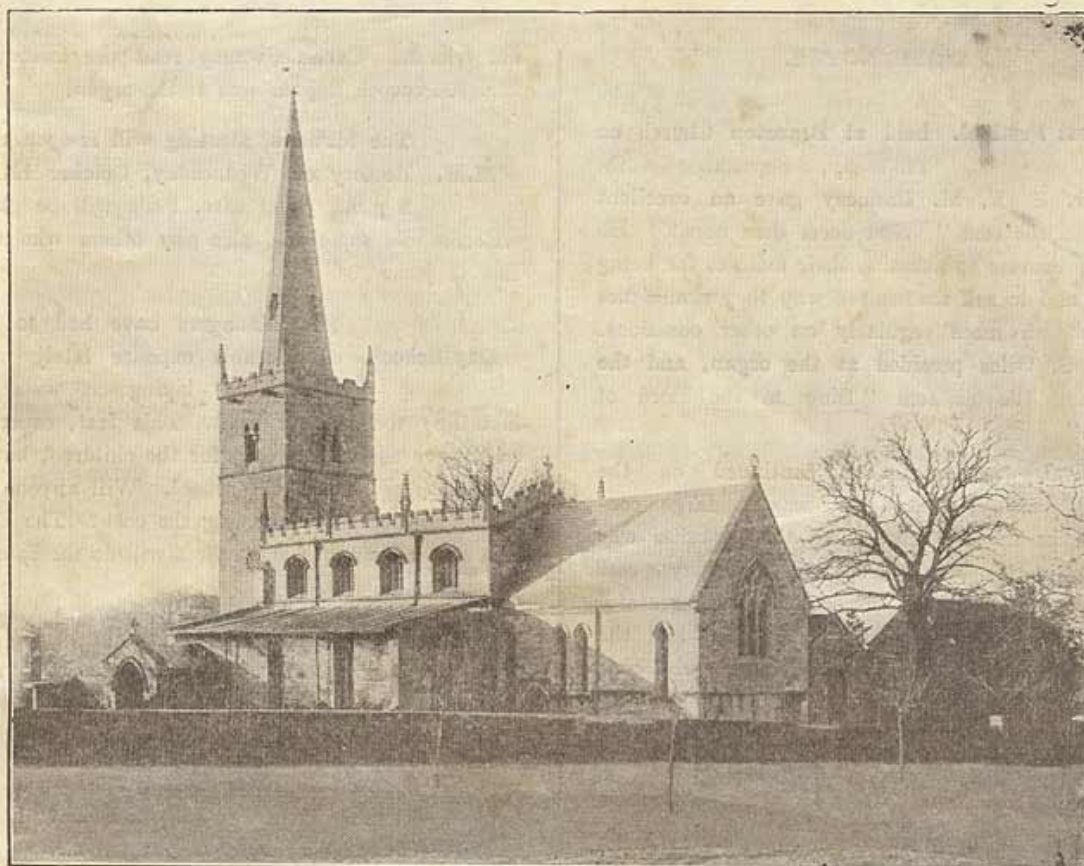


OCTOBER, 1933.

# ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, BRANSTON, Parish Magazine.



## CHURCH SERVICES.

**HOLY COMMUNION**—Every Sunday, 8 a.m. First Sunday, 12 noon. Third Sunday, after Morning Service.

**MORNING PRAYER**—11 a.m.; **EVENING PRAYER**—6 p.m., Sundays.

**HOLY BAPTISM and CHURCHINGS**—Sunday, 4 p.m., or by arrangement with the Rector.

**MEN'S SERVICES**—As announced.

**EVENING PRAYER**—Every Wednesday in Advent and Lent, 7 p.m.

**COMMUNICANTS' GUILD MEETINGS and MOTHERS' UNION MEETINGS**—Occasionally.

**The Fen Mission**—**HOLY COMMUNION ON FESTIVALS**, 9-45 a.m. **EVENING PRAYER**, 2-45 p.m. every Sunday; Second and Fourth Sundays, 6 p.m.

**The Mere Mission**—**EVENING PRAYER**, 6 p.m., First and Third Sundays.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS.** **THE VILLAGE SCHOOL**—10-15 a.m. and 2-30 p.m.

**THE FEN MISSION**—2 p.m.

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**REV. J. J. R. PELLIS**, Rector.

**MR. J. R. SHARPE**, Diocesan Lay-Reader.

**MR. E. ABEL SMITH and MR. F. HORSEWOOD**, Churchwardens.

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**The Parish Magazine** - 1½d. Monthly.



## PARISH NOTES.

A Harvest Thanksgiving was **Harvest Festival.** held at Branston Church on Thursday, September 14th. The Rev. S. F. M. Dauncey gave an excellent address on the text "What doest thou here?" He urged his hearers to examine their motives for being present, and to ask themselves why they should not attend church more regularly on other occasions. Mr. R. S. Giles presided at the organ, and the choir sang the anthem "Sing to the Lord of Harvest."

Festival Services were continued on the following Sunday, and there was a large congregation in the evening, when the preacher was the Rev. C. H. Sibthorp, Rector of Blankney. The Church was beautifully decorated. Our grateful thanks to Mr. R. S. Giles, Mrs. Stokes and the Choir for their valued help, also to all who sent gifts and helped in decorating the Church. The fruit, vegetables, bread, etc., were given to the Hospital.

It is with great regret that we record **Obituary.** the death of the Rev. Algernon Curtois, so well known to old inhabitants of Branston. Mr. Curtois was on holiday in Kent, and his death was unexpectedly sudden. It is only about two months ago that he presented a chair and a plaque to Branston Church, where he preached so recently as August 6th.

The funeral took place at Branston on Saturday, September 16th, and was attended by the Rev. Huntley Curtois (brother), Miss Edith Curtois (sister), clergy from the neighbourhood and many

old friends. Canon Swanzy read the lesson, and Mr. J. Peacock Rayner was at the organ.

The Mothers' Meeting will re-open at the **M.M.** Rectory on Wednesday, October 11th, at 2 p.m., when Mrs. Pells will be glad to welcome old members, also any others who would like to join.

The Managers have had to incur **Day School.** considerable expense lately in re-decorations, laying on water and installing the electric light. This last, especially, will prove useful, not only for the children, but also for meetings held in the school. Will anyone send a donation towards defraying the cost? The Rector will give a guinea if five others will do the same.

## COMMUNICANTS AND COLLECTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Aug. 20—General Parochial Fund (3) ...	1	8	3
27—Church Expenses .....	1	1	7
Sept. 3—Church Expenses (25) .....	1	8	1
10—Church Expenses .....	1	2	5
14—County Hospital .....	8	18	2
17—School Lighting (25) .....	2	9	0
Poor Fund .....	2	4	8

## BAPTISM.

Sept. 3—Cynthia Enid Grundy.

## BURIAL.

Sept. 16—Algernon Curtois, aged 67 years.





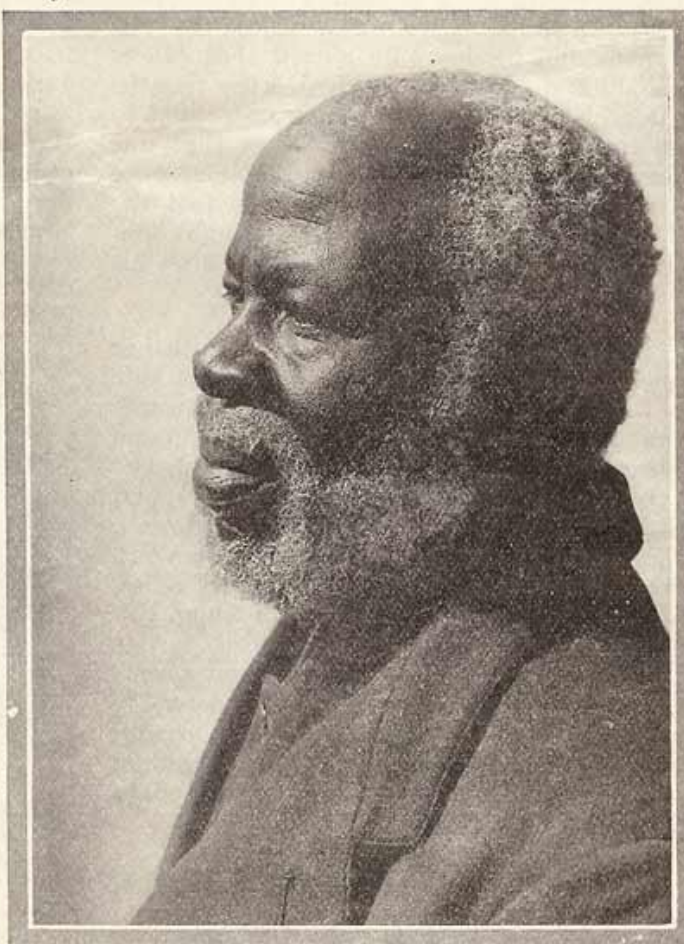
## WHAT WE OWE TO AFRICA

**I**T is just a hundred years since the abolition of slavery in British dominions, and this year, 1933, has seen widespread centenary celebrations of the emancipation of enslaved Africans. It is difficult in these days to realize the horrors of the slave trade, and all the cruelties that were perpetrated in the name of commerce. England's chief connexion with Africa in those days was the slave trade, of which more than half was in British hands; and an immense amount of English capital was invested in it. The trade was looked upon as quite legitimate and perfectly respectable, and as late as 1772 African slaves were bought and sold in England itself.

Gradually the conscience of our country was aroused, and in 1833 £20,000,000—a vast sum of money in those days—was voted by Parliament in order to set free the slaves and compensate the slave owners. This, however, could only be a partial reparation to Africa for the sorrows she had suffered. The living slaves were set free; but what of the thousands who had died through the cruelties of the slave trade, and the untold miseries suffered by African men, women, and children at the hands of England? Can our debt to Africa ever be repaid?

There is another kind of slavery in which thousands of Africans are living to-day—the slavery of super-

stition and fear of evil spirits. Surely the best way of repaying the debt to Africa's people is to take to them the knowledge of Him "Whose service is perfect freedom."



[Photograph]

[Dr. A. T. Schofield]

The late Rev. Canon Apolo Kivebulaya (See next page)



## APOLO, ADVENTURER FOR CHRIST

“**O** GOD our Father . . . bless me in the country . . . where You have enabled me to pass to do Thy work for Thee among Thy people. Grant me to be loved by Thee and Thy people.” This prayer of Canon Apolo Kivebulaya, written in his diary not long before his death on May 30, was abundantly answered; for no African was more greatly loved or greatly blessed than “Apolo of the Pygmy Forest.”

Apolo was born in Uganda about seventy years ago, and as a boy he was one of those who crept to the hut of Alexander Mackay, under cover of darkness and at the risk of his life, to listen to the Christian message and to try to learn to read. From the time that Apolo came to know Christ as His Friend and Saviour, he longed that others should know Him too. When, a few months after his baptism, a teacher was wanted to go to Toro, a part of the country that was far away and strange to him, Apolo at once volunteered to go, and trudged on foot the 200 miles, some of the way through lion-infested country, carrying his bundle on his head.

Soon he felt the call to go yet further afield. The call came as he stood on the side of the Ruwenzori Mountains, looking towards the Mboga country and the great Congo Forest. “A voice within me seemed to say: ‘Over in that country are thousands and thousands of people in heathen darkness; they do not know that Jesus loves them . . . Some are cannibals and eat human bodies, and some are dangerous dwarfs of whom you have heard who climb the trees to hunt; no one has ever been there to tell them about Jesus.’ I knew at that moment that God was calling me. Toro had other teachers besides myself, while these people had none. Who would go to them if I did not? Yes, I must go to them. I must go to them.”

Then began a time of trial and persecution for Apolo among the wild people of Mboga. No one seemed to want him or his message. Again and again the leading chief ordered him to go, and attempted to take his life; but he still stayed on, teaching the few who

would come to him. One day came the climax. The chief ordered him to be beaten with a hippopotamus-hide whip—a lash which inflicts terrible wounds. Apolo’s body, bleeding and unconscious, was then thrown out into the jungle to the wild beasts.

But he did not die. The one baptized woman in Mboga searched for and found him, and secretly nursed him back to life. So overcome was the chief at finding him alive from the dead that he asked Apolo’s forgiveness, and from that day became his friend instead of his foe.

Apolo has been used by God to build up a Church which has become a bright and shining light in that dreary forest. He was never satisfied while he knew that there were tribes around him who were still in heathen darkness, and so he was ever pressing forward. For months at a time he would live alone in some remote part of the forest trying to make friends with the savage people. All the tribes within a three days’ journey of Mboga have been evangelized through him.

Apolo became the dearest friend of the pygmies, the one whom they utterly trusted. Nor were his endeavours to win them to Jesus Christ unsuccessful, for to-day hundreds of them have found in Him their peace, their hope and joy, and many have been baptized into the Church.

His reply when he was invited to come to England for a visit—an invitation which he would much have liked to accept—is typical of his spirit: “No, there is so much work still to be done and I have not very long to live in any case, for I am an old man; I must go on with my work. I cannot please myself; I must try to please my dear Master. As I think of the many who need Him so much, and yet do not know Him, I *must* stay with them and tell them about Jesus.”

Apolo’s was a life laid down in glad surrender. His death comes as a call to service from one who has fallen at his post of duty: one who wrote just before he passed on: “In spite of illness and much weakness, I rejoice in the work of Jesus Christ.”

Who follows in his train?



OCTOBER

# Home Words

NUMBER.



## At Harvest

By the Rev.



## Thanksgiving.

L. B. ASHBY, M.A.

**W**E can scarcely have failed to notice how much there is about the harvest in the pages of Holy Scripture; and the reason is simple enough. The Israelites were a wholly agricultural people. They lived of the soil, tilling the ground, planting vineyards and oliveyards and keeping flocks and herds.

So closely were their lives bound up with agriculture that practically all their great religious festivals—and certainly the three chief ones—were directly connected with the harvest.

The Passover celebrated the cutting of the first ripe sheaf of corn, and thus marked the beginning of the harvest. Fifty days later came the great feast of Pentecost—"the Day of First-fruits"—which marked the close of the harvest with the offering of loaves made from the newly gathered corn. Later still came the joyous Feast of Tabernacles, at which was celebrated the ingathering of oil and wine and of "all the kindly fruits of the earth." These three chief Feasts were, in fact, just Harvest Festivals.

And these services of thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth are indeed one of the very oldest institutions in the world, just because agriculture is the world's oldest industry. I have heard Harvest Festivals spoken of as "a modern invention!" Far from it.

So far as ever our knowledge of ancient peoples reaches back we find universally, whether in Egypt, Greece, Rome, or among still older peoples, religious rites and celebrations in connection with the fertility of Mother Earth. The very first religious service recorded in the Bible is a Harvest Thanksgiving: the sacrifice of Cain and Abel.

For, not only is agriculture the world's oldest industry, but it is also the one industry which is vital, essential, and fundamental to all the rest. Man's first task has ever been to till the soil on which his very life depends, and until he has first helped the earth to bring forth the daily bread by which he lives, no other kind of industry can exist at all.

And because agriculture is the oldest and most vital of all industries, it is also the most honourable. There is no occupation of which a man may be more justly proud; there is no member of the community whom we ought to esteem more highly than the (alas! too often despised) agricultural labourer.

Few things, probably, have done more to denude

our countryside and to swell the already overcrowded populations of our industrial towns than the ridiculous, but none the less widespread idea that, whereas the man who minds a machine is a "skilled" workman, just anyone can be an agricultural labourer. The real truth is that there are few more highly skilled occupations in the world, as any town-dweller would find out in less than a week if he were put to draw a furrow, thatch a rick, or do the work of a shepherd.

If our Harvest Thanksgivings do nothing else, they may at least remind us to include in our thanksgiving to God a mental thanksgiving also to the man to whose toil and *skill* we owe (under God) our daily bread, and teach us to esteem him more highly for his work's sake and to wish to see his lot in life made better for him in every way than it often is at present.

And here is another thing of which Harvest Thanksgiving should remind us, viz. of the dignity and importance of all honest toil and of the joy which can be got out of taking a pride in it.

I shall always remember an incident which occurred some years ago in a Sussex harvest-field. We were resting against a corn-stook, enjoying our "elevenses." The talk fell, naturally enough, upon harvesting, and this drew out old Tom Wittersham, the veteran of our company.

"Aye," he said, "'tis the most importantest thing a man can set his hand to. I mind once when we was cuttin' corn, a gen'leman and his lady from Lunnor or somewheres come and looked over the gate where we was in the field. 'And what be they doin' there?' says she to him. 'Why, me dear,' he sez, 'they be only cuttin' corn.' And I sez to meself, 'Well, did you, now, ever hear the like of that?' 'Only cuttin' corn!'—"only!"—and what can a man do that matters more than cuttin' corn? Why, ain't that the staff of life?"

Few of us, I fancy, will wish to contradict him; and it was a joy to listen to a man who realized so intensely the enormous importance of the work he was doing. It was this which enabled him to do his work—as he always did—with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, finding as much zest and happiness in the doing of it as he found in the ringing of the bells of his Parish Church on Sunday. And blessed are all they who in this spirit "go forth to their work and to their labour until the evening."



# AS A MAN WOOES: The Romance of - - The Old Church Shop.

By V. M. METHLEY.

## Chapter X.—*Butterfly and Moth.*

FOR a moment Canon Swanston was completely taken aback. Absurdly there flashed back to his mind a moment of his childhood when a breathlessly constructed card castle had been felled flat by the careless flick of a nursemaid's skirt. He had never quite forgotten the feeling of keen disappointment, and that feeling had oddly returned to him within these last few minutes.

But he pulled himself together and spoke with quiet kindness and a warmth of real affection in his voice.

"It is a surprise of course, but I wish you the greatest happiness, both of you. And we must know each other better, Miss Hardrick."

"I'd like to." Daphne's eyes met his with cheerful frankness. "But I warn you beforehand that I'm not a bit churchy, no good at Sunday schools or things of that sort, so that it wouldn't be the least use to rope me in."

"You talk as if I were a kind of ecclesiastical spider lying in wait for unfortunate flies like yourself," the Canon laughed, adding with a glance at the girl's vivid figure, "or should I rather say butterfly?"

"Now that was meant as a compliment or the reverse." Daphne tilted her pretty head sideways. "Never mind; I'm content to be a butterfly, if you're a spider, and Jos a bookworm, and Miss ——" She broke off, glancing at Ray with a mischievous light in her eyes whilst Jos hurriedly intervened.

"This is Miss Warden, Daphne. She takes the most beautiful photographs I've ever seen."

"Yes, I've heard," Daphne nodded. "And I know Miss Warden by sight. She's not a butterfly!"

"More like a grub, I fancy." It was Ray herself who made the suggestion in her deep low voice.

"Oh no, but a moth I think—not a nasty little clothes moth"—Daphne glanced swiftly at Ray's grey gown—"but one of those soft grey ones that fly so silently. And now having summed everyone up, I'd better be going. I'm sure you came to see Jos on business, and I should only be in the way; yes, I *should*, so don't try to be polite. Good-bye, Jos; you needn't bother to see me off."

But Jos was already beside her, passing from the shadows at the back of the shop towards the sunlit doorway. Only for one moment he drew her out of sight behind a jutting bookcase and held her close. "Darling, darling," he whispered. "Tell me that it's real—"

"As real as that!" Swiftly she kissed him. "There, how forward of me! And now I'm unselfishly going to leave you with my rival."

"Daphne, you know that there isn't one, there couldn't be; you're the only girl in the world for me."

"Am I? That's good."

"Why, I hardly know Miss Warden!"

"Don't you? Well, I think she knows you pretty well—somehow. Never mind, darling—there!"

She was gone like a beautiful butterfly, and Jos, rather flushed and nervous, returned to the pair who had waited for him in silence which held a little constraint.

Canon Swanston tried to break through that constraint, as he spoke lightly.

"How cruel of us to interrupt like that and bring you back to earth. We wouldn't have come at such an inopportune moment if we'd known."

"You couldn't; I didn't know myself!" Jos laughed boyishly, then added simply and frankly, "I ought to say, sir, of course I know that I'm not in a position to marry yet. But it will make me work harder than ever to have somebody as well as something to work for."

"I believe it will, and you know that I wish you all possible good, my dear boy." The Canon was touched by the young man's attitude and spoke very earnestly. "It's a great thing to have an incentive, and now I'd better tell you what we came for, since we *are* here."

He outlined his schemes, and Jos threw himself into them all the more eagerly, to prove to himself and the others that this new thing in his life was to make no difference, was not in any way to come between him and his work, him and his friends.

"I think it's a grand idea, he said at last. "It will be fine to feel that the Church Shop is more than ever bound up with the Church itself—working to make it and keep it in all its old beauty."

## Chapter XI.—*The Truscott Chaucer.*

WHEN Daphne was told of the new venture, she considered the matter doubtfully.

"There doesn't seem to be much in it for you, Jos," she said. "Is it worth the bother?"

"That's scarcely the question, darling," Jos answered. "I'd do it, if it was only to pay back something of what I owe to the Canon."

"Oh, always the Canon! It's like the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,'" Daphne said impatiently. "'Canon to right of us, cannon to left of us—' All the same, the photographs and that sort of thing may attract people to the shop better than just your old books—motorists, rich tourists, visitors—Americans—ye-e-es." Daphne considered the matter thoughtfully. "It'll provide more scope for window-dressing. Anyhow, it's worth trying; you can give it up if it doesn't pay."

"But—" Jos broke off; it was difficult to explain his entire opposition to that point of view without offending Daphne, and to offend Daphne at that moment was unthinkable. She was looking so lovely: her vivid freshness went to one's head like the scent of cowslips, the first cuckoo-call, the sight of dancing daffodils—

Far better tell her that, which Jos proceeded to do to the complete satisfaction of both.

But such interludes notwithstanding, Daphne showed a very practical side of her nature during the days and weeks which followed, and her suggestions with regard to the arrangements of the shop were often original enough to be well worth the consideration which she saw to it that they obtained.

Not that her visits to the shop were as frequent or protracted as before her engagement to Jos, and Jos did not fail to notice that fact.



"Those days, when we first wrestled with the books together, were so awfully jolly," he said rather wistfully.

"Yes, but you're busier now in other ways, and the dusting and arranging is finished," Daphne said briskly. "Besides, the Moth-girl always seems to be turning up, and that spoils things."

"Miss Warden, d'you mean? But, darling, it was only once or twice at the most, just to bring the new photographs."

"Oh, well, it seems oftener, and anyway, one never knows when she *will* turn up," Daphne said inconsequently. "It's better to take you away from the shop sometimes, I think—and that reminds me, to-morrow is the sale at Pevercroft Manor. I'll drive you over; weren't there some books you particularly wanted?"

"Oh, yes, the Truscott Chaucer, and I've an idea that it will go cheap," Jos said eagerly. "The sale hasn't been advertised much, and it would be a fine stroke of business if I *could* get it reasonably. Only you mustn't tempt me away from work too often, darling, to play with you."

"Play, indeed, I like that!" Daphne spoke indignantly. "Why, it's part of your business to go to sales and pick up bargains."

"Ye-es—yes, of course," Jos acquiesced, but did not add, as he might, that in the ordinary course he would have gone over to the sale by motor omnibus, at an expense of a shilling in fares, and possibly two or three hours in time.

But when Daphne drove him on these expeditions, it meant, as the young man well knew, lunch at some village inn, and no cheap one at that, with probably a drive to some place of interest later when business was concluded—"because it's only another five or six miles, darling, and since we *are* here—and they give you the most *gorgeous* teas at the lodge there, with cream and raspberries—"

No, they were an expensive matter, these excursions, Jos reflected ruefully, and then reproved himself for the basest ingratitude when he remembered the delightfulness of them, the merry intimate meals, the drive homeward in the twilight between the flowery hedgerows, with Daphne at her sweetest and gentlest—

Jos found his scruples rapidly evaporating, and made eager plans for the following day. After all, as Daphne said, it *was* a matter of business, and if one could combine it with pleasure, well, surely one would be a fool not to do so and be thankful.

So the green car sped off to Pevercroft Hall in next day's sunshine, and Daphne in two shades of pale and vivid yellow seemed to Jos even more adorable than usual.

"I feel rather mascotty this morning," she informed him. "You'd better leave it to me to bid for that old book of yours, I believe I shall bring you luck. Besides, I've always wanted to buy something myself at an auction; it's so thrilling."

Jos agreed, but made laughing conditions.

"You mustn't bid too high—lose your head over it. Remember I'm a poor man, sweetheart, and I cannot afford more than quite a low price even for a real bargain."

"Oh, I'll be careful," Daphne answered him gaily. "Though I'll be simply *furious* with anyone who bids against me!"

As Jos had said, this particular sale was not well advertised. There were only a sprinkling of people

examining the furniture in the dismantled old house, and few of those were dealers or their agents. The books seemed to be attracting very little attention, and indeed on the whole they were a quite valueless collection, with only some half a dozen of real worth as Jos's growing knowledge told him.

And even those few had not been recognized by the extremely illiterate old country auctioneer, as was soon proved when the contents of the library came under his hammer.

He turned over the pile of books on the table before him, plainly seeing no value in any except a few richly-bound school prizes which he displayed admiringly.

"Here's three handsome vollims; they'd look well on any parlour table—two shillings bid—yes, Mrs. Gregg—and three—thank you, sir—and six—well, ladies and gentlemen, surely you won't let these splendid books go for a song like that—four shillings—*thank* you, Mrs. Gregg, ma'am. Nobody willing to make another offer? Going—going—gone—"

The auctioneer peered through his glasses at the other volumes, and Daphne gave a little tug to Jos's sleeve, as the husky voice began again.

"Now here's another nice book, po'try this time, and with pictures too." He fluttered over the leaves. "Po'try by Chau—Chauker, an' I'm sure you will know who he was. Now, who'll start the bidding at 'arf a crown for him—you can't expect to get a book this size for less! Ah—thanks, m'm—"

For Daphne, flushed with excitement, had given a little nod.

"Two-and-six—and sixpence—and a shilling—" Again Daphne had signalled. "And a shilling—what advance on four and sixpence—five—six—seven-and-sixpence—"

Daphne gave a little impatient stamp of the foot.

"Someone, just come in, at the back of the room is bidding against me," she whispered angrily. "Oh, it *does* annoy me! But I *will* have it—"

She broke off to signal a bid of ten shillings, only to hear the prompt:

"And eleven shillings—any advance on—ah, thank you, m'm—twelve—"

"Who is it?" Daphne's low voice was indignant. "I can't see anyone with this big screen hiding us, but I suppose it's some wretched dealer— There again!"

"Thirteen shillings—and sixpence—" He beamed down at Daphne. "And a shilling—"

"Daphne—" Jos, who had risen to look over the concealing screen, sank back into his chair and gripped Daphne's arm. "That's enough,—don't bid any more."

"Why not?" Daphne opened her eyes widely. "We said we'd go to a pound, and I'll go further myself to get it away from that other wretch—"

"No, no, you mustn't," Jos caught at her wrist, speaking urgently. "You see, I saw who it was bidding."

"Well?" Daphne raised her eyebrows impatiently.

"It's—it's Miss Warden," Jos said. "So we could—n't—"

"Why not?" Daphne spoke fiercely. "Why on earth should she have it when it would be such a splendid bargain for you and the shop? She shan't—I—"

"You can't do any more; it's knocked down to her," Jos interrupted. "Never mind, darling; I know you'd set your heart on it and I'm awfully sorry, but—"



"It's sickening! I don't see why you let her," Daphne burst out furiously. "I—oh!"

She sprang up, flung down the room, flushed and angry, just in time to confront Ray Warden as she came towards the auctioneer's table to claim and pay for her bargain.

"Miss Hardrick!" Ray's glance passed swiftly from Daphne to Jos. "Why, I didn't—I hadn't the least notion you were here."

"I don't think it was a very friendly thing to do, outbidding me for the Chaucer." Daphne's voice was cold and hard. "You might have known that I wanted it for Jos, for the shop."

"Daphne, don't—" Jos spoke in desperate discomfort, for Ray's pale face had flushed a deep unhappy crimson.

"I didn't know, I never saw, never dreamt that you were there, that you'd come to the sale, or I wouldn't —,"

"But why ever shouldn't you? You've as much right to the book as anyone, and I'm jolly glad you've got it at such a bargain," Jos spoke heartily. "It's only that Daffy is a bit disappointed, but she'll soon get over it."

"I shan't," Daphne muttered under her breath. "I'd set my heart on it."

"Then it's quite easy to arrange." Ray's usually quiet voice was warm and eager. "I'll most gladly let you have it for what I gave."

"You won't do anything of the sort," Jos declared peremptorily. "You wanted the book badly enough to come all this way for it, to take all this trouble, and it would be a most awfully mean trick to take it from you. We wouldn't dream of it, would we, Daphne?"

"But I didn't—it wasn't—I mean I —" Ray broke off helplessly. In face of the sullen anger which Daphne's expression displayed, she found that she could not explain, could not justify herself. If Jos had been alone—but Daphne was there, very much there. Ray turned away towards the auctioneer once more with a hopeless little shrug of the shoulders, whilst Daphne made for the door without a backward glance or word of farewell.

Jos paused for a moment, poised uneasily between the two, resisting the impulse to say a few words of regret to Ray, finally following Daphne out to the car in silence.

But as she climbed into the driver's seat, he spoke, still standing on the path.

"I say, darling—suppose we—couldn't we ask Miss Warden to drive back with us? It's a long bus ride—"

"No." Daphne's voice was hard and definite, and Jos collapsed, realizing that his attempt at mediation had been remark-

ably clumsy and ill-considered—in fact, quite worthy of a man!

He took his seat by Daphne's side rather miserably, prepared for a silent journey back to Melton Priors, with the consciousness of a bitterly offended companion.

But Daphne was nothing if not unexpected. Suddenly in a quiet lane, where masses of "Old Man's Beard" snow-clad the hedges, she pulled up the car and turned to Jos a face, vivid and appealing, half laughter, half tears.

"Let's make friends again," she said softly. "You know it was only because I was so disappointed; I did so want to get it for you my own self. So if I seemed horrid to you—"

"Sweetheart, you didn't, of course you didn't; I absolutely understand, and I love you more than ever for wanting to do it." Jos bent towards the lovely glowing face beside him. "And I'm so sorry that you were disappointed."

The minutes passed as they sat there under the clematis snowdrifts. Then suddenly Daphne sat up, glanced at her wrist-watch, and spoke in a changed brisk voice.

"Gracious, I must hurry—it's getting late," and as the car started, she added:

"But I shan't forgive her in a hurry for spoiling everything!"



"It's quite all right, don't worry," she repeated.—Page 151.



*Chapter XII.—Out of the Blue.*

AND although Jos told himself at first that it was only a passing flash of annoyance, Daphne soon showed that she had meant those last words. She did *not* forgive Ray Warden for her action at the Pevercroft sale, and she avoided her whenever it was in any way possible.

It made things very difficult for Jos himself. The new venture necessitated constant discussion between Canon Swanston and Ray, and the Canon either deliberately or in innocence of any strained relations insisted that the girl should come with him constantly to the Church Shop to work out new plans and suggestions.

For the scheme was succeeding beyond the expectations of any of them. The originality of Ray's photographs made a strong appeal to visitors, and she had already been obliged to get help for the merely mechanical side of their production.

Jos, too, had found it necessary to engage an assistant, with the increase of clerical work, for the book business, too, was thriving and his own knowledge of the trade increasing. The Church Shop was regaining all and more than its old reputation, and Jos told himself that he ought to be a very happy man—happy in love, happy in work and in the possession of such good friends as Canon Swanston and Ray Warden.

Ah, but there was the rub, and at this point in his reflections the young man frowned ruefully and glanced at the time at a sudden remembrance which emphasized the difficulty of reconciling love and friendship.

Ray Warden was coming with certain enlargements at half-past eleven, and Daphne had decreed that Jos must "get rid of her" before twelve, when she herself intended to visit the shop.

For late summer had turned to autumn, and autumn was merging into winter without any diminution of Daphne's hostility towards Ray, an hostility which was active as well as passive, and extended to any suggestions which the other girl made with regard to the running of the shop. So marked was this opposition that Jos took pains to conceal from Daphne the source of many of the ideas which he carried out, and felt himself somehow disloyal in doing so.

"But it's better than having rows and making more mischief between the two of them," he reflected. "And I'm sure Daphne will get over this feeling in time; she's much too sweet to keep it up. Hallo, there's Miss Warden!"

Direct and business-like as usual, she opened her portfolio and turned over its contents.

"I've brought the new photographs in the new process," she said. "And there's one in particular I thought might do rather well for Christmas cards and calendars."

She pushed the print across the table to Jos, and he gave an admiring exclamation as he took it up.

"It's perfect, and so simple—but that's the way with all your best things—with all *the* best things, I suppose. But however did you get it?"

"Well, it took a good deal of time," Ray laughed as though at some recollection. "And it was very dirty and spidery up on that beam in the belfry—noisy, too; I had to put cotton-wool in my ears. But I got what I wanted and I'm glad you think it was worth it."

"Worth it—yes!" Jos bent again over the print. It was as he said, very simple, bells aswing against a background of sky and clouds framed in one of the arched apertures of the Priory Belfry. But the lighting

was perfect, with a gleam of sunshine on the bells and a single snow-covered bough outside.

"It ought to have a quotation with it—not anything stereotyped though. The Canon must give us something out of the ordinary," Jos said.

"Yes, we might consult him this morning; he said he'd come over to the shop about twelve," Ray answered.

"Twelve?" Jos glanced up, biting his lips. "Oh, I'm sorry, but I—I mean I——"

"You've got another engagement?"

"I'm afraid so. You see, Miss Hardrick—Daphne—said she was coming at twelve, and——"

"You don't think she'd care to join in talking things over? No, I quite understand. Naturally, she'd rather you were alone, or—it would be better if I went, at any rate."

"But, Miss Warden, I——" Jos was red with confusion. "You mustn't think—I didn't mean——"

"Don't worry!" Suddenly Ray smiled at him, kindly, understandingly, so that there was no bitterness in her words. "I've realized that Miss Hardrick doesn't care for me. I bore her, I expect, and then she was hurt over that unlucky affair of the book sale."

She was actually laughing now as she rose and put out her hand across the table.

"It's quite all right, don't worry," she repeated. "I'll just go over to the Rectory and arrange some other time with the Rector. Would six o'clock this evening do? Very well."

She was gone before Jos had been able to find words to cope with the situation, gone with another little nod of understanding, leaving the young man to stare down at the scattered papers on his desk and ponder once again over the difficulties of reconciling love and friendship.

Perhaps it was wiser not to try to do anything of the kind, to keep them entirely separate. But that was difficult too—And here came Daphne's car, skimming across the market-place like a green parroquet. Daphne herself on the threshold, glanced round sharply.

"Ah, you've got rid of her—that's right," she said with satisfaction, pulling off her little green knitted cap, to fling it down on the table with gloves and bag as she joined Jos at the back of the shop.

Involuntarily Jos put out a hand to draw away the photograph of the belfry which the careless movement might have damaged; with scarcely more consideration he spoke on impulse.

"It seems just a bit mean, speaking like that, when Miss Warden only comes here to help in the concerns of the shop. And after all, it's important to both of us—you and me, I mean—that it should be a success, since otherwise—well, I'd have no right to ask you to marry me."

"So I'm mean about your precious Miss Warden, am I?" Daphne flushed angrily.

"You know I didn't mean that, only——"

"Only, you can't bear a word said against her; you're as prickly as a porcupine where she's concerned. Upon my word, I should be jealous, Jos, if she wasn't so plain."

"Plain!"

"There you go—prickles up again! Well, dowdy, anyway, but perhaps that's the type you prefer." In Daphne's teasing laughter there was a little edge of hurt pain, and Jos responded.



"Prefer? You know there's no one like you for me in the world—you *know* it, Daphne."

At the earnestness in his voice she suddenly softened.

"Yes, I do know it. Only it hurts when you talk as though I took no interest in the shop affairs, especially when I'm simply brimming over with a new scheme, a splendid scheme."

"Well, sit down then and tell me all about it," Jos said, and Daphne obeyed, talking excitedly, eagerly.

"I want you to go in for more popular literature," she began. "You must give the public what it wants, and what it wants just now is not the highbrow stuff you specialize in but exciting and rather naughty novels. When you have got such people as customers you can lead them on to something better—perhaps. Think of the profit there'd be."

"You don't really mean that you want me to sell what I wouldn't read—would hate to read myself."

"Yes, I do," returned Daphne promptly. "I've been making inquiries, and I'm told every bookseller caters for the uneducated, and makes most of his money selling rubbish."

"I'd be sorry to have a bookshop if that was true. But it isn't. The bookseller's got a soul."

"Oh, has he? Then he keeps it in a paper cover."

"Daphne, what's come over you. You're not serious a bit, I'm certain."

"I am, so there. I'm sick of this truckling to the Canon, and the Moth-girl, as though they owned the shop, and you took your orders from them. Religion's all very well, so long as it does not interfere with business. It's business that's going to give us a happy married life, not religion. Religion's for Sundays, not weekdays."

Jos could not keep the amazement out of his eyes. Was this the Daphne he had idealized? "You're upset, dear," he said, "and not thinking what you're saying. When I was living in the van I used to creep out at nights and stare up at the stars, and then follow the faint pathway of the moon among the trees, and hear the trees rustling, and I'd say over and over again, 'How God does care for the little as well as the big things!' And I promised I'd be true to Him in big and little things. I wouldn't worship only on Sunday as though He were a Sunday God, but God of all the 'days and all the world.'"

If Daphne had revealed a fresh side of her character, here was an utterly unexpected revelation of Jos.

"I didn't know you could preach like that," mocked Daphne. "That sort of thing won't butter our bread when we're married, if we ever are."

"Daphne!"

"Well, I mean it. Better be straight, I say, before you're married, even if you have to be crooked after."

"Daphne, don't, don't!" He could not believe he was hearing her speaking. She could be so full of tenderness and truth. Was he sure of the truth? Was there something suppressed in her character?

"If I'd my way I'd revolutionize this old shop. If it was legal I'd open on Sundays.

Why not? The refreshment shops are open. Why not refreshment shops for the mind—bookshops. Do you think that would be wrong?"

"I do, dear, for, apart from anything else, it would mean—it would mean grudging God our love."

"So you'll just throw buckets of cold water on my scheme, and take anything the Moth-girl suggests with thanks. I'm tired of your old-fashioned ways, Jos, I really am; just as I'm tired of this old-fashioned place, which is only half alive. I know what it is, you're afraid of offending the precious Canon—and Miss Warden. If you were left to yourself you'd do what I suggest—be up-to-date and stock stuff that sells like hot cakes."

"I wouldn't." Jos set his mouth obstinately. "Of course I know quite well that Canon Swanston wouldn't approve, and naturally I shouldn't feel it possible to do anything in direct opposition to his ideas. But quite apart from that—I wouldn't. If I sold the books you want me to sell I'd be selling slow poison. I wouldn't care to sell anything that would hurt a child—perhaps for life."

"I think you're talking nonsense—yes, really I do," Daphne said decisively. "And—I'd better not stay here any longer or we shall have a quarrel."

She rose, gathering together her possessions, but Jos was already on his feet.

(Continued on page 157.)



"Oh, look. There's something wrong—it's coming down!"—Page 157.



# The Importance of Being Fair.

The Last of Our *Important* Series by Herbert F. Tomkinson, M.A.



The gossip  
who tells  
half a truth.

MOST Englishmen feel that it is better to lose a game fairly than to win it by unfair means. Perhaps this belief is one of the benefits derived from the large part which games play in the education of British boys and girls. Foul play is rare; when it occurs, it is generally due to there being money on the game in some form or another. A man who is what is colloquially called a sports-

man can take his beating cheerfully, and would definitely prefer to be beaten honestly than to win by a trick, or a subterfuge, or any kind of "foul." The old lady who under cover of long skirts slyly pushes her croquet ball an inch nearer the hoop is regarded as a joke for a tea-party, but hardly as a pattern for the conduct of life.

There are three directions in which fairness is specially needed: (1) fairness to others—that is commonly recognized; (2) fairness to self—an obligation less well recognized; (3) fairness to our Church—a fairness often shown to her more by outsiders than by her own children.

## 1. Fairness to Other People.

Christian people know that it is wrong to tell lies; but they sometimes think they have avoided the sin, if they have not said any word which is actually and literally untrue, while they succeed in conveying a suggestion or implication which is false. A lie is to give deliberately a false impression. If I know that old Mr. X is subject to fits of giddiness, it is tantamount to a lie to say "I saw that Mr. X full length on the pavement the other day, not far from the public-house! Of course, mind you, I don't know that he had been *in* and I wouldn't say so for a minute. No! I have seen him walking very funnily at times. All I do say is that he was lying on the pavement."

That sort of remark ought to be regarded as a lie, and any instructed Christian should regard it as only made worse by its camouflage of fairness.

If, on the other hand, we are scrupulously and generously fair to others, we shall find that other people are on the whole fair to us. For "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again; good measure pressed down and running over shall men give into your bosoms." This is a plain psychological truth; as we treat others, so, generally speaking,

others will treat us. It is the mean man who finds the world mean; it is the unfair man who finds people unfair, and it is the generous, fair-minded man who tells you that there are more good people in the world than bad.

## 2. Fairness to Oneself.

It is no part of Christian humility to be unfair to oneself. On the contrary, the Parable of the Talents suggests that a man should realize that he has certain talents, be they ten or five or only one, and use them to the full.

"To thine own self be true,"

says Shakespeare; we are all fully aware of the unpleasantness of conceit, and St. Paul tells us that a man should not think more highly of himself than he ought to think. But to-day a good many people, and young people, too, need encouragement; they don't think highly enough of themselves; they are paralysed by diffidence, by distrust of self, by depreciation of their own gifts. It is more difficult to convince a diffident young man of his potentialities than to convict a conceited young man of his folly. It is often simply unfair to oneself to say "I can't": and it is not really humble. Humility is a sense of receptivity; the humble man realizes how much he has received, and that prevents him being "puffed up"; he realizes that, whatever his success, he owes a big debt to his parents, to his schoolmasters, to his country, to many friends, perhaps many clergy, who have directed him, encouraged him and believed in him. In other words, he is conscious of how much he has received.

Humility is a sense of reception. There is nothing inconsistent with humility in fairness to oneself. It is as wrong to magnify one's faults as to minimise them; and it is as wrong to disown the gifts we have as to pretend to have those we have not. Our Lord is reported to have said, though the saying is not in the Gospels,

"Be ye wise bankers,"

and it is the mark of a wise banker, first, to realize his assets and then to lay them out to the best advantage.

## 3. Fairness to Our Church.

Churchpeople are too prone to play the part of "the candid friend" to their Church. Too much criticism is bad for anyone: it produces paralysis. Too often the Church of England finds its admirers and the encouragement that appreciation gives, outside its own members; most of the criticism directed against her, and most of the unkindest criticism, comes from her own children. It is perhaps a national characteristic to run down anything of our own: our weather, our country-side, our inventions, our habits, our cooking, our hotels, our government, our conduct of war, and so on. Foreigners find it hard to understand this trait in our character, and it makes it difficult for them to appreciate things of which, inconsistently enough, we are justly proud.

So with regard to the grand old Church of England, the mother of all that is best in our land, we need someone now not to tell everybody its faults and failings; but we need a prophet, with a knowledge of

(Continued on page 155.)



# CHURCH FROM HOME

If you know of any Church News which send it to the Art Editor, 11 Ludgate prizes of five shillings each are awarded

## Parson and Printer, Too.

**F**ERSFIELD CHURCH had a keen and capable historian for rector from 1742 to 1752. Not only did Francis Blomefield write his famous History of Norfolk in the ancient Tudor rectory, but he also had it printed in the dining-room. When he found the printers at Norwich too slow for his liking, he had a printing press sent down from London with apprentices to work it. The present Rector, Dr. James, is a fitting successor, for he also dislikes a waiting policy. Since his induction last January he has collected funds to provide a London-built pipe organ (second-hand), retained and fenced in a new burial ground, re-roofed the south side of the Nave, and repaired the Tower and windows! The Church dates from 1290.

## Derby Twins' Remarkable Record.

**T**HE twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. Irons, of Derby, now eleven years old, have a splendid record to their credit. They have never been absent from the morning or afternoon sessions of St. James's Church Sunday School for eight years.

The Rev. J. D. CROSLAND.

## A Veteran Churchwarden.

**I**T is becoming embarrassing to give publicity to a record of long service as a Church official, for the note invariably brings us news of a number of rival claimants for which we cannot find space. But we cannot forbear to congratulate Mr. E. Martin Scott, who last Easter completed his thirty-ninth consecutive year as Churchwarden of St. John's Church, Wednesbury. He is, at the age of 87, still going strong and attends to his duties regularly. It is only on rare occasions that he is absent from Church, and then only when he is too unwell to attend. He was born in the same year the Church was consecrated and as boy and man has been connected with it ever since 1846. May he long continue to flourish.

Needless to say his Rector, the Rev. F. H. Masters, has good reason to believe that his Churchwarden's record is one that will be difficult, if not impossible, to match.

## A Durham Organist.

**A**N organist of unusual ability is the Rev. A. D. Culley, M.A., Mus.Bac., F.R.C.O., A.R.C.M., who lately relinquished his post as organist of Durham Cathedral, after 25 years, to take up a country liv-



ing at Burwarton, Salop. He was probably the only clergyman organist holding a cathedral appointment in recent years. I have known people



Fersfield Church.

cycle miles to hear his introductory voluntaries on hymn tunes. Unfortunately he has left nothing of the kind in print. To see such a little cleric as he is, playing such a large organ, was a sight not soon forgotten. He has been succeeded by a great-nephew of Dr. Dykes, who was organist of the cathedral too.

The Rev. W. H. JACKSON.

## Doors Covered with Skin.

**I**N that far-off day when the Danes were attempting to overrun England, flaying seems to have been a fairly common form of punishment for those who committed the crime of



Mr. E. Martin Scott.

# NEWS AND ABROAD

you think would interest our readers Sq., London, E.C. 4, during October. Six monthly. Photographs are welcome.

sacrilege. In the crypt of Worcester Cathedral there are to be found the ancient doors of the north entrance of the church, taken down about 1820. They were formerly covered with human skin. Of this skin some small fragments remain, fixed to the inside of the doors, under the iron scroll-work. Tradition says that a man who stole the sanctus bell from the high altar was flayed alive for this sacrilege and his skin stretched over the doors. Another story is that the skin on these doors is that of two Danes, Feudu and Thurstan, huscarls of Hardicanute, who, in 1014, came to Worcester for the purpose of collecting Danegelt. It is supposed that the citizens of Worcester resisted the imposition of this hated tax, flaying the two tax-gatherers and stretching their skins upon the doors. In the following November, a Danish army plundered the city and did considerable damage to the cathedral, then the abbey church, from which the monks had fled in terror. It is thought that the sight of the skins of their countrymen may have infuriated the Danes and so have been the cause of the severity of their vengeance. The west doors of Rochester Cathedral also were formerly covered with human skin, said to be that of a Dane. Until late in the nineteenth century, the south door of Copford Church, Essex, was covered with human skin, also said to be Danish. The north door of another Essex church, Hadstock, was similarly covered. Fragments of the skin which was formerly stretched over the door may now be seen in the Museum at Saffron Walden.

Captain E. A. H. FENN.

## The Tale of a Comma.

**A** PREVIOUS contributor mentions the Latin inscription above the gateway of Cleeve Abbey, which runs, when translated—

"Gate, open stand, let there not be One honest man debarred by thee."

This brings to mind the story of Abbot Martin of the French monastery of Alne, who mixed his punctuation in the Latin original, and embellished his doorway with the pious wish—

"Gate open stand to none, Closed to each honest one."

His error in punctuation cost him dear at the hands of the incensed peasants, his fate giving rise to a French saying, "For lack of a stop Martin lost his ass" (i.e. his Abbey).

R. PATERSON.



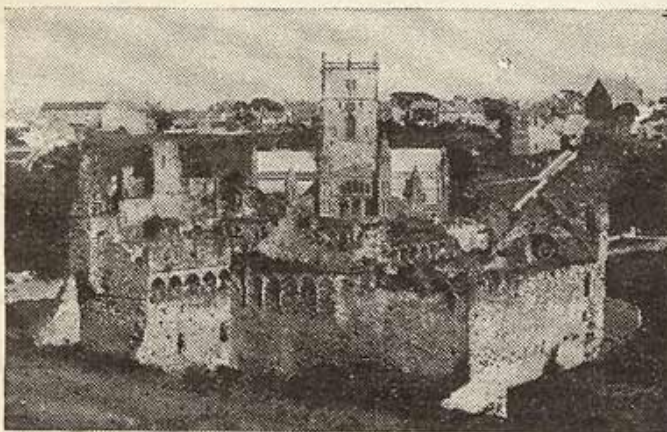
### Wardens All.

IN Brechley Churchyard there are two tombstones to the memory of members of the Wimshurst family who were Churchwardens about a century ago. One of the bells bears the name of John Wimshurst, with the date 1610. He was Churchwarden at that time. On November 30, 1932, was buried in Brechley Churchyard, Mr. T. A. Wimshurst, of Tibbs Court, who had been Churchwarden for many years, and who was great-grandson and grandson respectively of those whose tombstones we have referred to. As his father had been Warden, and others of his ancestors had filled the office during several of the intervening generations, I think the continuity must be unusual and interesting.

THOMAS ELSE.

### St. David's Palace.

IT is good news that H.M. Office of Works have undertaken to preserve the ruined Bishop's Palace at St. David's. This must have been one of the most magnificent examples of domestic buildings of the Middle Ages. It was built by Bishop Gower in the middle of the fourteenth century and was partly intended to receive the large numbers of pilgrims visiting the shrine of St. David at that time. Since the Reformation it has been allowed to fall into ruins: much more damage was done, as also to the Cathedral itself, during the Civil War. The work of preservation will take several years and should prove of the greatest antiquarian interest, as *anything* may be found during the necessary excavation, and it will be a great satisfaction



St. David's Cathedral and Palace, now being Restored.

to see the old building saved from further destruction. The chief features of the palace, as can be discerned at present, are the great hall with the rose window on the right and the private chapel on the left of the picture, with a little spire.

M. W.

### Is this a Record ?

EDWARD SMITH, a Cub, aged 7 years, has twice read the lesson in the Mariners' Mission Hall, Holy Trinity, Runcorn. On the first occasion it was at a Scouts' Service to a congregation of about 150.

E. A. S.

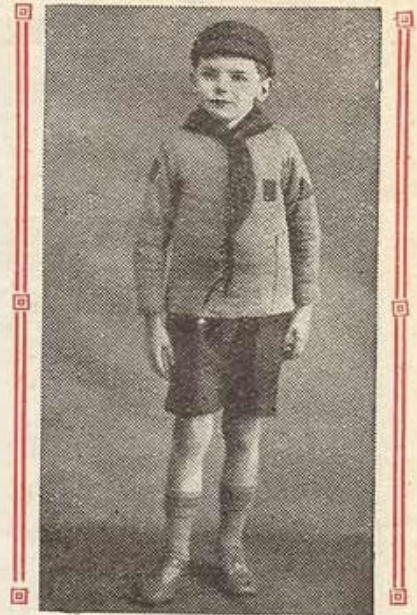
### A Long Service Record.

FOR 144 years the office of Parish Clerk of Kempston, Bedfordshire, descended in direct succession from father to son. Robert Brooks, who died in 1766 after being Clerk for 40 years, was succeeded by his son John, who held office until his death in 1790, a period of 24 years. He was succeeded by his son John, who was Clerk until 1819, when he died after 29 years' service. His son, the third John Brooks to act as Parish Clerk, died in 1826 after 7 years' service, to be succeeded by his son William, who held office until his death in 1871. He was only 15 years old when his father died, so his uncle acted as a sort of regent for a year. Not counting this year, his length of service was 44 years—bringing the grand total to 144 years. This long service by one family is recorded on a gravestone in the churchyard of Kempston Parish Church.

Miss J. B. ASKEW.

### Six in the Belfry.

MR. JOHN GAYTON, his two sons, and three grandsons rang a peal at Fremington on Boxing Day. Mr. Gayton, who is 78, was a ringer for 55 years. For 45 years he was captain and for 41 years parish clerk and sexton at Fremington Parish Church until his retirement in 1928. Mr.



Edward Smith.

James Gayton, the elder son, has been a ringer for 31 years and is a member of the Alwington prize team. Mr. Frank Gayton, the younger son, has been a ringer for 28 years, and took on the office of captain, parish clerk and sexton when his father retired.

### Upright.

IN Breckles Church, Norfolk, a lady was buried in an upright position. The tomb is adjacent to her husband's to which it is attached, as it were, by a strap and buckles cut in the stone. It is almost round, about a yard in diameter, inscribed with the words: "Stat ut vixit erecta." The inscription on her husband's tomb runs as follows: "Here resteth the bodies of John Webb, Esq., and of Mary, his wife, daughter of Thomas Richardson, Lord Chief Justice of England. She died March 10, Anno 1656, aged 56. And he October 25, 1658, aged 70 years." Another instance of this is in Blickling Church, where all the coffins in the Hobart vault are buried in an upright position.

J. C. T.

**June Prize-Winners:** J. P. Evans, Miss M. Wight, H. J. Smith, the Rev. J. B. Carlos, R. Wright and Colonel G. Walton. Extra prize-winners: G. South, W. Upjohn, E. Morris and W. L. Townsend. Prizes were sent in July.

## The Importance of Being Fair. (Concluded from page 153.)

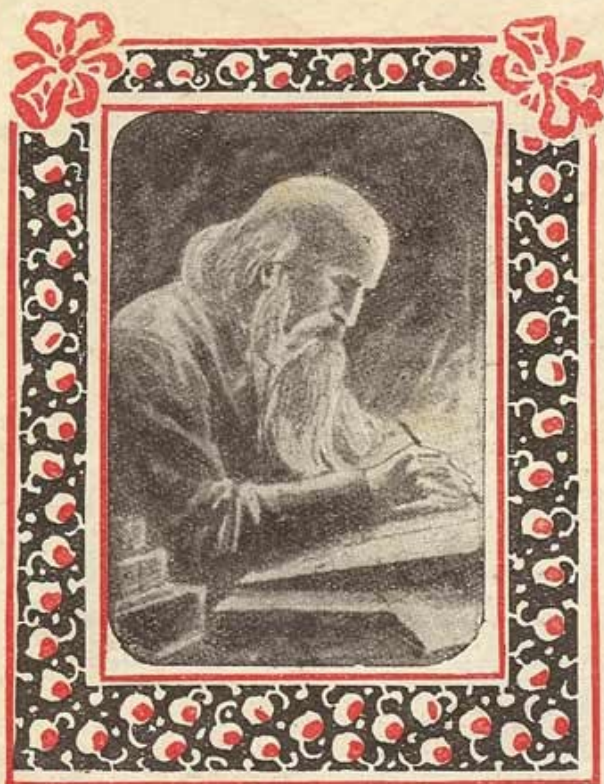
history, and the tongue of an orator with just a touch of the popular journalist, to open men's eyes to the Church's achievements in the past, and her vast opportunities in the future, together with the many peculiar gifts she has that fit her to be the spiritual home of the enlightened, educated, freedom-loving peoples.

After all, there is a good deal of truth in the saying that "people take you at your own valuation." "Why," they may ask, "should we give to or support an organization with which even its own members are always finding fault?"

Let us at least be fair to the work, ideals and tenets of the Church of England, even if we are blind to the glory of her past and the magnitude of her future opportunity. And if we would go further, and dispel that blindness, let us read a little of her history. When we know more of our Church, we shall be more proud of our membership, more eloquent in her defence, and more useful in her work.

The importance of being fair—fair all round, fair to others, fair to self, fair to our Church—is so great just because it is so fatally easy to be unfair.





Illuminating a Gospel.

**M**OST people have heard of the "Book of Kells," even if they cannot give many details concerning it, but few people realize that the little town of Kells itself is full of interesting relics of the days of St. Columba.

The "Book of Kells," which has made the quaint little town in Meath so famous, is one of Ireland's choicest art relics, and is preserved with almost reverential care in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Every evening it is taken from its case and locked in a safe in the vaults, and every morning it is carried with gentle hands to its glass case again and a new leaf exposed to the public gaze.

This magnificent illuminated manuscript of the Gospels is the work of an unknown artist of the early eighth century; the ornamental designs are superb; the colouring is harmoniously perfect; the lettering exquisite. It is said that sections of some of the intricate designs, if photographed and enlarged, instead of losing by the process gain tremendously. As with any microscopic work of nature, the stronger the magnifying power brought to bear upon it, the more is its perfection brought to light.

The book is enriched with thousands of delicate decorations—birds, beasts, leaves and intricate designs. This unknown monk was possessed of abounding imagination and patience, and the soul of an artist. It is almost impossible to believe that any man could have worked in such minute details unless he employed a type of magnifying-glass unknown in his day. To draw a perfect circle unaided by a compass was always considered the feat of a true artist (as witnessed by the well-known story of Giotto) and no one but an artist whose hand and eye are in perfect training could do this, yet the Book of Kells is full of perfect circles in which no sign of a swerving hand is perceptible. The symmetry of designs, the elaborate embellishments, produced by care and skill expended

## Some Irish Antiquities at Kells (Co. Meath).

By AUGUST RENTON.

without regard to time or trouble, are regarded as evidence that the Book of Kells is not the work of St. Columba himself as some authorities once believed. He was an active, hard-working missionary, moving about from one place to another, who would not have had the time to cultivate sedentary habits necessary to the completion of such a tremendous undertaking as this illuminated manuscript. The colourings alone would make the work outstanding, as the thick ink used was remarkable for its extreme blackness and durability; the reds and yellows are also wonderfully well preserved, and strikingly vivid.

So firm and beautiful is every stroke in every letter of this wonderful book, that no description could convey any idea of the amazing beauty of the pages, but the crowning triumph is attained in a monogram of the Name of Christ. It seems as if the unknown Irish scribe had lavished all the wealth of Celtic art known to him, on that Name so dear to his heart. In this monogram page of the Book of Kells we find every possible form of beauty, from conventional design, to birds, beasts and serpents. A squirrel watches her young at play; birds with elongated necks and legs, go to form interlacing borders, while the human form is seen in several places in weird and original patterns. The chief leaves used in decoration are those of the vine and trefoil, both of which are symbolic in Christian writings.

No wonder that this priceless labour of love was valued by succeeding generations as an example of the best Irish art. It was placed in a costly gold shrine and carefully preserved in the Abbey of Kells. Some years later a thief stole it from the Sacristy, but valuing only the gold shrine, he carelessly threw away the precious manuscript, which was found two months later lying in a field, covered over with a sod. So was recovered for posterity the most perfect expression of Celtic art handed down to us from the Golden Age of Ireland's historic past.

But although this most precious book is not to be seen in its birthplace, the little town itself is full of archaeological interest. It was celebrated in the early Christian era as being the dwelling-place of St. Columba, who founded a monastery there in 550. When the monks of Iona were expelled by the Danes they came to Kells, and although the original monastery of St. Columba has long since disappeared, three remarkable relics of the work of the Ionian monks remain. These are St. Columba's House, the Round Tower, and the High Crosses.

St. Columba's house peeps over the walls of the churchyard, enclosing the Round Tower and the Crosses. It is similar in design to St. Kevin's, Glendalough, and Cormac's Chapel at Cashel. The walls are almost four feet thick, and the roof is pointed.

The Round Tower is a remarkably perfect specimen of this type of watch-tower so peculiarly Irish: unfortunately the conical cap is missing. It is about 90



to 100 feet high and the door (as in other towers) is about ten feet from the ground, which made it very difficult for intruders to enter, lawful entrance being made by a ladder which was hauled up within the tower. These round towers, formerly so numerous in Ireland, date from the period of the Danish raids, and served the fourfold purpose of watch-tower, store-house, a place of refuge and a belfry. If the pursuers managed to get near enough to the tower to make their presence unwelcome, they were greeted from within by showers of arrows; should they manage to scale the ten feet to the door and force an entry, their further passage was blocked by a trap-door; if this was overcome, they were met with a cascade of boiling oil poured down from above. Certainly fighting could not have been pleasant in such a restricted area.

There are several High Crosses in Kells, of which three are in the churchyard. The one at the base of the tower is one of the oldest, and is absolutely perfect and untouched. The inscriptions, covering both sides, are all symbolical and portray well-known scriptural characters, such as Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, etc. In depicting Noah and the Ark there has been a departure from the usual conventional sculpture of a man, a box and a dove, as on this Cross the box (or ark) is in the form of a galley with high-curved prow and stern and with windows in its side. The vessel is shown riding on the waves; only the head of Noah is visible, and the dove resting on the side. In the centre of one side of the cross-piece are seven spots representing the seven loaves in the miracle of the feeding of the four thousand; and above them two fish, crossed. In the top half of the Cross are pictures from the life of Christ. All the carvings are rather weather-worn, but quite recognizable.

Near at hand is a broken cross; the shaft has been put together, but the cross itself has entirely disappeared. Cromwell is responsible for this devastation, when his stern "Horse" ransacked and pillaged religious buildings.

In the same graveyard, but nearer the town, stands an unfinished cross, perfect in construction but without the usual embellishments and sculpturing. The two pictures on each side of the shaft make one wonder what interrupted the sculptor.



The High Cross at Kells.

All these crosses date from the sixth century and are in a wonderful state of preservation.

## AS A MAN WOOS.

(Continued from page 152.)

"Oh, Daphne—we couldn't!" he cried reproachfully. "You wouldn't be angry with me surely, dearest, for sticking to—to what I think right, though that sounds abominably priggish, I know."

"It does—and since you are so shocked at my ideas, of course you disapprove of me, myself, as well—and I certainly shouldn't care to marry anyone who did that! I can't imagine anything more boring. So good-bye!"

She flashed away down the shop, but as she reached the doorway Jos was beside her.

"You can't mean—Daphne, you won't leave me like this——" he stammered. "Let us talk it out. Come with me on the old walk we used to love."

"Better I should not," she said. "It will only make it all harder." Yet she yielded, and together they crossed the cobbles to the car, and without a word

she drove to Keston meadows, where the river walk starts its meandering way.

"Better not go any farther," Daphne urged. "It's really no use if we disagree about everything."

"Daphne—my darling, you're not telling me that you want to give me up——"

Daphne turned to answer, cold displeasure still in her eyes. But even as she faced Jos her look changed, as she stared upwards.

"Oh, look——" a cry escaped her. "There's something wrong—it's coming down——"

Simultaneously Jos became aware of an odd intermittent roar which had suddenly filled the air. He swung round, saw something huge, scarlet, which seemed to blot out the light—seemed to be descending towards the very place where they stood.

(To be continued.)



# Our Weekday Pages For Women with Homes

## Monday's Washing.

**SOME MORE USEFUL HINTS.**—Before washing your stockings after a game of tennis, soak for an hour in a mixture of bicarbonate of soda to half a pint of warm water. This will draw out any stains and make them last much longer.

Remove any stains on a woolen skirt by dissolving a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a little boiling water and applying to the soiled parts.

To remove stains from georgette, damp the stain well and cover with powdered starch. When this dries, brush it, and the stains will have disappeared. (Miss NANCY NASH.)

**ELECTRIC IRONS.**—If an electric iron is heated and has to be left, switch off the current and cover iron with a tea-cosy. The iron will keep hot for quite half an hour. (Miss E. NUTT.)

**TO WASH CRICKET AND TENNIS FLANNELS.**—Shred a piece of good yellow soap, boil it in a quart of water. Have ready a tubful of warm water, pour in the boiled soap and make a good lather. Put the flannels into this, wash them thoroughly, but do not rub soap on them. Rinse in warm water, wring out, and dry as quickly as possible in the open air, out of the hot sun. Iron with a cool iron, and they will not shrink. (Mrs. M. LONGBOTTOM.)

**SILK STOCKINGS.**—These will last twice as long if washed with bran water instead of soap. (Miss BOND.)

**To-day's Thought:** Make happy the near, and the far will come to you with open arms.

## Tuesday's Sewing.

**AN ATTRACTIVE APRON.**—A flowered shantung silk scarf and 2 yards of binding can be made into an apron in a few minutes. Machine the open edges of the bias binding where it forms ties and neck-strap and machine it down to the edges to bind where the corners of scarf are cut off. (Mrs. WM. THOMPSON.) (Fig. 2.)

**WHEN TOWELS WEAR THIN.**—Sew the outside selvedge edges together, cut through centre of worn part and neatly hem. The seam in centre will lie flat and be scarcely noticeable. (Mrs. E. PONTEFRACT.)

**TO SHARPEN YOUR SCISSORS.**—Take a piece of coarse sandpaper and cut it round and round with the scissors; this will soon sharpen them. (Mrs. T. H. TURNER.)



### BEGIN AGAIN!

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;  
And, spite of old sorrow and older  
sinning,  
Take heart with the day and begin  
again.

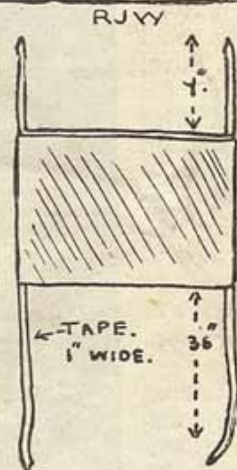


Fig. 1.

**HAND-KNIT SOCKS AND STOCKINGS.**—Knit the upper and under half of foot *separately*, then stitch down sides. The soles may be knit with thicker wool to wear longer, also when re-footing it will be only necessary to undo stitching down sides and knit *underneath* half of foot. (Miss M. POLLOCK.)

**"MAKING-UP" OLD CLOTHES.**—When using the best parts of worn stockinette garments (silk or wool), if pattern is tacked to outline shape required and stitched by machine *before* cutting this will prevent threads running. A thin strip of paper on the underside is necessary for flat stitching—a newspaper edging answers the purpose excellently. (Mrs. E. CLARKE.)

**FELT** laid under a sewing-machine will diminish the noise and vibration. (Mrs. J. GODMAN.)

**To-day's Thought:** Do not be too sure that your opinions are right: only make sure that your aims are right.

## Wednesday's Nursing.

**A USEFUL BED-REST.**—Get  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of unbleached calico, double it, stitch linen tape 1 inch wide all round, leaving two ends 9 inches long at each side at the top to tie round the bed-rail and two ties 36 inches long at the bottom to tie to rail at the side of bed. Adjust this around the pillows and it will keep them firm and make a comfortable back-rest for a patient sitting up in bed. (L. M. D.) (Fig. 1.)

**FRESH VEGETABLES FOR HEALTH.**—Onions and lettuce feed the nerves; tomatoes are good for a torpid liver; celery is anti-rheumatic; beetroot enriches the blood; carrots cleanse the blood and clear the complexion; asparagus assists the kidneys. Vegetables, which are not suitable to be eaten raw, should be steamed and the juice also taken. (Miss L. BENTLEY.)

**IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.**—Write your doctor's telephone number clearly on a piece of adhesive tape and paste it on the inside of medicine-cabinet door. This simple precaution may save much valuable time in case of sudden illness. (Miss FISHER.)

**TO RELIEVE QUINSY.**—Bake a large potato cut in two and apply to the bare neck as hot as it can be borne; secure with a double flannel bandage and keep on till nearly cold. Repeat application, using thinner bandage as pain decreases. (Mrs. S. CURNOW.)

**To-day's Thought:** Prayer is dominant desire calling God into alliance.

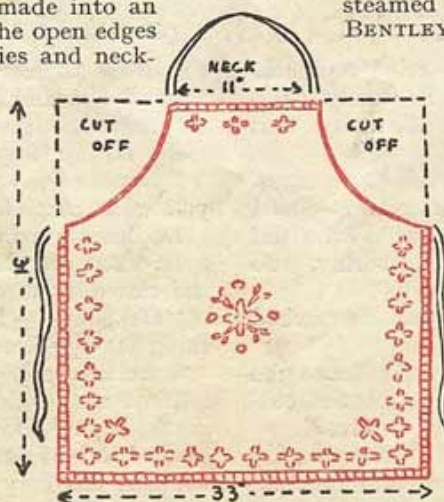


Fig. 2.



## Thursday's Cooking.

**BAKED RABBIT.**—Make some veal stuffing (don't moisten it), add a little chopped onion. Disjoint the rabbit, place in a baking-tin, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a little flour; spread over half the stuffing and place small pieces of pork or bacon all over; put remainder of stuffing on top; fill up dish with milk. Bake for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours. (Mrs. BIGGS.)

**PORRIDGE SAVOURY.**—Any left-over porridge from breakfast mix with a little grated cheese and seasoning, roll into balls, egg and breadcrumb and fry in lard or good dripping. These make a good supper dish for cold weather. (Miss N. BERRY.)

**FRUIT PIES.**—To prevent juice boiling over, sprinkle a little flour over the fruit before covering; this also helps to thicken the syrup. (Miss B. GRACE.)

**"No-EGGS" CAKE.**—1 lb. of self-raising flour, 12 oz. of sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of sultanas or currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacupful of milk. Mix together all the dry ingredients with any flavouring liked, then melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of margarine to oil and mix the cake, adding milk to the right consistency. Bake for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours. (Mrs. M. K. BOX.)

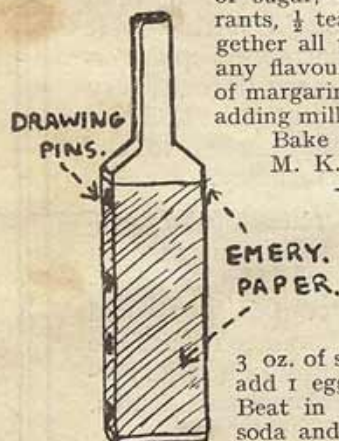


Fig. 4.

**GINGER SPONGE.**—Mix together  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of ground ginger. Cream together 3 oz. of sugar and 3 oz. of butter; add 1 egg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacupful of milk. Beat in the flour, bicarbonate of soda and ginger, beat well, add 1 tablespoonful of treacle and bake for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour in a moderate oven. (E. C.)

**To-day's Thought:** Faith is not faith unless it is stretched to breaking-point and does not break.

## Friday's Household.

**KITCHEN AND BATHROOM TOWEL RAILS.**—These may be provided at practically no cost as follows: Cut a lath 6 inches shorter than the width of the door. Make holes with a gimlet an inch from each end with great care to prevent splitting. Pass two long screws through these holes and through cotton reels, and fix to the door. Finish with sandpaper and paint. (Miss G. FOWELL.) (Fig. 3.)

**A KNIFE SHARPENER.**—Take a narrow piece of wood about 3 by 18 inches. Shape into a miniature cricket-bat and fix fine emery paper with drawing-pins as diagram. The emery paper must overlap where pinned and pins must be inserted into edge of board, not on the front surface. (Mrs. E. MOULD.) (Fig. 4.)

**FLASH-LIGHT BATTERIES.**—When the light is getting low, place in moderate oven for half an hour and the battery will give a much better light. This may be repeated. (Miss SYLVIA ARCHER.)

**To POLISH FURNITURE.**—Put a little paraffin on a

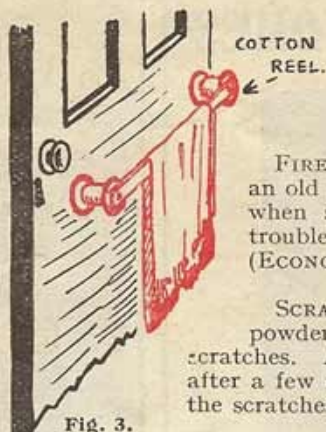


Fig. 3.

soft rag and rub furniture well. Leave a few minutes before polishing with a clean cloth. It will be found that anything done in this way will not easily finger-mark. (Mrs. BLAKEBOROUGH.)

**FIRE-LIGHTING.**—Keep a few sticks handy in an old jar containing a little paraffin and use when starting the fire. This saves time and trouble and is a safe way to use paraffin. (ECONOMY.)

**SCRATCHED SILVER.**—Olive oil and putty powder made into a paste will remove the scratches. Apply with a soft piece of old rag and, after a few minutes, polish as usual, when all signs of the scratches should disappear. (Miss L. WILLIAMS.)

**To CLEAN ALUMINIUM.**—Wash each article with soap and water (no soda), then rub it over with a piece of flannel soaked in pure olive oil. (Mrs. SPENCE.)

**To-day's Thought:** God will not show you the future: He will go with you all the way that stretches before you.

## Saturday's Children.

**FOR CHAPPED BUTTOCKS AND LEGS.**—Take a nut of lard, pour boiling water on to it and allow to cool; then skim the lard off the top and put in a glass container with cover. To be applied when "nappies" are changed, or after bath. ("Mrs. COLIN.")

**To KEEP CHILDREN'S HEADS CLEAN.**—Pour a little ordinary paraffin into an old saucer, then with your finger covered with an old piece of calico rub into the roots of the hair, also on the hair at bed-time. Do this for two or three nights, then wash the hair. Keep them away from fire or uncovered light when this is done. (Mrs. LETHBRIDGE.)

**To TRIM A CHILD'S DRESS.**—Take a length of narrow ribbon in some suitable colour, then work up and down with a running stitch and draw up. It may be shaped into any simple design on frock, or used as a ruching. (Mrs. BARKER.)

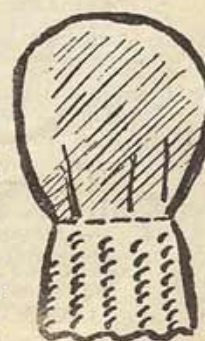
To keep baby's hands warm when he is at the stage of putting everything in his mouth—cover a pair of his ordinary woollen gloves with small bags of chamois leather, which retain heat and do not hurt baby if he sucks them. (P. W. DOWNHAM.) (Fig. 5.)

**To-day's Thought:** I always think it's the "just going to" which never goes.

**June Prize Award.**—The following were sent prizes in July: Mrs. Clegg, Miss D. Moorhead, Miss Dillon, Mrs. Allony, Mrs. Moore, the last prize being divided between Miss M. Harwood and Miss L. Jackson.

### Monthly Prize Competition.

If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during October. Each month we offer a prize of 5s. for the best hint in each section. The prizes will be sent in November to the respective winners.



Chamois leather.

Wool.

Fig. 5.



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## AN AFRICAN'S MEMORIES

THE days of the slave trade seem much nearer when an opportunity comes of talking with one who is himself the son of a slave. There cannot be many such alive to-day, but one, Archdeacon D. C. Crowther, has recently paid a short visit to England at the age of eighty-eight. He is the son of the famous Bishop Crowther, and shared with his father in many pioneering adventures in the earlier days of missionary work in Nigeria.

There is one story which the Archdeacon especially loves to tell, because it shows so clearly the power of the Gospel to change men and women. The story begins rather more than fifty years ago. In the Delta of the River Niger was the island of Okrika. Its people were reputed to be fanatical in their idol worship, cruel, and even given to cannibalism. As far as was known, any Christian preacher would go to Okrika at the risk of his life. Bishop Crowther felt that this was a place which particularly needed the Gospel and that teachers ought to be sent. He decided to let his son make the venture, and a catechist volunteered to go with him.

"When we arrived," says Archdeacon Crowther, "we found that the Holy Spirit had prepared the way. Instead of opposing us the people welcomed us; they gave us no rest, so anxious were they to hear what we had to say. After four days we decided to go back to Bonny to tell of this wonderful opening.

"As soon as possible the pastor from Bonny and I went again, and then the chiefs offered us land for a mission station. One of them said that he had decided to follow Christ and was throwing away his idols and charms."

Within six years the chiefs and people of Okrika had destroyed all the idols in the island and had burned their central temple, and the majority of them to-day are worshipping God. Three years ago the people—some of whom had been cannibals—built a Christian church costing £14,000; they wanted it to be large and beautiful, and were prepared to raise this money themselves.



Photograph]

[R. Silk

Calling the congregation to service, Nigeria

### "Prayer changes things"

LET us pray for the men and women in Africa who are still bound in the slavery of fear and superstition.

Let us thank God for the thousands who are being brought to know and serve Christ.

Let us thank God for the life and example of Canon Apolo, praying that we may follow Christ as he did, with glad and whole-hearted devotion.

Let us thank God for His power to change the hearts of men and women and deliver them from fear, as shown forth in the people of Okrika.

Contributions to the Church Missionary Society are gratefully received by the Financial Secretary, Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4, and may be sent by cheque or postal order or stamps. Contributions may also be sent to, and missionary boxes obtained from, your vicar.



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