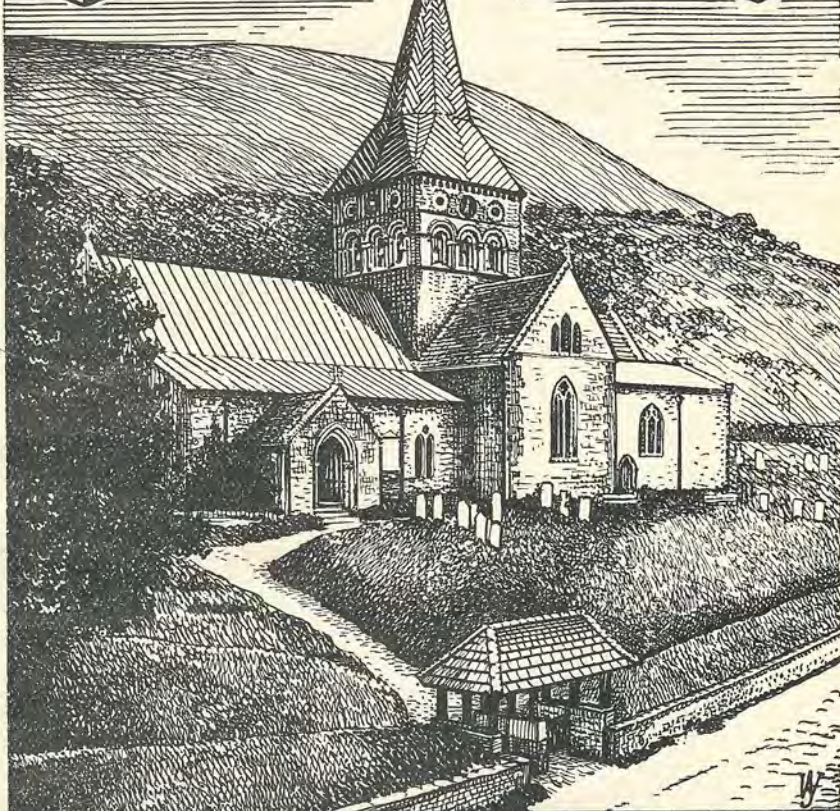




ALL SAINTS EAST MEON



PARISH NEWS and NOTES

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

The Church was beautifully decorated for the Harvest Thanksgiving services on the 27th September, and we are grateful to all who sent such generous gifts of fruit, vegetables and flowers. Our thanks are due to the ladies and children who arranged everything to such good effect: the church looked more lovely than usual. We were very pleased to have our old friend the Rev. J. C. Hurst with us at Matins; and to welcome the Rev. J. Scott, R.N., H.M.S. Mercury, at Evensong. The children brought gifts to the Family Service, and these were taken to the Children's ward at the Winchester Hospital. The Sister-in-charge was delighted that her little patients were remembered by our children—some of whom had been in the ward—and expressed her thanks to the children. All the other produce except the wheat and grain which was sold, was divided between the Petersfield Cottage Hospital and Heathside. The congregations were good, especially at Evensong, and it was a great joy to see the church so full. We came to thank God for the Harvest, yet every day of our lives there is much for which to be thankful: why not come and express that thanks *every* Sunday?

The Jumble Sale will be held at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, 10th October, in the Institute. Will you *all* please help to make this effort a success by giving jumble, produce—indeed anything that can be turned into money. Either send it to the vicarage or let me know, and I will collect it. Please come to the Sale and buy.

There has recently been a meeting of the Box Collectors to consider ways and means of extending the scheme. By the Box and Envelope Scheme the church expenses fund

has greatly benefited, but during the past six months or so the subscriptions have somewhat fallen. Several families have left the parish, and some subscribers are a little behindhand in their subscriptions. We need more subscribers, and if you are not yet a subscriber, the collector of your area will call on you some time during the month to invite you to join the scheme. You may take envelopes, in which you put your collection, and drop it in the bag. If you miss a Sunday, then the next Sunday you bring that Sunday's collection and the last one you missed. Or you take a box and put something into it regularly each week. The box will be called for by your area collector each quarter, and a new box given to you. By either scheme you will be giving something to your church *regularly each week*. However small your weekly contribution is, it will be thankfully received. Decide what you can afford to give, and give it regularly. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly—and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give: not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver." Consider what you spend each week on cigarettes, drinks, the cinema, whist-drives or any other little luxuries, and then think of what you have been giving to God. Most of us get quite a jolt when we do this! But do it we should. If we call ourselves members of the Church of England we should support our church: it is our duty and privilege.

All Saints' Day, 1st November, falls this year on a Sunday, so we shall not have the pleasure of welcoming the Rector and Choir of West Meon at Evensong as is

the custom on All Saints' Day, since they will be having their own Sunday Evensong. All Saints' Day is the birthday of our church, and I shall be at the lychgate to receive your birthday gift to the church between the following hours on the Vigil of All Saints', that is on Saturday, 31st October. 10 a.m. to noon; 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.; and 6 p.m. to 7 p.m.

Yours very sincerely,
W. F. GARROD.

THE REGISTER

HOLY BAPTISM:

Wendy June Kidd	6th Sept
Albert Stuart Kidd	6th Sept
Barry Cole	20th Sept
Carol Ann Mason	27th Sept

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

THE MOTHERS' UNION will meet in the Institute at 2.45 p.m. on Tuesday, 6th October, when the Speaker will be Mrs. Richards.

Elizabeth Goddard has returned home after spending more than two years in hospital. We are very pleased to see her again, and hope her health will continue to improve.

Mrs. Kittle has retired from her post of Church Cleaner. She has been a faithful worker and servant of the church since 1947. She has been most conscientious and her work has been very truly a labour of love. We are grateful to her for her faithful service, and wish her many years of happy retirement.

SERVICES — SUNDAYS

HOLY COMMUNION:

1st and 3rd Sundays at 8 a.m. 2nd and 4th Sundays at Noon.

PARISH COMMUNION (with Hymns):

Every Sunday at 9.15 a.m.

MATTINS 11 a.m.

EVENSONG 6.30 p.m.

FAMILY SERVICE 2.30 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISMS and CHURCHINGS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE VICAR.

BANNS OF MARRIAGE. Notice should be given to the Vicar.

SERVICES — WEEK DAYS

HOLY COMMUNION on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saints' Days at 7.30 a.m.

Compline will be said on Saturdays at 6.30 p.m.

VICAR

THE REV. W. F. GARROD, M.A., HON. C.F. East Meon 65.

CHURCHWARDENS—

MRS. G. M. TURNER, The Vicarage Lodge. East Meon. 34.

MR. T. J. GILLESPIE, PIDHAM.

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The parable of the Lost Sheep is related by St. Luke

THE DOCTOR WHO WROTE

By The Rev. H. A. LAWRENCE

THE practice of medicine and the pursuit of writing seem very frequently to go together. In considering English literature alone we are reminded of old Sir Thomas Browne of "Religio Medici" fame, and nearer our own time of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Dr. A. J. Cronin and Dr. Francis Brett Young. Perhaps there is some special quality which is common to the writer's craft and the physician's skill. If so, it may explain why one of the most inspired of the New Testament authors, from a purely literary point of view, was also a doctor.

It is difficult, and perhaps dangerous, to compare the literary style of one Gospel with another, for each has its own peculiar qualities, and three, at least, of the four are very much dependent upon each other. But most people who have studied the New Testament at all carefully would

probably agree that the Gospel which most possesses the indefinable quality of homely charm is the one which we owe to St. Paul's beloved physician, friend and companion, St. Luke. It is not merely a question of style, for that can only be properly appreciated by a knowledge and study of the original Greek in which it was written. It is St. Luke's approach to the great matters with which he deals that makes our hearts warm to him and to the work of his kindly pen. His has, in fact, been called "the Gospel of Kindness," for that gracious virtue is so strongly emphasised throughout it, especially in his recording of those parables of Jesus which point to the Father's loving forgiveness of the penitent and of the Christian duty of loving one's neighbour as oneself: the parables of the Lost Sheep, the Prodigal Son, Dives and Lazarus, and the Good Samaritan.

St. Luke's Gospel, too, is the Gospel of childhood and of the dignity of woman and motherhood. How little we should know of the events connected with the birth of Jesus and of St. John the Baptist were it not for St. Luke, and how full of grace in his Gospel appears the figure of the Blessed Mother, from whom alone much of that precious information could have come. For who else could have told of the angelic visitation, of old Zacharias's vision in the Temple, of Elizabeth's salutation, of the boy Jesus sitting at the feet of the masters of Israel?

Consider, too, how St. Luke's Gospel has enriched the treasury of Christian worship, and how much poorer the liturgies of Christendom would have been without the *Benedictus*, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* which have been preserved for posterity within its pages. An old tradition, dating as far back at least as the sixth century A.D., says that St. Luke was a painter. Whether he was an artist with brush and colours we shall probably never know for certain, but there can be no doubt at all that he was an artist with words.

St. Luke's Gospel is, of course, the first volume of one complete literary work of which the *Acts of the Apostles* is the second and final—unless we accept the theory of some eminent Biblical scholars that he intended to write a third volume to carry his story yet a considerable stage further. In the first verse of the first chapter of the "Acts" St. Luke refers to the "former treatise" (that is, the Gospel) concerning all that Jesus "began both to do and teach" during His earthly life, and the Acts itself is the account of the things which Jesus went on doing and teaching, through the Holy Spirit in the Church, after that earthly life was ended.

It is instructive to notice that both the Gospel and the Acts are written in the form of an "address" or "open letter" to someone called Theophilus, whom St. Luke greets as "Your Excellency," and who was therefore most likely a Roman official of some importance. Theophilus had already received some instruction in the Faith—he was probably a candidate

for Baptism—and St. Luke is writing to give him fuller and more detailed knowledge of the truths he has already been taught. But he is writing all the time with one eye on a far wider public—no less than the whole Gentile world. And so we get the finished work (if it was finished)—an attractive and learned defence of Christianity addressed to the educated pagan world as represented by Theophilus, whoever he may have been—and from this work there emerges, to an altogether remarkable degree, much of the character and charm of the man who wrote it. We know St. Luke as the doctor-friend and travelling companion of St. Paul who remained loyally by the great Apostle's side right up to the moment of his martyrdom. "Only Luke is with me," wrote Paul to Timothy from his last imprisonment, and as we ponder over that pathetic postscript we can well imagine the consolation the good doctor's presence brought to the aged missionary, broken by his labours and hardships and so soon to pass to his great reward.

Somewhere else St. Paul refers to a Christian brother "whose praise is in the Gospel," and it is generally accepted that the reference is to St. Luke. At any rate, for us his praise is undeniably to be found in his Gospel writing. There he has left his own memorial, as surely as Sir Christopher Wren erected his when he built St. Paul's Cathedral.

GOD'S TOUCH

*He turns blemish to beauty—
That is His wondrous way
Oh traveller use your eyes
Upon your journey, pray!*

*Not all earth's loveliness
Lies lillied in the mead,
The bombed site soon sprouts flowers—
Ragwort and willow weed:*

*Soon crusted o'er with coral
The sunk ships lie below,
Above, beneath the sea
God's healing love works so.*

*Where mankind meddles not
God beautifies, adorns,
Look how He makes a rose
Bloom forth above its thorns!*

Owen Hamilton

THE CALL for FELLOWSHIP

By The Rev. H. J. HAMMERTON

MAN was born for fellowship. The amazing thing is that man falls short of his high calling nowhere more clearly than in his erection of barriers to destroy fellowship. Jesus Christ came to break down all the middle walls of partition that separate man from man, man from woman, class from class, and nation from nation. Is it not true that our dangers and difficulties to-day are chiefly due to our failure in fellowship?

How are we to translate our Lord's command to love our neighbours into wider terms than merely personal ones—in terms of social, political and international relationship? The answering of that question should be a major concern of every Christian. Man was born to be a creator. God is the great Creator, and man is made in His image. He is born to make things. The urge for creation was satisfied in simpler days by craftsmanship by which a man could take a pride in the work of his hands. It is possible to take a pride in the efficient working of a machine, but it is infinitely harder to repeat a mechanical job requiring no initiative or resourcefulness and satisfy the creative urge that is deep down in all of us.

This stifling of creativity of the craftsman who has become very largely a slave of the machine is probably one of the reasons for the alarming increase of gambling as a distraction.

During the first world war French doctors found a distressing mental malady among prisoners-of-war. The futility of their existence and the narrowness of their interests within the barbed wire of their prison caused



Every boy loves to create

them to lose interest in life altogether. The doctors called it barbed wire sickness. I am not sure that we have not more than a touch of that in our modern industries. Lack of interest in working hours can bring about a sense of frustration, which in its turn leads to a "couldn't-care-less" attitude; and it is not surprising that football grounds, dog-racing tracks and cinemas should be crowded.

It is time that we considered whether Christianity has anything to say to this complicated problem that modern industry has raised. We know that Christianity upholds the dignity and the importance of the individual. It is this insistence on the work of the individual that is the distinctive teaching of Christianity as opposed to other systems of thought with a totalitarian basis.

With regard to industry, this Christian ideal must always be cherished. We cannot go back on the machine, but there are ways of giving workers a greater interest in industrial achievements. Some large factories which use

(Continued on page 158)



Long Stratton Church

Are We Losing These?

NEARLY all churches in England in the seventeenth century had three features which are fast disappearing—a one-handed clock, a little spire surmounting the tower, and a weathercock above the spire. Long Stratton, in Norfolk, possesses all three.—A. J. NIXSEAMAN.

The Oldest Yew Tree?

IN Wilmington churchyard, in the heart of the Sussex downland, stands one of Britain's oldest yew trees. It is estimated to be 1,000 years old and is thought by some to be even older than the nearby eleventh-century church. As with many ancient trees, stability in the last few centuries has been considerably added to by means of ropes and chains holding the upper branches in place. Its trunk has a girth of 23 feet.—W. F. BUNCE.

Whistle Pipe.

ONE Sunday a lady, quite unknown to me, sang most beautifully in church, and I remember how I longed to be able to express my worship in similar fashion. Alas, I could not, but "from the blue" came this crumb of comfort—a proverb I had never heard before: "Better a whistle pipe in sincerity than an organ without."—E. S. K.

Church News and Views

In addition to six five-shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4

Clerical Oarsmen.

EIGHT of the nine men of Oxford's first eight of the Boat Race, rowed in 1829, took Holy Orders. One became a Bishop, one a Prebendary, and two, Deans. Of the Cambridge eight in that race four took Holy Orders, one becoming a Bishop.—F. F. SMITH.

In Memory of a Fish.

IN the churchyard of Blockley, Glos, there is a stone with the carving of a fish and this inscription:

Under the sod the old fish doth lie:
Twenty years he lived and then did die.
He was so tame, you understand,
He would come and eat out of our hand.

Died April 31, 1855.

—MISS S. M. HOOKS



The Wilmington Yew

Veteran Bells.

OUR fine old church of Farnworth, near Widnes, built about 1100, has a ring of six bells, four of which were cast and hung in 1718. Thus they have rendered faithful service for 235 years. To commemorate the Coronation the bells are to be re-cast and re-hung at a cost of £1,200. By the way, curfew is still rung on the tenor bell and the day of the month is chimed on the fifth bell.—B. W. Dunbar.



Farnworth Church

The "Old Old Man."

THOMAS PARR's memory is treasured in the tiny village of Great Wollaston where he was born in 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten Kings and Queens of England—Edward IV, Edward V, Richard III, Henry VII and VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, James I, Charles I. He died November 13, 1635, and was buried in Westminster Abbey aged 152 years and 9 months. The cause of death was believed to be the change of food in London—where he was feted—from what he had been accustomed to in his native village.—G. ROGERS.

The Highest in Europe.

THE church pictured here is situated at the very summit of the Col de L'Isèran, 9,085 ft., on the highest road in Europe. It is probably the highest Christian Church in the world. A peaceful sight in a war-minded world.—S. HIGGINS.



The Highest Church in Europe

The Perfect Epitaph.

I CAME upon this little epitaph in the churchyard of All Saints, Maltby-le-Marsh:

"Her smiling face, her pleasant ways,
Are happy to recall,
She had a kindly word for each
And died beloved by all."

—ROYSTON WELLS.

At 74 a Climber.

WEEKLY for thirty-four years Mr. Albert Robinson who is seventy-four has climbed thirty feet up two ladders to wind Windsor Parish Church clock. And many more times to repair the clock, whose component parts he knows well. It is 250 years old, and was made jointly by a local blacksmith and a watchmaker.—F. F. SMITH.

Is This a Record?

AT the parish church of Ashill, Norfolk, there is a memorial window which records the fact that the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards was Rector for seventy-six years. He died one week before his hundredth birthday.—L. D. MILLS.

50 Years Ago.

WHEN visiting Westminster Abbey some fifty years ago I saw an African place a lovely wreath on the tomb of David Livingstone. After he had gone I noted the words on the card: they read "From the country he loved and for which he died." The wreath was of everlasting African flowers.—MISS E. C. BARKER.

IT'S NEVER TOO ODD TO BE FRIENDS

I: By The Rev. J. Isabel

MOST people who have not a personal acquaintance with owls are inclined to regard them as mystery birds. Everyone knows they have a reputation for wisdom, and that they frequently form a lifelong attachment to churches. On the mystery side, we fancy they are to be held accountable for many stories of ghosts and "things that go flop in the night," and it is rare indeed for one to find even a bird-lover who can claim to be friendly with owls, and still fewer who have kept one as a pet. Rarer still is an owl-lover who has the skill to photograph his pet.

Certain birds have from time immemorial used churches as dwelling-places and for refuge in time of stress. At their head stand those fine creatures, the White or Barn Owls. These sedate, wise-looking birds select the tower or some convenient hole under the eaves, and there prepare their rough cradle nest, lay three or four white eggs, hatch their young, and feed them until they are able to earn their own living. Unhappily, much offence is caused by the behaviour of the owlets. They snore in church, and they have no excuse for their conduct, for they snore most when widest awake. Owlets do not mind what part of the service they snore in, but are specially demonstra-



That wise old Owl

tive at the time of Evening Prayer. The reason is simple. The snoring is really the call of the owlets for their food; and as they have been duly fed with mice soon after daybreak, their mornings are spent digesting, and in the evening they are "asking for more."



After you, Kitty

II. By W. A. Ramsay

Photos by the Author

EDWARD LEAR'S Owl and Pussycat, as everyone knows, were sailors and went for a voyage in a beautiful pea-green boat. Now, Lear was a notable photographer—one of the earliest and best of the amateurs—but he has not left any snapshots of that famous voyage. The story of my Owl and Pussycat may not be so romantic

as that written by the famous nonsense - rhymster, but at least I can produce photographs of my pets.

The Little Owl, or French Owl as he is sometimes called, is the bird of Minerva and is seen on ancient Greek coins. "To take Owls to Athens" was equivalent in ancient times to what we mean by taking coals to Newcastle. The bird is hardly bigger than a fat thrush and makes a friendly and engaging companion. Florence Nightingale took one about with her everywhere in a little box.

My Little Owl was brought up as a nestling and was most attractive. He stood on the alert facing any cat that he saw and we had half a dozen as a rule—and his fierce "kay-yik, kay-yik," repeated many times with snapping beak, gave them a whole-some respect for him. But, by that strange sense whereby animals recognise that they belong to the same household, it was not long before cold respect gave way to warm friendship—or as warm as one could hope for between cats and birds. They ate from the same saucer, perhaps a little shyly and in an attitude of "After you, brother." And although the Little Owl is sharp in the talons and beak, ours never attempted to use these weapons when playing with the cats: nor did they unsheath their claws.



I love it, I love it: That young armchair

There were many Little Owls round our house in Sussex, and the amazing thing was that, once they knew we had an owl of their species indoors, they came without fail at night: two or three of them at a time whenever the lamp was lit, and would land on the window-sill, and scold in their high-pitched voices (they do not hoot like Brown Owls), until we put our pet out on the lawn in a box. It was too much for us to think of him as a captive, so one evening we steeled ourselves for a farewell and opened the door of his prison, when out he flew and joined his friends. He kept coming back for about a fortnight, but the nesting season arrived and we feel sure that he was soon established in a home of his own.

Anyone thinking of making a pet of an Owl of any kind should remember that, not only do owls need meat but the meat has to be mixed up with bits of fur or feather, as they require these extras to help with digestion. A boy to whom I told this took a pen-knife to his mother's sofa to oblige me with feathers for a Barn Owl that I had, but he only got horsehair! However, he brought this indigestible substance to me (unasked). I had not only to give him a lecture on the gastric dangers of horsehair, but on the price of sofas.



Playing like a "Pussycat"

WEEKDAY PAGES for Women with Homes



Photo by

That Circular Tour

Miss D. E. Tyler

* * * If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.

top of my hood and when I wear it I clip my hair and the tape together with a hair grip with the result that my hood stays in place and I laugh at any wind and rain.
—MRS. PAYNE.

After lengthening a child's dress, sew a band of bias binding or rick-rack braid over the mark of the fold. This camouflages any fading, strengthens if worn and also adds to prettiness.—MRS. G. PAGE.

Monday's Washing.

A tight fit.—When putting an old sheet on an ironing board, rinse out material in cold water and tack on while it is still wet. When it dries it will be tight-fitting.—MISS J. FOX.

Old stockings.—A good way to use up old stockings is to sew the two toes of a pair together and then slit the top ends. Place two chairs back to back and tie the slit ends to the top bar of the chairs. Peg the washing on the stockings and stand them before the fire, when you can go to bed. The warm air of the room airs the washing dry enough to iron. I find I can dry more washing this way than on a clothes horse, and there is no fear of tipping up. And the stocking does not spoil the chair back since it is soft.—MRS. ELBOURNE.

Your hat.—Freshen the veil of your hat by dipping it in a solution of sugar and water; then press with a warm iron between wiped paper. This will be found most satisfactory.—MRS. GOODWIN.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Pipe-cleaners.—A good foundation for large initials or any raised embroidery work can be made with ordinary pipe-cleaners. These are cheap and are easily bent to the required shape.—MRS. P. ADAMS.

Let it rain.—With the prospect of rainy days ahead of us I wonder how many readers have wrestled with the problem of keeping the hoods of their raincoats in place. I have sewn a three-inch piece of tape across the inside front

Carpets often need a width removed or inserted, after a move from one house to another. If both edges of the carpet are well waxed (a piece of candle will serve) a good strong carpet needle and linen thread (also waxed), you will find the job much easier.—MRS. G. F. HOWE.

Wool jumpers.—When they thicken round the neck, cut the ribbed neckband off, then cut the thickened part away, keeping the shape of the neck. Now stitch the neckband to size of jumper neck, oversew neckband to jumper on the wrong side, or knit a new neckband if you have the wool.—MRS. BEDFORD.

Laddered woollies can be easily and neatly mended with a rug-making hook. Knit up each stitch from the bottom of its run and darn it in at the top. This is also useful for picking up dropped stitches when knitting.—MISS P. GOULD.

Wednesday's Nursing.

A Lotion.—I have been asked to suggest a setting lotion for the hair. Beat the white of an egg, and mix in three times its own amount of water. Brush off when dry. The egg adds to the glossiness of the hair.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

A warning.—A hot-water bottle leaking on to an electric blanket recently caused the death of a patient. The leakage made the conductors in the blanket become overheated. A waterproof cover should be used when there is any danger of an electric pad or blanket becoming wet.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

The small wood spoons supplied with

cartons of ice cream are very useful for spreading ointment on to gauze, etc., for dressing wounds.—MISS COLLIER.

For chilblains.—(1) I have found a piece of medicated plaster will relieve the irritation and pain of chilblains, and after being left on a day or two provides a cure.—MISS V. COCKWELL.

(2) Put enough hot water into an ordinary handbowl to cover the toes affected. Add to this two teaspoonfuls of Lysol. Soak for a few minutes.—MRS. FAIRHEAD.

Thursday's Cooking.

Quick Yorkshire Pudding.—When there is not the usual time to cook a pudding, try this: Light your oven, then put fat in the tin and stand it on one of the boiling rings on top of stove. By the time you have mixed your batter you can pour it straight into the boiling fat and it starts cooking at once. Let it remain for a few minutes with the gas lowered and then transfer into the oven.—MRS. HUNT.

When keeping a cake in a tin, the icing is often spoilt by taking out and putting in the cake. To avoid this, use the tin lid to stand cake on and cover with base of tin, but remember to keep tin upside down.—O. W. FLINT.

Use an old rubber sealing ring from a preserving jar to secure the greaseproof paper over a steamed pudding. It grips the basin tightly, is easy to put on and remove, and can be used many times.—MRS. S. BROWN.

Friday's Household.

Collar protection.—Procure some narrow rubber tubing at 1/9 per yard. Cut this into 2-inch lengths and slip them over the hooks of your coat-hangers. A quick, neat and durable method of protecting the collars of garments from the metal.—MRS. C. R. EVANS.

If a 2 lbs. transparent jam cover is placed around the cork of a Thermos flask, it will last for a month or two, and can easily be washed and used again. This is more economical and less trouble than using greaseproof paper.—MRS. DAY.

When bottling fruits, if the metal ring is rubbed inside with vaseline it will be easy to undo and the ring will not rust.—MISS M. NEWBERRY.

Saturday's Children.

A coloured figured towel makes an excellent cot cover—it can be washed easily and looks so cosy for baby and used later as a towel.—MRS. PHILLIPS.

When bathing young baby, sit him on spare flannel or flat sponge; when he is big enough to sit up on his own, sit in a rubber beach ring; then he can kick without slipping over.—MRS. STUCKEY.

School Tie.—Have you a small boy, or girl, who wears the regulation school tie but never looks tidy round the neck? If so, make up the tie in a neat knot at the right place. Then cut out of the back narrow part about 6 inches and replace with elastic. The tie can be slipped over the head into position.—MRS. TUSON.

Where there is a family of children, it is found that Wellington boots take up a good deal of space when stored. But if the smaller ones are turned upside down, they can be slipped inside the larger ones, legs slipped into legs. Thus two pairs can be stored in one space and, what is more, dust cannot settle inside them so much as if they stand singly. Take precautions to see that the boots are perfectly dry before storing.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Bedtime drink.—A large teaspoonful of black treacle in a cup of hot milk is a good drink which induces sleep.—MRS. A. L. BROWN.

Should any symptom of a cold appear, such as sore throat, etc., place a piece of Vick, about the size of a pea, on the back of the tongue when going to bed. Let it dissolve slowly and the cold will disappear. Tried several times and always found successful.—MRS. CONNETT.



Photo by R. P. Woodhead
Blowing Daddy's Trumpet

Chapter X Rehearsal

OLIVER ORDE was speaking. Martin could hear quite clearly what he said in his trained full-toned actor's voice.

"Darling, when I saw you standing there among the honeysuckle, I knew that you were the loveliest thing in the whole world. . . ."

There was a sharp cracking sound as the branch, which Martin had grasped almost unconsciously, snapped off in his hand. He heard an exclamation from Orde, a cry from Lys, and then a low murmur of voices. But in his fierce, jealous anger, he would not look at them. He swung round and began to stumble away.

He had only gone a few yards when he heard quick footsteps behind him. Lys's voice spoke, her hand was thrust through his arm.

"Martin, come back at once," she said breathlessly. "You're wrong, you're making a mistake, it's not what you think."

"Better let me go," he told her between his teeth. "It'll be worse for him if you don't."

"Martin, don't be so silly!" She was half laughing, half impatient. "It's nothing at all: we were just acting—rehearsing. It's a scene from the film. Oh, don't look like that! Surely you know me better than to think that there *could* be anyone else?"

"What do you mean—acting?"

"Mr. Fristram asked me to take a small part and I said I would. We came here to run through a scene in the place where it's to be filmed. Mr. Fristram's there watching us."

Reluctantly, Martin turned and caught a glimpse of the film producer talking to Orde. They were laughing. Martin spoke harshly.

"Why did you agree to act without telling me? You must have known I'd hate it."

"I—I didn't think you'd mind—not much, anyway."

"I wish these people had never come here—tempting us!" the young man cried vehemently.

"Martin, that's absurd—and I did hope you'd understand why I did it. I don't care for it a bit, but Mr. Fristram offered such a good salary."

"That he bought your loyalty? Oh, yes, I quite understand."

"It's no good saying anything if you take that attitude," she said. "I only wanted the money to give to you as my contribution to the church restoration fund. I—I thought it would be a nice surprise."

Lys smiled, rather wryly, but Martin made no answer. They walked back through the wood in silence, parted at the gate and with only a word or two. Both of them were well aware that something had happened which set a barrier between them, alienating them from each other.

Meanwhile, in the film world of Austin Pryor things were progressing, albeit slowly. The sham cottage was completed, shirt-sleeved cameramen invaded the garden's peace, and a Maypole was erected on the village green. There was much hustling and bustling and many mishaps. Of one of the more amusing but none the less upsetting of these Martin heard from Simon.

"Seems to me the whole village be gone of a wimsy-wamsy, Vicar," he said. "Nough to moither a chap. I were comin' along through Fieldfare Lane jus' now, near the pond there, when I heard a roarification an' shouting, then a big splash. Someone's fallen in, I says, an' runs as fast as I be able—and sure enough there she was in the water."

"Who?" Martin asked.

"The young maid living with you at Vicarage, her they calls Jennie. So I goes in after her. But when I grabbed her, half a dozen bawled to me to let go. Seemin'ly they wanted

her to drown. And she pushed me off too, the ungrateful young hussy!"

Martin could not help smiling at Simon's woebegone expression, but he spoke sympathetically:

"She was only pretending to be drowned, Simon, acting in this film they're making. But I agree, it's difficult to know what's real and what isn't. I've been taken in myself."

"Have you now?" Simon looked cheered. "Ee, they can all drown again afore I'll lift a finger to 'elp 'em. P'raps that's what they wanted *me* to do. Ee, yes, I'd forgotten! And Feyther were mad because I wouldn't act, but didn' I show sense not to?"

Chapter XI

Wedding Bells

LYS'S words had impressed Martin and he made a genuine attempt to adopt a more placating manner where the film company was concerned. He even ventured on to the lawn next morning where Mr. Fris tram and several others were rehearsing a scene. The producer's voice came clearly.

"Now, Oliver, make it as though you *loved* her . . . you gotta get that yearning look in your eyes . . ."

Martin looked round, saw a rather forlorn little figure in the hammock under the red hawthorn tree and went to stand beside it.

"Not acting this morning, Miss Jennie?" he said, smiling.

"No." The child's face was white and sullen, and she added with a sudden burst of jealousy, "This film's all Maralyne—Maralyne! Mr. Fris tram doesn't care how my part goes. I might as well be dead!"

"Tell me, how long have you been film-acting?" the young man asked.

"I made my first picture when I was three," Jennie said slowly, and added, "I wish I hadn't! I hate acting! I'm sick of it all. I've never just played about like other kids and there's no place to sit quiet, such a noise always!"

Martin sat down in a chair beside the hammock and filled his pipe slowly. No child should be as tense, strained and nervy as this: she was old before her time. Sudden pity for the

little actress filled Martin's heart, and he spoke quietly.

"Yes, I know just how you feel. It's good to get to a quiet place sometimes, and I know one in this village. It's a garden, with a lavender hedge where bees hum all day long, and there's a lazy yellow cat, too fat to catch birds, and a little fountain trickling into a lily-pond."

"It sounds a sorta nice place, kinda drowsy . . . I can't sleep nights," Jennie said under her breath.

"It is a nice place and it's not far from here," Martin answered. "If you've nothing to do, I could take you there now. I think you and my friend, Mrs. Connor, would get on splendidly together. Will you come?"

"Guess I will." Jennie glanced sideways at Mr. Fris tram. "He doesn't want me."

Together Martin and the little film actress went past the church and down a narrow lane till they reached a green gate inscribed "Lavender Cottage." A gravelled path led to a green front door. This opened in answer to Martin's knock to show a small, white-haired woman, with a face like carved ivory and eyes which had faded to a faint lavender, almost matching the grey-blue dress she wore. She smiled at Martin and spoke in a low, sweet brogue.

"Tis nice to see you, Vicar: ye'll have been busy."

"Yes. Too busy. And I've brought a friend of mine to see you, Mrs. Connor, who needs rest badly. She belongs to the film company staying in the village," Martin said.

"Ah, yes, Rosie, my little daily maid, told me, but, as ye know, Mr. Royd, I never leave this house and garden. I'm always here, ready when people come to me."

"Then may I leave this rather weary young woman here for you to look after?" Martin asked.

"Surely, if she'll stay." Mrs. Connor smiled at Jennie. "I do know what girls like, I think, having had two of me own. There's a chair under the rose-pergola and the cat himself there, purring. And I'll bring you a glass of milk and some rock-cakes."

"It sounds . . . nice." Jennie drew a long breath and held out one thin

hand in a childish gesture. Mrs. Connor took it and led the girl away, smiling at Martin.

"Good-day to ye, Vicar," she said.

Martin departed with an odd lightening of the heart.

"At least I've done that poor child a good turn by bringing her to Mrs. Connor," he thought. "Saved her from a breakdown perhaps."

With this consciousness of a good deed done, Martin began to form further resolutions. Probably Lys was right in saying that he had not tried to see the point of view of the Americans. He must do better. "Though it's going to be a bit hard to find much in common with Mr. Lionel Fristram," he thought.

Martin questioned him about the film that afternoon, and the American beamed.

"Now it's real nice of you to take an interest. It'll sure be a swell fillum, just all pure wholesome uplift, nat'ral country life. I guess you can put me wise about a detail or two. You see, there's the scene of the village wedding."

Martin's heart sank. Mr. Fristram ran on: "Should be real pretty, I guess—kids scattering flowers, huntsmen holding up whips an' horns to make an arch. It's the ceremony itself that beats me, but of course we must have it right there in the ol' church—"

Martin broke in incredulously, "You mean, you want to film a marriage ceremony *in the church*? Then you can't!"

"Cann't? Why, what do you mean by that, Mr. Royd?"

"Exactly what I say, Mr. Fristram. No such blasphemous travesty of the wedding ceremony shall take place in my church."

"Oh—come, come, Padre, surely you won't go all obstinate over this!"

"Believe me, it's utterly impossible. Why not be content with a street scene after the ceremony?"

"Nope! Folks gotta have a marr'ge itself," Mr. Fristram declared obstinately. "If you won't meet us over the church, we'll have it here in the garden, under a wedding-bell of flowers."

"But that's utterly un-British!" Martin said.

"Look here, Padre, you can't have it *all* your own way. Where does the pictur come in? I ask you? Have a heart!"

"I thought you wanted a film true to English country life."

"Within bounds, yes. But we gotta give the public what it wants. An' I *know*!"

With this remark the conversation ended for the time being.

Austin Pryor was beginning now to be definitely divided into two camps. The villagers were fully aware that their Vicar did not approve of the film-makers. Sides were taken, the younger and more frivolous invariably favouring the newcomers.

"Don't see why we shouldn't have a bit of cash as well as anybody else," the boys and girls maintained, and even some of the older people found that they could earn a remarkably easy five shillings by taking part in the crowd for a few moments.

Martin's housekeeper found the guests whom she had at first welcomed to the Vicarage extremely exacting as the thermometer rose. They complained that everything she served was tepid, criticised her best salads and perpetually demanded ice, which, as she observed, wasn't human or natural at that time of year and couldn't be kept from melting even if she *did* manage to get sixpennyworth from the nearest fishmonger.

Martin avoided his own house and garden as much as possible and spent a good deal of time in the church. In the evenings he devoted himself to the Parish Registers and records, which had been allowed to get into much disorder by his predecessor, and it was when he was busied over these one late afternoon that he made a startling discovery.

He was sitting in the cool, deep shade of the Norman porch, with a pile of calf-bound volumes (from which he was taking notes) on the worn oak bench beside him. The book in which he had discovered Mr. Fristram's family entries lay open on his knees and he had just reached the period of those entries. But, though this was the right date, his eyes, as they ran down the yellow pages, did not catch the name.

He looked again more closely. Yes, this was the year and he remembered some of the January entries. Yet, if so, what did this sudden jump mean, this gap of several months? Turning the pages quickly, Martin realised that there was another gap later on and at the same instant saw the reason plainly enough.

Leaves had been cut out in both places very neatly, precisely those leaves which had contained the Frisstram entries.

For a few moments, Martin sat there motionless, thinking hard, but from the first he had little doubt. There was only one person who could or would have done this thing.

And the meanness of it! After he had tried in vain to buy them, to

descend to theft, a theft which had only been discovered in time, by a thousand-to-one chance.

Martin's jaws and lips set into rigid lines. He rose, tucking the worn brown volume under his arm, and went out from the shadow of the porch into the warm golden light of the summer evening.

The sound of voices came from the Vicarage garden, one more distinct than the others, and his look grew sterner, as he strode up the path.

Near the sham cottage, the film producer stood talking to a group of four or five people. Martin paid no heed to them.

"Mr. Frisstram," he said, "I must ask you to give back the leaves which you took from the Parish Register."

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH AND THE LAW

By Arthur R. L. Gardner

THE attitude of the Church of England to the Law in general, both civil and criminal, is summarised briefly in the 37th and 38th Articles of Religion in the Book of Common Prayer. In these, three opinions are clearly stated:—The Church endorses Capital Punishment for "heinous and grievous offences." It permits Christian citizens "at the commandment of the Magistrate to wear weapons and serve in the wars." It upholds the right of a citizen to possess private property and it acknowledges the right of the Government to "restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil doers."

These Articles of Religion have never been repealed since "The Convocation holden at London in the year 1562," and since the Church of England is by Law Established they remain in force. Thus, for all practical purposes, the Church endorses the entire civil and criminal procedure of the Courts and any amendments made to laws or any new laws except the Divorce Law. This last one the Church merely tolerates.

In addition, there are also eccles-

iastical offences connected with Clergy discipline. These are dealt with by Ecclesiastical Courts and scarcely come within the ambit of the title of this article.

It is accurate, therefore, to say that in England at any rate no conflict can exist between the Church and the Administration of Justice. There are Assize Services and Sermons and when the Death Penalty is pronounced a Chaplain says "Amen." Every prison, also has its Anglican Chaplain whose most dreadful duty it may be to be the last visitor on Earth to the Condemned Cell, before the entry of the Hangman and his assistants; but who also may be the guide, philosopher and friend to all prisoners in his charge, including the person waiting to be executed.

The writer of this article, who has in his time had considerable experience of Churches, Courts of Criminal Law and Prisons, is not disposed to think that the Church of England has ever been wrong in principle in its attitude to the Law of the Land.

Very naturally individual Churchmen have their private opinions upon

the wisdom or unwisdom of particular laws. Many disagree on the rightfulness of Capital Punishment. Many think that the laws regarding sexual misbehaviour defeat their purpose. Many think that fraudulent behaviour regarded as a misdemeanour may be far more reprehensible, if not indeed incurable, than burglary and other felonies. Yet, when it comes to the point, all usually agree that so long as a law is a law it must be enforced; and that those who are justly convicted of breaking it must be prepared to accept the sentence passed upon them, subject always to their right to appeal against it.

It is, however, in these days, and ever since Probation Officers or Court Missionaries were appointed, that the Church and all Churches and Chapels are able to help the Magistrate or the Judge in his often difficult task of deciding what the appropriate sentence should be, or whether it be really necessary to pass any sentence at all, incompatible with the accused

person's pursuit of his ordinary life. In every case which comes before a Court of Criminal Law, the Prosecution first states with extreme care for accuracy the evidence against the person charged and calls its own witnesses. Every facility is then afforded the accused person both to state his defence, if he plead not guilty, to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution, and to call any of his own and to give evidence himself if he so desire.

Then, if the Magistrate or Magistrates or the Jury find him guilty, comes the opportunity for the Church, represented either as a character witness or more often as a Probation Officer, to tell the Court in the prisoner's favour a great deal more which legally speaking may be irrelevant to the charge, but which in the eyes of God may be the Truth, the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth, and this may enable Justice tempered by Mercy to be done.

THE CALL FOR FELLOWSHIP

(Continued from page 147)

mass production methods try to give their workpeople a knowledge of other jobs than their own, and even train them to do more than one job so as to provide variety and try to make them feel that what they do fits into a big and worthwhile whole.

If mechanical jobs must be done, greater efforts must be made to encourage the use of leisure time when a fuller expression of personality can be cultivated. It is well known that all the big industrial concerns regard welfare services as of the utmost importance: healthy sports, recreation and hobbies are encouraged. A happy and contented worker makes a much better worker than a bored and discontented one.

Christian principles of fellowship applied fearlessly, and coupled, of course, with adequate technical information, can tackle successfully the problems that face industry. But Christian principles will need to be

absorbed by management and equally by employees. It must always be emphasised that no advance towards material security can be consolidated, or will be worth consolidating, unless it is matched by a step forward towards the ideals of Christianity.

That is the challenge to the Christian Church—to you and to me. There are movements at home and abroad to bring Christian principles to bear on the industrial problems that I have mentioned. Some of us can play an active part, others can discuss and study social problems and gradually build up within our Church a determination to let the Incarnation and Redemption of our Lord become really effective, showing that, by the Incarnation, Jesus Christ became Lord of all life and brought the whole of our complex civilisation within the scope of the Divine plan, and by His Redemption He opened up the way for all men to come back to the Father's House, back to the Father's love, and back to a life of obedience to the Father's will.

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