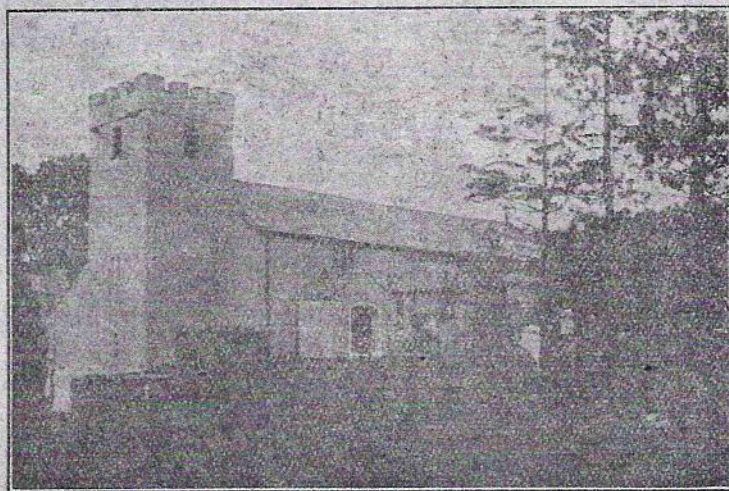


JUNE, 1935.



Holy Trinity, Colton.

PARISH MAGAZINE.

Vicar : REV. J. HALL.

Churchwardens : Mr. A. Kellett, Mr. J. O. Saunders, Mr. W. H. Allonby, Mr. R. L. Phillipson.

Sidesmen : Mr. J. Dixon, Mr. J. Phillipson, Mr. H. Watson, Mr. J. Phillipson, Junr.

Hon. Sec. Parochial Church Council : Miss M. E. Dixon, Bandrake Head.

Joint Hon. Treas. „ „ Mr. J. Dixon and Mr. W. H. Allonby.

Magazine Sec. and Treas. : Miss Margaret Casson, Oxenpark.

Bouth Services Treas. : Mr. Inman.

Organist : Miss D. Philippon.

Sexton : Mr. H. Chorley, Bouth.

Holy Communion at 8 a.m., on 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays in the month, and after
Mattins on 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Mattins 10-45 a.m. Evensong 6-30 p.m.

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Holy Trinity, Colton.

JUNE, 1935.

The Confirmation took place on May 15th. There were 38 candidates and 1 candidate was confirmed at Kirkby a short time ago. This is a large number from our parish—more than twice as many as were presented three years ago, and it must be a long time back since more were presented to the Bishop from this parish. What does this show? It shows that in spite of what we frequently hear to the contrary, there is a strong sense of religion in the hearts of people generally and an eagerness to receive instruction in the Christian Faith and the help which the Laying on of Hands conveys. Also it shows a desire on the part of young people to serve and follow Christ.

Will you older people help them all you can to be reverent in Church at all times, regular in their attendance at Holy Communion and to live the kind of life which was lived by the Master.

The Bishop of Barrow's visit was much enjoyed, and his earnest and plain words to the candidates will not soon be forgotten. We are grateful to Miss Wallace for playing the organ. We appreciate the valuable help she so freely and willingly renders. We thank also those who helped to provide the tea and the ladies who served it.

The Silver Jubilee of His Majesty, King George V., was well and worthily commemorated at Colton. There was a very large congregation in Church for the Service and the Choir was augmented by some of the members of the Tottlebank Choir. The Rev. E. J. Roberts,

Minister of Tottlebank Baptist Church, was present with the Vicar of the Parish, and Mr. Roberts delivered a most appropriate and excellent address. The sports afterwards were conducted and carried out in a splendid manner, and the first-class tea provided by Mr. Mallalien of the Manor House Hotel left nothing to be desired.

The sports prizes were presented to the winners by Miss Wallace and Miss Dixon, and the banners and Medals by Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Hall. In the evening the bonfire, prepared by the Boy Scouts with the help of Mr. Postlethwaite of Greenhead, was lit by Mr. J. H. Tyson, the Scoutmaster, and made a good and cheerful blaze. The Celebration, which will never be forgotten by those present, terminated with a Whist Drive and Dance.

To one person more than any other the success of the Colton celebration was due—Mr. W. R. Owen, our very able, patient and business like Chairman. In Mr. J. Dixon, too, we had an ideal Secretary.

The Mothers' Union Trip was held on May 25th. Starting from Benth together, the two buses separated by agreement, one going to Morecambe, the other to Keswick. The weather was bright and dry and sunny, and both parties we understand spent a very happy day.

On Whitsunday there will be Holy Communion at 8 a.m., 9 a.m., and after Morning Prayer 10-45.

The Rummage Sale, etc., in aid of the Boy Scouts and Mothers' Union Funds has been postponed indefinitely. A date will be fixed on Miss Dickson's return home and will then be announced.

HOLY BAPTISM.

April 7th.—Joan, daughter of John James and Dorothy Ann Walker, of Spark Bridge.

April 21st.—Thomas Burnett, son of Thomas and Doris Annie Woodburne, of Bouth.

May 5th.—George Edward, son of Francis Joseph and Dora Stokes, of Oxen Park.

May 5th.—Thomas Henry, son of Robert Edward and Hannah Milburn, of Bethacar.

May 12th.—Harriet, daughter of John and Nancy Hendley, of 93 Crossley Street, Askam-in-Furness.

May 12th.—George, son of James and Mary Neild, of 50 Steel Street, Askam-in-Furness. Conditional Baptism.

BURIAL.

April 13th.—Robert Milburn, Cardus House, aged 81 years.

JUNE, 1935.

HOME WORDS

OF HER WANT.

By DOROTHY HUISH.

THE Vicar had given out the notices of the weekly services from the chancel steps. He paused, took off his horn-rimmed glasses and cleared his throat.

"There is nothing I dislike more," he began, "than appealing for money. For one thing I know that you are, none of you, rich, and that you have already been most generous in your response to my appeals for the debt we have been obliged to incur in restoring the fabric of this church. You have given in collections, you have attended sales of work. Now, only one hundred pounds remains to be paid off, and a friend has come forward with an offer of fifty pounds if I can raise the other fifty pounds in three weeks. This is going to be a very difficult task owing to the short time, but I propose myself to head the list with ten pounds, and I am sure you will all do what you can."

Miss Hope in her obscure corner of the church was very moved. She thought hard. How could she give to the church which meant so much to her—was, in fact, her very life? Threepence was put aside every week for the Sunday collection from her Old Age Pension—her sole income save for an odd shilling or two earned from time to time doing some light job. She was past hard work; all her life she had been in domestic service. She lived in one of those model dwellings in the heart of London which resemble nothing so much as a beehive. After her weekly rent had been punctually paid there was barely enough for food, little for coal and light, and nothing for clothes. They had to be mended and mended again, but when one met her, it was not their shabbiness nor her diminutive figure that struck one, but the smile, denoting inward happiness, which radiated from her whole being. Sunday by Sunday she worshipped in the church she loved.

Miss Hope bowed her head and prayed that she might be able to do something in this emergency.

There was a knock on Miss Hope's door and a letter fell with a flop on the floor. She so seldom received letters that she picked it up and opened the envelope with some trepidation. The letter ran:

DEAR MADAM,—

If you will call at our office you will probably hear something to your advantage.

Yours faithfully,

S. S. KISSMAN.

Miss Hope hardly slept that night wondering what the letter might mean. She was up early, dusting and tidying her room. It was one of those hopeless wet dark days which do not tempt one to go out. Miss Hope looked at her only pair of boots, the soles were very thin, almost in holes. She was very wet by the time she arrived at the City office, and the office boy looked at her suspiciously until she produced her letter, carefully wrapped in its envelope, from the depths of an antique bag.

She was shown into a charming room overlooking

the river, where at a table covered with books and papers sat an elderly man with keen but kindly face.

"Were you ever in Miss Sawby's service?" he asked, consulting a paper before him.

"Yes, sir, many years ago."

"How long were you with her?"

"Ten years, sir. I left because she moved into the country. I was not one of them maids that was always changing. I was . . ."

"Yes, Miss Hope, I am sure you were," interrupted Mr. Kissman, "but what I wanted to tell you was that Miss Sawby left you a little legacy, twenty pounds, and that as soon as we have satisfied ourselves of your identity we shall be happy to pay it to you."

Miss Hope could hardly speak. Her prayer had been answered.

"She has left me twenty pounds," she gasped; "well, that is good of her, and I was only with her ten years. I was . . ."

"We propose to pay you the money very shortly," again interposed Mr. Kissman.

"May it be as soon as possible?" asked Miss Hope. "I want it badly."

"Yes, I am sure you do," said Mr. Kissman, kindly, looking at her thin wet coat. "You will be able to buy some comforts for yourself."

"It's not that," replied Miss Hope. "I want . . ."

"Yes, I know," interjected Mr. Kissman, rising. "I fear I have some one waiting to see me."

"I am sorry. I hope I have not kept you too long," stammered Miss Hope, "but you will let me have the money as soon as possible?"

"Yes, yes, it won't be long."

Miss Hope could say no more.

Day after day she sat listening for the postman's knock as his footsteps echoed round the barrack-like building. Each day he passed by her room. A week went by, another week came. The Vicar had given out that he had raised all the money but ten pounds. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Miss Hope thought of bearding Mr. Kissman in his office, but her courage failed.

Saturday morning there was a knock at her door.

"Registered letter, miss," called the postman. "Sign here," and he thrust a package and receipt form into her hands.

Miss Hope was in her usual pew on Sunday evening. The Vicar had given out the notices of the weekly services from the chancel steps. He paused, took off his horn-rimmed glasses and cleared his throat.

"I want to make a very happy announcement," he said. "I want to thank most heartily a very generous but anonymous donor who has sent me ten pounds. This completes the fifty pounds we had to collect to obtain the fifty pounds conditionally promised. The ten pounds which came last night arrived on the very last day on which the offer held good. I am now thankful to say that the church is clear of debt."

Miss Hope had given "of her want."



A Young Man's Prayer.

LORD, when the joy of life is mine,
When I would choose the easy way
And revel in the warm sunshine,
Give me the grace to pray :

Show me, O Master of my soul,
The duty that I may not shirk ;
Though hard the task and far the goal
Give me the grace to work ;

And when Thou sendest storm and stress,
As darkness gathers, let me raise
My eyes in humble thankfulness
To give Thee joyous praise,

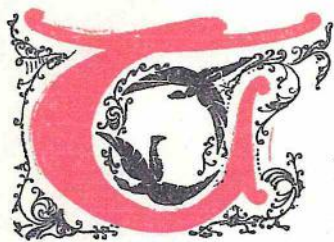
That Thou hast counted even me
A soldier of Thy mighty host
To serve and follow after Thee
And love the hardship most.

H. T. INGRAM.

The Elder Sons. (For Whitsuntide).

By the Rev. D. G. LOVEDAY, Headmaster of Cranleigh.

But he was angry and would not go in.—ST. LUKE XV. 28.



O be the eldest son
is a privilege
fraught with danger
to the soul:
the position is only
less dangerous than
that of the only child.
Not that the elder
son will be likely to
wreck his life in

some blatant or headstrong way: his future prospects will keep him in the narrow path of respectability. This is the heir, whom maybe an ancestral property or a family business awaits. Besides, his sense of responsibility towards the younger members of the family will prevent him from indulging the grosser forms of vice, at any rate openly. The elder son's temptations come not from without but from within. Unadventurous, correct, self-centred, he is threatened by the most insidious and subtle of all temptations; he is filled with a sense of conscious superiority to the other members of the family in the home.

Something of all this is suggested in the third and greatest of the parables recorded by St. Luke alone, which tell of the value in God's sight of the human soul. The younger son, the prodigal, has returned home repentant, and the father's heart is glad. A feast celebrates the reunion. But the elder son protests. He has always done his duty. "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment." He points to the propriety of his life, not by word but by implication, as he cries out, "But when this thy son came which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killest for him the fatted calf." He feels he has right on his side, this elder son who was angry and would not go in.

And thinking lately much of this story, I thought I would make of it a sermon for Whitsunday. For to-day is the great yearly festival, not of Christ or His Saints, but of the Church, and I believe there is no name more appropriate to the true essence of the Catholic Church than this, the home of Christ's people. And yet—the pity of it—there stand outside the home to-day so many elder sons who are angry and will not go in.

In a sense, like the man in the parable, they still belong to it. They were baptized into it, and when the time for their own marriage feast comes they expect the old home to welcome them: no gloomy registry office for their nuptials, say they; or at least so say the elder daughters! Most of these elder children would be sorry to think that at the last leave-taking they should not come back for the final rites. But except for such occasional great events in their lives, the home knows them not. The weekly love-feast has lost its appeal; and the Father waits.

Why are they angry, these elder sons? They are a mixed company and we must not group them all together: though they have one characteristic in common, which is over-emphasis on their individuality. Here comes one type: "You seem to stand quite outside the old home now," we say. "Why is it?" Generally it is because he has a personal grievance: someone has slighted him and his self-importance is wounded, but, lest he make himself appear ridiculous, he is silent about this, at any rate at first. Why, says he, the Churches are all empty; no one goes to Church now except a few old women.

I meet this type of man a good deal, and he is not difficult to answer. Since he never goes to Church, he must be an ignorant and prejudiced witness, so that perhaps I may boldly say that I can truthfully assure you that the churches were never in my recollection so full: that though women are going to Church slightly less, men are going rather more; that Celebrations are better attended; and that these facts are equally true of country, of town, and of University so far as attending service in a different Church nearly every Sunday allows me to judge.

Our second type is more difficult because he has an essentially vulgar mind. You may sometimes have met that very offensive type of person who is ashamed of his own parents or of his own home. If his father is a butcher, he says he is "in the meat trade," or he clothes some perfectly respectable occupation with the non-committal but embarrassed "in business." There are elder sons in the Church like that. "I hardly think you would care for it," they say. "The art and the music are rather old-fashioned, the conversation and thought behind the times; there are some old people there as well as young, and socially

you really can't tell whom you will be 'sitting next. My Father seems to welcome anyone. No: take my advice and keep outside the home: listen to Evensong on the wireless if you must: that won't commit you to anything."

Our third type is a very different person. "I am an individualist," he says. "My religion is a matter which concerns my God and myself, but no one else at all. Why should I bother about an organization the need of which I don't feel, or join in corporate worship, which I don't appreciate?"

It sounds a reasonable protest, and I dare say that some of you may feel now or later in much the same way. Nevertheless, I believe you will be wrong.

In its simplest terms, the religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of life and of love, and neither Life nor Love can flourish in isolation.

Our Life in its origin was derived from others, and its development depends on our association with others. The life of the body is developed by rivalry in all forms of athletics, the intellect is quickened by the criticism and questioning, argument and instruction of interacting minds. The same is true of the life of the Spirit. You derived your first knowledge of Christianity from the Christian society: you live in a Christian atmosphere, which has been purified by the work and witness of the Christian Church. But your own Christian inner life will only come to the fullness of its potential maturity if you continue your active membership of the Church, which is the University of Religion, where eccentricities are pruned and the common store of knowledge, wisdom and witness developed and ennobled and enhanced.

I think this is a truth which especially needs emphasizing at the present time. I am continually coming across young men who really do believe that they know all there is to know about both the Christian Faith and the Christian Life. It is a most singular thing that a man who is a real scholar in his own department of knowledge, who has read all the latest books on English, or the Classics or Science or whatever it may be, talks without any hesitation or diffidence about questions of faith and conduct without having

the slightest notion that perhaps he is not an expert on these matters. I continually meet undergraduates who, even in their first or second years, really seem to believe that there is nothing more left for them to learn about the deepest truths of religion. I do beg of you not to neglect reading books on theology or religion any more than you would neglect the great books of your own first interest in study. Sermons are, I know, often ridiculed, but I gratefully testify that I learnt nearly all that I know about religious duty and certain branches of theology from two country clergymen, holy and humble men of heart, who talked not easily, but from deep conviction about the deep things of God. ;

And Christianity, besides being a Religion of Life, is a Religion of Love, and Love can neither be practised nor learned in solitude. "He that loveth not his neighbour whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?" The man who says he never attends Church but always says his prayers is often telling the truth, but his prayers are generally purely selfish petitions. The individualist character is a prey to jealousy, envy, self-seeking, a supercilious and uncharitable attitude towards others. Far different is the ideal of the Catholic Church: the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness. If we live by the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Wiseacres to-day who assure us that the days of the Church are numbered, have had their forerunners in every age. Celsus in sub-Apostolic times, Voltaire in the eighteenth century, for example; even Thomas Arnold, 100 years ago, declared that the Church as it now stands no human power can save. But all have been proved wrong. On the first Whitsunday the promise of the Father was fulfilled; and the Apostles were endued with power from on high. The One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church endures as the home of Christ's people, because it is filled with a Divine Spirit of Life and of Love which are not of this world, and thus it is that in a world of change, where "sceptre and crown must tumble down," the Church alone has the promise of immortality.



Recorded by St. Luke alone.

HOLIDAY SCHOOLS.

THE idea of popularizing a "school from school" had its birth, we believe, in America, where camping-out holidays combined with lectures have been common enough for years. Our Missionary Societies have not been

slow to make the most of this means for attracting youth to their great cause, and this year's effort of the C.M.S. at Malvern has a new feature. In addition to the housing of "scholars" in the Girls' College, the Council

Schools will accommodate a girls' camp. There is, of course, a men's camp. The holiday school lasts from August 2nd to August 10th, and then breaks up for—what? More school or more holiday?

The Russian War on Religion.

By JOHN BROWN,
Author of "I was a Tramp."

IN spite of official apologetics, there can be no doubt that the war on religion is being greatly intensified throughout the Soviet Union. Communist propagandists are continually declaring that the churches are open all over Russia, and that no one is prevented from worshipping, the only restriction being the withdrawal of the State subsidies to the Church. Whatever justification there was for these statements up to 1933, there is certainly none to-day, as since the end of the first Five-Year Plan anti-religious work has been greatly extended, and the absolute extermination of all forms of religion has been promised by the Government for 1937.

Long before 1933, of course, all kinds of pressure had been brought to bear. The Communist Party, for example, refused to admit to membership any person who did not avow militant atheism and a willingness to take part in anti-religious propaganda activity. This meant that no important position could be filled by any believer, and this principle was extended until even election to factory and village Soviets was barred. Priests and laymen taking part in any religious ceremonies were refused ration cards and compelled to live on charity or what they could buy in the "open market"—the unrecognized shops—where high prices were charged and supplies were very uncertain.

The attacks on religion which were begun by Lenin immediately after the 1917 revolution were continued after some sort of stabilization was achieved, and radio, press, poster, and cinema propaganda were called into the service of the special department of the Commissariat for Home Affairs, which was given the task of "liquidation." Plays were written in which the Bible stories were held up to ridicule, and films for children illustrating the "lives" of the priests before the Revolution were shown in all schools which had projectors. So violent were some of the broadcast speeches of the anti-God campaign leaders that there were excesses in various towns, and priests were compelled to go into hiding in the southern republics until the pressure relaxed.

In every town I visited I found the churches closed, although one Englishwoman visitor told me that she had seen two open during her tour of the northern towns.

I visited the big Cathedral in Leningrad soon after my arrival, but found both front and side doors padlocked. A rear door was open, but it was impossible to get inside, as a deep hole had been dug in the floor immediately inside the entrance. From the materials which were piled inside I gained the impression that the cathedral was to be converted into a storehouse. Workmen in the dim interior

shouted to me that I could not come inside nor watch them. Other churches in the city were falling into ruins, and no repairs are being done to the houses surrounding them. The houses which were formerly used by the priests have been turned over to scores of families, and are now among the worst and most overcrowded slums in the city.

I discovered that whenever the churches were not required as anti-God museums they would be used as storehouses, I was told by an official of the Moscow Soviet. Another official told me that more difficulties had been experienced in "liquidating" religion than had been anticipated. "But it is only a question of time," he said.

School teachers have been ordered to include at least one hour of anti-religious instruction in the weekly class programme. One of these lessons which I heard consisted of ridicule of Old Testament miracles, followed by questions. Teachers who refuse to give this lesson are dismissed.

Twenty thousand schools now have radio equipment, and when the anti-religious talks for schools are broadcast, there will be something like four million child listeners. In the Central House of Children's Education in Gorki Street, Moscow, I was told by Director Vladimir Zeldovich that 4,000 schools had cinema outfits, and within the next two years this number will probably be doubled. Short films are made for schools in which all religious observances are held up to ridicule, while children are made to memorize certain dictums of Marx and Lenin for the bi-annual examinations, such as "Religion is the Opium of the People."

On the Volga steamer *Tovarisch Markina* I went below decks among the workers and peasants on several occasions, although I was told by the factory directors and army officers who were travelling first and second class that this was not "done." Near Saratov I found

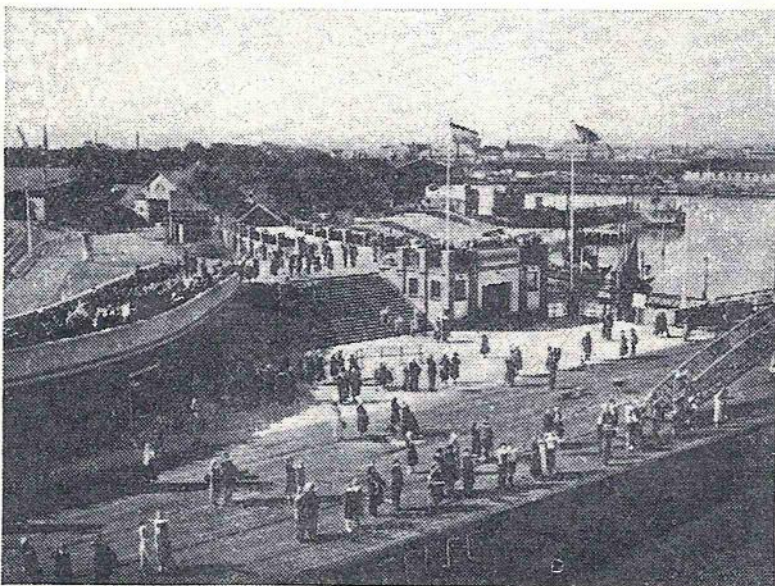


Photo by]

On the Volga.

[THE AUTHOR.

an old priest among the peasants. His long smock, cap, and snow-white beard made him an outstanding figure against the background of ragged men. He sat on a bunk, preparing tea, heedless of the jeers and taunts flung in his direction by the men lying above and around him. He had, astonishingly enough, a teapot, cup, saucer, and spoon—strange sights in that company. I asked him about his work, and gathered that he went from village to village, visiting the homes of believers, who supplied him with food and money to continue his journey. It was work which would obviously put a great strain on him, but he seemed satisfied, and had no thought of giving up, in spite of warnings of the new government campaign. He was not afraid of the men around him, and meant to go on with his mission. He admitted his dislike of the Bolsheviks without a tremor—a courageous thing to do in that company.

Other priests I met in the north told me that work in the towns was more difficult than anything else, as there were so many penalties which could be inflicted on believers, that people were afraid to attend even the secret prayer meetings. Another difficulty was the increased pressure on mothers to send their boys and girls into the Pioneer or Young Communist Sections. By the end of 1934 this organization had more than 6,000,000 members, and it was planned to double it by the end of the second Plan period. In these sections boys and girls are subject to semi-military discipline for several hours per week, and are also given intensive training in the principles of Marxism. Anti-religious lectures are given to all units, and atheistic booklets and leaflets are regularly supplied to all fully paid-up members, for the Bolsheviks have always believed in the cumulative effect of this kind of propaganda.

In the southern towns many of the people are still believers, and "shock-brigades" of anti-religious lecturers and "demonstrators" are to be sent to these areas later this year, as soon as they have been trained in the Moscow academies. In the big Political Academy in the capital, one section is devoted to the task of training propagandists from Britain and the United States, and I was told that a large contingent from Clydeside and Tyneside was now in residence. The courses vary in length from three months to two years, the longer scholarships being reserved for those people who have already been engaged in similar work in their own countries. Most of the young Englishmen had been unemployed for long periods before accepting the offer made to them by the Russian representative, and were confident that they would be employed as full-time propagandists on their return.

Among the Government leaders I found that a mention of religious matters always produced the same Marxist text-book reaction. "The cross must be replaced by the hammer and sickle *everywhere*," one told me, and his attitude was typical. Great stress was

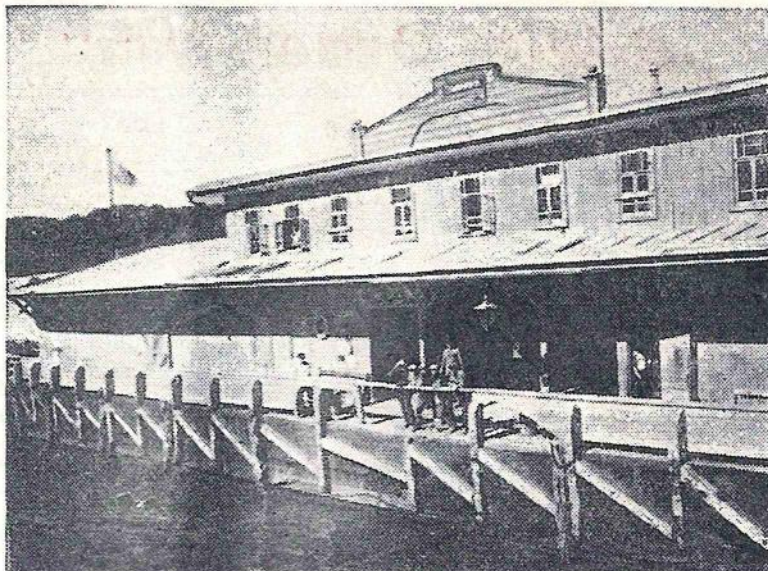


Photo by]

Russian Landing Stage.

[THE AUTHOR.

placed by these men on winning the rising generation to their ideas, and a particularly Machiavellian scheme was that which ordained that no boy or girl should be granted a scholarship to a technical college or university without first producing a certificate from the local Pioneers (Communist Youth Sections) leader.

One of the worst features of the war on religion is the deliberate incitement of young men to ridicule and harass the older folk who are known to be believers. The young *Komsomols* are inspired by the magazine articles and broadcast speeches of the Commissars, and so bad has their behaviour been in some towns that even hardened old Bolsheviks have been disgusted. I was anxious to discover what had replaced the old moral code. Among atheists with whom I have been thrown into contact in England, I have observed that the removal of spiritual "checks" has often resulted in a general lowering of standards of personal life, illustrated by loose living, loose talk, lying, and dishonesty. The Bolsheviks rely upon a large number of unwritten but very real laws, the penalties for breaking which are imposed through the complicated machinery of the Communist Party. This entails a vast number of spies, "correspondents," and agents all over the country, and involves the complete abolition of freedom of speech, of course. In these ways the party decisions that good Russian citizens will not indulge in loose talk or evil ways of life have been put into effect with a fair amount of success, albeit at a great price. But so far as lying and general dishonesty are concerned, Russia must be the worst country in Europe, and extraordinary precautions are taken by all travellers to safeguard their belongings. Even peasant women moving from one village to another are compelled to keep a watchful eye on their few miserable belongings all the time they are in the trains, lest they vanish. No Russian traveller leaves his property unguarded for a moment if he can help it.

In such circumstances, what is required in Russia is a great spiritual revival, bringing with it a transvaluation of existing moral values. But instead of that comes the order for a new drive against Christianity.

The Old Order.

Our New Powerful Serial Tale.

By V. M. METHLEY.

Chapter XV.—A Common Thief.

"A S for you, Miss Hildred, you're as bad as the Vicar, and I can't say worse than that." Mrs. Jelks turned her accusatory glare from the untouched dish of bacon-and-eggs to the girl's unused plate. "Him, I knew of old and how he'd peck no more than a sparrow, but I always counted . . ."

Abruptly Mrs. Jelks broke off, stood staring out through the window, her jaw dropped. And Hildred, following her glance, started up, no less amazed at what she saw.

For Mr. Lewison himself was striding up the path, one hand gripping a silver-topped walking-stick as though it was a weapon of offence, and a scowl on his heavy face which made it, as Emma Jelks afterwards declared with rather more than poetic license: "As black as a thunder-clap."

"Mr. Lewison!" Hildred paused, still staring. "What on earth can he want here? I'll come, Emma, I'll see him; I . . . I don't want him to bother Father, so don't take him into the library on any account whatever."

With the single instinct to shield the Vicar strong in her mind, although almost unreasonably, the girl followed Mrs. Jelks into the hall, saw her open the door, saw the newcomer's head thrust forward truculently as he spoke in an aggressive tone, clutching his stick tighter.

"I want to see Mr. Relton at once."

"My father is busy." Hildred tried to sound casual and matter-of-fact.

"So am I! And my business won't wait." Mr. Lewison's voice was almost a snarl. "Will you tell him I'm here, that I've got to speak to him. He'll know why well enough."

"Really, Mr. Lewison . . ." Hildred began, but got no further. For at that instant the door of the study behind her opened, and turning, she saw her father standing there, his thin frame erect and a strange look in his eyes, a look almost of relief, the girl thought, wonderingly.

"I heard what you said, Mr. Lewison." He spoke quietly.

"You did, eh? Well then, you shall hear something else that you won't take so easily, perhaps. For I've come to tell you that you're a thief, Mr. Holy-Vicar Relton, just a common thief and nothing else!"

"Mr. Lewison, how dare you?" Hildred burst out, whilst Emma Jelks, her clenched hands shaking with fury, took a step forward and spoke hoarsely, thrusting her head forward:

"You—you come here talking to my master like that, him who's done more good in this town than you've done harm, which is sayin' a lot! You . . .!"

"Emma, be silent! And you too, Hildred." The Vicar's voice rang out, unusually strong and commanding. "Mr. Lewison is right; what he says is perfectly true."

"Father!" Hildred leant against the doorpost, staring at the old man incredulously.

"Perfectly true," he repeated firmly and deliberately. "I am a thief."

"I wouldn't believe that, not if you was to go on repeating it to me yourself till Doomsday. No! that I wouldn't!" Mrs. Jelks burst out unreservedly, and Hildred, taking a step forward, laid her hand on Mr. Relton's arm.

"Father, you haven't been well; you've been worrying, brooding, fancying things," she said. "This is one of them—fancy, that is all. You *couldn't*, it's absolutely impossible that . . . that what you and he say could be true!"

"That's right! You'll be making out that he's suffering from kleptomania next!" Mr. Lewison's laugh rang out discordantly. "But a jury would be more apt to call it receiving stolen goods, and knowingly."

"Yes; you are perfectly right." Again the Vicar acquiesced quietly. "But we cannot discuss it here. Will you come into my study, Mr. Lewison? And you too, Emma and Hildred. It is best that you should know the truth."

There was something almost sheepish in Mr. Lewison's manner, as he followed the older man along the passage, entered the room of which Mr. Relton courteously indicated the open door. It was as though the wind had been taken out of his sails, leaving him aback, uncertain of movement. To hide that uncertainty, as his manner was, he blustered.

"You don't deny my accusation, then? You admit that you have received and retained certain property of great value, found on my land and therefore belonging to me?" he said truculently, with an aggressive thrust of his chin.

"I do not deny it," the Vicar answered quietly. "Although I may not consider that you have any more right to the . . . the property in question, my own right is less, does not even exist. But there is one thing I want to make quite clear. The blame is mine; I alone am the thief. The man who . . . who brought me the property in question is entirely guiltless. He came to me for advice; he was prepared to do precisely as I told him. And I . . . kept this box; I paid him money to be silent."

"Bribed him, eh?" Mr. Lewison's laugh had an ugly note.

"I bribed him, yes, knowing that he should have reported his find to you."

"And you'd no intention of telling me anything about it, unless I'd found out, as I did, from the man himself?" Mr. Lewison demanded.

"I had no intention of telling you," the Vicar repeated, and added, with a little weary movement: "Although, God knows, I have suffered; the thought of what I was concealing has been a grievous burden. Perhaps . . . I can only hope that I might not have been able to keep the secret."

"Easy to say that now, when the cat has already been let out of the bag by Jelks!" Mr. Lewison sneered.

"Jelks!" Almost before the word was out of his mouth, Emma pounced like a cat at a mouse-hole. "D'you mean to say that it was my Jack who did this? Because if so, he's no son of mine. . . ."

"Emma! Emma! You must not say that!"

Mr. Relton spoke with genuine distress. "I have already told you that Jack was not to blame; he came to me with what he had found, and it was I who kept it, and paid him not to speak."

"D'you think that I blame him for bringing the stuff to you and hiding it from the Jew fellow here?" Emma Jelks wheeled round in fierce indignation. "I'm proud that he did that—proud! No, it's for telling about it that I'll not forgive him, not if he goes on his bended knees. The weak fool! To go and let himself be bullied by a low-down..."

"Emma! Really, I insist that you say no more," Mr. Relton spoke in distress. "You must not let yourself be carried away like this. Mr. Lewison is only within his rights."

"Very kind of you to say so, I'm sure! And I'm going to see to it that I get those rights, too!" Mr. Lewison declared. "Which reminds me, with all this talk, you don't seem to be so very anxious to give up the stuff, Mr. Relton!"

"You shall have it, of course you shall have it at once." The Vicar flushed painfully. "Hildred, will you help me, my dear?"

In a few minutes the earth-stained box, with its rust-encrusted iron-work, lay on the ground, after it had been lifted from its hiding-place by Mr. Relton and Hildred. Mrs. Jelks meanwhile stood aloof, her elbows thrust out belligerently, as she watched the proceedings.

Mr. Lewison threw back the lid and pulled off the tattered wrappings impatiently, eyeing the blackened pieces of plate with no more appreciation than Jack Jelks had shown at first sight of them. He set them on the table and returned to delve in the box with an air of disappointment, then glanced up at the Vicar with a suspicious gleam in his dark bulging eyes.

"It's all here, I suppose, everything that was in the box when it was found?" he said. "I take it, it's not been tampered with in any way? This doesn't strike me even as being silver."

Once more the colour in the older man's transparent-seeming face deepened, but he answered with dignity, whilst Hildred bit her lips and clenched her hands in impotent anger.

"I hope you will accept my word, Mr. Lewison, that the box with its contents is now exactly as it was brought to me."

"Oh, well, no offence! It's only I'd thought... I'd certainly expected to see something worth more than this stuff, something more showy. This hardly looks as if it'd pay for melting down." He flicked the flagon which he held contemptuously with his thumb, so that it rang with a faint, clear sound.

"Mr. Lewison! I beg of you..." The Vicar twisted his hands together and spoke with a note almost of anguish in his voice. "Do not think of

doing such a thing. This plate... I assure you it is of great value, that it is priceless... otherwise... otherwise I should not have committed the sin I did in retaining it. Any antiquary with knowledge of the subject will tell you how rare pre-Reformation plate is."

"Glad to hear it; perhaps it will make up a little for my loss on that cursed Cinema!" Mr. Lewison's harsh laugh held no merriment. "Well, I suppose the best thing to do is to send the stuff up to some expert in London, have it properly valued, and then put it up for sale. You're not on the telephone, I suppose?"

"No. The nearest is at the Post Office," the Vicar answered.

"Then is there anyone about who'll go and 'phone to the Manor from there, tell my people to send a car along, so that I can take this box away with me?" Mr. Lewison demanded. "Be-

cause I don't mean to let it out of my sight again; can't tell what little accidents might happen to it, eh?"

A snort like that of an enraged horse burst from Mrs. Jelks.

"If you think I'm going to stay here and listen to Mr. Relton being abused like that!" she broke out fiercely. "I'd better be off, sir, before I'm tempted to lay my hands on the man, because I won't be answerable..."

Already half-way through the door, Emma's voice suddenly changed, became warmly welcoming, as she spoke to someone unseen.

"Why, if you aren't the very person as we want



"You—you come here talking to my master like that."—Page 86.

here! You won't stand for any common brute calling people names, that I'll swear. Come along in, Mr. Keverne!"

Chapter XVI.—Basil Keverne Puts Things Plainly.

"I'm very sorry," Basil Keverne spoke apologetically; "I was fumbling about, but I couldn't manage to find the bell, and then I realized that the front door was open, so I was coming straight in . . . Mike, be quiet, you little villain!"

For with a strangled yelp of delight, the Sealyham had twitched the lead out of his master's hand and flung himself upon Hildred with the enthusiasm of one who encounters a dearly-loved and deeply-missed friend.

"And you, too, you brute—whom I thought I was training up to be the perfect and unsurpassed Blind Man's Dog, you who led me down the street without a blunder . . ."

"Basil, what do you mean?" Fending off the assaults of a moist pink tongue and two wildly waving hairy paws, Hildred spoke with keen anxiety, breaking in on Keverne's mock reproofs. "You don't mean . . .? Oh, your eyes can't be . . .?"

"It's only temporary, nothing to worry about in the least, the Doctor's certain of that," Keverne interrupted hastily. "But just for the present I can only see things in a blur."

He was standing just inside the study doorway, his head raised and held back as he tried to peer, from under the green shade which covered his eyes. After a moment, broken only by Mike's smothered expressions of delight, the young man spoke again, with dry deliberateness.

"Although I can't see who is present, I can hear, and I caught various remarks as I was standing outside which seem to call for a little explanation . . . from you, Mr. Lewison. As Mrs. Jelks said just now, I am not prepared to listen to any abuse of Mr. Relton, from any person whatsoever."

"Then you'd better just clear out as quick as you came!" Mr. Lewison had by now recovered his self-command if not his temper. "Because I'm a plain man, and when people thieve and swindle me and then call me names . . ."

"You'd better not make *quite* so sure that I can't see enough to knock you down," Keverne's voice was ominously quiet. "Because if you say much more of that kind, I shall certainly try to do so."

"No, no, you must not, indeed you must not," Mr. Relton's voice was full of distress, and he made a movement forward as though to interpose between the two other men. "Keverne, you must hear the truth first, so that you may understand that Mr. Lewison is in the right . . ."

"I fancy I shall take a good deal of convincing on that point," Keverne said grimly.

"At any rate, I have done wrong, grievous wrong," the Vicar said desperately. "It must all be explained to you."

"I'm anxious and willing to hear . . . *both* sides," Basil Keverne agreed gravely, and stood leaning against the table, whilst the facts were presented to him, although in rather a confused and chaotic manner, blusteringly by Mr. Lewison, self-accusingly by the Vicar, to an accompaniment of snorts and ejaculations from Emma Jelks.

The story came to an end; the young man spoke calmly and dispassionately.

"I happen to know something about the law of Treasure Trove," he said. "A good deal, in fact. During my father's lifetime, we were concerned in rather a big case of the sort; Roman remains found in digging the foundations of a shop. And so, I am able to tell you quite definitely, Mr. Lewison, that you haven't the slightest claim upon this plate—not—the slightest!"

There was a moment's tense silence before Lewison burst out, thrusting his head forward in a bull-like manner.

"Me! No claim?"

"None whatever."

"When it was found on my land, by workmen employed on my behalf and engaged by me?"

"That doesn't matter at all. The law of Treasure Trove is a queer business and very few people seem to grasp the working of it. But, briefly, unless the undoubted owners of the things found are living and identifiable, anything thus buried in the ground becomes Treasure Trove and the property of the Crown."

"The Crown? D'you mean to say that I'm not entitled to a share in it, as owner of the land?" Mr. Lewison's face by now was more purple than red, and the veins on his forehead were almost at bursting point.

"You are entitled to *nothing*," Keverne said emphatically. "Usually, I believe, some payment is made to the actual finder, who in this case would be Jack Jelks,—a small percentage upon the value of the Treasure; that is all, and even that not, I believe, obligatory. Of course, neither Jelks nor Mr. Relton has any right to retain it, after the ownership is made clear; it must be handed over at once to the County Coroner, as representing the Crown; anyone not doing so is liable to a fine or imprisonment. But I take it that the chest *will* be delivered at once—now that Mr. Lewison is satisfied."

"Satisfied!" Mr. Lewison exploded.

"Well, dissatisfied, then. It really does not make any difference, you know, as far as the legal aspects of the case are concerned," Keverne said coolly.

"I don't believe it! I'll fight it! I'll engage the best lawyers in England . . ."

"All the better, Mr. Lewison; they'll be the more likely to know the law and convince you that you haven't got a chance—which will save you money in the end. The Crown is a difficult enemy to tackle," the young man concluded.

"I'll . . . I'll . . . You don't suppose I'll lie down under it, do you?" Mr. Lewison snatched up his hat and stick and glared round fiercely, ending with a final outburst of venom. "You're a pack of thieves and scoundrels, the whole lot of you!"

He was gone, almost at a run, the garden gate slamming behind him, and Keverne laughed softly as the rapid, uneven footsteps receded.

"Exit Shylock . . . without even a hope of his pound of flesh. It was a trifle like, wasn't it? Only a rather sordid and undignified Jew in this case; not up to Shakespeare's standard, for that matter."

"All this that you told him . . . it is true?" Mr. Relton asked, his thin hands clenched upon the back of a high wooden chair.

"Absolutely true, sir," Keverne answered soberly.

"All that you have to do is to hand the chest over to Mr. Ruthven, the County Coroner, and explain how it came into your possession. It is very simple."

"Yes, yes, but it must be done at once, at once!" Mr. Relton said feverishly. "I have kept it too long already, far too long. I could take the chest myself; Mr. Ruthven's house is scarcely ten minutes' walk."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, sir," Emma Jelks spoke with resolution. "Jack'll be here at one o'clock, and he'll just wheel it along in the barrow for you, after you've had your dinner, all right and proper."

"Yes, that will be best. Jelks, as the actual finder, ought to go with you, Mr. Relton," Keverne said. "And, in the meantime, you ought to rest a bit, sir."

"I cannot, until it is out of my own possession; I can have no peace until then," the Vicar said feverishly. "But you are right; yes, yes, the way you and Emma suggest will be the best. I am thankful, more thankful than I can say to you, Keverne; it is . . . it will be . . . a burden removed from my shoulders . . . a very heavy burden."

For a moment he stood by the window staring out into the garden; then he wandered restlessly from the room and Keverne was alone with Hildred.

As the door closed behind the Vicar, the young man turned towards the girl and spoke eagerly.

"Hildred, what was in it, that note of yours? What did you say? That's what I came to find out."

"My note?" She stood looking at him perplexedly. "But . . . I don't understand. Couldn't you . . . didn't you . . . ?"

"Read it? No! That's just it. This inflammation in my eyes—it's better to-day, but I can't make out writing, and—well, I didn't dare to let anyone else read it to me, for fear of what you might have said. I was frightened, Hildred; I'm still frightened, until you tell me what is there."

Hildred spoke so softly that her words were barely audible.

"There's nothing in it for you to be afraid of."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Well, read it to me then." From his pocket he produced the little crumpled note and held it out to her. But the girl shook her head, crimson-cheeked.

"No; I . . . Oh, Basil, I couldn't! And there isn't any need . . . now."

"Isn't there? That's for me to say! It's my note,

isn't it? You sent it to me. Surely I'm entitled to know what's in it?"

"Yes, but . . .!" Hildred gave a little unsteady laugh. "One feels so idiotic, reading out one's own words."

"Shall I get Emma to read them to me, then?" Keverne suggested gravely, and Hildred capitulated suddenly.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "Don't be so silly; give it to me."

She unfolded the sheet of paper with trembling fingers, smoothed it, read softly, brokenly:

"Forgive me for all the hateful things I've said and done; I didn't mean one of them. All the time I have loved you, but I never knew how much until you were in danger, until I thought I had lost you. But have I? Do you still care? Oh, let me know at once, as soon as you get this, if you do."

"Hildred . . .!" Keverne's voice was almost as low as her own, even more shaken. "You wrote that to me more than twenty-four hours ago, and I've never answered until now!"

"It doesn't matter . . . I know that you couldn't, that you hadn't read it . . . I quite understand," she said incoherently.

"But you didn't understand, you couldn't, until this moment. You must have thought . . ."

"That you'd left off caring for me

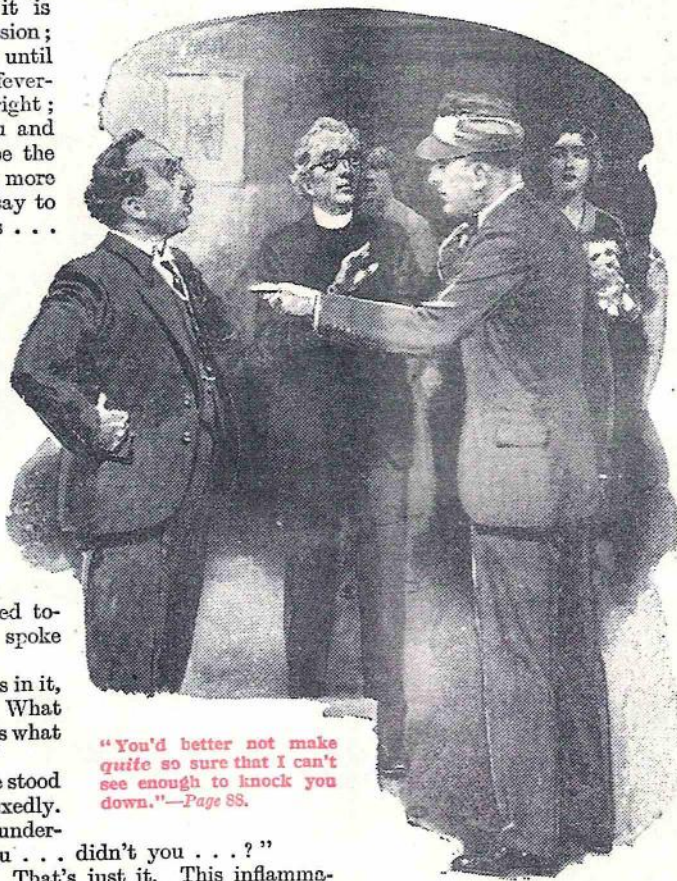
. . . ? Yes, I . . . I was afraid so. And that you were perhaps rather . . . rather disgusted with me for the way I had written. It was early in the morning, after the fire, and I . . . perhaps I was a little bit . . . excited, overdone. I hardly knew what I was writing, except that I felt I must let you know that . . . that . . ."

"That you still loved me? Was that it, Hildred . . . dearest?"

"Yes!" Hildred whispered. "Just that."

Chapter XVII.—Fulfilment.

THE year had come round, full circle; white pinks were foaming over the border of the path down to the Vicarage gate just as they had that summer noon



"You'd better not make quite so sure that I can't see enough to knock you down."—Page 88.

when the first rumours came of the proposed destruction of the Arch.

And the same three people were in the Vicarage dining-room, the same scene strangely reproduced.

Mrs. Jelks was busy wrenching up the lid of a wooden case which had just arrived, Mr. Relton and Hildred watching her in eager suspense.

With a sharp crackling sound the last nails gave way and Emma removed the top layer of packing, bundling it into her apron.

"There!" she announced. "Now you can just finish unwrapping of them yourself, sir."

"Oh, Daddy, be quick!" Hildred urged; and the old man lifted one of the tissue-papered, cotton-wrapped bundles and began to unswathe it carefully.

Piece by piece, removing the inmost chamois-leather coverings, he set the contents of the box on the table beside him. Each stood there reflected in the dark surface of the polished oak as though in a pool, beautiful shape and silver sheen alike. The Cups, the Platter, the Flagon, polished and restored by skilful hands until they shone as they must have done when new from the metal craftsman's workshop, four hundred years before, the plate of the Chapel of St. Hildred gleamed there in its perfection.

Tenderly, reverently, the Vicar traced with his fingers the lovely design of grapes and pomegranates which ran round the edges of each piece.

"Wonderful . . . wonderful!" he murmured under his breath. "And to think that it has come back, that it belongs to the Church here once more! It is scarcely believable, it is almost too much. I did not deserve it; no, I did not deserve it."

Hildred, too, was touching the embossed pattern lovingly, whilst her mind traced back all that had happened, all the representations which Basil Keverne had made to those in authority before his object was secured. But it had come right in the end. The Crown had waived all claims upon the treasure trove and given back the Communion Plate to the Parish Church of Valchester, since that Church was the legitimate descendant of the one-time monastery and had been saved from the foundation of St. Hildred in the days before the suppression and dissolution.

The plate was to be held in trust; no future vicar could ever sell any part of it; it was to belong to the Church now and for ever.

The meal was still unregarded; the three were still absorbed in their contemplation when a firm step was heard on the path, recognized by Hildred and saluted with a quick, vivid flush.

"Basil!" she said. "Oh, I'm glad he's come just at this minute to see it with us!"

Keverne entered to admire and praise and congratulate, whilst Mr. Relton sat gazing almost like one in a dream, a dream of happiness come true.

"But it was only by chance that I turned up just at the right moment," Keverne said at last. "I really came to show you something else."

"Where is it?" Hildred asked practically.

"Oh, I couldn't bring it with me! You must come, all of you. It is only just ready, this surprise for the Vicar."

A look of quick understanding passed between the girl and the young man, but Mrs. Jelks interposed with her usual picturesque energy.

"No, if it was ever so, Mr. Keverne, you're not

going to take 'em out, tramping about, without a bite or sup of food in them. I'll be bound you've had nothing since breakfast."

Basil's acknowledgment of the truth of this statement restored Emma's good-humour. She beamed over the little party when she saw them fairly seated under her wing, and consented, as soon as they had finished, to put on her own hat and accompany them.

"Jack's there already," Keverne told her. "He's been invaluable in helping me, that son of yours."

There was a little further delay whilst the precious plate was carried into the Church and bestowed carefully in the new fire-proof safe which Basil Keverne had planned and constructed in the wall of the vestry. And then at last the party set off up the sun-drenched High Street.

Mr. Relton walked as he had done habitually for the past year, with eyes cast down that he might avoid the sight of the hoardings which screened the Cinema site. It had become so much second nature to him that it was not until they had almost reached the upper end of the street that he looked up, and gave a little half-smothered cry of amazement.

It was as though the scene was past expression in words; silently he stood there, his hat in his hand, the haze ruffling his thin white hair, his eyes fixed upon the Arch, the Arch of his dreams.

The hoardings had gone; the mound upon which it stood, the ground all about was turf-carpeted, dotted with lilac bushes and crimson and white hawthorns. Bluebells reflected the sky, wallflowers and stocks scented the warm air. A pool, bordered with forget-me-nots and golden iris, mirrored the Arch itself, reared high against the sky, framing the sky.

"It is . . . just what I had always hoped for, longed for . . .!" Mr. Relton whispered at last.

"Hildred told me," Keverne said. "But it took time; the clearance and everything."

"Mr. Lewison, does he . . . has he . . .?" A look almost of fear stole into the man's eyes.

"He has nothing to do with it now," Keverne said.

"He was glad enough to sell me the site, for the price he'd refused before . . . the Arch had let him down, he felt. He lost very heavily over the whole Cinema business, and he was ready to get rid of any association with it, ready to clear out of Valchester altogether. The Manor is up for sale. I don't suppose Lewison himself will ever come near the place again."

"Then . . . the Arch is yours?" asked the Vicar.

"It is Valchester's. I am making it over to the town on condition that no part of the site is ever sold or built upon, and that the ground round it is kept up."

"Well, I never did!" Emma Jelks, silent until now, could control her feelings no longer. "If it hasn't all come out like a book, Miss Hildred—the silver being sent back, and you and Mr. Keverne going to be married next month, and now the Arch . . . And after everything seemed all upset, and as if it couldn't come right no way!"

"Yes, you are right, Emma," the Vicar said slowly. "All the tangle we had made of things has been most wonderfully smoothed out."

He paused, and with his eyes lifted to the Arch, murmured as if to himself:

"The old order changes, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways!"

THE END.

Training the

By A VILLAGE

II. THE

THE first difficulty in a small village is to catch the boy; the second and greater difficulty is to keep him when caught. With his hair nicely brushed, and his rosy face glowing with youth and health and soap and water, he has an angelic appearance in his white surplice. But he is not quite so saintly as he looks.

No one who has not had experience of a country choir would believe the number of complaints which are received about it, and especially about the boys! If one of them grins across at another on the opposite side, if he stops singing, if he sings too loudly, if he sings flat, if he rustles his book—whenever he does something he ought not, *someone* is pretty sure to report him to the Vicar or the organist.

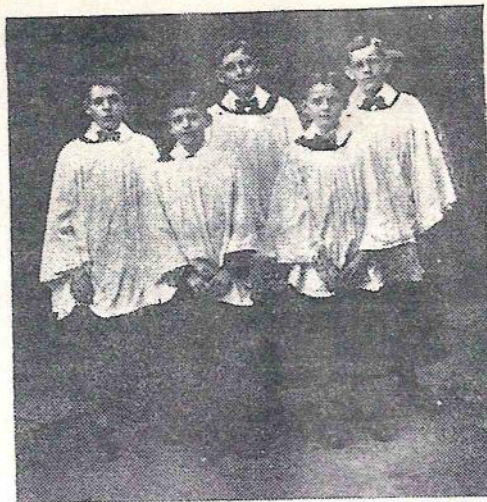
If the boys are really behaving badly, it is right and proper that complaints should be lodged. Nothing is worse than carelessness and irreverence in the Church Service. But in most congregations there are many persons who seem to overlook the fact that—after all—boy choristers are but children.

"That boy with the red hair, the third from the end on the Vicar's side of the choir, is a thoroughly bad boy," a lady will inform the harassed organist. "I watched him this morning most carefully. He leads all the others astray. He keeps looking across at the boys opposite, and all through the sermon he was eating peppermints! Those dreadful little boys don't seem to understand in the least what they come to church for!"

The boy with red hair takes his rebuke philosophically, remarking with a cheerful wink: "Them old ladies can't be saying their own prayers properly. They're always too busy staring at *us*!"

A boy joins the village church choir because he wants to or because his parents want him to. He certainly does not join for what he can get out of it. On the contrary, he gives up quite a lot to become a choir boy. The wise organist, therefore, who wants to keep his boys, tries to make the practices pleasant and interesting. Partly for this reason, the school is preferable to the church for practices when it is available. The exercises given may be of a lively sort; sight-reading may be taught by means of the black-board; and deep breathing explained—which often causes many a giggle at first. However, it may be necessary to have the choir practice in church, but the singing exercises must begin it, and be as varied and interesting as they can be made.

The boys should always have a practice to themselves, even if it is only a short time before the arrival of the senior choir. Their voices have to be developed and they themselves helped over difficulties which do not beset their elders. A most popular plan, which may be used as a "treat" now and then, or to finish



Nearly every boy has a sweet "head voice" only awaiting development.

Country Choir.

ORGANIST.

CHOIR BOY.

up with, is to allow each boy to sing a verse of a well-known hymn by himself. Town boys whom I have known are not nearly so keen on this as the village lads, who simply love it, provided it is at their own practice, and they are not asked to sing alone before the seniors. It has several advantages; it interests the boys; it induces keenness and carefulness; it gives them confidence; and it enables the organist to take mental notes of the voices

and capabilities of the boys.

Exercises and new music must be played with the voices, in order that the intonation may be perfect from the beginning. Except for this, I think it best to let the boys sing without an instrument at their practice, and organists of far wider experience than I have corroborated this. The organist can give his whole attention to the boys and their singing and so get the best out of them, and correct small faults which might be glossed over by the harmonium. Chanting, for instance, is far easier to teach without an instrument; and so are the "tricky" verses in so many hymns in which the breath must not be taken at the end of the line. It is also much easier to get the right quality of tone and to check rough singing, when the boys are singing unaccompanied.

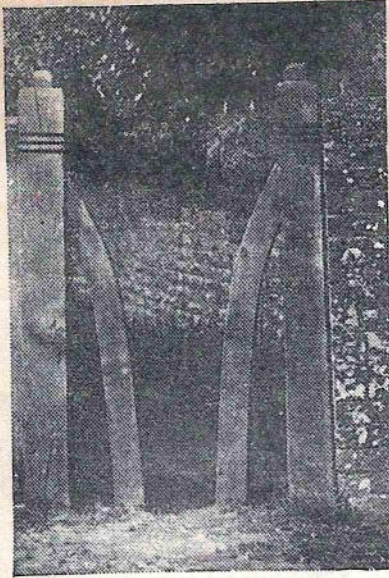
It is essential, though, that alert watch be kept for the least sign of singing out of tune, and to remedy this at once by the use of the instrument.

A boy should sing with his "head voice," and this needs to be developed and trained. This is true of all boys, but country boys do seem to err badly in shouting from the chest. When they begin to sing they use the chest notes only, trying to force them up. As a natural consequence their voices crack, or flatten, or they stop singing altogether on the high notes.

In so many country churches one may hear the boys roaring flatly, then cracking, or ceasing to sing. And, further, there are so few boys of choir age in a small village, that the organist must take any boy who presents himself, even if his voice is rough. Country boys have a habit of conversing across an acre or so of meadowland, and yelling instructions to large farm horses, and perverse cattle, which certainly reacts unfavourably upon their voices.

The country organist has to deal energetically with the problem of extracting a musical tone from his choir of country boys.

It is by no means so hopeless as it sounds. Nearly every boy has a sweet "head voice" only awaiting development. This part of the work is rather like hunting for buried treasure, with this difference: that usually there is only one treasure and the chances are strong against its being found, but, as the young voices begin to respond to training, not one, but many treasures may come to light.



A Queer Gateway.

years in our Sunday Schools, and has been presented with a medal and 12 bars for perfect attendance during the whole of this time. He has also been a choir-boy, bell-ringer, and organ-blower, and still looks forward to attending Sunday School in the capacity of pianist."

Herne Church.

THE parish church of Herne, in Kent, has many remarkable links with English history. Its monumental brasses are famous, and it possesses a unique collection of medieval records. The church was in existence at least as early as 1072, but most of the present building dates from the fourteenth century.

In the chancel is a beautiful monument to Sir William Thornhurst (d. 1606), who, according to tradition, was killed by his hounds for hunting on Sunday! He was the great-grandfather of the famous Sarah Jenyns, Duchess of Marlborough.

Lastly must be mentioned Nicholas Ridley, martyred at Oxford in Queen Mary's reign, who in 1538 was made Vicar of Herne. In his time the Te Deum is said to have been sung in the vernacular for the first time in England in Herne Church.

C. R. COUNCER.

Forfeited Bells.

"THE Church of St. Peter's, Powick," writes Mr. J. F. Lister, "is possessed of an extraordinarily fine ring of six bells. The villagers hand down an old story which accounts for their origin in this manner. The last Baron of Powyke, who was a member of the Beauchamp family, was also governor of Calais. In common with many English governors he was very unpopular there, and when he was about to quit their shores for the last time, the inhabitants rang the bells of the principal Church. The Governor immediately returned, and, ordering the bells to be taken down, had them brought home to Powick and presented

them to the church. There are good grounds for believing this to be true since the bells (except the tenor, which is of much later date) are of foreign origin."

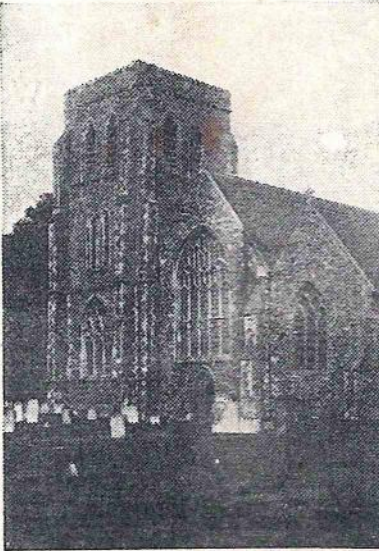
A Queer Gateway.

BURPHAM, in Sussex, is a tiny village in the centre of an agricultural district. Probably that is the explanation of the queer gateway into the churchyard. Though pedestrians can pass through, cattle cannot.

G. PENNETHORNE.

Palm Sunday Custom.

ACCORDING to an old newspaper cutting, at Broughton, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire, some farm lands are held by the following tenure: "Every year on Palm Sunday a person from Broughton enters the church porch at Gilster having a green silk purse containing two shillings and a penny, tied up at the end of a cart whip, which he cracks three times in the porch, and stays there until the



Where Te Deum was first sung.

second lesson begins. He then enters the church and cracks the whip again, and finally deposits the purse and contents." Does this custom still survive?

Mr. CARMICHAEL-FERRALL, J.P.

The Aldworth Yew.

THIS wonderful old tree stands in the churchyard at Aldworth, a tiny village on the Berkshire Downs. It measures nearly nine yards round the trunk and, according to Rock's *Church of Our Fathers*, has withstood the storm and stress of some fifteen centuries. It was, in all probability, planted to protect the church from the high winds which sweep across the Downs. Queen Elizabeth gazed upon this ancient yew when she visited Aldworth to inspect the celebrated tombs of the de la Beche giants. The tombs are objects of very great interest still, and attract numerous visitors.

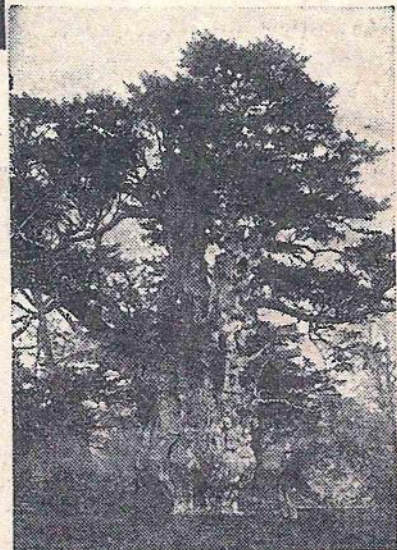
H. C. FLASHMAN.

Blessing the Nets.

AN interesting ceremony takes place on the eve of the opening of the salmon net-fishing season at Norham-on-Tweed, when the "blessing of the nets" is performed. Last year the service was again taken by the veteran Canon Roberson, who has been in Holy Orders 52 years. The fishermen and villagers gather on the river bank towards midnight. Lights flash on the waters from the many lanterns and torches carried by the men and boys. In their fitful glare the boats are seen drawn up ashore, and the Vicar of Norham takes up a position in one of these boats, his kindly face lit up by the lights of the torches. Prayers are offered up for the welfare of the fishermen and their work. They stand bareheaded. Then a short passage from the Bible is followed by all present joining in the Lord's Prayer, after which the Vicar asks God's blessing upon the nets, as he holds his hands upon them. Deep silence is broken only by the Vicar's words and the sound of the waters eddying by the boats. Then all voices are raised in the Doxology, and a simple, charming ceremony is ended. Midnight chimes from the old Church clock, and the "first shot" is made with the nets. Expectant faces peer eagerly into the night as the fishermen slowly haul in the net, and a buzz of excitement and satisfaction arises as it is seen that a number of silvery fish are gleaming in the meshes. It is a good haul, and surely one cannot but feel that God's blessing has rested on the nets this night, or, rather, early morning, for the net-fishing on the Tweed does not begin until after midnight.

A. SHARP.

February Award.—A very large entry for this month justified considerable extension of the prize list. First prizes were sent in March to H. J. Smith, R. W. Howard, the Rev. A. J. Davys, the Rev. Canon Warner, A. S. Martin, and Miss Wight; extra prizes to G. Garland, Miss Boulter-Cooke, Mrs. Manfield, H. G. Millhouse, G. T. Oldham, and the Rev. J. R. McDonald.



The Aldworth Yew.

Monday's Washing.

WRINKLES IN IRONING-CLOTH.—Place 3 or 4 sheets of an unfolded newspaper underneath the cloth, when it will remain quite smooth. (Miss S. M. WALLACE.)

GAS COPPERS (SLIT-METER).—If a piece of bright tin is placed under the light, it will save frequent stooping to see whether the gas is still "on." (Mrs. MORGAN.)

WOOLLIES.—When washing babies' or other woollies put a teaspoonful of olive oil in the rinsing water. When pressed they will come up as soft as new and look like new. (Mrs. E. PEARCE.)

TO GLAZE LINEN COLLARS.—First starch with Robin Starch made with hot water. Fold in a clean cloth, leave until quite cold; before ironing, wipe well and rub both sides with a piece of wax candle. Wipe again, stretch well and iron. Treated in this way, the collars will have a beautiful gloss. (Mrs. M. E. BELTON.)

STARCH FOR LACE, etc.—Mix a small quantity of cornflour smoothly with cold water, to usual consistency of starch. (Miss D. E. PRICE.)

ARTICLES DRAWN-UP BY TAPE OR ELASTIC.—These are often tiresome to wash as the tape must be taken out and replaced each time, or else it "runs in." To obviate this, put a small safety pin at each end and the article can then be drawn at full length to iron, the pins serving as a bodkin to draw tape as required. (Mrs. W. G. CARMAN.)

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM SILK STOCKINGS.—Soak for two hours in pure vinegar, rub gently, then wash in the ordinary way. (Mrs. A. MACHIN.)

To-day's Thought: One happy laugh is worth a thousand groans in any market. (Mrs. Matthews.)

Tuesday's Sewing.

SHIRT-MAKING.—Line the double cuff with one piece of calico (which has first been washed), then machine-stitch the cuff down centre as in sketch. This puts double life on the cuffs, which will always iron up nice and flat. (Miss ALICE BANCE.) (Fig. 1.)

SHIRTS FOR SMALL BOYS.—These may be made successfully from Daddy's discarded tunic shirts. Lay the shirt open and arrange pattern on corresponding parts as diagram. The front is already made, so there is not much to be done. Sleeves of elbow length are shown; if long ones are wanted, cut sleeve longer and get cuff from bottom of old sleeve if good, or from tail of shirt. (Mrs. R. WALKER.) (Fig. 2.)

HAND-MADE WOOL RUGS.—When rugs begin to wear, instead of putting pieces of wool



as when first made (which make little heaps), thread a large wool needle and fill up the worn places with cross-stitch. This makes it even with the rest of the rug and repair will not be noticeable. (C. CUTTERIDGE.)

A FINISHING TOUCH TO A PLAIN DRESS.—The end of a belt is generally cut off and wasted. With this end cut rings about the size of a halfpenny and stitch down front of dress for imitation buttons. (Miss E. WOOD.)

TO REPAIR PILLOW-SLIPS.—These usually go thin in centre or right side, where most used. Take a piece of material much larger than worn part and edge all round with a piece of 2-inch insertion, then join neatly to the pillow-case, say 3 or 4 inches from the edge, and you have a neat and decorative mend. Cut away the worn part beneath. (Mrs. STANLEY.)

To-day's Thought: Be kind, for most people are fighting a hard battle. (Miss E. M. Roberts.)

Wednesday's Nursing.

A TONIC FOR ANÆMIC SUFFERERS.—Wash and slice 1 lb. of beetroot, spread 3 lb. of pure demerara sugar over and leave till dissolved. Add to a large bottle of oatmeal stout and take a wine-glassful 3 times daily. (Mrs. E. A. CARTNELL.)

TO PREVENT FAINING.—If possible, sit down and lower the head as if picking up something from the floor. Condition then generally improves—get near fresh air and a drink of water will be helpful. (Miss L. A. BONIFACE.)

FOR CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS.—Squeeze the juice of a large fresh orange into a breakfast-cup, add a good tablespoonful of pure demerara sugar. Fill the cup nearly full of hot water, stir well, and drink ½ hour before breakfast. (Miss A. WAKELIN.)

A REMEDY FOR FRECKLES.—Mix a teaspoonful of grated horse-radish with a tablespoonful of milk. Leave to stand several hours before using. (Mrs. REEVES.)

PRETTY TRAY-CLOTHS FOR INVALIDS.—Ask a paper-hanger for an old book of paper patterns. Use the prettiest as a cover for a tray to match, or contrast, with tea-set: they can be so easily replaced when soiled, and the variety obtainable makes a pleasant change. (Miss HADLEY.)

BEDRIDDEN PATIENTS.—To keep weight of clothes off the patient's feet, turn up the top sheet at foot end, also blanket next to it. This helps to keep the feet warmer as they come in contact with top blanket fold. (E. M. GOODING.)

To-day's Thought: He approaches nearest to God, who knows how to be silent, even when he is right. (Miss E. M. Roberts.)

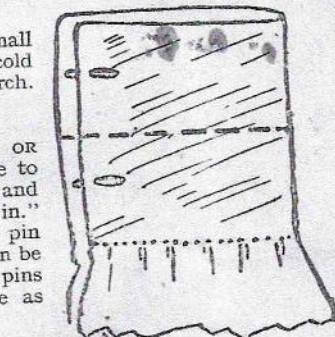


Fig. 1.

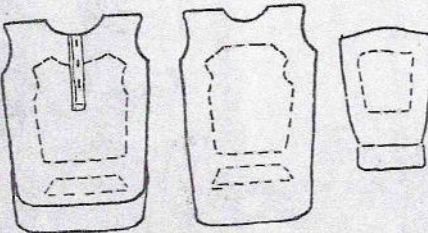


Fig. 2.
94

Thursday's Cooking.

DEVONSHIRE APPLE CAKE.—Beat 1 oz. butter and 1 oz. sugar to a cream, add 1 large grated apple and a breakfast cupful of flour and 1 egg. If not moist enough, add a little cold water. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour and serve hot for tea. (Mrs. MARSH.)

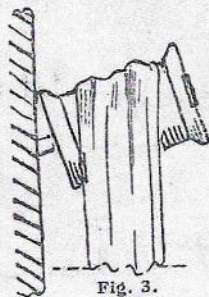


Fig. 3.

FRUIT PICKLE.—1 lb. of fruit such as plums, pears, peaches or apricots. Boil together $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vinegar, a few cloves, a little cinnamon and grated lemon-peel, add the fruit and boil for 10 minutes, or until fruit is tender but not broken. Bottle when cold; improves with keeping. (No name attached.)

DATE AND APPLE MARMALADE.—Remove stones from 1 lb. of dates and cut into strips, peel and core 4 large apples, put into preserving-pan with 1 lb. preserving-sugar and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Cook slowly for 20 minutes, then boil quickly for 10 minutes. Put into jars; cover when cold. (Mrs. S. BENTLEY.)

TO KEEP FRUIT CAKE MOIST.—Add a tablespoonful of honey to the mixture, which also improves flavour. (G. A. S.)

RASHERS OF BACON.—These will go twice as far if dipped in flour and fried quickly. The flour prevents the bacon running too much fat. (Mrs. MILLIDGE.)

STEWED PRUNES.—Cook in the ordinary way but without sugar, then when tender and while still hot, stir in a good tablespoonful of the real old-fashioned black treacle. The flavour is much enhanced and the medicinal properties increased. (Mrs. M. LEESON.)

To-day's Thought: Help thou thy brother's boat across, and lo, thine own has touched the shore. (Persian Proverb.)

Friday's Household.

LAYING FIRES.—To prevent dust flying when raking out the ashes, sprinkle a little water over them or hold up a newspaper in front. (From Several Readers.)

TILES IN FIREPLACE.—If tiles at side become loose, get a small tin of condensed milk and brush each tile with it and replace. I used half a tin for six tiles, which are still firm after twelve months. (M. BENGIN.)

AN OVEN HINT.—When taking hot baking-tins from the oven, use a couple of iron-holders instead of a cloth. It will be found much easier. (Mrs. J. MOORE.)

HANGING RUBBER APRONS.—If hung over a nail, the rubber soon wears out. Slip an empty cotton-reel over the nail, or put a nail in with reel already attached. (Miss K. RICHARDSON.) (Fig. 3.)

A GREASY SPONGE.—Soak in strong salt and water, with a teaspoonful of vinegar added. (Miss M. McNABB.)

TO CLEAN HAIR-COMBS.—This

may be done quickly if comb is held flat on sink and scrubbed the way of the teeth with a small, stiff-bristled brush, dipped in soapy water. (Miss E. HEWITT.)

A DARK GARDEN-SHED.—The oak-frames and glass of discarded pictures make splendid shed windows. Decide where more light is needed, chalk out size of frame on shed, saw out wood about 2 in. less than size of frame so that it will overlap and avoid draughts. When picture is removed from frame, the glass is still held in position by long tacks. Place frame on outside of shed

and screw at each corner, taking care to keep level. The whole job can be done in an hour and the result is very pleasing. (Mrs. W. HOLLOWAY.)

BOOK-COVERS.—When these become unstuck, rub a cold, cooked potato on both inside of cover and back of book. Press firmly together and it will stick like glue. (Miss E. HEATH.)

To-day's Thought: The soul is not where it lives but where it loves.

Saturday's Children.

IF A CHILD CHOKES.—Pat child sharply on back, or try to remove obstruction by inserting little finger. If not effectual, tip child up by its heels, shake and at same time pat on back. This will dislodge obstruction and may save child's life. (Miss L. A. BONIFACE.)

WHOOPIING-COUGH.—Get from chemist a small quantity of crude carbolic. Put about a tablespoonful in a flat container and stand over slow heat, such as a night light. This will burn slowly and the fumes given off will greatly alleviate cough. Burn all day where child is and for part of night in bedroom, and cough will be restricted to one "whoop" in 24

hours. The carbolic smells like tar and must be renewed as it evaporates. Be certain to stand it where it will not be knocked over, nor where child can reach it. (Mrs. A. MCAUSLAND.) (Fig. 4.)

TODDLERS' PULL-UPS.—The elastic at waist seldom holds them up well enough and if too tight would be harmful. I sew four buttons in front and two at centre back and attach a pair of "Kiddies' Adaptable Braces," which thus hold up the leggings neatly and securely. (Mrs. G. H. LUNN.)

To-day's Thought: A hundred men can make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.

February Award.—Prizes were sent in March to Nurse Ellis, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Barritt, Miss Fettiplace, Miss Clamp, and Y. B. V. Hollings. Extra prizes were also sent to Miss L. Mackenzie and Mrs. Aspinall.

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 June. Each month we offer a prize of 5s. for the best hint in each section. The prizes will be sent in July to the respective winners.



Fig. 4.

YOU and your CHURCH

The Children's Page.

XV. The Lectern

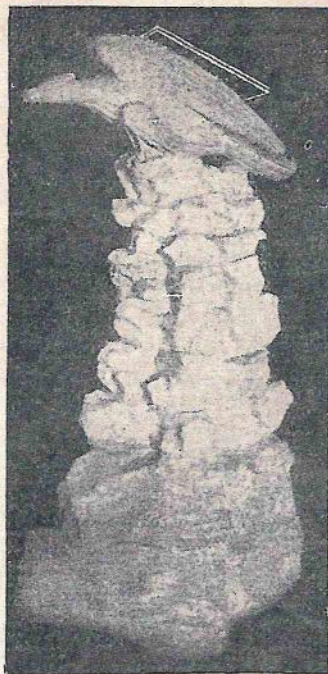


Photo by

[W. DOWDY.

A Stone Lectern in Birlingham Church.

ONE of the most conspicuous and, probably, one of the most beautiful things in your Church is the lectern. It is only a little less prominent than the pulpit. Perhaps, on some mornings when the lessons have not sounded very interesting, you have wanted to ask questions about them. Perhaps you have wondered why we should read our lessons every Sunday from an old Book which is more than two thousand years old; stories of what men said and thought and did centuries and centuries

ago. Why do we attach so much importance to it and make the lectern so prominent and so beautiful?

Of course you have noticed that the reader always ends his reading with the words, "Here endeth the First Lesson," and "Here endeth the Second Lesson." I like to think that he means "This is God's lesson: His way of teaching men about Himself." That is the secret of the reverence and importance we attach to those lessons; they are not the unaided thoughts of men: holy men of God spoke as they were guided by the Holy Spirit. They saw men doing certain things, some good things and some evil, and they saw that certain consequences followed and felt that these were God's judgment upon life, and wrote the record down.

Sometimes they wrote the experience of their own lives: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles." Sometimes it was the story of another man's life, like the story of Jacob; sometimes it was the story of a nation, like the record of the journeyings of the children of Israel through the wilderness; sometimes it was the story of a city, like the story of the siege of Jerusalem; and sometimes it was the record of what men said in God's Name, as in the prophets; or the laws which they felt to be His Will.

But always men wrote not just the story of a man, but the story of all God did for him; not the history of a nation, but the way God led them; not what Isaiah or Jeremiah thought about certain things, but

what God thought about them. The importance of the lessons read from the lectern is that they reveal God's teaching—His lessons and His judgments. Still, you say again, all this happened so very long ago. It is interesting to know how God led men and what He said to them and what He thought about things then, but the important thing is what God thinks to-day.

But we read the Word of God to-day because we know that what God thought about things in that day He thinks about them still. Men may have oftentimes mistaken His meaning, but He is the unchanging God Whose thoughts are the same in every age and generation. "I AM THAT I AM," he declared His Name unto Moses. The things which were true once are those which are true for evermore.

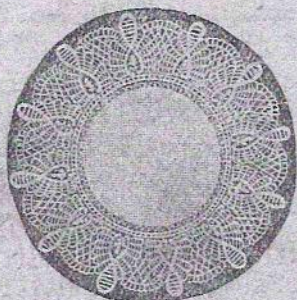
There is preserved in London a yard stick and a set of weights and measures by which all others are tested, and you know that the butcher and the grocer must have their scales and weights examined from time to time to make sure that they are correct. But character and conduct need to be tested in the same fashion. When the lessons are read we declare that these are the standards of life and character, and all life and character must be measured by them. Have you watched a bricklayer building a wall and noticed how often he tests his work by plumb-line and spirit-level to make sure that it is straight and level. The reading of the lessons is putting the plumb-line of the will of God and the spirit-level of His judgment, against our building of character to see how true and straight we are.

In the Lessons the laws of God are read and the will of God is declared. If you have a good school captain or House prefect, he will do more than see that the school rules are kept, he will set such an example in keeping those rules and living the right sort of life that all the rest of the school will want to copy him. The things he does, and does not do, will set a standard. We have such a standard—a perfect standard—in the life of Our Lord. Lessons on that Life are read every Sunday. We know we are called to follow in His steps and to learn of Him.

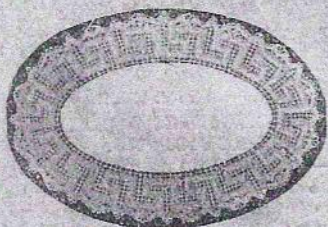
A generation ago there was a famous Vicar of a Church in Brighton, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, who so loved that his people looked upon him as a "standard-bearer" of Christ. There was a little grocer in the town who found it difficult to make a living. Sometimes he was tempted to do things that were not quite honest, not quite straight, in order to make a profit in his trade. But when he was tempted like that, he would go into a little room behind the shop, where he had a portrait of F. W. Robertson on the wall. He would look at it, and silently ask his judgment on the doubtful thing, and was never uncertain about the answer. Robertson reflected the judgment of His Master, just as the reader of the Lessons reflects the Bible judgment about right and wrong.

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