

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

*The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.*

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. EDGAR FARRUGIA.

## MR. EDGAR FARRUGIA.

Turning again to our Malta friends, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., for our frontispiece, we reproduce the portrait of Mr. Edgar Farrugia, a director of that Company and brother to the Managing Director whose photograph appeared in our September issue.

Born in 1897 and entering Flores' College at the age of eight years, Mr. Edgar Farrugia was later sent to St. Aloysius College, Birchircara, where he took a commercial course and, in 1913, was matriculated for a course of Law. Subsequently he joined his father in the flour milling business and played his part in bringing to fruition one of the principal industries of the Island. After the mill was destroyed by fire in 1919 Mr. Farrugia spent some time in Italy and gained experience which has been of great service to him in his later business life.

In the year 1926 Mr. Farrugia opened negotiations with the Government on behalf of the firm of Messrs. L. Farrugia & Sons, for concessions of the monopoly for the manufacture of oxygen gas and carbonic acid gas. Although both concessions were granted, the erection of the former plant was not carried out on account of its dangerous nature. The C.O.<sub>2</sub> factory, however, was erected and is a progressive business. In the enterprise which the firm of Messrs. L. Farrugia & Sons has exhibited and the ability successfully to inaugurate its schemes, Mr. Edgar Farrugia has contributed his quota of labour. His endeavours and accomplishments have been rewarded by seeing his firm gain one of the foremost positions in Malta and the goodwill and support of the nation, which the business has done so much to help in providing employment. The quiet reserve and calm, studious reasoning of Mr. Farrugia, combined with his genial and kindly nature, so characteristic of the family, have earned for him a respect which is highly estimable and justly acclaimed by all with whom he has dealings. As a Director of Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., Mr. Edgar Farrugia's intimate knowledge and experience of local conditions have been invaluable. Since its inception the development of the Brewery has occupied a considerable part of his time. The subsequent acquisition and organization of the wine and spirit business made further demands upon the Directors and in these matters Mr. Farrugia has performed his share of the work involved, which has been a great factor towards

its success. He has been a member of the Executive Council of the Malta Chamber of Commerce since 1930. In all his efforts his aim has been directed towards the prosperity of the firm and the increase in employment of local labour, which are necessarily dependent upon each other. He has worthily upheld in all directions the high business traditions of the amalgamated companies.

Mr. Farrugia has always been a keen motorist and was one of the first owner drivers in the Island. He played football for his college and occasionally takes an active interest in tennis. He also has a fondness for music and is well versed in all operas and the parts taken by renowned singers and artistes. In these matters he is an interesting conversationalist, and his biographer has happy recollections of many hours spent in his company.



## EDITORIAL.

## A PENAL OFFENCE.

How many people are aware that during the reign of Edward VI a law was passed making it a penal offence, punishable by imprisonment, for any person to solicit or induce any of the King's lieges to abstain from alcoholic drinks? This law has never been repealed. Though it is no offence to take the pledge of total abstinence of one's own free will, it is, therefore, distinctly illegal to endeavour to persuade or force anyone else to become teetotal.

So if a magistrate persuades a man to be teetotal, he is liable to imprisonment!

## CLUBS FOR THE BOYS.

In the Mother Country the "dole" has prevented the starvation of men's bodies but it has no power to avert the starvation of their minds, the sapping of their self-respect, their spiritual demoralisation, says *Our Empire*. The "dole's" shortcomings in these directions have been made good, in part, by the unselfish devotion of "Personal Service," which, under the inspiration of the Prince of Wales, has brought the priceless gift of practical sympathy to rout the devil of despair. And good work thus done for the adults has been paralleled among the boys by the club movement. As Major Astor puts it, in appealing for the public's support, "these clubs build character of that true kind" and, moreover, the 934 clubs in the country "give to approximately 100,000 working lads something of the same chance their more fortunate contemporaries get at their public schools."

## "PLAYING THE GAME."

If a boy learn the full meaning of "playing the game" there need be little fear of his conduct as a man—the foundations of "character" will have been laid. Therein lies the chief value of the club movement—it teaches the boy the right use of his leisure, gives him a love for games which inculcate self-control and unselfishness, and shows him, through them, how to play the greater Game of Life. The pity is that only 100,000 boys in Great Britain come within the scope of this beneficent work which would speedily embrace ten times the number if those with the power to aid it could but realise its significance. For the sake of the national character; to improve upon the high standard of citizenship we have already attained; this moulding of the Empire's nascent man-power should receive the active support of all to whom the Empire is anything more than a geographical expression.

## THE LOVING CUP.

When christianity was introduced, the custom of wassailing was not abolished but it assumed a religious aspect. The monks called the wassail bowl the *poculum caritatis* (loving cup), and the term is still retained in the London Companies. The loving cup, or grace cup, is passed round from guest to guest at state banquets and city feasts. It is recorded that Margaret Atheling, wife of Malcolm Kanmore, devised the grace cup in order to induce the Scots to remain for grace! The cup was filled with the choicest wine, and each guest was allowed to drink after grace had been said. According to loving cup ceremonial the silver bowl should have two handles and a napkin. Two persons should stand up, one to drink and the other to defend the drinker. The first person having taken his draught should wipe the cup with the napkin and pass it to his "defender," when the next person should rise to defend the new drinker. And so on to the end. Of course, all this dates back to the Jewish paschal supper, and the greatest reference is in those words: "Drink ye all of it." . . . . "He (the master of the house) laid hold of the vessel with both hands, lifted it up and said, 'Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, Thou King of the world, who hast given us the fruit of the vine'; and the whole assembly said 'Amen.' Then drinking first himself from the cup, he passed it round to the rest."

## GOOD.

A woman who had given a dinner party met a doctor-friend in the street the following day and stopped to speak to him.

"I'm so sorry, doctor," she said, "that you were unable to come to my dinner party last night. It would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good," he replied, tersely. "I have just prescribed for four of your guests!"

## BARMAID'S APT RETORT.

A very stout and grumpy old gentleman entered his accustomed hotel and called for a glass of bitter. When it was served, he held it up critically to the light, and remarked:—

"This beer is very thin this morning, Miss."

Whereupon the barmaid instantly replied:—

"You would look the same, Sir, if you had been drawn through an inch pipe!"

## NOTCHES FOR CRICKET.

Though cricket is over for the time being it is rather amusing to read what is believed to be the first report of a cricket match that appeared in print. It was the "report" of a match played at Guildford, Surrey, in July, 1722, and it filled just one short sentence in the *London Evening Post*. This was the report: "Friday, a grand match at cricket, Hambledon Club against All England, was determined on Guildford Bason in favour of the former by a majority of 62 notches." The reference to "notches" is a reminder that in the early days of the game the score was kept by cutting notches on a stick, one for each run. Only two stumps were used then, the middle stump not having been added till 1775. The bat was a crooked club of any size, called in Saxon times a "cric," of which "cricket" is the derivative.

MR. W. F. MCINTYRE.

We were greatly relieved that the operation, which Mr. McIntyre was obliged to undergo, was completely successful and the latest report is that he is making a quick recovery. We hope his convalescence will soon be complete and in the meantime trust that his medical adviser will administer a large measure of patience in his concoctions.

## ON LIPS AND LETTERS.

A letter came to the Brewery recently addressed to S. B. Simonds. You see "S.B." is not only on the lips of the people, it is on their letters. After all, nothing in this direction **S**ounds **B**etter.

## IN THE AIR AND THERE.

Now there is a nip in the air see that you have a nip in **there**—you know where I mean. The cold has a strong objection to Simonds' XXXXX nips and will not associate with them. Now you know how to keep warm on the coldest day.

## LEST WE FORGET.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
 In Flanders fields.  
 To you from failing hands we throw  
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
 If ye break faith with us who die  
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
 In Flanders fields.

## WITH UNDIMINISHED INSISTENCE.

It comes every year with undiminishing insistence at the Eleventh hour of the Eleventh day of the Eleventh month, our Armistice Day, when our hearts are opened and memories awakened, writes Arthur Mee in his fine new weekly magazine. Then, for a moment, the most commonplace among us sees a vision of that country where

*above noise and danger  
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles.*

If but our hearts could be persuaded not to let the good moments go! Alas, they do go. The silence ceases, the wheels of confusion and striving begin again to turn. Yet it may still be ours to hope that the recurrence of these fateful minutes, the feelings of pity and compassion which the memory of the Unknown Soldiers awake, may not be lost. Surely it cannot be all in vain. We shall some day discern the light of reason breaking. The folly of war will be seen for what it is, and we shall convert the energies now wasted on war to the conquest of poverty and destitution, to the progress of science, the banishment of disease, the postponement of death, the liberation of the impulses that make for joy. So there will pass to nobler uses all those ruthless energies which have brought death and destruction into our lives, and have taken from the world ten millions of its brave men. So will be woven for ever into the life of the world the lives of these men of the Great Silence, the Unknown Men, the Silent Heroes and Evangelists of Peace.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A statement of the number of barrels of beer brewed by the Licensed Common Brewers in the Reading Division, in the year ending the 10th of October, 1833:—Blackall Simonds, 15,300; Willatts, Blandy & Co., 8,196; Rickford and Bickham, 6,112; John Adams, 6,040; Thos. and Harry Sowdon, 4,064; Thomas Garrard, 3,224; William Tiley, 1,836; Richard Bacon, jun. (from 22nd of March, 1833), 1,208. Quantity brewed by the Licensed Retail Brewers in the same period:—Dymer Brown, 1,440; Henry Portsmouth, 1,340; Knight and Lewis, 1,272; William Butler, 528; John Clayton, 408; Charles Cottrell, 232; Henry Goddard, 64.—From the *Reading Mercury*.

## "LICENSED TO BE DRUNK."

"I am reminded," said Lord Justice Greer in the Court of Appeal, where the difference between "on" and "off" licences was being discussed, "of seeing a notice in the North of Ireland: 'Patrick O'Brien—licensed to be drunk on the premises.'"

## EAT ALMOST ANYTHING.

The old maid was going away for a holiday, and she couldn't take her tabby cat with her, so she sat down and wrote a pleading letter to the fat widow next door. This is how she wound up: "So would you mind putting out a little food for the cat. She will eat almost anything. But don't put yourself out, please."

## BACK TO THE BIBLE AND BEER.

It has been said again and again by people eminent in many walks of life that beer is as necessary as bread for the workers' diet. Be that as it may, a combined campaign of those interested in the life and welfare of their fellows, whether that life be the religious or the secular, with a slogan of "back to the Bible, bread, and beer" would prove them the truest friends of their country.—*Sir Edgar Sanders*, director of the Brewers' Society, addressing hop-growers and brewers at Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire.

## THE "HOP LEAF GAZETTE" ABROAD.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

64 HOLLYWOOD CRESCENT,  
TORONTO, ONT.  
17th October, 1933.

MR. W. DUNSTER.

Dear Sir.—Under separate cover I have mailed a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for March, 1932, which I noticed you had asked for to complete your files. No doubt you have received one or more copies long before this, but in case you had not, thought I would send it on. A friend in Waterloo, Ont., sends me the copies after he is through with them, and I need scarcely tell you they are thoroughly enjoyed. Being a Reading man the articles and illustrations have a real home interest.

I can claim but two connections with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, one, that I served under Mr. F. A. Simonds during the South African War. My other connections were "internal" when at various times I enjoyed some of their well-known beverages. Needless to tell you we cannot get the same class of goods here, apart from the restrictions of getting anything at all without a government permit.

With every good wish for the continued success of your firm and the "Hop Leaf,"

Yours truly,  
HARRY SWAIN.

## GRAPE FRUIT.

Grape Fruit, which is now such a popular article of diet and drink, was developed by the Chinese some 3,000 years ago from one of the wild citrus trees with which their country abounds, and whose fruits are small and hardly edible. In the eighteenth century it was taken by an Englishman, Captain Shaddock, to the West Indies and grown there with success. Thence it spread to the United States, whose fruit-growers have given it much attention and have improved it considerably. As a drink Grape Fruit is most refreshing. But mind you ask for Ashby's.

## WONDERFUL SHOOTING.

Last month I gave details of some wonderful shooting. I have now received, from a reliable source, the following facts concerning the extraordinarily fine performance of Lord Walsingham. In 1888 he shot 1,070 grouse in one day—a record number—between 5 a.m. and 7 p.m. He fired 1,500 cartridges of which 40 were signals to beaters. This occurred in Yorkshire and Lord Walsingham did not have two drives over the same butts.

## THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH.

The Farnborough Council of the Knights of St. Columba held their anniversary dinner at The Queen's Hotel, Farnborough, on Wednesday, 25th October, when the gathering numbered over 70. The event was a great success and everyone present was very pleased with the service and the excellent food provided. Following dinner were highly amusing speeches, interspersed with delightful songs.

Under the present management The Queen's Hotel has become the favourite rendezvous for all the principal functions in the neighbourhood. The organization is perfect and the catering is of the highest possible quality. Great praise has been given by numerous large and small parties who have held their dinners, luncheons and dances at this hotel. The spacious ballroom is capable of accommodating a large number of people and is occasionally used for mannequin parades, which are becoming a popular feature in the year's events.



## THE LATE MR. E. J. HUMPHREYS.



We are sorry to record the death of Mr. E. J. Humphreys of the Scalds Department. He joined the Firm on the 27th December, 1905; was a splendid worker and well liked by all.

He joined the Berkshire Yeomanry on January 6th, 1904, and served for 324 days, 202 days of which service he spent abroad and for which he received the South African and Cape Colony medals. During the Great War he served in the R.A.S.C. as a driver, from January 28th, 1915, until March 4th, 1919. The medals he received for this service were the 1914-1915 Star, Victory Medal and General Service Medal. *R.I.P.*

## WOKINGHAM CARNIVAL.

## MISS EDITH BOWYER CROWNED AS CARNIVAL QUEEN.

The Wokingham Carnival took place on Wednesday, September 13th, and was a great success. It was held in aid of the Royal Berkshire Hospital (Cot Fund) and other local charities.

The sun shone brightly about 1.30 p.m., the time fixed for the Crowning of the Carnival Queen and official reception of the Mayors of Berkshire who had been previously entertained at luncheon in the Town Hall by Alderman Priest, Wokingham's Chief Magistrate.

A fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen of the Carnival (Miss Edith Bowyer). The Carnival Queen is the daughter of Mr. Henry Bowyer, one of the best known farmers in Berkshire and a member of the Garth Hunt for many years.

Miss Bowyer, in her beautiful regal gown, looked exceedingly charming, and after smiling to the audience, shook hands with the Mayoress. Then a cry was made for "The Coach" and two splendid shire horses from Ashridge Farm, led by Mr. Henry Bowyer's employee (C. Marshall), and handsomely decorated, drew the beautifully designed equipage with seat for "Her Majesty" in the centre. It was decorated in white and gold.

The crowning of the "Queen" was gracefully performed by the Mayoress and "Her Majesty" with her entourage, followed by the Mayors and Mayoresses, then proceeded to the Carnival Sports Fields. At the conclusion of the distribution of prizes a call was given for Mr. Henry Bowyer, father of the "Queen," who upon his appearance on the platform was loudly cheered.



The "Queen" being assisted from the Coach by the Mayor.

The Mayor asked Mr. Bowyer's acceptance of the handsome chair used by the "Queen" in the carnival and in token of his assistance to the Carnival Committee. He thanked Mr. Bowyer and gave the chair as a memento of the many kindnesses received by him and the members of his family (loud applause).

For a time Miss Bowyer was employed at the Brewery, in the General Office, where she rendered much efficient service and made many friends.



The Carnival Queen, Miss Edith Bowyer.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Our appearance last month was somewhat belated and many enquiries were made, particularly to the writer, as to when the "Hop Leafs" were coming out. However, a determined effort is now to be made, in the future, to be out at the due date. There has been a heavy run on our magazine for October and all copies have been eagerly snapped up.

MR. J. E. G. ROWLAND.

The photograph of this gentleman, which occupied "pride of place," is an extraordinary good likeness and all at The Brewery were pleased at such a good reproduction. Mr. Rowland is well remembered at Reading and in all departments of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., for he has a genial and very cheery manner with him and, in consequence, is well liked by everyone.

### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the past month and to all the new Tenants we wish every success :—

The Star Inn, London Road, Newbury (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. E. W. Johnson.

The Swan Inn, Arborfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. R. Penniston.

The Swiss Cottage, Tilehurst Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. T. Kent.

The Old London Apprentice, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. W. Chart.

The Nags Head, Newbury (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. J. G. Fovargue.

The Bricklayers' Arms, Clewer (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. E. Wilson.

### FOOTBALL.

Reading have been doing much better and have risen considerably in the league table. Naturally, thoughts have been, "Are they good enough for promotion?" Judging by what we have seen at Elm Park they are good enough to defeat all-comers; however, a different story has to be written when they play away

and goal scoring is conspicuous by its absence. At the moment the critics are by no means certain whether they are a really good team or otherwise. They will have to improve on their away record or 2nd division football will not be played at Elm Park yet awhile.

After two home wins by Reading and two defeats of Aldershot, the great day, viz., 21st October, saw Aldershot and Reading in opposition, at Aldershot. These local Derbies are apt to be a bit hectic and this match was an exciting affair. The win of Aldershot by 3—0, was a bit of a "facer" for the Reading supporters and shall I say a surprise. Quite a lot went from the Brewery and the Offices and judging from what I have heard (I have no wish to do Aldershot an injustice) Reading were easily the better side in the first half and should have been leading at half-time but Aldershot were far superior in the second half and deservedly won. So that's that. The visit of Reading was instrumental in creating a ground record at Aldershot.

For our Brighton friends we would like to mention that their football team played a very good game at Reading. It was one of the most sporting and clean games the writer has seen for many a long day.

Plymouth Argyle are having an "up and down" season so far and it's hard for us (at any rate at Reading) to judge whether they are in for a good season. So far they have not been very consistent. I am afraid the amount of travelling they have to do is a great handicap to them and 'tis said to be a matter of 12,000 miles during the football season.

I would like to congratulate the Brewery 1st XI (officially Simonds' Athletic F.C.) on their wonderful win at Flackwell Heath by 3—2, in a cup tie, after extra time was played. Not only was it a fine win but also a great credit to their stamina. A rather amusing incident occurred there I am informed. One of those who went over to "Wheelerland" (Flackwell Heath) took charge of the players' money whilst the game was on. Afterwards, sitting on a wall he gave the money back to each individual, in this style: "Jim here's 10/- for you," "Tom 12/- for you" and so on until each player had his money back again. Naturally some of those present thought he was *paying* the players instead of giving them back their own belongings.

#### ANNUAL BALANCING.

All the staffs have been "down to it" in this annual duty. At the moment considerable progress has been made and another

year (financial) will have passed very soon now, with the accounts audited and found correct. We all hope it will be found to have been a good year.

#### MR. F. G. BRAISHER.

Mr. F. G. Braisher, universally known as "Mick," both on and off The Brewery, has been in hospital undergoing radium treatment. He has had a most strenuous time, which has taxed his strength to the uttermost. He tells me the doctors inform him it has been successful; in fact, he started telling me when he hoped to return to duty. His case has been full of interest, so he says, and will be placed on the records at the hospital. Everyone I feel sure will be pleased to know that the treatment has been successful. Personally, I miss his football notes regarding the Brewery teams and he is a great optimist (as we all know) on that score. I sincerely hope he will soon be completely restored to health and that he will be in his usual post at the Canvas Department.

#### MR. J. CHAMPION.

Mr. J. Champion is in hospital and has just undergone a severe operation. I am informed he is making excellent progress. I am sure there are few but who know "Jim" Champion, both by his burly figure and general cheeriness, and of course he is quite a character on the concert platform. I well remember a song he sang at the Football Club supper, called (I believe) "This is a song the Birdies sing"; he brought the house down with the way he sang it. We all wish him a speedy and permanent recovery.

#### MR. F. JOSEY, SENR.

Mr. F. Josey, who is 84 years of age and was for many years a member of the Travelling Staff (at least I remember him as such) called at The Brewery on October 21st, the 69th anniversary of the date when he started at H. & G. Simonds Ltd. His first job, he said, was working in The Brewery where beer used to be stored in butts. We all think he is a marvel for his age and without a doubt he is a wonderful old gentleman. May he be spared for many years.

#### ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Much sympathy has been expressed to Mr. F. Kirby, whose wife has recently undergone an operation. I am pleased to say that Mrs. Kirby is going on very nicely.

Mr. E. H. Kelly has been transferred to 29 Market Place, Reading (Messrs. Arthur S. Cooper), also Mr. M. Adams of the General Office staff.

Mr. S. A. Hinton has been taken on the Travelling staff.

Mr. J. H. Wadhams (Assistant Secretary) has returned to duty and I am glad to say he is feeling very much better.

If anyone wishes to join the new "cycle" (which has just started) of the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association, please call and see Mr. A. H. Hopkins (secretary) in the Correspondence Office. He will be glad to welcome new members and explain all details.

Trade certainly seems a little better and we all hope for a splendid Xmas this year.

Mr. R. Gooch, who is at Paignton, paid us a visit when on his holidays and we were all pleased to see him looking so well.

#### CLEAR EVENING.

Sun down, and moon up,  
And one star over the hill,  
The evening—clear as a crystal globe,  
And very still ;  
A white light over the snow,  
Save low in the Eastern sky  
There is a moment when rosy fires  
Fade and die.

Sharp on the deepening blue  
A black spire pierces through,  
And the only sound I hear  
Is a boy's voice calling clear—  
High and clear on the air  
To a comrade—lost somewhere.

I think I shall not mind  
When my brief day is past,  
If only I shall find  
My sight unblurred at last ;  
If only I may hear,  
High on the evening air,  
A comrade calling me  
From over the way somewhere.

Sun down, and the coming night !  
But surely I shall not fear  
If one low star leads over the hill,  
And that last hour is clear.

#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

##### WHY NOT GIVE PRAISE ?

Men give our virtues but a passing glance,  
Then, silent, go serenely on their way ;  
Yet when we err, make haste to spread the news  
And magnify the tale for many a day.  
Why not give praise whenever praise is due,  
Withholding blame when unkind words are said,  
Why not forget the fault and see the good,  
Why save our flowers till our friend is dead ?  
—Henry Cragin Walker.

The physical universe is spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline are simply our primer, our grammar, our spelling dictionary to teach us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.

" I'll take the showers as they fall,  
I will not vex my bosom ;  
Enough, if at the end of all,  
A little garden blossom."

Life without hope is like a motor car without petrol.

The man who says there is good in everything must have been uncommonly lucky with eggs.

Character is the growth of little things.

When you're in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.

Make your dreams come true by linking determination to hope.

Take life as you find it, but don't leave it that way.

Watching a clock too often is wasting time—not keeping check of it.

Patience is a tree whose root is bitter, but whose fruits are very sweet.

Lucky is the man who does not believe in luck.

The men of sorrows are the men of influence in every sphere of life.

You cannot please everybody, because by pleasing some you inevitably displease others.

The modern standard of comfort makes people selfish, and it inclines them to regard effort and work as enemies to be shunned.

Many men insist on following their own bent—hence so much crookedness in the world.

Youth is in too much of a hurry. Yet age overtakes it.

The friendliness that has pure good nature for its foundation will make for the possessor a welcome in any society.

Great hearts are glad when it is time to give; little hearts fumble fretfully with the purse-strings.

The longest day has its evening; the hardest work has its ending, and the sharpest pain its everlasting rest.

Success buds in the mind and blossoms into maturity in the garden of effort.

We give away nothing so generously and receive nothing so reluctantly as advice.

Too many men give more attention to the hands of the clock than their own.

Better do humble work and keep busy than be idle and dream of great tasks, and never accomplish them. Keep doing something useful.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Whenever you can conscientiously encourage anyone do so.*

*You would not leave the plants in your window without water, or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you leave some human flower to suffer for want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training, but only a few.*

*Utter the kind word when you can; give the helpful praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a promising bud.*

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

MUSSEL GOES FOR A WALK.

FOOD FOR FUR AND FEATHER.

I was not the only individual out for a walk the other morning for there, in the Thames, was a freshwater mussel who, with his flesh-like feet, was going for a walk too. Little by little he moved in the mud and it must have taken him hours to travel a few feet. But, if very slow, he did make progress, leaving a trail behind him. I was attracted to the spot by an old heron which rose from the river bank on my arrival. And here I found on the bank the shells of several mussels. One had been only half eaten and no doubt the heron had been making a meal off this succulent food and did not finish this particular mussel because I disturbed him. His footprints were all round the shells but so were the footprints of rats as well. Apparently, therefore, both feather and fur have mussels for their meals.

THE MYSTERY OF MIGRATION.

Most, if not all, of our summer visitors have now taken their departure. What a wonderful problem this migration is. The more we study it the more some of us become perplexed concerning the meaning of it all. The birds seem to possess some "sense" that we certainly do not possess. Call it instinct if you will. It cannot be altogether a matter of food because some birds leave this

country long before the food supply has diminished, while others stay on when they must experience a serious shortage of the food on which they live. No, we humans do not, by any means, possess all the intelligence.

But migration is not one whit more wonderful than the building of a bird's nest. Many birds, only hatched last spring, will, next year, build nests of exquisite design and workmanship and without any instruction at all. Take the long-tailed tits' nest for instance. These jewels of homes set in the hedges in the early spring always, I think, reach the highest point of perfection in the bird builders' art. Egg-shaped, covered with silver lichen, and lined oh! so cosily with hundreds and hundreds of feathers—what can be more beautiful than this? And yet, as I have said, not one little bit of instruction do these birds receive—at least, from their parents or other creatures of their kind. I repeat, we use the word instinct as a convenient term. But why not say at once that behind it all is perfect wisdom—aye and perfect love. I like to think of Him teaching the little birds to build.

For He it is who works such wonders in the fields and hedgerows as well as in the hearts and minds of men.

#### THE POWER TO ENJOY.

It was the late Lord Grey who wrote:—"The gift of the power to enjoy has various forms and diverse objects. There is no need for those who have one form of this gift to look askance at those who have another. But surely as life draws to a close no one can look back on days of recreation with more certain gratitude than he who has had the opportunity of fly-fishing and has been born with the gift of enjoying angling."

#### "OUR CEILING."

Do you, when you look at the sky—"our ceiling"—see one of God's most beautiful gifts to us, or do you just say "Yes, it will be fine to-day" and see nothing else? I wonder. Every day of the year the sky is different—its variety is its beauty. Will you come with me on a "sky" day trip?

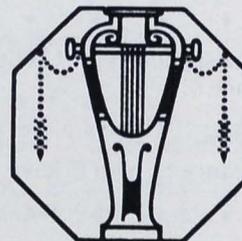
All is quiet, the sky is turning to gold and the sun, just a ball of fire, appears on the sky-line—it is the glorious dawn! What a contrast of colours in the heavens, as the blue of the night gradually fades away, making way, as it were, for the gold of the day. The hours pass. The sun is now getting higher and the sky is blue.

Just blue, but what a grand colour it is! A little wisp of cloud crosses the ceiling, a lone ship on an uncharted ocean. Everything is so still, one would hardly think there was enough air to make it move. Maybe it is a messenger of more to come, who knows? Yes, it is, the wind freshens and large white clouds are now creeping over that ocean of blue and, behind these, dark clouds are forming. A storm is on its way. Now our ceiling is revealed in truly majestic splendour! As the white clouds hurry on, you glimpse the blue above, but soon the whole sky is darkened by the storm clouds. Time slips by, the wind gets stronger and the dark clouds, very low, are carried quickly along, until we see once again a little of the heavens above—the storm has broken. And now in the calm of the evening, as our ceiling turns to red, gold and, in parts, grey, the setting sun makes a silhouette of the sky-line and be that silhouette Nature's own background or the buildings of Man, the beauty of this spectacle is there for us all to see. It was an abler pen than mine that wrote "It is the beautiful things of this world that cost the least," but how true! Once more all is quiet and the myriad stars above proclaim it night. The world is hushed and at sleep. The moon and the stars in their setting of black, shine down upon us like silent sentinels, waiting for the dawn.

And so the days pass. Each day the same, yet each day different!

How like our own lives all this is! Sometimes a cloud darkens our happiness, but soon the blue will show through again and even if the day has been stormy, we come to the calm of the evening and like the moon and the stars, there is always the glorious dawn to look forward to—the Birth of Tomorrow.

J.P.



## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

LOU : " I went to the phrenologist last week."

SUE : " Oh ! what did he tell you ? "

" Well, I can't understand it ! He coughed a little, and then gave me back my money."

\* \* \* \*

" How did you get on in your action for compensation against the man whose dog bit you ? "

" His lawyer proved I bit the dog."

\* \* \* \*

" Now that you've heard my opinions," said a parliamentary candidate addressing a public meeting, " I think you'll agree that my opponent hasn't a leg to stand on."

" All the more reason why he should have the seat," said someone in the crowd.

\* \* \* \*

EDITH : " Jack told me I was so interesting and so beautiful."

MARIE : " And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you so early."

\* \* \* \*

DRILL SERGEANT : " Now, my lad you've been on this square for three weeks, and what have you learnt ? "

RECRUIT (utterly fed up) : " The reason why soldiers are not afraid to die, sergeant."

\* \* \* \*

CUSTOMS OFFICER (suspiciously) : " Why are you holding your handkerchief to your face ? "

RETURNING TOURIST : " There's a bit of cinder in my eye."

" Ah ! foreign substance ! You'll have to pay duty on it."

\* \* \* \*

The owner of a midget car drove to a filling station and asked for a pint of petrol and two ounces of oil. " Right," said the attendant. " Now would you like to have me sneeze in the tyres ? "

DAUGHTER (admiring a set of mink skins from her father) : " I can hardly realize that these beautiful furs came from such a small sneaking beast."

FATHER (severely) : " I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I must insist upon respect."

\* \* \* \*

CUSTOMER : " I've brought the bacon back. It's bad."

SHOPMAN : " Impossible, madam. It was only cured last week."

CUSTOMER : " Well, then it must have had a relapse."

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER : " Why are you late for school this morning ? "

JOHNNY (breathlessly) : " Please, sir, I dreamt I was at a football match which ended in a draw. The referee ordered extra time, and I stayed to see the finish ! "

\* \* \* \*

CAPTAIN : " And you expect to get paid for loading the ship with flour, while you stand gazing at the sacks still lying on the quay ? "

STEVEDORE : " Well, I've been waiting for the last hour—they sacks is marked ' self-raising.' "

\* \* \* \*

TOMMY : " Mother, let me go to the zoo to see the monkeys."

MOTHER : " Why Tommy, what an idea ! Imagine wanting to go to see the monkeys when your Aunt Betsy is here."

\* \* \* \*

Now that they have learned to split the atom, watch the ham in the sandwich.

\* \* \* \*

" Pins," began Johnny, " have saved the lives of many men."

" Why, Johnny, not at all. How do you mean saved the lives ? " queried the teacher, who wasn't very fast in the head.

" By not swollering them," Johnny magnificently replied.

\* \* \* \*

All animals stretch, but man is the only one who stretches the truth.

\* \* \* \*

HE (rhapsodically) : " I adore every thing that is grand, exquisite, super-eminent. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life."

SHE (blushing coyly) : " Oh, George, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully? "

\* \* \* \*

The wife was working out a crossword puzzle. Suddenly she turned to her husband and asked :

" What is a female sheep? "

" Ewe," he replied.

And that started the unpleasantness that spoiled the whole evening.

\* \* \* \*

DOCTOR : " Your master is decidedly better, Thompson, but very irritable. He must not be thwarted."

BUTLER : " He expressed a desire to wring my neck, sir."

DOCTOR : " Well—er—humour him this time."

\* \* \* \*

A woman is not more economical than a man because her waist is smaller.

\* \* \* \*

Murphy, a new cavalry recruit, was given one of the worst horses in the troop.

" Remember" said the instructor, " no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

The horse bucked and Murphy went over its head.

" Murphy," yelled the instructor, " did you have orders to dismount? "

" Oi did."

" From headquarters? "

" No ; from hindquarters."

" Is your baby a boy or a girl? "

" Of course. What else could it be? "

\* \* \* \*

MEDICAL EXAMINER : " Suppose you should have a patient with some disease which you knew nothing about. What would you do? "

" Charge him three guineas for the examination, and then send him to you."

\* \* \* \*

WELFARE WORKER : " And have you any plans for the future when your sentence expires? "

EDGAR THE INCORRIGIBLE : " Yus, I've got the plans of two joolers and a post-office."

\* \* \* \*

MISTRESS (to new maid) : " I hope, Ann, you won't copy the things I wear."

MAID : " Oh, no, indeed, ma'am. I like my things up-to-date."

\* \* \* \*

MR. NEWLYWED : " This steak tastes queer to me."

MRS. NEWLYWED : " I can't understand it. I know I burned it a little, but I rubbed carron oil on it at once."

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER (to bring out the idea of size) : " Mention a difference between an elephant and a flea."

TOMMY : " Well, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

\* \* \* \*

PHOTOGRAPHER : " Watch and see the dicky bird."

MODERN CHILD : " Just pay attention to your exposure so that you don't ruin the plate."

\* \* \* \*

EXPLORER : " Once a lion was so near to me that I could feel his breath on my neck."

FRIEND : " What did you do? "

" Pulled up my coat collar."

The 'bus conductor approached a lady and her small grandson.

"Come on, now!" he said. "You'll have to pay for the lad; he is not under ten."

"No," snapped the dame, "but if he hadn't got his clean suit on, he'd be under the seat!"

\* \* \* \*

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: "If the house has been recently occupied, how is it all the windows are smashed?"

HOUSE AGENT: "Well, sir, my partner will insist on satisfying every inquirer that this house is only a stone's throw from the station."

\* \* \* \*

MR. SMITH: "Here, waiter bring me a spoon for my coffee."

WAITER: "Sorry, sir, but we don't serve them—the music here is so stirring."

\* \* \* \*

At a certain negro funeral the coloured minister painted the deceased's character in such glowing language that the widow finally blurted out: "Say, minister, ain't you burying some other nigger?"

\* \* \* \*

Jackie's sister started using powder and rouge.

One day Jackie said to her: "Hi, sis, are rosy cheeks a sign of health?"

"Yes, Jack. Why?"

"Well," replied Jackie, "you are more healthy on one side than the other."

\* \* \* \*

The party was at its height, but an elderly lady sat near the door looking very glum.

"What has made her so solemn?" asked a guest.

"Well," said the host, "she is a temperance advocate, and some blundering idiot told her that her smiles were perfectly intoxicating."

\* \* \* \*

FIRST GIRL: "Jim called me a dream last night."

SECOND GIRL: "How funny! It was only last week Jim was telling me what awful dreams he had."

\* \* \* \*

ELSIE (proudly): "I suppose you know, dear, that my father is a member of Parliament?"

JACK: "Never mind, darling. I love you too much to let that stand in the way."

\* \* \* \*

MRS. GRABB: "So your husband objects to cats."

MRS. STABB: "Yes, indeed. He says that I feed all the cats in the neighbourhood. Won't you stay and have tea?"

\* \* \* \*

SHE: "What's in that parcel?"

HE: "Guess; it's something for the one I love best in all the world."

SHE: "Oh! been buying yourself more cigars."

\* \* \* \*

"Waiter, never bring me a steak like this again."

"But why not, sir?"

"Because it simply isn't done, old thing."

\* \* \* \*

SCRIBE: "When I am dead then the world will realise what I have done."

EDITOR: "Oh, well, don't worry. You will be out of danger then."

\* \* \* \*

Jimmy was sleeping peacefully during the spelling lesson; so when Sister unexpectedly pounced upon him with "Barque," it took some time to realise the situation.

"Hurry up, James," urged Sister. "Don't keep the class waiting. Barque."

And Jimmy, obediently, if somewhat shyly, replied: "Bow-wow."

"The thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with the frazzled nerves, "is to stop thinking about yourself—to bury yourself in your work."

"Gosh!" returned the patient, "and me a concrete mixer."

\* \* \* \*

JUDGE: "I cannot conceive of a meaner, more cowardly act than yours of deserting your wife. Do you realise you are a deserter?"

PRISONER: "Well, if you all knowed dat lady as I does, boss, you sho wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah is a refugee—da's what Ah is."

\* \* \* \*

LITTLE BOY (reading item from Manchuria): "What does it mean here by 'seasoned troops,' dad?"

DAD (immediately): "Mustered by the officers and peppered by the enemy."

\* \* \* \*

POLICEMAN: "As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself, 'Forty-five at least.'"

LADY DRIVER: "How dare you! It's this hat that makes me look so old."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Smythe-Browne was making the final arrangements for her big reception.

"Bridget," she said to her new maid, "for the first thirty minutes after six o'clock I want you to stand at the drawing-room door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Bridget's face lit up. "Very well, ma'am," she replied, "I'll do my best. I suppose the first thing that comes into my 'ead about them will do, won't it?"

\* \* \* \*

"Yes," said the old man, "my son went out West several years ago to make his fortune."

"And what is he worth now?" asked his friend.

"I don't exactly know; but six months ago the authorities were offering £1,000 for him."

GENT: "What is the height of your ambition, my son?"

SON: "The top of a telegraph pole at a football match, sir."

\* \* \* \*

Biggs, the manager of the restaurant, was talking in undertones to his head chef. Afterwards he called all his waitresses into his private office.

"Girls," he said, "I want you all to look your best to-day. Add an extra dab of powder to your cheeks and take a little more care with your hair."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the head waitress. "Butter bad again?"

"No," said the manager; "the beef's tough."

\* \* \* \*

They were telling tales of dexterity, and, of course, each of them tried to outdo the man who had spoken last.

When one concluded a really remarkable story another took up the task.

"That's nothing," he said. "I know a stonemason with one arm."

"Rubbish," said the first man. "How could he do his work?"

"Very simply," came the astounding response. "He holds the chisel in his teeth, and hits himself on the back of the head with a hammer."

\* \* \* \*

He had been calling every night in spite of the warnings from his sweetheart about her irate father. This particular evening they had been planning their elopement.

Only the hall clock, announcing that the witching hour had been reached, broke the silence. Then, without warning, a thump and a click were heard, and the room was flooded with light. There stood father, glowering and puffing at the terrified young caller.

"Who are you?" he bellowed.

The young man gulped and turned pale. But the colour returned to his face suddenly, and, rising to his feet, he said in a clear, loud voice: "I'm her brother."

McTavish was the proud owner of a new cash register. One day an old friend entered the shop and bought a sixpenny cigar. To his surprise he noticed that the shopkeeper placed the sixpence in his pocket instead of in the register.

"Why don't you ring it up?" he asked the Scotsman. "Aren't you afraid of forgetting it?"

"I'll nae forget it," said McTavish. "Ye ken I keep track of it in my head until I get five shillings, and then I ring it up. It saves the wear-r and tear-r of the machine."

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, yes, they are a distinctly literary family," said one neighbour to another. "The daughter writes poetry nobody will print, the son writes plays nobody will act, and the mother writes novels nobody will read."

"And what does the father write?"

"Oh, he writes cheques that nobody will cash."

\* \* \* \*

The school inspector, examining a class in a school in the suburbs, commenced his examination with Johnny Jones, the star pupil.

"Well, my young man, can you tell me what a blizzard is?"

"Yessir," promptly replied Johnny, "the inside of a duck."

\* \* \* \*

"Do you really think times have changed, my dear?" said a modern young woman to her still more modern grandmother.

"I should think they have," said the old lady. "Why, when a husband returns home from the office on the 5.17 now and discovers his wife sewing away on a tiny garment, it means only one thing—she's making a new evening dress."

\* \* \* \*

"Good heavens," shouted the editor, "I can't make head or tail out of this dispatch from our special correspondent in South Africa." "Neither can I," said his assistant.

"Tom," called the editor to the office boy, "ask the South African correspondent to step in here a minute."

\* \* \* \*

A clergyman, a keen geologist, always carried his specimens about in a red handkerchief similar to that used by workmen for carrying their dinner. On his way home from one of these expeditions one day he saw a workman sitting on the top of a wall and swearing vigorously because something had gone wrong with the ladder beneath him.

"My friend," said the parson gravely, "do you know Satan?"

"Satan," said the man, who's he? Wait a minute," he added, "I'll ask my mate." "Bill," he called down "do you know Satan?" From the other side of the wall came the answer, "No, he isn't on this job—Why?" "Well," said the man on the wall, eyeing the parson's handkerchief, "there's a bloke here what's got his dinner."

\* \* \* \*

Carefully the burglar effected an entrance into the bank. He found the way to the strong room. When the light from his lantern fell on the door he saw the sign:

"SAVE YOUR DYNAMITE. THIS SAFE IS NOT LOCKED. TURN THE KNOB AND OPEN."

For a moment he ruminated. "Anyway, there's no harm in trying it, if it really is unlocked."

He grasped the knob and turned. Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a door in the wall opened and a bulldog rushed out and seized him.

"I know what's wrong with me," he sighed an hour later, when the cell door closed upon him. "I've too much faith in human nature. I'm too trusting."

\* \* \* \*

A famous cricketer recently told a football story that wants some beating. It concerns a club that prefers players who have a trade in their fingers, and a player who was warned that the chairman at the first interview would be sure to ask what he could do in the way of part-time work.

"Say you have been a miner up in the North," advised the man who was advising him.

"Right," said the player, and he did. But the chairman wanted details. "What kind of lamp did you use?" he asked.

"Oh, we never worked at night," answered the player.

MOTOR TOURIST : " I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame."

LOCAL POLICEMAN : " You certainly was."

MOTORIST : " Why? "

LOCAL POLICEMAN : " Because his father is Mayor, his brother is Chief of Police, and I am engaged to his sister."

\* \* \* \*

A party of tourists were being shown over the cathedral by a guide. " Behind the altar," he told them, " lies Richard the Second. In the churchyard outside lies Mary Queen of Scots, also Henry the Eighth. And who," he demanded, halting above an unmarked flagstone, " who do you think is a-lying 'ere on this spot? "

" Well," answered a nearby tourist, " I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."

\* \* \* \*

The young bride said sadly : " Men are too mean for anything."

" What's the trouble now? " asked her best friend.

" Why, I asked John for a car to-day, and he said that I must be content with the splendid carriage that Nature had given me."

\* \* \* \*

Two burglars had experienced great trouble in breaking open a safe. At last they succeeded. " Strewth, Bill," said one, " it's full of coppers."

" Yus," said Bill, peeping through the window, " an so's the street."

\* \* \* \*

The meaning of the word " collision " was being carefully explained by the teacher of the class of small boys and girls. " A collision," she said, " is when two things come together unexpectedly."

Immediately a small boy jumped up and said, " Please, teacher, we've had a collision at our home."

" Whatever do you mean? " queried the astonished teacher.

" Well," replied the boy, " mother's just had twins."

A Londoner, staying at a small country town, lost a valuable dog, and inserted an advertisement in the local paper offering £10 reward for its recovery. The paper appeared, but no one claimed the reward, so the Londoner went to the newspaper office again.

" I want to see the advertising manager," he said.

" He's out," said the office boy.

" Well, his assistant." " He's out, too, sir."

" Well, I'll see the editor." " He's out, sir."

" Great Scott! " shouted the man, " Is everybody out? "

" Yessir. They're all lookin' for this 'ere lorst dog."

\* \* \* \*

They were discussing their young hopeful. " You know, Henry," said the wife, " it's positively shameful the way that boy speaks. I just heard him say to the boy next door, ' I ain't never went nowhere.' "

Father looked angry. " That's nonsense," he replied. " Why, he has travelled twice as much as most boys of his age! "

\* \* \* \*

A certain big-game hunter, who was contemplating a trip to Africa, called at a gunmakers and bought a large quantity of cartridges.

" I usually deal with your head office," he remarked to the man in charge. " But I daresay you will be able to send these for me? "

" Certainly, sir."

" Well, I want them to go to Nigeria."

The other looked blank for a minute or two, then : " I think you'd better give the order to our head office, sir," he ventured. " You see, we've only a small boy with a bike here."

\* \* \* \*

The instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded : " And if it doesn't open—well, that is what is known as ' jumping to a conclusion.' "

\* \* \* \*

## PENSION "HOWLERS."

The following extracts from letters received by the Ministry of Pensions are taken from "Scalpel, Sword and Stretcher," by Colonel Robert J. Blackham, D.D.M.S., Ninth Army Corps in France.

"Sir,—I am glad to tell you that my husband who was to attend Board next Friday died last Tuesday."

"Sir,—You have changed my left leg into my right arm ; will it make any difference to my pension ?"

"Sir,—We have received yours truly. I served in Ireland and the Isle of Wight from 1915 to 1919 in answer to yours truly."

"Sir,—If I don't get either a pension or work my wife will have to go on the streets and lead an immortal life."

"Sir,—You ask me if I was born in Wedlock : no, I was born in a Kentish town."

"Sir,—In accordance with instructions at the Klink (Clinic) I have had fever and ague enclosed in an envelope."

"Sir,—I have been in bed three weeks with Dr. Brown and I don't feel any better, can I try Dr. Smith ?"

"Sir,—Just a few lines to say owing to your delay in sending my pension we have not a morcel of food in the house. Hoping you are the same."

"Sir,—Any further inflammation you can give me about my bad leg would be deprecated."



## BRANCHES.

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We are delighted to inform GAZETTE readers that Mr. W. F. McIntyre, after an operation for the removal of that oft troublesome part of the human anatomy, the appendix, is still slowly but surely feeling more like himself again. We know his many friends and confreres at Reading and elsewhere will join with us at the "Tamar" in wishing him the best of health in the immediate future, and an early return "like a giant refreshed" to duty.

The stretch of river which flows by the Royal Oak Inn, at Cargreen, was the scene of a very pleasant sailing match a week or



The Royal Albert Bridge Sailing Club off Cargreen.

two ago, for an annual trophy presented by our tenant, Mr. F. A. V. Magner, to the Royal Albert Bridge Sailing Club. On this occasion seven boats started and a wonderfully exciting race ensued. "Seagull," first across the line, set a hot pace during the first round of the course, but "Olwell" sailed through the rest of the fleet, with "Dorothy" and "Wild Rose" hanging on splendidly. A series of short "legs" (not body-line) gained the well handled "Wild Rose" a surprising advantage, but she could not quite overhaul the two leaders, who realising the danger, quickly had their spinnakers out, as did the "Wild Rose" at this stage, and a

matter of seconds only divided the three leaders when the "Seagull" crossed the line, only to lose the prize to "Wild Rose," under her time allowance—by 20 seconds!

A large crowd watched the picturesque scene from the banks of the Tamar, and afterwards joined the club members at tea in the Royal Oak, followed by a ramble for the younger element around this quaint old Cornish village. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Magner on their enterprise and also their many helpers who make such enjoyable events possible at Cargreen.

"THE RING OF BELLS," ANTONY.

We deeply regret the sudden death on October the 17th of Mr. Frank Williams, our tenant at the above. For some years past his health had been anything but good, but the end came without warning, even to his own family, and on Saturday, October 21st, he was laid to rest near the spot he chose to dwell.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to Mrs. Williams and her family in their sorrow, and we trust that time, the great healer of all wounds, will mercifully help and comfort them as the days go by.

It is nice however to know that Mrs. Williams is to be allowed to find some solace and, we doubt not, a real antidote for her troubled thoughts and to carry on the business herself on the Firm's behalf. We wish her success, and can assure her of our help in any direction towards that end.

THE CAMEL'S HEAD HOTEL.

The acquisition of the above well-known house by H. & G. S. during the closing days of the financial year was a very encouraging addition to our City of Plymouth properties and one which all local patrons of "Hop Leaf" beverages appreciate to the full. With Mr. W. H. Jenkins installed as mine host again (he has already filled the landlord's chair there for eleven years) we look for an era of steady progression.

Next month we hope to be able to forward the Editor a snapshot of the "Camel," and its "head," and to give a little information for those readers who at sometime or another pass that way to the Royal Albert Bridge and the Saltash Ferry, en route to Cornwall.

Thanks for encouragement for "Home Park-ites" in the Reading notes last month. We shall need very much more by

April if that class centre half is still being "looked for"!! Havn't you a spare pivot or two at Elm Park to suit us? "All the best" from Plympton to Aldershot!!

BRIGHTON.

With the end of the wonderful summer season which we have had in common with other seaside places, there is a general aspect of quietude, and therefore no matter of interest to report in the GAZETTE.

Perhaps a few hints on what to do when visiting Paris, from one of our staff, will be of interest:—

"The first thing an English visitor to the French capital should ascertain, is that the hotel he is to sojourn at is in a quiet locality, if possible. Secondly, obtain a good guide book and study the real places of interest before leaving England, thus being able to start right away with the limited time at one's disposal.

Among the chief places of interest is the Hotel des Invalides, which contains the Dome des Invalides, which is a part of the chapel. This is a bold and prominent structure, greatly decorated. Within it reposes the ashes of the great Napoleon, which were brought from St. Helena in 1842. On the door of the crypt is the sentence from Napoleon's will, and reads:—"I wish my ashes to rest on the banks of the Seine, amidst the French people I so loved." The building is so arranged that spectators look down on the tomb, thus making all nationalities bow to the great general.

Then the Louvre calls our attention with some of the world's masterpieces in picture and sculpture, and a fine museum. No educated visitor should attempt to "do" this in less than a whole day.

Churches worth visiting are the Notre Dame, the Madeline and last, but not least, the Church of the Sacre-Coeur in Montmartre.

The visitor should make a special effort during a stay in Paris to visit Fontainebleau and Versailles. Also if the season permits, a visit to the Opera House and the Trocadero, will give pleasure.

Avoid at all costs going into the night clubs, especially in the district of Montmartre. Paris has plenty of good things to offer the visitor which are uplifting and of a lasting nature.

V.D.

## PORTSMOUTH.

The Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Lord Mayor (Alderman W. A. Billing) opened the 15th annual exhibition of Portsmouth Industries recently held at the Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth. The President of the exhibition, Mr. Harold Honess, said, in the course of his speech, that the prosperity of Portsmouth would depend more and more in the future upon the number of new industries brought into the city. The navy had dwindled down in personnel and something was needed to replace it as a revenue producing asset to Portsmouth. He appealed to the public to spend their money in Portsmouth and so help to reduce the local unemployment. Doctor Bosworth Wright, C.C. (President of the Chamber of Commerce) proposed a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and paid a tribute to their thoughtfulness on behalf of the unemployed.

Owing to the fiat of the Spanish Government against religious orders engaging in trade, it will be interesting to see if the result is the virtual disappearance of Chartreuse as a liqueur. It is difficult enough already to get the original Chartreuse. When the Carthusian Monks were driven out of France they took refuge at Tarragona in Spain and continued to export their liqueurs as before. But they were not the liqueurs they used to be, whether green, yellow or white. For when the monks set up business at Tarragona they lacked some of the essential herbs for the concoction of their famous drink. Carnations and absinthium, the young buds of the pine tree and a good many other things go to the make up of Chartreuse. The ingredients were all available at the old convent near Grenoble, standing four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The French Government in turn tried to manufacture Chartreuse but they lacked the recipes for its preparation—recipes which have been handed down from one generation of the monks to another for centuries past.

It is proposed to place a small plain tablet in the Royal Naval Barracks Church, Portsmouth Dockyard, in memory of the late Captain Charles R. Peplow, D.S.C., R.N., who died at Winchester on February 8th last after an operation. Captain Peplow was Commander of the Royal Naval Barracks at the time of his death.

Captain R. L. Burnet, O.B.E., R.N., who is the Superintendent of the R.N. & R.M. Physical and Recreational Training School at Portsmouth, is taking his new appointment as Vice-President of the United Services rugby club in a most keen fashion. He has not missed a home match or a trial and his experience of the game and

love for the club, with which he has been connected for nearly 30 years, are much valued by the younger officers.

We all here heartily wish Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., success in his coming fight in Katesgrove Ward. We feel sure that this time his efforts will meet with the success they deserve.

## WOKING.

## NORMANDY, WANBOROUGH AND DISTRICT SOCIAL CLUB.

The Michaelmas fair held at the Normandy, Wanborough and District Social Club on Saturday, 23rd September, though somewhat marred by the rain, was undoubtedly a great success.

With the crowning of Miss Isabel Wilkins (the charming daughter of the chairman) as Queen, by the Mayor of Aldershot, the fun may be said to have commenced and thereafter until nearly midnight an unceasing round of amusements, including dancing, proclaimed the fair an unparalleled success.

Many magnificent gifts rewarded successful competitors in the various events, whilst the club band provided a constant supply of music in keeping with the occasion.

The fine spirit of the members to make the club and all its undertakings a success is vividly seen by the fact that most of the prizes were their unsolicited gifts, whilst the offer of a golden half-sovereign by the Mayor was quickly exchanged for three times, its value. Then too, the happy idea of the Queen to sell her crown and the right to the first dance, produced keen competition amongst the "Gallants" present, resulting in further benefit to the funds.

The prices paid for the geese, without which no Michaelmas fair is complete, proved that these birds really do lay golden eggs.

The Queen's speech in which she bid her subjects to cast care aside and in a spirit of goodwill let joy hold sway, was the keynote of this happy attempt at reviving an old English custom in surroundings still reminiscent of bygone days.

A most successful harvest-home was celebrated at the club on Sunday, 24th September, when the clubroom was packed to overflowing with the members and their friends.

The service was conducted by the Revd. E. L. Hunter, Vicar of Wyke, supported by the Vicar of Wanborough (Revd. J. Pearce). The billiards table, converted into a temporary altar was beautifully decorated by several of the members' wives and the wealth of gifts which covered the table and the surrounding space was amazing, including such varied articles as fruit, flowers, vegetables, cakes, jams, eggs, groceries, tobacco, etc.

The floral decorations (worthy of a flower show), together with the lovely music of the club orchestra which included a fine rendering of "Ave Maria" as a violin solo, all contributed to constitute what is probably a unique event in the annals of club life. All the gifts were sent for the enjoyment of the inmates of Warren Road Hospital, Guildford.

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