know my grandfather was a German?—and boasted the name of Morgensheim. He had come to London to better his position, but ill-luck and ill-health had hugely worsened it; as was not difficult to believe. Yet he had some new ideas on the making of tinware, and if he could get hold of a little money to buy fresh tools and materials— Ach! but miracles don't happen nowadays.

"Well, one did happen to the extent of five pounds, after which I lost sight of the fellow. Some time after, I happened to be passing through the old 'Petticoat Lane' late at night on my way to Bishopsgate Station. In spite of the drenching rain, many of the stalls were already in position for the morning's market, and on one of them I caught sight of what appeared to be a bundle of coarse brown sacking. But as I came nearer my bundle betrayed itself by a violent fit of coughing, and, wondering who could choose such a resting-place on such a night, I went up and touched it gently with my finger. With a start it uncovered a dark-bearded face, and I recognised my foreign friend of the little attic.

"'Hullo!' I cried in surprise, 'are things still so bad with you that you can't afford a better lodging?'

"He knew me at once. 'Ha, mein herr,' he exclaimed, jumping up at once. I repeated my question.

"'Vy I here sleep? Ven not, som oder man vill come and trow mein stall in de himmel up.'

"'But the other stall-keepers don't stay here all night,' I objected, looking round.

"He smiled at my simplicity. 'Ach, dey have long-time here bin, no von dare to steal dere place. But me, it is diff'rence. Last week I com fif hours of de mornings—too late. Dis time I mak' sure,' he explained with unceasing gesticulations. 'I come elfen in de night.'

"The poor fellow looked so miserable an object as he stood there, dripping and coughing, that I felt quite sorry for him. And it was impossible not to admire his cheery perseverance.

"'But come,' said I, 'this sort of thing will kill you; you don't look over strong. Why don't you take a litle shop for your things?'

"'Vy don't I take a shop?' he cried, with a humorous grimace. 'Vy ain't I a millionaire?'

"'It needn't cost so very much,' I urged meditatively.

"He shook his head in pity at my ignorance.

"'Not mooch! Ach, not at all! P'r'aps twenty pound; p'r'aps fifty pound!' and he jingled the coppers in his trousers pocket, and grinned at his own irony.

"Just then Spitalfields clock struck twelve, and I had to hurry off. All the way home I couldn't get out of my head the man's pluck and his good spirits. Why shouldn't I help him to his shop? I roughly reckoned it would need fifty pounds to make a start. Eventually I sent for him and offered to lend the money. It was a rare treat to witness his antics of delight, when he was at length convinced I was in earnest. He swore by all the saints in his calendar that I should never repent the transaction; he would repay every farthing in a month—or at most in six.

"My dear fellow, please do not stare as if you think me crazy. Some people invest their superfluous cash in orchids; others in horses; why shouldn't I in a man? Besides, he really did repay the money, or most of it, in the end, and whatever I get back in such cases I always reckon as clear profit.

"Well, one evening a few months later, I thought I'd run down to Brick-lane and see for myself how his shop was getting on. It was only a little place, but it was simply bursting with pots and pans. My friend wasn't visible, and the pretty dark-eyed girl in charge had almost sold me half-a-dozen frying-pans before I bethought myself of asking for Mr. Morgensheim. This simple question at once changed her manner from confidence to suspicion. She hesitated, temporised, demanded my business. Laughingly I reassured her I was neither the King's taxes nor the County Council; whereupon she blushed and said she'd inquire inside.

"'But what is your name, girl?' I asked.

"'Fanny Mentone,' was the amazing reply, as she disappeared into a little back room. I heard the clashing of plates, I sniffed verious savoury odours. This was promising. Out of the many saucepans came forth meat apparently.

"Presently the door was re-opened cautiously, gradually, and then the man himself came rushing up to me in childish glee. Although his mouth was full, I really think he wanted to press my hand to his lips. 'Hannchen—Fanny—Fritz!' he shouted, 'here's the Mr. Mentone,' and in a moment I was surrounded by the whole family in various attitudes of adoration. I rushed out in vexation to escape their embraces, and it was then I first noticed that the name over the shop was my own—'Edward Mentone.'

"'Whatever's the meaning of this?' I asked sternly of the unabashed proprietor.

"'Mein own name was too long,' he replied with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders; 'It would cost more money to paint.' Then catching my eye, he smiled slyly. 'Besides, the name of such a man is bound to bring me luck—the oder is no goot for this country,' he added humbly.

"I laughed. Let him call himself 'De Montmorency' or 'Guy Fawkes' if he choose. What difference, I thought rashly, could it make to me?

"It must have been two or three years before I saw my namesake again. One afternoon I was surprised at Fenchurch-street by a visit from an old fellow-student at Heidelberg—Dr. Furst, whom I hadn't heard of for ever so long. He was now, he told me, on a mission from the Prussian Government to report on the slum question in London. I was indeed glad to see him once more. How had he managed to hunt me up? I asked.

"Oh, your cousin showed me here," explained Furst, in purest English.

"My cousin? Impossible! I cried in surprise. 'Some sharper more likely. How did you pick him up?'"

"By the merest accident," smiled my old friend. 'I was passing through a street in Spitalfields, when I caught sight of your name staring me in the face from two adjacent shops. Old memories revived. I had never come across the name apart from yourself, and a sudden impulse made me step inside. It proved a lucky chance; your cousin was wild with delight to meet a friend of yours—if he shook hands once, it must have been a dozen times. And then he insisted on escorting me here himself. Your relatives seem to think a rare lot of you, I must say.'

"But, man alive," I cried in some vexation, 'I assure you I haven't the ghost of a relation in all London.'

"Dr. Furst shrugged his shoulders. 'My dear fellow,' he said, smiling, 'you know your own family best, of course. But I must demur to the "ghost," for, unless I'm very much mistaken, he's waiting outside now.'

"Rushing to the window, I saw my tinsmith looking up. He touched his hat and made an awkward bow. The whole episode had passed out of my mind, but I recalled the fellow and sent one of the clerks to fetch him up.

"What do you mean," I shouted in a rage, as he entered with his irrepressible smile, 'by masquerading as a cousin of mine?'"

"Sir," he replied pleadingly, 'I hope I've done nothing to disgrace the family?'"

"Then the rogue threw his hands out and his shoulders up in such a humorously pathetic way that I could hardly contain myself.

"Clear out, you scoundrel!" I burst out, vainly trying to hide my laughter. Furst was laughing—and ducking his head in respectful familiarity, the man went off.

"I didn't see him again for perhaps a twelvemonth. One morning I interrupted some pressing business to see the gentleman who begged for two minutes' private conversation. Lo and behold, who should it turn out to be but Morgensheim alias Mentone himself.

"What's the matter with you now?" I growled in disgust.

"I hope your honour's health is good," he began, in his thin wheezy voice.

"Oh, excellent—if only you'd let it alone. Is that all?'"

"I'm at the bottom of a hole," he sighed.

"How much?" I asked impatiently.

"No, thank you," he replied, shaking his head with an air of injured innocence. 'Is money everything in this world?'"

"At this unexpected disinterestedness I scanned him with some curiosity, and now observed his general air of prosperity. He wore a frock coat and brown boots and a massive gold chain.

"I have a daughter; she wants to get married," he resumed in a doleful voice.

"That's not so very tragic," I smiled. "You don't want her to remain an old maid, surely?'"

"No, no, it's not that; but the young man's family—"

"Isn't the family good enough for you, you confounded aristocrat?" I broke in, with my temper rising.

"Ach, that's just the point," he stammered eagerly. 'It's too good. They stuck out, they wouldn't hear of the match until—'

"Until what? Out with it, man."

"Until they learnt I was your cousin."

"I jumped from my seat.

"I had to say it—for my daughter's sake," he almost whined.

"The deuce you did!" said I, fairly staggered.

"I couldn't help myself," he groaned.

"The impertinence!" I said.

"You won't deny it?" he begged. 'It won't hurt you in any way.'

"How could I remain long angry with the old lumbag? The sheer absurdity of the whole thing so amused me that I laughed. My would-be relative joined in timidly, doubtfully.

"Well, well, you hypocrite," I yielded grudgingly, 'I don't care if I am a cousin to you.'

"He almost danced for joy.

"I say, though," I added hastily, with various drawbacks beginning to dawn on me, 'not more than a second cousin, if you please.'

"Of course, of course," he replied gratefully, 'you may trust me,' but although obviously much relieved, he still eyed me furtively as if there was something more to come.

"And that's all you came for?" I asked suspiciously.

"Yes, sir, I assure you, only to get your consent," he averred solemnly; 'so that you shouldn't decline the invitation.'

"Invitation? What invitation?'"

"To the wedding, sir. I swear I'd never have dared to take the liberty," he protested unblushingly, 'only Mr. Torpin—he's the young man's father—said he knew you weren't proud, and would be sure to come.'

"Then before I could get in a word, he poured forth a thousand blessings on my head, and departed—to reappear again at the end of a week. I had had almost enough of him by this time and only let him be shown in to tell him so with proper emphasis.

"Don't you know," I said, cutting short his apologies, 'that I am a busy man and can't be bothered with any more of your affairs? Don't come here again.'

"Sir," said he, with a most distressful countenance and not without a semblance of dignity, 'you have saved my life, you have lifted me out of the gutter, you have made a man of me. Could I be so ungrateful as to go to anyone else for advice?'"

"I wish you would. I shall not be at all offended if you do. But as you are here, tell me what is wrong now."

"I am in sore trouble," sighed my relative. 'The fact is, Mr. Torpin has two large shops in Mile End.'

"Isn't that enough? Did you expect him to have half a dozen?'"

"God forbid!" he cried earnestly. 'He's far too big a man for me as it is. Why, only yesterday he proposed to buy a house for the young couple!' and my visitor looked the picture of despair.

"Are you mad?" I asked in astonishment, 'or only pretending? What is there to be unhappy about? The man must be a brick.'

"Ah," he replied sadly, 'but there's a hitch; he makes conditions. He wants me to buy the furniture for it.'

"Why, I'd jump at the chance. Don't be mean, man."

"I can't," he moaned pitifully. 'Ach! what an opportunity for my poor Fanny to lose! Every penny I have is tied up in the business.'

"Didn't you explain that to your Mr. Torpin?'"

"Explain!" he repeated bitterly; 'I almost went down on my knees to him. But all he answered was "No furniture, no house!" He even had the cheek to bring in your name!'"

"My name! What on earth have I to do with it?'"

"He said, "Your cousin, the shipowner, is such a rich man—surely he would furnish the house as a wedding present!"' and the tinman covered his eyes with his hand, as if to blot out the horrible suggestion.



Photo by Harold Stokes, Cheltenham.

A Promising Young Cheltenham Swimmer.

ALFRED BETTERIDGE, who is a son of Mr. Harry Betteridge, of the Farmers' Arms, Worcester-street, Cheltenham, has won the School Championship at Christ Church School two years in succession, and is still at school. He had never swum in public until the competition for the Schools Challenge Shield, when his style and pace caused general remark—so much so that he was heavily handicapped when entering for the Polo Club's under 16 race. Still, he did the two lengths in 45sec. He swims with the "trudgeon" stroke.

"This was too much? Was I to be tricked thus? I sat stupefied for a moment, then rang the bell. 'Show the gentleman out,' I cried angrily.

"But at that moment he looked as me so sorrowfully, so reproachfully, that I relented. I was so amazed at the colossal impudence of the fellow that he had his own way once more. I was even present at the wedding and rather enjoyed the situation.

"The eldest boy was named after me, and every week or so one or other of them seems to be thanking me for a birthday present. The grandfather is in a large way of business now. He has turned out a model employer; that was his place you saw in the Commercial-road."

A Notts newspaper prints the following notice explaining why a man did not attend the funeral of his sister:—Mr. — did not attend his sister's funeral because he was not asked before she died, and as she was taken so quick there was not time to ask him then.

"CUTICOLA"

A FOOD FOR THE SKIN.

Summer or Winter Use.

Prevents chapped hands, and removes sunburn, freckles, etc.

EXCELLENT FOR USE AFTER SHAVING.

IN BOTTLES, 6d. EACH.

A. C. SAXBY, CHEMIST & OPTICIAN,

397 High Street, Cheltenham.

Wedding at St. Mary's Church, Norton, Oct. 23, 1907. Young—Arbuthnot.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, BRIDESMAIDS, AND RELATIONS.
Reading left to right:—Mr. H. A. Arbuthnot, Miss D. Darell, Mrs. Arbuthnot (mother of bride), Mr. R. Arbuthnot, Miss D. Harwood Banner, Miss D. Romilly, Ccl. Arbuthnot (father of bride), Bride (Mrs. G. Young, *nee* Miss Molly Arbuthnot), Bridegroom (Mr. G. Young), Miss Arbuthnot, Mr. Hargreaves (best man), Miss Young, Mrs. J. B. Arbuthnot, Capt. J. B. Arbuthnot, M.V.O.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM (MR. AND MRS. GEORGE YOUNG).

TEWKESBURY Y.M.C.A. COMING OF AGE.

THE TEWKESBURY Y.M.C.A. CELEBRATED ITS COMING-OF-AGE ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT THE TOLSEY HALL.

Mr. W. Hind Smith (London) and Mr. W. A. Boyd (district travelling secretary), were special representatives of the National Council.



Photo by Bennett and Clarke, Wolverhampton.
MR. W. CREESE, OF TEDDINGTON.
 President since its inception. He was the first secretary of the Y.M.C.A. when started in London in 1844 by Sir George Williams and others, and is the only surviving founder. Mr. Creese is 86 on November 10th.

*At a preliminary meeting held
 the 11th day of Nov 1844 it was resolved
 to adopt the London rules of the London
 Young Men's Association as the
 basis of union in the formation of the
 Young Men's Association now forming
 in Tewkesbury.*

W Creese

*Wm de F. Jones
 Arthur Graham
 James W. Coleman
 Archibald Johnston
 Wm Stephens
 John J. Brothridge
 Walter Thomas Bright
 Frank Coleman
 A. R. Harding
 Archibald Rice
 George Chettham
 W. Gardner
 E. Prasad
 Treasurer*

"BIRTH" CERTIFICATE OF THE Y.M.C.A.

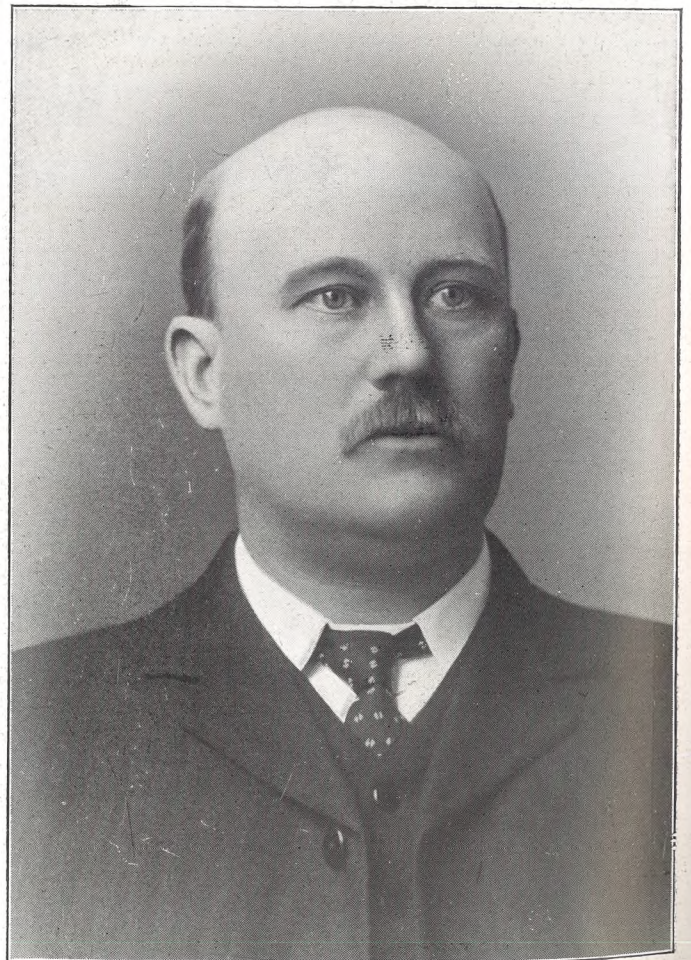


MR. J. T. BROTHERIDGE,
 one of the prime movers, and
 as secretary for some years
 saved the institution from
 breaking up.

Photos by F. E. Organ.
 Tewkesbury.

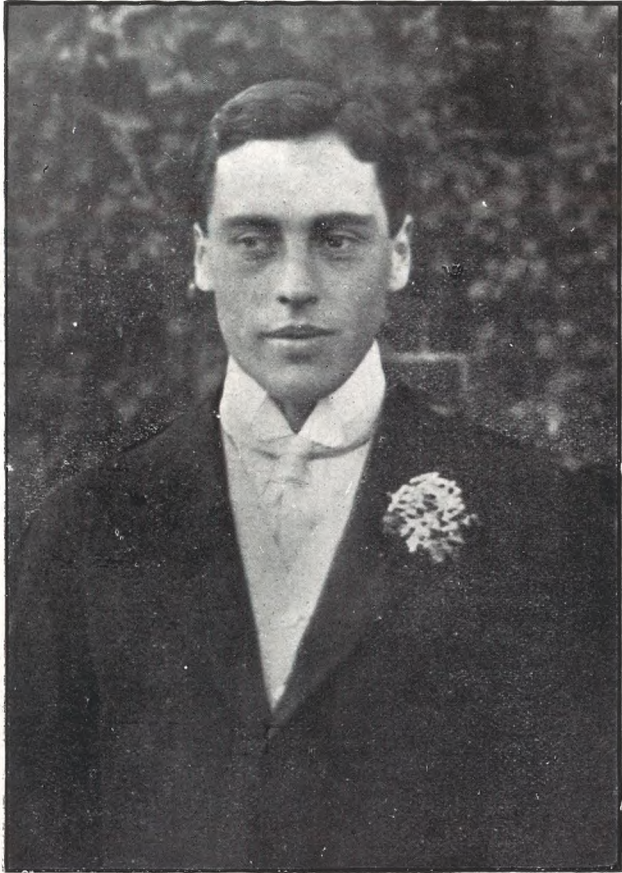


MR. G. C. GARDNER,
 the present secretary, son of
 the late Councillor Gardner,
 who made the arrangements
 for the celebration.



MR. REES JONES,
 A PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN,
 CANDIDATE FOR THE CENTRAL WARD.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NORTON, OCT. 23, 1907. **WEDDING BELLS.** YOUNG—ARBUTHNOT.



THE BRIDEGROOM (MR. GEORGE YOUNG).



THE BRIDE (MISS MOLLY ARBUTHNOT).



AFTER THE CEREMONY.



A MORETON WEDDING GROUP.
 MR. ARTHUR WHEATLEY DRURY AND MISS IDA GERTRUDE GRAY.
 MARRIED AT ST. DAVID'S PARISH CHURCH, OCTOBER 16, 1907.

Back row:—Rev. W. L. Warne, Rev. Spencer Jones, Mr. Arthur Gray, Mrs. Ram, Mrs. J. Baguley, Mr. J. Baguley, Mrs. T. Gray, Mr. T. Gray.
 Middle row:—Mrs. R. Drury, Mr. R. Drury, Miss Violet Ram, Miss K. Drury, Mr. J. Weaving (best man), Miss May Gray, Mr. R. L. Penson, Miss Florrie Gray, Mr. Victor Innes.
 Front row:—Mrs. Humphrey King, Mr. Humphrey King, Mrs. J. E. Gray, Bridegroom, Bride, Mr. J. E. Gray, Miss Humphrey King, Mr. C. W. H. Gore; and sitting in front of bridegroom, Miss Marjorie Gray.
 Photo by Frank J. Hill, 39 King's-road, Sloane-square, S.W.

In the lining of a second-hand silk hat, which he purchased from a man selling at a street corner, a Wood Green cabman has found seven £5 notes.

In a very fine state of preservation, and with large margins, a 12d. black Canadian stamp of 1851 fetched the remarkable price of £43 at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's.

FLANNEL SHIRTS

A large stock of Mixed and All Wool Shirts.

* *

Flannelette from 2/6, Unshrinkable from 3/6,
 All Wool from 5/6. Also in Boys' Sizes.

Merino, Natural Wool, and Lambswool Hosiery.

* *

A. BECKINGSALE,
 Hosier and Shirt Maker,
 111 HIGH STREET,
 CHELTENHAM
 Telephone 406.

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 256th prize has been divided between Mr. C. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, and Mr. Will T. Spenser, 40 New-street, Gloucester, for reports respectively of sermons by Rev. W. Fairlie Clarke at St. John's, Cheltenham, and Rev. A. T. S. James at Southgate Congregational Church, Gloucester.

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

Over 300 applicants appeared in answer to an advertisement for a porter at 18s. a week in a Farringdon-road warehouse.

A number of dogs walking in single file with advertisement boards on their backs attracted attention on Monday in South London.

The first of the season's oranges arrived at Covent Garden on Wednesday.

"My name has ruined me because superstitious people look upon it as a bad omen and will not engage me," said Dr. Grave-stone, a Chicago bankrupt, to his creditors.

Reliable Footwear!

DICKS & SONS, LTD.

HAVE NOT GIVEN UP THEIR BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.
 They have Transferred it from 176 High Street to their

DRAPERY WAREHOUSE,
 173 HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM,
 where they are keeping a Splendid Assortment of Reliable Makes for Ladies' and Children's Wear.

BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR from DICKS & SONS, LTD., and see GOOD STYLE, COMFORT, AND DURABILITY.